

# On The Outposts of Empire

## The Strange Story of a British Soldier Who Served Great Britain in the Far East.

The railway station at Ismailia is not an imposing structure but then you don't expect marble pillars and tesselated tiles, elevators and running-water-in-every-room, in the depot of a trading post in the Eastern Sudan. Moreover, as a rule, the platforms and the lean-to are deserted between trains' evag in war time, save for an occasional stray beggar who squats on his haunches and gazes into the illimitable distances with the penetrating eye of the wanderer in the world's waste places.

There was plenty of bustle and activity at the Ismailia Railway station an afternoon in the early summer of 1917. There was a crowd of red-capped staff officers of varying degrees of dignity and importance and in the centre stood General Sir Edmund Allenby, who having won a great name for himself in France by sound strategy and brilliant tactics had come to conduct a campaign "somewhere east of Suez," against the Turk. As a background for this group of officers stood throngs of vociferous natives who looked upon the campaign as already half won now that the great British general had arrived and sought in the same breath to assure him of their fealty and devotion and to prophesy the most brilliant success for his expedition.

Officers were talking excitedly, some seeking to learn the latest news from New Bond Street or Piccadilly, others asking for authentic despatches from Palestine. Natives were mouthing their own personal lamentations or declaiming the battle songs of tradition when the mob stepped aside at a single word to see an undersized, barefooted, fawn-faced man in Bedouin garb approach and salute General Allenby and then in low tones without any more expression on his immobile face than if he were but a courier extending an invitation from the Sherreef to dinner whither—

"Akaba is captured."

Akaba, where the great fleet of King Solomon rode at anchor nearly three thousand years ago, Akaba, one of the most important strategical points of the Near East, captured. The news seemed almost too good to be true.

Enter a Bedouin.

But let the story of the great victory wait for a moment while the staff men eagerly discuss it among themselves. Who is this strange messenger who has appeared suddenly out of the desert in such dramatic fashion? Bedouins, although of the Caucasian race, have had their faces scorched by the relentless desert until their complexion is the color of lava long before they reach manhood. But this fellow is as blond as a Scandinavian in whose veins flows Viking blood and the cool tradition of froids and sagas. The nomadic sons of Ishmael all wear flowing beards as their ancestors did in the time of Abraham, but this is a hairless youth whose blue eyes are oblivious to his surroundings as though constantly wrapped in some inner contemplation.

"Who is he?" is the hushed query from scores of lips.

An officer steps aside from the group and pushing his way forward comes to greet the new arrival with an incredulous stare.

"Tom Lawrence of Magdalene," he says, thrusting out a bronzed hand.

Some day a historian with a passion for truth and the pen of Scott or a Dumas, will write the wonderful story of Lawrence of Arabia. His name will be blazoned on the romantic pages of history with those of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Lord Clive, Chinese Gordon and the long and glorious annals of the great adventure who won renown for their flag in the distant corners of the earth.

During the last five years of epic events two remarkable figures have appeared on the Eastern horizon. The thrilling stories and anecdotes of their careers will furnish golden themes to the writers of the future as the lives of Ulysses, King Arthur and Richard the Lion Heart did for the poets, troubadours and chroniclers of other days. One is a massive square-jawed six-footer—that smash-up of British cavalry leader, Lord Allenby, Commander of the Twentieth Century Crusaders, who has driven the Turk from the Holy Land, torn down the Crescent from the highest flagstaff and planted the Cross over Jerusalem after the lapse of many centuries. The other is an undersized, beardless youth who without any theatrical headlines or fanfare of trumpets brought the disunited nomadic tribes of Arabia into a unified campaign against their oppressors—a difficult and splendid stroke of policy which caliphs, statesmen and

sultans had been unable to accomplish in centuries of effort.

An Oriental Romance.

There is superb romance surrounding every step of Lawrence's career in Arabia. The tales of this cavalier at the head of an army of 200,000 wild Bedouins somewhere in the trackless deserts of the far-off land of the Arabian Nights reads like an oriental legend of war, a romance so full of color that we are spirited away on the magic carpet of memory to scenes familiar to us through the story books of our childhood.

Before he went into the unknown spaces of the East his life was the

Hedjaz—to such an extent that he was permitted to sign the king's name to state papers.

Laughing At the Huns.

A story told of those pre-war days shows that Lawrence was something of a humorist. Just before the outbreak of the war, German engineers were working feverishly along the road of the proposed Berlin to Baghdad railway. Lawrence and his brother, who was later killed on the western front, were excavating ruins in the hills above the railway lines. He would frequently mount sections of drainage pipe on small mounds of sand at the top of hills. When the

enemy he tried to outflank them in the rear when they were not expecting an attack, and this proved especially successful at the battles of Akaba and Abael Lissan. Although he had never had an hour's previous experience, he proved himself a born strategist as he was a born leader of men, and out-thought and out-witted the Turkish and German commanders in practically every engagement in which he fought from the day he captured the seaport of El-Wilid until he swept triumphantly into Damascus.

