

WHISPERING THROUGH the AIR of the ENEMY



FIELD TELEGRAPH OFFICE

THE war correspondents of 1898 wrote columns of matter about the heroes of Santiago who climbed on the embankments in front of the fighting men and wigwagged signals to the fleet on the other side of the enemy.

Wigwag went the flags by day spelling out orders and information, and wigwag went the lanterns by night spelling out more information and orders. In fact, wigwagging was about the only method of communication with the friends on the other side of the enemy.

Homing pigeons have been used from time immemorial, and they also were used at Santiago.

Today a different condition exists. As the Germans were sweeping down on Paris the operator in Eiffel tower whispered through the very air the Germans were breathing to convey information to St. Petersburg or Petrograd.

The swish of the wireless was unstoppable. The Spaniards shot down the American signal men on the embankments in front of Santiago, but the rifle bullets from the Germans could not interfere with the wireless message as it went on its way.

One of the most wonderful developments of the wireless telegraphy came at the opening of the European war when it became possible to talk all the way from Berlin to Long Island. Germany talked across the British fleet to her own ships sailing the Atlantic and warned them of the sudden tremor.

The only way to stop the wireless was to destroy the operator and he was thousands of miles away. In our last war wires were stretched all over the fields back of the fighting men. Dispatchers carried word from colonel to general where there had not been time to string the wires.

In this war wires, too, have been stretched on the fields, pigeons still have carried messages, dispatchers have galloped back and forth, but in addition to all these messengers of war the fighters all depended more on the invention of Marconi, the great wireless telegraph.

The wireless telegraph has proved its value right on the field of battle. The man in the front ranks, or the outpost miles from the headquarters, could place himself in instant communication with his chief. The wireless telegraph made it possible for a German soldier fighting his way through Belgium to talk to a German soldier defending Alsace. It made it possible for a soldier at Brussels to shout news of victory back to Berlin without an instant's delay.

It made it possible for the French and British to keep in communication with each other and map out a new line of defense when the Germans were hurling their mighty hosts against them.

Marconi had already made himself famous before the war broke out. His invention was one of the greatest boons to humanity because it saved lives aboard ship in time of sea horror. It brought rescue to the distressed and expedited shipping. From an instrument of humanity and peace it sprang to an instrument of war and terror.

Like the pigeon or dove, the personification of peace, it became an instrument of war.

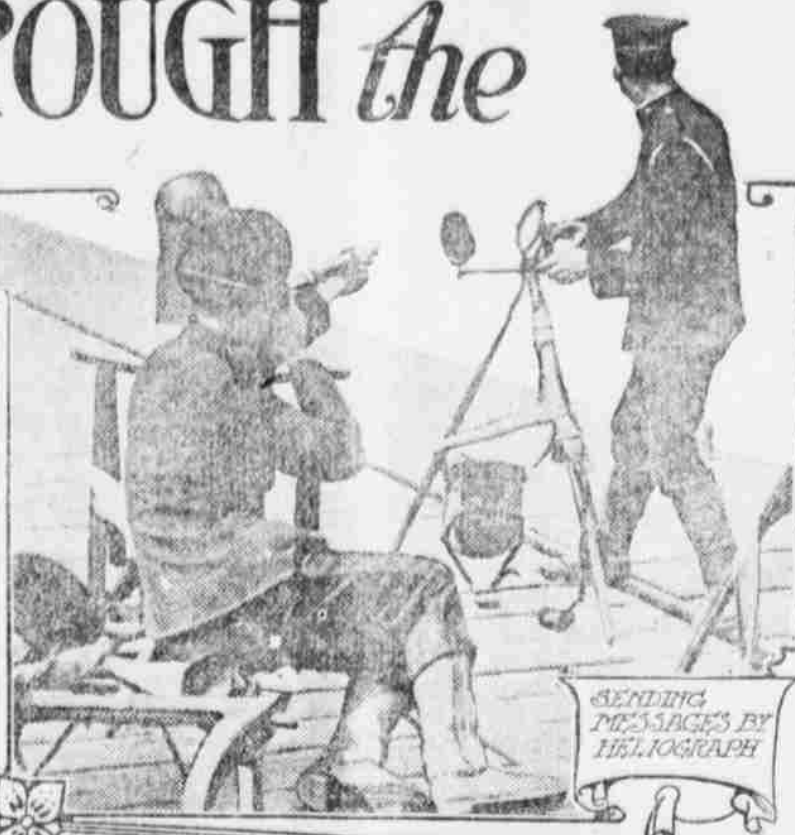
Perhaps next to the wireless stations, the most efficient messengers of war are the homing pigeons. These birds, the wisest of their kind, are employed to great advantage in English, French, German, Austrian, Italian, Russian and Japanese armies. Military authorities hold there is no better means for small detachments to communicate with their headquarters nor could they want better.

