



FIELD MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER.
Late Secretary of State for War.

EARL KITCHENER and the GREAT WAR

The Heroic Career of One Whose
Memory Will Live as Long as
The British Empire

Including

A Comprehensive Story of the Battles and
Great Events of the World War

By

CAPTAIN LOGAN HOWARD-SMITH

with Special Chapters by

THOMAS F. TRUSLER,

Third Brigade Canadian Artillery

and

VISCOUNT JAMES BRYCE

Profusely Illustrated with Photographs,
Maps and Drawings

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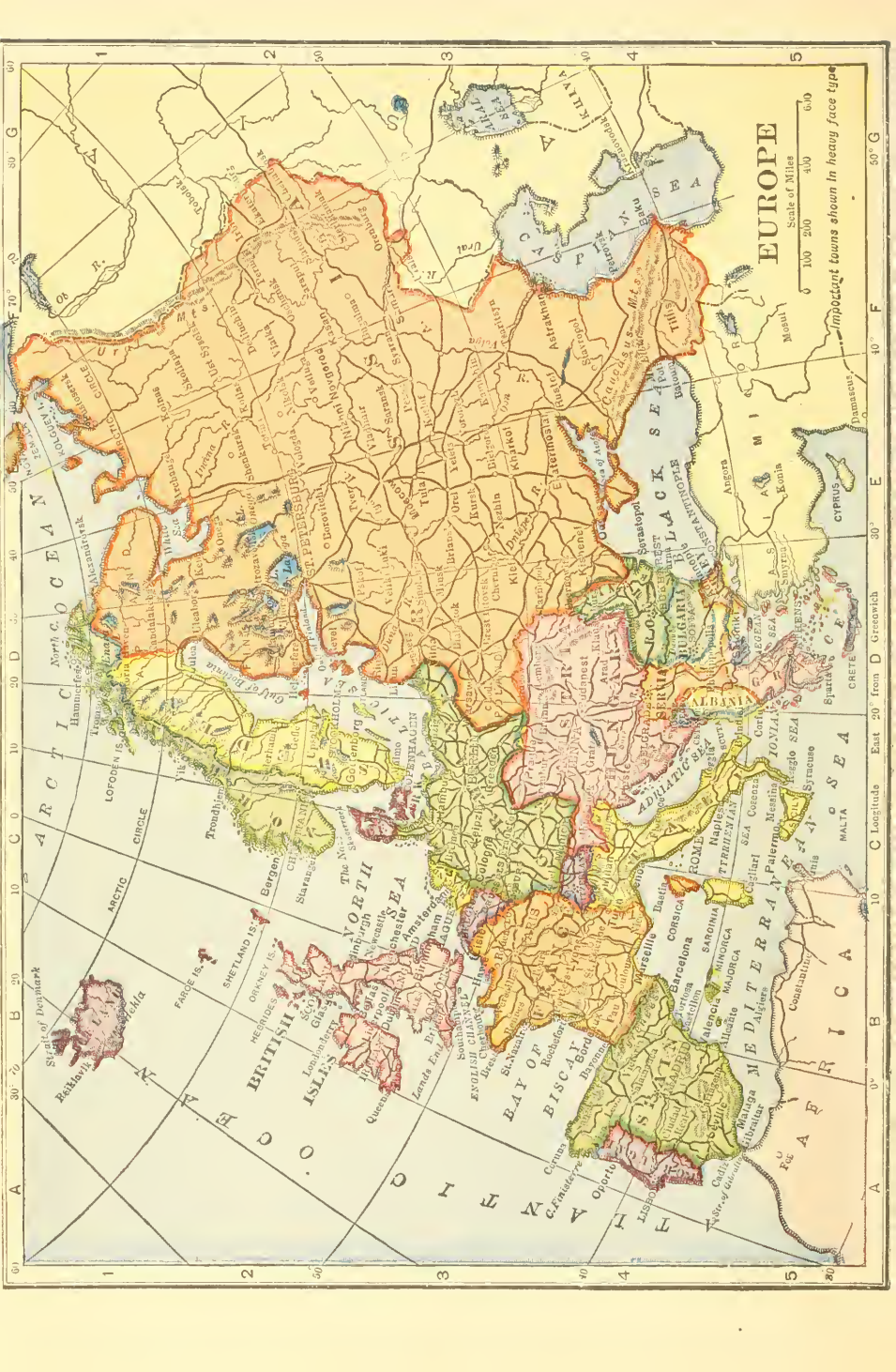
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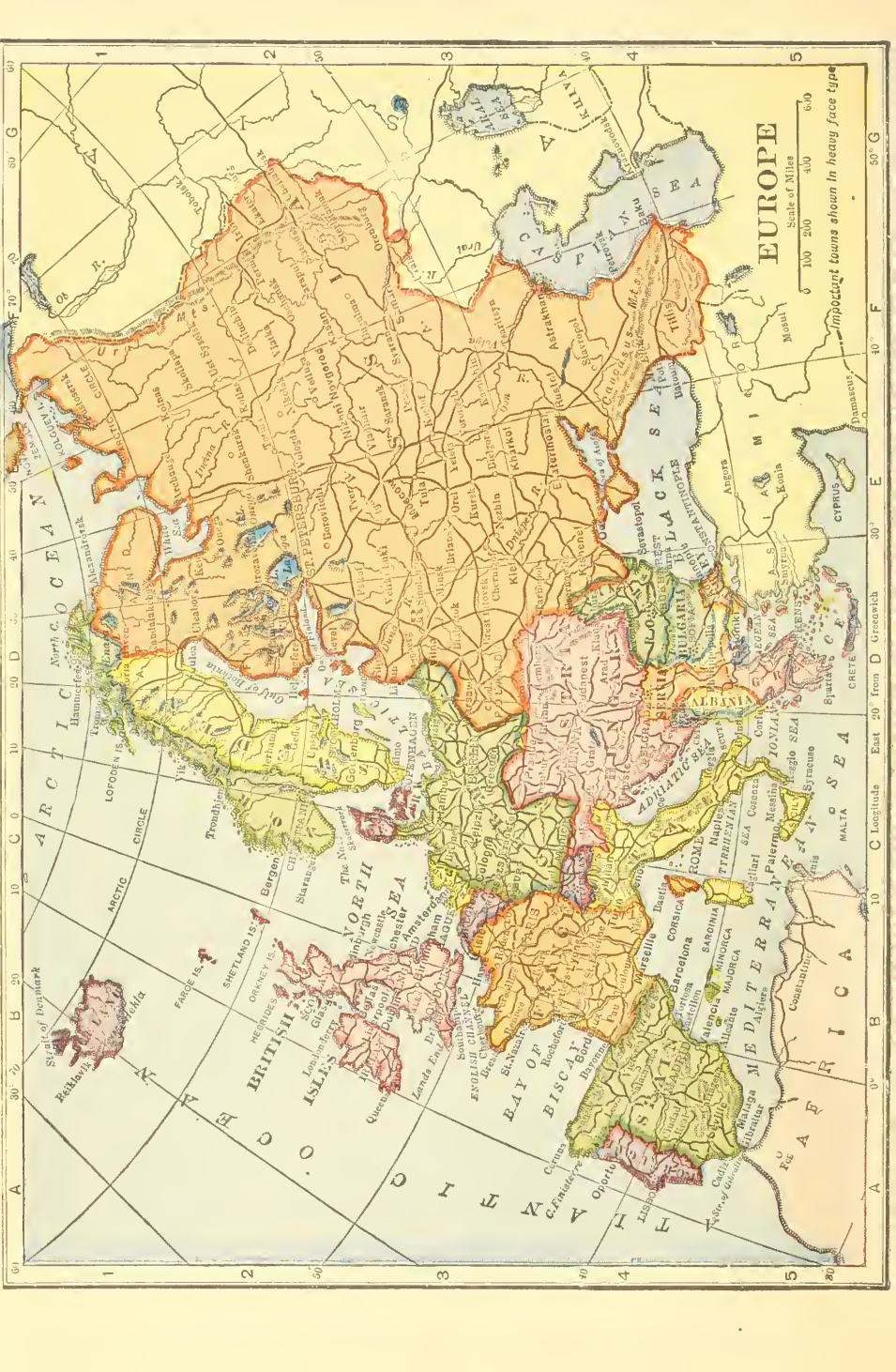
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EUROPE

Scale of Miles
 0 100 200 400 600

Important towns shown in heavy face type



EUROPE

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Important towns shown in heavy face type

INTRODUCTION

THE DEFENSE of Home and Country has always called forth the noblest instincts in man. Patriotism is a magnet that draws men to planes of heroic endeavor, of consummate devotion to principle, where the sacrifice of physical comfort is nothing, and the giving up of life itself a trifle.

The moments of supreme courage, effort, and achievement in the life of man have been when he has shouldered arms and faced the invader and persecutor.

War is a horrible and hateful thing; at best it is a terrible, lamentable necessity. But it does not make cowards of brave and honest men; it does frequently inspire the timid and hesitating with the fire of valor and resolution to a degree undreamed of.

So it is that in war we find stories of intrepidity, and deeds palpitating with heroism, such as only the crises of supreme danger and necessity could inspire; and we treasure these stories as part of the priceless heritage of humanity, that children and grandchildren may remember the valor of their sires; we tell and retell them, we preserve them in the volumes of the historian, on the canvas of the artist, we chisel them in stone, that men may remember the price paid for liberty and virtue.

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EARL KITCHENER'S LADDER OF FAME

Born June 24, 1850.

Woolwich Cadet, 1868-1871.

Lieutenant, R. E., January 4, 1871.

Commanded Egyptian Cavalry, 1882-84.

Captain, January 4, 1883.

Brevet Major, October 8, 1884.

Nile Expedition, 1884-85.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, June 15, 1885.

Governor of Suakim, 1886.

Brevet Colonel, April 11, 1888.

Adjutant-General, Egyptian Army, 1888-92.

Soudan Campaign, 1889.

Sirdar, 1892.

Major-General, September 25, 1896.

Dongola Expeditionary Force, 1896.

Omdurman and Khartoum, 1898.

Baron, 1898,

Lieutenant-General, December 23, 1899.

Chief of Staff in South Africa, 1899-1900.

Commander-in-Chief, 1900-02.

Viscount, 1902.

General, June 1, 1902.

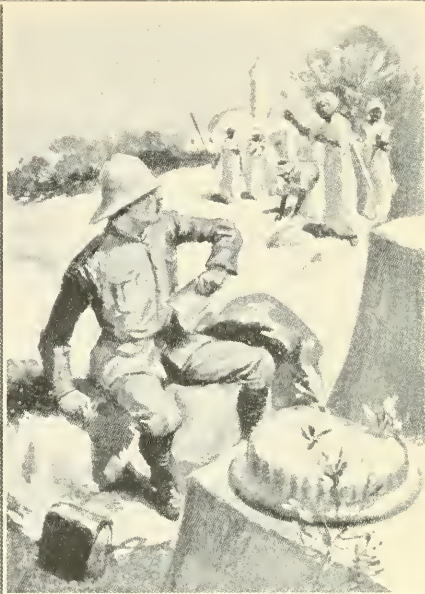
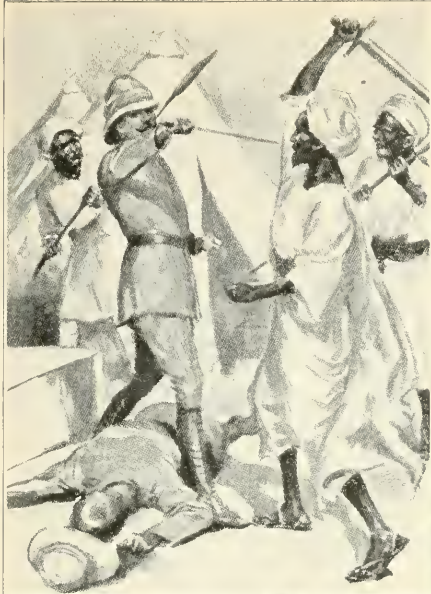
Commander-in-Chief, India, 1902-09.

Field Marshal, September 10, 1909.

British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, 1911-14.

Earl, 1914.

Secretary of State for War, 1914-16.

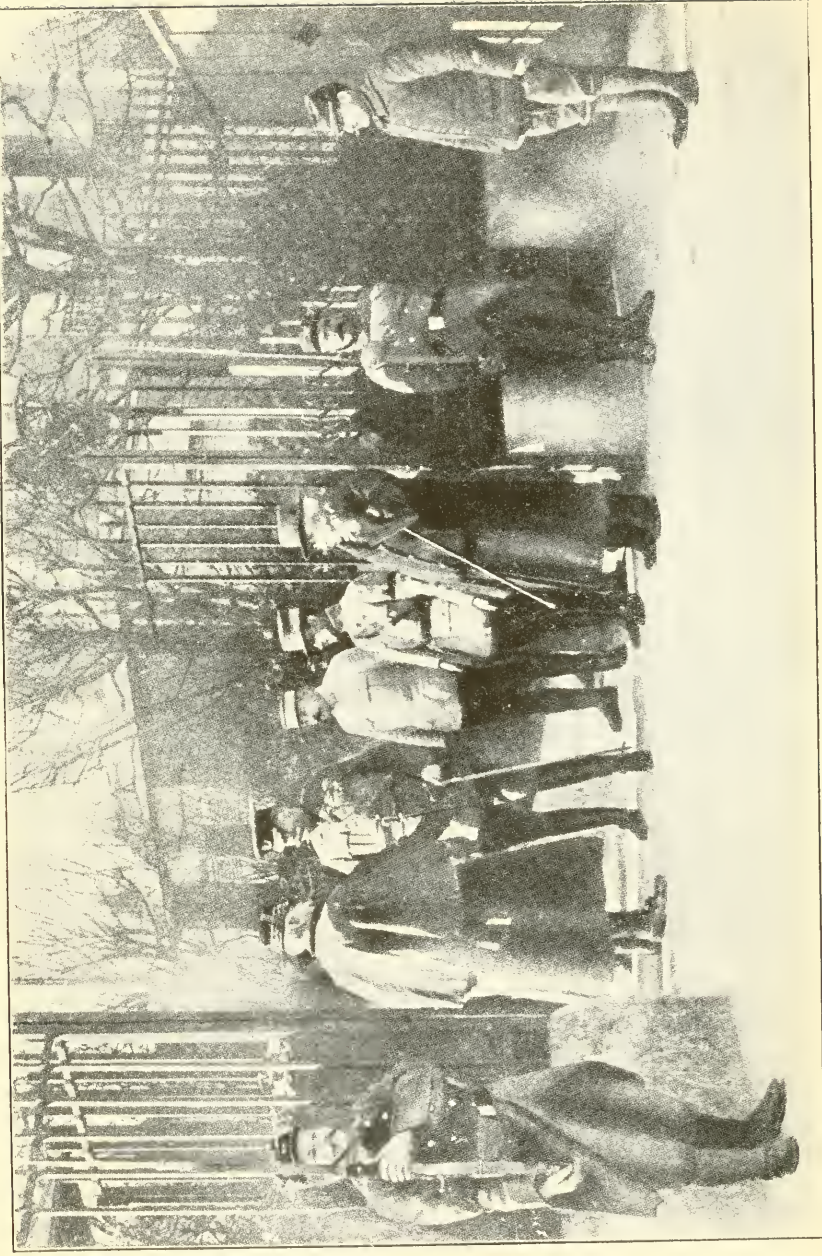


KITCHENER SAVES LIEUT. CONDER
AT SAFED.

KITCHENER AND BENNETT BURLEIGH
MEET AT DEBBEH.

KITCHENER STONED BY NATIVES
WHILE SURVEYING.

THE KHALIFA'S FLAG BEARER
AT OMDURMAN.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD KITCHENER IN FRANCE.
The British war minister with General Joffre and M. Millerand on a visit of the English war secretary

CHAPTER I

EARL KITCHENER DIES A HERO'S DEATH

BRITAIN'S GREATEST SHOCK—ADMIRAL JELlicOE'S REPORT—ON MISSION AT RUSSIA'S REQUEST—SPIES BLAMED FOR CALAMITY—NEWS RECEIVED AMID INTENSE EXCITEMENT—ARMY ORDERED INTO MOURNING — HOW LORD KITCHENER DIED — SUNK BY A MINE — LOSS OF THE HAMPSHIRE — KITCHENER'S PLACE IN BRITAIN'S HISTORY.

THE NEWS received by the world on June 6, 1916, that Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, and his staff were lost off the Orkney Islands the previous night, was the most stunning blow delivered to Great Britain since the beginning of the war.

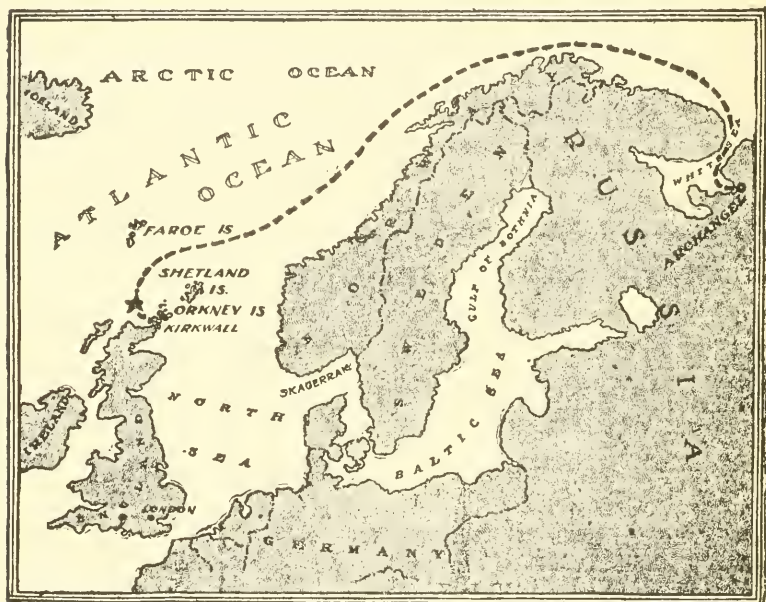
It was the second great shock which the country had sustained within a week. The first was the announcement of the naval battle in the North Sea in the form of a list of the ships lost, with virtually no way of ascertaining the enemy losses. The bulletin telling of the intimation that there was any compensation in the death of Kitchener gave the country even a greater shock.

Lord Kitchener was the one outstanding personality whom the people talked of and believed in as a great man, notwithstanding the newspaper attacks, which, at a former period of the war, threatened to undermine his popularity and the public confidence in him.

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

ADMIRAL JELlicOE'S REPORT ON THE DISASTER

A telegram from Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, commander of the fleet, giving the bare facts, was received at the Admiralty on the morning following the disaster. The first official announcement was issued at about



WHERE BRITAIN LOST HER GREAT SOLDIER AND WAR MINISTER

At the time of his death Lord Kitchener was en route to Russia, intending to sail around the northern coast of Russia and land at Archangel, as indicated by the dotted line. The star shows where his ship was sunk.

1.30 in the afternoon. Such news, however, cannot be kept entirely secret even for an hour. Before noon rumors were spreading, and the telephones in the newspaper offices were busy with inquirers anxious to know whether this—one of the many reports circulating in those days of tension—had any foundation.

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

Admiral Jellicoe's report to the Admiralty was as follows:

I have to report with deep regret that His Majesty's ship Hampshire, Captain Herbert J. Savill, R. N., with Lord Kitchener and his staff on board, was sunk last night at about 8 P. M., to the west of the Orkneys, either by a mine or a torpedo.

Four boats were seen by observers on shore to leave the ship. The wind was north-northwest and heavy seas were running. Patrol vessels and destroyers at once proceeded to the spot and a party was sent along the coast to search, but only some bodies and a capsized boat have been found up to the present. As the whole shore has been searched from the seaward, I greatly fear that there is little hope of there being any survivors.

No report has yet been received from the search party on shore.

H. M. S. Hampshire was on her way to Russia.

ON MISSION AT RUSSIA'S REQUEST

Earl Kitchener was on his way to Russia, at the request of the Russian Government, to discuss important military and financial questions with Emperor Nicholas, including chiefly the supply of munitions for Russia. He intended to land at Archangel, visit Petrograd, and probably go to the Russian front.

Accompanying Earl Kitchener as his staff were Sir Frederick Donaldson, superintendent of the Royal Ordnance Factories at Woolwich and technical adviser to David Lloyd-George, Minister of Munitions; Hugh

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

James O'Beirne, former councilor of the British Embassy at Petrograd and former Minister at Sofia; O. A. Fitzgerald, Earl Kitchener's private military secretary, and Brigadier-General Ellershaw. On board the Hampshire with the British War Secretary were also a number of minor officers.

SPIES BLAMED FOR CALAMITY

In connection with suggestion that information of Earl Kitchener's movements may have been conveyed to the Germans by spies, it is interesting to note that the *Official Gazette*, on the same night on which Lord Kitchener lost his life, contained an order placing new restrictions on passengers landing at ports in the Orkney Islands, and providing that thereafter no person might land at such ports without specific permission of the military authorities at Kirkwall.

The *Daily Mail* gave prominence to the following statement:

"Earl Kitchener's intention to go to Russia was known to a great many persons in London on Thursday. It ought not to have been so known. The news of it may have reached the enemy. The public mind has been quick to associate his death with the work of spies. We have every sympathy with the demand which comes to us from many parts of the country that all alien enemies who are still at large, especially those in high places be interned at once."

The *Morning Post*, discussing the sinking of the Hampshire, said:

"Circumstances point at espionage or treachery, and the country will suspect this the more owing to the

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

singular freedom still allowed to enemy subjects in Great Britain."

Naval officers expressed the opinion that the cruiser Hampshire must have struck a mine, as it would have to be an exceedingly lucky shot for a torpedo to get a ship with her speed and under the condition of the sea which was very rough. The Hampshire was an old boat and not fit for fleet action, but was fast enough for patrol and blockade work.

When Admiral Jellicoe's report finally was issued the fact spread about London some time before the newspapers could get into the streets. There was a crowd about the Stock Exchange which required police reserves to deal with.

NEWS RECEIVED AMID INTENSE EXCITEMENT

At the same time another mass of people was assembling about the Government offices in Whitehall. All the windows of the War Office had the curtains lowered. That confirmed the rumor beyond doubt.

Other crowds gathered around the newspaper offices; when the boys came out with an armful of extras the people fell on them and fought for the papers. In the course of the afternoon the flags on all buildings were flown at half staff.

There was an exciting scene at the close of the Stock Exchange session.

ARMY ORDERED INTO MOURNING

The King hurried from Windsor and sent for Premier Asquith when he heard the news.

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

By the King's command the following order was issued to the army:

The King has learned with profound regret of the disaster whereby the Secretary of State for War has lost his life while proceeding on a special mission to the Emperor of Russia.

Field Marshal Lord Kitchener gave forty-eight years of distinguished service to the State, and it is largely due to his administrative genius and unwearying energy that the country has been able to create and place in the field the armies which today are upholding the traditional glories of our empire. Lord Kitchener will be mourned by the army as a great soldier who, under conditions of unexampled difficulty, rendered supreme and devoted service both to the army and the State.

His Majesty the King commands that the officers of the army shall wear mourning with their uniforms for the period of one week. Officers are to wear crepe on the left arm of uniform and of great-coats.

HOW LORD KITCHENER DIED

Leading Seaman Rogerson, one of the survivors of the Hampshire, has furnished the following account of Lord Kitchener's last moments:

"Of those who left the ship and have survived it, I was the one who saw Lord Kitchener last," said Rogerson. "He went down with the ship. He did not leave her. I saw Captain Savill help his boat's crew to clear away. At the same time the captain was calling to Lord Kitchener to come to the boat, but

owing to the noise made by the wind and sea, Kitchener could not hear him, I think. When the explosion occurred, Lord Kitchener walked calmly from the captain's cabin, went up the ladder and on to the quarter-deck.

"There I saw him walking quite collectedly and talking to two officers, all three wearing khaki. They had no overcoats on. Lord Kitchener calmly watched the preparations for abandoning the ship, which were going on in spite of the heavy sea. In a steady and orderly way the crew just went to stations, obeyed orders and did their best to get out the boats, but it was impossible.

"Owing to the rough weather no boats could be lowered. Those that were got out were smashed up at once. No boats left the ship. What people on shore thought were boats leaving were rafts. Men did get into the boats as these lay in their cradles, thinking that as the ship went under them the boats would float, but the ship sank by the head and when she went down she turned a somersault forward, carrying down with her all the boats and those in them.

"I do not think Lord Kitchener got into a boat. When I sprang to a raft he was still on the starboard side of the quarter-deck talking with officers.

"Of the civilian members of his suite I saw nothing. I got away on one of the rafts and we had a terrible five hours in water so rough that the seas beat down on us and many men were killed by buffeting. Many others died from the piercing cold. I was quite numbed and an overpowering desire to sleep came upon us. To keep this away, we thumped each other on the back,

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

for the man who went to sleep never woke again. When men died, it was just as though they were falling asleep. One man stood upright for five hours on a raft with dead lying all around him; one man died in my arms.

“As we got near the shore the situation grew worse. The wind was blowing on-shore, the fury of the sea dashed the rafts against the rocks with tremendous force. Many were killed in this way, and one raft thrice overturned. I don't quite know how I got ashore, for all the feeling had gone out of me. We were very kindly treated by the people who picked us up. They said it was the worst storm they had had for years.”

SUNK BY A MINE

An official statement of the destruction of the Hampshire contains the following account:

“The Hampshire was proceeding along the west coast of the Orkneys. A heavy gale was blowing and seas were breaking over the ship, which necessitated her being partly battened down. Between 7.30 and 7.45 P. M. the vessel struck a mine and begun at once to settle by the bows, heeling over to starboard before she finally went down about fifteen minutes later.

“Orders were given by the captain for all hands to go to their established stations for abandoning ship. Some of the hatches were opened and the ship's company went quickly to their stations. Efforts were made without success to lower some of the boats. One of them was broken in half and its occupants were thrown into the water.

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

“Large numbers of the crew used life-saving belts and waist coats, which proved effective in keeping them afloat. Three rafts were safely launched, and, with about fifty to seventy men on each, got clear. It was daylight up to about 11. Though rafts with these large numbers of men got away, in one case out of over seventy men aboard only six survived. The survivors all report that the men gradually dropped off, even died aboard the rafts from exhaustion and exposure to cold. Some of the crew must have perished in trying to land on the rocky coast after such a long exposure. Some died after landing.”

On board the Hampshire were also a number of minor army officers, and the cruiser carried a crew of between 400 and 500 men.

At the time of the attack by a German submarine on the cross-channel passenger boat Sussex, several months previous to Lord Kitchener's death, there was a report in London that the Germans sought to sink the vessel because they had heard Lord Kitchener was on board. This report never was confirmed, but survivors of that attack admitted that a “certain high official” actually was on the Sussex. The identity of this personage was not established, but it was generally accepted that Lord Kitchener was the man.

LOSS OF THE HAMPSHIRE

The Hampshire was an armored cruiser of 10,850 tons displacement, 450 feet long, 68½ feet beam, 25 feet draught, and an indicated horse-power of 21,508. She was launched at Elswick in 1903 and completed in 1905 at an estimated cost of \$4,332,635. She was

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

protected amidships by 6-inch armor, over the vital parts, which thinned down to two inches in other parts. Her deck was protected by armor from $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to 2 inches in thickness, and her bulkheads carried 5-inch armor. Her main batteries were protected by 5-inch armor. She carried four 7.5-inch, six 6-inch, twenty 3-pounders and two machine guns, with two torpedo tubes.

KITCHENER'S PLACE IN BRITAIN'S HISTORY

No doubt Lord Kitchener, who was a soldier before all else, met death as he would have chosen to meet it, in the performance of his duty to his country; but the disaster to the cruiser Hampshire was no less a tragedy of compelling horror. The great commander's life is but one of many sacrificed during the war and from the human point of view it is possible to count it as no more than the rest. Yet, however impartially pallid death may knock, he finds the conspicuous victim at the towers of kings rather than at the cottages of the poor. The loss which England suffered by Lord Kitchener's taking-off cannot be measured in words. In a sense he had fulfilled his destiny. It might even be said that he had begun to outlive his reputation. Perhaps no other man could have done what he did. To him is due the greater share of the credit for organizing the largest volunteer army which the world has ever seen. England was wretchedly unprepared in a military way for the terrible conflict thrust upon her. It was a staggering burden that Lord Kitchener had to bear. Red tape at the War Office, lack of munitions and equipment, strikes

DIES A HERO'S DEATH

among laborers, raw troops ignorant of the very elements of military science, popular ignorance of or indifference to the titanic nature of the conflict—no wonder he made mistakes, no wonder he provoked criticism.

Yet the faith of his countrymen as a whole never wavered; and it was justified. Such an admission does not diminish the substantial service he rendered or detract from his genius. He was undeniably one of the first commanders of his time; and if in this war his duties had taken him to the field there is every reason to believe that he would again have revealed the qualities which first won him fame. No English general in the fighting line has yet surpassed or even equaled him. He had that efficiency which we have come to associate with German officers rather than with English. It was shown in his administrative work in India and Egypt as well as in his campaigns. Having formed his plans, he carried them through relentlessly, not to say ruthlessly. He could not excuse negligence nor forgive failure. He worked hard himself and expected every one else to do so. Duty controlled him, not sentiment. Such a man is bound to do great things.

CHAPTER II

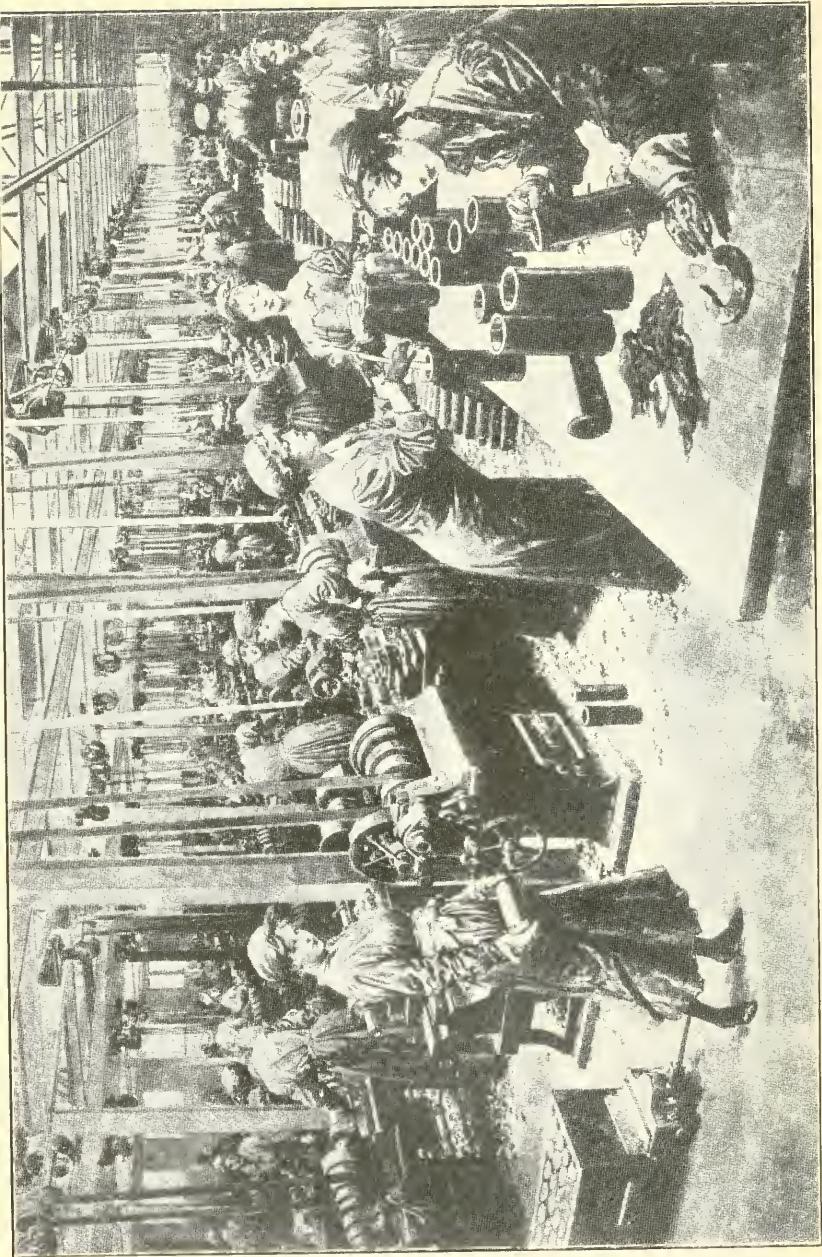
EARL KITCHENER: THE SUPREME MILITARY ORGANIZER

NOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION FOR WAR MINISTER
—RAISED AN ARMY OF FIVE MILLIONS—GIVE HIM
WHAT HE WANTS—THE SPLENDID BRUTE—HIS
UNIVERSAL EXPERIENCE—HIS SINGLENESSE OF
PURPOSE—TASKS FOR HERCULES—HIS STUPEN-
DOUS TASK—THE TRUTH ABOUT GALLIPOLI—PUBLIC
CONFIDENCE — ADVERTISING FOR RECRUITS —
KITCHENER'S EYES.

THE INTRODUCTION of scientific method into warfare has not impaired the power of personality. The bigger the machine the greater must be the man to manage it. In the peaceful days of 1914 an effort was made by the government to have Earl Kitchener shelved by a sinecure. But when the storm broke he was nominated by acclamation for War Minister. He alone saw what must be done. He alone had the power to do it. Britain had at that time little appreciation of the magnitude of the task before her. People said that the war would be over by Christmas. Kitchener said it would begin in May. People said that England would have done her duty when she fulfilled her promise of 1911 to send 160,000 men to France. Kitchener said millions of men would be needed and for three years.



IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES.
Under shell fire on the battlefield of Neuve Chapelle.



WOMEN AT WORK THAT MEN MIGHT FIGHT.

A busy scene in one of the munition workshops. The women in the foreground are testing shells for accuracy of size and those in the background are turning the shells on engine lathes.

SUPREME MILITARY ORGANIZER

RAISED AN ARMY OF FIVE MILLIONS

And he got them. "Kitchener wants you" proved the most effective recruiting advertisement. Never before in the history of the world has a man raised and equipped a volunteer army of five million men. Probably no one will ever have to do it again, so both pacifists and militarists hope, though with different reasons in mind. The country called him and he called the country. Both responded nobly. What was at first sneered at as "Kitchener's mob" soon came to be respected as "Kitchener's army." Troops can be extemporized. Generals have to be trained. Lord Kitchener was criticized—and justly—for failing to provide the quantity and kind of ammunition needed by modern warfare, and for neglecting to organize in the factory as well as in the field. But this came from attempting to do too much by himself, and cannot detract from his great achievements. He was later relieved of part of his multifarious duties and it was expected that the responsibility of his office would before many months have been divided or devolved upon another. But death came to him, as doubtless he would have wished to have it come, in the path of duty and in the height of his power and reputation. England suffered an irreparable loss, but Kitchener's life came to a noble and appropriate close. His grave is deeper than that any dug by man, and, like some ancient king, two hundred of his warriors are buried in his tomb. No coffin could be found for him more fitting than a British cruiser, for the enumeration of his manly qualities reads like the catalog of ships. "Indefatigable," "Indomitable," "Inflexible," "Im-

placable," "Invincible;" these are the adjectives his biographers use in describing his character.

GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS!

England has always been a believer in *the man* idea. The Anglo-Saxons are individualists. It was *the man* idea that made the Empire: Drake against Spain; Clive in India; Nelson and Wellington in the Napoleonic Wars. In the great crisis of the World War the man was Kitchener. He was not appointed Secretary of State for War; he was elected by the unanimous voice of a people. The Liberal Government had to take him, whether or no. Perhaps there was a feeling in Liberal councils that the British people had set an elephant, an immense old tusker, in a Cabinet chair.

"Give him what he wants! Do as he says!" cried the British public. "We will go on with business as usual. He will win."

Yet with every class of the population—from newsman to millionaire newspaper owner, stevedore to steamship capitalist, publican to bishop, day laborer to peer, chorus girl to duchess—for Kitchener, what strange things one heard about *the man!* He was vain; he was selfish; a brute: a heartless machine that ruthlessly broke anyone who got in the way of his ambitions.

THE SPLENDID BRUTE

He was the most advertised of Englishmen—without ever having played to the gallery; he had received more honors than any Englishman—without ever asking for one. If you inquired which was the bigger man,

SUPREME MILITARY ORGANIZER

Roberts or Kitchener, an Englishman would tell you what a fine, lovable old soldier Roberts was; how he expressed the national ideal of a soldier; and then he would say: Kitchener! There were countless anecdotes about Roberts; an atmosphere of characteristic sayings and incidents enveloped him; but when you tried to learn something about Kitchener you found only bare records of accomplishment. The correspondents who followed him on campaigns sounded his praises in the way of men who literally have to admire their subject.

Work, work, work—that made him *the man*; work, work, work for forty years, all spent away from England. He never finished a job for the Empire but another was waiting for him, and always he was ready to tackle it. For the last twenty years he invariably had the biggest one going, and all his life he had never failed. His choice was always for a task of such magnitude as to make all other tasks seem insignificant. He had first-hand knowledge of every part of the Empire. Each problem was a problem that he knew.

On that day in August, 1914, when the nation called him to authority, he at least knew what England was up against. Only a few Englishmen partly recognized it—the general public not at all. For the German system had been among his studies. He understood the organized power and spirit of Germany. From the first he said that the war would be long; that it would tax all of England's strength. He must be allowed to lay his foundations with that end in view. Meanwhile, the optimistic British public hung out "Business as Usual" signs in the shop windows and stuck flags on the

SUPREME MILITARY ORGANIZER

map to show the progress of the "Russian steam roller" toward Berlin. With that optimistic public on one side and Kitchener on the other, Asquith was in a difficult position, the people mistaking optimism for power and Kitchener being untrained in the ways of home politics.

TASKS FOR HERCULES

When he took office Kitchener found that England, by denuding her garrisons at home, could put 80,000 men on the Continent to assist France in stalling the onslaught of the German millions. As for South Africa, there was not a single regular soldier there when De Wet took the field in rebellion. The British army was an army for doing the police work of an empire. A French chief of staff once said that it had been demoralized by its successes in little wars. If the regulars were not equal to the task in any little war, then volunteers were called for.

In Germany and France, where practically every able-bodied man of all classes serves his two and three years, there is plentiful material in the ranks to fill gaps caused by death among officers. But it is difficult to make an officer out of Tommy Atkins, the British regular private. He is a private by training and nature, with occasional exceptions. And all that Kitchener had to start with in making an army of millions was this nucleus, this regular army.

HIS STUPENDOUS TASK

When he knew that he would require two millions, perhaps three, Kitchener started in with a call for a

hundred thousand. Then he asked for a second hundred thousand; and as soon as he was able to care for the recruits he set the mark at a million. Every recruit was a civilian who had to be trained and armed. Artillery, engineers, signal corps—all had to be created out of the raw. Rifle plants had to be built, officers and drill masters trained.

The South African experience had not cleared away all the cobwebs of red tape in the War Office. Nowhere do these cobwebs gather so rapidly as in a small regular army which is under sharp civilian control, always asking for audits and explanations. The forms were those for that kind of army. They did not contemplate a force of millions. Kitchener had to be the architect of a new house; he had to begin with its foundations, while the house of Germany was a completed edifice.

Meanwhile, Sir John French did not want to spare any of his good officers to drill the new army. His was the pressing need of the moment. He was hanging on tooth and nail and amazing the Germans with how he did it. His casualties among officers were appalling. New ones must be sent out to fill their places. The gaps in shattered regiments had to be filled with fresh recruits. Before rifles and guns could be furnished to the new army, the army in France must be supplied. The wastage in rifles, as in everything else, surpassed all calculations. That army in Flanders was a great mouth ever hungry for officers, men, munitions, and supplies: which had to be put on a train, then on a steamer, and again on a train, before they reached their destination.

When spring came what had Kitchener accom-

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plished? From India he had brought the Indian troops and put these children of the sun through a winter in the trenches in a climate which alone ought to have finished them. He had garrisoned India with Territorials and brought the British Indian regulars to France. The threatened Turkish invasion of Egypt had been turned into a farce. The Persian Gulf expedition was holding its own.

But the British public, which took the Empire for granted, had its eyes focused on the Continent. With the spring it had expected a turn of the tide, and instead the Germans developed a fever of fresh attacks. In place of the British taking the offensive, the Germans surprised the British and French with clouds of asphyxiating gas and took a considerable sector of trenches.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE

“Business as Usual” signs disappeared from the windows. England might not yet be awake, but she had one eye open wide enough to see that nothing was as usual. A wave of pessimism and restlessness was sweeping through the public mind which no censorship could reach.

In answer, all that we have tried to express of Kitchener’s career flamed up out of British memory in a way which showed that the British are not too phlegmatic for a spasm of anger. You did not have to wait on the evening editions to learn how outraged public opinion was. You knew it before a single evening edition was out; you felt it in the very air. Kitchener must not go. If he needed help, then give him help.

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ADVERTISING FOR RECRUITS

No one of the outside public can escape the results of his devotion to specialization along one line which is fairly illustrative. The recruiting campaign was under his personal direction. Even his most violent press



ONE OF LORD KITCHENER'S MANY POSTERS THAT COVERED BLANK WALL SPACE—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE—WHICH HAD NEVER BEEN USED FOR BILL-POSTING BEFORE

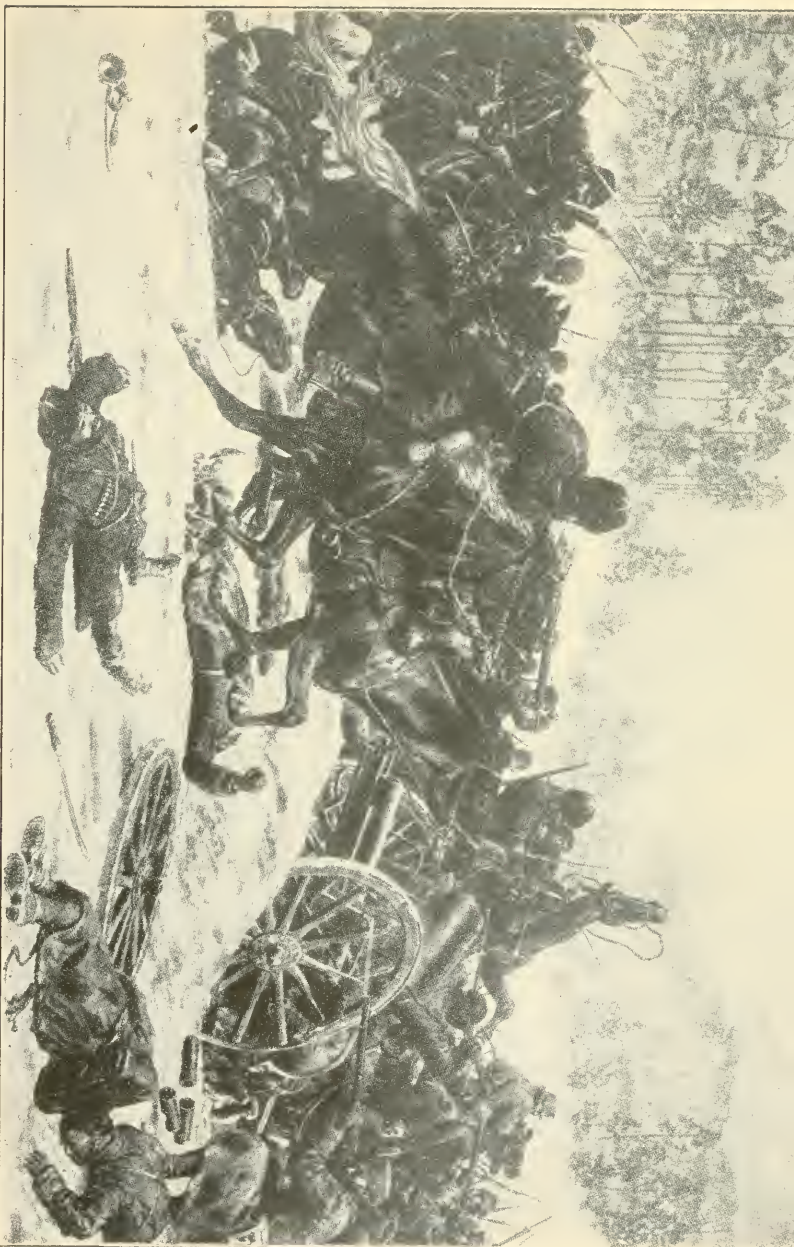
enemies admit that he knew how to advertise. As he had to advertise for recruits, he called in the best advertising experts in London and started the greatest advertising campaign in all history.

On every blank space, on walls of public and private buildings never covered by an official notice before,

around the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, under the windows of exclusive clubs, at the very doors of churches, and on every taxicab, in enormous red and blue letters across London bridges, in little posters and big; in short sentences of cajolery, shaming the "slackers," arousing racial pride; in posters of the best lithographic art picturing lonely soldiers on the firing line calling for help, and prostrate women and children under the Prussian heel—whether the eye looked to right or left, front or rear, it could not escape Kitchener's call for men for Kitchener's army. The public came to look for the new posters, and there seemed to be always room for one more. The last one was a message in facsimile as written by Kitchener calling for another hundred thousand men. Groups gathered around in the first day that it appeared on the boardings. His own handwriting! He wrote that himself, Lord Kitchener did! It was almost like getting a personal letter from him. The interest, even the awe, of these groups suggested that the name of Kitchener had become almost as much of a fetish with the English as with the Egyptian masses. Perhaps Kitchener, who has been the bugbear of so many journalists was something of a journalist himself!

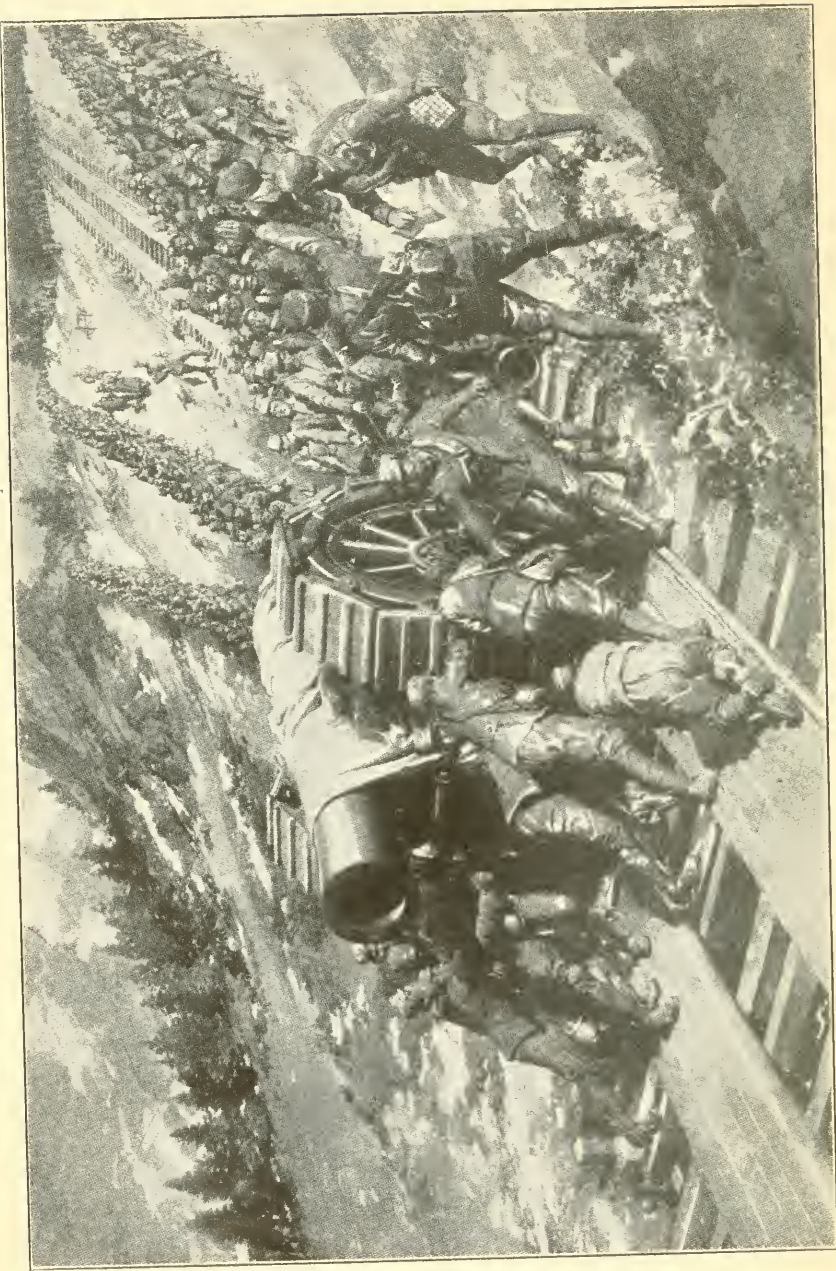
KITCHENER'S EYES

Few-worded as Kitchener seemed in his daily routine, when it pleased him he would talk at length—freely, affably, across a desk which was never littered with papers—as if he had all the time in the world to spare. Then the listener heard great plans unfolded.



A RUSSIAN COSSACK CHARGE IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Some of the stubbornest and most eagerly contested engagements of the great war took place on the snow covered heights of the Carpathians. This illustration shows a famous Cossack regiment upon an Austrian battery. The Cossacks are numbered among the finest cavalry organizations in the world and are fearless and relentless fighters. Their horses are small and wiry, having great endurance and adaptability to the cold weather and lack of proper food which is their usual lot.



