

BERNARD SHAW AND SOLDIERS

Says That Man Behind the Gun is Slave Without Any Rights

New York, Sept. 5.—A London cable to the Times says: The Daily Sketch publishes the following letter written by G. Bernard Shaw to a fellow Socialist on the subject of compulsory service: "I don't think anybody is justified in asking anybody else to join the army. It is a serious question which every man should decide for himself. It seems to me that all Socialists should advocate national compulsory service both civil and military, but compulsory soldiering is another matter."

Soldier Is a Slave.
"A soldier is a slave without rights of any kind. There is no reason why the work of the army should not be done by citizens with full civil rights. I have dealt with this question in the preface of 'John Bull's Other Island,' and in my 'Commonsense About the War.'
"Human nature breaks down under the strain of war, just as it does under the strain of fever. You must regard people at present as more or less delirious. They will come right again when the war is over."

THE NEW PROPOSAL
Kenneth was discussing the cricket team of which he was a member, and said to the girl:
"You know young Barker? Well, he's going to be our best man before long."
"Oh, Kenneth," she cried, "what a nice way to propose to me!"

TERRIBLE FIGHT IN DARDANELLES

Yeomanry Battalion Makes Vain Sacrifice. Gallant Work of Raw Recruits on Gallipoli Peninsula. Hill 70 Won by British But Could Not be Held.

London, Sept. 3.—The following graphic description of the fighting by the British forces on Hill 70 on August 21 is furnished by the officially recognized observer for the British press with the Franco-British forces at the Dardanelles. E. Ashmead Bartlett:
The last attack was made by a battalion held in reserve for the mounted division behind Lala-Baba. This splendid body of troops, which was in action for the first time, was led by men bearing some of the best-known names in Britain. It moved out from under cover and proceeded to cross the Salt Lake in open order.
No sooner did they appear than the enemy concentrated heavy shrapnel fire on the advancing lines, now fully exposed in the open. The crest was furiously bombarded by every available gun, while the Turkish batteries concentrated their fire on our trenches.

Majestic, But Awful.
The scene was majestic, but awful. The light was now rapidly waning and the whole horizon was almost blotted out by enormous clouds of smoke and flames as the trees and scrub and the homestead grass burned furiously at a dozen different points.
The noise of the guns was incessant, and the never-ceasing roar from thousands of rifles rendered the scene a perfect inferno.
A little after six the battalion went forward, seized the southern slopes of the hill, and began to dig themselves in preparatory to a further advance against the top. At this point the shell-fire seemed to begin to tell on the Turks. Many were seen streaming from the northern knoll of the hill down the trench line, either because it had become untenable, or they were preparing to meet the advance of our men.

For about an hour there was no change in the situation. Then the Yeomanry again moved forward in a solid mass, forming up under the lower western and northern slopes.
Charge Up The Hill
It was now almost dark, and the attack seemed to hang fire, when suddenly the Yeomanry leaped on their feet as a single man and charged right up the hill. They were met by a withering fire which rose in crescendo as they neared the northern crest.
Nothing could stop them. They charged with amazing speed without a single halt from the bottom to the top, losing many men and many chosen leaders, including the gallant Sir John Milbank.

It was a stirring night watched by thousands in the ever-gathering gloom. At one moment they were below the crest, at the next they were on top. A moment afterwards many disappeared inside the Turkish trenches, where they went at the work of bayoneting all the defenders who had not fled at the time, while still others never stopped at the trench line, but dashed in pursuit down the reserve slopes.
From a thousand lips the shout went up that Hill 70 was won.
But night was now falling rapidly; figures became blurred, then lost shape and finally disappeared. The view of the battlefield had vanished completely.

Lull in Rifle Fire
As one left Chocolate Hill one looked back on a vista of rolling clouds of smoke and huge fires, from the midst of which the roar of rifle fire never for a moment ceased.
This was ominous for, although Hill 70 was now in our hands the question arose, could we hold it throughout the night in the face of determined counter-attacks.

All through the night the battle raged incessantly.
When morning broke Hill 70 was no longer in our possession. Apparently the Turks had never been driven off the knoll on the northern crest, from which they enfiladed us with their machine gun and artillery fire, while those of the Yeomanry who dashed down the reverse slope in pursuit of the Turks were counter-attacked, and lost heavily and were obliged to retire.

During the night it was decided that it would be impossible to hold

the hill, and at daylight the order was given for the troops to withdraw to their original positions.

Nothing, however, will lessen the glory of that final charge of Britain's Yeomanry.
Thus ended the great fight.
The troops at Anzac achieved some success, the Australian infantry finally driving the enemy from Hill 60, while our whole line was linked up as a trench line instead of isolated posts.