On the fields of Europe the flights of the birds are in most instances so short that they do not have to stop for a rest, thus preventing the messages from falling into the hands of the enemy. A pigeon in its flight soars so high it is almost invisible to the naked eye, thus it necessitates the use of high power guns to bring it to the ground. And any man who ever makes such a shot can well call it a miracle.

The king of England and the emperor of Germany, as well as other rulers of European nations, have their own flying kits, and in time of peace they enter their birds in races with birds belonging to their subjects. The crowned heads deem this royal sport.

A bird equipped for flying with a message is encased in a bottle-like tube, the shape of its body.

A spy puts his message in his pocket, proceeds on his mission, quickly writes his discoveries on small bits of paper and places them in a tube



SENDING MESSAGES BY HELIOGRAPH



WIRELESS OPERATOR SENDING MESSAGE

the lofts at Durban and Pietermaritzburg and in view of the great service which they performed it is of more than passing notice. The dumb messengers were used in the signal service of this country during the war with Spain. In the French army are more than three hundred thousand trained pigeons and more than six hundred thousand in the postal service which can be utilized in time of war. Germany has more than two hundred and fifty thousand well trained fliers and it, too, has its pigeon posts that can be utilized by the government.

During the Russo-Japanese war an automatic camera was fastened about the breast of a pigeon and accurately timed to make photographs in the air.

When a homer is released, it rises rapidly into the air, flying in large circles, apparently getting its bearings. After rising several hundred feet it will circle to a point directly above the place whence it was released, then dart in a straight line toward its home, bearing the important documents to its government. A pigeon cannot be trained to fly to any point, but it can be trained to be taken hundreds of miles from its home, released on battlefields and return to its original home with great haste.

The pigeons were almost displaced by the invention of wireless telegraphy, but a bird can be carried easily where a wireless outfit would prove too bulky and could never be taken. A spy can release a pigeon in the face of the enemy when he could not dare to try wireless, with little risk to the bird. The messengers are truly birds of war, not peace.

of an old French squire, a retired general, who entertained the troops at his house. He says:

"The old gentleman's two daughters helped to wait on the men, and after the meal was over the general said:

"My dear comrades, let me so call you. It is an old soldier who fought against Prussia forty-four years ago. I was then a captain of cuirassiers—who welcomes you to his house with a heart full of emotion and in a voice trembling with sympathy and thick with tears. You honor me by this visit. In the midst of all your trials and privations you have a soldier's heart and courage and cheerfulness. By your wounds I know your sufferings. You see me old, but I am active and glad to be honored by your sharing such as I can offer you. France can never repay the debt she owes to England for giving to us her best and bravest sons. My father was killed in the war of 1870 at the battle of Sedan."

"It was a picture to see the grand old veteran, with faltering voice, strike the men's hearts by the first phrase, 'My dear comrades,' but when he raised his glass and gave 'The king and queen of England' the men stood up and tears chased each other down their cheeks. Then the parish priest said a few kind words of welcome and invited the party to attend benediction in the little church which adjoins the park of the general. This was a happy thought, for Protestants, Episcopalians and Presbyterians joined with Catholics in a solemn service of devotion under circumstances which show how easily, under stress of trial and adversity, the barriers of class and creed fall down."

A PARADOX.

"Childhood presents many paradoxes," asserted the bachelor.

"What instance have you in mind?" asked the friend.

"A spoiled child may be extremely fresh."