CONQUERING THE ALPS.

Immense labor and great ingenuity were required to haul the monster Italian guns up the steep mountain sides to their positions.

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Kitchener might be rehearsing them in his own mind, for it was difficult to conceive of him as wasting time.

It was his eyes that held attention: clear, blue, compelling eyes, capable of many changes of expression, but always with command in them, and he was supremely the one who knew how to command. Certainly he was a phenomenal man—the strong man incarnate. If the world were full of Kitcheners, we should have no time to play; but, when so few of us go to the hospitals from overwork, that sort of a driver may be pretty useful in a time of national emergency.

CHAPTER III

EARL KITCHENER'S MILITARY RECORD

TO EGYPT AT HIS OWN REQUEST—DERVISH BULLET PIERCED HIS JAW—SIRDAR AT FORTY—ESTABLISHED ORDER IN EGYPT—CALLED TO BOER WAR—RAISED TO A VISCOUNT—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF INDIA—CONSUL-GENERAL TO EGYPT—MADE AN EARL—HIS CALL TO SERVICE IN THE GREAT WAR—HIS PLACE IN HISTORY.

EARL KITCHENER was one of Britain's self-made men. Without any great family connections he rose slowly but steadily through the lesser grades until he reached the peerage and won the baton of a field marshal of England. Born June 24, 1850, he would have been sixty-six years old on the twenty-fourth of the month in which he died. He was a bachelor and, whether deserved or not, had the reputation of being a woman hater.

Very little is known of the boyhood of Kitchener. He was just an ordinary British boy, very silent, very positive in his opinions and always the master of himself. He was born to the army and in his late teens entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He was commissioned a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers in January, 1871. His actual British service may be said to have begun with the Woolwich finals, but as a matter of fact his fighting career began in 1870, when he went to France and fought under the Tricolor

against Germany, and as his career began so it ended, as a comrade in arms of the French.

The first few years of his service were hard working years, but uneventful. He was sent to Palestine on behalf of the Palestine exploration fund, and subsequently the British Government sent him to Cyprus to make a map of that island and also for a time to serve as British Vice-Consul at Erzerum in Turkey. In 1882 Kitchener asked for an Egyptian detail, and the granting of that request sent him on his way to fame and power.

One of his first services in Egypt was as intelligence officer attached to Sir Robert Stewart's desert column, organized for the relief of General Gordon, who was then practically a prisoner at Khartoum. This expedition, known in military history as the Gordon Relief Expedition, proved a disastrous fiasco, and Kitchener took deeply to heart the costly lessons, due to a lack of transportation facilities and means of intelligence, and when, a few years later, he himself organized and led a similar expedition the mistakes of the Stewart venture were not to be repeated.

DERVISH BULLET PIERCED HIS JAW

In the next year Kitchener was engaged in innumerable fights and raids against the dervishes or Mahdists of southern Egypt. He had now become known in the service as one of the most capable of the younger officers, a strict disciplinarian and a hard and stubborn fighter. In 1886 he was appointed Governor of the Red Sea territories, and the final overthrow of Osman Digna at Tamai occurred in his tenure of that office.

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In 1887 and 1888 Kitchener was in command at Suakim, and the most important enterprise he directed in these years was the attack on Osman Digna at Handud, an enterprise that was not a complete success, but from which he was able to extricate himself with credit and without loss of prestige. Before the end of 1888, however, he got his revenge for that half failure, when he led a brigade of Soudanese troops over the enemy trenches at Gemaizeh. In that campaign Kitchener was severely wounded, a bullet piercing his jaw.

SIRDAR AT FORTY

Kitchener returned to Egypt in 1888 and was made adjutant-general. The ten years of activity that followed, during which he conducted the Soudan Campaign of 1889, was made Sirdar (commander-in-chief of the Anglo-Egyptian forces) in 1892, major-general in 1896, and led the Dongola Expeditionary force in 1896, culminating in the capture of Omdurman and Khartoum in 1898, are of such major importance, and added so greatly to Kitchener's laurels, that they will be treated at length in a separate chapter.

MADE A BARON

With the capture of Khartoum, which meant the re-establishment of British possession of the upper reaches of the Nile, Kitchener became a figure of world-wide interest and a great popular hero in England. ;

Mahdism had had its origin in just discontent over the oppressive rule of Egypt in the Soudan. But having dominated the whole of that country, Mahdism degenerated in its turn into a cruel and bloody despotism

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and the rout of the Khalifa's forces by Kitchener with his Anglo-Egyptian army meant the deliverance of these inhabitants of that region who desired to go about their business in peace.

CALLED TO BOER WAR

On Kitchener's return to Egypt with the title of Governor-General of the Soudan, he set himself energetically to the work of civilizing the conquered territory. But suddenly, owing to the exigencies of the situation in South Africa, he was called away from the land in which he had won his fame to join Lord Roberts as chief of the staff.

Kitchener threw himself into his South African duties with his accustomed energy, and if he did not win the popular acclamation which greeted his work in Egypt, he performed magnificent work both in administration and in the field.

RAISED TO A VISCOUNT

It is noteworthy that after he had resigned the commission of Commander-in-Chief into Kitchener's hands in 1900, Lord Roberts publicly declared that he had implicit confidence in his successor's judgment and skill, and affirmed that no one could have labored more incessantly or in a more self-effacing manner than Lord Kitchener had done.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF INDIA

At the conclusion of peace in South Africa in 1902, Kitchener was rewarded by advancement to the dignity of Viscount, promotion to the rank of general, "for

distinguished service," the thanks of Parliament, and a grant of \$250,000. Immediately after the establishment of peace Kitchener was ordered to India as supreme commander of the British and native troops in the Indian Empire. It had long been his desire to become commander-in-chief in India. The appointment was destined to have important results. The new commander-in-chief examined the organization of the Indian army and found it wanting.

"Our Indian military administration," he declared, "has been framed mainly to meet peace requirements and the consideration that an army exists for war has been overlooked."

He carried out not only many far-reaching military reforms during his seven years' service in India, but also a complete reorganization and strategical redistribution of the British and naval forces.

CONSUL-GENERAL TO EGYPT

In 1909 Kitchener was relieved of the Indian command, promoted to field marshal, and assigned to duty as commander-in-chief and high commissioner in the Mediterranean, in succession to the Duke of Connaught, who was sent to Canada as governor-general. This post was more of a sinecure than anything else, and Kitchener soon became disgusted with it, and was returned to Egypt in 1911 as agent and consul-general at Cairo, virtually the governor-generalship of Egypt.

In the interval between his leaving India and his resumption of Egyptian service, Kitchener visited the United States, where he was the recipient of marked attention. He had many warm personal friends in the

KITCHENER'S MILITARY RECORD

American army, among them Major-Generals Leonard Wood and Hugh L. Scott, the latter being the superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point at the time of the Kitchener visit.

MADE AN EARL

Lord Kitchener only chanced to be in England when the European war started August, 1914. He had just returned to London from Egypt, had been created an Earl by King George and was being talked of as Viceroy of India when the storm broke. When it became certain that England was to be drawn into the conflict, from all parts of the British Empire arose a demand that was practically unanimous that he be made War Minister.

Probably no other war official in the history of the world ever faced so stupendous a task as that which confronted him. Grimly he began his work and within a year all England was a training camp, while in the Dominions beyond the seas other hundreds of thousands had been mobilized in training camps or sent over seas to duty in France and the near East.

The task of recruiting the great armies that Kitchener knew England had to have if the war was to be won, proved the hardest fight of his career. He found the supply of ammunition woefully short and reluctantly came to realize that, if the armies he wanted to raise were to be, conscription would have to be resorted to. As the war progressed many who previously clamored loudest for his appointment to the war post became his severest critics. He was blamed for this and that failure of the forces in France, was held responsible for

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the shortage in munitions and for various other defects in the military system which he was working so hard all the time to overcome. Among his severest critics were the newspapers controlled by Lord Northcliffe and Winston Churchill, the former First Lord of the Admiralty.

But Kitchener paid not the slightest attention to those who criticised him. He went his way, cool and thorough, supported by the great mass of the British people, and when he set sail on what was to be his last voyage it was his satisfaction to know that "out of the rawest of raw material," as a British army officer expressed it, he had created a fighting machine of nearly 5,000,000 men.

Twice in his life Lord Kitchener was the object of attempted assassination, once in Egypt and another time in India. In both instances the plots were frustrated and the plotters arrested. The bombs that were to have been used in the plot hatched in 1908 to kill him while on duty in India were said at the time to have been shipped from New York. It was in 1912 that the plot to kill Earl Kitchener in Cairo was discovered and frustrated.

HIS PLACE IN HISTORY

The British Empire mourns him as a great warrior. There was a Kitchener tradition, or superstition, which made him appear to his countrymen as the very embodiment of military genius, and not all the charges of war-office failures and blunderings could destroy the figure of idolization which they had set up.

Despite their proverbial stolidity, there are no people

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on earth more ardent in hero-worship than the British. They are slow to lift any man to a pedestal, but once they have done so his national fame is secure. Thus it was that, having no real acquaintance with their hero, they created in their own minds an idealized Kitchener.

He was to them the highest exponent of military genius, a romantic and resplendent figure of the soldier, a transcendent figure whose very name must terrify the foe and command victory. He had subjugated the desert hordes; he had broken the resistance of the Boers; he had revolutionized the Indian army; he had pacified Egypt—who else could wield the forces of the Empire in its supreme struggle for existence?

And the popular imagination clothed him with fascinating attributes of mind and person. To it he appeared a figure of inscrutable power, inexhaustible energy and implacable will; masterful, grim, remorselessly efficient—a very superman.

To this conception the people clung through good report and evil. And to this, in great degree, was due what measure of success and preparedness the Empire's land forces achieved. The unwavering, unconquerable trust of the British people in Kitchener was one of the most effective factors in the nation's war progress. It is because of this fact that his loss was so serious to them. There are many abler soldiers and wiser statesmen whom they could have spared better than this singularly powerful man.

In forty years of service he had spent hardly as many months in England. He knew nothing—could know nothing—of the complex social and economic

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problems that had arisen during his prolonged absence, and that would be intensified when it was attempted suddenly to turn a peaceful country into a military camp and a nation into an army.

He had no conception of the importance which labor had achieved in public affairs, or of the great social reforms which had created new conditions, or of the vital relationship of industry to modern warfare. Thus the workshops were stripped of men to fill the trenches, and the manufacture of munitions was neglected in order that armies might be built up. The result was the confusion that presaged disaster, and necessitated the division of the war secretary's power by appointment of a minister of munitions and by reorganization of the system of recruiting.

What, then, was the value of Kitchener? Just this—that because he held to a supreme degree the confidence of the people, he was enabled to convince them, against their own beliefs, that the war would be long and incredibly costly; and to perform the miracle of creating an army of millions from a nation inveterately opposed to a large military establishment.

Those who said that Kitchener was not right once during the whole war forgot that he had been conspicuously right, and almost alone, in his judgment upon two vital matters. He declared in the first weeks of the war that the conflict, which experts were predicting would be over in a few months, would probably last for three years; and he insisted, in the face of violent prejudice, that the nation must have soldiers, not by scores or hundreds of thousands, but by millions.

Moreover, it was his summons, more powerful than

front.
The British war minister with M. Millerand and General Joffre inspecting the French defenses on one of his visits to the

LORD KITCHENER IN THE ADVANCED FRENCH TRENCHES.





LORD KITCHENER ON THE FIRING LINE.
The British War Secretary watching the effect of shell fire near the German line.

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the command of the king, the urgings of publicists or the frantic appeals of recruiting agencies, that brought 5,000,000 volunteers to the colors in fifteen months, and his genius for organization that fashioned from them the forces which the whole world justly called "Kitchener's armies."

These are the achievements that will make the name of Kitchener great. He came to be, in a peculiar sense, the spirit of Great Britain, and the nation will fight on the inspiration he put into it. If he was not the miracle-worker that his countrymen believed, he was the best man available for the tremendous task committed to him. His power was based upon the support and confidence of the democracy, and his legacy to it was a democratic army for the salvation of the nation whole.

CHAPTER IV

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

AGAIN IN COMMAND IN EGYPT—THE RESOURCEFUL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT — THE ATTACK ON FIRKET—THE FAMOUS DESERT MARCH—RECAPTURE OF DONGOLA — THE “IMPOSSIBLE” RAILWAY ACROSS THE SOUDAN — THE VICTORY AT THE ATBARA—KITCHENER ENCOUNTERS THE KHALIFA — OMDURMAN FALLS—THE CAPTURE OF KHARTOUM.

SO FAR BACK as 1883, as already recorded, Kitchener for the first time entered the Egyptian army. From that date until 1898, when he raised the British colors over the palace at Khartoum, and by his splendid victory over the Khalifa avenged the death of General Gordon, Kitchener was actively engaged in laying the foundations of the established order, peace and prosperity now enjoyed by the Egyptians and Soudanese.

The Dongola Expedition of 1896 proved the fighting value of the new Egyptian force organized by Kitchener and was the beginning of the movement that was to culminate in the reconquest of the Soudan. Kitchener, when he began the organization of this army, which was to win such glory at Omdurman and Khartoum, found it a motley and discontented horde of underfed and underpaid natives. Kitchener's task was to bring it up to date, one of the many “impossible” things that the Sirdar did in record-breaking time.

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It was on March 12, 1896, that the Dongola Expedition was formally authorized.

Sir Herbert Kitchener marched out of Wady Halfa, at the head of a mixed force of British and Egyptian troops to the number of 9,000. An Italian army had been severely defeated in Abyssinia, and the dervishes thought the moment opportune for the delivery of further attacks. The Sirdar advanced with caution, constructing a railway behind him to keep up communication and supplies, while the gunboats on the Nile kept pace with the advancing army.

THE ATTACK ON FIRKET

The advance was to be made by two routes, one by the river and the other along the old railroad track, now being relaid mile after mile. On June 6th the order was given for an attack on Firket to be made at daybreak. Through the black darkness of the night the forward march began, till the spot designed for the bivouac was reached just before midnight. At moonrise, and in strict silence, the march was resumed. At daybreak came suddenly the distant sound of a drum-beat from the direction of the dervish camp. The camp was still a mile away, and quite hidden by the rising ground. The sound, it soon transpired, was not that of the alarm—it was the call to prayer.

Then with machine-like precision the two halves of the advancing force came together; the enemy was taken by surprise, and utterly crushed. In the assault the dash of the British officers was only equaled by the ardor of the native troops; the loopholed mud walls of Firket were swept clean, and the victory was complete.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Large stores of grain and war material fell into the conquerors' hands.

The desert march to Dongola was a prodigious piece of work, but it was felt by those who accompanied it in the capacity of correspondents and critics, that it took too much energy out of the troops—so much so that had they at the end of it encountered an active enemy the result might have been somewhat doubtful.

RECAPTURE OF DONGOLA

Then came the most important event in the war, the recapture of Dongola with its large stores of grain and war material. By the end of September General Kitchener, after another fight, had dealt his first decisive blow, and was absolute master of Dongola.

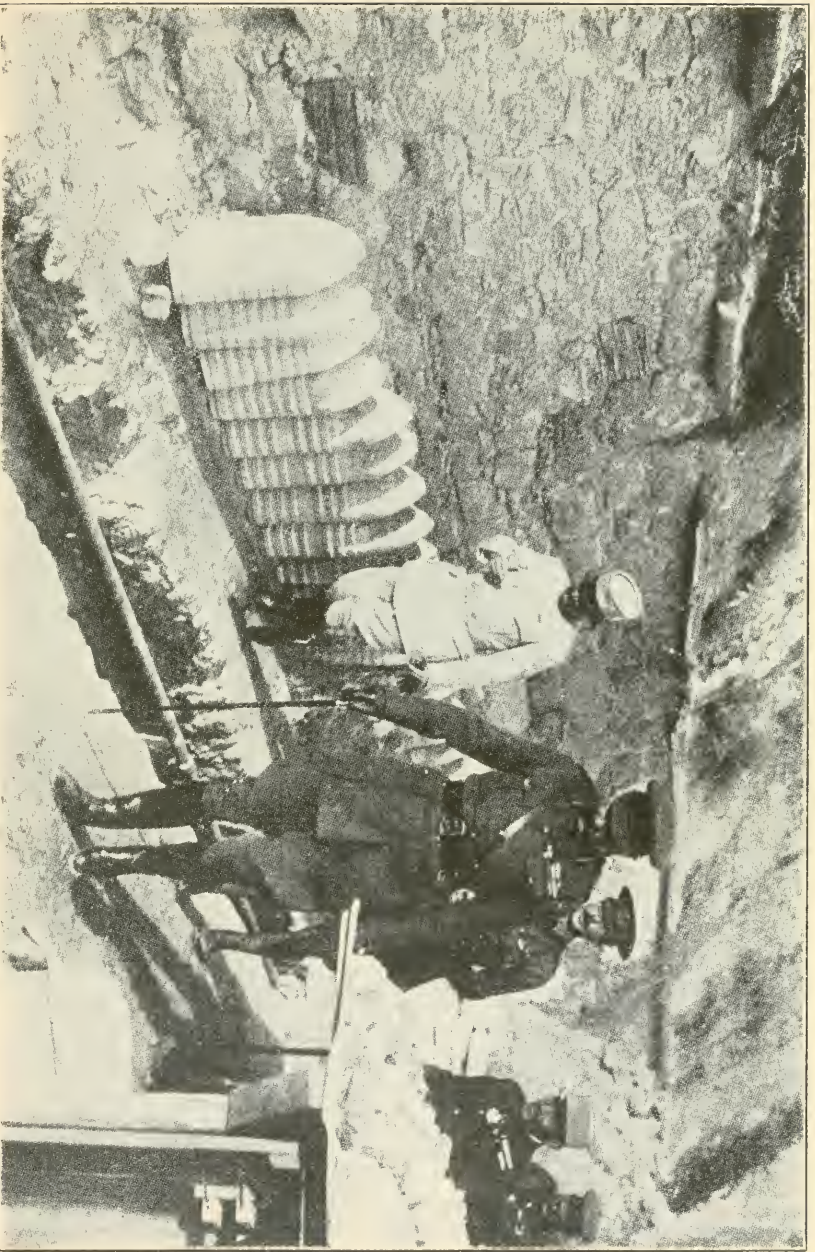
THE "IMPOSSIBLE" RAILWAY ACROSS THE DESERT

The first thing Sir Herbert Kitchener had to decide was the route to be taken. Of the old route by Korti and across the Bayuda Desert to Metemmeh, he already knew something; another feasible route from Suakin on the Red Sea to Berber was tempting by reason of its shortness; but both were discarded in favor of one of his own conception.

Little wonder therefore, all things considered, that Kitchener formed the bold plan of constructing a railway as he went along.

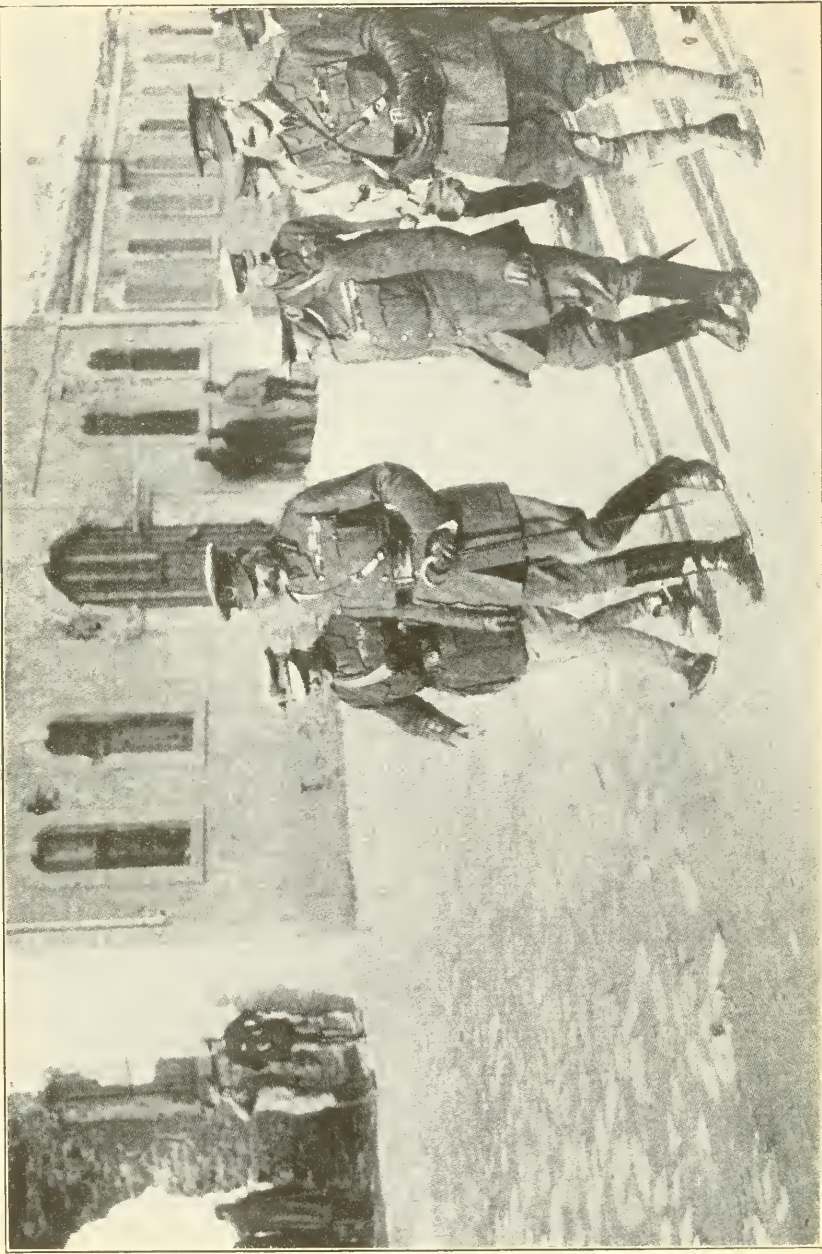
PICKING THE RIGHT MAN

Happily he got hold of the right man to carry out his idea. This was Lieutenant Girouard, a subaltern in the Royal Engineers, a modest young Canadian, who



LORD KITCHENER INSIDE A TURKISH FORT.

An inspecting trip to one of the captured Turkish fortifications on the Gallipoli peninsula in company with Colonel Sir Henry McMahon and a French General.



LORD I.ITCHENER AT SEDDUL BAHR.

The British War Secretary, together with Colonel Watson, the French commander and Colonel McMahon, on his historic visit to the Dardanelles on which he decided to withdraw the expedition and give up the attempt to force the passage.

had had experience in track-laying on the Canadian-Pacific line, and had come out to Egypt for the Dongola campaign.

The first spadeful of sand of the Desert Railway was turned on the first day of 1897. New workshops were commenced at Halfa, and experienced mechanics were procured to direct them. Fifteen hundred additional men were enlisted in the Railway Battalion and trained to the work. The difficulties to be overcome were not of the ordinary railway-building type. Each engine employed had first to haul enough water to carry it to railhead and back, besides a reserve against accidents—for the surveys had disclosed only two spots where water was likely to be found in the desert. Then the feeding of the two thousand plate-layers in a barren desert was in itself no easy problem. But it was solved, for the work had to be completed before the winter; and, above all, the money voted was not to be outrun. The Sirdar attended strictly to every condition, not omitting the last.

COMPLETE TO ABU HAMED

As Abu Hamed grew near, the element of danger began to make itself felt—what if the dervishes by a circuitous march should cut the line behind them? The problem no sooner presented itself for consideration than it was dealt with. A flying column, under General Hunter, was sent from Merawi along the river bank, and Abu Hamed was promptly stormed and captured. The work of construction was neither delayed nor interrupted. On November 1st the Soudan Military Railway arrived at Abu Hamed, and General Kitchener

was again in unbroken communication with Cairo, both by rail and river.

ON TO BERBER

Then came the consideration of the advisability of extending the railway beyond Abu Hamed. Almost without hesitation it was decided to continue the line to Berber, and perhaps beyond that point to the junction of the Atbara with the Nile. The work of construction was therefore resumed, and for the first sixty miles the line ran beside the Nile at the edge of the riparian belt; on the right a cultivable though mostly uncultivated strip, dotted with palms and prickly mimosa bushes, beyond which the river gleamed refreshingly; on the left, nothing but desert broken by frequent rocks and dry water-courses. The iron road was deemed necessary, because it would have been far from wise to depend on water communications, which at times were rendered unsafe by cataracts.

Mahmoud having withdrawn from Berber and somewhat mysteriously disappeared southward, a reconnaissance was made by way of the river to locate his position and discover his strength. The Sirdar sent his boats up to Metemmeh, the mud walls of which were well pounded by the guns. This having drawn a brisk rifle fire, and disclosed all it was necessary to learn, the boats withdrew, easily dropping down stream again, having lost only one man.

At last, while the Sirdar happened to be away north at Wady Halfa, came the long-expected news that the dervishes were on the move. An advance in force to Berber was ordered, and a telegram sent to Cairo

asking for a brigade of British soldiers to be sent to the front. Then the immense advantage of the Soudan Military Railway became apparent. While the Egyptian cavalry crossed the Bayuda Desert from Merawi, in the old slow way, battalion after battalion converged swiftly on the place of concentration by rail, among them four from the home army—Cameron's, Seaforth's, Warwick's, and Lincoln's, the whole brigade being under Major-General Gatacre. On the day the first troop train steamed into the fortified camp at the confluence of the Nile and Atbara rivers, the doom of the dervishes was sealed.

THE VICTORY AT THE ATBARA

When Mahmoud marched to the Atbara, Kitchener struck camp, and placing himself between Mahmoud and the Nile, settled himself down twenty miles from his foe, and waited. No matter which line of advance the dervishes selected, they were bound to be met, bound to be fought. And while his officers were consumed with the dread that Mahmoud would escape up the Atbara or across the desert, the way he had come, their chief had no fear.

On April 7th General Kitchener moved still nearer the foe to Umdabia, where everything was put into immediate readiness for the dash on to the Arab zareba, seven miles away. The location, size, and strength of the zareba had been carefully ascertained by a daring reconnoissance made by four British officers a few days previously; and it was generally understood throughout the attacking force that the defense presented by the zareba, a thick barrier strongly constructed of

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

desert thorns, was far more formidable than any earth-work known to modern warfare.

A WELL-PLANNED VICTORY

The undertaking began with a night march, in order that the engagement might be opened early in the morning and fought to its conclusion before the scorching African sun reached the midday sky. The army was drawn out at sunset, and moved forward in the darkness, making a brief halt at midnight. Soon after the march was resumed the enemy's camp-fires came into view; it was then about three o'clock, and the Sirdar watched the Arab's fortified enclosure from the edge of a plateau. There was apparently no stir there, though the presence of the attackers must have been known. On neither side was there anything in the shape of confusion; certainly no suspicion of panic, though the suspense was intense; and scarcely a sound broke the stillness till at half-past six the guns spoke out, and the bombardment began. For considerably more than an hour Mahmoud's doomed stronghold beside the dry bed of the Atbara was searched with shot and shell; and then, the batteries having accomplished all that was demanded of them, the advance was sounded, and thirteen thousand infantry moved forward with confidence and military precision.

Steadily and irresistibly the disciplined soldiery swept into the entrenched dervish enclosure, and got at once to close quarters with rifle fire and bayonet work. With such grim determination was the assault made, so strenuously was the fighting maintained, that the day was won with a rapidity almost incredible—three-

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

quarters of an hour after the bugles had sounded the advance, they sounded the cease fire!

THE MASTER SPIRIT

When it was all over, and the significance of the result fully realized, the troops cheered long, loud, and lustily. Then, observes an eye-witness of the scene, Herbert Kitchener was "quite human for one-quarter of an hour," relaxing that inscrutable countenance of his, just for one brief space, into something that bore the faint semblance of a smile. A victorious general in the first flush of triumph may be excused for allowing himself the luxury of appearing human.

KITCHENER ENCOUNTERS THE KHALIFA

The scattered dervishes retired on Omdurman. As nothing could be successfully attempted during the hot season, the Expeditionary Force went into summer quarters; the Egyptian army was distributed into three garrisons—the Atbara camp, Berber, and Abadia. The British brigade encamped at Darmali and Selim, two small villages.

Kitchener's method of dealing with his chief prisoner, the Khalifa's lieutenant, presents a curious episode. As soon as he reached Berber after the victory, he held a parade of all the troops. A platform was erected and adorned with flags; on this, surrounded by his staff, the General took his stand. The Emir Mahmoud, his hands bound behind his back, was then compelled to march past at the head of the army, preceded by an enormous flag, on which was inscribed, "This is Mahmoud, who said he would take Berber."

Mahmoud's master, with those who had fallen back upon Omdurman, had now at his command a force calculated at upwards of fifty thousand fighting men. Having learned from Osman Digna the terrible nature of the foe marching against him, he resolved to remain where he was and await his oncoming. And so, in military inactivity and gross sensual indulgence, he wore the time away in the palace of his new capital.

PREPARING THE FINAL ATTACK

In numbers, the enemy were more than twice as strong as the English. The Khalifa was supposed to have a large bodyguard of some nine thousand blacks, fairly seasoned Soudanese troops officered by the sons of sheiks and emirs, whose allegiance was assured by the hostages thus given to the Khalifa. Then came a mass of Baggara spearmen and irregular cavalry, well proved in the past as reliable fighting stuff.

Omdurman is on the western bank of the Nile, and Khartoum on the eastern, facing it. When the Expedition moved forward, the main force marched along the western bank of the river; on the eastern marched a miscellaneous horde of friendlies under the charge of Major Stuart Wortley; while between the two forces, up the great waterway, went the flotilla, comprising ten gunboats, five steamers, and a long string of laden barges and sailing boats in tow.

STRIKING THE BLOW

As the Shabluka Gorge was approached there was some little anxiety as to the possibility of attack there;

but the Khalifa failed to take advantage of his opportunity, and the little fleet made the passage safely and without interruption.

As the distance lessened, the view became clearer; stir and movement among the enemy became discernible, and the zareba was found to be one of men, not of bushes.

At eleven o'clock the gunboats engaged the enemy's batteries. The forts, mounting nearly fifty guns, replied vigorously; but the British aim was too good; the great wall of Omdurman was breached in numerous places, and presently the Mahdi's tomb, which the dervishes believed to be indestructible, was hit, its dome and cupolas being smashed to dust. When the lower forts were silenced, the Jaalin—the only really trustworthy men in Major Wortley's force—were ordered to clear out the villages there.

A MEMORABLE BATTLE

It was midday, September 1st; the results of many years of preparation, and of three years of actual war, were about to be put to the test. But at a quarter to two the dervish army halted. Their drill had been excellent, and they all stopped at a single command. Then suddenly their riflemen discharged their pieces in the air—it was just a barbaric *feu de joie*. After this every man lay down on the ground, and it became evident the matter was not to be settled that day. An hour or so later the enemy had encamped, and no attack was to be looked for until daybreak.

When that morning, at half-past nine, the Sirdar had ridden to the summit of "Signal Hill," he saw before

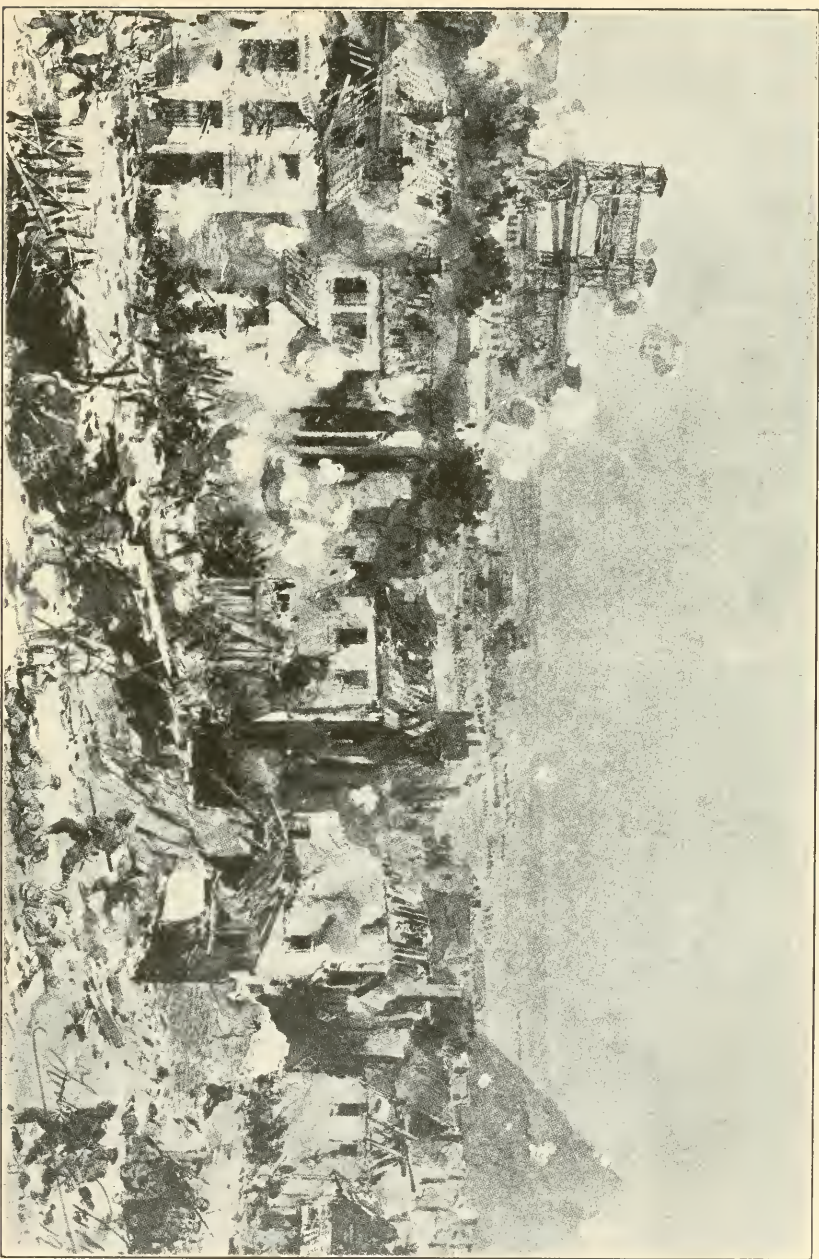
him, for the first time, not more than three miles off, the whole army of fifty thousand dervishes, with all their banners, lances, and standards displayed, moving forward. It was a critical moment, for the Anglo-Egyptian army had only just taken up its camp, and was in no fighting formation. That, however, was a comparatively trifling matter. The lines were rapidly formed, and in a short time a fair zareba had been made. When that was finished, if the enemy had attacked by daylight, there was no reason to be anxious; if they intended a night attack, the General doubtless knew it, and was equally prepared for it.

By six o'clock the whole dervish mass was in motion; the full power of Mahdism was advancing swiftly to the attack. Then above the distant noise of their shouting came a tremendous roar—their guns had opened the engagement. The British and Egyptian force was arranged in line, with its back to the river, and its flank secured by the gunboats.

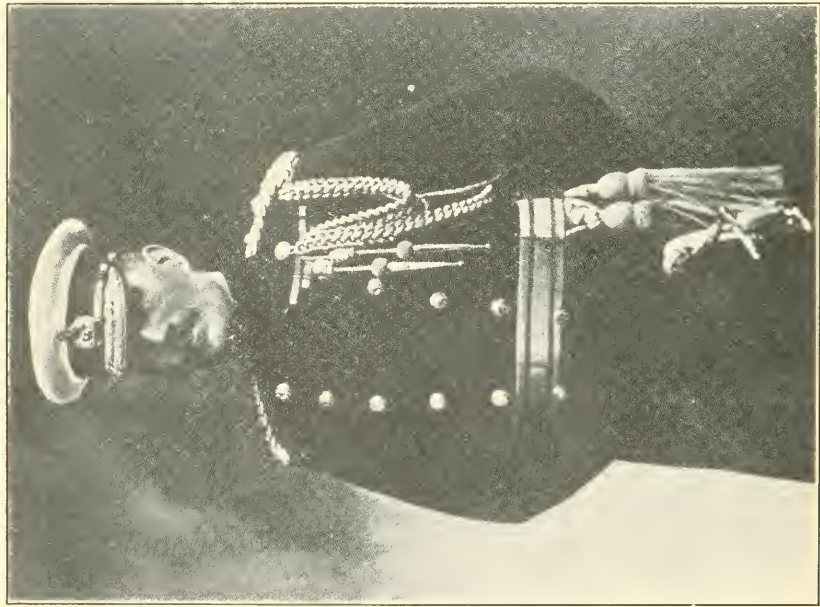
The tide of battle now began to rise fast. The Khalifa and his flag, surrounded by at least ten thousand men, advanced, and the engagement became general.

THE TWENTY-FIRST LANCERS

The Arab army, fierce, reckless and fanatical, inspired with deadly hatred of their unbelieving enemies, charged again and again with a determined impetuosity that would have been trying to the most seasoned troops. But the Sirdar's men, drawn up in solid formation, and armed with rifles and Maxim guns, met every assault with admirable coolness, inflicting heavy losses upon the attackers.



KITCHENER'S NEW ARMY'S FIRST GREAT SUCCESS,
The taking of the village of Loos by one of the new British divisions.



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM R. ROBERTSON
Chief of the Imperial General Staff.



GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
Commanding the First British Expeditionary Force.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Events were moving rapidly, and the stage upon which they were being enacted was a large one. Many scenes of heroism, of devotion, of reckless courage, happened that day, but none more dramatic, more tragic, than that of the Holy Ensign.

After the charge of the dervish horsemen, who were annihilated, the Khalifa's infantry advanced. Not disheartened, but incited by the fate of the horsemen, they came on, sweeping along the side of the valley like a seething torrent. It was the last assault, and the Khalifa's banner was borne in the center of the line. Shot and shell rattled and hissed from the Maxims and guns on the ridge commanding the valley, making great gaps in the white jebba-clad ranks.

OMDURMAN FALLS

When the fighting was over, the cost came to be counted. The dervishes had ten thousand eight hundred killed and sixteen thousand wounded; while the losses of the British and Egyptian forces amounted only to forty-seven killed and three hundred and forty-two wounded. The wide margin of difference is significant, and offers much food for reflection. The Arab army had had enough of fighting against an enemy fully equipped with all the weapons and resources of modern warfare.

After a halt, and the watering of the troops, the march towards the Khalifa's new capital was resumed. It was a bold decision to march right away into Omdurman, when the town was full of fighting men, the day more than half spent, and no reconnaissance possible, owing to mirage. But had the entry been

delayed till twenty-four hours later, serious resistance might have been offered, and a house-to-house, street-to-street, fight would undoubtedly have resulted in very heavy losses.

To Major Wingate, the ablest of Intelligence Officers, fell the happy duty of sending to England the telegraphic despatch announcing the great victory at Omdurman; no message of the kind ever electrified a nation more, or gave more widespread satisfaction.

The city of Omdurman was formally surrendered to the Sirdar as he rode up at the close of the battle on September 2d. Three men advanced slowly to meet the victorious general. They knelt in the roadway, and presented him with the keys of the city, of the arsenal, of the prison, and the various public buildings. He accepted their surrender and spoke words of peace. Rising swiftly, the men shouted out the good news, and thereupon from every house men, women, and children appeared, joyfully relieved from fear.

THE OCCUPATION OF OMDURMAN

Inside the city, which was occupied that night, many awful and ghastly sights met the eye; on every hand were destruction, confusion, filth, and the all-pervading stench of putrefaction. In a number of places lay heaps of surrendered weapons, some thrown down by sullen warriors, many delivered up by willing deserters. The open space in front of the Mahdi's tomb—the destruction of which was calculated as much as anything to impress the superstitious townsfolk—was filled with troops. Order was gradually being

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

restored, to replace the disorders, excesses, and iniquities of the deposed Khalifa.

THE CAPTURE OF KHARTOUM

Omdurman was disappointing. It had been hoped to find decent dwellings of stone or other material, but the town was not very different, except in size, from the mud villages passed all along the river. There was really nothing to see in Omdurman, and on Sunday, the fourth of September, most of the English officers took steamer up to Khartoum. A landing was effected opposite the remains of Gordon's house, where a service was held. Khartoum, as a town, had ceased to exist; it was one mass of ruins. Gordon's house still stood, but minus its roof; the orange-gardens with which it was surrounded made the scene, sad as it was, a refreshing change from Omdurman, where there was not even a bush.

Two expeditions were forthwith despatched, up the White and the Blue Niles respectively, to establish garrisons. These expeditions and operations also were successful. General Kitchener went with that up the White Nile, in personal command, starting on September 8th, towards Fashoda, with five steamers.

The expedition proceeded as far as the mouth of the Sobat, sixty-two miles from Fashoda, which was reached next day. Here also the twin flags of Egypt and Britain were hoisted, another post formed, and a garrison left to hold the place. The expedition then turned back; and on the return two gunboats were left at the disposal of Colonel Jackson, as commandant of the Fashoda district.

By the signal triumph achieved at Omdurman, and not a little by the aid of the Desert Railway, the situation in the whole Nile Valley had been revolutionized. The reconquered territory, after having suffered all the tortures of war, was put in the way of achieving that for which so long it had thirsted—peace and plenty, and the blessings of civilization.

Thus had Great Britain and Egypt moved hand in hand up the mighty river, sharing, though unequally, the cost of a regenerative war in men and money. The allied conquerors became joint possessors; the Soudan did not become precisely Egyptian again—Egypt itself not possessing an independent administration—but an entirely new political status was found for it, both countries retaining an equal interest in the territory and sharing the responsibility of it—a result which certainly strengthened the grasp of England upon Egypt.

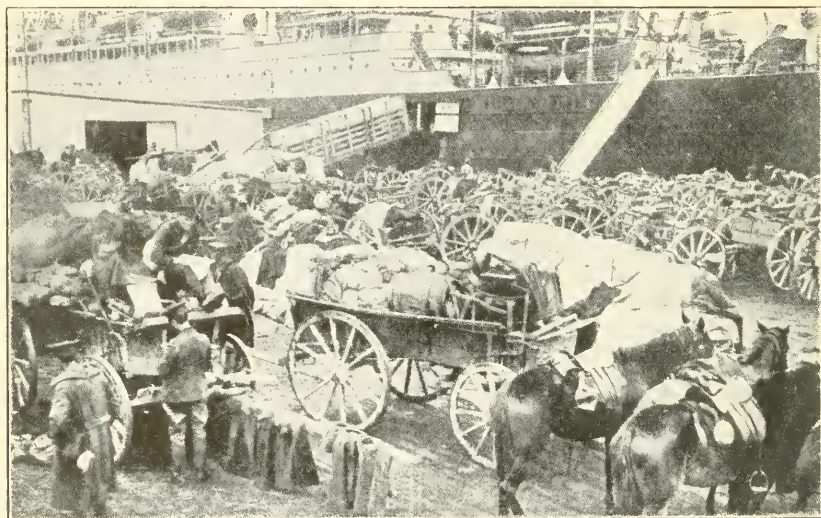
The campaign having been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, Kitchener was called upon to exercise some of the qualities of statesmanship, and again he showed conspicuous ability. It is everywhere acknowledged that he proceeded in a masterly manner in the establishment of a new order of things, which rescued that devastated region from the long spell of primitive barbarism into which it had lapsed



King George at the front.
The King is here seen greeting Canadian general officers on his recent visit to the front



Infantry of the first Canadian Contingent passing Stonehenge on their way from Salisbury Plain to London.



Canadian transport and field artillery embarking at Quebec for England.



Parade of Canadian Highlanders on Salisbury Plain.

CHAPTER V

EARL KITCHENER'S HUMAN SIDE

A MAN WHO SELDOM SMILED — THE OFFICER'S MONOCLE—HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE—HIS GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT AS AN ORGANIZER—DISGUISED AS AN ARAB, LIVED IN THE DESERT—HOW HE PLAYED SOLOMON—A WOMAN'S PICTURE OF THE SILENT SOLDIER—FACED DEATH OFTEN.

EARL KITCHENER was known as a man of iron blood, and those who knew him remarked that he seldom smiled. He seemed pre-eminently a machine in his hard, relentless work. Yet he had his human side.

THE OFFICER'S MONOCLE

At Pretoria one day Lord Kitchener saw a young lieutenant sporting a monocle.

"Does your eyesight require you to wear that?" he asked.

"It does," replied the lieutenant.

"Then report tomorrow morning to the line of communication," ordered the General. "I do not require men with poor eyesight at headquarters."

HIS GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT AS AN ORGANIZER

The raising of Kitchener's army, an army of five million men, mostly volunteers, is the last and greatest

KITCHENER'S HUMAN SIDE

debt which the Empire and civilization owe to this great soldier. When the end came he stood in the track of duty and died on active service. In death as in life he was found at his post.

DISGUISED AS ARAB, LIVED IN DESERT

In the early days in Egypt Kitchener was daring almost to rashness. He thought nothing of disguising himself as an Arab and living among the sons of the desert for months at a time, in order to acquire a knowledge of the Mahdi's movements and conspiracies. And so clever was he in disguising himself that even his own comrades did not know him. Indeed, one day a soldier flung a brickbat at Kitchener, whom he mistook for "a bloomin' nigger," inflicting rather a nasty scalp wound.

HOW HE PLAYED SOLOMON

Kitchener's cleverness in disguising himself, coupled with a knowledge of Arabic, which he had picked up in his wanderings in Syria, made him invaluable to the authorities. He was appointed chief of the Secret Service, and the following incident, the truth of which is vouched for by one of Lord Kitchener's relatives, strikingly illustrates his personal courage and cleverness.

Two Arab spies had been caught, but they feigned deafness, and Kitchener could get nothing from them. They were detained in a tent. In half an hour another spy was caught and bundled into the tent with the other two. They were left for an hour, talking briskly all the time, and then the door was thrown open and

the third spy demanded to be taken to headquarters. It was Kitchener himself, who had, of course, found out all he wanted to know.

A WOMAN'S PICTURE OF THE SILENT SOLDIER

Mrs. J. S. Erskine, widow of a former captain of the Tenth Royal Hussars, who was for a time attached to the staff of Lord Kitchener, relates the following characteristic story:

"I played England in a war with Germany," said Mrs. Erskine, "and accidentally planted my flag on Belgian soil. Cries that this was neutral territory were immediately raised, but Lord Kitchener backed me up. 'That's just what she ought to do,' he said. 'If ever there is a war with Germany that is what the English will do unless the Germans do it first.' 'You forget the treaty of London,' someone said. 'No,' he shot back. 'Bismarek was a statesman. He signed to something that would be for the future good of his country. War knows nothing about the future good. It is only the present that appeals to the warrior, and any clever commander knows that the best way to get from Germany to France is through Belgium.'

"'Then what will happen?' I asked. I meant what would happen should Germany invade Belgium.

"'That is in the lap of the gods,' was his reply. 'But I'll tell you what I think would happen. Germany would win the first round. After that she would be out-maneuvered.'

"Picking up one of the little flags he said he thought Ostend would be a good place to land troops, but reconsidered and decided on a point south of Dunkirk."

KITCHENER'S HUMAN SIDE

HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE

“A soldier was digging a ditch near Pretoria,” said Mrs. Erskine, “and the General observed him for a long while. Finally he sent for him. He asked him if he wasn’t ill. The soldier replied that he was: that he felt quite badly. ‘Then why don’t you report sick?’ demanded the General. ‘I did,’ replied the soldier; ‘but the doctor said I was fit for duty.’ Lord Kitchener sent for the young surgeon, ordered him to make an examination, found the soldier was suffering from typhoid fever and sent him to the hospital. Then he said to the doctor, ‘You can apply for your leave home. I have no use here for the sort of a doctor you are.’”

FACED DEATH OFTEN

For two years Kitchener practically lived among the Arabs, carrying his life in his hands, never knowing when he might be brought face to face with a violent death, and all the while communicating to the heads of the Egyptian Intelligence Department information of the utmost importance.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

ARMAGEDDON ON THE SEA—ADMIRAL BEATTY SIGHTS THE ENEMY—DESTROYERS OPEN ACTION—AN OLD ENEMY ENCOUNTERED — SUPERDREADNAUGHTS COME UP—NOTABLE DEED OF BRAVERY—FLIGHT OF THE GERMANS—DARKNESS SAVED THE GERMANS—PLAYED GALLANTLY FOR HIGH STAKES.

IN THE ten years since the first "Dreadnaught" was launched hundreds of millions of dollars have been put into this new type of battleship, which was tried out for the first time between the Skagerak and Kiel. Here, on the last day of May, 1916, the greatest naval battle in all history was fought.

The battle was fought along virtually the entire west coast of Denmark, reaching the maximum intensity off the Horn Reef, near the southwestern extremity of Denmark.

The German fleet, commanded by Vice Admiral Reinhard Scheer and including at least five dreadnaughts, eight cruisers and twenty torpedo-boats and destroyers, left the Skagerak Wednesday morning, May 31st.

Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, who commanded the British cruiser squadron, had cruised many times in the vicinity of the battlefield without succeeding in luring the Germans from their mined waters, but on

THE GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

this occasion the British seamen had an inkling that something important was about to happen.

