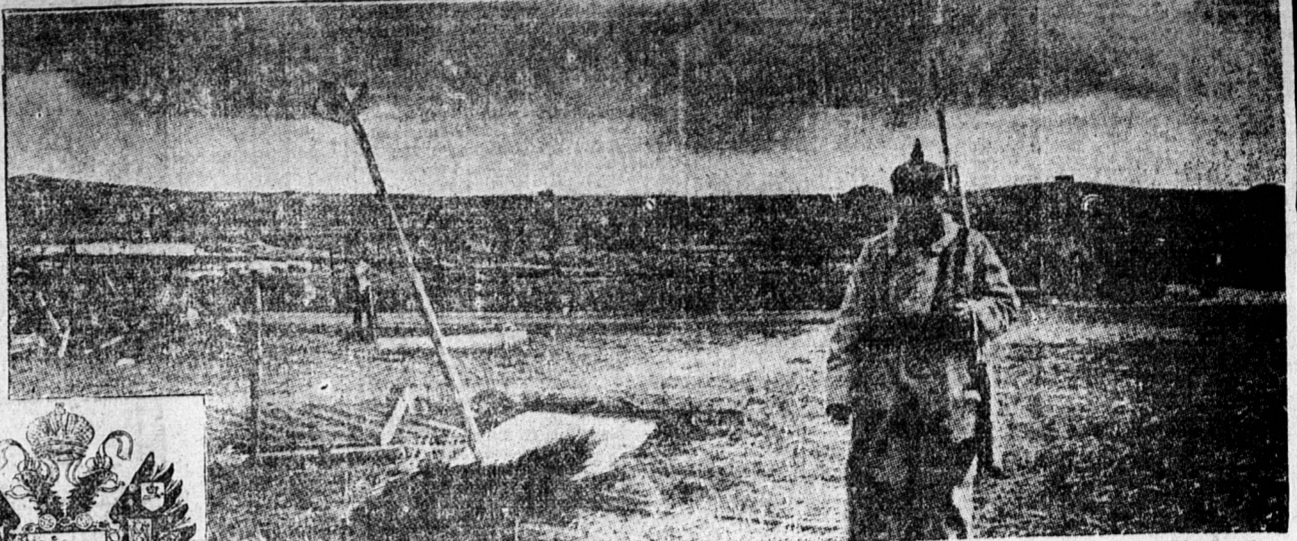


ARTISTS DEPICT CONFLICT IN PRUSSIA



ON GUARD BEFORE CUPOLA FORTS CAN BE SEEN IN BACKGROUND.

Cossacks Good Fellows, East Prussians Found

Farmers Praise Invaders, Who Did No Harm to Inhabitants During Occupation of Province—Liked Russians so Well That They Actually Helped Them.

