

THE GREAT GEORGE OF LEWIS from OVERSEAS

Serbia's Brave Youth Found a Hell on Earth

Leaderless Lads Starved by Wayside as They Tramped From Desolated Homeland to Find Army—Tragedy Worse Than the Children's Crusade

An Italian war correspondent who accompanied the Serbian army on its flight to the Adriatic says: "Future generations when they read of the Serbian drama, will refuse to believe this fearful story of suffering and misery. I witnessed the entrance of the Austrians into Belgrade and the bloody street fighting which took place at the Serbian capital, and saw the retreat to the Morava and the desperation of the Shumadija Division. I saw the exodus of a whole nation amid the silence of death, the long trains of wagons driven by the wandering capital, less struggle to the eastward, where the Skupstina met to hear the last proud words of the dying nation. But this suffering was overshadowed by what I saw later.

"More tragic than Belgrade and the Morava, than Mitrovica and Koscovo, was a piece of hell on the enchanted island of Corfu—lies in Serbia's path of sorrow. While Serbia was dying the recruiting drum was beaten in the Old Serbian provinces to summon the boys of seventeen, sixteen and fifteen years. These boys who might have been strong enough to shoulder a gun in a year or two were called to arms because the government was informed by the allies that the war would never be given up and might last for years. About 30,000 of these youthful recruits were collected, but only a small part of them reached the sea and Corfu.

The regular troops on their retreat through the Albanian mountains had at least guides and leaders and they possessed some food, but the boy recruits were leaderless and had nothing to still their hunger.

"On the Albanian frontier they were met by a Serbian officer who pointed to the west and said: 'March straight ahead. In a month you will reach the sea and the ships will take you to take you to a place of safety.' The officer returned to his regiment and the recruits marched on to the west through many long weeks. Hundreds of the boys dropped from exhaustion hunger and their camp sites were always marked by the bodies of dozens of young fellows who had laid themselves down to sleep, never to awake again.

The bark of trees and grass formed their only nourishment. When the column reached the shore only 15,000 of the boys were left and many died on the shore before they could be embarked. Less than 9,000 of the fugitives reached the steamers and all of these were living corpses. Twenty-four hours later the ships cast anchor before Corfu, but on the short sea voyage several hundred more of the boys died. The rest of the recruits was landed at Vido, among olive and orange trees in one of the most beautiful spots of God's earth. Many weeks passed there, but still the boys were dying and in a short time nothing will be left of them. Many might have been saved, but there were no hospitals, no beds and no nurses for them. A single physician had to take care of the bodies of a few more doctors arrived, but death continued its fearful harvest.

Too Late!
"The fugitives now have beds, food and good care, but still they die. Their emaciated bodies are no longer able to assimilate the nourishment given to them and they slowly but surely warm them. Silently, slowly and racked with fever they lie under their tents awaiting death. Vido is a hell surrounded by a garden of roses. On the shore the ship San Francesco d'Assisi receives a cargo of dead bodies day after day to take them out to sea where the unfortunate boys find their last resting place.

FAITHFUL TO TREATIES

The entry of Portugal into the war was welcome to all of the allies, and most of all to England. Germany indeed excuses her declaration of war against the Republic on the ground that its Government "the vassals have prevailed the vassals of England." No, the Portuguese have never been the vassals of England, but Government, like all the wisest rulers of the land for more than 600 years, are England's faithful friends and allies. Both nations have found their account in a friendship which goes back before the Hohenzollerns had set his foot in Brandenburg. The treaty of 1573, which first consecrated the political alliance between the two kingdoms, is still recognized by the signatories as extant and of binding obligation. The "amities, alliances, unions, good confederacies and league of pure love" which it establishes have prevailed almost without interruption ever since. John of Gaunt, as well as Wellington, and neither of our Portuguese friends have thought of treating the pledges our fathers gave as "scraps of paper."