ADMIRAL BEATTY SIGHTS THE ENEMY

Just before the conflict the battle-cruiser squadron was shoving through the water at a good twenty-five



MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE.

knots, the destroyers and light cruisers in their appointed places. The sea was smooth as a millpond. The day was warm and a slight haze hung over the

THE GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

water. As the official announcement put it, the visibility was low. For nearly sixteen hours the squadron steamed steadily on. Then the destroyer screen reported the presence of enemy craft, small craft, but significant perhaps of the presence of bigger ones.

DESTROYERS OPEN ACTION

A smart little destroyer action was begun, a light cruiser dashed up to assist, and soon the first phase of the battle was in full swing.

Having succeeded at length in drawing the whole German fleet out of its safe quarters, Vice Admiral Beatty, although greatly outnumbered and running heavy risks, determined to hang on grimly in order to detain the Germans in full strength. It was a daring maneuver, but the British fought doggedly and with great pertinacity, despite all disadvantages, confident that reinforcements were on the way.

For the first time since the war began the Germans stood up to Beatty and his indomitable ships, and from impressions gathered from Beatty's men who came through the fight the Germans suffered heavily during that phase. Their gunnery was good, but it was not so good as the British. It was a running fight, fought at a speed which gave the advantage to the British ships. The Lion, as on the memorable day of the Dogger Bank battle, led the line, followed by the mighty Tiger. Both performed marvels of speed, and there should be further honors for the engine-room staffs.

THE GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

AN OLD ENEMY ENCOUNTERED

Opposite them at long range was, among others, an old enemy in the *Derfflinger*. In the Dogger Bank fight the *Derfflinger* sent a shell into the wardroom of the *Tiger*, and no report has been more industriously circulated among neutrals by the Germans than that the *Tiger* had been sent to the bottom. It was therefore with peculiar relish that the crew of the *Tiger* proceeded to demonstrate to their old enemy that they were very much alive.

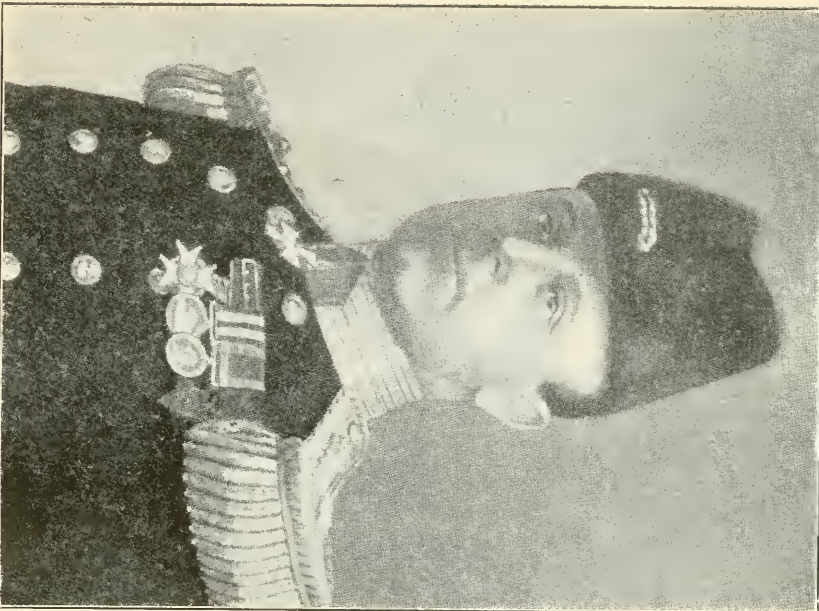
From the *Tiger* there went a shell which got one of the *Derfflinger's* turrets and wiped out a whole gun crew. Others were planted with equally deadly effect.

The battle raged with tremendous violence. The air was filled with white-hot steel, dust and slivers, and ears were deafened with the tremendous crash and clatter of it all. Had the opposing forces remained as they were, the result was inevitable. Beatty's squadron was adding to its battle honors. Smart maneuvering, seamanship and fine gunnery were telling their tale, when another factor intervened which would have sealed the fate of the German squadrons.

SUPERDREADNAUGHTS COME UP

With the battle-cruiser squadron there had gone out from a Scottish port what in the official announcements are called fast battleships. The *Warspite* was one. Sister ships of the Queen Elizabeth class, the *Barham*, *Malaya* and *Valiant*, were the others.

The battle-cruiser action was fought with the enemy lying close to neutral Danish waters, off Jutland.



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN RUSHWORTH JELlicoe, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE HOME FLEET

Sir John Jellicoe's appointment to the supreme command of the British home fleet was acclaimed by the nation as a wise choice, in full confidence of his high ability for the task of guarding the coast from the hostile navy.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Commander of the British battle cruiser squadron which fought the world's greatest naval engagement off the coast of Jutland.

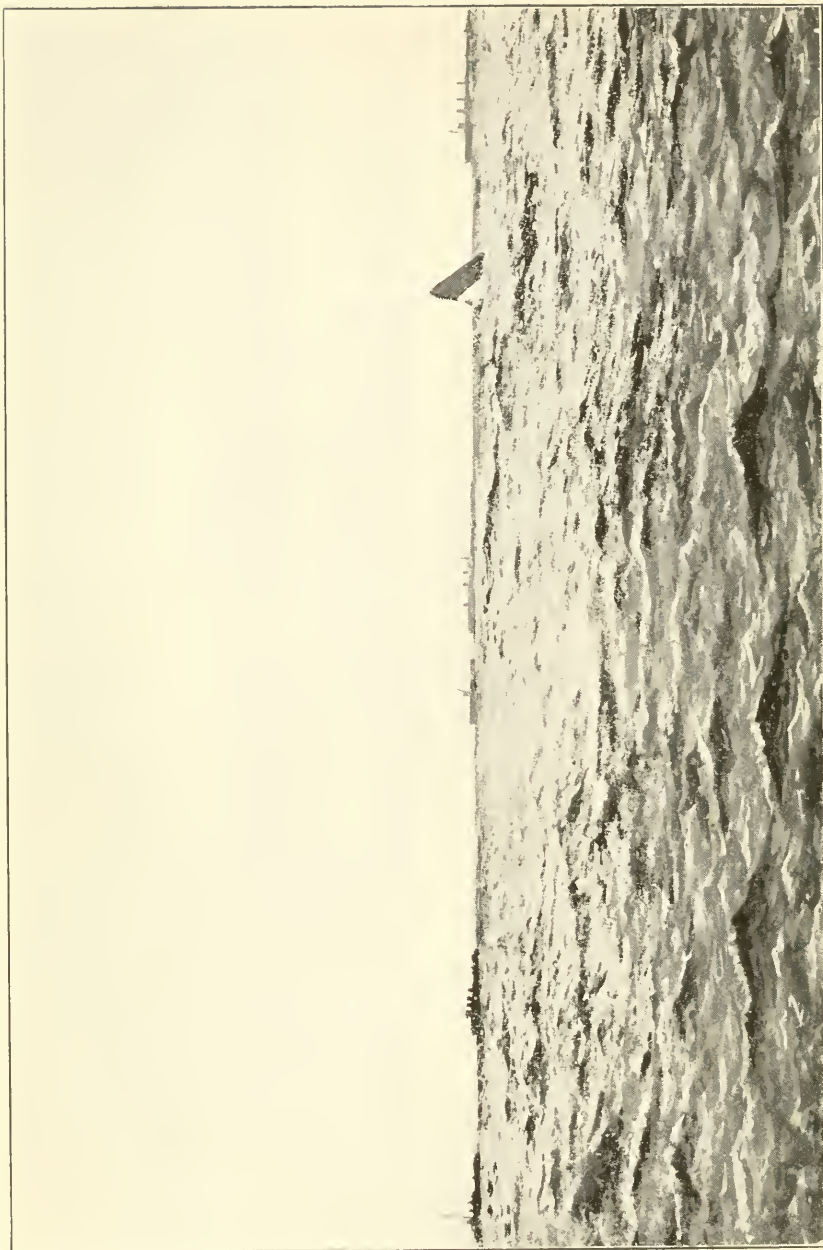


Photo by Brown Bros.

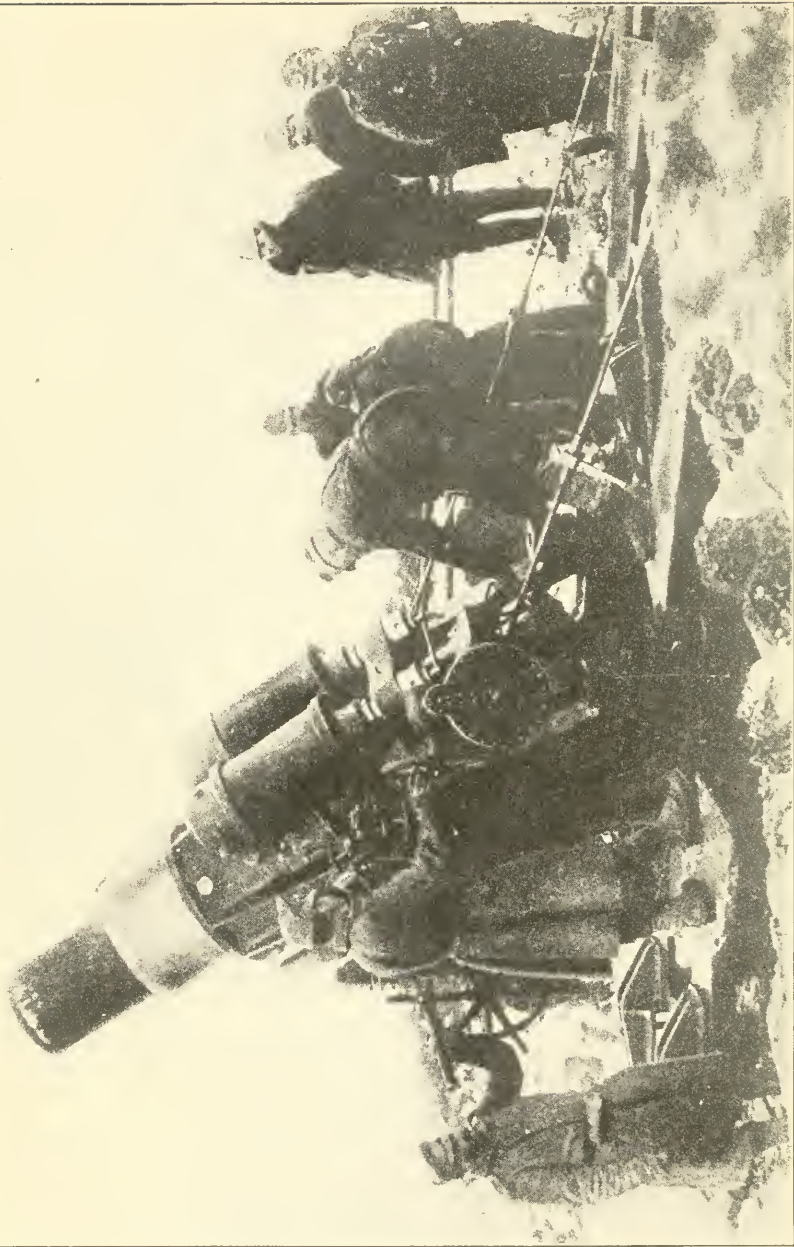
THE GREAT NORTH SEA BATTLE.

This picture shows the sinking of a German light cruiser during the great battle off the coast of Jutland. In the background, British cruisers and destroyers can be seen in pursuit of the German fleet.



THREE THOUSAND BRITISH INFANTRY WITHSTAND NINE THOUSAND PRUSSIAN CAVALRY.

At Le Cateau, the men of the 12th Infantry Brigade performed a noteworthy piece of work, standing against the German Cavalry Division of the guards—the crack mounted division of the German army. There were some 9,000 superb Prussian horsemen against, perhaps, 3,000 British foot-soldiers. It was a terrible charge, but the pride of the German cavalry was thrown back with great loss, and many of them felt the keen edge of the bayonet as they turned and fled.



TWENTY-EIGHT TON AUSTRIAN SIEGE HOWITZER WHICH FIRES A THOUSAND-POUND PROJECTILE.

The Germans borrowed a large number of these great siege pieces from the Austrians and used them in the reduction of the Belgian defenses. Huge shells filled with high explosives from these mammoth guns rapidly destroyed the most modern and powerful fortifications known at the beginning of the great war. It is known that against such weapons of offense no fortifications can last and that the employment of such weapons has forced both armies to depend on their trenches as their main defense.

THE GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

Everything was going well with Admiral Beatty when the four superdreadnaughts came up, and rushed in to cut off the enemy from his southern base. Beatty was then to drive in from the northeast, and either force the Germans to shelter in neutral waters or compel them to accept the challenge of the heavy battleships. The strategy was excellent, but it was applied too late. From the south came reinforcements which provided an explanation of the reason for the Germans accepting Beatty's challenge. From the south came the major portion of the German Grand Fleet.

The Warspite got the brunt of the first attack. It is said she became isolated from her consorts, became surrounded by a half dozen ships, made a brilliant fight against impossible odds, disposed of more than one of them and by clever maneuvering showed a clean pair of heels.

NOTABLE DEED OF BRAVERY

It is this phase of the fight which will go down as one of the most gallant deeds in British naval history.

Beatty knew the risks he had to run, but he had to hold the enemy at all costs. He knew the Grand Fleet was not far behind, and he knew what it meant if he could hold on until Jellicoe arrived. What Beatty and his men went through during those hours of inferno no one but themselves can ever realize. Strong men, physically strong and strong of nerves, men who had looked death in the face in naval actions before, shuddered as they thought of it. "It was like forty thunderstorms rolled into one," said one of them. "It was as if all the ammunition in Britain and Germany

had been let off in one-half an hour," said another. "It was hell," was the commonest description.

The Queen Mary was the first to go under. A great shell punched through her over her thinner armor plate. Her magazine exploded and the gallant ship, almost the latest British battle-cruiser, buckled up and sank like a stone. The Indefatigable went next. It was not war, it was murder. German shells with poisonous gas exploded, filling the ships with their fumes and doing great havoc among the crews at their stations. Annihilating blasts from twelve-inch guns took the vessels like a tornado, wiping away men like flies.

The Lion and the Tiger, maneuvering with marvelous skill and speed, kept their heads up and their face to the enemy. Then Admiral Hood, with the Invincible, Inflexible and Indomitable, arrived from another station. With them came armored cruisers of the second cruiser squadron, including the Warrior, Defence and Black Prince, three gallant ships resting from their labors. The gallant and brilliant admiral put up a great fight against heavy odds, but fate was against him, and the Invincible, with a deadly torpedo in her hull, followed her sister ships to the bottom.

FLIGHT OF THE GERMANS

From four o'clock in the afternoon for something like four or five hours the battle-cruisers, with the four battleships, had engaged and held the enemy. Their part was finished, and never was more welcome the aid which came in the shape of the Grand Fleet. With its arrival the balance of strength passed from the Germans. For a time they fought a running-away

fight. They turned heel and made the shortest possible road for home. After them went the whole might of the British fleet and chased them home in the darkness to their lair, and adding in the process to the already heavy losses they incurred in the earlier phase of the battle.

DARKNESS SAVED THE GERMANS

The difficulties of the pursuers were increased by the growing darkness, and only eleven of all the British battleships managed to get a shot at the enemy before he had reached a place where Admiral Jellicoe deemed it would be foolhardy to attempt to dig him out. Admiral Jellicoe remained in the immediate neighborhood for twenty-four hours afterwards, waiting to give the Germans an opportunity of renewing the action on a grand scale, but nothing of the kind was attempted.

Under cover of night the German torpedo flotilla made an attack on the British fleet, but only succeeded in increasing their total of torpedo-boat losses.

The loss of life was very heavy, as dreadnaughts of the Warspite, Queen Mary, Kaiser and Lutzow classes have each a complement of upward of one thousand men, and most of the other warships, excluding destroyers, reported sunk carried each about seven hundred men. On the cruisers and destroyers whose loss was admitted in London there were all together about six thousand men. On the German vessels admitted lost there were probably two thousand two hundred men. Parts of the crews of the British ships were rescued by the Germans but, according to Berlin, of the seven hundred and ninety men aboard the Inde-

fatigable all but two lost their lives. Fishing craft made their way into Dutch ports laden with dead and wounded.

A British official statement showed that with a few exceptions all the officers on the *Invincible*, *Queen Mary*, *Indefatigable*, *Defense* and *Black Prince* were lost. All officers of the *Warrior* except one were saved.

On the German side the only definite statements as to loss of life were that three hundred and forty-two of the three hundred and sixty-one men in the crew of the cruiser *Frauenlob* perished; and that ninety-nine out of one hundred and two lost their lives on the torpedo-boat V-28. There were no estimates of the number of wounded, although these soon began to pour into London and were to be found on practically every vessel putting into Dutch and Danish ports.

The outstanding impression gained from a visit to east coast ports, to which some of the ships engaged in the Jutland battle returned, was that the result was much more satisfactory than the first official announcement led one to expect. It was an interesting experience to get into touch with men who had been through the fight. There was no pessimism there. They were firmly convinced the British warships gave as good and better than they got. They said that if the full tale of the German losses were told by Berlin the battle would be hailed as one of the finest actions of the British fleet.

Whatever the German mission in the daring enterprise directed northward—whether to break out into the Atlantic or to carry out another raid on the British coast—it failed. The British battle-cruisers met them,

THE GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

encountered the first of their battle-cruiser squadrons, gave them a merciless pounding and then when enemy reinforcements came held up the German battle fleet in a gallant but hopeless fight until the Grand Fleet arrived. Then the Germans, having bravely engaged a weaker force, bolted for home.

PLAYED GALLANTLY FOR HIGH STAKES

Vice Admiral Beatty could have avoided the fight, but it is not the British way. He knew the Grand Fleet was speeding to his aid. He knew that to engage the whole might of the German fleet was to sacrifice ships and men; but he knew also the high stakes he played for, and right gallantly did he do his part. Three of his battle-cruisers went to the bottom with their intrepid crews. Others came in bearing their battle scars, but Beatty's reputation stands untarnished.

CHAPTER VII

BRITAIN'S NAVY SAVES CIVILIZATION

TASKS OF THE NAVY—SUBSIDIARY DUTIES—COMMERCE PROTECTION — SAFEGUARDING THE FOOD SUPPLY—PATROLS—CLOSING THE ENEMY'S PORTS—TRANSPORT OF AN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE—MAIN OBJECT DESTRUCTION OF THE ENEMY'S FLEETS—GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS—CONDITIONS OF A GERMAN INITIATIVE.

THE THREE principal duties that the British Navy was called upon to perform at the outbreak of the war were, first, the securing of the seas for the passage of British ships, especially the safeguarding of the food supply and the transport of troops; secondly, the destruction by capture of hostile shipping with the object of depriving the enemy of his supplies and rendering futile all projects of invasion; thirdly, the destruction of the hostile fleets and naval bases. It was obvious that the last, for practical purposes, would comprehend the other two; but it was not so certain that opportunities would offer for its accomplishment. In the meantime it was to be hoped that the British fleet, by reason of its superior battle strength, would be able either to force the enemy to fight or to retire to his ports, and so afford an opportunity for its numerous cruisers to carry out the all-important work of safeguarding their own and destroying the enemy's commerce.

NAVY SAVES CIVILIZATION

SUBSIDIARY DUTIES

The wide development of the closely-knit system of commercial protection, and the effect of the offensive action of British cruisers upon the enemy's shipping, were perhaps not quite adequately realized by the British public at the commencement of the war. A few days after the beginning of hostilities nearly every street corner in London displayed a placard bearing the legend, "Olympic saved by British cruiser." The suggestion was that this was an isolated occurrence deserving of special and emphatic notice. As a matter of fact, this was merely one of many such accidents; or, to speak more correctly, it was an incident of the general situation at sea that the Olympic should have come under the direct convoy of the particular cruiser which saved her. What really saved her, what rendered her practically safe from one end of the voyage to the other, was the fact that the British and French cruisers guarding that particular line of communication were numerous, vigilant, and well-nigh ubiquitous; whereas, the enemy's cruisers seeking to assail that line were few and for the most part fugitive.

COMMERCE PROTECTION

This incident has been used to illustrate the true nature and the immense significance of what our forefathers called "the sea affair." From the moment when war became imminent the main British Fleet melted into space. Nothing was seen of any part of it, except of the flotillas patrolling British coasts. Nevertheless, although it was invisible, there was never in the world's history a more sudden, overwhelming, and

NAVY SAVES CIVILIZATION

all-pervading manifestation of the power of the sea than that given by the British Fleet, admirably seconded by that of France, in the first fortnight of the war. The rarity of properly-called naval incidents might have left a different impression. It might well have seemed that the Fleets of France and England had done nothing. As a matter of fact, they had done all in their power, and that all was stupendous. Those weeks saw German maritime commerce paralyzed; British maritime commerce fast returning to normal conditions in all the outer seas of the world, and not even wholly suspended in the area of immediate conflict. Nay, more, it was already seeking new realms to conquer—realms left derelict by the collapse of the maritime commerce of the enemy. That is, in a few words, the long and short of it. Prize Court notices of German and Austrian merchantmen captured on the seas or seized in British ports appeared daily in increasing numbers. Side by side with them appeared the familiar notices of the regular sailings of British liners for nearly all the ports of the outer seas. The newspapers published daily accounts of the new avenues of trade, manufacture, and transport opened up by the collapse of the enemy's commerce, and of the enterprise with which British merchants and manufacturers were preparing to exploit them.

CLOSING THE ENEMY'S PORTS

How it stood with Germany on the other hand there is unimpeachable German authority to show. At the outbreak of the war the *Vorwärts*, the German Socialist organ, said:



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A SURVIVOR OF THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.
The battle-scared side of a British warship which participated in the battle. The shell hole is plugged with bedding.

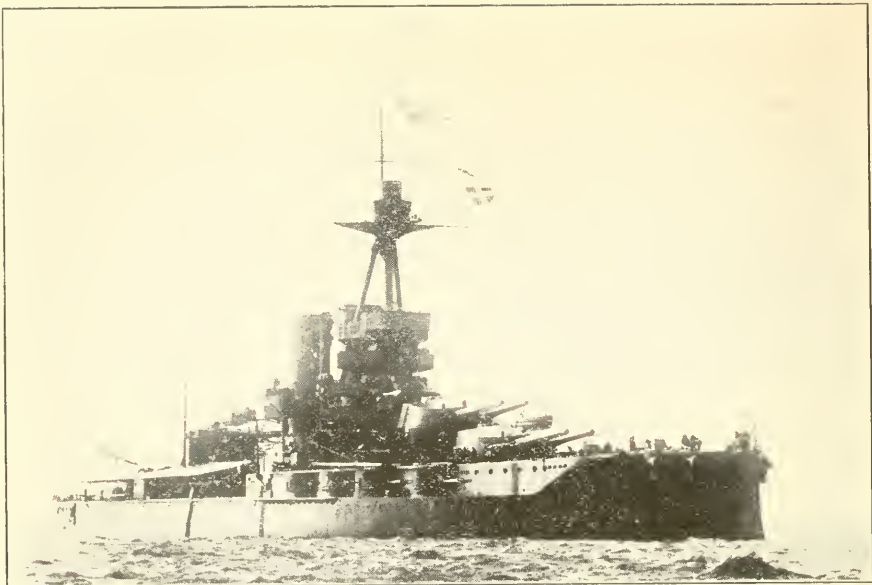


Photo from Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

GERMAN BATTLESHIP "POMMERN" SUNK OFF JUTLAND IN THE GREAT SEA FIGHT.



Photo from Underwood and Underwood N. Y.

BRITISH BATTLE CRUISER "QUEEN MARY" SUNK IN THE
NAVAL BATTLE OFF JUTLAND.

“If the British blockade took place, imports into Germany of roughly six thousand million marks (\$1,500,000,000) and exports of about eight thousand million marks (\$2,000,000,000) would be interrupted—together, an oversea trade of 14,000 millions of marks (\$3,500,000,000). This is assuming that Germany’s trade relations with Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, remained entirely uninfluenced by the war—an assumption the optimism of which is self-evident. A glance at the figures of the imports shows the frightful seriousness of the situation. What is the position, for example, of the German textile industry if it must forego the imports of oversea cotton, jute, and wool? If it must forego the 462 millions (\$115,000,000) of cotton from the United States, the seventy-three millions (\$18,250,000) of cotton from Egypt, the fifty-eight millions (\$14,500,000) of cotton from British India, the one hundred millions (\$25,000,000) of jute from the same countries, and further, the 121 millions (\$30,250,000) of merino wool from Australia, and the twenty-three millions (\$5,750,000) of the same material from the Argentine? What could she do in the event of a war of longer duration without these raw materials which in one year amount in value to 839 millions (\$207,500,000)?

“It may also be mentioned that Germany received in 1913 alone from the United States about 300 millions (\$75,000,000) of copper, and further that the petroleum import would be as good as completely shut down. The German leather industry is largely dependent on imports of hides from oversea. The Argentine alone

sent seventy-one millions (\$17,750,000) worth of hides. Agriculture would be sensibly injured by the interruption of the exports of saltpetre from Chile, which in 1913 were of the value of not less than 131 millions (\$32,750,000).

“The significance of an effective blockade of German foodstuffs is to be seen in the few following figures: The value in marks of wheat from the United States is 165 millions (\$41,250,000), from Russia eighty-one millions (\$20,250,000), from Canada fifty-one millions (\$12,750,000), from the Argentine seventy-five millions (\$18,750,000)—372 millions (\$93,000,000) from these four countries. There will also be a discontinuance of the importation from Russia of the following foodstuffs: eggs worth eighty millions (\$20,000,000), milk and butter sixty-three millions (\$15,750,000), hay thirty-two millions (\$8,000,000), lard from the United States worth one hundred and twelve millions (\$28,000,000), rice from British India worth forty-six millions (\$21,500,000), and coffee from Brazil worth one hundred and fifty-one millions (\$37,750,000) should be added to the foregoing. No one who contemplates without prejudice these few facts, to which many others could be added, will be able lightly to estimate the economic consequences of a war of long duration.

“If the British blockade took place,” said the *Vorwärts*, and it dwelt on the consequences of a war of long duration. The British blockade was actually taking place at the moment these words were written, though it was not called by that name for reasons which need not here be examined. Acting together with the hostility of Russia, which closed the whole of the

Russian frontier of Germany to the transit of merchandise either way, the control of sea communication established by the fleets of Britain and France had already secured the first fruits of those consequences of a war of long duration on which the *Vorwärts* dwelt with such pathetic significance. Those consequences were bound to be continuous and cumulative so long as the control of sea communications remained unrelaxed. The menace of the few German cruisers which were still at large was already abated. Already its bite had been found to be far less formidable than its bark. War premiums on British ships at sea were falling fast. German maritime commerce was uninsurable, and in fact there was none to insure. Its remains were stranded and derelict in many a neutral port. One of the greatest dangers, in the opinion of some eminent authorities the most serious danger, that Britain had to guard against in war was already averted, or would remain so as long as the control Britain had established over her sea communications continued to be effective. This was the first result of British naval preparations, the first great manifestation of sea power.

TRANSPORT OF AN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

But there was a second result far more dramatic than the first, and not less significant in its implications, nor in its concrete manifestation of the overwhelming power of the sea. The whole of the Expeditionary Force, with all its manifold equipment for taking and keeping the field, had been silently, secretly, swiftly, and safely transported to the conti-

ment without the slightest show of opposition from the Power which thought itself strong enough to challenge the unaggressive mistress of the seas. "Germany," says the Preamble to the Navy Law of 1900, "must possess a battle fleet of such strength that even for the most powerful naval adversary a war would involve such risks as to make that Power's own supremacy doubtful." Such a war had now been forced upon Britain, and one of its first accomplished results had been the entirely successful completion of an operation which, if the enemy had deemed British naval supremacy even so much as doubtful, he might have been expected to put forth his uttermost efforts to impeach. That Germany declined the challenge was a proof even more striking of the power of superior force at sea than the action of the British Navy upon the trade routes of the world.

MAIN OBJECT DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY'S FLEET

The third task of the Navy was the destruction of the hostile fleet. However great might be the immediate consequences of command of the sea, these advantages did not constitute the final and paramount end at which Britain should aim. That end was the overthrow of the enemy's fleets at sea. Britain could only wait until the enemy gave her the opportunity, but then Britain must make the best of it. The essential thing is always that if and when the enemy comes out in force he may be encountered as soon as may be in superior force, and forthwith brought to decisive action in a life-and-death struggle for the supreme prize of all naval warfare. Nothing can be

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further from the purpose of a superior navy than to keep the enemy's fleet penned up in his ports. "I beg to inform your Lordship," wrote Nelson in 1804, "that the port of Toulon has never been blockaded by me; quite the reverse—every opportunity has been offered to the enemy to put to sea, for it is there that we hope to realize the hopes and expectations of our country and I trust they will not be disappointed." But how if the enemy will not put to sea with his battle fleet? Then Britain could only wait, and in the meanwhile use her best endeavors to parry his sporadic acts of aggression and to give him as much more than he gets as she could manage. The *rationale* of this type of naval warfare—the type most likely to prevail between two belligerents, one of whom is appreciably stronger in all the elements of naval force than the other—is expounded as follows in Thursfield's book on "Naval Warfare":

"The weaker belligerent will at the outset keep his battle fleet in his fortified ports. The stronger may do the same, but he will be under no such paramount inducement to do so. Both sides will, however, send out their torpedo craft and supporting cruisers with intent to do as much harm as they can to the armed forces of the enemy. If one belligerent can get his torpedo craft to sea before the enemy is ready, he will, if he is the stronger of the two, forthwith attempt to establish as close and sustained a watch of the ports sheltering the enemy's armed forces as may be practicable; if he is the weaker he will attempt sporadic attacks on the ports of his adversary and on such of his warships as may be found in the open. . . . Such

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attacks may be very effective and may even go so far to redress the balance of naval strength as to encourage the originally weaker belligerent to seek a decision in the open. But the forces of the stronger belligerent must be very badly handled and disposed for anything of the kind to take place. The advantage of superior force is a tremendous one. If it is associated with energy, determination, initiative, and skill of disposition no more than equal to those of the assailant, it is overwhelming. The sea-keeping capacity, or what has been called the enduring mobility, of torpedo craft is comparatively small. Their coal supply is limited, especially when they are steaming at full speed, and they carry no very large reserve of torpedoes. They must, therefore, very frequently return to a base to replenish their supplies. The superior enemy is, it is true, subject to the same disabilities, but being superior he has more torpedo craft to spare and more cruisers to attack the torpedo craft of the enemy and their own escort of cruisers. When the raiding torpedo craft return to their base, he will make it very difficult for them to get in and just as difficult for them to get out again. He will suffer losses, of course, for there is no superiority of force that will confer immunity in that respect in war. But even between equal forces, equally well led and handled, there is no reason to suppose that the losses of one side will be more than equal to those of the other; whereas if one side is superior to the other it is reasonable to suppose that it will inflict greater losses on the enemy than it suffers itself, while even if the losses are equal the residue of the stronger force will still be greater than that of the weaker."

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GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

One must not assume, when the enemy does not come out, that the menace and display of superior force in every direction have acted as a deterrent and quelled initiative to the point of paralysis. No such hypothesis can be entertained on the merely negative evidence of a situation still obscure and undeveloped. It is far more likely that the enemy is preparing some great *coup* requiring him to keep all his available forces in hand and to use them when the time comes with the utmost vigor and determination. At any rate, that is what the British Fleet had to be prepared for. It must stand at all times in full readiness to parry the blow, whensoever and wheresoever it is delivered; to anticipate it, if it may be, and in any case to meet the enemy with a vigor, determination, and skill not inferior to his own, and with a force so superior as to crown the British arms with victory. No nation which wages war on the seas can hope for anything more or better than a decision sought and obtained on terms such as these.

CONDITIONS OF A GERMAN INITIATIVE

In the circumstances which prevailed in the war in 1914, it was peculiarly probable that the German Navy would, at the outset, show an apparent feebleness of initiative. In connection with the first great German Navy Bill of 1900 it was laid down that the German Navy need not be as strong as that of the greatest naval Power "for, as a rule, a great naval power will not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us." Actually it was the German Navy that was at

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the outset least able "to concentrate all its forces" against "the greatest naval Power." The German Fleet was compelled at first to be a two-fold containing force—against a formidable military adversary in the Baltic and against an overwhelmingly superior naval adversary in the North Sea. To go out to fight in the North Sea might be to uncover the Baltic coasts of Germany to the assaults of Russia from the sea and thereby greatly to facilitate the military operations of Russia in that region.

CHAPTER VIII

VERDUN: THE GREATEST BATTLE IN HISTORY

STRATEGIC SITUATION OF VERDUN—AN UNEX-
AMPLED HUMAN FLOOD—A HALF-MILLION MEN IN
HIDING—A GLIMPSE OF THE GERMAN FRONT—
GATHERING FOR THE DEFENSE—A BURIED FORT-
RESS—A FRENCH CHARGE—DESPERATE HAND-TO-
HAND FIGHTING—BUILDING FORTIFICATIONS UNDER
FIRE—THE HEROIC BLASTING CORPS—ADVANCING
LIKE MOLES—FIGHTING WITH UNFIXED BAYONETS
—A BATTLE OF MADMEN IN A VOLCANO—INSANE
FROM WOUNDS.

THE CITY OF VERDUN itself, in spite of its high, encircling walls and citadel covering an immense subterranean town, has no longer any military significance; it owes its importance to the belt of detached forts which, spreading over a circuit of forty-eight kilometers (thirty miles), was intended to render stationary an entire army, to insure the investment of the city in view of a regular siege. General Séré de Rivières, the creator of the intrenched camp, estimated that it would take four army corps (160,000 men) to besiege it. But the attack had forces of a very different character and means of action which Séré de Rivières could not have guessed at, and was made at first on a sector of about seven kilometers (four and a half

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miles), that is to say, on one-seventh of the line of forts.

Séré de Rivières held that an offensive against Verdun must of necessity be directed against the works on the left (west) bank of the Meuse, which makes a curve from Dugny, down stream, to Charny, up stream; he thought that the line of the ridges of the Meuse was too strong to be the object of an attack, and considered hazardous any operations on the central sector. Yet this sector was the one attacked.

AN UNEXAMPLED HUMAN FLOOD

The enormous human flood, rushing upon a narrow stream, is without example in history. It explains the successive withdrawals of the Allies' troops up to the limits fixed by Séré de Rivières for the advanced defenses toward Douaumont, limits which the enemy did not quite reach.

It is still too early to attempt even a general historical sketch of the conflict. It will be more useful at this juncture to place on record some of the most vivid and stirring descriptions by eye witnesses. And first it may be well to get a panoramic view of the whole battleground as seen by a British correspondent with the French Army.

"Throughout the vast amphitheater," he writes, "twenty miles wide and ten miles deep, not a single human being was visible aside from the little group of officers around me. Over there to the northwest lies the broad dark bank of Malancourt Woods, which we know to be a busy hive of Bavarian and Württemberg grenadiers, sharpshooters, flame-squirters and gunners.

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Beyond them on the horizon the queer cone of Mont-faucon, long the Crown Prince's headquarters, is plainly visible. Passing eastward the two French bulwarks of Hill 304 and Dead Man's Hill block the view northward. Then across the wide and still flooded valley of the Meuse we scan a higher and more deeply indented plateau directly north of Verdun.

“Through field-glasses we can follow every rise and fall of these forever famous slopes—the long shoulder of Talou in the bend of the river and behind in the Caures Woods, where the first avalanche fell, the Poivre-Louvemont block, which runs back north-eastward, and then to our right the Haudromont Woods, Douaumont Plateau, and Vaux Woods of bloody memories, and in the whole panorama there is not visible a single human being. In the hollow behind us lies the ancient City of Verdun under a cloud of purple smoke that tells the old tale of Teutonic vengeance.

A HALF-MILLION MEN IN HIDING

“Overhead several aeroplanes are soaring, and westward I can count five of the anchored observation balloons called sausages. Before us a network of communication trenches climbs up the open slopes, and, although invisible, we know it continues through coppices and forest patches toward the summits where geyser-like eruptions of earth mark the main stress of the artillery duel. The crest of Douaumont, in particular, is continually shattered into a crown of cloud and around it the succession of gun flashes might be mis-

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taken for heliograph signals were it not for the accompanying muffled roar of explosions.

“It is what they call a calm day on the front, but the sunshine deceives us when it gilds this scene into a semblance of peace. Before and around and behind us, hidden away underground and in less elaborate cover, half a million men armed with every deadly device modern science can suggest lie in wait, each host watching for any sign of weakness on the part of the other. The preparations for a tomorrow, wrapped in mystery save to a few chiefs themselves, never for a moment cease.

“Under its empty and smiling surface the bastion of Verdun is a vast human ant-hill seething with multifarious labor. The war has gone underground again in this sector, and that is the mark that the French victory is definitive.”

A GLIMPSE OF THE GERMAN FRONT

A glimpse from the German front is given by an American:

“The important village of Esnes, lying south of Hill 304, is already suffering under the hail of German shells. There is something awe-inspiring, even stupefying, about this battle, raging from Fort de Belleville to Hill 304, particularly when one remembers that this is only one of three sectors of the battle for Verdun.

“The unequivocal emptiness and loneliness of vast battlefields give you a creepy sensation as of phantom armies fighting. Their presence, as I gazed today, was betrayed only by frequent fitful flashes of flame like fireflies on a summer night. One could see miles of

these fireflies, despite the bright sunlight, each marking the mouth of a gun. They made one realize more vividly than figures possibly could how thickly the iron girdle tightening about Verdun is studded with German batteries. Not a man, horse, wagon, or motor could be seen moving about that fire-swept zone bounded by the rival artilleries.

“The only human touch was a giant yellow Cyclop’s eye, blinking at us—a German heliograph in action. Turning about, we saw its mate winking back, but the theme of its luminous dialogue was not for publication.

“Even more fascinating than the unique bird’s-eye view of the Verdun panorama was the grandeur of the battle symphony, surpassing anything ever heard before on any front. A deep, low, and unchanging basic leitmotif was played by the distant guns from as far away as the Argonne at the right and from Douaumont and the east and south fronts of Verdun to the left. Varying melodies, rising and falling in pitch, intensity and volume, were played by the nearby guns.”

GATHERING FOR THE DEFENSE

That same night a writer on the French side witnessed the silent gathering of forces to defend Avocourt Wood, and between dawn and noon the fierce engagement in which the German attack was defeated. Mark how his words bring the stirring picture before the mind’s eye:

“At midnight the concentration is completed and the reserves are in their appointed places. Is the cannonade fiercer or less fierce? I cannot say. The noise is so deafening that I have lost the power of

judging its intensity. I cannot even distinguish the explosion of the shells that fall near the listening post where we are sheltered. Only when they burst, the post and the earth around it shudder like a ship at full speed. Their explosion is but a minor note in the hurricane of sound. The French artillery is 'preparing' Avocourt Wood, where the German infantry is massed in force.

"The searchlights throw patch after patch of trees into bright relief, like the swiftly changing scenes of a cinematograph. Through binoculars one has a frightful vision. Not a yard of ground fails to receive the shock of a projectile. The solid earth bubbles before my eyes. Trees split and spring into the air. It is a surface earthquake with nothing spared, nothing stable. The Germans have abandoned the outlying brushwood and are huddled in the inmost recesses of the woods, but the French artillery pursues them pitilessly.

A BURIED FORTRESS

"Nearly three hundred yards from the rim of brushwood the defenders—Prussians and Bavarians—have constructed a kind of redoubt which they expect to be the rock on which all attacks will break. The searchlights reveal their fortress; it is a wall of earth and tree trunks and seems half buried in the ground. Now and again in the patches of brightness one sees tiny shadows running, falling, rolling over or flitting from trunk to trunk, like frightened night creatures surprised by sudden daylight. It is the soldiers of the Kaiser trying vainly to escape from the rain of death.

“Dawn breaks, and the searchlight beams vanish as the first grayness of morning rolls away night’s curtain from the battlefield. We shiver in our blockhouse; is it cold, or nervousness? The officers around me say the moment has come. It is an agony of expectation; the attack is about to break.

“A shrill ringing startles every one. The Captain springs to the telephone, listens for an instant, and then cries: ‘All goes well!’ in a firm voice. He hangs up the receiver, murmuring, ‘They’re off.’

“Our guns still thunder, but they have lengthened their range, and the line of smoke-blobs opposite leaps forward toward the horizon. Suddenly the mitrail-leuses set up a rattle right in front of us. They are firing from our front-line trenches in a concave around the eastern corner of Avocourt Wood.

A FRENCH CHARGE

“Some one grabs my arms and points northward. Down the slopes of Hill 304 a multitude of nimble figures are rushing westward. Their numbers increase; armed warriors spring from the ground, as in the old Greek legend. ‘Our men,’ says the officer beside me. It is the soldiers of France at the charge.

“For a while they are sheltered from the German fire by a swelling billow of ground. They mount its crest and pour headlong downward. Now the pace is slower; they advance singly or in scattered groups—crawling, leaping, running, each man taking advantage of every atom of cover. The leaders have reached the first trench that lies across the path; but, see! they pass it without hesitating, as though it were a tiny brook.

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"I learned afterward that a hundred tree trunks had been arranged like bridges all along the trench.

"Now the whole mass is across and we can see what cunning brain has planned the attack. For the charging men go straight forward like runners between strings, leaving open lanes along which their comrades can still fire upon the defenders.

DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING

"At last the edge of the woods is reached, and the rattle of the mitrailleuses ceases. It is hand-to-hand now in that chaos of storm-tossed earth and tortured trees. Rifles are useless there; it is work for bayonet or revolver, for butt and club, or even for fists and teeth. Corpses are everywhere; the men fall over them at each step—some to rise no more—until the bodies form veritable heaps, among which the living fight and wrestle."

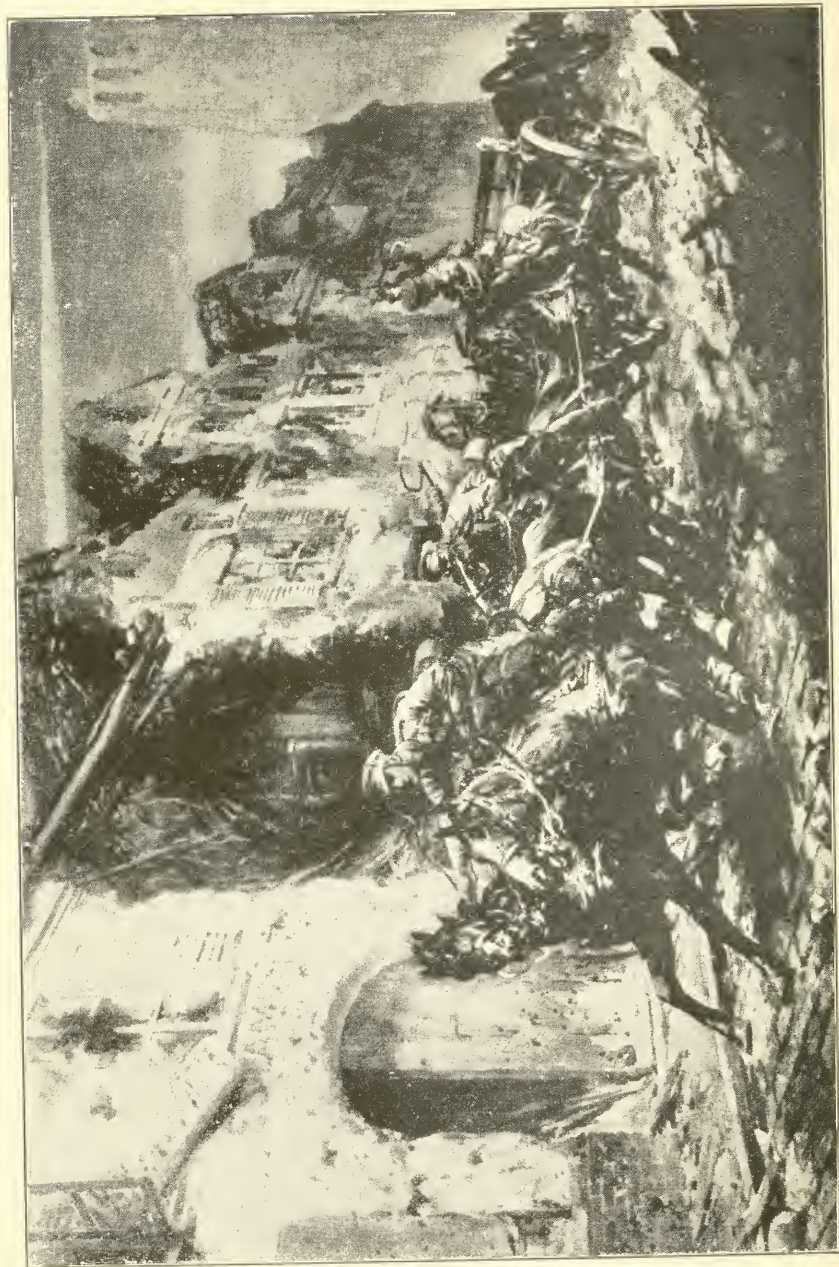
The fiercest struggle on the sector between Douaumont and Vaux was that which raged around Caillette Wood. Eye witnesses describe it as one of the most thrilling episodes in the whole great series of battles. The importance of the position lay in the fact that if the Germans could keep it they could force the French to abandon the entire ridge. The heroic deeds on both sides in the French recapture of this ground are narrated by a staff correspondent in the following remarkable story:

"The Germans had taken Caillette after twelve hours' bombardment, which seemed even to beat the Verdun record for intensity. The French curtain fire had checked their further advance, and a savage



THE "STIRRUP-CHARGE" OF THE SCOTS GRAYS AND HIGHLANDERS AT ST. QUENTIN.

The Scots Grays and the Highlanders together took part in Flanders not in one charge, but in a series of charges as at Waterloo, bursting into the thick of the enemy, the Highlanders holding on to the stirrup leathers of the Grays as the horsemen galloped, and attacking hand to hand. The Germans had the surprise of their lives and broke and fled before the sudden and unexpected onslaught, suffering severe losses alike from the swords of the cavalry and the bayonets of the Highland infantrymen.



RUSHING A GUN TO THE FIRING LINE.
With the Royal Horse Artillery in Flanders.

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countercharge in the early afternoon had gained for the defenders a corpse-strewn welter of splintered trees and shell-shattered ground that had been the southern corner of the wood. Further charges had broken against a massive barricade, the value of which as a defense paid good interest on the expenditure of German lives which its construction demanded.

“A wonderful work had been accomplished that Sunday forenoon in the livid, London-like fog and twilight produced by the lowering clouds and battle smoke. While the German assault columns in the van fought the French hand to hand, picked corps of workers behind them formed an amazing human chain from the woods to the east over the shoulder of the center of the Douaumont slope to the crossroads of a network of communication trenches, six hundred yards in the rear.

BUILDING FORTIFICATIONS UNDER FIRE

“Four deep was this chain, and along its line of nearly three thousand men passed an unending stream of wooden billets, sandbags, chevaux-de-frise, steel shelters, and light mitrailleuses, in a word, all the material for defensive fortifications, like buckets at a country fire.

“Despite the hurricane of French artillery fire, the German commander had adopted the only possible means of rapid transport over the shell-torn ground, covered with débris, over which neither horse nor cart could go. Every moment counted. Unless barriers rose swiftly the French counter-attacks, already massing, would sweep the assailants back into the wood.

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“Cover was disdained. The workers stood at full height, and the chain stretched openly across the hollows and hillocks, a fair target for the French gunners. The latter missed no chance. Again and again great rents were torn in the line by the bursting melinite, but as coolly as at maneuvers the iron-disciplined soldiers of Germany sprang forward from shelters to take the places of the fallen, and the work went apace.

“Gradually another line doubled the chain of the workers, as the upheaved corpses formed a continuous embankment, each additional dead man giving greater protection to his comrades, until the barrier began to form shape along the diameter of the wood. There others were digging and burying logs deep into the earth, installing shelters and mitrailleuses, or feverishly building fortifications.

“At last the work was ended at fearful cost, but as the vanguard sullenly withdrew behind it, from the whole length burst a havoc of flame upon the advancing Frenchmen. Vainly the latter dashed forward. They could not pass, and as the evening fell the barrier still held, covering the German working parties, burrowing like moles in the maze of trenches and boyaux.

THE HEROIC BLASTING CORPS

“So solid was the barricade, padded with sand bags and earthworks, that the artillery fire fell practically unavailing, and the French General realized that the barrier must be breached by explosives as in Napoleon’s battles.

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"It was eight o'clock, and already pitch dark in that blighted atmosphere, as a special blasting corps, as devoted as the German chain workers, crept forward toward the German position. The rest of the French waited, sheltered in the ravine east of Douaumont, until an explosion should signal the assault.

"In Indian file, to give the least possible sign of their presence to the hostile sentinels, the blasting corps advanced in a long line, at first with comparative rapidity, only stiffening into the grotesque rigidity of simulated death when the searchlights played upon them, and resuming progress when the beam shifted; then as they approached the barrier they moved slowly and more slowly.

"When they arrived within fifty yards the movement of the crawling men became imperceptible; the German starshells and sentinels surpassed the searchlights in vigilance.

"The blasting corps lay at full length, just like hundreds of other motionless forms about them, but all were working busily. With a short trowel each file leader scuffled the earth from under the body, taking care not to raise his arms, and gradually making a shallow trench deep enough to hide him. The others followed his example until the whole line had sunk below the surface. Then the leader began scooping gently forward while his followers deepened the furrow already made.

