

# WORLD NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

## Mirage of Desert Balks Guns of British in Arabian Battle

Strange Bloody Engagement Described Officially But Graphically Cheerful Stoicism of British and Indians—Mirage Hides View of Frontal Attacks

An official British press representative writes from Sheikh Saad, Arabia, as follows: "The ground between the Tigris River and the hills was the scene of the battle of Sheikh Saad. The land is malleously and fanatically sterile. Even the agon and the kharpooz come to an end. It was over this ruddy ground that the transport wagons bumped and jolted with their freight of wounded. It was evening when our steamer moored near the battlefield. We went out to meet them as they streamed in over the mud-colored flat, and gave what aid we could. Many were walking very erect, some of them with the stiffness of effort. These were the less serious cases. The stretchers and transport wagons came in later. One was struck with the hardness and stoicism of the British and Indian alike. 'Beg pardon, sir,' says a British private; 'can you tell me where the ambulance is?' and he deprecates the support of my shoulder, though his call is bandaged, and it is useful for him to put his left foot to the ground. 'I am all right, sir; it's nothing serious.'

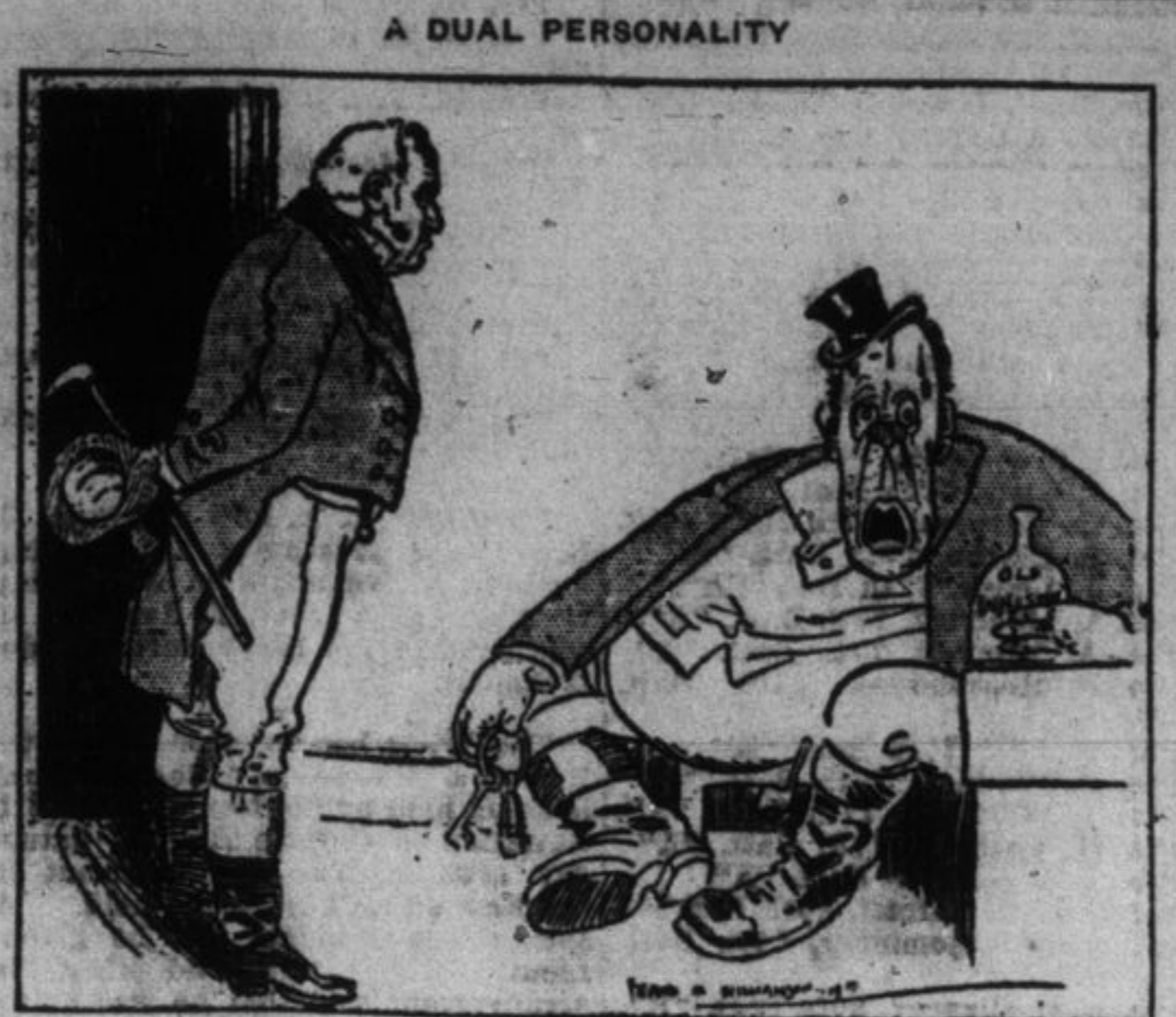
Science and Heroism

"He lifts up his shirt, and points to a puncture in his stomach. His face is bloody and bandaged. 'It is nothing,' he explains; 'look off a bit of my wound. He will not rest, but moves on towards the distant Red Cross flag and the funnels of the steamer on the River. Here at least should be rest, warm tea, and comforts for his wounded men. In Mesopotamia it is a far cry to the smooth motor ambulances of France, the rapid transit to the hospital, where an hour or two after he has received first aid doctors and nurses are ready with every

### TURKEY WAR-WEARIED; FEARS BRITAIN'S SUBS

A Swedish engineer passing through London en route to Stockholm from Constantinople gives a very pessimistic description of the situation in Turkey. The question whether he did not think that the heir presumptive, Prince Yusuf Izzeddin, was murdered by the tools of Enver Pasha, made him smile. Everybody in Constantinople, he said, knew that and had expected it to happen, no one, perhaps, more than the murdered prince himself. The latter had placed his last will and testament in the hands of nine friends, living in various parts of the country. "The Turkish population," he said, "has no confidence whatever in the German bulletins of victory and never had, not even when they were true. They have always felt that the participation of their country in the world war was nothing more than a gamble, and as the war is being prolonged their fears of the outcome are growing fast."