King's Heir and Urchin
The Prince of Wales, home on short leave from the front, was the hero of a startling incident in St. James' street, London. An urchin who had been riding on the back of a taxi fell into the road, and if the Prince had not promptly dragged the boy out of the road a motorcyclist just behind him would have finished him. It was a matter of a second's decision, and the Prince did the right thing. The heir to the throne gave the imp a shake after he had picked him up, and then when he began to howl gave him a coin.



THE BAIT! —Travaso, Rome

PRUSSIA LACKS BABIES WHILE YOUTHS PERISH

Steadfastly-declining Birthrate Alarms the Arch-Militarists—Each Class Blames the Other
A Copenhagen correspondent writes, Prussian statistics show as plainly as anything that the most alarming decline of the birth rate is found among minor officials, employed by the state, the municipalities or large private concerns of a semi-public nature. This proves that the smaller number of children born is the outcome of a deliberate plan, a design on the part of these classes. The people who are receiving small salaries dare not become parents of a large number of children when their salaries remain stationary while the cost of living is continually rising. The question which agitates Germany is then, what is to be found to remedy this? The socialists answer thus: Better conditions of living, higher salaries and wages. The other political parties say that this is not nearly sufficient. If selfishness and egotism are to get the upper hand in Germany, even very well-to-do people will reason that they shall be able to live far more comfortably and pleasantly with one or two children, or none at all, than with a large number. Herr Naumann, a member of the Reichstag, suggests that salaries are to be regulated by the number of children so that no family gains anything financially by having fewer children.

WOULD CRUSH HOLLAND

Of Holland's danger Louis Raemaekers, the artist, says: "In my country I think there are a quarter of a million Germans. There are many thousands of them in Amsterdam and almost every German is a spy. I estimate that there are also thousands of military spies. The Germans know all our weaknesses and our strength. Near Limburg, in a district where there are quite unimportant villages, they have built numerous railways. The grass has been growing between the rails for thirty-five years, and there were no trains running when I was there, and I have spent ten years in the neighborhood. We shall see whether the Germans consider themselves strong enough to 'hack a way' through. The concentration of their troops on our frontier was surely part of a carefully laid plan, the development of which we shall soon witness. It was, as deliberate as the sinking of the 'Tubant' and the Falemhang. I should imagine that the sinking of these vessels was done with the avowed object of provoking a sharp note from the Dutch Government and such an outbreak of feeling in Holland as would give the Germans a pretext for declaring war and making an attempt at securing the mouth of the Rhine, which they have so long coveted. I am so convinced that my views are correct that, although forty-seven years of age, I have decided to volunteer for service in the Dutch army. The German armies will meet with a warm reception when they do cross the frontier, but it is idle to underestimate the power of the invaders. It is well known that as a last resort we have a powerful means of defence in the flooding of vast areas of the country between our frontiers and the principal towns. But the Germans are perfectly well aware of this plan and know very much more about it than the average Dutchman. It must be remembered, too, in calculating our chances that our guns were made in Germany, and Krupp's agents know a good deal of our whole defensive force."

"Bignay recently has become more than a common offence," said Mr. Justice Low at York's Assize.

MONK REBUKED KAISER BELGIAN PATRIOTISM

Grave of Messian Prince Near Ypres Remains Unmarked "Until Belgium Lives Again"



Arab: "Oh, Allah! What a miracle! After keeping still for centuries, the Sphinxes have now broken out in laughter. What has happened?" Sphinx: "The Germans want to conquer Egypt across the Lybian desert. Such a wild notion is enough to make even stones laugh."—Mucha, Warsaw

DUMA CAN CRITICIZE BUT DOES NOT RULE

Russian People Not Yet Qualified to Elect Representatives to Govern—Premiers Are Unknown
H. Hamilton Fyfe, of the London Mail paper writes from Petrograd: The Duma, the Lower House, representing the nation, is elected like our House of Commons. Its proceedings are often lively; its criticism is pungent. But the difference between it and our House of Commons must be kept in mind by all who seek to understand the system of government in Russia. The Duma has no power. It can criticize, but it cannot alter. Ministers are very seldom drawn from the Duma. They are under no obligation to render to it an account of their stewardship. They are responsible not to Parliament but to the Emperor. The Emperor appoints them and dismisses them as he pleases. He can oppose their proceedings, but it cannot prevent them. There was in the Duma a majority of 315 against and 107 in opposition to the Government of M. Goremykin. But the majority in the Duma could not drive M. Goremykin from office. What he did when he found their criticism too "ailing" was to suspend their sittings.

