

"THE COSSACKS ARE COMING!" This Cry Casts Fear Through Central Europe.

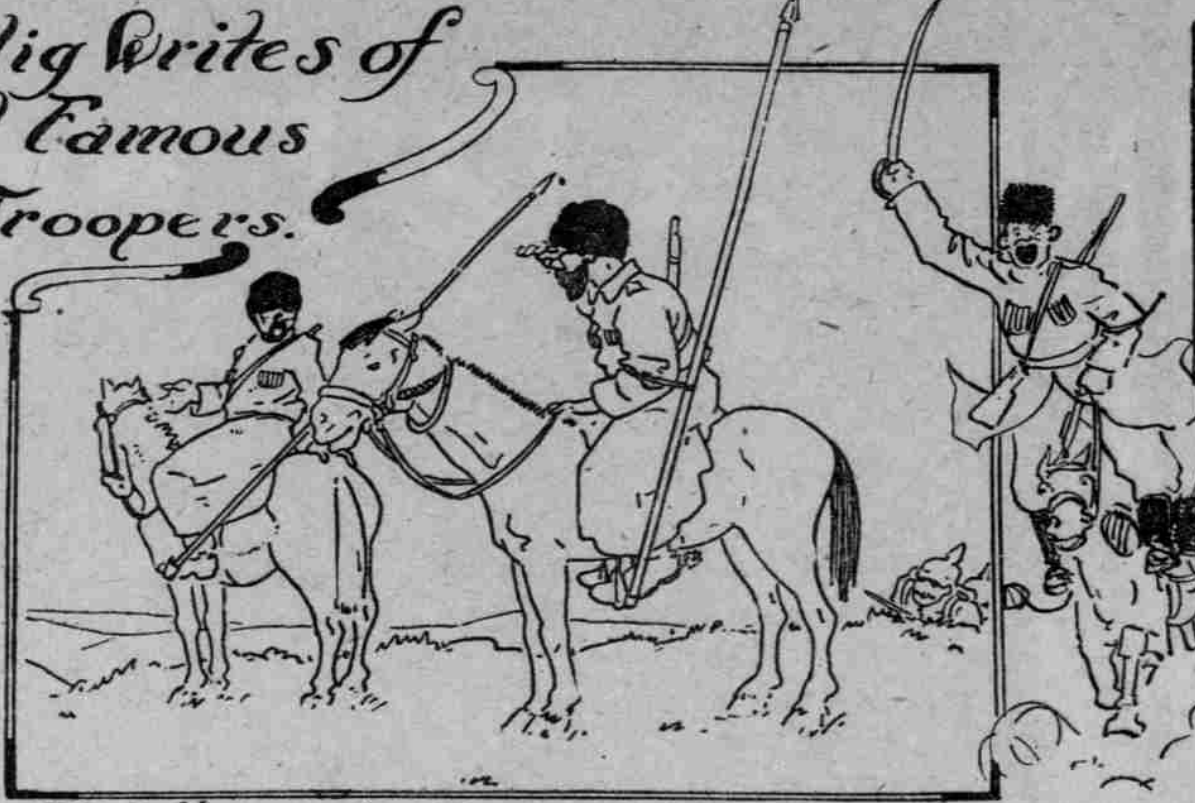
Sterling Heilig Writes of Singular and Famous Russian Troopers.

BY STERLING HEILIG.
BEAU-REJOUR, Lausanne, Switzerland, Nov. 1.—(Special Correspondence)—"The Cossacks fear us," says the valet of the convalescent Hungarian cavalry officer.

Switzerland is quietly receiving convalescent wounded of both sides, of well-to-do families; come ostensibly as civilians for a month's recuperation before going to the front again. One sees and hears a lot.

"The Cossacks gallop up and scream like devils," says the valet, "but as soon as they get near us they turn and flee."

The wounded officer smiles. He had to do with them in Galicia, where the Hungarian cavalry did prodigies, but was mowed down. Entire regiments disappeared.



Their Horses Are Trained to Bite in Battle.