(Special Dispatch.)
 LONDON, October 24.—Over a century the Cossack has been the "bogymen" of Continental Europe. German and even French mothers to this day frighten their babies into obedience with the terrifying announcement that "the Cossack is coming." Just as the English mothers of old used to sing to their refractory children:
 "Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
 Hush ye, hush ye, little fret ye,
 The Black Douglas shall not get ye."
 But the Cossack is not so bad as he is painted, to judge, at any rate, from a letter from the Copenhagen Politiken, dated from Berlin. It says—
 "Although East Prussia is now virtually cleared of Russian troops, comparatively few of the inhabitants have returned to their homes, though the Russians, even the much feared Cossack, seem to have behaved fairly well during the time they spent on the German soil. Meeting a couple of farmers from Allenstein in one of the small beershops near the Stettiner Bahnhof, that are mostly frequented by East Prussian refugees, naturally our talk was about the war.
 "The Russians are by no means bad," said one of my farmer neighbors. "The regiment that came to our village really behaved quite decently. They paid for what they got and didn't even so much as hurt a cat. They advised us to stop calmly where we were, cultivate our fields and see to our cattle, and we did so as long as we could. When the Russians arrived we hid our women and children in the cellars, but it was not necessary. Within twenty-four hours we were all going about as if we were in a state of profound peace.
 "The Cossacks are awful thieves, but otherwise they are all right. They and were not guilty of any acts of cruelty as long as we humored them and let them do as they pleased. But they never could see through a joke.
 "A gang of them, about twenty, were riding through a village a couple of miles south of Bischofsburg, and while they were passing a house in course of construction a bricklayer dropped a brick which hit a Cossack on the head. Naturally the Cossack thought it had been thrown purposely. It was an unfortunate joke, for not one of the workmen lived."
 "We, too, had a call from the Cossack," said the other farmer. "The first thing they ask when they come to a village is, 'Are there any Prussians near?' Next, 'Have you any money?' or, 'Where is your watch?' They squeezed me to the extent of 500 marks, all that I had. But afterward the rascal who stole them was sorry, for next day a whole regiment of Russians came to the town. You could see at once from the way they behaved that they were decent people. So I hastened to the captain and told him how the Cossack had treated me, not being ashamed to steal a poor man's savings."
 "The captain became angry, and a little bit afraid."
 "Would you know the man again who took your money?" he asked.
 "Yes, captain."
 "Well, be outside the church in an hour. But God help you if you have lied!"
 "An hour later I found the captain with about fifty Cossacks filed up along the wall. I recognized my man at once. He was examined and my 500 marks were found in his possession. I was sorry for him, and though I pleaded for him the captain refused to temper justice with mercy."
 "During my talk with these East Prussians I got a lot of interesting information and details, which, put together, help to form a comparatively distinct picture of the Russian occupation, now begun, apparently with more vigor than before."
 The Prussian population seem to get on well with the Russians. In several cases the inhabitants even warned the invaders against the marshes and showed them the right way. The same was the case in Galicia, where the inhabitants assist again complain that the inhabitants assist the Russians. My informant explained the strange fact by the circumstances that the inhabitants of East Prussia, who year after year have paid heavy taxes to the army and navy, are angry because nearly all the troops are sent to the battlefront in the west at the very time when they should be defending the population in the east against invading foes.

London, Lights Obscured, Finds There Is a Sky

City Wears Weird and Abnormal Aspect at Night, and Eyes Are Directed Upward by Great Searchlights That Ceaselessly Send Shafts Into the Heavens.