It was not long after the outbreak of the war that Lawrence was called to Cairo for a conference. The Arabs had broken out in revolt against the Turks in the country of the Hedjaz, which lies between the forbidden city of Mecca and the southern end of the Dead Sea. The Arabs met with an initial success, but they soon ran out of supplies and ammunition. It would have been impossible for them to go on with any hope of success if the Allies—and Great Britain in particular—had not gone to their rescue. The British not only sent supplies to the Arabs, but they gave them more important military encouragement. They sent a number of their most brilliant military officers to co-operate with the Arabs and to offer them encouragement, and, best of all, they sent young Lawrence.

Enter the Sherreef.

Now when Turkey was pulled into the maelstrom of war, with Great Britain, France and Russia pitted against her, Sherreef Hussein, the king of the Hedjaz, and other loyal and patriotic Arabs saw that Arabia's hour had at last struck. The nationalist leaders immediately took advantage of the opportunity which all the pent-up fury and hatred of five hundred years, they leaped at the throats of their villainous masters. From every corner of the dark recesses of the desert came those lean, swarthy picturesque sons of Ishmael to avenge and free themselves at last. The Sherreef had four sons and they had worked out a plan for the revolution which they kept a secret until a few weeks before they were ready to touch off the fuse. They trusted very few, for there were spies in abundance in the land in those days, and young Turk and old Turk, Arab and Syrian, Christian and Jew, watched each other with suspicious eye.

Early in 1918, when Lawrence was establishing his reputation as the first geographer of the Near East at British headquarters in Cairo, Sherreef Hussein sent for him and disclosed his plan for revolt. They had sent word to all the tribes of Arabia that they should be ready to rise at a moment's notice, and on July 13 the signal was given. Simultaneous attacks were launched against Mecca, a city holier than Jerusalem to more than 200,000,000 human beings, and Medina, the second holiest Mohammedan city where the great prophet lies buried. Hussein himself supervised the details of the attack upon Mecca. That revolt was completely successful, and after twenty-one days' hard fighting the Arabs were in undisputed possession of the Holy City.

With the fall of Mecca the Ottomans lost the holy Mohammedan city, the control of which enabled them to usurp the leadership of Islam.

Enter Lawrence, Leader.

Then came a pause. The Arabs were unable to go on with their revolution because they had used up all their ammunition. Sherreef Hussein appealed to the Allies. The situation was critical when Lawrence stepped on the stage of Arabia.

The British General Staff ordered Lawrence to Arabia chiefly because he could speak the many languages of the country fluently and knew a great deal about the habits and customs of the people. They expected him only to keep posted on the progress of events in the Hedjaz, but they were wise enough to give him considerable freedom of action and he made full use of his opportunities.

Lawrence at once got into touch with the Sherreef's six sons and took control of the reorganization of the Bedouins on a military footing, and the conduct of the campaign against the Turk. Although his was the guiding brain in all the brilliant operations that took place during the next twelve months, yet never, once did he assume credit for the operations. He quickly recognized the importance of capturing Akaba, which liberated northern Palestine and Syria and as a result of his military successes the British decided to co-operate more actively with the Arabs than they had done before. After his meeting with Allenby at Ismailia, Lawrence was sent back to Arabia with unlimited power and resources. In less than seven months after his



COL. LAWRENCE IN BEDOUIN GARB.

life of hundreds of other Englishmen. His home is in Oxford and his family belong to the great middle-class intellectual type that is the backbone of Britain. During his university career at Oxford he was noted for being a recluse. Frequently he would disappear most unexpectedly from the university for long tramps across English fields and over Scottish moors. Before he finished his university course he begged his parents to allow him to go to the Near East because of his interest in archaeology in Asia Minor. His family finally gave him permission and two hundred dollars, fully expecting that he would spend this sum in a flying Cook's tour through Palestine and Syria and then return home, glad to settle down and forget the Orient. But young Lawrence scorned the ordinary comforts of the traveller and the beaten track of the tourist. As soon as he arrived in Syria he adopted native costume that tramped barefoot over hundreds of miles of unknown desert, living with various Bedouin tribes, through whose villages he passed.

Lawrence returned to England to finish his archaeological studies that he might return better equipped for the task that was calling him "from the old Moulmein pagoda."