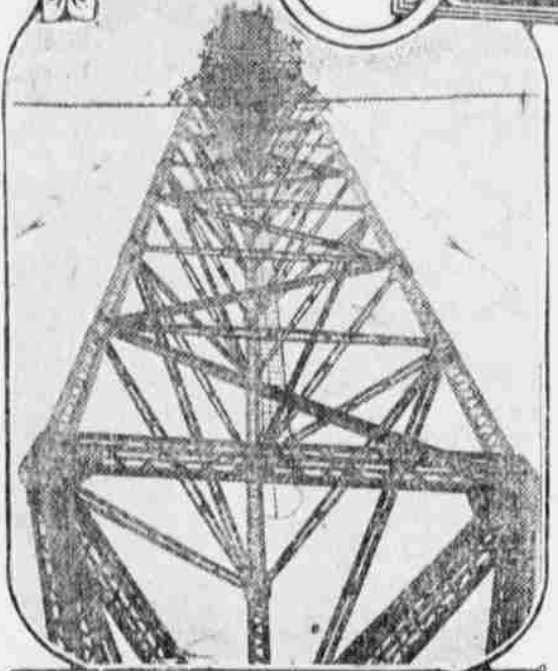
A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

"You always advised against speculation?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Dustin Stax.

"You never played the market yourself?"

"No, sir. I never played it. I worked it."



WIRELESS STATION AT TUCKERSON, N.S.

bound tight to the bird's legs. Releasing the bird, his message is started to its destination with a speed that only wireless or telegraph can rival.

Messages can be fastened to birds in various ways, around the tail feathers, under a wing, about the leg or secretly marked by plucking a certain feather, the painting of certain feathers and many other equally ingenious contrivances. Messages are often reproduced by photography upon films reduced to the smallest possible size which the birds carry and which weigh the mere fraction of an ounce.

Recently there appeared an account of the capture of a German spy. He was riding on a train in Belgium. The spy noticed that he was under surveillance and hurriedly wrote the information he had in his possession and released his winged messenger from the window of the train. The spy was captured, but the message could not be stopped.

These messengers of war sometimes are called carrier pigeons. They are not. Carrier pigeons lack the instinct that enables the homers to return to their cote. Carrier pigeons are only for the purpose of display at pet stock shows.

Many nations have established pigeon posts, where birds are trained to fly from one city to another, or from one island to another. They are much faster than train or steamboats and a message is much safer in their care. They are numbered today as one of the most deadly messengers of war.

The first news of the siege of Ladysmith, during the Boer war, was carried by homing pigeons. The pigeons used at Ladysmith were taken from

SEIZED A GERMAN MEAL

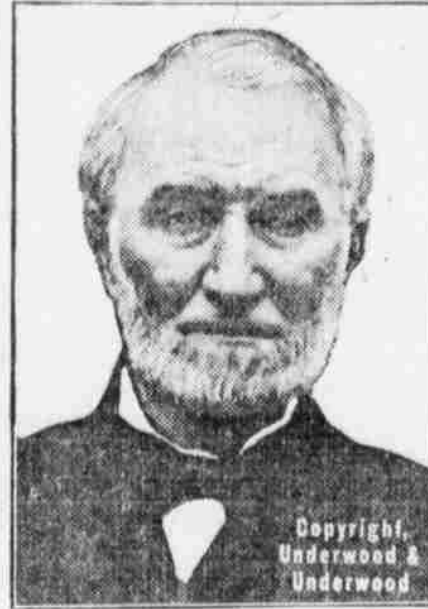
Incidents of soldier life in the fighting zone are read eagerly in London. How a small party of British cavalry cheated some Germans of their supper is told in the following words:

"A small party were out on reconnaissance work, securing woods and searching the countryside. Just about dusk a hail of bullets came upon our party from a small spinney of fir trees on the side of a hill. We instantly wheeled off as if we were retreating, but, in fact, we merely pretended to retire and galloped around across plowed land to the other side of the spinney, fired on the men and they mounted their horses and flew like lightning out of their 'supper room,' leaving a finely cooked roast of beefsteak, onions and fried potatoes all ready and done to a turn with about fifty bottles of lager beer, which was an acceptable relish to our meal. Ten of our men gave chase and returned for an excellent feed."