(Special Dispatch.)
 LONDON, October 24.—London is becoming gradually aware of the fact that overhead there is a sky, at night as well as by day. No longer are the bright streets arched merely by darkness; London has grown conscious of the imminently overshadowing it, and has developed a nervous habit of looking up into it. To attribute this habit to a fear of Zeppelins would be a gross exaggeration. The chief thing is that London has discovered the sky.
 What has combined to make one alert to the possibilities of this vast roof of London are the dawn blinds, the masked lamps, the searchlights. London at night has acquired an unwonted gravity, quiet and darkness. It is impossible to move about town after sundown without feeling that terrible things are happening else where; that a miracle may at any moment bring us here, too, into the zone of terror—a sudden and violent shattering of London's ancient immunity. It is our nearest approach to a realization of the horrors that are being enacted upon the other side of that narrow strip of water which washes the southeast coast.
 City is Weird at Night.
 London is undoubtedly abnormal, weird, at night. And yet a visitor from an English village, from a substantial country town even, would find it difficult to understand how it is that when the lights have been lit one calls London dark. A Londoner of the eighties might be equally puzzled. For the city yet retains sufficient brilliancy to have astonished the past generation of oil lamp and gas jet days. There are still the dazzling shop fronts, the glowing automobile buses and trams. The street lamps are not less powerful because they are fewer, and their masks serve but to throw a stronger, a more concentrated, light upon the roadway.
 But memory is short. One compares impressions to-day with those of yesterday; not with those of ten or twenty years ago. We miss the flaming sentences in electric light, spelled out, illuminated, spelled out again; the vivid advertisements in fierce fiery colors; the lavish display of the cinemas, the flashing illuminations of the automobiles, the wonderful illuminations at Charing Cross and in Parliament square. It is a strange, uncomfortable experience to see the War Office and the Admiralty with their blinds down, the tramway cars with their blinds down, and plunged in absolute darkness as they cross the river bridges, the great bulk of the Cecil and Savoy hotels darkly looming over the embankment, to miss the bright, familiar face of "Big Ben."
 Phantom Eyes Search Sky.
 And a stranger in London for the first time, in ignorance of events, could not fail to sense the difference. He, too, would quickly find the sky and cast curious glances up into it. For one thing, his eyes would be guided there by the searchlights. All night long they stab the darkness of the sky, moving like phantom eyes, staring wildly along a track which mortal eyes cannot follow, searching a void which they cannot penetrate. Hypnotized, we strain our gaze, and then pass on our way, hoping that while London sleeps this vigilant, tireless watch will light upon no evil thing, that the dawn will appear bright with the promise of good news.
 London is taking this war very, very seriously. You see it when any troops are seen. The crowds have ceased to cheer. Forgotten is all the fervor with which London acclaimed its soldiers when they tramped through the streets on route for Table Bay. And Tommy Atkins has to wait till he gets to France for the cheers and the flowers and the kisses. His march across London to the railway is sometimes well nigh funereal.
 A battalion was marching into Waterloo station, and a crowd of anxious and serious minded English folk was watching it, proud enough of those stalwart khaki men, but silent; uplifted, no doubt, and moved, but moved to silence. The last ranks were marching in, and scarcely a cheer had been heard. Then came a private astride one horse and leading another. He had some slight difficulty with the other horse. The difficulty conquered, he looked about him, a trifle exasperated. His eyes rested upon a constable, a stout London constable, keeping the route. With mock pleading he addressed the policeman. "Oh, policeman," he said, "do smile!"
 Misery Bids You Laugh.
 And here is the gutter merchant, himself depressed and gloomy, inviting you to laugh. His clothes are rags, his face brilliant; his expression reflects the hopelessness of long standing. The world, on the whole, has treated him shabbily. One would not suppose that this pedler dealer in laughter, but he does. He offers you "one thousand laughs" for a penny.
 "You must laugh! You can't help laughing!" he says, with deep laid misery in his voice. And this laughter he is endeavoring to wring out of the Kaiser. The Kaiser's woes are to be your merriment. Altogether you can have four thousand. Altogether for fourpence. In "The Kaiser's Nightmare" there are a thousand; in "The Kaiser's Confession" a thousand; in "The Kaiser's Christmas Banquet at Buckingham Palace," a thousand; in "The Kaiser's Last Will and Testament," a thousand.
 This last will and testament is printed on blue paper and folds like a genuine legal document. In it the Kaiser, realizing that "his number is up," realizing also that he is fairly up against it," disposes of all his imperial possessions, his famous mustaches, even his mailed fist. The thousand roars do not appear among the depositions, but doubtless they are right enough—for the unsophisticated. Those who do not dispense laughter are the vendors of patriotism. They stand with great bunches of little flags, the flags of the allied nations, and their invitation to the purchaser is more imperative. "Wear your colors," they say; and it must be said that many thousands of persons have rendered obedience.



FIERCE STREET FIGHTING BETWEEN RUSSIANS AND GERMANS, PUBLISHED IN LEIPZIG BY W BRANDES.

