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**BRITISH**

## Boy of 20 Leads Attack On Turkish Redoubt

The thrilling adventure of a boy officer who led his men into the Turkish trenches in the battle on the banks of the Tigris, is related in a despatch from Mr. Edmund Candier, the representative of the British Press with the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force.

Mr. Candier explains that the British camp near Suvacha March was in a bottle-neck position, with no chance of getting round the Turks. The incident occurred during a frontal attack, during which one detachment reached the Turkish trenches, only to be bombed out, leaving things as they were.

"I met very few who had been in the Turkish trenches," he said. "There was one boy, the only officer of his regiment who came out of it alive and unscathed, and he had a bullet through his pocket and another through his helmet."

"It was a miracle that anyone had lived through that fire in the attack and retreat, but the boy and his men had been in the Turkish trenches, and held them an hour and a quarter."

"I saw eight bayonets and rifles all pointing at me," he said, "and the men's faces. I was awfully scared. I expected to go down in the next two yards. I felt the lead in my stomach. I thought I was done in. I don't know why they didn't fire. I suppose they were frightened. I let off my revolver at them, and it kicked up a lot of dust."

"Sung as a House."  
 "The boy had cleared a small redoubt 50 yards in front of the line with his revolver. The Turks had dropped their rifles and run. Once inside the trench he lost all count of time."

"The trench was soon empty, and he was as safe and snug in it as in a house." He found a machine gun, and turned it on the second line and over the traverse on to the Turkish left.

The machine was a difficult pattern; it jammed every six or seven shots. "He played with the thing like a toy till the Turks came bombing down to the line right on to his traverse. Then he put five rifle shots into the gun and cleared."

"The D's had no bombs, and they were gradually driven down the trench from traverse to traverse towards the river, where another bombing party was coming up a trench at right angles."

"The D's were jammed in densely between these attacks, and literally squeezed over the parapet. As they evacuated they came in for a deadly fire, and lost more men than in the attack. They had one piece of luck. No. — company had lost their way the night before, and dug in 50 yards nearer the enemy than the rest of the regiment. They came on this forward trench in their retirement, and it saved them 50 yards of fire and many lives. They held this trench and the redoubt till night, when they were able to get their wounded away without further loss."

**His Pal Hit.**

"Just as the boy was slipping into the trench Timmins, his pal, who was beside him, was hit by a bullet in the back of his head, and fell on his shoulder."

"That affected me more than anything else," he concluded modestly. "After that I suffered from nervous collapse."

"I could not help smiling at the nervous collapse, knowing how he had played up all the rest of the day."

"I suppose you command the regiment?" I said to the boy. He had just turned 20. But there was another subaltern of 21. He, being regimental transport officer at the time, had not been in the fight, and the command fell on him."

## His Last Thoughts Were of His Dear Old Mother in Ireland

A story of much human interest is related by an Irish soldier, Private William Dayne, at present on hospital leave, and staying with friends in Birmingham Road, Walsall, London. During the recent Allied advance in the Champagne district Dayne was badly gassed, and also suffered a severe injury to his left arm and shoulder.

The wounded soldier was brought to a military hospital in Kent, and it was while an inmate of that institution, that a dying comrade confided to him the tragic story set out below, and begged him to seek out a lonely old Irishwoman in County Clare and tell her in what manner her son had died.

In the course of an interview Private Dayne produced for my inspection the silver watch handed over to him by his fellow-patient, and I read the inscription setting out the fact that it had been awarded to him when a boy in recognition of several years' attendance at the school of his native village. The inscription bore the name of the village priest, Father Cole, and the date, 1897.

"One day a number of us had been taken out for a drive, and when we returned the ward sister told me that Tim had taken a turn for the worse and wished to see me. I hurried to him, but I was puzzled by his behaviour. He asked me not to go away."

**Tim's Story of his Youth.**  
 "This is what he told me while I held the watch in my hands—

"The last I ever heard of my mother," he said, "was at — County Clare, and to the best of my belief she is alive and at the same place. I have no wife or children, and the name I enlisted in is my name. You are the only pal I have, and when I am dead I want you to communicate with my old mother, and tell her of how I came to my end. Take or send her the watch, and tell her all you know of me and what I have done in the army. The manner of my death will not be a bitter blow to her. Rather will it be good news. She will be thankful that I died a man and played a manly part rather than as I lived a scoundrel."

"That watch which you have and the sight of which will clear up all doubts in my mother's mind was given to me when I was twelve years of age. At that time I had never once been late at school, and that is something for an Irish boy. Some of the old folk I remember croaked that my fondness for learning boded no good,

and in my case they spoke the truth.

"At sixteen I was away from home, and before I was twenty all the Dublin police knew me. I know pretty well every gael in Ireland to my shame. I was driven by some mad demon within me, and from the day of my 22nd birthday, when my mother saw me stand in the dock for robbery with violence, I have never seen her dear old face. The old lady went home with a broken heart that day, and if anything will heal it the sight of that watch and the news it brings will do the trick."

"The knowledge of my death won't affect her very much when she knows how I died. Tell her that I had hoped to live long enough to see her, but the end came too soon. Do not forget to say that I received my death wounds in battle and died kissing my rosary."