The numerous visits of British submarines to the harbor of Constantinople created a veritable panic. "These Englishmen," the Turks said, "must be in league with the Sultan himself, since they succeed in getting through, no matter how many rows of mines are placed outside the entrance to the port, and then they always know where the ships are moored and which they want to destroy. Not once have they made the mistake of attacking a neutral ship. What is very depressing is the constant friction between the Turkish population and the German soldiers. For some time before I left there was not a single Turkish soldier left in the city and never did an evening pass without battles between the British and German soldiers in the narrow streets of old Constantinople. While the Turkish officers who had received their military education in Germany were full of admiration for everything German, the great majority of the civilian population sympathizes with England and France, though they fear Russia."



The English John Bull and the German John Bull. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" up-to-date.—The Passing Show, London.

## The Pupil of Kitchener; Career of "Lucky" Haig

"Lucky Haig" they call the Commander-in-Chief of the army in France and Flanders—the largest ever led by a British general. Still, it is not by luck alone that General Sir Douglas Haig has won through, but by sheer merit and hard "slogging."

The energy and vigor with which Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power—thus wrote the former Commander-in-Chief in one of his despatches. Since the beginning of hostilities Sir Douglas has proved himself the strong man of the war, as witness his stern fight at the Aisne, his defensive in the huge struggle for Ypres, his important victory at Neuve Chapelle.

In war, as in love, he has proved himself a man of prompt action. He had wedded the beautiful daughter of the third Lord Vivian a fortnight after first setting eyes upon her, and had the almost unusual distinction of being married from Buckingham Palace; he rose from captain to major-general in

## CRIME AMONG CHILDREN. BERLIN'S WAR PROBLEM

### FALKENHAYN: DESPOT GAMBLER WAR LORD

The most powerful man in Germany today is General von Falkenhayn, says Hendrick Hudson, a neutral, who returned after a long stay in that country. He writes in the Par's Tempo: "General von Falkenhayn, who was placed at the head of the great German Staff when Field Marshal von Moltke fell into disgrace immediately after the battle of the Marne, is the most powerful man in Germany. In regard to his antecedents, one knows that von Falkenhayn, while a young officer, was obliged to give up his military career on account of having run scandalously into debt. He left for China, where he took a position in a commercial house. When the expedition against the Boxers was organized in 1900, von Falkenhayn was permitted to re-enter the army service, because of his valuable knowledge of the country in which the military operations were conducted. Since then he has risen steadily in rank, but he has not been able to shake off his previous reputation."

