

WERE SCHOOLBOY WINS RUSSIAN CROSS ST. GEORGE

Petrograd, Nov. 20.—(By Mail to New York)—This is how Nicholas Orlov, a 17-year-old schoolboy won the cross of St. George—the most highly honored Russian military decoration, according to the British Victoria Cross.

At the beginning of the war young Orlov left school at Zhitomir to join the colors as a volunteer. The first time he was under fire in an action near the front, his company was surprised on both sides by large bodies of Austrians. Bullets rained thickly on the trench. The Russians returned fire, but only feebly as compared with the Austrians' storm of lead, and soon their ammunition was exhausted. They were faced with the choice of surrendering or dying one by one. At last the commissioned officer in command called for a volunteer to attempt to break through the Austrian lines to ask for reinforcements.

The Austrians were shooting from a distance of only 300 yards when young Orlov who instantly had sprung forward in answer to the call, appeared above the trench, and they concentrated their fire upon him. He was wounded, but he managed to crawl through the brush until he reached the main Russian position. Strong reinforcements were immediately dispatched to the spot, and in an hour the whole battle was cleared of Austrians.

One of the striking results of the recent fighting on the East Prussian front is the large number of 16 and 17-year-old boys found dead on the battlefields. A big Russian guardsman was about to cut down one of these German youths when he changed his mind, looked the rifle out of the boy's hands and caught him with a paternal grip of the ear, saying, "Lad, it's a pity to kill thee." He then gave the young German's ear a vigorous twist and let him go.

Madame Koudachef, the famous Russian explorer, is one of the very few women who in the present European war is attached to an army on equal footing with the men. Madame Koudachef is a member of the sporting corps of General Rennenkampf's army and has already rendered services of the most daring and valuable description. In her new work, Madame Koudachef is using the same horse, her constant companion, with which she made her famous exploration trip from Valdivia to Petrograd.

Among the young women who are serving in the Russian army, the name of Miss Millet Tomilovsky, the 19-year-old daughter of an infantry colonel, accompanying her father to the front, with her hair cut short, and wearing regular soldier's uniform, she has taken part in a number of engagements, including that in the woods of Augustoff, in which she had command of a platoon. On other occasions she had served as orderly, scout, and telegraph operator. In the latter capacity she succeeded in tapping plan wires and breaking the Russian center, and as a result the Germans were repulsed with heavy losses.

After the German retreat from Augustoff, a rather striking example of the enemy's generosity was found by the Russians on the corpse of one of their officers. His face had been covered with a handkerchief, and on his breast were lying a gold watch and a silver cigar case, while to his shirt was pinned a note reading: "Highly respected foes: From this letter we took away only his book of reports; his watch and cigar case we saw, as you will see, left behind and unharmed. To our regret we were unable to take this seriously wounded man along with us and care for him, as we have a large number of our own wounded."

Corporal Icanoff, although only 10 years old, has served seven years in the East Siberian regiment. At the age of three, a destitute orphan, he was picked up by a soldier outside the barracks one day and quickly became the regimental pet. Four years later he learned to play the flute, joined the regimental band, and was formally given the honorary title of corporal. Then expressing his desire to become a real soldier, he was presented with a miniature carbine. On the outbreak of the war the boy accompanied his regiment to the front, and actually took part in a number of outpost skirmishes in which he was permitted to use a real rifle. He was wounded in a recent engagement, and a member of the royal family hearing of his exploits has decided to educate him.

in possession. The latter were too busy examining the machine to notice the arrival of the owner, so Marx and his marines were able to take up good positions before opening fire. The Uhlans jumped on their horses and rode off, with the exception of their officer, whose horse had been shot through the legs. He bolted, nevertheless, on foot, and Lieutenant Marx gave chase. The German drew his revolver and turning, fired. Then the German's wind and ammunition gave out, and he surrendered. Holding his hands above his head, he awaited the approach of Marx, and bowed.

The Britisher replied with ceremony. "I am your prisoner," said the German in excellent English. Marx bowed again, wondering what to do next. "Do you mind if I drop my hands?" "I'd like a cigarette," said the prisoner. "Certainly," replied the captor, "I'll join you." The German offered his case, and the two lit their cigarettes from the same match. They walked back, chatting amicably until they reached the spot where the German's horse was shot.

Then said Marx, "Suppose we put that horse of yours out of its pain." The prisoner agreed, and the two walked towards the wounded animal. Marx reloaded his revolver, and offered it to his captive with a bow, "Perhaps you would prefer to do it yourself." The German thanked him, shot the horse and returned the weapon with another bow. Before parting the two officers exchanged cards, and the German proved to be a Frankfort baron. On hearing of the encounter, Lieut. A. F. Wilding, the Australian Derby tennis champion, who is at Dunkirk declared "Baron von ... why I was his guest at Frankfort for five weeks this spring."