ADVANCING LIKE MOLES

"Thus literally, inch by inch, the files stole forward, sheltered in a narrow ditch from the gusts of German

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mitrailleuse fire that constantly swept the terrain. Here and there the sentinel's eye caught a suspicious movement and an incautiously raised head sank down, pierced by a bullet. But the stealthy mole-like advance continued.

"Hours passed. It was nearly dawn when the remnant of the blasting corps reached the barricade at last, and hurriedly put their explosives in position. Back they wriggled breathlessly. An over-hasty movement meant death, yet they must needs hurry lest the imminent explosions overwhelm them.

"Suddenly there comes a roar that dwarfs the cannonade, and along the barrier fountains of fire rise skyward, hurling a rain of fragments upon what was left of the blasting party.

"The barricade was breached, but seventy-five per cent of the devoted corps had given their lives to do it.

"As the survivors lay exhausted, the attackers charged over them, cheering. In the *mêlée* that followed there was no room to shoot or wield the rifle.

FIGHTING WITH UNFIXED BAYONETS

"Some of the French fought with unfixed bayonets like the stabbing swords of the Roman legions. Others had knives or clubs. All were battle-frenzied, as only Frenchmen can be.

"The Germans broke, and as the first rays of dawn streaked the sky, only a small northern section of the wood was still in their hands. There a similar barrier stopped progress, and it was evident that the night's work must be repeated. But the hearts of the French

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soldiers were leaping with victory as they dug furiously to consolidate the ground they had gained, strewn with German bodies as thick as leaves.

“Over six thousand Germans were counted in a section a quarter of a mile square, and the conquerors saw why their cannonade had been so ineffective. The enemy had piled a second barrier of corpses close behind the first, so that the soft human flesh would act as a buffer to neutralize the force of the shells.”

These sketchy descriptions give a vivid idea of the raging torrent of death around Verdun. Only one more needs to be added—that of a French staff captain:

A BATTLE OF MADMEN IN A VOLCANO

“Verdun has become a battle of madmen in the midst of a volcano. Whole regiments melt in a few minutes, and others take their places only to perish in the same way. Between Saturday morning (May 20) and noon Tuesday (May 23) we estimate that the Germans used up 100,000 men on the west Meuse front alone. That is the price they paid for the recapture of our recent gains and the seizure of our outlying positions. The valley separating Le Mort Homme from Hill 287 is choked with bodies. A full brigade was mowed down in a quarter hour’s holocaust by our machine-guns. Le Mort Homme itself passed from our possession, but the crescent Bourrus position to the south prevents the enemy from utilizing it.

“The scene there is appalling, but is dwarfed in comparison with fighting around Douaumont. West of the Meuse, at least, one dies in the open air, but at

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Douaumont is the horror of darkness, where the men fight in tunnels, screaming with the lust of butchery, deafened by shells and grenades, stifled by smoke.

INSANE FROM WOUNDS

“Even the wounded refuse to abandon the struggle. As though possessed by devils, they fight on until they fall senseless from loss of blood. A surgeon in a front-line post told me that, in a redoubt at the south part of the fort, of 200 French dead fully half had more than two wounds. Those he was able to treat seemed utterly insane. They kept shouting war cries and their eyes blazed, and, strangest of all, they appeared indifferent to pain. At one moment anesthetics ran out owing to the impossibility of bringing forward fresh supplies through the bombardment. Arms, even legs, were amputated without a groan, and even afterward the men seemed not to have felt the shock. They asked for a cigarette or inquired how the battle was going.

“The dogged tenacity needed to continue the resistance far surpasses the furious élan of the attack. We know, too, the Germans cannot long maintain their present sacrifices. Since Saturday the enemy has lost two, if not three, for each one of us. Every bombardment withstood, every rush checked, brings nearer the moment of inevitable exhaustion. Then will come our recompense for these days of horror.

CHAPTER IX

FIGHTING THE SUBMARINE

SECRET METHODS OF DESTROYING SUBMARINES—
THE FISHERMEN'S IMPORTANT PART — SPOTTING
THE SUBMARINE WAVE—USING THE MICROPHONE—
LIEUTENANT WENNINGER'S ADVENTURES—CAUGHT
IN A STEEL NET — EXPLOITS OF BRITISH SUBMA-
RINES—HUNTING SUBMARINES WITH SEAPLANES—
—A BOUT WITH A ZEPPELIN.

IT IS DOUBTFUL whether the principal secret means used by the British for combating submarines will ever be revealed. What they purchased by long, arduous, and terrible experience will not be discussed for the enlightenment of foes, but will remain rather a hidden fund of working knowledge to be handed down in training with other valuable traditions of the Senior Service.

The new art of submarine hunting was developed with deadly passion after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. With their wide experience in delivering submarine attacks in the Heligoland Bight, the Dardanelles, and the Baltic, the British officers knew so fully what the submarine could do, that they were able to devise ways of combating the class of vessels they used so well. These Sea Lords also called men of science to their aid, with the result that strange devices of many kinds were constructed. Many hundreds of small, fast, handy vessels

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were added to the Grand Fleet in order to extend and accelerate the operations against U-boats. It was during this great increase in the number of British warships that one grand and happy discovery was made. The long-trained officers and men could be relied on to carry out their varied tasks with fine skill and flexibility of mind. But long-service naval men were not sufficient in number to man the immense number of small craft added to the Home Fleet. Even the Royal Naval Reserve was not large enough to supplement the ordinary ratings; for ships were increasing in number, with swarms of new light cruisers, destroyers, and little motor-vessels of terrific speed. Many fishermen, therefore, were called up for service.

THE FISHERMEN'S IMPORTANT PART

The fishermen were the least experienced of all the British fighting seamen. They began on the humble but dangerous job of trawling for mines and keeping clear the fairways to England's ports. The noble courage of these men was displayed in the Dardanelles and on the Belgian coast, where they coolly fished up enemy mines under heavy fire from hostile land-batteries. This is only what one would expect from the best deep-sea fishermen in the world. After years of perilous endurance, by which they won food for the nation at the risk of their lives, they were not the men to flinch from the work of saving the Fleet. At first, however, their labor was rather of a passive kind. Few of them could take part in the active work of sinking enemy ships. Yet by an extraordinary vicissitude of circumstances, these quiet, steady drudges of the

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Grand Fleet became the most deadly active fighters of the modern scientific school. They it was who developed submarine killing into a science that staggered and daunted the most adventurous spirits of the German Navy.

SPOTTING THE SUBMARINE WAVE

The most important beat along the English shores was held by a band of fishermen, with a naval officer partly directing them and partly learning from them. Manning a small squadron of fishing boats, they watched for German submarines as they used to watch for a school of mackerel. There was a certain wave for which the look-outs always searched. No matter at what depth an 800-ton submarine traveled, it produced a curious wave on the surface of the water, and the trained eyes of the fishermen were able to discern this wave with exceptional quickness. Men with a naval rating knew how to handle guns, and intricate machinery, but deep-sea fishermen, who had searched the waters since boyhood for schools of fish, had a quicker knack of spotting a submarine wave. This disturbance was often very small, especially when the water was broken or choppy; but the fishermen on Beat 1 did not let many underwater craft go unperceived and unattacked. There was that in their hearts that quickened their eyesight. One of them said that almost every time when he was watching the water he seemed to see the floating hands and drifting hair of the women and children who were drowned in the *Lusitania*. A cold, sustained Berserker rage against the assassins of the sea nerved the fishermen

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to their unending, weary, deadly task. Men of slow minds, patient and quiet in trouble, and hammered by a hard seafaring life into a sort of mild endurance, it took much to rouse them into lasting passion; but their ordinary quality of patience became terrible when it was bent by the hands of dead women and children to the work of retribution. But it may be said that any U-boat they perceived far under the water seldom rose again. It was trapped—the great, steel-built, mechanical fish—before it could rise and use its weapons; and as the trap closed round it, something came down through the waves and cut the great steel fish in two. There was no fight, though the German Marine Office often complained that British fighting vessels caught their unsuspecting submarines on the surface and shattered them with quick-firing guns. This was not how the work was carried out, though there may have been some artillery duels in the opening phase of the campaign. The main work of destruction was done by “fishing,” with fishermen in fishing boats matched against an unseen submarine that did not even show its periscope.

USING THE MICROPHONE

One of the methods by which the U-boats were hunted down was devised by Mr. William Dutilier, who invented a mechanism for the Allies by means of which a submarine traveling fully submerged could be located within a radius of twenty miles. The mechanism consisted of a microphone which picked up the hum of the electric motors used in a submerged submarine. There was a sound-sieve which kept out

all other noises coming through the water—the vibration of engines, and beating of propellers in passing vessels—so that only the whine of electric motors used in submarines was picked up.

Two detectors were submerged at a considerable distance apart, and made so that they could be turned to get in direct line with the submarine. An increase in the volume of sound received told when the detector was being turned in the right direction; and when both detectors were fully responding, a rapid and simple trigonometrical calculation gave the position of the submarine. The tract of water covered by the detector had been mapped out beforehand in numbered squares, known to all the guardships. At the signal, they steamed to the square the submarine was approaching, and there began their trapping and killing operation, while the detectors and the detecting officers kept them informed of all further movements by the hidden German war-shark.

There is no special information concerning the methods by which the enormous transport of troops and war material across the Channel was protected against the German submarines. All that we know is that this protection became stronger as the war went on, the mining of the hospital-ship *Anglia* being a disaster of a rare kind. According to an enemy source, the "Vossische Zeitung," the French and British naval authorities closed the narrow seas by huge steel nets, sometimes forty miles long, in which hostile submarines were entangled until their crews were suffocated. The enemy's account, which we give for what it is worth, is as follows:

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A net has been drawn from Dover to the French coast opposite, and another from Portland Bill, near Weymouth, to Cape La Hague. Between these two nets there is a space of over one hundred and fifty miles, sufficient for all transport service. Further, a net extends from the Mull of Kintyre in Scotland to Ireland, and another from Carnsore Point in Ireland to St. David's Head in South Wales, in order to protect the Irish Sea.

To allow the passage of trading vessels and the warships of the Allies, these nets have been fitted with gates which can be shut and opened, like pontoons. These passages are known only to the British Admiralty, and are often changed. Since submarines can descend to three hundred feet under water, these nets reach to sea-bottom, as the Channel is never deeper than two hundred and sixty-five feet.

The upper edge of the net is fastened to buoys, and both upper and lower edges are anchored so that storms and ebb and flood tides cannot change the position of the net or damage it in any way. The anchor chains are also so shortened that the buoys are a few feet below the level of the water, consequently the submarines cannot see the nets either above or below the water. If one of them plunges into the net, it becomes entangled and so damaged that it is an easy prey to the enemy.

LIEUTENANT WENNINGER'S ADVENTURES

Small nets were largely employed by both British and German surface vessels engaged in hunting underwater craft. From Lieutenant Wenninger, commander of the German submarine U17, we have a lively account of his escape from the British net throwers off the East Coast. He left his base early one morning, and passed into the North Sea with hull submerged and periscope awash. On looking through the periscope he could see a red buoy behind his boat. He looked again ten minutes later, and saw the buoy still at the same distance behind him. He steered to the right,

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he steered to the left, but the buoy followed him. He descended deep into the water, and then rose until his periscope was again awash, but still saw the buoy floating on the surface above him. He had caught the chain of the buoy and was dragging it along with him, and a small British patrol-boat had observed the strange voyage of the buoy, and was intently following it, and calling with her wireless.

Wenninger then revealed the fact that the German submarines hunted down British ships by means of microphone detectors, which have a longer range than the periscopes; for he said that his sounding apparatus indicated that two steamers were approaching, and soon afterwards he saw five British torpedo-boats coming from the north. The German officer first increased the speed of his vessel with the intention of attacking the foremost torpedo craft. But he noticed that they were ranging themselves around him in a menacing semicircle; and, giving up the idea of an attack, he dived as deep as possible, and began to crawl away. Suddenly it seemed that an accident had happened to his boat. It rolled in a most alarming manner, and rose and sank uncontrollably, as though the steering-gear was out of order.

CAUGHT IN A STEEL NET

But Wenninger discovered that it was not his steering-gear which was wrong, but his boat. One of the hunting torpedo-boats had steamed in front of him and had dropped a steel net. The U-boat had driven into it, and had got entangled in an almost hopeless manner. For an hour and a half the netting carried

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the submarine with it, and though Wenninger made every effort to get clear, pumping up and down, and trying to work under the net, it was all in vain. His boat was always dragged back. He then resolved to increase the weight of the submarine as much as possible, and attempt to tear through the netting. He was fortunate in having pumped in about six tons of water when he started. He now filled all the tanks to their limit, and drove clear of the netting. He then descended as low as he could; and with his menometer marking thirty meters, he stayed under for eighteen hours, but when at last he rose, his menometer still showed thirty meters, and his compass and rudder also refused to work. Moreover, the torpedo-boats were still watching close above him. Down he went again to the bottom of the sea for another six hours, by the end of which time he had repaired his steering-gear, and had got his compass to work. Once more he lifted his periscope, only to bring a vigilant torpedo-boat charging straight at him. So he went again to the bottom for two hours, and at night managed to crawl away unobserved.

Lieutenant von Hersing had a somewhat similar adventure in a British net on his way to the Mediterranean and his victories over the *Triumph* and the *Majestic*.

EXPLOITS OF BRITISH SUBMARINES

British submarine boats also had some horrible escapes from German nets. The Germans used aircraft to spot submerged boats. One of these was seen from above when she was lying in the mouth of a German

river. There was only five feet of water over her conning-tower, so that even a torpedo-boat would strike her while steaming over. The British commander thought that all was lost, for he heard the rasp of a wire trawl sweeping over his hull. But to save the nerves of his men he turned on a gramophone, which made a noise covering the deadly outside sound. Happily the wire trawl did not catch on the boat, and after conducting the search in a most thorough but fruitless manner, the Germans went away, and in due course the submarine got home.

In another case a British submarine ran her nose into a German net, and rose to the surface so that the entanglement could be cut away. But as soon as she rose, down fell an aerial bomb. A Zeppelin was waiting above the net, while calling with her wireless for destroyers to come and finish the British vessel. Escaping the bombs, the entangled submarine descended very carefully and slowly, in order that the net should not get more closely wrapped around her. The British commander wriggled and maneuvered his vessel, listening for the scrape of the steel links on his hull, and guessing blindly at the results of all his workings. At last he drew quite clear of the web of death, and sat his boat on the bottom of the sea and thought out the next move. His problem was to decide whether it would be better to push away under water and warn other British submarines of the snare, or wait until the German destroyers arrived in answer to the call of the Zeppelin, and attack them when they thought they had an easy victim still tangled up in the net. He resolved to try for the double event. When his sound

detectors told him that there were four destroyers searching above him, he rose, and going towards the sound of the nearest screw, got a torpedo home on one of his enemies and crumbled her up. He then dived and waited, following the sound of the next destroyer that came to take the damaged vessel in tow. Again the British submarine rose, and with her last torpedo she smashed up the second destroyer. Then she went on to the rendezvous, and reached it in time to warn other British underwater craft.

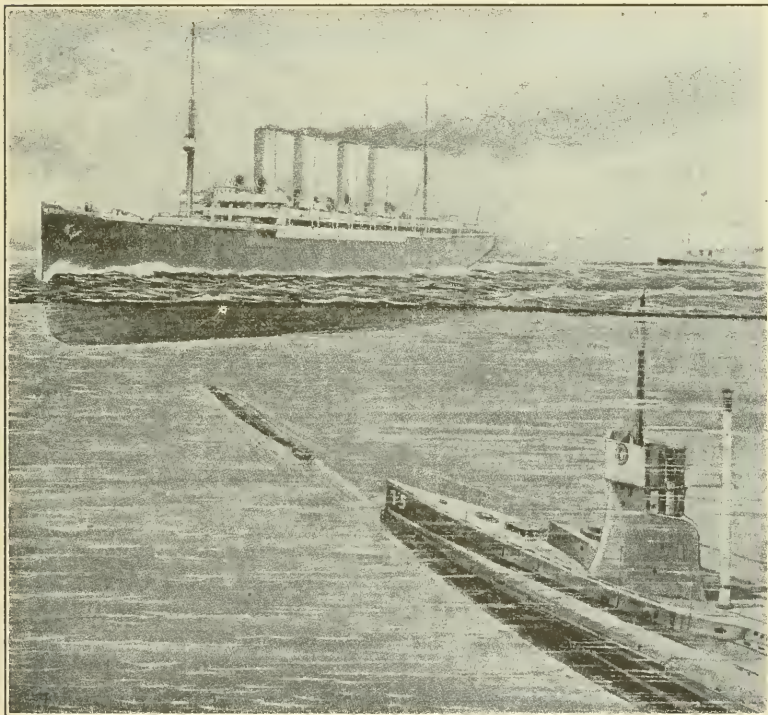
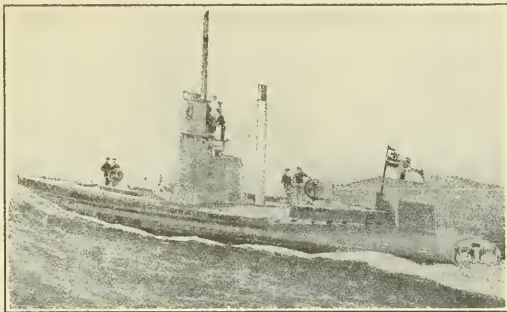
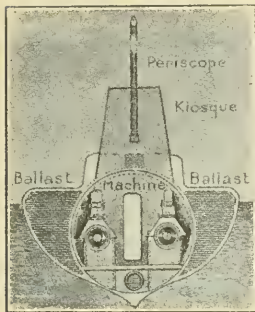
HUNTING SUBMARINES WITH SEAPLANES

A good deal of the submarine hunting was done by British seaplanes and German Zeppelins. British naval airmen who flew above the water seeking for U-boats running awash or partly submerged, had two striking successes.

On August 26th, 1915, Squadron-Commander Bigsworth, who had previously distinguished himself by bombing a Zeppelin that raided Ramsgate, swooped down on a German submarine which he had spotted off Ostend.

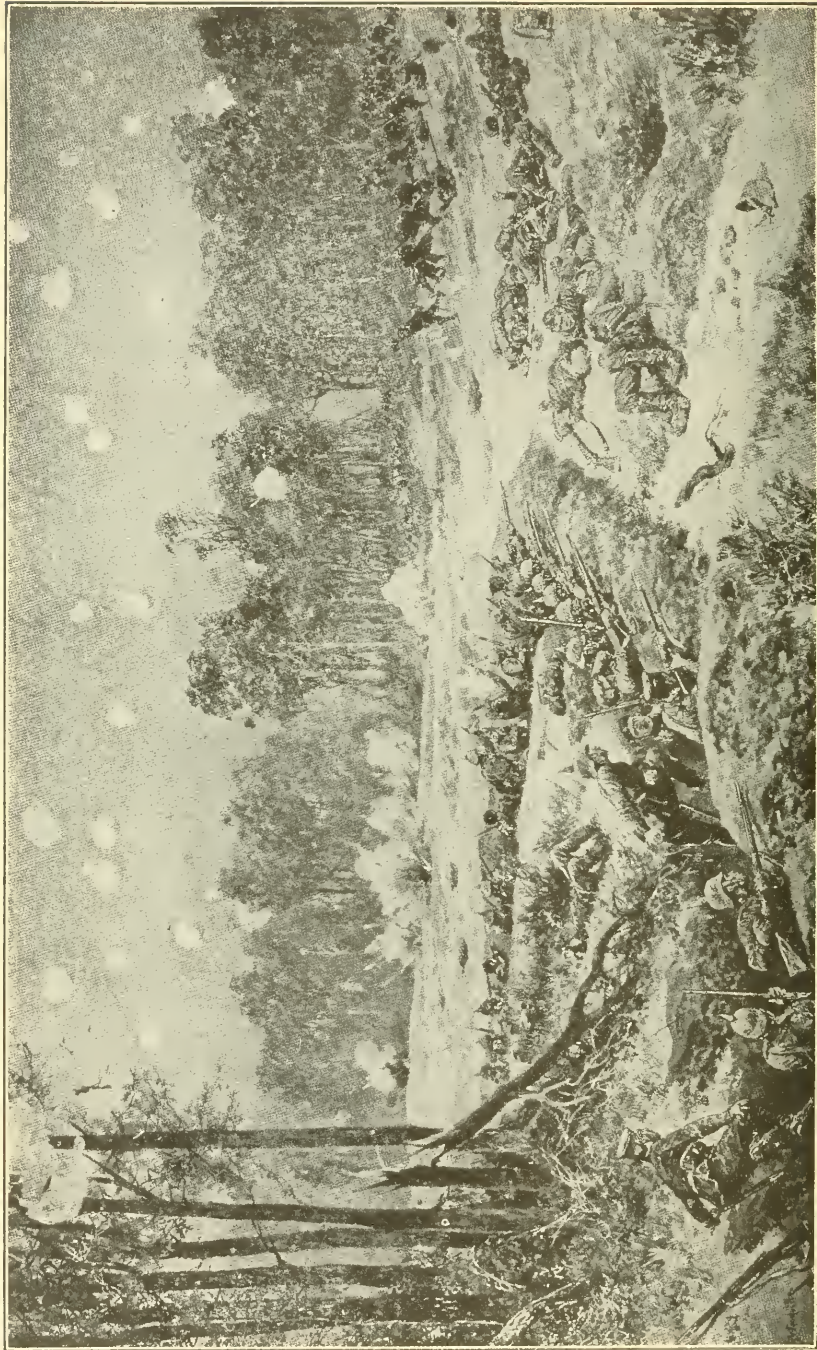
The U-boat turned her gun on him while he was maneuvering for position, and the German shore batteries tried to bring him down by a tempest of shrapnel. But with great coolness and skill, Squadron-Commander Bigsworth descended to 500 feet, and after several attempts to get a good line over the zigzagging enemy boat, he mastered her movements and dropped his bombs with shattering effects.

Then, on November 28th, 1915, Flight-Lieutenant Viney, accompanied by a brilliant French lieutenant,



THE GERMAN SUBMARINE AND HOW IT WORKS.

Upper left picture shows a section at center of the vessel. Upper right view shows the submarine at the surface with two torpedo tubes visible at the stern. The large picture illustrates how this monster attacks a vessel like the Lusitania by launching a torpedo beneath the water while securing its observation through the periscope, just above the waves.



AN ATTACK ON THE GERMAN TRENCHES

Under cover of artillery fire and a storm of bullets from rifles and machine guns in the woods forming the background the charge is made on the angle of the trench.

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the Comte de Sinçay, attacked another enemy submarine off the Belgian coast.

] Lieutenant Viney, as pilot, maneuvered the machine and got it in line over the U-boat, and the Comte de Sinçay, as bomb-dropper, launched the missiles which destroyed the hostile vessel.

A BOUT WITH A ZEPPELIN

On the other hand, a British submarine submerged near the German coast, came up for air and found a Zeppelin waiting for her.

The monster airship was hovering so low down that her immense shining belly shut out the sky when the astonished British officer looked up. She launched her bombs at high speed, but by happy chance the E-boat had come to the surface beneath the harmless end of the aerial leviathan. Moreover, the airship had to work against a strong wind, and could not therefore quickly get her stinging end over the British submarine, which was widely dancing about on a rough sea. Meanwhile, the gun was manned by a sailor, who, though half-drowned in the breaking seas and washed about like a rag, clung on to his gun and got in a few shots between the walls of water that broke over him. He ripped a large patch out of the Zeppelin, and she made away with a list on her; but turned up a fortnight later with a new bright piece of covering on her port side. The shells supplied at that time to British submarines were apparently not powerful enough to smash a Zeppelin.

CHAPTER X

HOW THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR REVOLUTIONIZED WARFARE

DISPELLED "THE FOG OF WAR"—BEFORE A GREAT ATTACK—MASTERY FROM THE BEGINNING—A THRILLING AERIAL COMBAT—FRIGHTFULNESS PREFERRED BY GERMANS—THREE WEEKS OF SUCCESS—AIR ATTACKS NEAR LILLE—TWENTY-SIX BRITISH WINS—MODESTY OF THE BRAVE—NAPPLEBECK'S MEMORABLE EXPLOIT—EFFECTS OF BRITISH ASCENDANCY—WORK OF THE NAVAL WING.

THOSE WHO less than half a dozen years ago, crowded to the flying meetings and watched with fascination those gallant pioneers of aviation—the Wrights, Bléroit, Hubert Latham, Bertram Dickson, Colonel Cody, and the rest—disporting themselves in space, little guessed that they were assisting at the development of a science which was calculated to affect war more deeply than any invention since the magazine rifle. For the aeroplane has revolutionized warfare. Its effect has been more far-reaching than even the most sanguine supporter of the new arm ever dared to prophesy. Future wars can never be carried on without aeroplanes.

Curiously enough, however, its usefulness has not laid along the lines foretold by its disciples in the past. The aeroplane has not taken the place of troops as a

weapon of attack. Its enormous importance lies in its functions as a scout. It has done away forever with "the fog of war." It has become the eyes of the army. By means of it the commanders, working undisturbed with their maps and telephones and wireless at the headquarters far in the rear, are able to spy out the enemy's movements, to see deep back into the enemy's country

BEFORE A GREAT ATTACK

When military operations are in progress, the activity in the air increases. At such a time it is essential for the army command to be kept exactly and promptly informed of the precise strength of the enemy at given points, and of the location and disposition of his reserves. Every move is preceded by days of incessant flying on the part of the airmen reconnoitring or raiding strategic points in the enemy lines. Once the move has started, in addition to the aeroplanes which are out from dawn to dusk "spotting" for the guns, others are despatched on bombing expeditions against the enemy lines of communication, to destroy the railway, to blow up trains and bridges—in short, to do everything possible to delay the bringing up of reinforcements.

Finally, the aeroplane has come to be regarded as the most efficient defense against hostile aircraft. Therefore, aeroplanes are employed day after day to chase off the enemy airmen who sally forth over the lines on reconnaissances or bombing raids. In 1915, London awakened to the fact that the aeroplane, properly utilized, is a more effective source of protection

against Zeppelin raiders than any number of anti-aircraft guns, and on the rare occasions that hostile airships ventured forth over the towns and villages in the British zone of operations in France and Belgium, the British aeroplanes drove the invader off before he had time to inflict any great damage.

It was the British military airmen who discovered Von Kluck's famous swing-round from his march on Paris to the southeast, and by their timely intimation of this change of direction enabled the Allies to make in season those dispositions which inflicted on the Germans the great decisive defeat of the war.

MASTERY FROM THE BEGINNING

These were the early days of the war, but, though the British airmen were almost in the learning stage, they showed themselves the possessors of all that infinite resource and glorious courage which still distinguish them now that they have perfected and mastered the whole theory of aviation in war. Thus in September, 1914, a pilot and observer of the Royal Flying Corps were forced by engine trouble to land in the enemy lines. They sprang out of their machine and bolted for cover to a small wood. The Germans lost no time in possessing themselves of the British aeroplane, but failed to find the prisoners, who eventually managed to creep away under cover of darkness to the steep banks of the Aisne. Here they cast away their Flying Corps field-boots, and, descending to the water, swam across in the dark, and reached their aerodrome in safety, but barefoot.

A little later one of the most successful British airmen

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was out scouting in a single-seater monoplane when he came across a German machine. Being alone he had no rifle, so promptly maneuvered his monoplane so as to get in a revolver shot at the enemy. As he was mounting above the German, the German observer winged him with a well-aimed rifle shot. The Briton never lost his presence of mind, but turned and flew for home, landing in the British lines, close to a motor-ambulance, which carried him off to the nearest dressing station.

A THRILLING AERIAL COMBAT

The importance of the position of the propeller in an enemy machine is seen in the following account of a thrilling aerial combat which took place between a British and a German airman on the Aisne. A British airman, who was flying a speedy scout, caught up with a German biplane of the "pusher" type (*i. e.* with the propeller behind the driving seat), which he recognized to be an Otto machine. At first sight, therefore, he was able to make two important observations—namely, that he had the advantage of speed, and that his adversary, owing to the position of his propeller, could not fire from behind. The Briton had two rifles clamped down one on either side of his engine, and at once started out after the enemy, taking good care to keep well in the latter's wake. At sixty yards' range he opened fire without any apparent result; then, as his speed was bearing him past his opponent, he turned and came back and gave the Boche the contents of the other rifle. The German wavered and began to descend. The British airman's rifles were empty.

He was alone. He had no one to reload. Depressing the elevating plane, he planed down at a dizzy angle, and was thus able to take his hands off his steering wheel for a moment and recharge his weapons. The rifles jammed, but the airman managed to cram four cartridges home, and loosed them off at the stern of his adversary, who a minute later disappeared in a swelling cloud-bank. The Briton instantly dropped speedily down through the sky after him, but in the clear azure below could see no trace of his enemy, who must have come to earth in the French lines over which they had been maneuvering.

FRIGHTFULNESS PREFERRED BY GERMANS

At Bailleul on October 21st, 1914, a German airman dropped a bomb on the hospital. The projectile had a so-called "sensitive" fuse—that is to say, a fuse that would make it explode on impact. The shell burst accordingly as it went through the roof, and the greater part of the force was expanded in mid-air in one of the wards which forty patients had just left. A solitary patient remained, and he was wounded.

On the same day two German airmen who were brought down with their aeroplanes in the British lines were made to cut a very sorry figure. Their machine fell into a part of the line held by the Indian troops. On searching the machine the British officers found large numbers of circulars, written in very faulty Hindi, inciting the Indians to mutiny, and announcing that the Caliph had proclaimed the Jihad, or Holy war. The German airmen watched with amazement the British officers distributing these circulars to the Indian troops

who, to the further stupefaction of the discomfited Boches, laughed with childish glee at the clumsy grammatical mistakes of the German Orientalist who had composed the proclamation. For a time the Germans were extremely uncomfortable, for they were apprehensive as to the penalty for their violation of The Hague Convention by inciting belligerent troops to mutiny. However they suffered no harm, but they undoubtedly received an unforgettable lesson on Great Britain's method of Imperial administration.

On November 1st the German Emperor was given an ocular demonstration of the prowess of the British airman, which he is not likely to forget to the end of his days. The Emperor had been visiting Thielt, in Belgium, where the German General Headquarters were then established. There is every reason to believe that his Majesty was in the General Staff building, when a British airman created something like a panic by suddenly appearing from the clouds and dropping bombs into the middle of a knot of motor-cars assembled outside. By way of retaliation the Germans bombarded Furnes from the air on the following day, in the belief that President Poincare was in the place on a visit to the Belgian lines.

The British success at Neuve Chapelle was largely due to the invaluable co-operation of the military air service with the Staff. It was the British airmen who were in the main responsible for the selection of the slope running from the village of Neuve Chapelle to the Aubers-Fromelles ridge as the most suitable spot for a thrust at the enemy line. They ascertained the weakness of the Germans at that point and were able

moreover, to undertake that a series of carefully-prepared and daringly-executed air raids on important places on the German lines of communication would give the British sixty-six hours in which to make good any advantage they might gain before the enemy could bring up reinforcements.

THREE WEEKS OF SUCCESS

During the fighting that took place in the spring and summer, the Second Battle of Ypres, the British offensive on May 9th against the Fromelles ridge, the operations in the Festubert region and about the ruined Château of Hooge, the aeroplanes continued to play their part quietly, modestly, usefully. But it was in the great Franco-British advance on September 25th that the airmen on the British front again had a great opportunity for showing what they had learned in thirteen months' active service. They availed themselves of the opportunity to the full, and once more earned the admiration of their enemy and the warm eulogy of their commanders.

Probably all records for air mileage per day were eclipsed by the Royal Flying Corps in the three weeks or so preceding the advance against Loos on September 25th, 1915. The weather was by no means invariably favorable, but, notwithstanding this, the British airmen were out daily on reconnaissances of the enemy trenches, watching for any indication of the Boches being aware of the great events taking place, or of taking measures to meet the "big push." On more than one occasion British aeroplanes remained for two hours at a stretch over the German lines, sometimes

hovering at no greater altitude than seven thousand feet, the low-lying clouds preventing reconnaissance from anything like a safe distance above the enemy anti-aircraft batteries.

AIR ATTACKS NEAR LILLE

The great offensive was preceded by air attacks on the German railway communications south of Lille, the routes by which they would naturally bring reinforcements from Belgium. Events subsequently showed that these systematic air raids materially delayed the arrival of reinforcements to stem the collapse of the German front line under the sledge-hammer blows struck by the British First and Fourth Corps. On September 23d, two days before the day fixed for the attack, a German goods train was wrecked on the railway near Lille, and the line torn up in several places by bombs dropped from our aeroplanes. On the following day the railway was damaged in three places, while on the morning of the attack, despite hazy weather, the British airmen sallied forth once more and bombed a train rushing up troops to the Loos region, damaging three coaches, and afterwards derailing a goods train and tearing up the railway line at three points.

On the day after the attack, when the British troops were well through the German front line, and looked as though they would get to Lens, one of the British airmen appeared over the station of Loffre, east of Douai, two most important German military centers, and dropped a bomb on a troop train there. As the airman sped away he noticed that the German soldiers

were swarming out of the train, and were gathering with a number of railway officials about the wrecked carriages. This airman must have remembered the feat of his comrade-in-arms at Courtrai during the Neuve Chapelle affair, for he turned back, and, gliding down to only about five hundred feet above the ground, unloosed a 110-pound bomb, which he carried slung beneath his machine, into the midst of the group.

TWENTY-SIX BRITISH WINS

On the same day the engine and six coaches of a troop train were derailed by aerial bombs dropped on the railway at Rosult, near St. Amand, on the line from Valenciennes to Orchies. Probably the most destructive raid of the British flying men, however, was the air attack on the new railway station at Valenciennes, a railway junction of vital military importance to the enemy, as here the lines from Brussels and Maubeuge meet with the lines going out to Lille, Cambria, Tournai, and Douai, the great military supply depôts in the northern part of the German western front. That the Britons were not permitted to accomplish these fine feats unopposed is shown by the circumstance that in the single week preceding the British offensive there were no less than twenty-seven fights in the air between British and German machines, all of which save one, terminated in favor of the British. One German machine was definitely known to have been wrecked.

Every time an aeroplane went out on duty over the British lines on the western front its occupants braved death in half a dozen forms. The one thought

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inspiring every member of the Royal Flying Corps was to make his report—that is to say, to accomplish his mission successfully and return home to submit the results to headquarters. As the aeroplane hovered out over the German lines the German anti-aircraft batteries spat out their pear-shaped globes of pure white smoke with the characteristic “pom—pom—pom,” a sound which will haunt forever the memory of every man who has served in the trenches on the western front. The German firing-line machine-guns and rifles poured their stream of lead upwards against the invader in the sky, but the pilot kept his aeroplane steadily on its course with one thought uppermost—to make that report.

MODESTY OF THE BRAVE

There are dangers in flying quite remote from war, those defects of the engine or in construction which no amount of care can guard against with absolute certainty. To these must be added the ever-present risk that a rifle bullet or the merest splinter of shell may, all unknown to the pilot, inflict irreparable injury on a vital part of the machine which will reveal itself at a critical moment in his flight, perhaps when he is assailed in the air by two or three hostile aeroplanes. Death from machine-gun, rifle, or shell fire in the air, death on the cruel earth many thousand feet below, wounds, capture—these are the risks which confront every member of the Royal Flying Corps as he fares forth on his frail bark of canvas, wood, and metal over the tortuous scars in the earth's surface marking the belligerent trench lines. But such was the spirit of

the Royal Flying Corps—part and parcel, be it said, of the spirit of the British Army in the field—that the British airmen counted these risks as nought, so be it they might “make their report.”

Thus it is that the annals of the Royal Flying Corps in this war may be said to be the most amazing record of thrilling adventures which the world has ever known. The rules of the corps prevent the names of the heroes of some of the most fantastic of these experiences from being given, but this rule may be relaxed in the case of three gallant airmen who made the supreme sacrifice of their lives in the country's service. They are Rhodes-Moorehouse, V.C.; Mapplebeck, D.S.O.; and J. Aidan Liddell, V.C.; all of whom were killed flying.

“Eye-Witness” made Briton ring with the heroism of Rhodes-Moorehouse. While on reconnaissance work he sustained a terrible wound from a shrapnel which burst close beside his machine and maimed him in an appalling way. Nevertheless, he fulfilled his mission, and then turned his machine for home, and landed at his point of departure with a grim jest on his lips at the expense of himself for the horrifying nature of his injuries. Before he would consent to be attended by the doctor, he insisted that he must “make his report.” That was his honorable epitaph: “He made his report,” for when the doctors came to him he was past human aid.

Captain Aidan Liddell, a comparative newcomer to flying, came from a famous Highland regiment. At the beginning of August, 1915, he was piloting his machine on a strategical reconnaissance in Belgium in the heart of the enemy's country when a high-explosive

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shrapnel from a German anti-aircraft gun burst right over his machine. His leg was simply riddled with bullets, and all but severed. The pilot lost consciousness on the spot and collapsed over his steering-wheel, while, to the horror of the observer, the machine dived nose foremost earthwards. The jerk jammed Liddell hard between the steering-wheel and the sides of the driving-seat, while it flung the observer between the machine-gun and the struts, fortunately enough, as it proved, for the aeroplane proceeded to turn a complete somersault. Luckily it was at a great height when the mishap occurred, and it thus had time to right itself.

Liddell regained consciousness as the machine regained a horizontal position, faint as he was with the loss of blood—he had some fifty separate wounds in his leg—he turned the machine round and made off straight across country for a Belgian aerodrome which he knew to be his nearest haven. He knew that he could not last very long, so would not waste time by climbing out of range of the enemy guns, but headed straight for the Belgian lines. He made a good landing at the flying ground, and said to those who ran forward to greet him: “You must lift me out. If I move I am afraid that my leg will drop off.”

This brave man died in hospital a week or so afterwards without living to receive the Victoria Cross which was laid on his bier in recompense for his deathless endurance.

MAPPLEBECK'S MEMORABLE EXPLOIT

Lieutenant Mapplebeck, who was killed while flying a new machine in England, was the hero of one of the

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most remarkable adventures of the war. He was shot down on a reconnaissance flight one day in the neighborhood of a large town in the German lines. He was able to make a landing, but as his engine was so badly damaged he could not hope to get away, he concealed himself, abandoning his aeroplane to the enemy. Presently German troops arrived, and started with loud hallo to search for the enemy airman, whom they knew must be somewhere in the vicinity.

They searched in vain. This remarkable young man, who spoke English, French, Flemish, German, and Dutch with equal fluency, managed to procure civilian clothing, and for about a week actually mixed with the German soldiers in the town, and even went so far as to attend their sports. The town was covered with placards announcing the flight of a British airman, and threatening dire penalties on whomsoever should venture to harbor him. Mapplebeck eventually succeeded in making his way through Belgium into Holland, doing thirty miles a day, a noteworthy performance, seeing that, as the result of an accident, one of his legs was shorter than the other. In a month he was flying at the front again.

EFFECTS OF BRITISH ASCENDANCY

The tenacity and fearlessness wherewith British airmen engaged and pursued any hostile machine they encountered gave the Germans a very healthy respect for their aerial prowess. For many months the ascendancy established by British fliers over the enemy was so complete that the German airman seldom waited to engage battle in the air, but made for home as soon

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as it appeared that the advantage was not immediately and obviously on his side. The British airman on the contrary, was not only always ready for a fight, but looking for a chance to close with the enemy, and destroy him in the air or drive him to a forced landing.

One day in October, 1915, a British aeroplane with pilot and observer sighted on patrol duty two German machines approaching from the eastward—that is to say, from the enemy's country. They let the first German machine come within fifteen yards, and then opened with their machine-gun. The German did not wait to reply. He hurriedly dived for the earth at a very steep angle. The Briton did the same, the pilot firing at the enemy as long as he had a clear field of vision, and then passing the light automatic gun, with which British aeroplanes were fitted, to the observer, who gave the Boche the rest of the "drum" (or charger containing forty-seven cartridges).

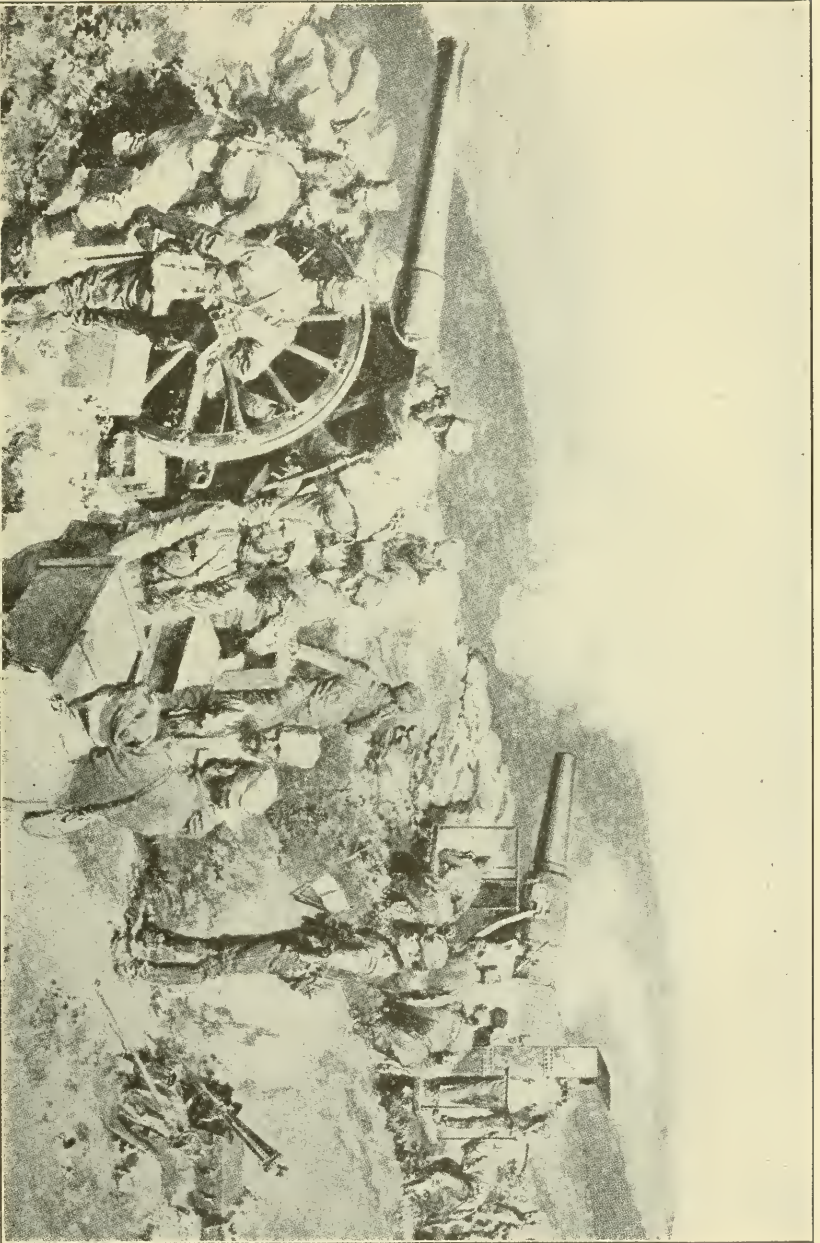
The German machine, which was obviously quite out of hand, crashed heavily to earth in the British lines. The British troops found the pilot stone dead in his seat, with a bullet through his heart, and the observer wounded. The British airman characteristically disdained to do any gloating over his prize, but without even troubling to look at it, clambered aloft again, without landing, and went after the second German machine. Unfortunately the engine of the British aeroplane began to miss fire, so the chase had to be abandoned, and the airmen were compelled to content themselves with a single prize.

A few days after this a British machine, while patrolling—*i.e.* looking out for German machines on

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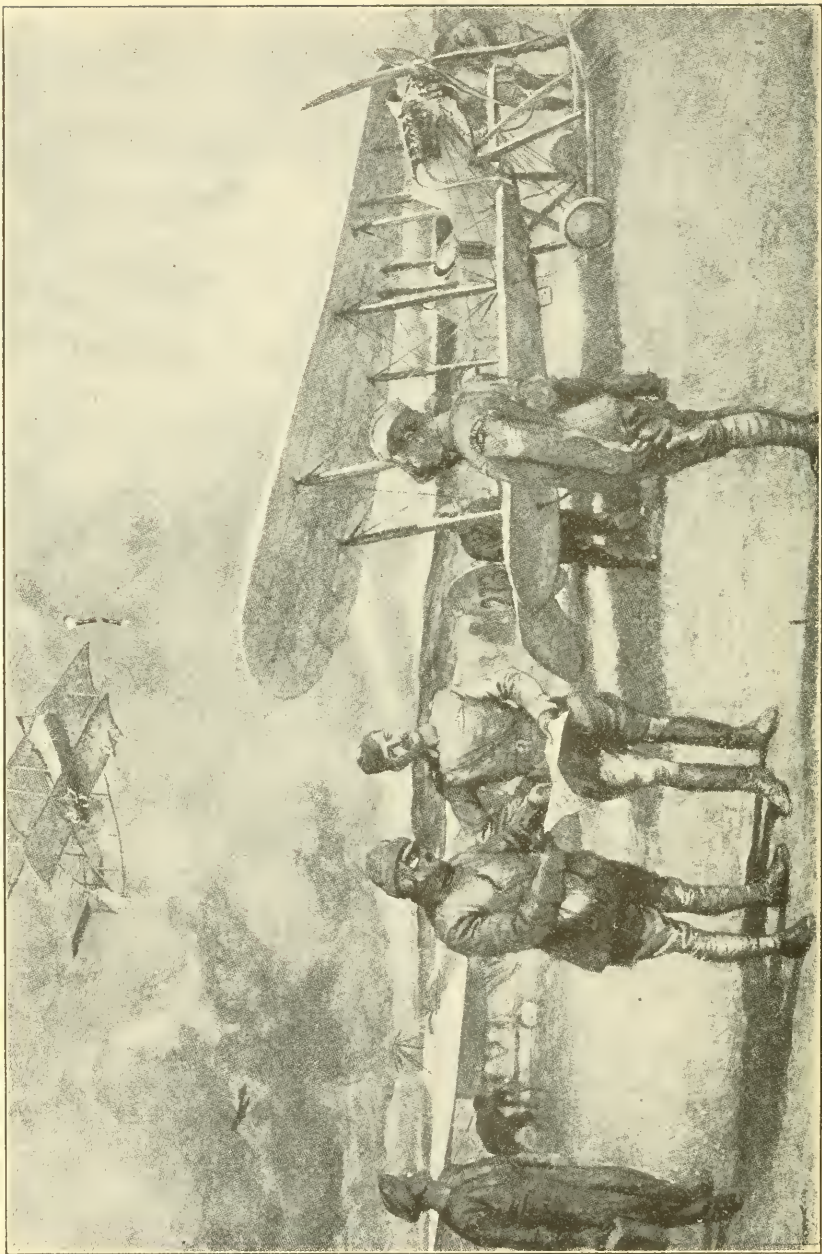
reconnaissances—saw a British aeroplane hotly pursued by a German. The British patroller, who was at a very great height, dipped downwards to attack the Boche. The latter seemed to lose his head for the moment, for he turned and flew directly beneath his two assailants, who “let him have it” from their machine-guns as he passed. The British machine which the German had been pursuing went away, leaving the field to the patroller and the foe, who circled round each other, firing rapidly, drawing ever nearer to the earth. Suddenly the German dived for his lines under a steady stream of fire from the British machine, turned, “banked” steeply, lost his equilibrium, and flopped up-side-down to earth. Pilot and observer were killed.

No modern battle picture would be complete without the aeroplane, glittering up very high aloft, ringed about with tiny white balls of shrapnel smoke gleaming dead white against the background of clouds or clear sky. The airmen were highly popular figures with the men in the firing-line. The man in the trenches knew that the aeroplane was, so to speak, the periscope of the Army. Every aeroplane he saw he knew to be out guarding against any form of “frightfulness” that the ingenious German might be preparing for him—the man in the fire-trench—the man who was first to get the knocks. If a well-concealed battery made itself a nuisance by shelling the British trenches, smashing up the dug-outs, and knocking down the parapet, word was sent back post-haste by telephone for an aeroplane to locate the hidden nuisance and reveal its emplacement to British guns. If the British patrols ascertained that undue activity was going on in the trenches



SERBIAN GUNNERS DEFENDING THEIR FRONTIER AGAINST THE AUSTRO-GERMAN INVADERS.

The passage of the Danube and the conquest of the hills behind Semendria was only achieved after a desperate resistance on the part of the heroic Serbs. The Serbian artillery in particular made a brilliant memorable stand.



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS WITH THEIR MACHINES.

On the right is a sergeant of the R. F. C., wearing the new badge of a propeller on his arm. He is saluting two aviation officers, one dressed for flying, the other wearing the flying certificate badge. On the right is an army B. E. biplane, with its four-bladed propeller and two seats for pilot and observer. This type, it is stated, is becoming more and more the standard pattern of machine for use by the R. F. C. On the left is a Bleriot monoplane and in the air a Henri Farman biplane.

opposite them, if they heard the clink of entrenching tools night after night, and by day caught glimpses of fresh earth accumulating behind the enemy trenches, an aeroplane was despatched for a "look-see."

