

**FIGURES IN THE WAR**

**Count Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of Italian Armies**

A sturdy little man 65. Blonde, with gray eyes. The nose is prominent; moustaches half conceal the mouth, where lurks the suggestion of a pensive smile. His carriage is superb, his manner serious, his temperament disciplined and refined. He is calm, though under his composure may be discerned a nature which breaks out sometimes, fiery and inclined to prompt action—the sort of man in whom anger would remain dignified. One might take the mixture of ardor and reflection to be the ideal of the modern general. Such is Count Luigi Cadorna, commander-in-chief of the Italian armies.

Cadorna's entire life has been nurtured on things military. He was born in Piedmont, the most martial and least dreamy of the Italian provinces, one largely responsible for Italian unity, where there remains something of the spirit of military feudalism. His ancestors were soldiers. His father, Raffaele Cadorna, was a general and in 1870 led the troops that took Rome from the Popes and destroyed their temporal power.

At the age of ten he entered the military preparation school at Milan, at 15 the military academy at Turin; he was graduated two years later and was forced to wait until his 18th birthday before he could receive his commission as a second lieutenant. Then he attended courses at the Scuola di Guerra, a sort of graduate institute for officers.

The boy was intelligent, but witty and mischievous. The young man distinguished himself as a student. With the sure instinct of the superior intelligence, he carried his studies far beyond the prescribed courses, realizing, in the military profession as elsewhere, the need for broad general views.

Cadorna received his captaincy in 1875, and was attached to the staff. Eight years later he became major in the 62nd infantry. Without over-irritating his superiors, he gradually introduced new tactics and new strategical conceptions.

It was his first opportunity for trying out what he had learned from study of wars, and thought his colonel, a soldier of the old school grumbled a little at first, he finished by letting Cadorna have his way, while from the first the younger officers flocked to him.

In 1886 he was recalled to the staff of the Fifth Army Corps. In 1892 he received the rank of colonel, and was placed in command of a regiment of bersaglieri, picked troops. Six years later he became brigadier-general, in 1907 general of division, in 1910 commander of the Army Corps Genoa.

Count Cadorna married in 1881 Marchioness Balbi. He has four children—a son and three daughters. Two of the latter have entered monastic life, the third is a writer of prose and verse. The son, an officer in the Florence Lancers, played his part bravely in the Libyan war, and is fighting under the Italian flag to-day.

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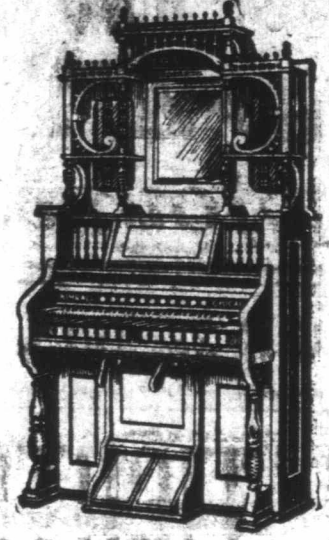
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**Madmen In The Trenches**

The terrible conditions under which the Allies are fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula are described in a series of letters written to his relatives in Napanee, Ontario, by Lieutenant E. J. Long, a Canadian, fighting with the First King's Own Scottish Borderers. In several instances Lieutenant Long says, men have gone violently insane, and it has been necessary to shoot them for the protection of their comrades. In one charge, of which he writes, he was the only officer in his battalion to survive. His letter, as it appeared in the Montreal Gazette of Aug. 31, is, in part, as follows:

"The fire from the Turkish guns was terrible, and their machine guns were simply sweeping the whole place. It did not seem as though anything could live in such a fire. However, we had to go ahead.

"I saw my Captain fall, mortally wounded, and men dropping everywhere. We ran for all we were worth and gained the second trench, where we had a short rest. Shrapnel was whistling all about, and men were killed on both sides of me there. My platoon had been reduced to half—still another trench to get. Up we went, and again cruel losses. That last 200 yards was terrible. How any of us escaped is a wonder. We met with no resistance in the trenches as most of the enemy ran as soon as they saw us coming. However, there were plenty of dead, wounded, and prisoners to look after. No time for rest now. The trench must first be put in a state of defense. I looked around to see who survived, but of all our officers, could only find one Captain (wounded) and one other Lieutenant. The Captain went back to get his wound dressed. This left me in command of the battalion for the time, as the commanding officer had not come up yet.