"Our marines played the Germans a good trick the other day," writes a wounded French soldier from a field hospital. "During the night the Germans opposed to us set wire entanglements in front of their trenches, hung with bells, which at the slightest shock were to give the alarm. But our marines had got wind of the idea, and at nightfall several of them armed with string, crept up to the German lines and tied some lengths of string to the wire, without the enemy knowing anything about it. The marines then came to their trenches and pulled the strings, whereupon the bells began to tinkle. Immediately there was a hail of bullets and machine guns also joined in. This lasted part of the night and the 'Boscher' wasted a large amount of ammunition without any loss to our men. On the other hand several Germans were killed by their own comrades in the panic which followed."

In the market place at Alfort the other day a number of fat pigs had come up for auction and for one of them the auctioneer started the bidding at 100 francs; "105," "110," came the bidding, and "130" and then, to the amazement of the company, a stentorian voice shouted "3,600." Every one held breath, and then there came from the same voice "Fire!" It was an officer at the adjoining barracks instructing a squad of artillery recruits in range-finding.

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PHILOSOPHER IN LOVE IS QUITE UNPHILOSOPHICAL (Copyright Paget Newspaper Service.) This mere extract from a letter of enormous length (dated 1757), is remarkable as showing how extremely unphilosophical a philosopher can be. Moreover, there are well informed persons that doubt if the great Rousseau, whose writings gave him the name of Father of the French Revolution, actually was the recipient of all these glowing favors. He had something of a name, not only for losing his balance, but for drawing on his imagination.

You know whether your person was sacred to me. Never did my ardent desires, never did my tender supplications dare for an instant to solicit the supreme happiness that I felt was forbidden by the inward cries of a distressed soul. That terrible voice did not deceive me; it made me shiver at the very idea of sully by perjury and infidelity her whom I love, her whom I would wish to see as perfect as the very image of her which I bear in the depths of my heart, her whom for so many reasons I would hold inviolable. I would have given the universe for a moment of happiness—but I spared you, oh, Sophy! \* \* \* I am guilty; I feel it too much, but I console myself with the thought that you are not. It was all an indifferent complaisance on your part, an act of pity and sympathy—yet how dangerous to express to one less conservative than I! Oh, Sophy, after such sweet moments the idea of eternal deprivation is more terrible than if one had never enjoyed them. What, your expectant eyes will never droop again with that sweet purity which blinded me with passion? What, are my burning lips never again to imprint my soul upon your heart with my kisses? What, am I never again to experience that celestial spasm, that rapid and devouring fire which, quicker than light, what heart, what man, what god could renounce you after having felt your body's palpitation?

Ah, bitter and delightful memories, shall you never leave my senses and my heart in peace? Ah, Sophy, they were the sweetest to me because they were a pledge. There was a time when my friendship was dear to you, and you knew what it meant. You said nothing to me, you bestowed no caress that did not show me that you understood. My heart sought yours, and yours did not say me nay. Tender expressions of love did not repel me. They spoke of your desire to see me, said that I failed you when you had not seen me; your eyes did not turn from mine, and their looks were not cold. You took my arm as we walked together, and you were

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not so careful to conceal your charms from me. When my mouth dared to touch yours I sometimes, at least, felt I resist. You did not love me, Sophy, but you allowed yourself to love me—and I was happy. All is over, I am no longer anything. I am a stranger. I am not less miserable in regard to my past happiness than I am on account of my present torments. Ah, if I had ever seen you moved, I would console myself for your indifference, and would be content to adore you in secret. But to see me with heart torn asunder by the hand which made me happy, and to be forgotten by her who called me her sweet love—Oh, you, who know me through and through, teach me how to bear my dreadful state or how, to change it, I die.

I felt the blows which fortune dealt me, yet consoled myself in seeing you happy. I learned how to brave the outrages of fate, but who will teach me how to bear them? The valley whither you fled to escape me, the approaching return of your lover, the intrigues of your unworthy sister, the winter which separates us, my misfortunes which augment, my youth which is vanishing, while yours is still in flower, all these things combine to rob me of hope. There is nothing too much for my courage but your contempt. With the comforting of my heart I would forego the pleasures of the senses, and if you complain I shall no longer plead. For pity's sake rescue me from myself. My afflicted heart asks nothing else I seek in vain to make you show me a tender interest which you no longer have. I interpret everything you say in my favor, and I congratulate myself when my suffering seems to have touched you. In the impossibility of drawing true signs of attachment from you, a mere nothing is sufficient to create a delusion for me.

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COURTESY AND THE SOCIAL AMENITIES AT THE FRONT (By a United Press Staff Correspondent.) Paris, Dec. 1. — (By Mail to New York)—That there is always time for courtesy and social amenities on the battlefield, was demonstrated recently by Flight-Lieutenant R. L. Marx, of the British Royal Flying Corps (Naval Wing), according to a story told in the aviation camp near Dunkirk. Marx, who was the officer who dropped bombs on the Dusseldorf Zeppelin sheds, was reconnoitering over the enemy's country near Ypres, when he had to descend owing to some little defect in his machinery. He chose a good landing spot, but on examining the machines he found he would have to get help. Leaving his machine he stepped to the British lines and secured the assistance of four machines. On reaching the place where Marx had left his aeroplane, the little party was surprised to find half a dozen Uhlans

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