Priest Scorns Twelve Million Dollars

The Rev. William Graham of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Pittsburg, has refused to accept legacies left him by relatives in Sydney, Australia, and Bolivia, South America, exceeding \$12,000,000. The priest, who is 60 years old, says that he is too old to be burdened with such wealth, and that he has enough of this world's goods, anyway.
"It may seem strange," Father Graham said to-day, "that I should do this, but I will sleep better when I know the solicitors have taken my refusal seriously and finally, and cease to consider me in the distribution of the wealth. I have long known that uncles of mine named Murphy and Hughes lived in Australia, and that they were possessed of vast landed estates, and immense herds of cattle, sheep and horses, and that I was the nearest of kin; also that I had several stepuncles named Graham in Bolivia who were said to be immensely wealthy and childless. But I never knew any of them personally, and, in fact, never communicated with them in any manner. Why then, even were I disposed to pile up this world's goods, should I accept any of the inheritance they have left?"

HER VERSION
Mistress—From your reference, I see you've had four places in the last month.
Servant—Yes'm, that shows how much in demand I am.

PRINCE RUPERT'S NEW INDUSTRY

The perseverance and foresight of Mr. H. S. Clements, M.P.P. for Comox-Atlin, has gained for Prince Rupert an enviable place in the fishing industry of the Pacific Coast. His representations to Ottawa secured a federal order-in-council granting concessions to American fishing vessels engaged in deep sea fishing in the Northern Pacific waters, which has caused them to transfer their base of operations from Seattle to Prince Rupert. This has occasioned a remarkable development in the fishing industry of that port, which has recently been described by a staff correspondent of the Toronto Daily News. He found that sixty Seattle fishing boats of the American halibut fleet, which formerly used to outfit in the American port, and take their fish there for shipment across the continent, now make Prince Rupert their headquarters. Commenting on this new development of the Pacific halibut fishing industry, the Toronto News editorially says:
"The American boats have done this because the Dominion government has passed an order-in-council facilitating their business through this Canadian port and because the port is several 100 miles and several days nearer the halibut banks. The outcome has been a great impetus for the Prince Rupert fish industry. In May 1,500,000 pounds of fish were landed, in June 3,000,000 pounds, and in July 12,000,000 pounds. Halibut and salmon are brought east in refrigerator cars attached to transcontinental express trains, reaching Eastern Canada and the Eastern States in prime condition.
The new development has led to an increased consumption of fresh sea fish on the Canadian prairies, and in Toronto, Montreal, New York, Boston, and many intermediate centres. As many as twenty-two car loads of halibut have come through from the Pacific coast in a single week, and three or four cars are attached to every passenger train which leaves Prince Rupert. Here is a new Canadian industry which deserves cultivation. The halibut and other coast fisheries off the shores of northern British Columbia and Alaska are declared to be the most abundant in the world.
"They far excel those of the North Sea, and there is a movement to transport colonies of English fishermen to the Queen Charlotte Islands. Meantime, inland Canadians should learn to eat more sea fish, one of the most delicious and wholesome foods in the world. In war time there is a special reason why we should ignore none of our natural food supplies. A newspaper advertising campaign such as that successfully conducted by the Dominion government in connection with the marketing of the apple crop last year would do much to popularize the products of both the Atlantic and the Pacific with the consumers of inland Canada."

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THE RETREAT FOLLOWED BY SEA OF FLAMES
Austrian Officer Describes Russian Fall Back As Masterpiece of Terrifying Devastation
Geneva, Wednesday, Sept. 4.—(Via Paris, Sept. 3.)—(Delayed in transmission.)—The Lausanne Gazette publishes a letter from an Austrian officer fighting on the eastern front, in which he says:
"The Russian retreat is a masterpiece of terrifying, systematic devastation which recalls the retreat of 1812. There is an immense sea of flames behind the retreating Russian armies, caused by burning houses and crops. General Mischlenko is followed by well-organized detachments of Cossacks whose duty it is to burn everything behind the army. They accomplish their task implacably.
Every Street In Flames.
"When the Honveds tried to enter Krylow in pursuit of the Russians, every street was in flames. They were unable to pass through the huge furnace and lost many precious hours in going round the town by indirect roads across fields.
"When the Austro-Hungarians arrived in Vladimir-Volynski they found the town burning and the town of Verba, also was blazing. Every village on the Volynski plain as far as Kovel was in flames. The Austro-Hungarian troops had no shelter for days.
The Roads Cut Up.
"The roads are indescribably cut up and obstructed. Convoys arrived a day and a half late. Thousands of men worked upon repairs on the railway from Sokol to Vladimir-Volynski and if the road had not been repaired in time we would have met with disaster."

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