Not a Politician
M. Stürmer, when he was appointed prime minister was unknown, even by name, to the mass of the Russian people. His name was unfamiliar to newspaper readers, but it was scarcely ever mentioned. He had not been heard of for years. We are so accustomed to Prime Ministers who are leaders of parties that it is hard for us to realize that parties in Russia have little or no effect upon the course of political events. What we in Western lands the number of men from whom a Prime Minister could be chosen is limited to three or four, and they are all men who have lived long in the public eye. In Russia any man may be selected who is considered by the Emperor and his advisers suitable for the post. The choice falls almost always upon an official, one who has spent his life in the Government service.

No Restraint
There is thus a "great gulf fixed" between the Ministers who act and the politicians who talk. Ministers have no need to consider public opinion. Politicians are not steady by the knowledge that they may be called upon to practise what they preach. One day. He could not grasp it. "Aren't they elected like our M.P.'s?" he asked. "Well, then, they must have power. The people who elect them give it to them. What else are they elected for?"

He could not clear his mind of our system. He did not understand that, as yet, "the people" in Russia have no power to give. They are a few millions of educated persons, and peasants, whose minds are not the minds of little children. They are being educated by the Zemstvos. They have begun to read newspapers and to take an interest in public affairs. The percentage of those who can write has gone up in recent years. But they are still ignorant and simple to a degree which no one can believe who has not lived among them.

War Profits and War Victims
While these huge fortunes are being piled up through pressure of national necessities and national suffering, out of national resources, soldiers who have lost their wives or their nerve in the country's service have their allowances stopped, and their dependents are left to starve. The same cruel injustice has been meted out to thousands of soldiers and sailors who have broken down from exposure, or been killed by "accident," not attributable to naval or military service.—The Clarion, London

Child Near Trenches
While a company was trading along for the first line of trenches in Flanders, Private Impey found a little girl of about four years in a ditch by the roadside. No one could get into the trench and make her as comfortable as possible. In a few days she had recovered from the ill effects of the wet and exposure, and was running up and down the trench, day after day, and was as comfortable as a child could be. One day a bomb nearly killed her in the trench. When the men had recovered from the shock, the sergeant-major asked a man to go and see that the child was safe. They had left her asleep in a moss corner, and there they found her, still sleeping.

VERDUN'S EPIC HAS SPLENDID INCIDENTS

Stubborn Courage and Reckless Daring of French Defenders Are Given Credit in British Narrative—The author-colonel Who Retired Last—Where Divisions Repel Armies

H. Warner Allen, special correspondent of all the British newspapers with the French army, gives the following account of deeds of heroism at Verdun: "When one talks with the men who come down to Verdun straight from the firing line one realizes how tremendous must have been the German losses. Never have French troops fought more magnificently than the men who retired so grimly from the Bois d'Haumont, the Bois des Caures, and the Herbebois, Douaumont. They fought to gain time, and gladly gave their lives for this object. Two divisions held up two German army corps for several hours. Every yard of ground yielded was paid for by the enemy a hundred times over.

Shot Sixty Boches
"There was a sergeant who, as his colonel certifies from his own certain knowledge, accounted for sixty Boches with rifle bullets. He was the crack shot of his battalion, and when the enemy were advancing he went up outside the trenches, and stood there and bullets, while his comrades handed up to him loaded rifle after loaded rifle from below the parapet. By a miracle he was not touched, and after he had accounted for his sixty German men he fell back with his battalion to the second line after having defended for the Croix de Guerre, and few men have earned it better.