Maximilian Harden, the well known journalist, was unparing in his criticism of General von Falkenhayn's selection as von Moltke's successor. In his publication, The Zukunft, he declared that "it was a bad policy to intrust the fate of Germany to a gambler, even if he were a good one at the game." This bold utterance caused the suppression of the Zukunft for a whole week. Von Falkenhayn's power rests on the extraordinary influence he wields over the Kaiser, which is altogether inexplicable to those intimately acquainted with the German ruler. "Our Emperor has been hypnotized by this general," said a prominent German. "He is a victim of the dominating spell which the latter has managed to cast over him."

"Being extremely jealous of his authority, General von Falkenhayn keeps away from the General Headquarters all persons whom he suspects of trying to gain the confidence of the Kaiser. Many court officials have on different occasions tried to get audiences with their sovereign only to be invariably rebuffed by von Falkenhayn. Sometimes the refusal is very curt and ungracious. In other instances diplomacy requires that some thinly-veiled excuse be given. The Chief of Staff then usually informs the petitioner that His Majesty is just getting ready to start on a tour of the front, but that he will grant the desired audience on his return to headquarters. This promise, however, is never kept."

Youthful Depravity Cannot be Checked With Blood Lust so Strong, Fathers Fighting and Mothers Forced to Toil—Kultur at Zenith.

Berlin is a city of problems, problems of every conceivable and inconceivable sort, writes a journalist of The Hague. The people have grappled, and dealt with, dramatically and ably, such grave and intricate difficulties as the bread supply, the butter supply, the meat supply and so on. But there is one curious difficulty arising from the war which the people of Berlin have not succeeded in overcoming. That difficulty is the control of the young, now that the parental authority is too often missing, and of juvenile theft, burglary and even of highway robbery have increased and continue to increase. One organization which looked after youthful offenders of Red Indians dominates the streets of Berlin, and over three thousand cases so far have been reported, which was almost double the number for 1914.

War and Crime

A few days ago two lads, of eight and twelve respectively, carried out a daring and skilful burglary. They were not caught at the time, but they were seized later and were found to be in possession of the most complete and scientific kit a hardened crook could desire. The influence of the war is here unmistakable. In days past stories of Red Indians dominate the young. Then came the detective craze; but these were innocent diversions compared with the strange results of war excitement. The child lives in the atmosphere of daring adventures and heroism. In the early days of the war the little Berliners were content with a uniform of a sword, but they soon went beyond that. Time and again groups of boys of all classes of society have handed together, chosen their "generals" and decamped from the parental roof. Overnight, or more often during the day, they hid in the woods or in empty houses.

Once so far it was easy to go farther. They were rovers and highwaymen and carried their booty to an extent that would be unbelievable were it not witnessed every day in the courts of Berlin. There are cases on record in which men in the surrounding country and even in the streets of Berlin have been robbed by these gangs of young rovers. The reason for this outbreak of lawlessness is to be found partly in the excitement of war, and partly in the fact that fathers have now been absent from home for so many months, and too often the mothers are engaged in hard wearing toil from the first thing in the morning till the last thing at night. Many mothers work long hours in the factories, yet often before they go to their day's toil, a round with newspapers or milk. And when they return at 6 o'clock in the evening the housework has still to be done. This applies also to the women working on the street cars, the railways and in the post office.

No Hope of Reform

Thus, the little rebels are left to themselves. The school is the care of itself. Whether the children arrive late or not at all, is a matter over which, too often, they themselves decide. Of 2,500 Berlin teachers, over 1,000 were with the colors in December, 1915, while 107 municipal schools were being used as hospitals, or for other military purposes. Schools since had to be combined, classes enlarged and the number of lesson hours reduced. So now the longer are children without contact with their teachers in the present situation arises from the demand for juvenile labor. Little porters hang around the market, and the station and earn as much as 42 cents a day, and find, in their avocations, an easy road to crime. What is to be done? Where can the children be sent? Nearly all the industrial schools and reformatories have been turned into hospitals. This is not a good time for the youth of Germany.