The same writer gives an account of a speech

WHO IS WHO NOW

"UNCLE JOE" COMES BACK



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"Uncle Joe" Cannon, easily the most picturesque and probably the most powerful individual who has sat in the house of representatives in recent years, by being re-elected to congress stands forth as a lively contradiction of the Oser theory of the uselessness of a man when he has passed his sixtieth year. He is now seventy-nine years old, but is as chipper as of yore and as ready to get into a legislative scrap. Congress and Washington generally welcome the veteran back, for he is always interesting.

"Uncle Joe" has been compelled to backtrack on an assertion which he made just before he left the officialdom of Washington. At a banquet given in his honor, he said:

"My friends, I am an old man. Measured by years I am an old man. I am about to retire from public life. My face is turned toward the setting sun."

Mr. Taft, then the president, was a guest at this banquet, and made a speech in appreciation of "Uncle Joe."

"He says he is going away and not coming back," said Mr. Taft. "I hope that is not true and I do not believe it is true. I think that when he goes out to that district and walks up and down Vermillion county, and finds how many people are sorry they did not vote for him at the last election, the old warhorse will again scent the battle from afar."

WOMAN DOCTOR IN THE WAR ZONE

Dr. Mary Crawford of Brooklyn is one of the few woman doctors to go to the war zone in Europe. Mary Crawford wanted to be something more than a trained nurse, so she spent seven years at Cornell, being graduated with the medical class of "oughty-seven."

One day Miss Crawford read something in the newspapers about vacancies at the Williamsburg hospital. She sent for application blanks. They read:

"Any one desiring the Williamsburg hospital, etc."

She filled out the blank and, in some way, the "Mary" of her name passed unnoticed. But when she presented herself the hospital authorities were dumfounded. They had a woman on their hands for nearly two years. But out of 35 applicants she had passed highest of all and the hospital was game. It is said that its reception of Doctor Crawford was splendid.

She was the first woman ever to act on the staff of the hospital and, despite the unwritten ban against woman practitioners at large in the medical world, she was never made to feel it there. She was not only the first woman doctor at Williamsburg, but the first to ride an ambulance in Brooklyn.



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ONLY SOCIALIST CONGRESSMAN



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Meyer London, elected to represent the Twelfth district of New York, is the first Socialist to be sent to congress by any eastern state, and is the sole representative of his party in the national government. For 12 years he has been legal adviser of the Jewish Trades union, and he won fame by his able conduct of the strikes of the cloakmakers in 1910 and of the furriers in 1912. The big East side of the metropolis is devoted to him. Of him it has been said: "He pursues radical ends through constitutional means."

One part of London's duty in congress, as he sees it, will be to induce congress to stop the European war. This, he thinks, can be done by declaring war on war and keeping all war supplies at home. "Nations that are starving can't fight," declares Mr. London. "Every shipload of supplies we send the warring nations will enable them to fight just that much longer. Every shipload we keep at home will enable us to live just that much cheaper."

"This war has given the food speculator the opportunity of opportunities. His chance to sell abroad is his chance to boost prices at home. I would make it a crime to export food or any other war necessity to any of the warring countries."

MOSLEM LEADER LOYAL TO BRITAIN

Great Britain was pleased and immensely relieved by the action of that famous Indian dignitary, the Aga Khan, in directing the community of which he is the spiritual head to place their personal services and resources unreservedly at the disposal of the British government, and in addition to this volunteering to serve as a private in any infantry regiment of the Indian expeditionary force. For this prodigiously wealthy and largely Europeanized native chieftain, as the spiritual leader of vast numbers of Mahometans in Western India, Central Asia and East Africa, is perhaps the greatest power of the Moslem world.

Directly descended as he is from Ali, the nephew of Mahomet himself, he is regarded by his followers almost as a god and is believed by many to hold the keys of heaven. Many of the curious privileges of his position are not, however, exercised by the present prince. The territory over which the Aga Khan rules, as head of the Ismailian sects, is not large, but the number of his followers is counted by the hundred thousand and to every one of them his word is law. So great is his influence, in fact, that his friendliness to British rule in India always has been of the greatest value to the government, and will be more so than ever in the present emergency.