"That is the gist of the story Tim told me, but I am afraid that I have made a poor hand at relating it. No words of mine could express the intensity he put into the words or how eager he was that his mother should realise that he died like a man."

"Within two days of Tim's death I wrote to the address he gave me, and I have received a letter from his mother. The old lady is 77 in June next. As soon as I can get permission I am going to Ireland to take her the watch personally and talk to her. Tim may have lived or a time as a rogue, but he died as a hero."

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## Why Kaiser's Horde Got "Top Knot"

Before Being Sent to Attack  
 Verdun

A number of German prisoners fresh from Verdun were drawn up under the eye of a French officer, and as usual were ordered to turn their pockets inside out. The first man's pockets yielded a miscellaneous collection.

First came a handkerchief, then a knife, next a comb, hymn-book, German-French dictionary, postcards with the portraits of Hindenburg and Mackensen, letters, family photographs, and, last of all, a top-knot.

The other prisoners each had a similar top-knot.

"What is this?" asked the officer interpreter, holding up the woollen tassel.

"It is part of my equipment."  
 "When did you wear it?" "When I entered Brussels in 1914."  
 "Have you worn it since?" "No."  
 "You had preserved it?" "I was given a new one the other day on receiving marching orders for Verdun. Our officers said to us 'You are to wear it on March 1 on entering Verdun under the eyes of the Kaiser.'"

"Do you still think you will take the town?" asked the officer.

The prisoner made no reply, but his neighbour, who had been listening intently, took his own top-knot and flung it on the ground. That was his answer.

**Get Alleged  
 Murderer After  
 11 Years' Hunt**

Fingerprints and Handwriting to  
 Figure in Trial

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22.—An unusual murder trial begins here to-day, when an Italian who was arrested in Seattle last month is placed on trial as the missing Pietro Tortorelli, who murdered Biaggio Vilardo and dismembered his body eleven years ago. Interests centers in the identification of the accused man. It is claimed by state officials that the fingerprints of the murderer and of the man in custody, who claims to be James Goffene, are identical, also that the bertillon measurements are the same. Furthermore, the police have secured specimens of handwriting of the long missing murderer and claim they are similar to the writing of the man who goes to trial for the murder. In addition, the state expects to produce the wife of the murderer, Tortorelli, and her brother.

The capture of Goffene in Seattle and his identification as the long missing Tortorelli, ends one of the sensational nation-wide hunts for a fugitive in the police annals of the country. Since April, 1905, when the parts of Vilardo's mutilated body were discovered in different parts of this city and Tortorelli's room was found spattered with blood, the police of every town and city in the country have been on the lookout for the man.

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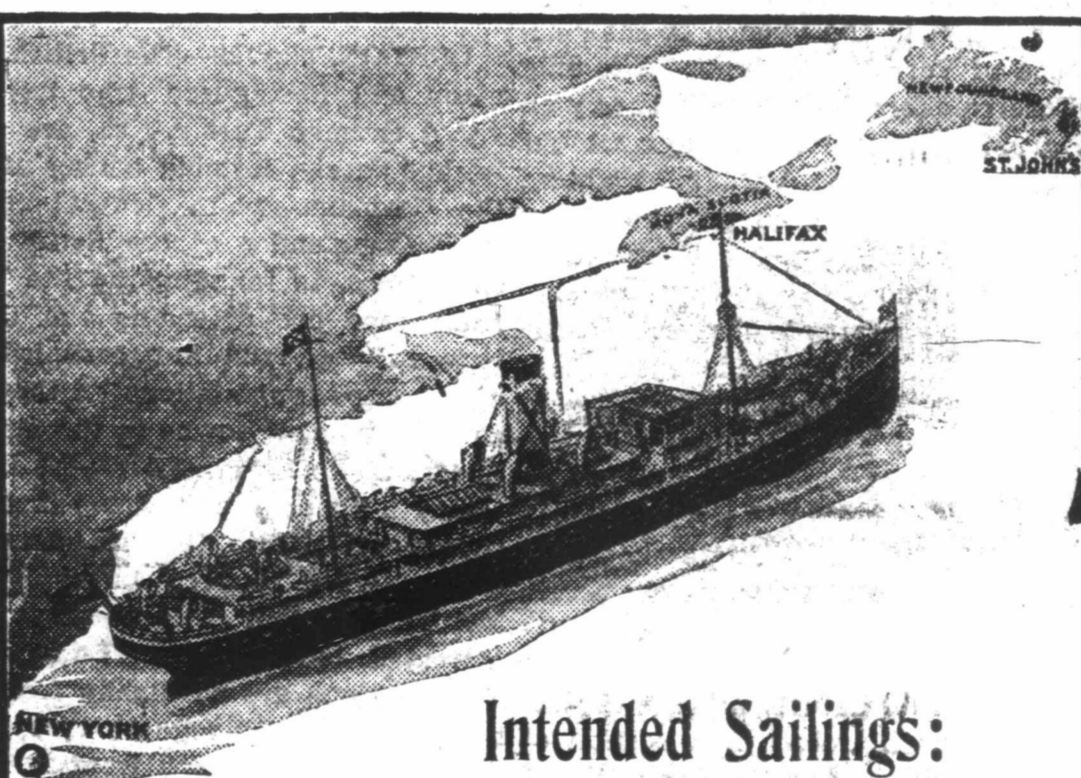
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