"In the space of twenty minutes, we had lost, either killed or wounded all our officers but the commanding officer, the quartermaster, the doctor, Lieutenant Smith, and myself. My three best friends all killed. I managed to be beside one of them as he was dying. He was shot through the lungs and was breathing through the wound. A terrible sight. His last words were, 'Tell the officer in command I did my best.'

"In another letter, Lieutenant Long relates the following incident:

"I thought I was done for the other night, though. About 3 o'clock in the morning I was sitting in our trench dozing when some one knocked me over. When I got up, men were running past me, shouting. They are on us, meaning the Turks. I could see some one on the top of our trench, and just then he fired a shot, right past me and killed the man next to me; shot him clean through the head. Of course, I took him for a Turk, and let him have it with my revolver. I got him all right. I then got the men who had cleared out of the trench, and we got together we found that he was one of our men. He had got back from the hospital and had gone mad. He had killed the poor fellow next to me, and I was quite justified in shooting him before he killed any more men. This has happened before, and they always have to be shot."

**THE MYSTERY OF A HUSBAND**

**Wife Doubts His Identity And Relatives Puzzled On His Return**

London.—A strange case was heard before the Manchester magistrate yesterday, when a man of military bearing was charged under the Army Act with falsely representing himself to be Sergeant Herbert Dandy, of the Manchester Regiment.

Inspector Thomas who arrested him said that the real Sergeant Dandy went with his regiment to the Dardanelles and was reported missing on July 15. On July 26 Mrs. Dandy, the sergeant's wife, who lives at Clowes street, West Gorton, was informed by the War Office that her husband was missing. The day after the list of missing was published in the Manchester papers the accused called at Mrs. Dandy's house wearing khaki. Mrs. Dandy asked, "Who are you?" and he replied, "It's Herbert." They then embraced, and he stayed at the house for a week.

In a few days the people in the neighborhood began to express doubt as to the man's identity, and Mrs. Herbert took him to her sister's house in Marsden, Yorkshire.

A new family, Not Comrades. Apparently, said the inspector, the man knew a great deal about the family, and even now Mrs. Dandy could not say positively whether he was her husband or not. Her relations and those of her husband had been to see him, and they also seemed to have taken him for the real Sergeant Dandy. Others who had been with the sergeant had also seen him and had not detected any dissimilarity.

Five men who fought with Sergeant Dandy in the Dardanelles, and were now in Manchester wounded, had been placed with the accused, and he had been asked to name them. He failed to name one correctly. One, a sergeant, he mentioned by name, but did not know him as a sergeant. The five men were all satisfied that the prisoner was not the real Sergeant Dandy.

The magistrate having expressed the opinion that it was remarkable the woman could not tell whether the accused was her husband or not, a remand was granted.

The inspector also pointed out that the Army authorities had the case in hand and that further inquiries would be made.

**The Monkey Has The Call**

Go to the monkey, thou voters, consider his ways and be wise. Do the monkeys pay ground rent to the descendants of the first old ape who discovered the valleys where the monkeys live?

Do they hire the trees from the chimpanzee who first found the forest?

Do they buy the coconuts from the great-great-grandchildren of the gorilla who invented a way to crack them?

Do they allow two or three monkeys to form a corporation and obtain control of all the paths that lead through the woods?

Do they permit some smart monkey, with superior business ability, to claim all the springs of water in the forest as his own, because of some alleged bargain made by their ancestors 500 years ago?

Do they allow a smart gang of monkey lawyers to so tangle up their conceptions of ownership that a few will obtain possession of everything?

Do they appoint a few monkeys to govern them and then allow those appointed monkeys to rob the tribe and mismanage all its affairs?

Do they build up a monkey city and then hand over the land, and the paths, and the trees, and the springs, and the fruits, to a few monkeys who sat on a log and chattered while the work was going on?—San Francisco Star.

**3,000 Canadians Coming Home**

Ottawa, Sept. 15.—Three thousand invalided and convalescent soldiers will return to Canada before Christmas, says Major C. E. Doherty, of the Army Medical Corps, who has just returned from France to assist in organization of army medical corps.

He states that 1400 Canadian doctors are now in the service but more are required. There are five thousand Canadian beds in England and five thousand in France.

He urges that Canadian women should not relax their efforts to provide comforts for the Canadian soldiers for the coming winter campaign. They are very necessary and assist the men greatly to endure the hardships.

Women are changeable—except that they always have the last word.

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