WORK OF THE NAVAL WING

A word should be said of the splendid work accomplished by the Naval Wing of the Royal Flying Corps, which for long had its headquarters at Dunkirk, and distinguished itself by a number of daring and successful raids into Belgium and Germany, principally against the sheds in which the Germans harbored their Zeppelins with a view to air raids on England. On September 22d, 1914, Flight-Lieutenant Collet flew to Düsseldorf—a distance of some two hundred miles from his point of departure—and, descending to a height of only four hundred feet, dropped his bombs upon the Zeppelin shed there. Though the airman had his machine hit, he managed to return in safety. About the same time a similar raid was executed on Cologne, but the aeroplanes returned without dropping their bombs, having been prevented by the haze from locating the airship sheds. In the following month—on October 8th—two parties of aeroplanes repeated these performances. At Düsseldorf, Lieutenant Marix literally flattened out the Zeppelin shed and the Zeppelin harbored there, and though the raiders' machines were damaged, they all managed to get back safely. At Cologne the great military railway-station was badly damaged.

CHAPTER XI

THE HEROIC STRUGGLE ON THE GALLI- POLI PENINSULA

LEADERS WORTHY OF THEIR MEN—EVERYTHING AGAINST THE ALLIES—COMBINED OPERATION HELD UP—GREAT CHARGE AT KRITHIA—FOOTING GAINED BELOW ACHI BABA—GERMAN SUBMARINES INTERVENE — MEETING THE NEW MENACE — HUNTER-WESTON'S RUSE — NAVAL DIVISION'S BRILLIANT WORK — TURKS' DEADLY COUNTER-ATTACK—MAN-CHESTER'S GREAT EXPLOIT.

APPARENTLY we have to go back to the Walcheren Expedition to find a parallel to the circumstances in which the Dardanelles campaign was conceived. For, though the Crimean War was sadly muddled, the mistakes there do not seem to have been so serious as were those which the British, Australasian, and Indian troops were asked to retrieve along the gateway between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Sir Ian Hamilton was a commander of experience, and he was admirably served by subordinate officers like Generals Sir W. R. Birdwood and Hunter-Weston, of whom it is sufficient to say that they were worthy of the men they led into action. The heroism of the troops was marvelous, and solely by their indomitable tenacity they won a narrow footing along the cliffs below the mountain fortresses, from which the Germans

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and Turks continued to sweep every landing-place with shell fire.

But after a footing had been won below Krithia and north of Gaba Tepe, the attacking forces could make no further progress of importance. There mustered at first scarcely two army corps of them, including the 29th Division, the Australian and New Zealand Expeditionary Force, the Naval Division, an Indian Brigade, and a French division composed of Zouaves, African troops, and some white battalions. After the losses of the landing battles, Sir Ian Hamilton must have had less than 35,000 bayonets immediately at hand for the desperate work of a thrusting attack at the seat of power of the Ottoman Empire, which could draw upon half a million or more men for the defense of the road to Constantinople. As a matter of fact, the Turco-German commanders concentrated all their principal armies on the defense of the Dardanelles. The campaign against Egypt was discontinued, and the attack on Russia across the Caucasus was reduced to an unimportant defensive battle. Even the comparatively small Indo-British army advancing along the Euphrates up towards Bagdad was only opposed by a single weak Turkish army corps. All the main military resources of one of the greatest warrior races in the world were organized by capable German officers and set in a series of almost impregnable mountain defenses, in order to safeguard the channel forts, which prevented the allied fleet from forcing the waterway to victory.

EVERYTHING AGAINST THE ALLIES

There were never less than 150,000 Turkish soldiers, with thousands of German engineers and artillerymen,

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holding the entrenched heights between Achi Baba and Sari Bair. It mattered little if the Allies put more than their number of foes out of action. New Turkish armies poured down the mainland track to Gallipoli, or were carried across the Sea of Marmora in transports. No wonder the Allies' advance was slow and their casualty lists terribly heavy. Everything was against them. The enemy was deeply entrenched on one of the finest lines of natural fortifications in the world, with guns and howitzers commanding every site occupied by the allied troops. The enemy could bring most of his provisions and supplies up by road at night, with little or no interference from the fire of the Allies' ships, and a flotilla of small sailing vessels, plying across the Sea of Marmora greatly assisted in the provisioning of the defending army. There was scarcely any water in that part of the mountainous Peninsula occupied by the attacking troops. Even their machine-guns at times became unworkable through want of water in the jackets to keep the barrels cool. Everything necessary for existence had also to be brought to the bombarded beaches, and thence carried laboriously by hand through narrow communication trenches to the men in the firing-line. As summer came on, the white troops were almost prostrated by the tropical heat, and plagued by a monstrous number of flies. It became at last a feat of great ingenuity to swallow food without eating live flies also. The Anzacs, as the men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps were called, reverted to a state of picturesque savagery. They left off all their clothes, except for one garment around their loins, and

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their bare bodies were baked to a Red Indian color, so that they looked at last, by reason of their state of nature and their magnificent physique, more terrifying barbarians than the Turks opposed to them.

At the end of April, 1915, the allied troops in the southern end of the Peninsula had forced their way forward for some five hundred yards from their landing-places. By this time both sides showed signs of exhaustion, but Sir Ian Hamilton resolutely judged that the troops who could first summon up spirit to make another attack would win some hundreds of yards of ground. And as his own force was crowded together under gun fire in a very narrow space, he determined to be the first to strike out. He therefore brought the 2d Australian and New Zealand Infantry Brigades down from the Sari Bair region, and re-arranged the 29th Division into four brigades, composed of the 87th and 88th Brigades, the Lancashire Territorial Brigade, and the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade. Then with the remnant of his forces he formed a new composite division, which he used as a general reserve, after reinforcing the French division with the 2d Naval Brigade.

GREAT CHARGE AT KRITHIA—COMBINED OPERATION HELD UP

The 29th Division went into action at 11 A. M. on May 6th, when it moved out leftward, on the south-east side of Krithia. Half an hour afterwards the French force on the right also advanced along the lower slopes of the river ridge of the Kereves Dere. The combined operation, however, made little progress.

The British troops were held up outside a pine wood, which the enemy had transformed into a machine-gun redoubt; and the French also were checked by a terrible fire from a strong fieldwork after reaching the crest of the ridge. The following morning the Lancashire Territorials charged gallantly up the slope towards Krithia. They were caught by the German machine-guns; but as they retired, another Territorial force, the Queen's Edinburgh Rifles, took the pine wood by a magnificent rush. Besides dislodging the machine-gun parties, they brought down Turkish snipers working from wooden platforms on the trees, and thus cleared the way for the general advance. But just as all seemed to be going well, and the Inniskilling Fusiliers came up to maintain the hold on the pine wood, the Turks, by a gallant charge, won back this clump of trees in the center. Nevertheless, the Inniskillings went on and captured three enemy trenches, till in the afternoon all the advance was again held up by an enfilading fire from hostile machine-guns hidden on a ridge between the gully running towards Krithia and the sea. The operation looked like ending in a stalemate; but neither General Hunter-Weston, one of the greatest thrusters in the army, nor Sir Ian Hamilton, a man with all the fighting temperament of the Highlander, would submit to the check. The commander threw in all his reserves, and ordered a general advance; and despite their weariness and their heavy losses, the men rose with a will, and in a great bayonet charge recaptured the pine wood and advanced nearly all their line some three hundred yards.

The troops were quite worn out, but Sir Ian

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Hamilton kept most of them working when darkness fell at the task of consolidating their new position. His airmen had told him that the enemy were receiving reinforcements, and he was resolved to make one more push before the new hostile forces got into position. At half-past ten the next morning (May 7th) he flung out the New Zealand Brigade, and won another two hundred yards in front of the pine trees. Then, at half-past four in the afternoon, he threw the 2d Australian Brigade into his front, and sent his whole line forward against Krithia. The sparkle of the bayonets could be seen through the smoke of shells from the ships' guns and heavy artillery, as the attacking troops went forward in a long line stretching right across the Peninsula. The Senegalese sharpshooters were broken by the storm of heavy shells from the ridge by Kereves Dere. But the black troops were rallied by their officers, and sent forward in another rush, supported by a small column of French soldiers. Their figures were seen outlined against the sky on the crest of their ridge just as darkness fell and veiled all the battlefield.

FOOTING GAINED BELOW ACHI BABA

When morning came, Sir Ian Hamilton found that the French had captured the machine-gun redoubt on the ridge, and had entrenched in front of Zimmerman Farm. On the right of the British line the 87th Brigade, fighting in the darkness, had taken another two hundred yards of ground; while the Australian Brigade, though swept by shrapnel, machine-gun, and rifle fire, extended the Allies' front for another four hundred yards.

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The gain of ground in the three days' battle was only six hundred yards on the right, and four hundred yards on the left-center. It does not look much on the map, but in practice it meant life instead of death, for it gave the allied troops just living room on the tip of the Peninsula, enabling them to scatter sufficiently in bivouacs in a network of narrow ditches, to avoid annihilation from the high-placed enemy batteries. Sir Ian Hamilton confessed that it was only on May 10, 1915, that he felt that his footing below Achi Baba was fairly secure.

Meanwhile the officer commanding the 6th Gurkhas had begun on his own initiative the new method of advancing by local efforts. Between Krithia and the open sea there was a deep, picturesque river bed, known on the map as the Saghir Dere, and known in the camp as Gully Ravine, and crowned seaward by a steep bluff. Below the bluff was Y Beach, where some of the troops had fought their first landing battle. Since then the enemy had transformed the bluff into a powerful fortress, from which a number of machine-guns had continually broken up the left wing of our attacks. To assail the fortified cliff across the gully was madness, but the mountaineers of Nepal worked their way along the shore, and then started in the darkness to crawl up the steep height on their hands and knees. They reached the top, but failed to surprise the enemy, who beat them back with a sweeping fire. The enterprising Gurkhas, however, had shown the way in which the bluff could be captured, and the next day Major-General H. V. Fox, commanding the 29th Indian Infantry Brigade, devised plans for a

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concerted attack. This was carried out in the evening of May 12th, when the Manchester Brigade made a feint of a storming attack on the right of the enemy's position. The guns of H.M.S. Dublin and H.M.S. Talbot opened fire seaward on the Turkish trenches, while the guns and howitzers of one of the British divisions kept up a heavy shell fire from the land. Evening deepened into night, and the great bluff flamed with bursting shells that kept the Turks below their parapets. Then again in the darkness a double company of Gurkhas crept along the shore, and, scaling the cliff, carried the position with a rush. They were followed by their machine-gun section, and another double company of their battalion, and when dawn broke the conquered position had been connected with our main line, advancing our left flank by nearly five hundred yards.

GERMAN SUBMARINES INTERVENE—MEETING THE NEW MENACE

Nothing of much importance was done for another fortnight. During this time the hardest work fell on the sappers, who tried to work up within rushing distance of the enemy's second line by means of winding saps from which the troops could debouch. On May 25th the Royal Naval Division and the 42d Division were able to entrench a hundred yards nearer the Turks, and four days afterwards the entire British line was helped onward by means of engineers' work. At the same time the French force also progressed and captured a machine-gun redoubt on the ridge going down to the Kereves Ravine. But all this slow

movement of approach against the hostile mountain fortress was suddenly complicated by a series of terrifying naval disasters. Some German submarines worked down to the Dardanelles in the third week in May, and all our naval dispositions and transport work were abruptly checked.

We had already lost the Goliath, a useful old battleship, by a destroyer attack delivered by a very enterprising German naval officer. This disaster only entailed greater watchfulness on the part of our scouts; but the torpedoing of H.M.S. Triumph on May 26th, and the torpedoing of H.M.S. Majestic on May 27th, were blows so serious that even some of the British thought that the Dardanelles campaign was suddenly about to end in collapse. The outlook was indeed very serious. The large steamers which had been supplying the troops with food and ammunition could no longer be safely used, and it seemed at first as if the Germans and Austrians had only to send half a dozen more large underwater craft to the Dardanelles in order to maroon the troops that had landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula. It was a situation to test to the uttermost the ability of the British sailor; but by fine ingenuity and inventiveness he saved the army which he had put ashore with such remarkable skill. All the transports were sent into Mudros Bay, where there was only a narrow channel to guard. Men, stores, guns, and horses were henceforth conveyed across forty miles of water from Mudros to the Peninsula in minesweepers and other small, shallow vessels, which did not lie deep enough in the water for a torpedo to strike them at the ordinary depth. Then the large warships,

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whose guns were very useful and sometimes of vital value in the military operations, were sheltered near the shore by means of submarine defenses, while the destroyers and patrol boats tracked the hostile underwater craft and assailed them in various ways.

HUNTER-WESTON'S RUSE

Almost every night the Turks assailed the Allied line, hoping, no doubt, to find that the attacking troops were weakening under the submarine menace. But the Allies' positions remained intact, and Sir Ian Hamilton, on June 3d, made his first deliberate assault on the Achi Baba fortifications. For his line of battle he deployed the 29th Division on his left, the 42d (East Lancashire) Division in his center, with the Naval Division linking on with the French Army Corps. General Hunter-Weston, directing the British troops on a front of four thousand yards, had about 17,000 men on the firing-line, with 7,000 men in reserve. The action began on the morning of June 4th with a preliminary bombardment which lasted for more than three hours, after which the allied troops moved to attack, and then scurried back to their trenches. This was a little stratagem on the part of General Hunter-Weston to draw the fire of the enemy's artillery and machine-guns. The device was successful, and amid a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries and trenches, the Allies renewed their bombardment with increasing intensity, being able to mark more exactly the hostile targets. Precisely at noon the Allies lengthened their fire, and the entire British line charged with fixed bayonets. Both the French divisions stormed

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forward at the same time, so that the glittering line of bayonets sparkled right across the Peninsula from the open sea to the closed Strait.

NAVAL DIVISION'S BRILLIANT WORK

The Lancashire Territorials and the new recruits of the Anson, Howe, and Hood Battalions of the Naval Division did extremely well. They captured the first Turkish line in front of them in from five to fifteen minutes, and then burst through the second Turkish line in another fierce, swift spurt. In less than half an hour from the time when they leaped from the trenches, the men of the East Lancashire Division and the Naval Division had penetrated a third of a mile in the enemy's front, and were consolidating the conquered ground in a cool, workmanlike way. The 29th Division was less fortunate, as its left wing was held up by a wire entanglement, so placed as to have escaped damage from our shells. It was an Indian brigade that was checked in this manner, and though a company of the 6th Gurkhas, the heroes of Gurkha Bluff, battered their way into the Turkish works, they had to be withdrawn with the rest of the brigade in order to avoid being cut off.

TURKS' DEADLY COUNTER-ATTACK

While a fresh attack was being organized the French corps on the right got also into difficulties. The 1st French Division carried the opposing enemy trench, while the 2d Division stormed in a magnificent charge the strong Turkish redoubt on the Kereves Ridge, known as the Haricot. But the French left wing, acting on the right flank of the Royal Naval

Division, was unable to gain any ground, and this led to a disaster. In the afternoon the Turks, pouring out through the series of communication trenches, delivered a massed counter-attack on the Haricot Redoubt, while their guns prepared the way for them with a storm of shrapnel and high-explosive shells. The French lost the redoubt and fell back, and in so doing completely uncovered the right flank of the Naval Division. The men of the 2d Naval Brigade were enfiladed and forced to retire with heavy losses from the position they had captured, and the Collingwood Battalion, which had gone forward in support, was almost completely destroyed.

It looked as though the Turks were about to roll up the whole allied line, for when the Naval Brigade was compelled to retreat across the open, sloping fields under a terrible fire, the exposed flank of the Manchester Brigade was in turn caught by Turkish and German machine-guns, and swept by volleys of rifle fire, and then hammered by hostile bombing-parties. But the Manchester men—nearly all of them Territorials—fought with bulldog courage to hold what they had won. There were places in which one Lancashire man resisted every force that the enemy could bring to bear upon him. Company-Sergeant-Major Hay, having captured single-handed a redoubt near Krithia, held it for ten hours with four men until he was relieved. Company-Sergeant-Major Alister killed eight Turks and cleared a trench. But probably the best fighter of all was Private Richardson, who fought on alone in a trench south of Krithia for nearly twenty-four hours, and beat back every hostile assault.

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MANCHESTER'S GREAT EXPLOIT

The fighting around Krithia in the afternoon of June 4, 1915, was a matter upon which every Territorial can look back with deep pride. The Manchester Brigade equaled the finest exploits of the old Regular Army. They answered the attack on their flank by throwing back their right wing; and such was their desperate courage that Sir Ian Hamilton could not bear to let them retire. Their position was one of extreme peril, for they were surrounded on two sides, and the Turks were making a sustained and furious effort to drive across the salient and cut off the brigade. So the British Commander-in-Chief formed up the Naval Division, and asked General Gouraud to co-operate in making an attack that should advance the right of the line, and connect and protect the flank of the Manchester men. But the French corps itself was still in great difficulties. Twice the attack was postponed at the request of General Gouraud, and at half-past six in the evening he reported that the pressure of the Turkish masses against him was so heavy that he could not advance.

Nothing remained but to withdraw the Manchester men from the second Turkish line which they were holding to the first Turkish line. The troops were very angry, and some of them desired to stay on and die rather than give up any of the ground they had won. But after much persuasion all the East Lancashire Division was extricated from the second line of captured trenches, and placed back in the Turkish first line, which they had won in five minutes at the beginning of their attack. The net result of the day's

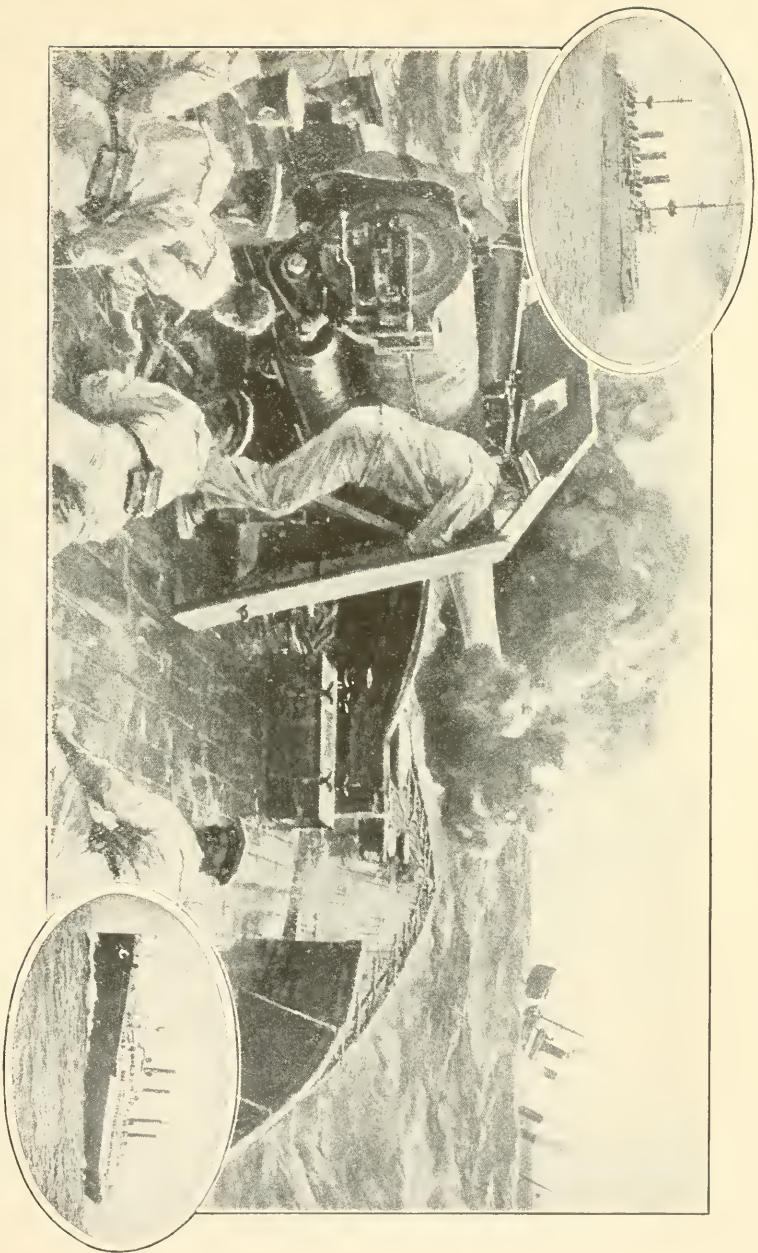
operations was an advance on a depth of two hundred to four hundred yards, along a front of nearly three miles. It was less than had been hoped for, but it was still a very considerable gain. Not only was there a substantial and very useful extension of ground, but the Turks were so severely punished that, though flushed with the victory of regaining their second line, they had not enough spirit left to attempt a counter-attack to recover their firing-trenches and forward machine-gun redoubts. Four hundred prisoners were taken, including five German officers, who were the remnant of a machine-gun party from the Goeben. Most of the captures were made by the Lancashire Territorials, whose capable divisional commander was Major-General W. Douglas.

CHAPTER XII

THE VALIANT DEFENSE OF SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO

BRIGHT SPOTS IN SERBIA'S DARK SKY—VASSITCH ROBBED OF SUCCESS—SARRAIL ASSAULTS MOUNT ARKANGEL—BULGARIANS TAKE THE OFFENSIVE—SARRAIL'S LACK OF MEN—BATTLE OF KATSHANIK PASS—SERBIAN ROUT AT PRISREND—HORRORS OF THE FLIGHT—SARRAIL'S FIGHTING RETREAT—TENTH DIVISION'S MEMORABLE STAND — FATE DECIDES AGAINST MONTENEGRO.

THE DISASTROUS week which saw the fall of Nish on November 5, 1915, and the enemy in occupation of the greater part of Serbia, did not, however, close without witnessing a splendid vindication of the fighting qualities of the Serbians. If by this time the general situation of the little kingdom was becoming gloomy, the dark sky was not entirely destitute of gleams of light. The soldiers of Bojovitch and of Vassitch respectively had repelled all assaults of the Bulgarians on the Katshanik Pass, northwest of Uskub, and the Babuna Pass, southwest of Veles, two places of extreme strategic importance, as subsequent events clearly showed. The heroic Vassitch did far better than merely hold the Babuna Pass against repeated attacks, for he was victorious there in a battle which, had circumstances been more propitious, might have favorably



The British Cruiser "Highflyer" Rides the Seas of a German Port.

The sinking of the German commerce-destroyer "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" by a light British cruiser off the West coast of Africa. The German commerce-destroyer, which had previously been a fast trans-Atlantic passenger vessel, was in the very act of capturing a British steamer when the cruiser came up and speedily sent her to the bottom of the sea.



A BATTLE OF FOUR ELEMENTS.

British monitors shelling the German land batteries near Nieuport. German submarines were actively engaged in trying to torpedo these monitors and the British monoplane was useful for giving the range and reporting the accuracy of the shots.

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influenced the whole course of the later phases of the struggle for his country's existence.

During that first week of November, 1915, Vassitch, in and around the Babuna Pass, had only 5,000 men to pit against over 20,000 Bulgarians, who besides had much heavier artillery. Day after day, night after night, his small force of Serbians, often without food, always under fire, but cheered by their commander, and singing their plaintive national airs, fought dauntlessly on, repulsing with serious loss to the invader all his most stubborn and persistent efforts to force the pass. They did more. From November 4th to November 6th an incessant and sanguinary hand-to-hand fight, in which the combatants made free use of their knives, raged in the deep and narrow gorges of the defile, ending in the complete rout of the Bulgarians, who were driven through Izvor pell-mell into Veles.

And on the other side of the hills the French, under General Sarrail, were only a few miles away—almost in touch. It looked as if the Allies might effect a junction, and telegrams were despatched from Greece which actually asserted that not only French but also British troops had united with the Serbians. The truth, unfortunately, was altogether otherwise.

A thoroughly capable soldier, who had already proved his merit in France, General Sarrail did wonders considering the shortness of the time at his disposal and the inferiority of the facilities at his command, but the numbers of his men were utterly insufficient for their task, and he could not achieve the impossible. He made a great, an even desperate, attempt to join up with Vassitch, and so nearly accomplished it that

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nothing but the absence of reinforcements at a critical moment robbed him of success. In this effort his troops were entirely French, the British, lying around Lake Doiran, being well to the south and east on his right flank.

As soon as possible after his arrival at Salonika, he railed all his available forces up the Valley of the Vardar, towards Veles. He had only a single-tracked and indifferent railway for the transportation of both men and supplies, yet he pressed on with surprising speed. The line followed the snaky twistings of the river, and parts of it, built on shelves cut out of the solid rock, passed through deep gorges, the longest of which, known as the Demir Kapu Ravine, extended for ten miles. As possession of this defile by the enemy would have been a fatal bar to his advance, his first business was to get it into his own hands, and after some fighting at Strumnitza station, a few miles to the south, he secured it without further opposition. Then he pushed on north of it to Krivolak, about 110 miles from Salonika. He reached Krivolak on October 19th, but at first he had only a handful of troops, and could do little till more had come up.

VASSITCH ROBBED OF SUCCESS

By a magnificent thrust Vassitch recaptured Veles from the Bulgarians on October 22d, and managed to hold it for a week. This town lay along the railway some thirty-five miles northwest of Krivolak, but the French were not sufficiently strong to push their way up the line to it, and they had to fight hard, as it was, to maintain themselves. It was not till after they had gained possession of a steep and forbidding height,

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called Kara Hodjali, three miles north of Krivolak on the road to Ishtip, that they established their position, and, defeating furious assaults of the enemy on October 30th and November 4th and 5th, made an effective bridge-head on the east side of the Vardar. In the meantime Vassitch, far outnumbered and out-gunned, had been compelled to evacuate Veles again and withdraw to the Babuna Pass.

SARRAIL ASSAULTS MOUNT ARKANGEL

Krivolak was twenty-five miles almost due east of the pass, and Sarraïl's problem now was to bridge the distance which intervened between himself and Vassitch. The first part of the way was easy, fifteen miles across an undulating plain to the Tserna, a tributary of the Vardar; but the remaining ten miles, on the west side of the former river, were over very difficult country, consisting of rugged hills and mountains, interspersed with water-courses, the whole of this terrain, on which the Bulgarians had erected fortifications, lending itself readily to a powerful defense.

Having secured Kara Hodjali, which the French soldiers renamed Kara Rosalie, after the pet word of their bayonets, Sarraïl, for whom reinforcements had all the while been arriving at Krivolak, marched southwest across the plain through Negotin and Kavarda to the Tserna, an unfordable stream of considerable width, with but one bridge over it, and that of wood at a place called Vozartzi. On November 5th the French moved over the bridge, and occupied the adjacent crests of the precipitous slopes which, often rising above 1,000 feet in height, line for miles that

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side of the river. Here they were so near the Babuna Pass that they could hear the thundrous rumble of the artillery taking part in the fierce battle in which Vassitch was victorious. Advancing northwards along the west bank of the Tserna, Sarrail next day began an assault of Mount Arkangel, ten miles down stream from Vozartzi, and the center of the Bulgarian position, which had to be stormed if a junction was to be made with the Serbians.

Mount Arkangel, however, was an extremely hard nut to crack. The Bulgarians had strongly fortified it, were numerically much superior to the French, and, moreover, were constantly being reinforced by Teodoroff from his main army. In war, "L'audace!" typified the spirit of the French, and on this occasion, with their precarious communications and relatively small numbers, it needed all their boldness and courage to make the attempt. After skirmishes with outposts at the base of the mountain, they drove the Bulgarians out of the villages of Sirkovo and Krushevitza, and on November the 10th they carried, by an encircling movement, with great dash, the village of Sirkovo, situated some distance up the side of the eminence. But they did not get far above this point. By the close of the second week of November the Bulgarians concentrated upwards of 60,000 men, with a corresponding strength in guns, on Mount Arkangel and along the west bank of the Tserna, and on the 12th they took the offensive.

BULGARIANS TAKE THE OFFENSIVE

Their obviously best course was to cut the French off from the Vozartzi bridge, the latter's sole line of

supply and retreat, and then hem them in against the impassable river in the rear. For three days, in fighting of the most violent description, they made the most determined efforts to carry out this purpose, but the French, combining higher skill with equal determination, held their ground, and in a grim conflict, which took place on Mount Arkangel itself, inflicted a severe defeat on the enemy, who was forced to retire in great disorder, leaving 3,500 dead on the field. In this battle the Bulgarians charged to within twenty yards of the French trenches, but, faltering under a withering fire and then counter-charged by the French with the bayonet, broke, turned, and ran. Mr. G. Ward Price, the authorized representative of the London *Press* with the allies in the Balkins, reported that if only there had been enough French troops to throw into the struggle at the moment, the retreat of the Bulgars would have been made a rout.

SARRAIL'S LACK OF MEN

Vassitch held out in the Babuna Pass, ten miles away all the next day, November 15th, but the French could not get across the hills, and as he was compelled to retire, in order to escape envelopment, on Prilep on November 16th, the opportunity passed. The French, still hoping to assist the Serbians in some way, retained their positions. It was November 20th, nearly a week after the battle of Mount Arkangel, before the Bulgarians, freshly strengthened, renewed the attack, and they were again heavily checked, but Sarrail was unable to advance, the plain fact being that he neither had nor could get men in adequate force.

And, meanwhile, in other parts of the country the progress of events, moving from disaster to disaster for the brave but unfortunate Serbians, had rendered it evident that the enemy's overrunning of the rest of Serbia was a question of but a very short time, on which the venture of the Allies would exercise little or no influence.

BATTLE OF KATSHANIK PASS

About November 10th Bojovitch's slender army of 5,000 men was reinforced by three regiments, including one from the Shumadia and one from the Morava Divisions, which were sent by the railway—the only bit remaining to Serbia—from Pristina to Ferizovitch, some ten miles from the Katshanik Pass. The weather was intensely cold, and the roads were indescribably bad. The Serbians, though exhausted by much marching, and weak from want of food, pressed on to the pass, and Bojovitch began the attack without a moment's delay. According to one account he had a hundred guns, mostly of the French 75 and 155 type (3-in. and 6-in.), which rained thousands of shrapnel and high-explosive shells on the trenches of the Bulgarians, who, under this terrible fire, retreated south for four miles. Then the Serbian infantry drove on, falling wave after wave on the reeling Bulgarian ranks, which, however, rallied as their supports came up. One Serbian regiment charged desperately seven times, each time capturing and then losing six Bulgarian guns. In several parts of the field there was a savage hand-to-hand *mêlée*, in which the combatants, throwing down their rifles, fought with daggers, knives, fists, and even

teeth, the wildest, fiercest scenes in the envenomed fighting on the Timok being far outdone. For some time the Serbians on the whole made progress, the enemy's center being pierced by a prodigious effort of the Shumadia and Morava troops, and it seemed as if Serbian valor would prevail. But here, once more, the Serbians had no reserves to ensure success. The Bulgarians were all the time being strengthened by large numbers of fresh men railed up from Uskub, and in the end this superiority was the deciding factor. On the 15th the battle was lost, and the Serbians were forced out of the pass, retiring by the passes of the Jatzovitza Hills on Prisrend.

SERBIAN ROUT AT PRISREND

From Mitrovitza a part of the Serbian Army, accompanied by multitudes of civilian fugitives, retreated to Ipek in Montenegro, and some proportion of them eventually arrived at Scutari, by way of Podgoritza, after suffering the cruelest hardships and privations—the rest perished miserably from cold and starvation. Retiring from the same town, another part of the force which had opposed Kövess stood and fought him again at Vutshitrin, but was beaten and pursued across the Sitnitza. But the main line of retreat of the Serbians was along the high road from Pristina to Prisrend, and the Bulgarians pressed on quickly behind in this direction, took the heights west of Ferizovitch, and also advanced northerly towards Ipek, against which town Kövess had sent a detachment. The retreat to Prisrend was covered by the Shumadia Division. On November 27th upwards of 80,000

Serbians stood at bay in front of this town, but next day, after a most sanguinary conflict, and having fired their last shell, they spiked their guns, and fled across the frontier into Albania, making along the White Drin for Kula Liuma, sometimes called Lum Kulus, while several thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the enemy.

HORRORS OF THE FLIGHT

Marked by horrors unspeakable, the retreat of the Serbian Army will remain one of the most terrible in history. Day by day thousands of men, ill-clad, ill-shod, or with bare and bleeding feet, and, crazed with famine, eating raw horse-flesh with avidity, stumbled painfully and wretchedly along the two available roads, and these no better than mule-tracks, from Kula Liuma, one going west to Scutari, and the other south through Dibra to Elbasan. Saddest of all, with these wearied and war-worn soldiers there traveled long, mournful processions of the aged of both sexes, of the women and children, of Serbia, exhausted and starving, but preferring to face anything than to fall into the hands of the Austro-German and Bulgarian conquerors. Each *via dolorosa* was strewn thickly with bodies of these unfortunate people. It was estimated that out of half a million civilians, who sought refuge in flight into the Albanian mountains, more than 200,000 died.

SARRAIL'S FLYING RETREAT

The French bore the brunt of the struggle on the Tserna—perhaps because they were more numerous

than the British, who were not actively engaged in force until the first week of December. Their trenches lay north and west of Lake Doiran, among bleak hills covered with snow, spreading out fanwise in the direction of Strumnitza, and they had taken them over from the French when the latter had gone up the Vardar to Krivolak. One of the difficulties of Sarraill's retreat was that while it was going on he was unable, owing to the nature of the country, to maintain close communication with the British prior to the 10th.

On the east side of the Vardar Teodoroff had massed four divisions—or roughly 100,000 men—and he made his first great assault on the British in the grey of early morning, and under cover of a fog, which permitted him to get close up to the British trenches, without being clearly perceived, on December 6th. The British force opposed to this Bulgarian army—for it was nothing less—consisted of the 10th Division, which had come from Suvla Bay, and could hardly have been in anything like full strength, and supports drawn from the Salonika base. The enemy first of all poured a rain of high-explosive shells on the British trenches, which were held mainly by the Inniskillings, the Connaughts, the Munsters, and the Dublin Fusiliers—the pick of Ireland—and the Hampshires. After very heavy fighting, often hand-to-hand, with the advantage now on the one side and now on the other, the overwhelming strength of the Bulgarians told, and the British were driven out of their first line. The battle had raged all day, with hardly a pause, and it was renewed next morning with equal or even fiercer intensity.

TENTH DIVISION'S MEMORABLE STAND

As on the 6th, the conflict commenced with a tremendous bombardment by the Bulgarians of the British lines, and then the enemy came on, hurraing and cheering, and threw himself in successive waves on the 10th Division, which, resisting stoutly, gave ground slowly, its rate of retirement being about two miles a day, which was wonderfully little considering the enormous pressure exerted by Teodoroff's four divisions. More than once the British looked as though they would be annihilated, but a free use of the bayonet, added to Irish and English pluck, succeeded in extricating them from the most dangerous situations.

Without much further fighting, the Franco-British troops on December 12th gained the other side of the frontier, having torn up the railway behind them, and fired Gevgheli and other points on the Macedonian side, so as to delay the Bulgarian advance. By a fortunate coincidence Greece had on the previous day agreed to accept the proposals of the Allies by which their forces were to have free and unimpeded liberty of action. Considering the difficulty of the operations in face of the immense strength of the enemy, the whole retirement, which reflected the greatest credit on General Sarrail, had been carried out most successfully. Although his men had at their disposal only one line of railway and no roads, their retreat was executed in such an orderly manner that they were able to save and withdraw all their stores, while the total of their casualties did not exceed 3,500, a very moderate figure in the circumstances.

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FATE DECIDES AGAINST MONTENEGRO

When Serbia was overrun, Mackensen redistributed his forces, various German and Austrian divisions being sent north to watch the Russians who, at that juncture, were rumored to be about to make a diversion in the Balkans, either through Rumania or by a descent on the Bulgar shore of the Black Sea. German troops were transferred to Bulgaria, and even to Turkey, both of which countries were now openly "run" from Berlin. But troops were not withdrawn from the Montenegrin front; on the contrary, they were greatly increased. Just as Austria hated Serbia with a deadly hatred, so she hated this still smaller Slav State which, with a population of less than half a million, had been long independent of her as of Turkey. Austria determined to destroy it. The undertaking was difficult, because of the almost inaccessibly mountainous character of the country and the bravery of its inhabitants, who were inured to war and every kind of hardship, like the Serbians; but it was not impossible, if men and guns were provided in adequate strength. What could be done in Serbia could be done in Montenegro.

Although the Austrians advanced during December some distance on the east side, or Sanjak front, capturing Plevlie, Ipek and Bielopolie, their great offensive did not start till January, 1916. In the interval the Montenegrins had at least one considerable victory, at Lepenatz, but in general they were driven steadily back. In the last days of the year Mount Lovtchen was heavily shelled, and then attacked in some force, but the Montenegrins were successful in repelling this assault on their stronghold. It was not till January

6th that Kövess began decisive operations by a series of concerted violent attacks on the Montenegrin east front, on the Tara, the Lim and the Ibar, while at the same time warships in the Gulf of Cattaro opened a terrible fire on Mount Lovtchen.

Desperate fighting continued for four days. Berane, on the Lim, was captured by the Austrians on the 10th; and, far more important, Lovtchen succumbed on the same day to infantry assaults prepared by the fire from the warships. Some surprise was expressed among the other Allies that the fortress should have fallen in such a short time, but the feeling changed when it became known that the place was defended by less than 6,000 men—starving, with insufficient clothing, and lamentably short of guns and munitions. With Lovtchen gone, Cetinje could not be held by the Montenegrins, and it was occupied by the Austrians on the 13th. Four days later the announcement was made in the Hungarian Parliament that Montenegro had “surrendered unconditionally.”

CHAPTER XIII

THE TERRIBLE MESOPOTAMIAN CAMPAIGN

WHY NEITHER BRITON NOR TURK VENTURED FAR INTO BABYLONIA—INSECTS VS. MAN—BATTLE OF NORFOLK HILL—FIGHTING THE HEAT—AN AWFUL MARCH—THE ADVANCE ON BAGDAD—BATTLE OF NASIRIYEH—MAGNIFICENT WEST KENTS—ROUT OF THE TURKS—NUREDIN PASHA OUT-MANEUVERED—RETIREMENT ON KUT-EL-AMARA.

THERE IS nothing of the romantic atmosphere of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" remaining in the region between Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. In ancient times, it is said, a cock could hop from house to house from Basra, the city of Sindbad, past Babylon and Seleucia, to the capital of Haroun Al-Raschid. But since the Mongol, the Turk, and the nomads of Arabia swept over the most fertile country on earth, the tract between the Tigris and the Euphrates has lapsed into desert sand and riverside jungles of cane-brakes, where the Mesopotamian lion ranges. Instead of being a land of vines, orange groves, and rose gardens, Babylonia has become one of the most desolate wastes in Asia, and the reason why neither the Turk at Mosul nor the Briton at Koweit succeeded in occupying the wilderness was apparent in the spring of 1915. In April the commander of the Indian Expeditionary Force, Sir Arthur Barrett, fell so seriously ill that Sir John Eccles Nixon had to take

over his command. The following month many men of the British regiments began to feel unwell, and when the full heat of the summer smote the Indo-British force the sufferings of the white men were extreme.

The heat was not much worse than that of the Punjab, yet the Indian troops suffered almost as much as the British troops. This was due to the fact that the steaming marshlands of the great rivers not only gave a trying, humid quality to the burning tropical sunlight, but also the vast stretches of stagnant water, full of rotting refuse, formed the breeding places of an absolutely incomparable swarm of mosquitoes, biting flies, and vermin. These biting and blood-sucking insects were the main defenders of the legendary site of Eden, of the river-lands of Ur, where Abraham pastured his cattle, and the desolate yellow mounds representing all that remained of the hanging gardens by the Euphrates, where Alexander the Great died. Alexander had been able to conquer all emperors, kings, and chieftains between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, but at the height of his power and glory he had been stung by a gnat, and infected with a deadly fever.

INSECTS *vs.* MAN

Many of the troops at last went through the campaign in a state of absolute nudity, protected by mosquito-nets, with mats of woven reeds over their heads, as a slight shade against the flame-like sunshine. But they could not get away from the flies; a man could not eat his food without eating flies. A piece of white bread became black before it reached one's

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mouth, and the inevitable result was some kind of dysentery. And such was the effect of the heat that a body of vigorous troops in the prime of life, marching at the top of their powers, seldom did more than eight miles a day. By this time they lost so much of the fluid of their blood that, though they emptied their water-flasks, they were tortured by thirst, and suffered like men in the last stages of kidney disease.

Sir John Nixon began his part of the campaign by turning his soldiers into sailors. For some weeks in the spring the whole brigade stationed at Kurna was engaged in learning the art of navigation in bellums. This type of boat has a length of about thirty-five feet and a beam of two and a half feet; it is propelled in shallow water by poles, and in deep water by paddles. Two men were required to work it, and as it was likely they would both be shot down when the action opened, all the men in the flat-bottomed craft had to learn how to punt and paddle, so as to be able to look after themselves if their boatmen fell. It was also at this time that a considerable part of our field artillery was put on the water, and, by great feats of carpentry and smith work, mounted on rafts, sailing-boats, tugs, and launches. Machine-guns were also mounted in large numbers, and at dawn on May 31st the extraordinary new Indo-British navy moved out to attack.

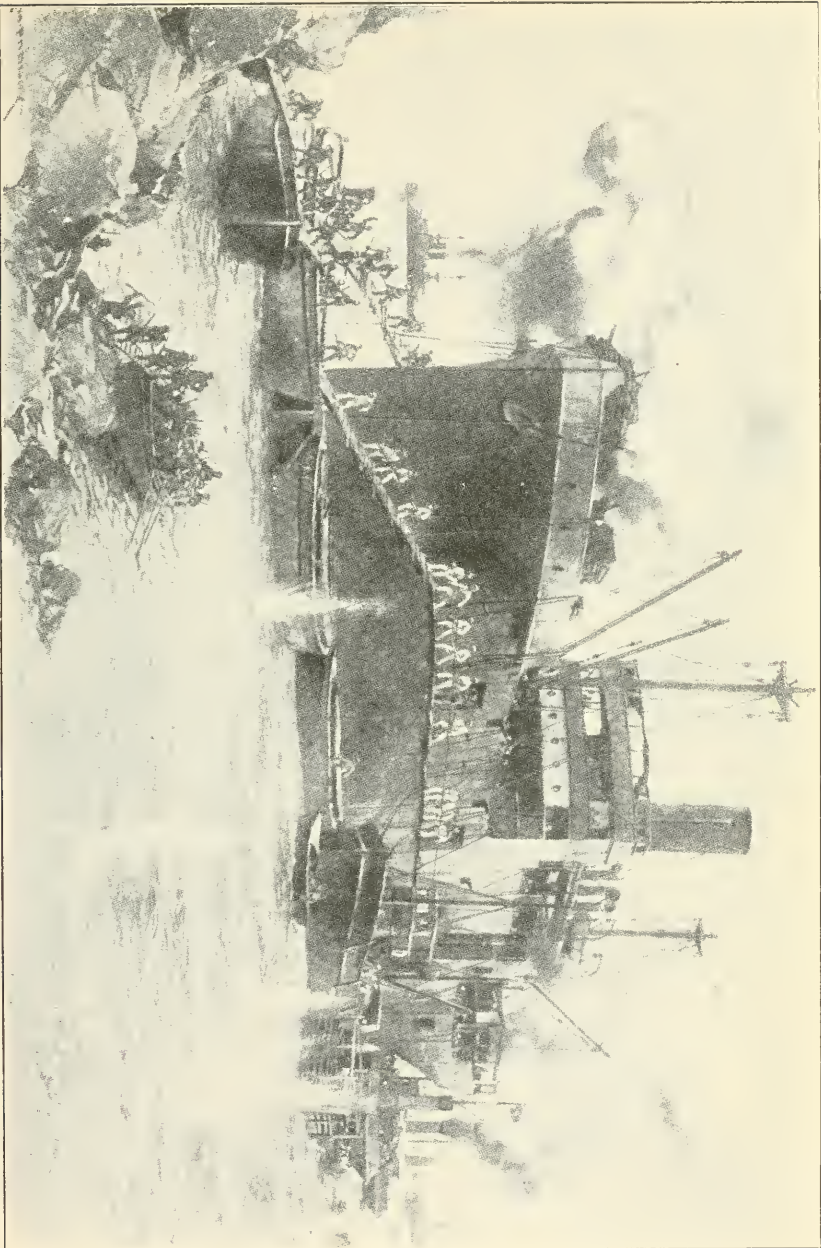
BATTLE OF NORFOLK HILL

In front of hundreds of river-boats were the three sloops Clio, Odin, and Espiègel, each with six four-inch guns, and the Royal Indian Marine steamer Lawrence, with rafts and boats containing field-

guns. This remarkable squadron had to steam through something that was neither land nor water, but a tract of mud thinning into a liquid form, while retaining the appearance of land by reason of the reeds growing out of it. The progress of the boats was much impeded by the reeds, and the Turks, with their Kurdish levies and German officers, entrenched on the low hills to the north, had a magnificent target. But their 6-in. field-guns used only the old segment shells, sold by the English government to the Ottoman Empire soon after the South African War. These shells made a noise, but did very little damage. What was more important, the Turks had no machine-guns, and their musketry fire was not good. After the steamer squadron had bombarded the enemy trenches, the newly-made sailor-soldiers of the bellum brigade—2d Norfolks, 110th Mahratta Light Infantry, and 120th Rajputana Infantry—beached their boats among the reeds, then squelched through the marsh and charged with the bayonet up the high, dry ground. The entrenched Turks, on the hill now known as Norfolk Hill, put up a good fight, but they were rushed and shattered, and the enemy troops in the other six positions fled in disorder up the Tigris to Amara.

FIGHTING THE HEAT

The garrison work, though unexciting, was almost a relief after a skirmish in the desert. In the desert at times the temperature was up to 130 degrees in the small tents, and on very sultry days the sandstorms came. A dense khaki-colored cloud rose on the horizon, and then rolled towards the encampment.



THE HISTORIC LANDING FROM THE "RIVER CLYDE" AT SEDDET BAHR, GALLIPOLI, APRIL 25, 1915



THE GLORIOUS CHARGE OF THE NINTH LANCERS.

An incident of the retreat from Mons to Cambria. A German battery of eleven guns posted in a wood and disguised with quantities of forage, had caused havoc in the British ranks. All attempts at silencing the guns having proved ineffectual, the Ninth Lancers rode straight at them, across the open, through a hail of shell from other German batteries, and cut down all the gunners, and put every gun out of action. The whole of the allied forces rang with praise of the charge.

The men rushed about strengthening their tent-pegs and ropes, and collecting all the loose kit; but often no preparation was adequate to meet the storm. The tents were blown down like packs of cards, and all had to hide their heads under tent-flaps, bedding, or boxes, as it was impossible to face the blasts of cutting sand. In violent tempests the sand made a black darkness which lasted for hours. When the storm passed, and the troops emerged, shaking themselves like dogs coming out of water, their eyes were bloodshot, their mouths and nostrils coated thick and black with sand and mud, and all their bodies were a mass of sand.

It was in these circumstances that the work of chasing down hostile Arab tribes and burning their camps had to be carried out. The actual conflicts with mounted bands of Bedouin guerrillas were not much of a trial. As the Bedouins usually had no guns, they scattered among the dunes when our men offered battle, and our reconnoitring aeroplanes were hard put to it to trace the lines along which they were going to again concentrate. The Indian cavalry, with a section of horse artillery concealed behind them, managed at first by feigning a flight and leading the unsuspecting Bedouins towards the British guns, to ambush some of the more daring Bedouin parties. But the Bedouin, being a born guerrilla fighter, mounted on a fine desert horse, soon learned all the tricks of the British cavalry, and had to be hunted down by converging columns of infantry. Infantry, however, had been hunting down the Bedouin for some ten thousand years; and when the Indo-British troops took up the work which Turk, Mongol, Persian, Assyrian, Babylonian and Sumerian

had been unable to accomplish, the son of the desert resorted to his ancient tactics.

He retired deep into the sandy waste, where he could water by springs known only to himself. There he tried to outfight his foes by his last and most terrible weapon of defense—thirst. The British pursuers had some narrow escapes from the most awful of deaths. On one occasion a strong column of their troops was set the apparently easy task of rounding up some Bedouins whom the British airmen had discovered camping only ten miles away. The men marched all night through the hot desert, charged the Arabs early in the morning, burned their tents, and hunted them over the sand-ridges for miles, and then returned to the captured camp for food and water. By this time the sun was terribly fierce, and the men, having emptied their water-bottles while marching in the hot night, were exhausted. And no water had been brought for them. It had apparently been thought that, as the river was only ten miles away the column was in no danger of dying from thirst.

AN AWFUL MARCH

At seven o'clock in the morning the troops began their march back to the river. But after covering only two miles the situation became desperate. The men began to stagger out and drop with exhaustion, and every hundred yards they went things looked blacker and blacker. At the end of four miles, when the sun was high and all the air was aflame, the column had to stop. The men—mostly Indians, and accustomed to tropical heat—could not get any farther.

Some of the British officers, who had been very careful with their water-bottles, gave their last drop to Indian officers and other bad cases. Then the general ordered tents to be pitched, and sent his Staff and cavalry to bring water from the river. Meanwhile, the column was in an awful condition, the agony of many of the men being dreadful to witness. One British infantry officer, feeling he was about to die, thought he would make a struggle for it. He strung water-bottles round his neck and around the camp mules, mounted one of the chargers, and made for the river. He could not afterwards tell how he reached it. He was half unconscious. But the animals found the water, and the officer rolled in it on his charger, drank up something that was more mud than water, and filled the bottles. With his refreshed pack of mules he regained the camp before the cavalry arrived, and saved many lives.

THE ADVANCE ON BAGDAD

About the beginning of July, 1915, the Mesopotamian campaign against the Turkish forces guarding Bagdad was undertaken.