### TOMMY'S LETTERS NOT FULL OF ELOQUENCE

Humor, Modesty, Grumbling and Boasting Found by the Censor

A British regimental chaplain in the field writes the following description of the censoring of the soldiers' letters: "Fifty the padre in the leaky postcard, love letters, brief acknowledgments of parcels, and cold accounts of doings too epic for the written word! As postal censor we parsons often relieve keen, combatant subalterns who would otherwise be fretting at home if published. Our soldiers' letters, which Tommy produces by the hundred thousand. Each letter is carefully read for incautious revelations, unreasonable grumbling, and matter calculated to alarm or depress folks at home if published. Our soldiers know what not to say. What is more they know they are better looked after than soldiers ever were before."

Heavy Mails Diligently

The man to be checked in the "lonesome soldier" who is after creature comforts and such is public kindness succeeds in coaxing a perfectly non-alarming mail from home to the farty and disgust of the postal section of our Royal Engineers. So we clip the loyal soldier. He may be a good sort, and share the booty, but any extra stress thrown on our Field Post Office is very properly resented at Headquarters. Then there is the too fluent amateur—a real nuisance to the censor, loaded (and bewildered) with five "darlings" and "decks" to get safely back into the right envelopes; together with acres of parcels, screaming shells and V.C. deeds (entirely unrewarded), which I know took place miles from the firing line!

Very sad are unfinished letters of the dead. "Well, Sis, we are parading in a minute. Goodbye, and the dearest kiss. To be continued to-morrow." Alas, there was no to-morrow! "The padre will censor this," I read again. "Look up to Heaven, says he last Sunday."—I said no such thing. "We did—and bang! came bombs from an Aviatik! Consider the fields," says he—and up went a mine under our feet! "There is victory in the air," says he—but all we could see of it was poison gas from a new shell! In the main, Tommy's letter is stolid enough, or gay. Hal and Jim have little gift for self-expression, whereas French soldiers translate their deep emotions into real prose. I've read their letters, so I know. Yet our men's poverty in this way reveals the real strength. You can't impress or depress a lad who tells his mother: "We need more ground to bury these tin hats!"

Here is Modesty

In the winter to leave a trench was called "going ashore"; and the wading of frostbite drew "Quack-quack" from the victim himself. "Dear Mother," wrote the rustic private, "Yesterday I shall burst and tore my trousers. I shall dress compassions." I knew that "ashore." You could hide a bus in the crater of it! One man was never seen again, even in bits. He whose breeches were "tore" was blown up a tree where he hung dazed and mute, with his rifle swaying on a still higher branch. For two days the lad could neither hear nor speak.

### SALONICA'S CONTRASTS

Salonica resembles most ports of the Eastern Mediterranean in being a picture of beauty from a distance and a sty of squalor near at hand. The sailors on board the warships in the Gulf look at it through the morning mists and envy the soldiers who are quartered there. The soldiers stumble through its muddy, rough-paved, ill-smelling streets, and wonder why a sailor with a comfortable room to live in, should ever want to come ashore. It is, in fact, a slatternly Levantine town, in a beautiful, mesal setting, comely in the mass, unpleasant in detail.

As you survey Salonica from the water she has a dignified air that accords well with her historical renown, being set in stately isolation upon the steep slopes of her bare hills and gridded by ruined but still massive walls that rise to a great, massive citadel on the landward side. Graceful white minarets that the Turks built are sprinkled about among the houses, and the quay that is the chief street of the town, lined with picturesque Greek sailing craft, stretches for a full mile along the water's edge. But ashore, shut in by the narrow streets of the "Frank quarter," your vivid impressions of squalor and slovenliness soon make you forget the graceful picture from the sea.