"The endurance of the French troops during this battle was beyond all praise. 'We are going to stay here,' said one of these gallant staff officers, 'until we are killed, and in that way we are sure to win.' I spoke to a wounded man just back from the firing trench. He had lost his right hand, and I consoled with him on his bad luck. 'That is nothing,' he replied cheerfully. 'I offered my life to France, and she has only taken my hand, so there I gain.'

Water For Guns, Not Men
"In the utter fatigue the men fought on doggedly without food or drink. An artillery captain told me the story of his battery. It was in the full height of the assault, and their guns had been firing round after round at the highest speed. After seven or eight rounds the 75's became so hot that it is impossible to fire any longer. Their guns have been cooled by heat, and there was no water left, except in the men's water-bottles. The men were almost dying of thirst, and yet of their own free will they refused to drink a single drop, reserving all the water in their flasks for the cooling of the pieces which were defending the infantry a mile or two away.

"In connection with the battle of Verdun the name of Colonel Diant, Deputy of Nancy, and a patriotic writer, will always be remembered. With his two battalions of picked troops he recovered by a counter-attack the original French positions in the Bois des Caures, but owing to the withdrawal of the French left the Germans began to surround him. He divided his men into five columns for the retreat that had become inevitable, and he himself marched in the rear of the last column. Almost all his troops had retired safely from round from the left and from the right nipping the last French column, as it were, with a pair of gigantic pincers. A hundred men or so were cut off, and with them Colonel Diant, who true to the ancient naval tradition, that a captain should be the last man to leave his ship had chosen for himself the place of danger."

Corridors of Two Miles' Length in War Office

Peep at Vital Centre of Empire's War-making—Thousands Work at High Pressure—Huge Offices Long Since Outgrown
Sir Reginald Brade, secretary of the War Office, gave facilities, through one of his staff as escort, to see something of the huge war machine in full swing under the pressure of one of the greatest wars with which it has ever had to cope. It was an experience of several hours, exploring the labyrinths of the vast institution, fairly vibrating with energy at every point, and yet proceeding with precision and efficiency in meeting the big part it is taking in the conduct of the war.

Some idea of the immensity of this war establishment may be had from the fact that its corridors are two miles long—a good brisk walk of an hour. And along these two miles is a good sized city of people, over 4,000 engaged in the infinite details of this war work, great and small, all the way from Lord Kitchener, secretary of state for war, down to boy scouts and girl messengers. And this is only the central establishment, for the war exigencies have outgrown even this huge building, and many outside buildings, business blocks and other premises have been taken in as War Offices. Outgrowth: Subdivided
The sudden extension of censoring as a precaution military defense has called into service a large array of censors, and a number of business premises in various quarters have been acquired for the military censors' branch. Three or four other branches are at other points, and practically the whole of the branch has grown into a separate government department, with a Cabinet Minister, Lloyd-George, at its head.

Speed and System
It is difficult to get into the War Office, and more difficult to get out—like the continental railways, where the Guards turn away all those without papers from authorized sources, stating the real purpose for the visit and a fixed time. Passing this barrier, one's name and address are taken and a permit issued, and the addresses are always available if Scotland Yard wishes to investigate the antecedents of anyone making unauthorized inquiries.



THE TRIUMPHAL CAR

It doesn't matter how many pull—it doesn't move forward.—Le Rire, Paris.

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May Use Breastplates
So successful in reducing mortality have been the new French steel helmets that it is now proposed to equip troops in the trenches with steel breastplates. Holding up one of the Academy of Medicine, at Paris, Dr. Roussy pointed to a longitudinal rent in the side and said it represented the work of a German bullet fired at a 200-yard range. "But for this helmet," exclaimed the professor, "the wearer would have been killed outright. As it was, the soldier sustained but a slight superficial contusion of the scalp."

Inquests were held at Birmingham on four victims of accidents in darkened streets.