At the Dardanelles the British had first thrown at the Ottoman Empire—which had six hundred thousand men under arms—a single army corps, shipped in disorder, and unprovided with the heavy howitzers needed in the siege battles of modern times. When this operation had failed, and the Ottoman Government was reported to be waiting only for equipment in order to arm a million men, the British Cabinet sent General Townshend to operate on the other

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side of the Ottoman Empire and capture Bagdad, in a zone where the Turks were believed to have large forces.

THE BATTLE OF NASIRIYEH

After fighting through the enemy's advanced position below Hamar Lake, the wonderfully-mixed British flotilla arrived, at the end of the third week in July, at a distance of about seven miles from Nasiriyeh. The division was then split up. Two brigades were landed on the right or westerly bank, while to the other brigade was assigned the task of working through the groves of date-palms on the left bank. As a reserve, a fourth brigade was brought down from Amara, and held ready for action in river-boats. Each of these boats had four guns, and pushing slowly up the river it covered with its fire the British troops on either bank, and silenced some of the enemy's guns that tried to shell the flotilla. The reserve brigade did not come into action, so complete and rapid was the success of the division.

The battle began about half-past four on the morning of July 24, 1915. For half an hour the brigades had been moving forward; but before the infantry charged, all the British howitzers, field and mountain guns bombarded the enemy's foremost trenches with high-explosive shells. For a full hour the batteries continued to smash up the enemy's entrenchments and gun positions; and then the 2d West Kents advanced through the date groves, while eight machine-guns, with the supporting battalions, covered the advance by rapid fire on the opposing trenches. Despite this

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covering fire, however, the West Kents were met by a terrible fusillade that swept their front lines. An officer in one of the regiments that was maintaining a covering musketry fire said the most magnificent sight he had ever seen was the West Kents going on under the enemy's terrific fusillade, and maneuvering as if they were on parade. As soon as they got up to the Turkish trenches, they wheeled round to the right, and, while their comrades stopped firing for fear of hitting them, they leapt into the trenches and were lost to view.

As they disappeared they get to work with the bayonet, and in a short time the spectators watching the game of life and death saw the Turks running as if the devil himself were after them. So the brigade opened fire again at the fugitives. Sergeant W. Wannell and Company-Sergeant-Major A. G. Elliott, both of the 2d West Kents, were the first to reach the enemy's trenches. They each led several bayonet charges in the close fighting which followed the attack, clearing trench after trench with steel and bullet. Sergeant Wannell also showed himself a remarkable bomb-thrower, and Company-Sergeant-Major Elliott, after heading charge after charge, helped to rescue a wounded comrade under fire. When Lieutenant Hill was wounded, yet still fighting with his sword against a throng of enemies, Private Howe leaped to his help and, by shooting one Turk and bayoneting four others, saved his officer's life. Two others of the West Kents—Private E. T. Bye and Private W. Bridger—distinguished themselves in tending the wounded and searching for them under the enemy's fusillade.

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Company-Sergeant-Major E. J. Newbrook was a fine fighter. Badly wounded during the first attack, he remained directing his party till the close of the day's operations. Many soldiers have done this sort of thing in France and Flanders; but the climate in Mesopotamia in the fourth week of July was a trying one for a severely wounded man to keep fighting in until evening fell. In the Ypres battles the 1st West Kents—the regiment that never lost a trench—won the highest honors in the Army; and at Nasiriyeh, in Babylonia, the men of the 2d Battalion showed themselves of the same splendid character.

After the West Kents wheeled and jumped into the Turkish trenches, the rest of the brigade advanced to support the attack, carrying all the ammunition they could collect. The brigade wheeled in the direction taken by its leading battalion, and picking their way through mounds of dead Turks, the men emerged into an open space where the Kentish heroes were taking cover by a low bank, and firing at the enemy in the date groves all around them. By this time the West Kents were using their last cartridges; but a battalion of Sikhs gave them some ammunition, and reinforced the firing-line by the low bank. Soon afterwards the order came to take two loopholed towers from which the enemy was maintaining a heavy fire. A double company of Sikhs and some twelve of the West Kents cleared the Turks out of the trenches on their right, and then shouting out "Hurrah!" like boys at a picnic, they stabbed their way along a communication sap, and took both towers in fifteen minutes.

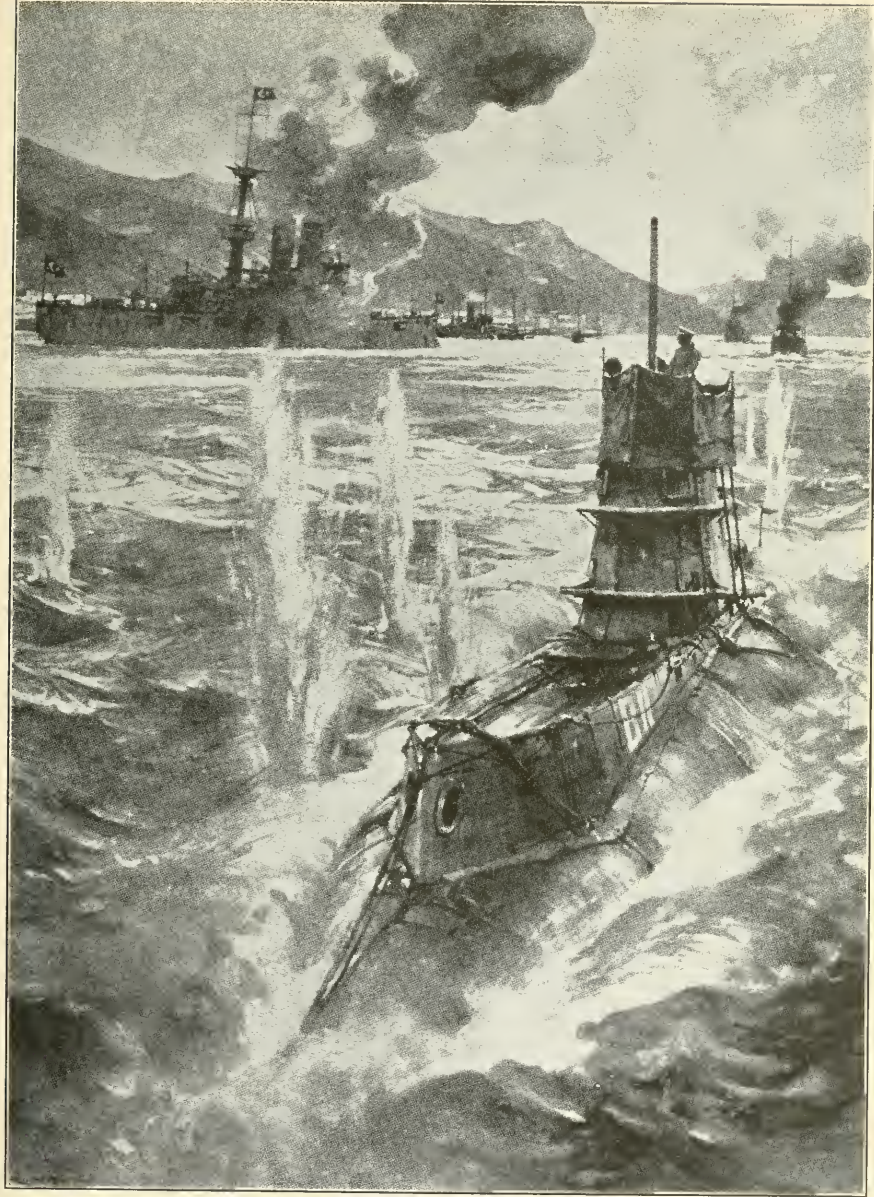
ROUT OF THE TURKS

The Turks lost many men, for they fought with matting over their trenches to keep the sun out, and the Kents and the Sikhs stuck them with the bayonet through the matting while they were firing up rather wildly, without being able to see clearly what was happening over their covering. After capturing the towers and a considerable number of prisoners, the Sikhs and the handful of white men had ten minutes' rest, which they spent in binding up their wounded and putting them in the shade of the towers. Then the small force fought the Turks out of another long line of trench, running down to the edge of a creek which formed the extreme left of the Turkish position. Here there was a village with another couple of towers, and these were also stormed after long, terrible bayonet work above the last mat-covered trench. By this time the division had won the battle. The Turks could be seen running away on the left, and the Sikhs and the West Kents were signaled to hold the ground they had won, and not to advance any farther. So, posting guards, they slept by the last two captured towers that night.

General Townshend continued to perform miracles with a force that never consisted of more than four brigades. Towards the end of October the Turks were so strongly established in their new fortifications near Bagdad that they left only a single brigade in their advanced position near Azizie. This rear-guard had a large number of guns, by means of which it held the river against the British gunboats, and pestered the British camp with occasional shells. The British

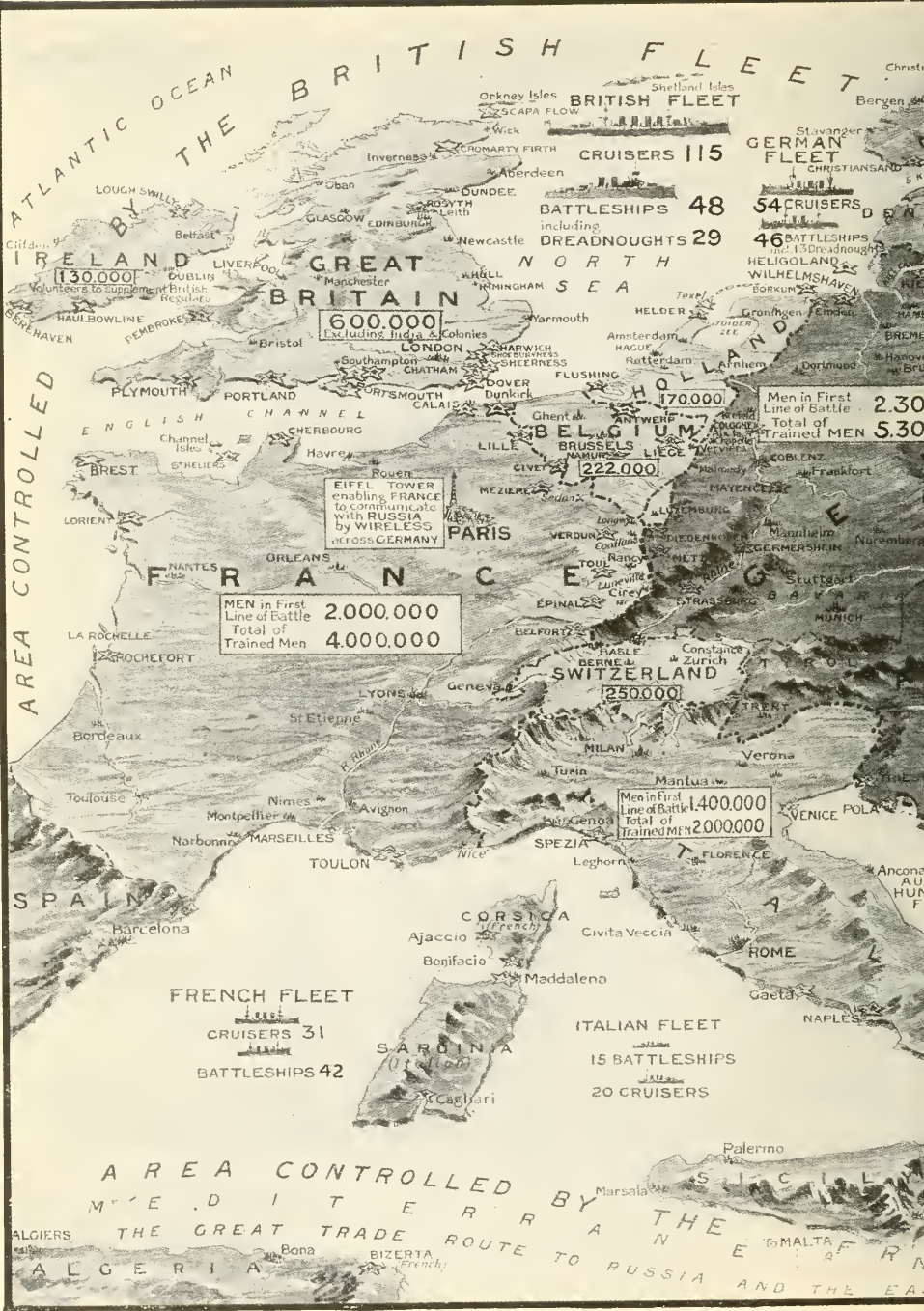
force preserved a grim silence, with the object of lulling the Turk, and making him forget his danger. On one very dark night two British brigades made a long roundabout march in Kut-el-Amara fashion, with a view to getting on the enemy's rear and encircling him, while a third Indo-British brigade undertook a frontal attack at dawn. But the Turk showed himself capable of learning by experience. On this occasion his outposts were flung far into the desert, apparently with a portable wireless instrument well out on their flank. Long before the wide British turning movement threatened their main position, the Turks were in full retreat, taking with them all their guns and most of their stores. Their movement looked like a headlong flight, but it was really a well-executed retirement in face of superior forces, which had carried out so well-planned a maneuver that instant retreat was the only answer to it.

The Indo-British division at once embarked in pursuit upon its picturesque flotilla of bellums, launches, paddle-steamers, horse-barges and gunboats. An unending series of uncharted mud-banks continually interrupted the progress of the extraordinary river armada, boats sticking sometimes for a day on a shoal, and having to wait till the large steamers arrived and dragged them off. A couple of gun-launches scouted ahead for possible ambushes which British aviators might have missed, and airmen in seaplanes and aeroplanes circled over Bagdad, and watched the enemy's lines of communication running across the desert towards Syria, and up the river towards the Caucasus heights. By November 9th General Town-

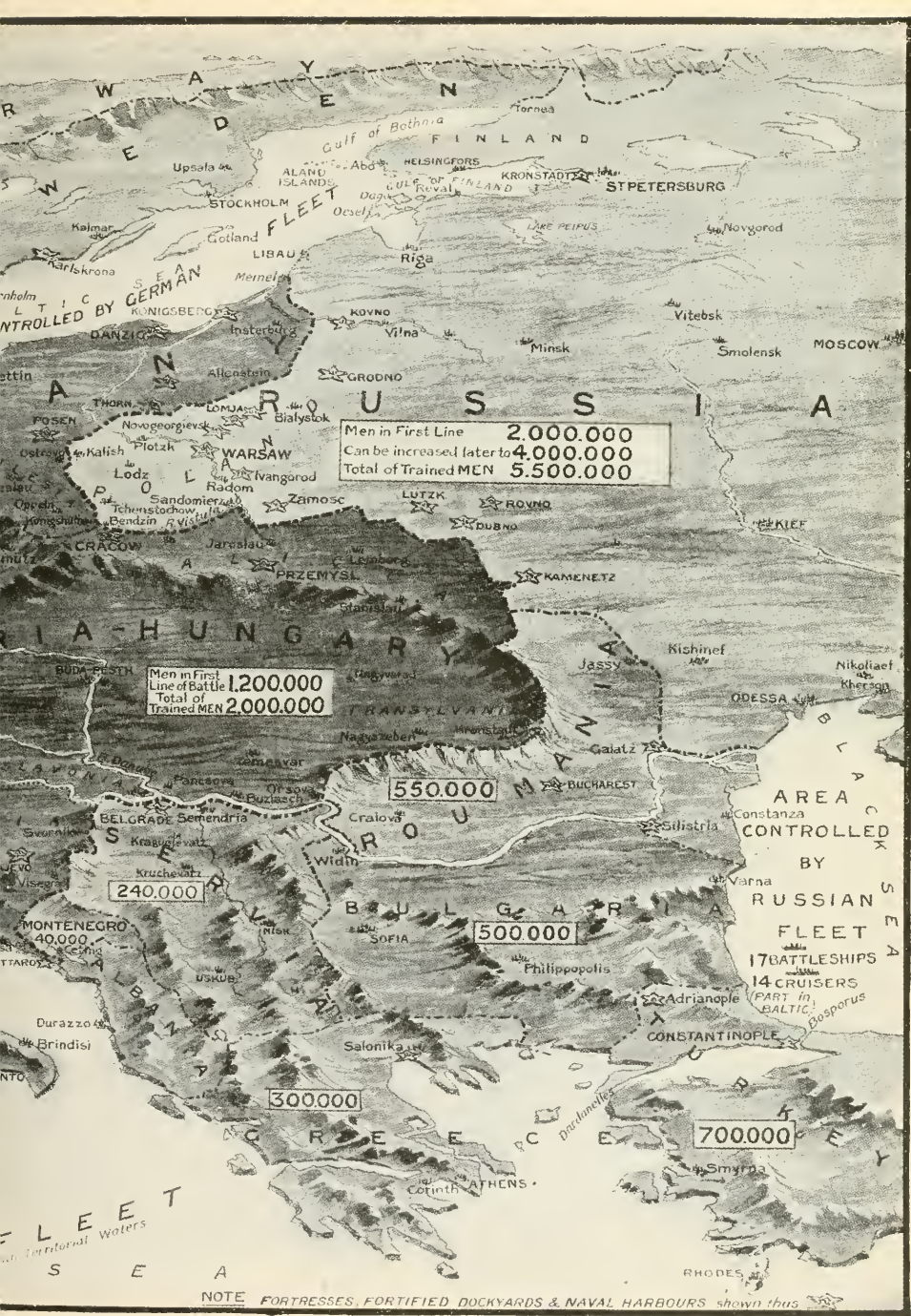


THE SINKING OF THE TURKISH BATTLESHIP MESSUDIYEH.

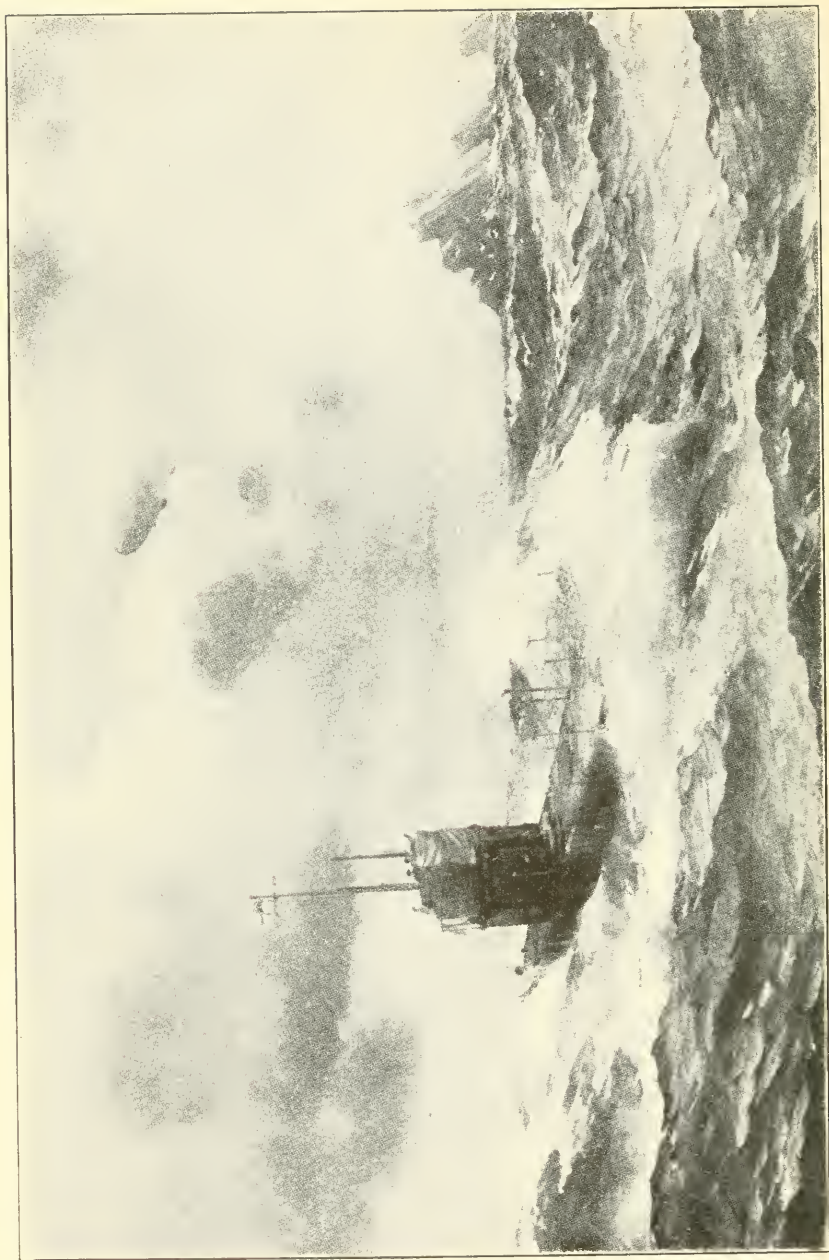
A thrilling incident of the Dardanelles campaign was the exploit of the British submarine B-11, under command of Lieut.-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, R. N., which entered the strait and in spite of the current, dived under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship Messudiyeh, which was guarding the mine field. Although pursued by gun fire and torpedo boats, B-11 returned safely after being submerged on one occasion for nine hours. Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook was awarded the V. C. on December 21, just a year after he had been appointed to the command of the B-11 at Malta.



RELIEF MAP OF EUROPE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR, SHOWING MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCES, AREAS CONTROLLED BY THE BRITISH, FRENCH AND ITALIAN FLEETS, AND THE GREAT TRADE ROUTE TO RUSSIA AND THE EAST.



EMENDOUS FORCES ENGAGED IN LAND AND SEA OPERATIONS



HIDE AND SEEK IN THE BALTIC.
A Zeppelin flying over a British submarine in the stormy sea.

shend's officers knew that the great adventure was about to be undertaken. The small British force was set the task of breaking through to Bagdad with a view to linking on with the advanced columns of the Russian army in the Caucasus. One of these columns was rapidly working down the Persian border by Lake Urmia, and another was advancing much farther south towards the city of Hamadan. From Bagdad to Hamadan the distance was 250 miles, across difficult and mountainous country. But it seems to have been thought that, with the Turks beaten at Bagdad, and the German-Persian force routed at Hamadan, the task of connecting the troops of Sir John Nixon and the army of the Grand Duke Nicholas would be fairly easy. On November 19th General Townshend's division having captured the village of Zeur marched against Nuredin Pasha's main system of defences. These works had been constructed eighteen miles from Bagdad, near the gaunt and imposing ruins of Ctesiphon, which loomed against the sky, at the edge of a reed-grown marsh, half a mile from the Tigris.

NUREDIN PASHA OUT-MANEUVURED

Nuredin Pasha's army was greatly increased. He had four divisions strongly entrenched against four British brigades at Ctesiphon, with a large reserve of good troops encamped a little farther up the river near Bagdad, and composed probably of forces detached from the Caucasian front during midwinter. Yet, in spite of his overwhelming number of troops, his strong and well-planned lines, and his increased batteries of both heavy and light artillery, the Turkish

pasha entered the battle a half-beaten man. He had been so continually outmaneuvered by British commanders with inferior forces that he could not trust his own judgment, and the truth is that the British needed only one division of the new armies that had been training for ten months in India in order to conquer Mesopotamia and capture Bagdad and Mosul. On the military authority, or on the politician, who did not send General Townshend—a man of proved genius—the twelve thousand more bayonets he needed, rests the responsibility for all that afterwards happened.

On the morning of November 22d the single Indo-British division attacked the four Turkish divisions, stormed their fortress lines, wiped out an entire army division, taking eight hundred prisoners and a large quantity of arms, and bivouacked victoriously in the captured works of defense. The Turkish report of the battle, spread through the world from the German wireless stations, estimated the number of British troops at 170,000. As a matter of fact, General Townshend, at an extreme estimate, could not have had more than 25,000 men all told, and his striking force could not have exceeded 16,000 Indian and British infantrymen. In spite of heavy counter-attacks by the reinforced Turkish army, the British troops held on to the Turkish position at Ctesiphon till the night of November 24th, when want of water again robbed them of their full victory, and they had to retire four miles to the Tigris. Their position by the river, however, was too weak to be held, and as their small force had incurred heavy losses, many battalions being reduced to less than half their strength, a withdrawal was necessary. They

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removed their wounded to the boats, and embarked their prisoners, numbering 1,600, and then, after a rearguard action near Azizie, on the night of November 30th, their troops retired in perfect order on Kut-el-Amara. Two of the river-boats, which had been disabled by the enemy's shell fire, had to be abandoned after their guns and engines had been made useless, and the pursuing Turkish army arrived within two hours' march of Kut on December 3d.

Our losses around Ctesiphon were 643 killed, 3,330 wounded, and 594 men not accounted for, bringing the total to 4,567. Having regard to the fine achievement of the British, the list of their casualties was light, and if the British Government had given General Townshend and Sir John Nixon the comparatively small reinforcement of another division, Bagdad would certainly have been won at Ctesiphon.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FRENCH ATTACK IN THE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT

EXTRAORDINARY GERMAN FORTRESS—KETTLE-
DRUMS OF DEATH—OPENING OF THE ASSAULT—
GENERAL DE CASTELNAU'S SCHEME—MIRACULOUS
ADVANCES—FRENCH TROOPS ROUND MASSIGES—
AWFUL SLAUGHTER AT TROU BRICOT—CHECK AT
BOIS SABOT.

THERE IS an ancient Roman road running from Rheims to the Argonne Forest. About twenty miles east of Rheims this Roman way crosses the Suippes River near the small town of Auberive; thence it runs for about fifteen miles to the outskirts of the forest, some distance south of the hamlet of Massiges. The country through which the old road runs is a barren table-land of chalk that continually swells into low, rounded hills, many of which have been planted with pine-trees. The land is part of the Champagne district, but to mark it from the fertile region of famous vineyards the French themselves call the unfruitful waste of chalk Lousy Champagne. This coarse term is indeed quite an official geographical expression among the French.

Immediately south of the Roman road is a vast circle of earthworks, known as the Camp de Chalons. Old tradition has it that the earthworks were made

by Attila, king of the Huns, whose forces were for the first time broken in a great battle on the plateau, whereby Paris was saved and the Huns chased from France. A few miles due west of Attila's camp is the hamlet of Valmy, where the Army of the French Revolution won its first victory over the Royal forces of Prussia and Austria, and thereby founded the democratic movement in modern Europe. For these reasons all the poor, mean country was holy ground to the French soldier, and despite the previous checks to the Army of Champagne, the general opinion in France was that over the stretch of chalk between the Argonne and Rheims the decisive advance against the German host would at last take place; for it was at this position that the breaking of the German front would be most disastrous to the enemy. All the invaders' lines, from Zeebrugge and the Yser to the northern heights of the Aisne, and the hills round Rheims would be taken in flank and the rear, and menaced by a cutting of all the lines of communication if a French army crossed the Dormoise and Py streams. But the Germans proudly boasted that their lines in Champagne were absolutely impregnable, and General von Kluck remarked to a German-American war correspondent that the position was that, if he could not take Paris, neither could the French capture Vouziers.

Between Vouziers and the French front there were four fortified lines, each a mile or more apart. All the downs, on and between these lines, were deeply excavated and transformed into underground fortresses, armed with quick-firing batteries, mortars for aerial

torpedoes, piping for the emission of poison-gas clouds, and thousands of machine-guns. Of all their military engineering works the Germans most prided themselves upon their Champagne defenses. These defenses had been greatly strengthened and extended since the French made their first great thrust in February, 1915. The French had then captured the first German line, running close to the Roman road by the hamlet of Perthes. But the loss of this line had put the German engineers on their mettle, and in the intervening months they had brought up hundreds more guns and thousands more Maxims; they had fitted many of the sunken invisible forts with domes of armored steel, and had driven a series of tunnels through the chalk to allow of supports being moved to the fire trenches safely through the heaviest storm of shrapnel and melinite shell.

KETTLE-DRUMS OF DEATH

Despite the confused haste with which this large medley of forces was assembled, the German commander on the Champagne front, General von Einem, had so absolute an assurance of victory that on the eve of the struggle he invited German war correspondents to come and watch the spectacle of his triumph. It was from one of these correspondents, Dr. Max Osborn, of the "Vossische Zeitung," that we obtained the best description of the French bombardment. After telling how the French heavy artillery swept the German rear, seeking to explode hand-bomb depots and other magazines of ammunition, the German with the English name said: "The violence

of the bombardment then reached its zenith. At first it had been a raging, searching fire; now it became a mad drumming, beyond all power of imagination. It is impossible to give any idea of the savagery of this hurricane of shells. Never has this old planet heard such an uproar. An officer who had witnessed in the summer the horrors of the Souchez and the Lorette heights, told me they could not in any way be compared with this inconceivably appalling artillery onslaught. Night and day for fifty hours, and in some places for seventy hours, the French guns vomited death and destruction against the German troops and the German batteries. Our strongly-built trenches were filled in, and ground to powder; their parapets and fire platforms were razed and turned into dust-heaps; and the men in them were buried, crushed, and suffocated. One of our privates, a high-school young man who survived, amused himself by counting the shells that fell in his limited field of vision. He calculated that nearly a hundred thousand projectiles fell around him in fifty hours."

By September 24th the bombardment reached its sustained level of intensity, and a trifling event that happened in the evening told the soldiers that the advance was about to be made. They were given an extra ration of wine. They tried to sleep, with the kettle-drums of death roaring close behind them, and when *réveillé* sounded at half-past five on Saturday morning, September 25th, the men drank their coffee, and as the guns made talk impossible, they squatted in their shelters, as far out of the rain as they could get, and smoked their pipes.

At a quarter past nine, as the rain was falling more heavily, a long line of strange figures leaped from the fire-trenches, and charged across the grassy slopes, over which the gas cloud had rolled. Clad in their new invisible blue uniforms with steel helmets to protect them from shrapnel, the infantry looked more like medieval warriors than like modern soldiers. Their bayoneted rifles resembled the ancient spears, and the most novel weapon they carried, the hand-bomb, was but a deadlier form of the old-fashioned grenade. Most of the battalions seem to have been divided into two sections, bombers and bayoneters. On reaching the first German trenches, the men with the bayonets crossed them and charged farther into the German lines, while the men with the bombs stayed in the captured position until they had smashed the Germans out of it.

OPENING OF THE ASSAULT

The first waves of the assault broke over the entire German front, from Auberive to the Argonne Forest, for a length of fifteen miles. But this was only meant to test the general strength of the enemy and pin his men down to every yard of the Champagne position. The main series of thrusts were then delivered at four points, the men advancing in narrow but very long and loose masses which spread out behind the first hostile line of downs. On the extreme left, at the village of Auberive, where the Germans held most of the fortified houses and the French were deeply entrenched along the southern outskirts, little progress could be made. Here the force of the French attack

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was skilfully directed northwestward up the long slopes leading to the hamlet of L'Epine de Vedegrange. Another strong attacking force was directed from Souain through the Punch-bowl northward and against a line of fortified heights known as Hill 185, on which Navarin Farm lay, the Butte of Souain, and Tree Hill. Eastward of Tree Hill was the formidable height of Tahure Butte, with the village of Tahure south of it, and in the triangle of Tahure, Souain, and Perthes villages was the immense German fortress called the Trou Bricot, and nicknamed the Hollow of Death. East of this hollow was the fortified escarpment of the Butte of Mesnil. Eastward of Mesnil was Bastion Crest, with the group of houses called Maisons de Champagne behind it, and still farther eastward, near the edge of the Argonne Forest, was a large hand-shaped down, known as the Hand of Massiges, with south of it a quarried hill, called from its curious appearance the Earhole.

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU'S SCHEME

General de Castelnau's main scheme was to penetrate between each principal German hill position, and then turn and encircle it with two flanking columns. But before this could be done, the first German line had to be captured, the strength of each hostile fortress tested, and then the columns had to advance along the valleys and the slopes with terrible enfilading fires sweeping them on both sides. It was afterwards calculated by observers of the conquered ground that along this front of fifteen miles, with a depth of two and a half miles, the German engineers had constructed nearly

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four hundred miles of trenches. And, despite the extraordinary duration and intensity of the French bombardment, in which millions of shells were used, this enormous system of human warrens was only damaged badly on the front slopes and in the southernmost hollows between the downs. The high ramparts of chalk protected from destruction far the greater part of the vast earthworks. The new French howitzers threw to a height of 12,000 feet a very heavy shell that descended almost vertically. Yet this wonderful projectile could not destroy the sheltered caverns and trenches in the downs on which the German sappers had been laboring for twelve months.

MIRACULOUS ADVANCES

Both the French and British leading divisions had made advances of a miraculous kind. In particular, the position of the Colonial troops at Maisons de Champagne resembled that of the Highland Brigade at the Cité St. Auguste at Lens. Pouring with sweat, the men had stormed through machine-gun fire, wire entanglements, rows of trenches, and gun positions, and after a rush of three miles they reached the last crest of chalk from which the valley of the Dormoise and the village of Ripont were dominated. Had supports quickly arrived, the road to Vouziers, Namur, and Liège would have been won. But, apparently, the single battalion that reached the Maisons, having lost all its officers and being commanded by a sergeant, had moved too quickly. The French Staff could not get more men up in time, and the half-shattered battalion, caught between two flanking fires from

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Massiges and Beauséjour, and attacked in front from Ripont, had to leave the heavy German and Austrian batteries it had captured on the crest, and fall back at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

The French mountain-gun, first issued in small numbers to the Chasseurs in the mountains had become the supreme weapon for nearly all battlefields. It was a variation of the "75," lighter and shorter of range, but with a higher angle of fire. It was used close behind the troops, almost like a machine-gun, but while a machine-gun could not hit men behind a hill, the mountain-gun could shell or shrapnel enemy troops sheltering in a hollow or on the reverse slopes of a down. Under the cover of a bombardment of this kind the French bombers rushed to the German hill trenches, and flung in grenades, forcing the Germans to retreat.

FRENCH TROOPS ROUND MASSIGES

From September 25th to the 30th, the Germans round Massiges continually counter-attacked, with a view to winning back their lost line. It was then that they suffered quite as heavy losses as the French had done in their attacks. The last of the German counter-attacks came from Cernay, in the northeast. The troops deployed at the foot of the slopes of the little rounded down known as La Justice. But the French light guns shattered this counter-attack before it got under way, and the troops round La Justice broke and fled in a panic. This was quite an extraordinary feature of the conflict, for hitherto the German soldiers had fought with remarkable tenacity, and when defeated had either surrendered or been killed. The

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spectacle of a large body of veteran enemy troops breaking and fleeing in panic under shell fire was regarded by the French command as highly significant.

AWFUL SLAUGHTER AT TROU BRICOT

Trou Bricot, seen first on the photographs taken by the reconnoitring French airmen, formed three round, pale blots, connected by a long white streak—the communication trench. Then there were six more whitish rounds, strung along the white line like balls on a string. It was on the white line that the French gunners began their work, and their heaviest shells fell in hundreds, at a range of five miles, on the main communication trench, cutting the telephone wires, destroying the shrapnel-proof passages, and choking the outlet. Then, at a signal from the watching airmen, a hurricane of shells fell on Trou Bricot and on the great Elberfeldt Camp behind it, and turned the gigantic fortress into a slaughter-house. The German divisions that garrisoned the extraordinary fortress were so staggered and dazed by the bombardment that a single division of French-African troops sweeping up the road from Souain to Tahure cut them off in the rear from Tree Hill and the position of Baraque, where the Breton Division, advancing from the other side of the work, connected and formed a great net with the Savoy troops working forward from the Pocket in front.

CHECK AT BOIS SABOT

The Bois Sabot was a horse-shoe-shaped fortress, surrounding a pine-wood on the right of Navarin

Farm. The work spread along the foot and sides of a gently-sloping hill, and it was laid out with such skill by the German engineers that they regarded it as one of the strongest points in their entire line of defense. The heavy bombardment had done little damage to its network of wire entanglements and deep subterranean lines; and in the evening of September 25th the French troops could only lie flat on their stomachs near this work, with the rain pouring on them and asphyxiating shells from the German batteries along the Py River blinding and strangling them. It was then that the Foreign Legion advanced through a curtain of shrapnel and flung themselves down by the Colonials. The Colonials were relieved in the night by the Zouaves and Moroccan troops, and the Legion crawled the following day into a stretch of woods to prepare for an attack. But the weather was so foggy that the French guns on September 26th and September 27th could not do any useful work, and, much to the disadvantage of the Allies, the fighting had to be temporarily suspended, so that the enemy won forty-eight hours in which to bring down reinforcements, guns, and ammunition to the Champagne front.

At last, at half-past three in the afternoon of September 28th, the air cleared sufficiently for the attack to be launched. The Legion had lost more than half its force in the great drive on the Vimy Heights in Artois in the spring, when it penetrated farther than any French troops. But two thousand more foreign lovers of France had since joined the Legion, and brought it up to full strength.

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In the advance from Souain, in the pine-wood near Navarin Farm, the Legionaries had again lost nearly a quarter of their men from shell and shrapnel before firing a shot. This made them very angry. They always disliked being in reserve when a charge was made, and they asked their colonel, in the evening of September 27th, to beg the general at Souain to let the Legion, as a special favor, lead the grand charge against the enemy's last line.

The request was allowed, and the famous corps, which has figured in so many romantic novels since Ouida wrote "Under Two Flags," went out to die. Every Legionary knew that he was doomed; for the plan of attack was that the Legion should fling itself straight on the front of the fortress of Bois Sabot, and there engage the enemy with such fury that 12,000 other men—Zouaves, Moors, and Colonials—could make a surprise attack on both flanks. The Legion gathered in the woods in two columns, and then, amid the cheers of the French troops occupying the trenches in front of them, they leapt across these trenches, over the heads of their comrades, and charged across the zone of death into the mouth of the Horse-shoe. First a rain of shrapnel smote them: then the stream of bullets from machine-guns and rifles caught them in the front and raked them on both sides. With a dense curtain of shrapnel behind it and torrents of lead pouring on its front and flanks, the Legion was mowed down as by a gigantic scythe. Platoons fell to a man, but the regiment went forward. At some points in the line the stream of lead was so thick that falling men were turned over and over, the dead bodies being

rolled along the ground by more bullets, as withered leaves roll in the winds of autumn. Yet some men of the leading battalion lived through it, and, reaching the wire entanglements, pounded them aside with the butts of their rifles. But of that battalion only one man got through the wires, and he fell headlong into the first German trench with a bullet through his knee. Then the second battalion followed, and a few men lived to get into the first trench and began to clear it out. But the last battalions of the Legion came forward in a tiger-spring and bombed and bayoneted their way into the fortress.

There, in the maze of trenches, and the shattered pine-wood, the Legion fought to the last man, and when the other troops closed on the flanks there were very few Germans alive in Bois Sabot. The Foreign Legion had also perished; only a small handful of its men remained. But in its great death-struggle the regiment had done one of the most amazing things in war. And when the noise of its achievement spread through France and echoed over the earth, thousands of volunteers from neutral countries came to Paris to enlist. Thus out of its glorious ashes the most famous of all corps in the modern world was born again from the inspiration given by the men who died on Vimy Ridge in Artois and the slopes of Bois Sabot in Champagne. Such is the power of the heroism of the dead upon the minds of living men who have scarcely any call to fight; for it was the Swiss, the American, the Scandinavian, and the Spaniard and Portuguese who traveled at their own expense to France to join the new Foreign Legion. The heroism of the Legion

firmly established the Army of Champagne in the region of Navarin Farm.

In all some 26,000 German prisoners were taken in Champagne, besides three hundred and fifty officers and one hundred and fifty cannon. And as the enemy suffered terribly in counter-attacks, the total French losses were at least balanced by those of Einem's, Keeringen's and the Crown Prince's troops. It is calculated that the killed, wounded and captured among the Germans were equivalent to the infantry of six army corps, or about 150,000 men. Fully twelve German army corps were shattered, and had to withdraw for large drafts. The general result of the French thrust in Champagne and the British thrust in Artois was that the enemy's entire strength was so diminished that the pressure against the Russian armies was greatly relaxed. This was the principal achievement of the western Allies. They obtained breathing space for Russia.

CHAPTER XV

ITALY'S PART IN THE WAR

HOW TEUTONIC CONSPIRACY DELAYED THE ATTACK AGAINST AUSTRIA—ITALY'S BOLD INITIAL STROKE—BATTLE OF MONTE CROCE—WESTERN TYROL THREATENED—GALLANT ITALIAN SAPPERS—BATTLE OF PLAVA—MALBORGHETTO FORTS OBLITERATED—FREIKOFEL, CRESTA VERDA AND ZELLENKOFEL—THE ATTACK ON PREGASINA—INCREDIBLE ENGINEERING FEATS—FIGHTING NATURE.

IT WOULD be necessary to go back fifty years into history to explain why it was that Bismarck's treachery placed in Austrian hands every mountain pass through which an Italian army could move against Austria. Yet this was the condition which Italy faced upon her entrance into the Great War. Even this fearful handicap would have been less onerous if General Cadorna had been able to make the surprise attack against Austria which he had planned. By the cunningness of plutocratic German interests in Italy, Signor Giolitti, the chief representative of Teutonism in Italy, intervened and overthrew the War Cabinet, delaying hostilities for nineteen days. But against these tremendous odds the Italian troops started their campaign with a series of brilliant successes, because the enemy reckoned them too lightly.

ITALY'S BOLD INITIAL STROKE

Thus it befell that the Archduke Eugene, with General von Höfer as his Chief of Staff, and Dankl as army commander in the Tyrol, made the mistake of holding the first line on the Austrian frontier with a ridiculously small number of troops. The Alpini and the Bersaglieri, with some battalions of the line and some gendarmes, crossed the frontier soon after midnight of May 21, 1915, at all the strategical points, and by a hundred swift, fierce little skirmishes, began to reverse the positions of Austria and Italy.

Meanwhile the Alpine troops were climbing the mountain, by ways only known to themselves through many mountaineering excursions undertaken by their leaders in summer holidays. The officers led the men over the trackless scree and rocky falls, over glaciers and snowdrifts, and then descended the opposite slopes at some distance behind the enemy vanguards skirmishing near the entrance to the path.

By the evening of May 25th, all the passes of the Dolomite Alps were won, and good breaches were made at Tonale Pass along the northwest and in the Carnic and Julian Alps along the northeast front.

The gun trains began to move more rapidly towards the holes made in the great mountain rampart, and tens of thousands of Italian engineers went up by train and motor-vehicles, and started building trenches and making gun emplacements. Meanwhile, the main Italian Infantry force, consisting of the Third Army, moved with great speed across the Friuli Plain through Udine, Palmanova, and St. Georgio, where two railway lines ran into the Isonzo Valley and the Torre Valley.

Here the covering troops had moved forward over the frontier at midnight on May 24th, and in a single day they captured nearly all the towns and villages between the frontier and the Isonzo River, from Caporetto, nestling in the north below the precipices of Monte Nero, to the hamlet of Belvedere southward on the Gulf of Trieste.

The Italian Commander-in-Chief, having conquered practically all the enemy's first line along a front of three hundred miles, waited to see in what sector the Austrian pressure would be most strongly felt. The answering counter-thrust of the enemy came at Monte Croce Pass, in the Carnic Alps, on May 29th. It was a foggy day, and under cover of the mist the enemy massed a strong force through the railway from Villach and brought them to Mauthen, from which they made five stubborn attempts to regain the pass. The Alpini and Bersaglieri swept away each wave of assault by musketry and machine-gun fire at almost point-blank range; then, leaping up after the last attack, they drove the enemy down the valley at the point of the bayonet.

BATTLE OF MONTE CROCE

This was only the beginning of the Battle of Monte Croce. Each side had large forces within call, and fed the troops up the valleys as the fighting-lines wasted. So the struggle continued day and night, while the Italian commander pushed over the neighboring passes and strengthened himself for the great counter-attack. The height known as Freikofel, commanding the Plöcken Plateau, near Monte Croce Pass,

was stormed on June 8th, and the Pass of Valentina and the Pass of Oregione, 7,590 feet high, overlooking the thickly-wooded Gail Valley, were taken. The last pass was won by the Alpini climbing over the white mass of Paralba and fighting their way down to the high saddle.

When war broke out, sand-bags, machine-guns, and quick-firers were hauled up to the eyrie, and in a few hours a governmentally-subsidized hotel on the road to Falzarego became a splendid fort, with quarters for a large garrison, and guns dominating the far-famed ravine. But the Alpini were led by men with ingenious minds and minute knowledge of the ground. Most of the fighting took place on the great northern mountain height, crowned by the glaciers and snow-fields of Tofana, and around the Cinque Torri, a line of apparently inaccessible peaks.

WESTERN TYROL THREATENED

At Falzarego and Sasso d'Istria the Italian troops were approaching the rear of the Col di Lana, and its neighboring mountain masses on which the fortress defending Cordevole Valley were constructed.

General Cadorna, having both the gift of strategy and ample fighting troops of fine quality, was able to impose his will on his adversary. The Austrians had only to advance some twenty miles across their Trentino frontier to reach Verona, that city of old romance still fragrant with the memories of Romeo and Juliet.

All the first striking successes by General Cadorna, between the last week in May, 1915, and the third

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week in August, 1915, were accomplished with a total casualty list of less than 30,000 names. The Austro-Hungarian losses in the same period on the same front were 18,000 dead, 54,000 wounded, and 18,000 prisoners.

GALLANT ITALIAN SAPPERS

Along the Isonzo the retreating Austrians had broken down the high embankment used to carry off the snow-water, and had thereby inundated the plain in the manner of the Belgian Yser defenses. The gallant Italian sappers, working under a plunging fire from the enemy's batteries on the mountains, foothills, and Carso table-land, had rapidly thrown some light pontoon bridges over the flood. Along these frail temporary structures the first Italian contingents crossed in the darkness, took the first line of Austrian trenches near the waterside, and broke up the light artillery positions close to the river.

The Isonzo was forced by a smashing bayonet attack, and the Italian troops headed by motor-cyclists with machine-guns, cycling scouts, and aeroplane observers, flowed in two arms around every position at which the Austrians tried to make a stand. By this continual threat of an encircling movement they forced the Austrians into Monfalcone. The enemy then for the first time displayed a telling ingenuity in warfare. Like the Turk in the Suvla Bay battles, he set fire to some of the slopes which the Italians were attacking. But while the pine-wood near Monfalcone flared to the skies, the quick-maneuvering Italians, headed by a grenadier battalion, broke into the open town and occupied it, after storming the Rocca promontory.

All went well during the week following the capture of Monfalcone. General Cadorna had the keen joy of recapturing the Isonzo town of Gradisca, which his father had won from the same foe forty-nine years before. This capture completed the Italian control of the Lower Isonzo, and the general attack on all the fortresses guarding Trieste was then prepared.

THE BATTLE OF PLAVA

In the center of this long fortress-line was the railway town of Plava, lying on the eastern bank of the Isonzo, beneath the wooded heights of Ternovane Forest. It was a key position, and the general Italian offensive began by a night attack on Plava, from Mount Korada on the other side of the river. The Italian sappers, with great coolness and skill, built a pontoon bridge in the darkness; and the infantry crossed the water on June 17th, and by a violent bayonet attack carried the town and the surrounding heights. The Italian general, having breached the enemy's second line in this place, poured strong forces into the gap, and a great battle took place on the edge of the forested highland. The Italian heavy artillery across the river on Mount Korada was able to send a plunging fire on the lower table-land, and with this help the dashing Italian troops won the battle and drove the enemy back.

The first grand open-field battle began on June 22d, and it was not until the last days of July that the battle drew to a close. In this long and terrible conflict in the open field, the theatre of which included all the Carso front, the Vipacco River valley, and the

southern part of the Ternovane Forest, the enemy suffered such heavy losses that his army was half shattered.

Yet his position had been found impregnable by the forces of the Italian commander, for the five hundred guns which the Italian general employed were quite inadequate. The ground was unassailable. There are innumerable caves from which quick-firing guns could be worked, and labyrinths of crags and scattered rocks, and foliage-hung cliffs behind which large reserves could safely be sheltered.

But General Boroevics lost all the tremendous natural advantages of this immense natural fortress when he sent his divisions charging across the open ground against the lines to which the Italians were clinging; for though the Italians only held on to the rim of the table-land, with a flooded river a third of a mile broad beneath them, yet their well-built sand-bag trenches gave them excellent cover against the enemy's artillery.

The first phase of the Battle of Gorizia ended in the repulse of the Austrian counter-attack in the middle of July. General Cadorna then delivered a fiercer assault, based on the knowledge he had obtained by his first reconnaissance in force. For three days and nights—July 18th, 19th and 20th—the troops of the Italian Second and Third Armies leaped forward with heroic energy all along the zone of the Isonzo, and broke through the wire entanglements and the armored trenches, taking 3,500 prisoners. As a rule, the Italians attacked by day, and then resisted in their newly-won positions the nocturnal counter-attacks by the enemy.

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Owing to the fine work of their engineers, they retained all the ground they had won, and began to deliver night attacks on July 20th.

BOTH SIDES REINFORCED

But the next morning General Cadorna stayed the forward movement of the Duke of Aosta, and bringing reinforcements, ordered every man to help the engineers in strengthening and extending the trenches; for the commander, either through his aerial observers or his secret agents, had obtained knowledge that the enemy was about to make his supreme effort. July 21st passed quietly; then, on July 22d, a mightier concentration of heavy Austrian artillery opened a hurricane fire on the Italian lines.