Dramatic Tales of the Front Told by British Troopers in Letters Home

(Special Dispatch.)
 LONDON, October 24.—How the first German prisoner of war was captured is related by Private Alexander Gibson, of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers, in a letter to his wife.
 "I don't know whether it is any distinction or not, but I had the honor of capturing the first prisoner of war. We got an order to stop a motor car, and as the driver pulled up, a man tried to escape on the opposite side. When I collared him he got into an awful state, and started pulling photographs and papers from his pockets. He was taken away, and I believe was shot the next morning as a spy."
 Private Sullivan, of the King's Royal Rifles, writes of an interesting encounter in which he participated in the first stage of the war.
 "The Germans were directing a terrible rifle fire from the British from a hill above a French village. The British colonel in command ordered his men to charge, which they did.
 "We got to the top of the hill," says Private Sullivan, "with the Germans lying in all directions, but all at once German machine guns began firing on us. They had two on top of a haystack. Two of our boys crept forward and set fire to the stack, and those Germans were soon roasted."
 Here is a story of a typical British soldier of the best sort—
 "We were up somewhere Belgium way and marching backward and forward without seeing anybody, till one day we were told to be ready to take a hill. It looked a very nice sort of hill, quite innocent like, but when we came within about a mile of it it began to rain cats and dogs, as you might say, caterwauling and barking up shells, shrapnel and bullets all over us. They don't want to fight a bit. One time when we charged a line of them, instead of standing up to us, they all threw themselves down flat and chuckled their rifles at us. One place we cornered a whole ambulance corps and one or two companies of artillery, and they gave themselves up without a whimper.
 "The head doctor attended all night to the wounded and performed several operations on his own men, and when he was done he just up with his knife and cut his own throat.
 "Another incident worth while. Twelve of our cyclists went out and posted themselves along a road some distance apart. A company or two of Germans came singing along when they opened fire right down into the road. The Dutchies thought they had marched right into a regiment and hoisted handkerchiefs. Our men shouted to them to march past by fours and throw away their rifles. Most of them had done this before they discovered the trick. The last twenty or so, however, began cursing and firing and killed five of ours, but the other seven brought in nearly two hundred prisoners."
 The wife of a recruit to Kitchener's army applied to his employers—they had undertaken to pay full wages to dependents—for his week's money.
 "Handed £2 (\$10) she gazed at the cashier with a puzzled expression, and asked 'Haven't you given me too much?' On being assured that it was all right, she withdrew without further comment, but once outside the office she unburdened her mind to a friend.
 "Wait until the old scoundrel comes home," she said. "Here he's been giving me for months his wages were £2 (\$10), and all the time he's been taking £2 (\$10)."

America Has Hurt Peace Prospect, London Declares

(Special Dispatch.)
 LONDON, October 24.—Inopportune is the term that best describes the feeling here regarding America's latest exploit to bring mediation. Englishmen are disposed to view the peace noise impatiently and no one is surprised that failure has followed.
 No one familiar with the situation expected any other result than that Germany would seek to place the responsibility for the continuance of the war upon the Allies. Everybody feels that a distinct harm has been done to any future move for peace, which now is bound to be regarded with scepticism. There have not been the slightest reasons to change the view expressed a week ago that the Allies would prefer destruction to making a premature peace which would not put an end to the Kaiser's power.
 At the same time President Wilson's general position is commended and he stands very high here.
 English journals which criticised his Mexican policy now admit that he stands forth as a great figure in consequence of the outcome south of the Rio Grande. His proper and precise position on neutrality is bound to strengthen him when the time really arrives to make peace.
 If Secretary Bryan should suddenly yield to his well known weakness and begin to address peace assemblies the effect would be to neutralize the American influence in this crisis. Americans here are shuddering lest the news may come any day that Secretary Bryan is speaking at meetings organized by circulation makers.
 Paradoxical as it may seem, that the best hope of peace is in broadening the war area and increasing the destruction of life, yet that is the fact. The world is still waiting for Italy to play her part, but Italy holds back. She is understood here not to be hesitating but awaiting a favorable opportunity.
 The only difference between the Italian public and the Italian government is that the public wants war on Austria immediately, while the government wants war at the proper minute. Italy, it can be assured, in no circumstances will set her lot with the two Kaisers. While she waits Turkey is moving rapidly toward the vortex which will give to Italy her chance. The protest against the withdrawal of the foreign court privileges has not been heeded in Turkey, and now it is reported that the Turkish War Minister is en route to Berlin to make the necessary arrangements for taking sides with the Dual Alliance.
 Such a step would finish Austria, which now is regarded by diplomats as a beaten Power, and as a result would give to Italy the long coveted control of the Adriatic. It is Italy's army that will count when she comes in. Her fleet is not important, because it is not needed. More important would be the moral effect of a member of the Triple Alliance finally deciding to cast her lot with France, England and Russia.
 Mean Brute.
 Cincinnati Enquirer—"A woman can't be in two places at the same time," snarped Mrs. Gabb, during the usual morning fuss.
 "I notice that you can be in and out of the house at the same time when some female that you don't want to see happens to call," replied Mr. Gabb.