Cossacks are coming! Of these refugees, 2500 arrived at Budapest in destitute state; every man, woman and child of them had actually met the Cossacks—and not only been robbed or hurt! Yet they fled, leaving all! It is a curious story. The last train left Marmaros-Sziget at 8 P. M., leaving these 2500 and many others behind. At 7 o'clock the next morning the first Cossack Sontina arrived before Marmaros. The Burgomaster, a priest, a rabbi and 40 citizens went out to meet them and ask that the town and what remained of its inhabitants be spared. The commandant of the Cossacks said: "We make war only on soldiers." And with this they made their entry. Their crazy music playing, galloping through the streets, singing hymns, yelling and shooting into the air, as a sign of joy. It was this racket that provoked the panic, causing the refugees already mentioned to flee afoot, destitute, leaving all behind them.

Time will tell whether the Cossacks merit or not the terrible reputation which is casting panic over a large part of Central Europe. In Lausanne there is a Russian lady who has just brought her son through from Odessa (blinded in both eyes by an exploding Austrian shell, the boy will never fight again). They tell how 25 Cossacks at Tomashoff took 232 Austrian troops prisoners. Advancing at twilight along the edge of a forest bordering the Austrian lines, they hid and waited till dark; then, dividing into three little squadrons, they launched on the enemy with customary yells and rattling fire.

"Surprised, the Austrians thought themselves attacked by three considerable masses," says the Russian lady. "Falling on their knees, they held their arms straight in the air and cried: 'Your God is ours! Grace! We surrender!'"



Why Soil Your Consciences by Plunder, Oh Brothers, and One Minute Afterwards Behold Your Body in the Trench.

wives, who dream of pillage, arson, and being finally tied to a horse's tail. They tremble for their store-closets, full of canned provisions against the war famine, and hunt places in the back yard, where they bury the silver-ware. Only the Germans, they argue, that people of high culture, can preserve Switzerland from Cossack slaughter and pillage.

How did the Cossacks get this bad name? In Eastern Prussia, it would seem, they have burned farmhouses and barns, bombarded open towns like Neidenburg and Ortelshof, and even shot certain recalcitrant inhabitants. Yet, on the other hand, according to a Koenigsberg newspaper which has fallen into my possession, the Russians, after occupying Tilsit, forgot to destroy that city. During three weeks of occupation, they put off its sacking, pillage and devastation from day to day; and when they were finally forced to retreat, they did not even remember to shoot the hostages which they had taken! "They had not time!" says the German paper.

"Bless their procrustean!" says my friend Valentin. "Men who hesitate to commit a crime prove that they still have some sentiment of humanity. Let us hope that good examples in the cultured West may fortify their rude Slav, Tartar or Mongolian honesty!"

"I know the Slav peril," he continues. "Let us not forget that the Slav peril was all over Europe, just 100 years ago. It came, as the faithful ally of the Germans, to aid in freeing Europe from military despotism. And when the work was done, the peril Slav went quietly back home, and stayed there!"

Yet the Cossack reputation dates from those days. As a historical fact, when the allies overran France after Waterloo, the Russian soldiers in general and the Cossacks in particular did the least havoc. In spite of their terrifying aspect, great for hate and wild and windy beards, they proved to be over-grown children. A very aged Alsacian lady, who has taken refuge at Basle and who has an excellent memory, tells stories of them which, as a girl, she heard from her own grandmother.

"When the Cossacks traversed Alsace in 1814," said the ancestress, "they did us no great harm, because they were not particular. To satisfy them it was sufficient to give them quantities of suet, which they rubbed on their bread. When the suet was all gone our tallow candles went the same way. After eating they would play with our children, who were not at all afraid of those hairy men. They were not like the Kaiserliks. What wicked devils those Austrians, cruel and persecuting the maid!"



The Cossacks Are Lazy and Gluttonous, They Are Easily Made Prisoners (German Cartoon)



The Cossacks Have Big Mouths and "Shoot Up" the Town Like cowboys.

because I was frightened as an infant (tells the Count). All the same, it was my little monkey face that pleased him best. He held out his hands toward the suckling—when a strange thing happened.

"Being just noon at that moment; the 20 clocks hidden under the bed began, one after the other, to strike 12, in divers tones of tinkling silver, sweet brass and melodious bronze. The Cossack, stupefied, cocked his head to one side and stepped back. At the same time the clock of the church tower outside began its carillon. The Cossack signed himself, knelt and mumbled his prayer. My mother breathed again. This man could not be bad. And when he got up from his knees he made her know, by joyful gestures, that he desired to bless me.