The outbreak of the great war found him excavating Hittite ruins in the valley of the Euphrates. He was just twenty-six years old and had already spent seven years wandering through Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia, and had acquired a more intimate knowledge of the peoples of Aleppo, Jerusalem, Damascus, Baghdad and Basra than any living European.

Little did Lawrence dream when he was studying Hittite ruins that it was his destiny to build a new empire instead of piecing together, for a scholar's thesis, the fragments of a dead and buried kingdom. Yet in those days he laid the foundation of his great exploits, for he gained the friendship and the confidence of the Sherreef of Mecca—King Hussein of

engineers observed the innocent pipes through their field-glasses they despatched frantic messages to Berlin and Constantinople, saying that the British were fortifying all the strategic points of the country. And when the young archaeologist heard of these messages he laughed up his sleeve, and having accomplished what he wanted returned to his work of excavation.

It was fortunate for Britain that when the war broke out there was a man in Egypt who had kept his eyes open. General Clayton, Chief of the Political Intelligence Department of Egypt, knew Lawrence and appreciated his worth, and he quickly made him a political agent. Nominally he was a second lieutenant in the map department, and he proved of great assistance to the British generals who spent many hours poring over maps and discussing the possibilities for breaking into the Turkish Empire. Frequently these skilled tacticians would outline a more or less elaborate scheme for the campaign, and when they had discussed it, pro and con, they would ask the young lieutenant if he had any suggestions to make. And often the young man would reply:

"There are many good points in your plan, but I believe it is fundamentally wrong. I think the campaign should be carried out as follows," and by way of explanation he would point to short cuts across valleys which he knew from his years of barefoot travelling.

First-Hand Knowledge.

The most staid old army officer on the staff began to put confidence in this young lieutenant, who knew so much of Arabia and so little of strategy and tactics. Soon his name began to be known all through the East, and the strangest tales were circulated about him. Later on in Arabia, when Lawrence rode at the head of his Bedouins in a brilliant campaign, he frequently outwitted the Turks because of his superior knowledge of the country. Whenever he attacked the

LATEST PHOTO OF GERM AN EX-CROWN PRINCE AND FAMILY AT WIERINGEN.



Photo shows the German ex-crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm with his wife, the ex-Crown Princess Cecilie, whose reconciliation and meeting took place recently, on the island of Wieringen, where the Crown Prince has been living. Their two children are with them.

return he had attained unprecedented success and the British rewarded him by raising him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which embarrassed more than it gratified him. The honor was well deserved but in view of the fact that he had not had a day's military experience in his life and did not even know the difference between "squad right" and "present arms," it carried responsibilities for Lawrence which he was little eager to assume.

A Bedouin At Heart.

In Arabia the new colonel was never known to wear anything except the native costume. Occasionally when he went to make a personal report to Cairo or Jerusalem he wore his uniform of a British officer, but even after attaining his rank of colonel he seemed to prefer the uniform of a second lieutenant. It was said of him that he was the only British officer who was permitted to walk through the streets of Cairo without belt or cap, while it is probable that he never formally saluted anyone in his life. From general to private he was known as plain "Lawrence," and he made no disguise of the fact that as soon as the war was over he intended to get out of his uniform, out of the army and back to archaeology.

Lawrence is no parlor conversationist. He never says anything to anyone unless it is necessary to give instructions, or to answer a direct question, but one of the Bedouin leaders says that he is the finest camel driver that ever trekked across the

desert and there is no higher compliment that an Arab could pay.

Lawrence won the admiration and undying devotion of the Arabs because of his understanding of them through his proficiency in their dialects and his rare knowledge of their religion, an inestimable factor in settling disputes. But perhaps the thing that endeared him most to them was his fearless courage, his ability to outdo them in everything in which they themselves excelled. Rarely did he take them on an expedition which failed but if by some mischance things did go wrong he promptly took the same organization of Arabs on another expedition to show them that there was no such thing as failure in his vocabulary. In going into action he always charged at the head of his troops and was in the thick of every fight. The Germans soon discerned that there was a mysterious power giving inspiration to the Arabs and they set a price on his head of \$200,000, dead or alive. But the Bedouins would not have betrayed their idolized leader for all the gold in the mines of King Solomon.

At the Paris Conference, a few months before the appearance of an Arab wearing the "agal," "kuffieh" and "abba," such as are worn in the Near East only by native rulers. In his belt was fastened the short curved gold sword that marked him as a descendant of the prophet.

This man, who exerts today so peculiar an influence on the Arabs that they are proud to serve him as a king and to endow him with supernatural power. His modesty, his indifference to dress and personal state, all these things do not matter in least. He remains one of the outstanding figures of the Great War.

Lawrence of Arabia has done things.