SUPREME AUSTRIAN EFFORT

The main infantry attack was delivered towards Gradisca, where the Italians had built their chief bridges across the Isonzo. The first line of Italian troops could not kill the closely packed lines quickly enough, and it seemed as though the position would be lost. But the Italian gunnery officers, watching the operation from their observing-posts, had the situation well in hand, and at the critical moment a storm of shrapnel from five hundred guns and howitzers fell on the large target in front of the first Italian line, and made such holes in it that the garrison of the fire-trench beat back the remnant of the attacking masses with little difficulty.

The next day General Boroevics launched another strong attack on the Italian positions near the sea-edge

of the Carso table-land, but it failed completely, though the rough ground did not permit the Italians to make another fierce pursuit. Finally two Austrian divisions, which advanced from the heights of San Michele and San Martino to storm Sagrado, were so smashed up that, on July 25th, the Italian troops were able to carry some of the entrenched slopes of San Martino, and to storm the hill of Sei Busi.

The crest of San Michele was very important, as it dominated a large part of the table-land, and the main tide of battle surged around and over it for many days. At last the Italian infantry, on July 27th, tearing forward with passionate ardor, bombed and bayoneted their way to the summit, along which they then tried to establish themselves. They also sand-bagged part of the lower slope facing the enemy; but under the torrent of high-explosive and asphyxiating shell the crest and the exposed slopes beneath it could not be garrisoned.

Like the grand drive of the Franco-British forces at Massiges and Loos, the Italian offensive on the Gorizia fortress chain failed to break the enemy's resistance. Yet, as in Artois and Champagne, so on the Isonzo, the heroism, endurance, and violence of effort of the attacking forces were tremendous.

When it is remembered that Gibraltar, with only a hundred guns, held out against the attacking forces of two kingdoms for more than three and a half years, it cannot be wondered that the Italian army found the great, peaked, rocky mass of the Carso a very difficult thing to conquer; for most of the advantages derived from the developments in modern artillery

rested with the defending forces. In particular the Austrians had heavy mobile batteries, moving on newly-made railway tracks, and lighter motor-batteries working along many new branching roads. These could seldom be put out of action, and they came rapidly into the battlefield when a movement of the Italian infantry was signaled on the observation heights. All night the table-land was swept by search-lights, which quickly picked out any body of troops trying to steal an advance, and lighted them up for destruction by the artillery. All the wire entanglements were charged with deadly currents of electricity; and more formidable than all the guns, howitzers, poison-gas cylinders, aerial torpedoes and flame-projectors which the enemy employed, was his ubiquitous and skilfully used secondary armament of machine-guns. The sea-mists, floating in from the Adriatic, often tempted the Italian sand-bag brigades to make a dash for the enemy trench, when the hostile artillery was blanketed with the fog. But even in these circumstances the remarkably complete organization of the enemy enabled him to parry a stab through the fog. As soon as a trench was lost telephone reports reached the German and Austrian gunners, and these, knowing to an inch the range of the lost, invisible position, battered it with asphyxiating shell, by way of preparation for a strong counter-attack by their bombing parties. Such were the conditions under which the Third Italian Army wore down the opposing effectives, and very gradually yet continually worked forward to the Doberdo Plateau. The heroism displayed in this work will never be fully known.

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A SEEMING STALEMATE

By the middle of November, 1915, the situation on the Carso table-land resembled that in Champagne. The enemy had been driven back to his last line, and had been compelled to bring up half a million more troops. Having, however, won time to recover from the blow which he had received, General Boroevics constructed another system of lines behind the Doberdo Plateau, so that his position was practically as strong as it had been before. To all appearance the Italian army, like the Franco-British forces on the western front, was in a position of stalemate.

Meanwhile, the still more exciting, difficult, and wildly picturesque work of Alpine warfare went on in the Julian, Carnic, Dolomite, Trentino, and Tyrolean mountains. In the Julian Alps the fighting mountaineers of Italy had a startling stroke of luck in the first phase of the struggle. From an order issued by the Austrian commander, General Rohr, it appears that two of his companies were set to guard a formidable rampart of rock between Tolmino and Monte Nero. Leaving a few men at the post of observation, both companies used to sleep at night. The Alpinists clambered over the mountain in the darkness, killed the watchmen silently with the knife, and then dropped in the rear of the two sleeping companies and captured them. This is a good instance of those happy-go-lucky methods of the Austrian officer.

MALBORGHETTO FORTS OBLITERATED

Then at the western end of the great ring of fortified heights, barring the Predil Pass and the highway and

railway running into the heart of Austria, was Malborghetto. The Italians quickly brought their heaviest howitzers against the Malborghetto forts, and reduced Fort Hensel and other permanent works to the same condition as that to which the Skoda guns had reduced the Liége Forts.

FREIKOFEL, CRESTA VERDE AND ZELLENKOFEL

Freikofel was one of the smaller peaks that stood out continually in the limelight of war. The Alpini captured it by a surprise attack with scarcely any loss, and then for months the Austrian commander sacrificed battalions and regiments, and even brigades, in vain attempts to recover the key-height in the central pass of the Carnic Alps. But the loss of Freikofel, though followed by the loss of Cresta Verde, near the Zellenkofel, on June 24th, did not quicken the minds of the Austrian officers; for in the first week in July the extremely important observation peak of Zellenkofel was lost by them. The enemy had a squad of forty men and some observation officers entrenched on the crest. Below them, on the reverse slope, was a battery of their mountain guns, with indirect fire to sweep the southern slopes of the heights. The battery was in telephonic communication with the observation station, and the station could also speak by wire to more distant batteries of heavy howitzers, and to the large infantry reserves collected in the wooded valley.

But both the men and the officers on the peak were lulled into a blind sense of security by their extraordinary position; for, on the side on which they faced the Italians, there was not a slope, but an almost

perpendicular precipice, with a fall of thousands of feet. In the darkness, twenty-nine Alpini, with an officer, crept up to the foot of the precipice with ropes and a machine-gun. The finest climbers—men who had made a special study of the Zellenkofel—pulled themselves up by jutting rocks, and then let down ropes by which the other men ascended with a machine-gun. A clatter of falling stones would have alarmed the enemy but the footholds and the ropeholds were so skilfully chosen that no detached pieces of rock were toppled over. Just at moonrise the Alpini squad reached the crest, shot down the sentries, and then killed the garrison of the observation station by a bayonet charge. There then followed a long and desperate fight with the mountain battery on the reverse slope. But by means of the machine-gun the Austrians were shattered in trying to make a charge, and their guns were captured just as day was breaking.

THE ATTACK ON PREGASINA

A striking victory, which had decisive consequence, was the attack on Pregasina, by the edge of Lake Garda, which was undertaken in bad weather in the second week in October, 1915. On the opposite side of the lovely waters the Italians had won Monte Altissimo early in the campaign. They now demonstrated against the town of Riva from this height, and drew the enemy's fire, while across the lake, in difficult mountain country, the western attacking force reached the enemy's entrenchments and cut the wires at Pregasina. Then, screened by a dense fog, the Italian troops charged and took the hill, and though the Riva

guns massed their fire on the victors, and poured asphyxiating shells on them, the Italians took the town, and swept through it and conquered the northern hills dominating the Ledro Valley.

INCREDIBLE ENGINEERING FEATS

The Austrians, it is said, tried to do the same thing; but after getting a twelve-inch Skoda gun halfway up a mountain they had to let it down again. Their engineers had not arranged the roping properly, or chosen the best scene of operations. Probably not since the Pyramids were built have human hands successfully tugged at such gigantic weights as the hardy peasantry of Italy, Sardinia, and Sicily lifted at need a mile above sea-level. The small guns were raised two miles above the sea by means of ropes, and by the same primitive method large stores of shells and provisions were hoisted above the clouds into the region of everlasting snow. Fuel was hauled up, and tools and dynamite for making caves in which to live in Eskimo fashion, when the valleys far below were still sweltering in almost semi-tropical heat.

FIGHTING NATURE

But towards the middle of September all this extraordinary Alpine warfare began to slacken, for winter was setting in, and veins of snow appeared on the bare rocks and broadened into white fields. Preparations for an arctic campaign had been going on for months. Wire railways ran from the valley and caves on the summits; strong lowland torrents, that were known not to freeze, were harnessed to dynamos, and the

currents were wired up to the heights to warm, light, and do cooking for the fur-clad garrisons of the peaks. Great stores of ordinary fuel and food were also hoisted up to the detachments likely to be cut off for weeks, or even for months, by the snow. Then in many places it was possible to arrange for snow-clearers to fight each fall of snow, and keep a practicable white ravine running to the mountain-top, by which frequent reliefs could be sent to the troops that lived and watched above the clouds. As on most mountains used for observation purposes the snow fell thickest on or near the summit, the garrison had to work incessantly to prevent themselves from being buried in snowfalls; for no matter how well the direction of the prevailing winds was studied, practically nothing was known about the way in which the snow would drift and pile up. So the men had to be prepared to dig themselves out every morning, and maintain a sort of crater to the great snow-field. By November, 1915, the Alpine troops on both sides were more busy fighting against the terrible powers of Nature in her sombre moods than in trying to steal little tactical positions from each other. And so a halt was called until the spring.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MARVELOUS WORK OF THE RED CROSS

VITAL NEED OF VOLUNTARY AID—A FAMOUS FOUNDATION — RED CROSS HOSPITALS IN ENGLAND — TRACING WOUNDED AND MISSING—CANADIAN RED CROSS WORK—THE GREAT HOSPITAL AT CLIVEDEN—WORK IN BELGIUM—AMERICAN HELPERS IN FRANCE —SERBIA'S PITIFUL PLIGHT.

IN TIMES of peace comparatively little is heard of the great voluntary organizations whose business it is to keep the machinery always going for dealing with the wounded when war breaks out. Best known of these is the Red Cross Society, taking its name from the familiar symbol—the reversal of the colors of the Swiss national flag—denoting everywhere throughout the Christian world work for the sick and wounded.

Working with the Red Cross Society in the war was another body, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, more generally known as the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. This order claims descent from a famous foundation which arose in the earliest days of the twelfth century, with the object of giving shelter and assistance to pilgrims to the Holy Land, who were at that time suffering under the heel of the Turk.

Its task today is very different. From its home at St. John's Gate, in Clerkenwell, it organized ambulance

brigades which soon became a familiar feature in most parts of England. It had, in the days before the war, some 30,000 members who had secured their certificates in first-aid, who worked under discipline, and many of whom had been given a certain amount of training each year in War Office and Admiralty hospitals on the understanding that they would offer themselves should war break out.

At the start of the war the authorities appealed to the St. John's Ambulance Brigade for volunteers. There was an immediate response. The Ambulance volunteers enabled the members of the Royal Army Medical Corps to be released from home work and to go out with the Expeditionary Force. In addition, some six hundred and fifty St. John's Ambulance men were mobilized and sent out with the force. The services of these St. John's Ambulance workers and of other voluntary workers secured by the Order of St. John were of unquestioned value.

It became evident at the beginning of the war that these voluntary bodies would have to expand their activities to a degree undreamed of before, and would further have to raise money on a previously unknown scale. A joint War Committee was formed of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John, and the task of raising the money was undertaken, at the request of Lord Rothschild, the President of the Joint Committee, by *The London Times*.

The first great task that fell to the Red Cross was the sudden improvisation of a fleet of motor-transport. Old horse-ambulances were still being used. Their slowness, jolting, and inadequacy were responsible for

much needless suffering among the wounded. If it were possible, wounded men were taken down from the front in the motor-wagons which had brought up stores. These motor-wagons were almost springless, accentuating every jolt in the road, particularly on the paved roads of Northern France. They were trying enough for hardy and able-bodied men to travel in, but hideous for the wounded.

Money was asked for motor-ambulances. Within three weeks funds were raised to purchase over five hundred. Motor manufacturers went to work day and night, and by the end of January, 1915, over a thousand motor-ambulances and other motor-vehicles were at work. An army of trained drivers had been enlisted to handle them, and over 100,000 patients had been carried in them.

Then the societies established a number of hospitals of their own. In France six were opened immediately around Boulogne, and three in or near Calais. The voluntary hospitals offered by British donors to the French and Belgian Governments were inspected and supervised. The Red Cross established several hospitals in England itself. The largest of these was the King George's Hospital in Stamford Street, London.

RED CROSS HOSPITALS IN ENGLAND

The British Red Cross had 2,300 Voluntary Aid Detachments, with a membership exceeding 67,000. With the aid of these some six hundred auxiliary hospitals were equipped, and rest stations were formed for attending to the wounded on the way to hospital. Convalescent homes were established. One depart-

ment of the Red Cross which constituted a romance—often enough, alas! a very painful romance—was for tracing the wounded and missing. Its agents traveled throughout the battle-stricken regions of Northern France, searching everywhere for news which could relieve the anxiety of those at home.

TRACING WOUNDED AND MISSING

Another great department of the Red Cross work was the provision of supplies for the hospitals at the front. Immense stores were wanted that could not possibly be had from the Government, from X-ray outfits to tooth-brushes. The societies provided them. Garments and comforts for the wounded were sent out by the hundred thousand, not only to British armies on the Continent, but to wounded in almost every center of the war.

The British Red Cross did not stand alone. Allied organizations from the Dominions did their share splendidly. The Australasian societies liberally subscribed to the British funds, and looked well after their own men. The Australasians opened a hospital at Wimereux, staffed and maintained by Australasians, and their contingent was accompanied by an ample and adequate medical and nursing organization, which aroused great admiration.

In Canada the work of the Red Cross was taken up at the very beginning with immense enthusiasm. When the Canadian Contingent arrived in England, the ships that bore the troops carried, not merely a full medical and nursing staff, but every kind of medical comfort likely to be required.

OVERSEAS RED CROSS WORK

About the same time as the contingent reached Plymouth, Colonel Hodgetts, the Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross, arrived in London and established himself in an office in Cockspur Street. This office became a center through which a constant stream of gifts poured into the United Kingdom and into France. Large donations of money were given by the Canadians to the British Red Cross. Many motor-ambulances were purchased. Comforts of all kinds, foodstuffs and supplies, were gathered and distributed with the most lavish hand. These gifts were by no means confined to the Canadian troops. In addition to the large gifts of money, a number of motor-ambulances were presented to the British Red Cross. A coach was provided for a hospital train which Princess Christian was procuring, and a Canadian Ward was built in a hospital which the St. John Ambulance Society was constructing at the front. The Canadian Red Cross came to England to help, and it did so. It did great and much-needed work. In addition to the establishment at Le Touquet, the Canadian Red Cross made itself responsible for the construction, maintenance and administration of a great hospital at Cliveden, Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor's well known Thames-side estate. Mr. Astor offered the Canadians the use of Taplow Lodge, Cliveden, and the grounds around it, and undertook sweeping structural alterations and additions to make the place suitable.

THE GREAT HOSPITAL AT CLIVEDEN

Early in 1915 the Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital, as the new establishment was

called, was opened with one hundred and eight beds. It was complete in every detail. The main building was a transformed tennis-court, which made as cheerful looking a hospital as could be devised. Its white walls, and its roof of green painted glass, its floors covered with green linoleum, and its abundant flowers, combined to produce a very pleasant effect. The lofty roof and the fresh country air largely robbed the place of the familiar hospital atmosphere of iodoform and antiseptics. The operating theater was one that the finest London hospitals might well have envied on account of its size, light, and perfect aseptic conditions. The accommodation was surprisingly excellent when it is remembered that it was created in a short time, out of what had been an adjunct to a big country house.

BELGIANS AT BEACHBOROUGH PARK

Beachborough Park opened in October, 1914, with close on fifty beds. Its first consignment of patients was over fifty Belgians fresh from the front, with wounds that had received little or nothing beyond first-aid. Some of the men had lain four or five days in the field before being brought in. The staff toiled over them for thirty-six hours, two nights and a day, without rest. When the Canadian troops reached the front, Beachborough Park became, as it continued from then on, a reflection of the great battles in which the Dominion troops took part. The establishment was so successful that after a few months it was determined to enlarge it, and wards were built in the grounds, enlarging the accommodation to

about one hundred and fifty patients. It would be impossible to detail all the places that were opened in England for the accommodation of the wounded. The Royal Army Medical Department took over numerous old buildings, schools, factories and the like, and in addition built temporary hospitals in parks and gardens on a wholesale scale. It absorbed race-tracks and transformed lunatic asylums; voluntary hospitals all over the country opened their doors to the wounded, the London Hospital alone placing three hundred beds at the disposal of the authorities. A number of private houses and nursing homes, particularly in London, were turned into special hospitals for doctors. Among the best known of these were the hospital at 27, Grosvenor Square, and Queen Alexandra's Hospital for officers at Highgate. Special sections of the community provided hospitals. The American community established and maintained a fine hospital at Paignton, Devon, in one of the most beautiful country houses of Southern England.

The claims of the Belgian people made a special appeal to the British nation, and numerous parties of surgeons and nurses went out more or less independently to help the wounded during the early fighting. The best known of these was Dr. Hector Munro, and his experiences may be taken as a notable example of others.

Dr. Munro, at the beginning of the war, abandoned for a time his practice in London and volunteered for service in Belgium. His first experiences showed him the great need of motor-ambulances for the Belgian Army, and returning to London on September 22, 1914,

he issued an appeal which was to have widespread results.

He stated that he proposed to raise a small ambulance corps, with two surgeons, a staff of twenty helpers, and four cars. "I have just returned from Belgium, where I visited Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp, to inquire as to the need for Red Cross work there. The difficulty is to get the wounded from ten to thirty miles around Ghent into the town. There are admirable hospitals around Ghent. One large hotel has been converted by the Belgian Red Cross into *Hôpital Militaire No. 2*, and is splendidly manned with surgeons, doctors, and nurses. But it is impossible to get the wounded in there quickly enough. There are about 2,000 Uhlans wandering in the district, and there are occasional small skirmishes, ending in one or two men being killed and a dozen or so wounded. The wounded crawl away into cottages, or lie about in the open fields, where they remain unattended. Last Sunday there were 3,000 wounded to take into the town of Antwerp."

His party was quickly organized. Miss May Sinclair, the well-known novelist, acted as his secretary. Lady Dorothe Feilding, daughter of Lord Denbigh, acted as his chief of staff, and a group of men and women volunteers were enlisted. Unlike most doctors, Dr. Munro did not seek for professional nurses, but enlisted the aid of a number of eager women who had received some training in first-aid and were keen to serve.

The ambulance corps was first stationed at Ghent, and after a few days of waiting it quickly found itself

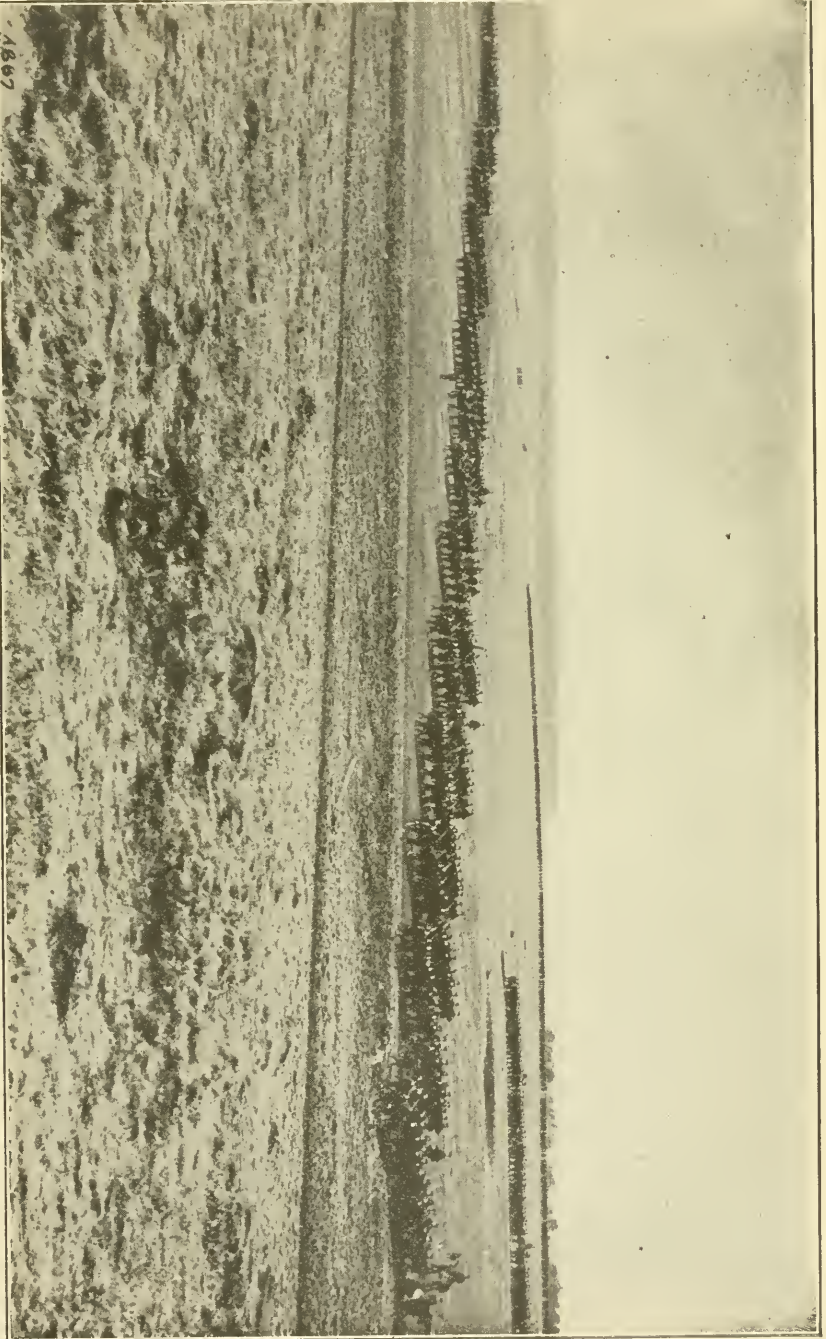
in the thick of service. It soon won a high reputation for the daring of its members in penetrating into the firing-line, bringing their light cars up as near to the front as possible, and rescuing men from where danger was greatest. Their conduct during the great battle of the sea-coast in October, 1914, attracted wide notice.

The story of the work of the Munro Ambulance at Dixmude attracted widespread attention and much public support, and by December the volunteer corps had thirteen cars. It was engaged all along the line of the Belgian retreat. Eventually it settled down at Furnes, making its headquarters there, and its work extending along the line of thirty miles from Nieuport to Ypres. One of the members of the corps was wounded in the leg at Nieuport, and received the Legion of Honor. Another was poisoned from the fumes of a shell that burst near to him, and was ill for some weeks.

Soup-kitchens were established for feeding starving and exhausted men, and warm woolen underclothes and gloves were supplied for Belgian troops in the trenches. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., worked for a time with the party.

AMERICAN HELPERS IN FRANCE

Early in the war it became evident that the French Army medical authorities would be greatly aided by some outside help. In France, where almost every able-bodied man was called to the front, it was not possible to draw to the same extent on volunteers from the country itself, as could be done in England.



1867

Photo by Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

CANADIAN TROOPS ON SALISBURY PLAIN

A portion of the Dominion contingent drilling on the plain preparatory to being reviewed by the King.



CHARGING THROUGH BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

The King's Regiment of the British Army suffered heavily while trying to penetrate the enemy's wire entanglement at Givenchy. Three lines of a perfect thicket of barbed-wire lay between them and the enemy. Only one brave officer even managed to penetrate the wire. (*Il. L. News coppr.*)

Consequently, volunteers were obtained from England and America, and a number of ambulance units got to work. One of the most notable of these was the Anglo-American Volunteer Motor-Ambulance Corps, organized by Mr. Richard Norton and placed under the command of Colonel Barry. It was formally attached to one of the northern divisions of the French Army, and it did services which, in the opinion of the French authorities themselves, it would be difficult to over-estimate.

The majority of the workers in this convoy were well-to-do young Americans, who could drive, and who in some cases provided their own cars. They largely maintained themselves. This volunteer corps was representative of the great American philanthropic activity in aiding the sick, feeding the hungry, and checking disease all along the different fronts.

Nowhere was the need of Red Cross work greater than in Serbia. This country, poor and devastated by previous wars, found itself, when it had driven the Austrian armies out of its borders, in a most pitiable state. There were thousands of sick and thousands of wounded waiting attention. Great numbers of Austrian prisoners had been taken, an epidemic of typhus started among them, and among the refugees, and spread over the country with amazing virulence.

SERBIA'S PITIABLE PLIGHT

There were no Serbian trained nurses, although a certain number of Serbian ladies had begun to learn the elements of training, and there were few doctors left. Famine threatened the country. The ha'penny

roll in some parts fetched a shilling. British doctors who had come to the country to help did their utmost. They were swallowed up in the magnitude of the task before them.

The sick died all over the country, in many cases with none to attend them. Wounded men, carried for days on bullock-wagons from the front—journeys every moment of which must have been exquisite agony—found no doctors to attend to them when they arrived at their stations. The country seemed to reach the very depth of possible misery.

When the cry of Serbia went out to the world, expeditions were quickly organized in Britain. The Serbian Relief Fund made renewed efforts, and was able to initiate and support many activities. Hospital parties were formed. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, who had already done great work in Belgium and in Northern France, took a large party of doctors and trained nurses to Krajevitch. American doctors and philanthropists helped also.

The Red Cross parties that arrived at the front paid heavy toll among their members in deaths from typhus and typhoid as the price of their aid. But the typhus was stamped out and the worst was overcome.

CHAPTER XVII

PATRIOTIC CANADA

THE PATRIOTISM OF CANADA—A REMARKABLE RESPONSE TO THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS—CANADA'S GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION—WHAT CANADIANS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

VALCARTIER! It was significant and fitting, though indeed it was but the accident of geographical position, that the first great training camp of Canadian soldiers for this war should be in Old Quebec, where France and England settled the fate of half a continent a hundred and fifty years ago. Men from Alaska, 4000 miles away, from British Columbia, 3000 miles away, from the Great West and Far North—native-born Canadians, Scots, Irish, English, naturalized Americans—gathered in French Canada to make ready for the prodigious enterprise to which they were to consecrate their lives and all that they were. In the province where a conquered people secured such rights and freedom that they never sought to free themselves from British dominion; where twice they fought back the American invader from British territory; there the first contingent of eager Canadians met to complete their equipment and make ready for an infinitely more dramatic and crucial business than the most heated imagination could conceive.

PATRIOTIC CANADA

THE PATRIOTISM OF CANADA

It was not love of adventure which roused the Canadians. They have been first among Imperialists from the beginning of their career as a confederation, but they have never been Jingo Imperialists. A democratic people has no mind for the tinkling cymbals of aggression; but there had grown into their sensitive and alert minds the deep conviction that, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said on an historic occasion, if we did not come closer together we must drift further apart.

The declaration of war between Britain and Germany produced a greater vibration in the Dominion than in England. The standard of education among the lowest people in Canada is higher; individual responsibility is greater. There is no dependence of class upon class, and, therefore, every man knows he must hustle for himself, so that the war became a personal thing to every Canadian from the start.

A REMARKABLE RESPONSE TO THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

What happened? Just as wonderful things as the rashest, most daring minds could conceive. Young men filled the streets leading to the recruiting offices. They were not rough-riders, cow-boys and hunters alone—far from it; from college, from university, from lawyers' offices, from the merchants' and the bankers' counters, from the railway and the mine, from the schoolhouse and the farmyard, from the doctors' offices, the backwoods and the river they came offering themselves for the "Old Flag," as they called it. The Government aimed at what seemed at first a large

army; that is, 30,000 men. By the time, however, that Princess Patricia's Light Infantry retired from their place of renown at Ypres with 150 men, their colors and a glory which time cannot dim, the determination came to provide an army of 150,000 men. But Canadians have always responded to their Country's call, and always will. Canadian patriotism guarantees that there will be no necessity for conscription. Canadians will come, as many as are needed, as many as can be equipped, as many in proportion as Great Britain can draw from these islands, proud to seal the bond of union in their blood.

Canada's first enthusiasm was not the mere thrill of adventure, was not a lip-service to history and the long ties of time, but the devotion of a nation, not to the people of the Mother Land, but that which the Mother Land had been, for what it had stood, and for a flag representing tradition of liberty and freedom which have been the foundation of their own health and wealth and progress.

CANADA'S GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION

From August until December of 1914 what a multitude of gifts to the Mother Land poured in from Canada! There were bags of flour by the million, thousands of tons of cheese, hundreds of thousands of bushels of potatoes, horses, all kinds of grain, fruit and vegetables, and gifts of money. Political differences were composed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the French-Canadian ex-Prime Minister, took to the platform to encourage recruiting, to explain the causes of the

war, to guide his fellow-countrymen into the paths of duty, while his political foe, Prime Minister Borden, was in England in conference with its Government. A burning faith and enthusiasm inspired the Canadian people.

So wonderful was the outburst it might have seemed that the glow, the determination, could not last. It not only lasted, it grew greater as the months went by. In the dark days of August, 1914, when Great Britain suddenly found herself confronted with her armed and well-prepared antagonist, the silver lining to the black clouds that hung over the Dominion was the splendid consistency of the people. Everyone in Great Britain who knew anything of Greater Britain knew that the Dominions would be loyal and true. But even the seers who had visions, and the dreamers of dreams, had failed to imagine anything so great as what actually took place. From August 4th it was no longer a case of the people of Greater Britain helping Great Britain in her war. It was the people of Greater Britain taking their share in their own war, making common purpose and finding common strength in their unity.

Valcartier was a marvel of its kind, a camp built up from nothing in a very few weeks, with permanent shower baths, electric light, a good water supply throughout the lines, and conveniences lacking in many camps that have been established for years. The Dominion Government resolved that the Canadian troops were to be completely equipped in a way surpassed by no other army in the world. No money was to be spared. Accordingly, the personal equip-

ment of the men was brought to a point of excellence that excited general admiration on their arrival in Europe.

WHAT CANADIANS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED

From Valcartier the Canadian troops were transferred to Salisbury Plains, in England, for an exceedingly thorough course of training. Then came inspection by the King and Lord Kitchener; then suddenly they were marched away, not knowing where they were going, and then almost as suddenly—Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, the second battle of Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy, Langemark, and the military capacity of the Canadians was established at once and for evermore!

The world came to know that a Canadian division had saved the situation at Ypres; had heard of an initiative, a resolution and an almost fanatical courage which was as great as any veteran troops the oldest military nation had ever shown. The world heard with what splendid fury lost guns were recovered in the face of terrific fire; how points were held under punishment of German artillery such as no troops had ever been obliged to face before; what the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry did at St. Eloi. All this was done by other Canadian troops as a matter of course, but as a matter of honor also. When Lieutenant Campbell and Private Vincent, with a little company, fought in a German trench until only the two were left, and Campbell fought his machine-gun resting on Vincent's back until he could fight no longer, and crawled away in a dying condition, while Vincent dragged the gun to safety, no surprise was felt, because the quality of

the Canadian had become an asset of the whole Empire. The quality of the Australian and the New Zealander is no less—not by the tiniest fraction; but the Canadians were the first to get their chance to receive the baptism of fire; were the first to prove that the men of the oversea Dominions have the root of the matter in them, and are good enough to fight with the best men that are fighting anywhere. Said one of the Second Contingent in London to one of the first who had come back from the field of battle: “We’ve had a hell of a time living down your reputation in England!” The reply was: “You’ll have a hell of a time living up to it in France!”

That sense of humor is part of the Canadian equipment; it belongs to his elemental shrewdness, comradeship and common sense, and that is why he gets along with the British soldier so well. They respect each other; they swear at each other now and then, but they swear *by* each other all the time. They recognize that they have drawn life and character from the same spring. The Canadians are a hardy race—sober, industrious, tenacious. They have gripped this problem with both hands; they will stay.

The admiration of the British Army for the Canadian troops has frequently been remarked during the war. It is no surface thing—it is deep and sincere, and no words can give adequate expression to the splendid, magnificent work they have been doing.

PREMIER BORDEN'S PATRIOTIC SPEECH

Premier Borden of Canada well expressed the spirit of the Dominion in a notable speech delivered at the

Canada Club of London in August, 1915. There was a large and distinguished gathering, including the High Commissioners of sister Dominions. The toast to the Premier was received with great enthusiasm, and cheers were given for Sir Robert and also Lady Borden.

Replying, the Premier said he was grateful for the reception and for the way they received the name of Lady Borden. She would have crossed the Atlantic and been present if she had not been occupied in duties at home which she thought more useful to the work of the Red Cross and other associations.

CANADA'S HIGH AIM

The work done by the Canada Club, as well as that of other Canadians not members of the club, throughout the British Isles in providing comforts for the men in the field, and in other ways, was one for which the Premier said he was profoundly grateful, and was intensely appreciated by the people themselves in Canada, who in that regard had done not a little since the outbreak of the war. The constant aim and purpose of the Canadian Government had been to co-operate with the Government of the United Kingdom and overseas Dominions in an endeavor to bring the war to an honorable and triumphant conclusion.

In that purpose the work of Sir George Perley in London had been of the highest possible advantage to the Dominion. The object of Canada at the commencement of the war, said the Premier, was, of course, to throw as great a force as possible into the field at the earliest possible moment, and there they were unpre-

pared for war even to a greater degree than the British Isles themselves.

A CAUSE FOR PRIDE

He confessed some pride in the fact that within six weeks after the commencement of hostilities they were able to place at Valcartier 33,000 of the best that Canada could produce, fully armed and equipped. Many of these had since gone to the front, and he believed had done their duty to the fullest possible extent. There were present in the Premier's audience distinguished representatives from Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, and he asked that he might be permitted to extend, as had already been extended, this Government's congratulations and the congratulations of Canada on what their soldiers, in all their triumphs, had accomplished. Later in the war, he said, troops from those Dominions would fight side by side on the continent of Europe with British troops and troops from Canada. He knew the men from Canada welcomed the comradeship of the men from those three Dominions.

THE EAGER CANADIANS

The Premier proceeded to allude to the numbers despatched from Canada. Dwelling on the eagerness of the men to go to the front, he said that when he was in Boulogne, after a certain number of reinforcements had been sent from Shorncliffe, there were found dozens of men who had not been included, but who had stolen away to get to Boulogne. He might also allude to an incident which occurred in western Canada,

when some men, not included in a detachment for Valcartier, forcibly took possession of a railway car and were not discovered until well on the journey.

The Premier dwelt on his trip to the front, also the hospitals, remarking that it was satisfactory to find in those institutions that the arrangements were all that could be desired. He had met a man who threw aside all business activities, leaving his affairs to take care of themselves, and enlisted at the opening of the war. He passed through the second battle of Ypres untouched, but was severely wounded at Festubert, where he received four bullets in his right arm, from which he had not yet recovered, four in his left shoulder and three in his left leg. The Premier was astonished to see he had recovered to the degree he had.

“When I met him I asked him,” continued Premier Borden, “whether the surgeon had succeeded in extracting all the bullets at one operation? He replied: ‘Well, he missed a few the first time.’ Then he went on to tell me how the second operation became necessary. The spirit of the wounded was splendid.”

PROOF OF IMPERIAL UNITY

Continuing, the Premier remarked he was persuaded of the unity of the Empire by what he had seen during the past twelve months and in what he thought the should see in the future it would be more strikingly manifest than ever before. He did not think anyone could gainsay that, and, considering the lack of organization in the ties which bound the Empire together, and the remarkable powers of self-government with which all the overseas nations of the Empire had been

entrusted, and which they held as a right and not as grace, he did feel that, in the co-operation between the overseas Dominions and the Government, these Islands had been successful beyond what they could have anticipated, and he was sure that condition would continue to the end.

A CLOSER ORGANIZATION

There might come a time in the future, he predicted, when they would have to consider matters of better organization between these Islands and the Dominions. To those who thought such a task was impossible he would commend the example of the men who founded the Dominion of Canada, because if ever a task seemed impossible that which they undertook must have so seemed, yet it has been a remarkable success.

His hearers would agree with him, he was confident, that the Canadian national spirit was asserted, and in the past had asserted itself in a manner which would satisfy all. Those difficulties were overcome at the inception of the Dominion, and surely difficulties which seemed to stand in the way of better organization of the affairs of the British Empire can be overcome by the wise counsel and co-operation of the statesmen of these Islands and Dominions.

The Premier said he held the profound conviction, that regiment for regiment and man for man the allied forces could more than hold their own with the most efficient troops of the enemy. In this war, in which all the uses of applied science were being turned to destruction, the first duty of this Empire was to place themselves on an equal footing.

A COURAGEOUS COUNTRY

In this most important regard, Premier Borden asserted, Britons were taking the necessary steps. If they were inclined to be discouraged by the fall of some fortress, he hoped they would remember the great work accomplished for them by the navy in securing the pathways of the seas. "If I should bring today a message from the people of Canada it would be that not for one single moment will they be discouraged by any reverse; not for one single moment will they relax their determination or efforts to bring this war to a triumphant and honorable conclusion, which is our due."

After that he believed the Empire would march forward to a nobler and greater future. He ventured to believe the work of the Empire was not yet done, but that the future opened up an opportunity for usefulness and influence which perhaps none now could see.

CHAPTER XVIII

A CRIME AGAINST CIVILIZATION: THE TRAGIC DESTRUCTION OF THE LUSITANIA

AN UNPRECEDENTED CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY—
THE LUSITANIA: BUILT FOR SAFETY—GERMANY'S
ANNOUNCED INTENTION TO SINK THE VESSEL—
LINER'S SPEED INCREASED AS DANGER NEARED—
SUBMARINE'S PERISCOPE DIPS UNDER SURFACE—
PASSENGERS OVERCOME BY POISONOUS FUMES—
BOAT CAPSIZES WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN—
HUNDREDS JUMP INTO THE SEA—THE LUSITANIA
GOES TO HER DOOM—INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN
TURNER.

NO THINKING man—whether he believes or disbelieves in war—expects to have war without the horrors and atrocities which accompany it. That “war is hell” is as true now as when General Sherman so pronounced it. It seems, indeed, to be truer today. And yet we have always thought—perhaps because we hoped—that there was a limit at which even war, with all its lust of blood, with all its passion of hatred, with all its devilish zest for efficiency in the destruction of human life, would stop.

Now we know that there is no limit at which the makers of war, in their frenzy to pile horror on horror, and atrocity on atrocity, will stop. We have seen a nation despoiled and raped because it resisted an

invader, and we said that was war. But now out of the sun-lit waves has come a venomous instrument of destruction, and without warning, without respite for escape, has sent headlong to the bottom of the everlasting sea more than a thousand unarmed, unre-sisting, peace-bent men, women and children—even babes in arms. So the Lusitania was sunk. It may be war, but it is something incalculably more sobering than merely that. It is the difference between assassination and massacre. It is war's supreme crime against civilization.

AN UNPRECEDENTED CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY

The horror of the deadly assault on the Lusitania does not lessen as the first shock of the disaster recedes into the past. The world is aghast. It had not taken the German threat at full value; it did not believe that any civilized nation would be so wanton in its lust and passion of war as to count a thousand non-combatant lives a mere unfortunate incidental of the carnage.

Nothing that can be said in mitigation of the destruction of the Lusitania can alter the fact that an outrage unknown heretofore in the warfare of civilized nations has been committed. Regardless of the technicalities which may be offered as a defense in international law, there are rights which must be asserted, must be defended and maintained. If international law can be torn to shreds and converted into scrap paper to serve the necessities of war, its obstructive letter can be disregarded when it is necessary to serve the rights of humanity.

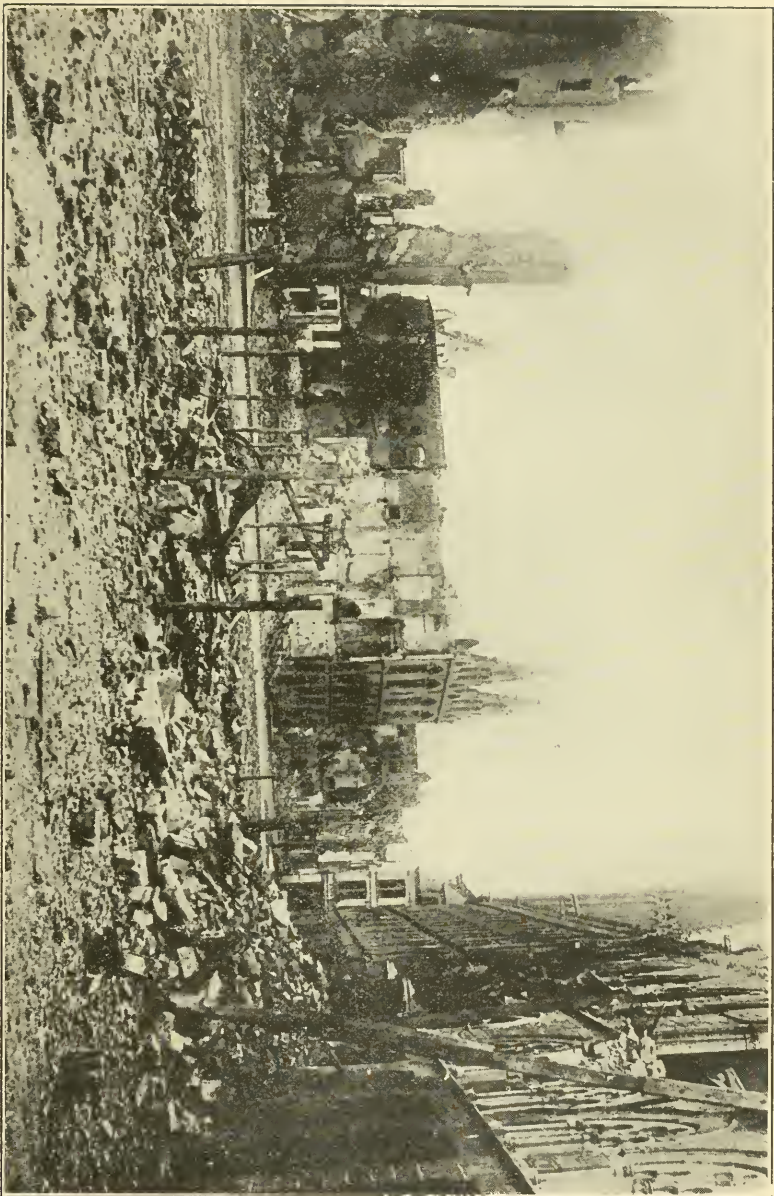
CRIME AGAINST CIVILIZATION

THE LUSITANIA: BUILT FOR "SAFETY"

The irony of the situation lies in the fact that from the ghastly experience of great marine disasters the Lusitania was evolved as a vessel that was "safe." No such calamity as the attack of a torpedo was foreseen by the builders of the giant ship, and yet, even after the outbreak of the European war, and when upon the eve of her last voyage the warning came that an attempt would be made to torpedo the Lusitania, her owners confidently assured the world that the ship was safe because her great speed would enable her to outstrip any submarine ever built.

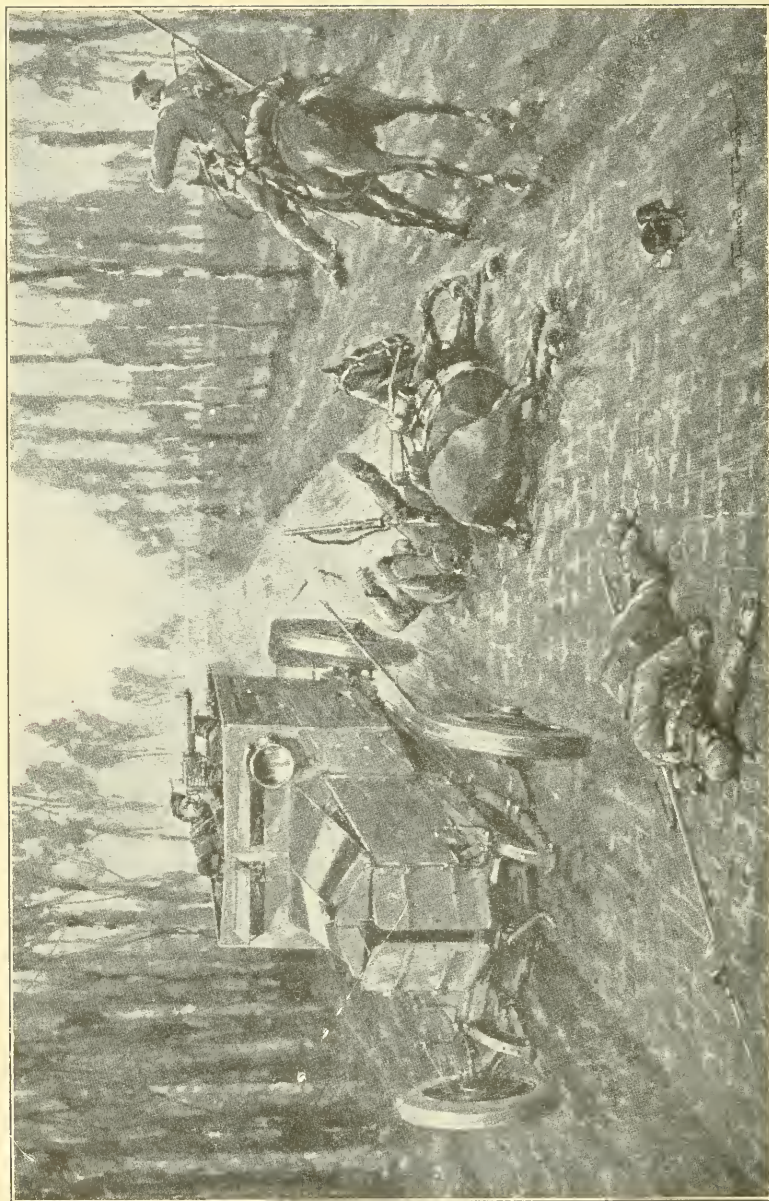
Limitation of language makes adequate word description of this mammoth Cunarder impossible. The following figures show its immense dimensions: Length, 790 feet; breadth, 88 feet; depth, to boat deck, 80 feet; draught, fully loaded, 37 feet, 6 inches; displacement on load line, 45,000 tons; height to top of funnels, 155 feet; height to mastheads, 216 feet. The hull below draught line was divided into 175 water-tight compartments, which made it—so the owners claimed—"unsinkable." With complete safety device equipment, including wireless telegraph, Mundy-Gray improved method of submarine signaling, and with officers and crew all trained and reliable men, the Lusitania was acclaimed as being unexcelled from a standpoint of safety, as in all other respects.

Size, however, was its least remarkable feature. The ship was propelled by four screws rotated by turbine engines of 68,000 horse-power, capable of developing a sea speed of more than twenty-five knots per hour regardless of weather conditions, and of



RUINS OF YPRES AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

The old Flemish town was the center of hot fighting between the Allies and the German troops in the battles for the possession of Belgium. At the right of the picture are seen the ruins of the famous Cloth Hall, one of the most famous medieval buildings in Europe. (*Copyright by the International News Service.*)



A NEW WEAPON IN WARFARE.

One of the Belgian armored motor cars surprising a party of Uhlans. Several of the enemy were killed by the rapid fire from swivel machine gun and rifle, but the car driven at a furious pace was wrecked on a fallen horse.

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maintaining without driving a schedule with the regularity of a railroad train, and thus establishing its right to the title of "the fastest ocean greyhound."

GERMANY'S ANNOUNCED INTENTION TO SINK THE VESSEL

On Saturday May 1, 1915, the day on which the Cunard liner Lusitania, carrying 2,000 passengers and crew, sailed from New York for Liverpool, the following advertisement, over the name of the Imperial German Embassy, was published in the leading newspapers of the United States:

NOTICE!

TRAVELERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travelers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY.
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22, 1915.

The advertisement was commented upon by the passengers of the Lusitania, but it did not cause any of them to cancel their bookings. No one took the

matter seriously. It was not conceivable that even the German military lords could seriously plot so dastardly an attack on non-combatants.

When the attention of Captain W. T. Turner, commander of the *Lusitania*, was called to the warning, he laughed and said: "It doesn't seem as if they had scared many people from going on the ship by the looks of the passenger list."

Agents of the Cunard Line said there was no truth in reports that several prominent passengers had received anonymous telegrams warning them not to sail on the *Lusitania*. Charles T. Bowring, president of the St. George's Society, who was a passenger, said that it was a silly performance for the German Embassy to do.

Charles Klein, the American playwright, said he was going to devote his time on the voyage to thinking of his new play, "Potash and Perlmutter in Society," and would not have time to worry about trifles.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt was one of the last to go on board.

Elbert Hubbard, publisher of the *Philistine*, who sailed with his wife, said he believed the German Emperor had ordered the advertisement to be placed in the newspapers, and added jokingly that if he was on board the liner when she was torpedoed, he would be able to do the Kaiser justice in the *Philistine*.

The early days of the voyage were unmarked by incidents other than those which have interested ocean passengers on countless previous trips, and little apprehension was felt by those on the *Lusitania* of the fate which lay ahead of the vessel.

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The ship was proceeding at a moderate speed, on Friday, May 7, when she passed Fastnet Light, off Cape Clear, the extreme southwesterly point of Ireland that is first sighted by east-bound liners. Captain Turner was on the bridge, with his staff captain and other officers, maintaining a close lookout. Fastnet left behind, the Lusitania's course was brought closer to shore, probably within twelve miles of the rock-bound coast.

LINER'S SPEED INCREASED AS DANGER NEARED

Her speed was also increased to twenty knots or more, according to the more observant passengers, and some declare that she worked a sort of zigzag course, plainly ready to shift her helm whenever danger should appear. Captain Turner, it is known, was watching closely for any evidence of submarines.