### AFRICAN WAR DIFFICULT

Explosive Bullets and Huge Distances Hindered Conquest of Kamerun

A young British subaltern who was with the columns which won the Kamerun from the Germans writes: "The Germans had armed the natives for the most part with explosive shells, and had supplied them with explosive shells. It was the most heinous kind of warfare, for these shells after striking a poor fellow would explode inside him and tear his body to pieces. Dum-dum bullets were used by the millions by the Germans and some of the natives used poisoned arrows. The German advance parties were almost always fortified by trenches or deep holes. It means sure death to fall into one of these holes, for spikes similar to those used on harrows were on the bottom. Each of these spikes was tipped with a poison, which means sudden and sure death to those who were impregnated by it."

"As our column left the seacoast the main difficulty lay in getting a sufficient amount of ammunition. Every cartridge and every shell had to be carried by hand hundreds of miles inland. By the time an attack was begun sometimes the attacking force would find itself short of ammunition. It was queer sight to see these tanks, in command made pleas to the home government for automobile about fifty London taxicabs and an armored automobile were sent to us. These arrived late in the campaign, but they certainly were most useful. It was queer sight to see these tanks, which we knew at one time had been in Fleet street, loaded with boxes of shells, cartridges, food stores, and what not. Some of them had the meters still on them. However, they proved a boon in quick transportation."

If we win through this war, and the Empire is saved, it will be by the courage and devotion of British fighting men, and despite our politicians.—Sir George Makgill.

### ENGLAND AND RUSSIA: GREY'S SENSIBLE WORK

No Clash of Interests But Age-old, Discredited Suspicion

It was Sir Edward Grey who effected the Anglo-Russian understanding. No finer achievement stands to his credit. Think what Anglo-Russian relations had been before Grey some time ago and the natives used poisoned arrows, neither sanity in them, nor consistency, nor stability, for over half a century. A seemingly incurable suspicion separated the two powers. Many suggestions for their improvement had been made, but nothing had come of them. Lord Salisbury had informed his countrymen that to regard antagonism between England and Russia as something fundamental and inevitable was "the superstitious of an antiquated diplomacy," but nothing had been done to eradicate that utterance into terms of policy.

Asia No Real Bar

Englishmen had gone on repeating that they backed the wrong horse in 1855 and 1875, but their statesmen had not drawn from the admission any practical conclusions. They had declared again and again that there was "room for both England and Russia in Asia," but they had not attempted to attach any specific meaning to the words. Anglo-Russian relations, in fact, had been marked by a dangerous and drifting inconclusiveness.

Sir Edward Grey made up his mind to end a deadlock that did neither country any good. He saw that the extreme cordiality and intimacy of their nature and logical corollary the formation of an equally close friendship with the ally of France. He saw, too, that it was not a British interest, but its very reverse, that Russia should be unable to make her due

### SWAMP WOLF VS. HUNS

Polish Landowner Led Relentless Guerrilla Warfare in Strange Land

In the enormous swamp region of Polesia, where the country has been in the possession of the German and Austro-Hungarian armies, strange and gruesome events are taking place. Under the leadership of a mysterious chief, who is known as the "Swamp Wolf," the peasants of this district are conducting a relentless guerrilla warfare against the invaders, inflicting great damage upon them. Polesia is an immense triangle north and east of Brest-Litovsk. The railroad line Brest-Litovsk-Pinsk-Gomel runs by these uncanny swamps and forest lands for nearly 200 miles. A large part of the district is the private property of the Czar. The endless wilderness has been kept in its primeval condition purposely, because it is one of the finest hunting grounds in the world. Wild buffaloes and elk are plentiful and numerous packs of wolves roam the woods. The region is very thinly populated and the widely scattered small villages can only be reached by narrow paths through the dangerous swamps and wild forests.

In this district bands of natives are waging a determined war. Almost daily German and Austro-Hungarian patrols are attacked or ammunition and provisions are stolen. The guerrillas operate in bands of some five hundred men. Of the mysterious "Swamp-Wolf," the leader of these marauders, little is known but he is said to be a rich aristocratic landowner. His orders are law to the peasants, who imagine him endowed with supernatural powers. His followers believe him to be the savior of Russia and willingly sacrifice their lives at his command. Few of the franc-tireurs have ever seen him, but they are all convinced that he will destroy the armies of Russia's enemies. Hundreds of the guerrillas have been caught and hanged or shot, but the "Swamp Wolf" escapes all traps set for him and his warfare is a serious danger for the Teutonic armies.