### The Fall Weather Hard on Little Ones

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### VICTORY LOAN ACT.

Has Been Erected for Campaign In Pictou.

Pictou, Oct. 21.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Knight will move to Toronto. R. Burns, Kingston, was a recent visitor at home. Miss H. Harrison has returned to the Peterboro normal school. Miss Naomi Johnson, formerly of "Pleasant View" farm, near Pictou, has now a position in the post office at Bounty, Saskatchewan. In an interesting letter to the "Times" she tells of her trip west and experiences there.

Pictou is now getting the Victory Loan Arch in readiness. It is across Main street, near the post office. C. G. Fox, "Maple Dell," was a town visitor on Monday, also S. McCoy, and Miss Gertrude. Mr. Loeve, Belleville, has begun boxing and delivering bread. Horace Hughes, lately returned from overseas is assisting him. Mr. Davison, "Bay View Farm," has been on the sick list.

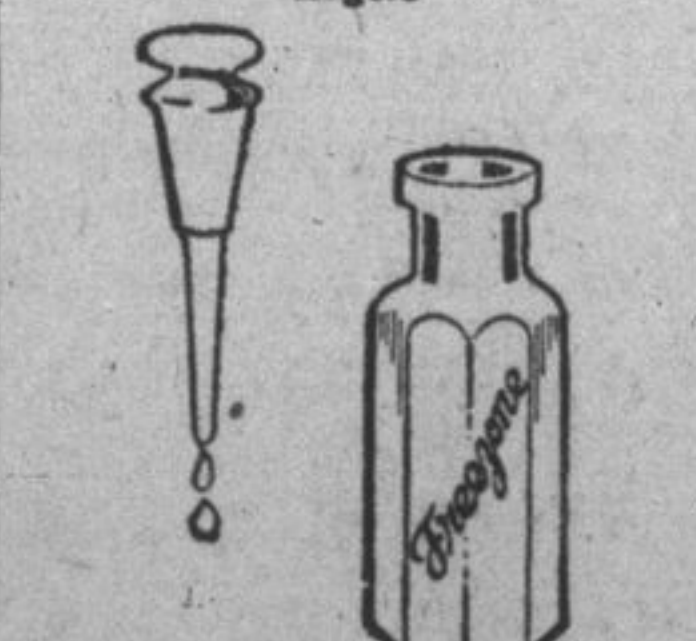
### Doings At Wagarville.

Wagarville, Oct. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kirkham, have returned to their farm after spending the summer at Nanapan. Mrs. G. Howes has spent the past week with her brother, Thos. Black, who is very ill. Merence Cronk, is very busy cleaning his feldspar mine and preparing it for sale. The school at Wagarville, Wagar's, was largely attended. All report a fine time. Mrs. William McCumber has returned home after visiting her mother at Petworth. Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Wagar are at William Wagar's Mrs. D. Sly's is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. Cornwell's. Mrs. Karl Storms and daughter Letta are at John Vans, at Tichborne. Many people from here attended the reception at John Rayercraft's at McLean for his daughter Sarah, who was recently married to Willis Asseline, of Long Lake.

### OUCH! CORNS! LIFT CORNS OFF



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Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness at all.

### URGES TRAINING FOR CIVILIANS

Suggests That Soldier Civil Re-establishment Department Extend Work.

Ottawa, Oct. 24.—The peak in the vocational training work of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment will be reached next month, in the expectation of the officials in charge of the work. Thereafter there will be a steady decline in the number being trained as, in tens and twenties, the disabled soldiers leave the schools to take their places in industries for which they have been fitted.

Many suggestions are being received from various parts of Canada that the organization be brought together for the purpose of giving this training, as it includes so many enthusiasts in this form of teaching. It is in most parts of the country having such good results, and it would be a pity to have it disbanded. It is pointed out that disabilities resulting from industrial accidents, or from any accident or illness, often place many citizens who have not been soldiers in as great need of assistance as the soldiers.

It is suggested that the vocational training branch should begin to take disabled civilians for training as soon as the number of soldiers in training begins to dwindle. As insurance against unemployment, sickness and disability formed one of the proposals urged at the National Industrial Conference, it is stated that it would be well to work vocational training in connection with any such insurance plan, so that as few as possible would become permanent charges to the State where it could be avoided.

Leave both ends apart. If they cannot be made to meet honestly.



### Pains About the Heart

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Relief from this condition is obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Chronic indigestion results from sluggish liver action, constipation of the bowels and inactive kidneys.

Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills arouse these organs to activity they thoroughly cure indigestion and overcome the many annoying symptoms.



### BRINGING UP FATHER



By GEORGE McMANUS