All desire to raise beards, by esprit de corps; but some grow stubby, others scant, while others still just can't. Such are the Cossacks of Zobobkajle, who are mostly smooth-faced. In the Department of Irkoutsk and the government of the Amour, the mass of the population descends afar off from an old yellow race. They have lived there for uncounted centuries and enjoy all the civil rights and military obligations of the vast Russian Empire. The cavalry are called the Cossacks of the Amour and of Zobobkajle. Their infantry and artillery mix into the mass of Russians. Only their cavalry are called Cossacks.

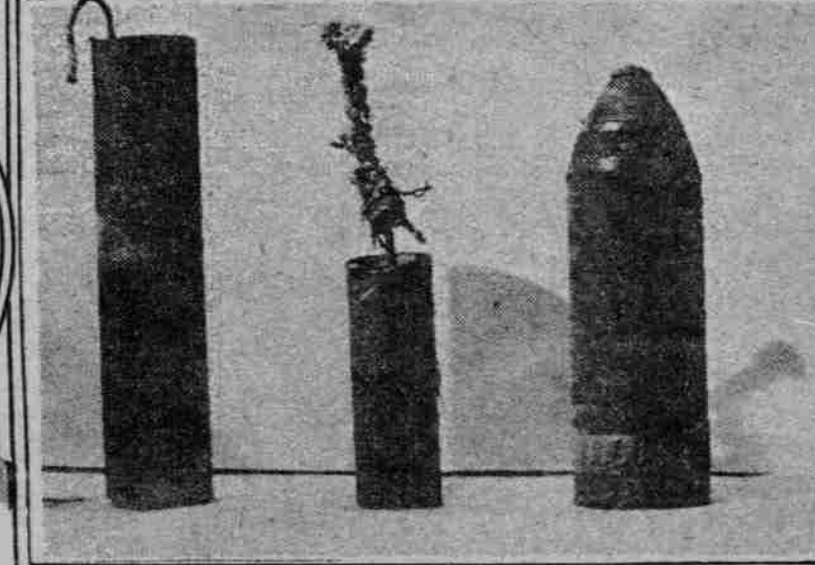
Well, among the Zobobkajle there (Concluded on Page 3.)

HERE'S THE MAN WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS JOB

Dissecting Bombs and Infernal Machines His Work and He Does it Tranquilly.



Inspector Owen Egan



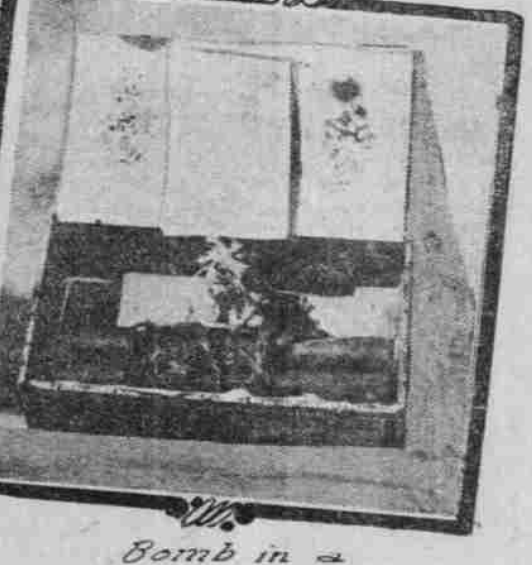
Typical Pipe Bombs, Nitro-glycerine or Chemicals Are Generally Found in Bombs Like These.



Simple Constructed Dynamite Bomb With Slow Burning Fuse.



A Trio of Bombs, Which if Exploded Simultaneously Would Wipe a City Block of Buildings Off the Map.



Bomb in a Cigar Box.

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON.
YOU'VE heard tell of the Indispensable Man? Well, it looks as if he had been found and identified at last.

Bureau of Combustibles, New York Fire Department. He is an expert on infernal machines and specialist on the disintegration of bombs and all sorts of contrivances charged with nitro-glycerine, powder, gun cotton and chemicals and set ready to burst and blow things into kingdom come.

Even buoyancy. He contemplates the live, primed instrument, which in his hands must be opened and its deadly components separated and tubulated, as a strangely engaging novelty. He does not fear.

There is a routine which must be followed in all such cases. The bomb must be promptly removed to the secret magazine maintained for Egan's exclusive use and there reduced to its elements. Each move, in turn, is possible only when the bomb itself remains passive.

erwise, when he found no fund available out of which the doctor's bill of \$386 incident to the bomb explosion could be paid, he might have taken his claim to the courts.