### V.C. FOR SWIMMING

Unique Feat of British Lieutenant Saved Machine Guns

The most heroic act of the entire Kamerun campaign was performed by Lieutenant Butler, of the British army, according to an officer correspondent. It was with the land forces at the time. We had been placed two guns across the wide Sangha River to repel what we thought was a small force of attacking Germans. These guns were left in charge of a native officer. All our boats had gone away, and we were surprised to hear a terrific fire across the river. The Germans were attacking in great force and we feared the native troops would abandon our guns. Our commander called for a volunteer to save them. Butler stepped forth, took off his uniform and plunged into the stream. The Germans had gained a vantage point on the opposite bank and saw him dive. When he came to the surface they riddled the waters in his vicinity with bullets. Butler dived and swam under water in a zig-zag course. He had to come to the surface for breath and each time he showed his head the Germans fired volleys at him. How he escaped death is just one of those marvels which occasionally happen in war. He gained the other bank just as the native troops were about to abandon the guns. Amid another volley from the Germans he joined the gun crews, and firing their machine guns toward the flanking Germans riddled them with shot. They retreated and the guns were saved. For his heroic Butler received the coveted Victoria Cross.

### LIEBKNECHT'S DREAM

First President of the German Republic, is His Aim

The German socialist deputy, Dr. Karl Liebknecht, who was expelled from his party for his attacks on the government and his opposition to all war credits, expects to become a national hero and the liberator of his country. He is trying to organize a new ultra-radical party with a revolution as his aim. One of his Swiss friends writes to the Socialist "Berliner Tagewacht": "Liebknecht will concentrate the eyes of the whole world upon himself. His following is much stronger than the 'patriotic' leaders of the social democracy admit and the government fears him. The best proof for this lies in the fact that the authorities do not dare to arrest him. With his supporters he is organizing a strong revolutionary party which will surely destroy the present Socialist party. He and his followers are firmly resolved to free the German nation from the shackles of the monarchy and to erect a republic on the ruins of the shattered empire. The revolution will surely follow the conclusion of peace, as the German people will never pay the enormous war debt. Dr. Liebknecht is absolutely convinced that he will be the first president of the German republic and hundreds of thousands of his followers share his belief."

Moscow Capital Again

A tremendous sensation was caused in Russia by the news that the Chief Zemstvo has passed a resolution to transfer the Russian capital permanently to Moscow. It is held that Petrograd is a cosmopolitan city largely under the spell of German influence. Moscow, the old-time capital of Russia, is thoroughly Slav. To carry out this sweeping project Russia would incur an outlay of a billion dollars.

### SPADE WAS TOO HOT

Humor of Hard-worked Trench Soldier of Britain

A British volunteer writing home from the front says: "As Kitchener say a young soldier lay down his shovel the other day and light his pipe. 'Here, what did you lay down that shovel for?' the sergeant said. 'To cool it, sir,' said the young soldier."

As They See Canada at War

The notes of the Empire as found in Canadian poetry are three—love of the new home, Canada; love of the old home, England; love and loyalty to the vast whole which unites both—the Empire itself.—Sir Herbert Warren.

### UNWILLING DERBY RECRUIT

"Congratulations to me, my boy. The doctor has turned me down. Says I may drop dead at any moment!"—London Opinion.



### KNAKI THROWS EGYPT

Globe-trotters Displaced by British Conventional Homes

Tourists who know their Egypt would be surprised to see the change in those resorts they have been wont to frequent on the Nile or in Upper Egypt, where the tourist is now so little in evidence. At Luxor the transformation is even more complete than elsewhere. The leading hotels, formerly the resort of large crowds of fashionable travellers, have now been converted into vast convalescent hospitals. Here, Knaki holds the fort in all its varieties. Soldiers are coming and going all the time, there being accommodation for over 2,000 officers and men who quickly recover in the splendid air which has so long been the happy hunting ground of invalids. The result of all this is that the civilian visitors very few in number, are huddled into corners, where ever room can be found for them and are obliged to walk on to Karnak to see the ancient temples and to climb the Pyramids if they have the courage. A "movie" show is all there is to while away the monotony of the evenings.

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