One of the passengers, Dr. Daniel Moore, of Yankton, S. D., declared that before he went downstairs to luncheon shortly after one o'clock he and others with him noticed, through a pair of marine glasses, a curious object in the sea, possibly two miles or more away. What it was he could not determine, but he jokingly referred to it later at luncheon as a submarine.

While the first cabin passengers were chatting over their coffee cups they felt the ship give a great leap forward. Full speed ahead had suddenly been signaled from the bridge. This was a few minutes after two o'clock, and just about the time that Ellison Myers, of Stratford, Ontario, a boy on his way to join the British Navy, noticed the periscope of a submarine about a mile away to starboard. Myers and his

companions saw Captain Turner hurriedly give orders to the helmsman and ring for full speed to the engine room.

The Lusitania began to swerve to starboard, heading for the submarine, but before she could really answer her helm a torpedo was flashing through the water toward her at express speed. Myers and his companions, like many others of the passengers, saw the white wake of the torpedo and its metal casing gleaming in the bright sunlight. The weather was ideal, light winds and a clear sky making the surface of the ocean as calm and smooth as could be wished by any traveler.

SUBMARINE'S PERISCOPE DIPS UNDER SURFACE

The torpedo came on, aimed apparently at the bow of the ship, but nicely calculated to hit her amidships. Before its wake was seen the periscope of the submarine had vanished beneath the surface.

In far less time than it takes to tell, the torpedo had crashed into the Lusitania's starboard side, just abaft the first funnel, and exploded with a dull boom in the forward stoke-hole.

Captain Turner at once ordered the helm put over and the prow of the ship headed for land, in the hope that she might strike shallow water while still under way. The boats were ordered out, and the signals calling the boat crews to their stations were flashed everywhere through the vessel.

Several of the life-boats were already swung out, according to some survivors, there having been a life-saving drill earlier in the day before the ship spoke Fastnet Light.

Down in the dining saloon the passengers felt the ship reel from the shock of the explosion and many were hurled from their chairs. Before they could recover themselves, another explosion occurred. There is a difference of opinion as to the number of torpedoes fired. Some say there were two; others say only one torpedo struck the vessel, and that the second explosion was internal.

PASSENGERS OVERCOME BY POISONOUS FUMES

In any event, the passengers now realized their danger. The ship, torn almost apart, was filled with fumes and smoke, the decks were covered with débris that fell from the sky, and the great Lusitania began to list quickly to starboard. Before the passengers below decks could make their way above, the decks were beginning to slant ominously, and the air was filled with the cries of terrified men and women, some of them already injured by being hurled against the sides of the saloons. Many passengers were stricken unconscious by the smoke and fumes from the exploding torpedoes.

The stewards and stewardesses, recognizing the too evident signs of a sinking ship, rushed about urging and helping the passengers to put on life-belts, of which more than 3,000 were aboard.

On the boat deck attempts were being made to lower the life-boats, but several causes combined to impede the efforts of the crew in this direction. The port side of the vessel was already so far up that the boats on that side were quite useless, and as the starboard boats were lowered the plunging vessel—she was

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still under headway, for all efforts to reverse the engines proved useless—swung back and forth, and when they struck the water were dragged along through the sea, making it almost impossible to get them away.

BOAT CAPSIZES WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The first life-boat that struck the water capsized with some sixty women and children aboard her, and all of these must have been drowned almost instantly. Ten more boats were lowered, the desperate expedient of cutting away the ropes being resorted to to prevent them from being dragged along by the now halting steamer.

The great ship was sinking by the bow, foot by foot, and in ten minutes after the first explosion she was already preparing to founder. Her stern rose high in the air, so that those in the boats that got away could see the whirring propellers, and even the boat deck was awash.

Captain Turner urged the men to be calm, to take care of the women and children, and megaphoned the passengers to seize life-belts, chairs—anything they could lay hands on to save themselves from drowning. There was never any question in the captain's mind that the ship was about to sink, and if, as reported, some of the stewards ran about advising the passengers not to take to the boats, that there was no danger of the vessel going down till she reached shore, it was done without his orders. But many of the survivors have denied this, and declared that all the crew, officers, stewards and sailors, even the stokers, who dashed up from their flaming quarters below, showed the utmost

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bravery and calmness in the face of the disaster, and sought in every way to aid the panic-stricken passengers to get off the ship.

HUNDREDS JUMP INTO THE SEA

When it was seen that most of the boats would be useless, hundreds of passengers donned life-belts and jumped into the sea. Others seized deck chairs, tubs, kegs, anything available, and hurled themselves into the water, clinging to these articles.

The first-cabin passengers fared worst, for the second and third-cabin travelers had long before finished their midday meal and were on deck when the torpedo struck. But the first-cabin people on the D deck and in the balcony, at luncheon, were at a terrible disadvantage, and those who had already finished were in their staterooms resting or cleaning up preparatory to the after luncheon day.

The confusion on the stairways became terrible, and the great number of little children, more than 150 of them under two years, a great many of them infants in arms, made the plight of the women still more desperate.

LUSITANIA GOES TO HER DOOM

After the life-boats had cut adrift it was plain that a few seconds would see the end of the great ship. With a great shiver she bent her bow down below the surface, and then her stern uprose, and with a horrible sough the liner that had been the pride of the Cunard Line, plunged down in sixty fathoms of water. In the last few seconds the hundreds of women and men,

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a great many of them carrying children in their arms, leaped overboard, but hundreds of others, delaying the jump too long, were carried down in the suction that left a huge whirlpool swirling about the spot where the last of the vessel was seen.

Among these were Elbert Hubbard and his wife, Charles Frohman, who was crippled with rheumatism and unable to move quickly; Justus Miles Forman, Charles Klein, Alfred G. Vanderbilt and many others of the best-known Americans and Englishmen aboard.

Captain Turner stayed on the bridge as the ship went down, but before the last plunge he bade his staff officer and the helmsman, who were still with him, to save themselves. The helmsman leaped into the sea and was saved, but the staff officer would not desert his superior, and went down with the ship. He did not come to the surface again.

Captain Turner, however, a strong swimmer, rose after the eddying whirlpool had calmed down, and, seizing a couple of deck chairs, kept himself afloat for three hours. The master-at-arms of the Lusitania, named Williams, who was looking for survivors in a boat after he had been picked up, saw the flash of the captain's gold-braided uniform, and rescued him, more dead than alive.

INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN TURNER

Despite the doubt as to whether two torpedoes exploded, or whether the first detonation caused the big liner's boilers to let go, Captain Turner stated that there was no doubt that at least two torpedoes reached the ship.

"I am not certain whether the two explosions—and there were two—resulted from torpedoes, or whether one was a boiler explosion. I am sure, however, that I saw the first torpedo strike the vessel on her starboard side. I also saw a second torpedo apparently headed straight for the steamship's hull, directly below the suite occupied by Alfred G. Vanderbilt."

When asked if the second explosion had been caused by the blowing up of ammunition stored in the liner's hull, Captain Turner said:

"No; if ammunition had exploded that would probably have torn the ship apart and the loss of life would have been much heavier than it was."

Captain Turner declared that, from the bridge, he saw the torpedo streaking toward the Lusitania and tried to change the ship's course to avoid the missile, but was unable to do so in time. The only thing left for him to do was to rush the liner ashore and beach her, and she was headed for the Irish coast when she foundered.

According to Captain Turner, the German submarine did not flee at once after torpedoing the liner.

"While I was swimming about after the ship had disappeared I saw the periscope of the submarine rise amidst the débris," said he. "Instead of offering any help the submarine immediately submerged herself and I saw nothing more of her. I did everything possible for my passengers. That was all I could do."

CHAPTER XIX

A CANADIAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE LUSITANIA HORROR

PERCY ROGERS, OF CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TELLS GRAPHIC STORY—PASSENGERS WERE AGHAST—OCCUPANTS OF LIFE-BOATS THROWN INTO SEA—A HEART-BREAKING SCENE.

PERCY ROGERS, assistant manager and secretary of the Canadian National Exhibition, who went to England in connection with the Toronto Fair, told a graphic story of his experiences after the Lusitania was struck. He undoubtedly owed his life to the fact that he was a good swimmer.

"It had been a splendid crossing," he said, "with a calm sea and fine weather contributing to a delightful trip. The Lusitania made nothing like her maximum pace. Her speed probably was about five hundred miles daily, which, as travelers know, is below her average.

"Early Friday morning we sighted the Irish coast. Then we entered a slight fog, and speed was reduced, but we soon came into a clear atmosphere again, and the pace of the boat increased. The morning passed and we went as usual down to lunch, although some were a little later than others in taking the meal. I should think it would be about ten minutes past two when I came from lunch. I immediately proceeded to

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my stateroom, close to the dining-room, to get a letter which I had written. While in there I heard a tremendous thud, and I came out immediately.

PASSENGERS WERE AGHAST

“There was no panic where I was, but the people were aghast. It was realized that the boat had been struck, apparently on the side nearest the land. The passengers hastened to the boat deck above. The life-boats were hanging out, having been put into that position on the previous day. The Lusitania soon began to list badly with the result that the side on which I and several others were standing went up as the other side dropped. This seemed to cause difficulty in launching the boats, which seemed to get bound against the side of the liner.

“It was impossible, of course, for me to see what was happening in other places, but among the group where I was stationed there was no panic. The order was given, ‘Women and children first,’ and was followed implicitly. The first life-boat lowered with people at the spot where I stood smacked upon the water, and as it did so the stern of this life-boat seemed to part and the people were thrown into the sea. The other boats were lowered more successfully.

“We heard somebody say, ‘Get out of the boats; there is no danger,’ and some people actually did get out, but the direction was not generally acted upon. I entered a boat in which there were men, women and children, I should say between twenty and twenty-five. There were no other women or children standing on the liner where we were, our position, I should think,

being about the last boat but one from the stern of the ship.

OCCUPANTS OF LIFE-BOATS THROWN INTO SEA

“Our boat dropped into the water, and for a few minutes we were all right. Then the liner went over. We were not far from her. Whatever the cause may have been—perhaps the effect of suction—I don’t know, but we were thrown into the sea. Some of the occupants were wearing life-belts, but I was not. The only life-belts I knew about were in the cabins, and it had not appeared to me that there was time to risk going there. It must have been about 2.30 when I was thrown into the water. The watch I was wearing stopped at that time.

“What a terrible scene there was around me! It is harrowing to think about the men, women and children struggling in the water. I had the presence of mind to swim away from the boat and made towards a collapsible boat, upon which was the captain and a number of others. For this purpose I had to swim quite a distance.

“I noticed three children among the group. Our collapsible boat began rocking. Every moment it seemed we should be thrown again into the sea. The captain appealed to the people in it to be careful, but the boat continued to rock, and I came to the conclusion that it would be dangerous to remain in it if all were to have a chance. I said, ‘Good-by, Captain; I’m going to swim,’ and jumped into the water. I believe the captain did the same thing after me, although I did not see him, but I understand he was picked up.

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A HEART-BREAKING SCENE

“The scene was now terrible. Particularly do I remember a young child with a life-belt around her calling, ‘Mamma!’ She was not saved. I had seen her on the liner, and her sister was on the collapsible boat, but I could not reach her. I saw a cold-storage box or cupboard. I swam towards it and clung to it. This supported me for a long time. At last I saw a boat coming towards me and shouted. I was heard and taken in. From this I was transferred to what I think was a trawler, which also picked up three or four others. Eventually I was placed upon a ferry boat known as the Flying Fish, in which, with others, I was taken to Queenstown.

“It was quite possible that some people went down while in their cabins, because after lunch it was the custom with some to go for a rest. A friend of mine on the liner has told me he saw Alfred G. Vanderbilt on deck with a life-belt and observed him give it to a lady. It seemed to me the seriousness of the situation scarcely was realized when the boat was torpedoed. It was all so sudden and so unexpected, and the recollection of it all is terrible.”

CHAPTER XX

THE HEROES OF THE LUSITANIA AND THEIR HEROISM

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT GAVE LIFE FOR A WOMAN—
CHARLES FROHMAN DIED WITHOUT FEAR—SAVING
THE BABIES—TORONTO GIRL OF FOURTEEN PROVES
HEROINE—HEROISM OF CAPTAIN TURNER AND HIS
CREW—WOMAN RESCUED WITH DEAD BABY AT
HER BREAST—HEROIC WIRELESS OPERATORS—
SAVED HIS WIFE AND HELPED IN RESCUE WORK—
“SAVED ALL THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WE
COULD.”

EVERY great calamity produces its great heroes. Particularly is this true of marine disasters, where the opportunities of escape are limited, and where the heroism of the strong often impels them to stand back and give place to the weak. One cannot think of the Titanic disaster without remembering Major Archibald Butt, Colonel John Jacob Astor, Henry B. Harris, William T. Stead and others, nor of the sinking of the Empress of Ireland without calling to mind Dr. James F. Grant, the ship's surgeon; Sir Henry Seton-Karr, Lawrence Irving, H. R. O'Hara of Toronto, and the rest of the noble company of heroes. So the destruction of the Lusitania brought uppermost in the breasts of many those qualities of fortitude and self-sacrifice which will forever mark them in the calendar of the world's martyrs.

THE HEROES OF THE LUSITANIA

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT GAVE LIFE FOR A WOMAN

Among the Lusitania's heroes, one of the foremost was Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, one of America's wealthiest men. With everything to live for, Mr. Vanderbilt sacrificed his one chance for escape from the doomed Lusitania, in order that a woman might live. Details of the chivalry he displayed in those last moments when he tore off a life-belt as he was about to leap into the sea, and strapped it around a young woman, were told by three of the survivors.

Mr. Vanderbilt could not swim, and when he gave up his life-belt it was with the virtual certainty that he was surrendering his only chance for life.

Thomas Slidell, of New York, said he saw Mr. Vanderbilt on the deck as the Lusitania was sinking. He was equipped with a life-belt and was climbing over the rail, when a young woman rushed onto the deck. Mr. Vanderbilt saw her as he stood poised to leap into the sea. Without hesitating a moment he jumped back to the deck, tore off the life-belt, strapped it around the young woman and dropped her overboard.

The Lusitania plunged under the waves a few minutes later and Mr. Vanderbilt was seen to be drawn into the vortex.

Norman Ratcliffe, of Gillingham, Kent, and Wallace B. Phillips, a newspaper man, also saw Mr. Vanderbilt sink with the Lusitania. The coolness and heroism he showed were marvelous, they said.

Oliver P. Bernard, scenic artist at Covent Garden, saw Mr. Vanderbilt standing near the entrance to the grand saloon soon after the vessel was torpedoed.

"He was the personification of sportsmanlike cool-

ness," Mr. Bernard said. "In his right hand was grasped what looked to me like a large purple leather jewel case. It may have belonged to Lady Mackworth, as Mr. Vanderbilt had been much in the company of the Thomas party during the trip and evidently had volunteered to do Lady Mackworth the service of saving her gems for her."

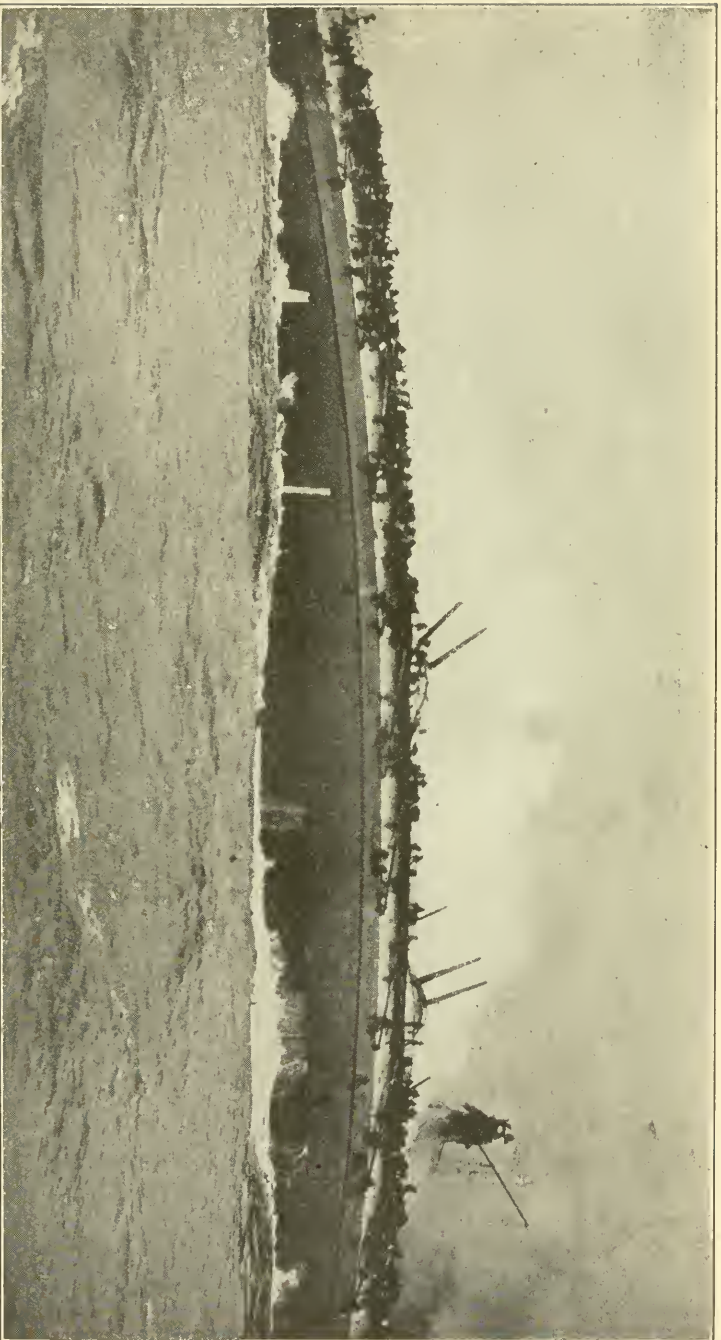
Another touching incident was told of Mr. Vanderbilt by Mrs. Stanley L. B. Lines, a Canadian, who said: "Mr. Vanderbilt will in the future be remembered as the 'children's hero.' I saw him standing outside the palm saloon on the starboard side, with Ronald Denit. He looked upon the scene before him, and then, turning to his valet, said:

" 'Find all the kiddies you can and bring them here.' The servant rushed off and soon reappeared, herding a flock of little ones. Mr. Vanderbilt, catching a child under each arm, ran with them to a life-boat and dumped them in. He then threw in two more, and continued at his task until all the young ones were in the boat. Then he turned his attention to aiding the women into boats."

CHARLES FROHMAN DIED WITHOUT FEAR

"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life," were the last words of Charles Frohman before he went down with the Lusitania, according to Miss Rita Jolivet, an American actress, with whom he talked calmly just before the end came.

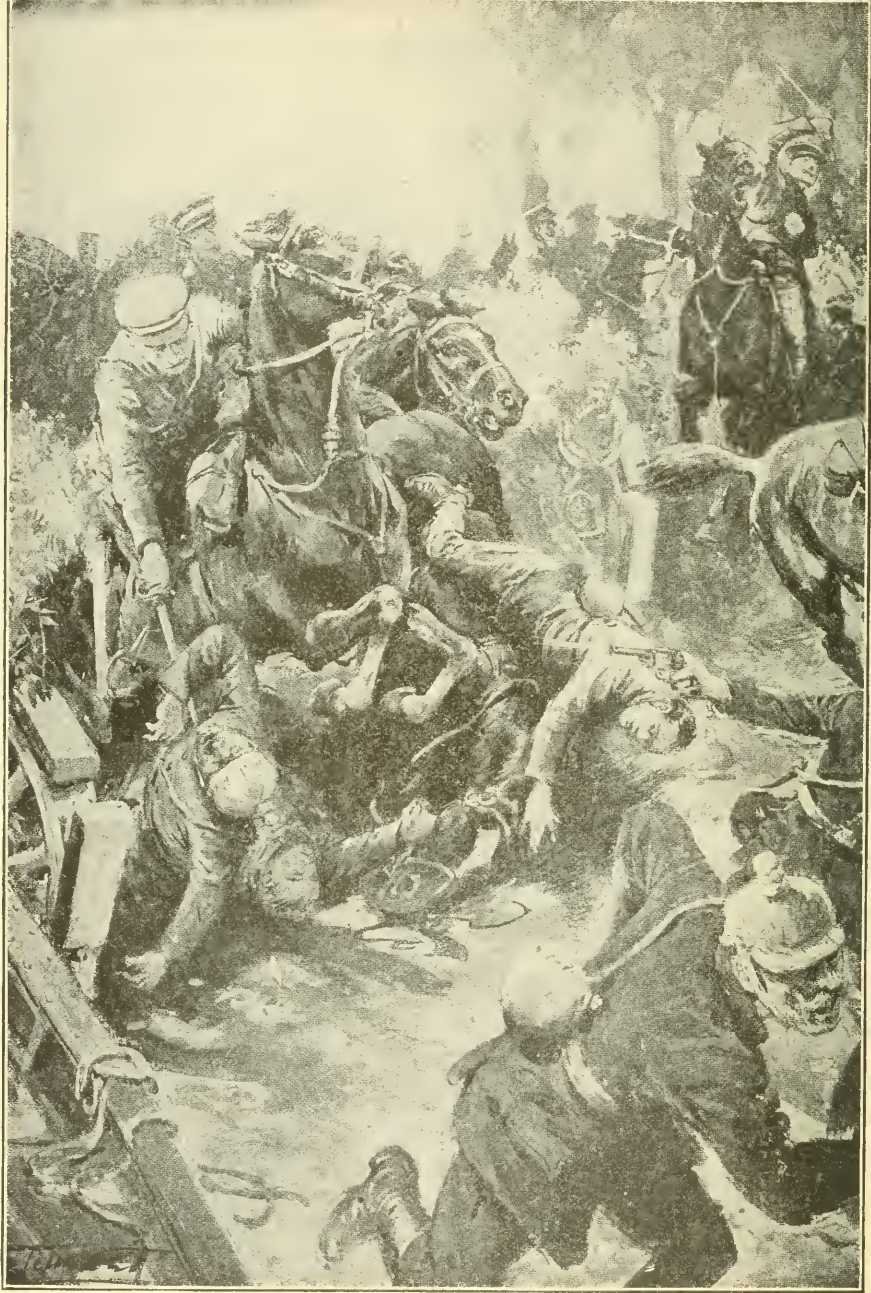
Miss Jolivet, who was among the survivors taken to Queenstown, said she and Mr. Frohman were standing on deck as the Lusitania heeled over. They



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SINKING OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "BLUECHER"

This most dramatic and wonderful photograph of the Great North Sea Battle, in which the British fleet destroyed the Germans, January 24, 1915, shows the "death agony" of the German cruiser "Bluecher" just a few moments before she turned turtle and sank. The ship is shown lying on her side, with her machinery and armament shot into masses of twisted iron and steel, great fires raging forward, amidship and aft. The officers and men can be seen ranged along the side of the vessel; many of them have shipped into the water and may be seen swimming about. After floating for a brief time on her side, keel out of water, the "Bluecher" turned deliberately over. For a space of perhaps ten minutes she floated keel up, while several of her crew ran along the bottom of the vessel, and then disappeared from sight.



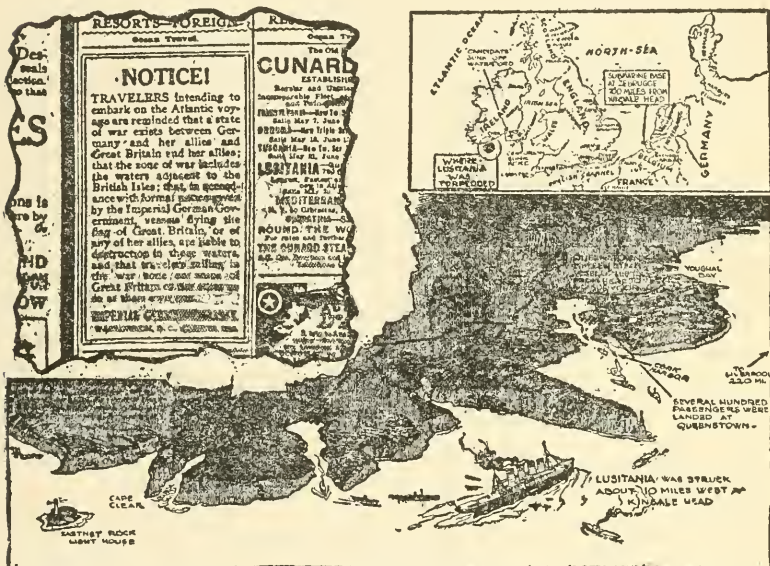
THE CHARGE OF THE 9th BRITISH LANCERS ON THE GERMAN GUNS

One of the most notable exploits of this famous cavalry regiment was their charge on a German battery, which had given much trouble, and their cutting down all the gunners and putting the guns out of action.

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decided not to trust themselves to life-boats, although Mr. Frohman believed the ship was doomed. It was after reaching this decision that he declared he had no fear of death.

Dr. F. Warren Pearl, of New York, who was saved,



GERMANY'S OFFICIAL PAID ADVERTISEMENT FOREWARNING AMERICANS AGAINST DISASTER; MAP SHOWING WHERE IT TOOK PLACE.

This advertisement was wired to forty American newspapers by Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington. It was ordered inserted on the morning of the day the Lusitania sailed.

with his wife and two of their four children, corroborated Miss Jolivet's statement, saying:

"After the first shock, as I made my way to the deck, I saw Charles Frohman distributing life-belts. Mr. Frohman evidently did not expect to escape, as he

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said to a woman passenger, 'Why should we fear death? It is the greatest adventure man can have.' "

Sir James M. Barrie, in a tribute to Charles Frohman, published in the London Daily Mail, describes him as "the man who never broke his word.

"His companies were as children to him. He chided them as children, soothed them as children and forgave them and certainly loved them as children. He exulted in those who became great in that world, and gave them beautiful toys to play with; but great as was their devotion to him, it is not they who will miss him most, but rather the far greater number who never made a hit, but set off like all the rest, and fell by the way. He was of so sympathetic a nature; he understood so well the dismalness to them of being failures, that he saw them as children, with their knuckles to their eyes, and then he sat back cross-legged on his chair, with his knuckles, as it were, to his eyes, and life had lost its flavor for him until he invented a scheme for giving them another chance.

"Perhaps it is fitting that all those who only made for honest mirth and happiness should now go out of the world; because it is too wicked for them. It is strange to think that in America, Dernburg and Bernstorff, who we must believe were once good men, too, have an extra smile with their breakfast roll because they and theirs have drowned Charles Frohman."

SAVING THE BABIES

The presence of so many babies on board the Lusitania was due to the influx from Canada of the English-

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born wives of Canadians at the battle front, who were coming to England to live with their own or their husband's parents during the war.

No more pathetic loss has been recorded than that of F. G. Webster, a Toronto contractor, who was traveling second class with his wife, their six-year-old son Frederick and year-old twin sons William and Henry. They reached the deck with others who were in the dining saloon when the torpedo struck. Webster took his son by the hand and darted away to bring life-belts. When he returned his wife and babies were not to be seen, nor have they been since.

W. Harkless, an assistant purser, busied himself helping others until the Lusitania was about to founder. Then, seeing a life-boat striking the water that was not overcrowded, he made a rush for it. The only person he encountered was little Barbara Anderson, of Bridgeport, Conn., who was standing alone, clinging to the rail. Gathering her up in his arms he leaped over the rail and into the boat, doing this without injuring the child.

Francis J. Luker, a British subject, who had worked six years in the United States as a postal clerk, and was going home to enlist, saved two babies. He found the little passengers, bereft of their mother, in the shelter of a deck-house. The Lusitania was nearing her last plunge. A life-boat was swaying to the water below. Grabbing the babies he ran to the rail and made a flying leap into the craft, and those babies did not leave his arms until they were set safely ashore hours later.

One woman, a passenger on the Lusitania, lost all

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three of her children in the disaster, and gave the bodies of two of them to the sea herself. When the ship went down she held up the three children in the water, shrieking for help. When rescued two were dead. Their room was required and the mother was brave enough to realize it.

"Give them to me!" she shrieked. "Give them to me, my bonnie wee things. I will bury them. They are mine to bury as they were mine to keep."

With her form shaking with sorrow she took hold of each little one from the rescuers and reverently placed it in the water again, and the people in the boat wept with her as she murmured a little sobbing prayer.

Just as the rescuers were landing her third and only remaining child died.

TORONTO GIRL OF FOURTEEN PROVES HEROINE

Even the young girls and women on the Lusitania proved themselves heroines during the last few moments and met their fate calmly or rose to emergencies which called for great bravery and presence of mind.

Fourteen-year-old Kathleen Kaye was returning from Toronto, where she had been visiting relatives. With a merry smile on her lips and with a steady patter of reassurance, she aided the stewards who were filling one of the life-boats.

Soon after the girl took her own place in the boat one of the sailors fainted under the strain of the efforts to get the boat clear of the maelstrom that marked where the liner went down. Miss Kaye took the abandoned oar and rowed until the boat was out of danger. None among the survivors bore fewer signs

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of their terrible experiences than Miss Kaye, who spent most of her time comforting and assisting her sisters in misfortune.

HEROISM OF CAPTAIN TURNER AND HIS CREW

Ernest Cowper, a Toronto newspaper man, praised the work of the Lusitania's crew in their efforts to get the passengers into the boats. Mr. Cowper told of having observed the ship watches keeping a strict lookout for submarines as soon as the ship began to near the coast.

"The crew proceeded to get the passengers into boats in an orderly, prompt and efficient manner. Helen Smith, a child, begged me to save her. I placed her in a boat and saw her safely away. I got into one of the last boats to leave.

"Some of the boats could not be launched, as the vessel was sinking. There was a large number of women and children in the second cabin. Forty of the children were less than a year old."

WOMAN RESCUED WITH DEAD BABY AT HER BREAST

R. J. Timmis, of Gainesville, Tex., a cotton buyer, who was saved after he had given his life-belt to a woman steerage passenger who carried a baby, told of the loss of his friend, R. T. Moodie, also of Gainesville. Moodie could not swim, but he took off his life-belt also and put it on a woman who had a six-months-old child in her arms. Timmis tried to help Moodie, and they both clung to some wreckage for a while, but presently Moodie could hold out no longer and sank. When Timmis was dragged into a boat

which he helped to right—it had been overturned in the suction of the sinking vessel—one of the first persons he assisted into the boat was the steerage woman to whom he had given his belt. She still carried her baby at her breast, but it was dead from exposure.

HEROIC WIRELESS OPERATORS

Oliver P. Brainard told of the bravery of the wireless operators who stuck to their work of summoning help even after it was evident that only a few minutes could elapse before the vessel must go down. He said:

“The wireless operators were working the emergency outfit, the main installation having been put out of gear instantaneously after the torpedo exploded. They were still awaiting a reply and were sending out the S. O. S. call.

“I looked out to sea and saw a man, undressed, floating quietly on his back in the water, evidently waiting to be picked up rather than to take the chance of getting away in a boat. He gave me an idea and I took off my jacket and waistcoat, put my money in my trousers pocket, unlaced my boots and then returned to the Marconi men.

“The assistant operator said, ‘Hush! we are still hoping for an answer. We don’t know yet whether the S. O. S. calls have been picked up or not.’

“At that moment the chief operator turned around, saying, ‘They’ve got it!’

“At that very second the emergency apparatus also broke down. The operator had left the room, but he dashed back and brought out a kodak. He

knelt on the deck, now listing at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and took a photograph looking forward.

"The assistant, a big, cheerful chap, lugged out the operator's swivel chair and offered it to me with a laugh, saying: 'Take a seat and make yourself comfortable.' He let go the chair and it careened down the deck and over into the sea."

F. J. Gauntlet, of New York and Washington, traveling in company with A. L. Hopkins, president of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, and S. M. Knox, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company, of Philadelphia, unconsciously told the story of his own heroism. He said:

"I was lingering in the dining saloon chatting with friends when the first explosion occurred. Some of us went to our staterooms and put on life-belts. Going on deck we were informed that there was no danger, but the bow of the vessel was gradually sinking. The work of launching the boats was done in a few minutes. Fifty or sixty people entered the first boat. As it swung from the davits it fell suddenly and I think most of the occupants perished. The other boats were launched with the greatest difficulty.

"Swinging free from one of these as it descended, I grabbed what I supposed was a piece of wreckage. I found it to be a collapsible boat, however. I had great difficulty in getting it open, finally having to rip the canvas with my knife. Soon another passenger came alongside and entered the collapsible with me. We paddled around and between us we rescued thirty people from the water."

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SAVED HIS WIFE AND HELPED IN RESCUE WORK

George A. Kessler, of New York, said.

"A list to starboard had set in as we were climbing the stairs and it had so rapidly increased by the time we reached the deck, that we were falling against the taffrail. I managed to get my wife onto the first-class deck and there three boats were being got out.

"I placed her in the third, kissed her good-by and saw the boat lowered safely. Then I turned to look for a life-belt for myself. The ship now started to go down. I fell into the water, some kind soul throwing me a life-belt at the same time. Ten minutes later I found myself beside a raft on which were some survivors, who pulled me onto it. We cruised around looking for others and managed to pick up a few, making in all perhaps sixteen or seventeen persons who were on the raft. In all directions were scattered persons struggling for their lives and the boats gave what help they could."

"SAVED ALL THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WE COULD"

W. G. E. Meyers, of Stratford, Ont., a lad of sixteen years, who was on his way to join the British navy as a cadet, told this story:

"I went below to get a life-belt and met a woman who was frenzied with fear. I tried to calm her and helped her into a boat. Then I saw a boat which was nearly swamped. I got into it with other men and baled it out. Then a crowd of men clambered into it and nearly swamped it

"We had got only two hundred yards away when the Lusitania sank, bow first. Many persons sank with

her, drawn down by the suction. Their shrieks were appalling. We had to pull hard to get away, and, as it was, we were almost dragged down. We saved all the women and children we could, but a great many of them went down."

H. Smethhurst, a steerage passenger, put his wife into a life-boat, and in spite of her urging refused to accompany her, saying the women and children must go first. After the boat with his wife in it had pulled away Smethhurst put on a life-belt, slipped down a rope into the water and floated until he was picked up.

From the lips of Captain Turner, of the *Lusitania*, and from several of the survivors the world has heard the story of the sudden appearance among the débris and the dead of the sunken liner, of the German submarine that had fired the torpedo which sent almost 1,200 non-combatants, hundreds of them helpless women and children, and among them more than a hundred American citizens, to their deaths. But it remained for the captain of the steamship *Etonian*, arriving at Boston on May 18, to add the crowning touch to the tragedy.

Captain William F. Wood, of the *Etonian*, specifically charged that two German submarines deliberately prevented him from going to the rescue of the *Lusitania*'s passengers after he had received the liner's wireless S. O. S. call, and when he was but forty miles or so away, and might have rendered great assistance to the hundreds of victims.

Captain Wood charged further that two other ships, both within the same distance of the *Lusitania* when she sank, were warned off by submarines, and that

when the nearest one, the Narragansett, bound for New York, persisted in the attempt to proceed to the rescue of the Lusitania's passengers, a submarine fired a torpedo at her, which missed the Narragansett by only a few feet.

STORY OF ETONIAN'S CAPTAIN

The Etonian is a freight-carrying steamship, owned by the Wilson-Furness-Leyland lines, and under charter to the Cunard Line. She sailed from Liverpool on May 6. Captain Wood's story, as he told it without embellishment and in the most positive terms, was as follows:

"We had left Liverpool without unusual incident, and it was two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, May 7, that we received the S. O. S. call from the Lusitania. Her wireless operator sent this message: 'We are ten miles south of Kinsale. Come at once.'

"I was then about forty-two miles from the position he gave me. Two other steamships were ahead of me, going in the same direction. They were the Narragansett and the City of Exeter. The Narragansett was closer to the Lusitania, and she answered the S. O. S. call.

"At 5 P. M. I observed the City of Exeter across our bow and she signaled, 'Have you heard anything of the disaster?'

"At that very moment I saw the periscope of a submarine between the Etonian and the City of Exeter. The submarine was about a quarter of a mile directly ahead of us. She immediately dived as soon as she saw us coming for her. I distinctly saw the splash in the water caused by her submerging.

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DODGED TWO SUBMARINES

“I signaled to the engine room for every available inch of speed, and there was a prompt response. Then we saw the submarine come up astern of us with the periscope in line afterward. I now ordered full speed ahead, and we left the submarine slowly behind. The periscope remained in sight about twenty minutes. Our speed was perhaps two miles an hour better than the submarine could do.

“No sooner had we lost sight of the submarine astern than I made out another on the starboard bow. This one was directly ahead and on the surface, not submerged. I starboarded hard away from him, he swinging as we did. About eight minutes later he submerged. I continued at top speed for four hours, and saw no more of the submarines. It was the ship’s speed that saved her. That’s all.

“Both these submarines were long craft, and the second one had wireless masts. There is no question in my mind that these two submarines were acting in concert and were so placed as to torpedo any ship that might attempt to go to the rescue of the passengers of the Lusitania.

“As a matter of fact, the Narragansett, as soon as she heard the S. O. S. call, went to the assistance of the Lusitania. One of the submarines discharged a torpedo at her and missed her by a few feet. The Narragansett then warned us not to attempt to go to the rescue of the Lusitania, and I got her wireless call while I was dodging the two submarines. You can see that three ships would have gone to the assistance of the Lusitania had it not been for the two submarines.

THE HEROES OF THE LUSITANIA

“These German craft were, it seems to me, deliberately stationed off Old Head of Kinsale, at a point where all ships have got to pass, for the express purpose of preventing any assistance being given to the passengers of the Lusitania.”

NARRAGANSETT DRIVEN OFF

That the British tank steamer Narragansett, one of the vessels that caught the distress signal of the Lusitania, was also driven off her rescue course by a torpedo from a submarine when she arrived within seven miles of the spot where the Lusitania went down, an hour and three-quarters after she caught the wireless call for help, was alleged by the officers of the tanker, which arrived at Bayonne, N. J., on the same day that the Etonian reached Boston.

The story told by the officers of the Narragansett corroborated the statements made by officers of the Etonian. They said that submarines were apparently scouting the sea to drive back rescue vessels when the Lusitania fell a victim to another undersea craft.

The Lusitania's call for help was received by the Narragansett at two o'clock on the afternoon of May 7, according to wireless operator Talbot Smith, who said the message read: “Strong list. Come quick.”

When the Narragansett received the message she was thirty-five miles southeast of the Lusitania, having sailed from Liverpool the preceding afternoon at five o'clock for Bayonne. The message was delivered quickly to Captain Charles Harwood, and he ordered the vessel to put on full steam and increase her speed from eleven to fourteen knots. The Narragansett

THE HEROES OF THE LUSITANIA

changed her course and started in the direction of the sinking ship.

TORPEDO FIRED AT NARRAGANSETT

Second Officer John Letts, who was on the bridge, said he sighted the periscope of a submarine at 3.35 o'clock, and almost at the same instant he saw a torpedo shooting through the water. The torpedo, according to the second officer, was traveling at great speed.

It shot past the Narragansett, missing the stern by hardly thirty feet, and disappeared. The periscope of the submarine went out of sight at the same time, but the captain of the Narragansett decided not to take any chance, changed the course of his vessel so that the stern pointed directly toward the spot where the periscope was last sighted, and, after steering straight ahead for some distance, followed a somewhat zigzag course until he was out of the immediate submarine territories.

Captain Harwood abandoned all thought of the Lusitania's call for help, because he thought it was a decoy message sent out to trap the Narragansett into the submarine's path.

"My opinion," said Second Officer Letts, "is that submarines were scattered around that territory to prevent any vessel that received the S. O. S. call of the Lusitania from going to her assistance."

When attacked by the submarine the Narragansett had out her log, according to Second Officer Letts, and the torpedo passed under the line to which it was attached. The torpedo was fired from the submarine

THE HEROES OF THE LUSITANIA

when the undersea boat was within two hundred yards of the tanker.

The Narragansett when turned back had not sighted the wreck of the Lusitania, and her officers, who were led to believe the S. O. S. was a decoy, did not learn of the sinking of the Cunarder until the following morning at two o'clock.

The Narragansett, under charter to the Standard Oil Company, is one of the largest tank steamships afloat. She is 540 feet long, has a sixty-foot beam, and 12,500 tons displacement.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CANADIANS' GLORIOUS FEAT AT LANGEMARCK

THE CRUCIAL TEST OF CANADA'S MEN—WONDERFUL STORY OF HEROISM AS TOLD BY SIR MAX AITKEN—A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE—QUIET PRECEDING STORM—SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES—LINE NEVER WAVERED—OFFICER FELL AT HEAD OF TROOPS—FORTUNES OF THIRD BRIGADE—IN DIRE PERIL—OVERWHELMING NUMBERS—PUT TO TEST—CAPTURE OF ST. JULIEN—A HERO LEADING HEROES.

THE FIGHT of the Canadians at Langemarck and St. Julien in April, 1915, makes such a battle story as has sufficed, in other nations, to inspire song and tradition for centuries. In the words of Sir John French, the Canadians, by holding their ground when it did not seem humanly possible to hold it, "saved the situation," kept the enemy out of Ypres, kept closed the road to Calais, and made a failure of German plans that otherwise were about to be successful.

The Canadian soldiers have indeed shown that they are second to none. They were put to as supreme a test as it would be possible for any army to meet with, for they fought overwhelming numbers under conditions that seemed to ensure annihilation. They fought on, and failed neither in courage, discipline, nor tenacity, although thousands of them fell.

CANADIANS' GLORIOUS FEAT

The story of their unflinching heroism was told by Sir Max Aitken, the record officer serving with the Canadian division in France:

“The recent fighting in Flanders, in which the Canadians played so glorious a part, cannot of course be described with precision of military detail until time has made possible the co-ordination of relevant facts, and the piecing together in a narrative both lucid and exact of much which, so near the event, is confused and blurred. But it is considered right that the mourning in Canada for husbands, sons or brothers who have given their lives for the Empire should have with as little reserve as military considerations allow the rare and precious consolation which, in the agony of bereavement, the record of the valor of their dead must bring, and indeed the mourning in Canada will be very widely spread, for the battle which raged for so many days in the neighborhood of Ypres was bloody, even as men appraise battles in this callous and life-engulfing war. But as long as brave deeds retain the power to fire the blood of Anglo-Saxons, the stand made by the Canadians in those desperate days will be told by fathers to their sons.

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE

“The Canadians have wrested the trenches over the bodies of the dead and earned the right to stand side by side with the superb troops who, in the first battle of Ypres, broke and drove before them the flower of the Prussian Guards. Looked at from any point the performance would be remarkable. It is amazing to soldiers when the genesis and composition of the



GERMAN ABUSE OF THE WHITE FLAG.

An incident showing how a company of British soldiers were cut down by an ambushed enemy. The front rank of Germans had been firing from behind a small ridge. In apparent surrender they stood up in a long row and held up the white flag. The British advanced to receive their guns and take them prisoners, when suddenly the entire line fell down and a second line arose from behind the ridge and immediately killed all the British company. (*Sphere* copyr.)



ESCAPING A TORPEDO BY RAPID MANEUVERING.

This British destroyer escaped a torpedo from a hunted submarine by quick turning. This incident took place at the naval fight off the island of Heligoland, in October. (Copyright, *The Sun News Service*.)

Canadian division are considered. It contained no doubt a sprinkling of South African veterans, but it consisted in the main of men who were admirable raw material, but who, at the outbreak of war, were neither disciplined nor trained as men count discipline and training in these days of scientific warfare. It was, it is true, commanded by a distinguished English general. Its staff was supplemented, without being replaced, by some brilliant British staff officers. But in its higher and regimental commands were to be found lawyers, college professors, business men and real estate agents, ready with cool self-confidence to do battle against an organization in which the study of military science is the exclusive pursuit of laborious lives.

“With what devotion, with a valor how desperate, with resourcefulness how cool and how frightful, the amateur soldier of Canada confronted overwhelming odds, may perhaps be made clear, even by a narrative so incomplete as the present.

“The salient of Ypres has become familiar to all students of the campaign in Flanders. Like all salients it was, and was known to be, a source of weakness to the forces holding it, but the reasons which have led to its retention are apparent, and need not be explained.

“On Thursday, April 22, 1915, the Canadian division held a line of roughly five thousand yards, extending in a northwesterly direction from the Ypres-Roulers railway, to the Ypres-Poekappelle road, and connecting at its terminus with the French troops. The division consisted of three infantry brigades in addition to the artillery brigades. Of the infantry brigades the first was in reserve, the second was on the right, and the third

established contact with the allies at the point indicated above.

QUIET PRECEDING STORM

“The day was a peaceful one, warm and sunny, and except that the previous day had witnessed a further bombardment of the stricken town of Ypres, everything seemed quiet in front of the Canadian line. At five o'clock in the afternoon a plan carefully prepared was put into execution against our French allies on the left. Asphyxiating gas of great intensity was projected into their trenches, probably by means of force pumps and pipes laid out under the parapets. The fumes, aided by a favorable wind, floated backwards, poisoning and disabling over an extended area those who fell under their effect. The result was that the French were compelled to give ground for a considerable distance. The glory which the French army has won in this war would make it impertinent to labor on the compelling nature of the poisonous discharges under which the trenches were lost. The French did, as everyone knew they would do, all that stout soldiers could do, and the Canadian division, officers and men, look forward to many occasions in the future in which they will stand side by side with the brave armies of France.

“The immediate consequence of this enforced withdrawal was, of course, extremely grave. The third brigade of the Canadian division was without any left, or, in other words, its left was in the air. It became imperatively necessary greatly to extend the Canadian lines to the left rear. It was not, of course, practicable to move the first brigade from reserve at a moment's

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MAP ILLUSTRATING THE BATTLE OF LANGEMARCK.

Shaded Portion Indicates German Gain.

notice, and the line, extended from five to nine thousand yards, was not naturally the line that had been held by the allies at five o'clock, and a gap still existed on its left.

“The new line, of which our recent point of contact with the French formed the apex, ran quite roughly to the south and west. As shown above, it became necessary for Brigadier-General Turner, commanding the third brigade, to throw back his left flank southward to protect his rear. In the course of the confusion which followed upon the readjustment of position, the enemy, who had advanced rapidly after his initial successes, took four British 4.7 guns in a small wood to the west of the village of St. Julien, two miles in the rear of the original French trenches.

SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

“The story of the second battle of Ypres is the story of how the Canadian division, enormously outnumbered, for they had in front of them at least four divisions, supported by immensely heavy artillery, with a gap still existing, though reduced, in their lines, and with dispositions made hurriedly under the stimulus of critical danger, fought through the day and through the night, and then through another day and night; fought under their officers until, as happened to so many, these perished gloriously, and then fought from the impulsion of sheer valor because they came from fighting stock.

“The enemy, of course, was aware, whether fully or not may perhaps be doubted, of the advantage his breach in the line had given him, and immediately began to push a formidable series of attacks upon the whole of the newly-formed Canadian salient.

“If it is possible to distinguish when the attack was everywhere so fierce, it developed with particular

intensity at this moment upon the apex of the newly-formed line running in the direction of St. Julien. It has already been stated that four British guns were taken in a wood comparatively early in the evening of the 22d. In the course of that night, and under the heaviest machine-gun fire, this wood was assaulted by the Canadian Scottish, sixteenth battalion, of the third brigade, and the tenth battalion of the second brigade, which was intercepted for this purpose on its way to a reserve trench. The battalions were respectively commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Leckie, and Lieutenant-Colonel Boyle, and after a most fierce struggle in the light of a misty moon they took the position at the point of the bayonet. At midnight the second battalion, under Lieutenant-Colonel Watson and the Toronto regiment, Queen's Own (third battalion), under Lieutenant-Colonel Rennie, both of the first brigade, brought up much-needed reinforcements, and though not actually engaged in the assault, were in reserve.

LINE NEVER WAVERED

“All through the following days and nights these battalions shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the third brigade. An officer, who took part in the attack, describes how the men about him fell under the fire of the machine guns, which, in his phrase, played upon them ‘like a watering pot.’ He added quite simply, ‘I wrote my own life off,’ but the line never wavered. When one man fell another took his place, and with a final shout the survivors of the two battalions flung themselves into the wood.

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“The German garrison was completely demoralized, and the impetuous advance of the Canadians did not cease until they reached the far side of the wood and entrenched themselves there in the position so dearly gained. They had, however, the disappointment of finding that the guns had been blown up by the enemy, and later on the same night, a most formidable concentration of artillery fire, sweeping the wood as a tropical storm sweeps the leaves from a forest, made it impossible for them to hold the position for which they had sacrificed so much.

“The fighting continued without intermission all through the night and to those who observed the indications that the attack was being pushed with ever-growing strength, it hardly seemed possible that the Canadians, fighting in positions so difficult to defend, and so little the subject of deliberate choice, could maintain their resistance for any long period. At 6 A. M. on Friday it became apparent that the left was becoming more and more involved and a powerful German attempt to outflank it developed rapidly. The consequences if it had been broken or outflanked need not be insisted upon. They were not merely local.

“It was therefore decided, formidable as the attempt undoubtedly was, to try and give relief by a counter-attack upon the first line of German trenches, now far, far advanced from those originally occupied by the French. This was carried out by the Ontario first and fourth battalions of the first brigade, under Brigadier-General Mercer, acting in combination with a British brigade. It is safe to say that the youngest

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private in the rank, as he set his teeth for the advance, knew the task in front of him, and the youngest subaltern knew all that rested upon its success.

OFFICER FELL AT HEAD OF TROOPS

“It did not seem that any human being could live in the shower of shot and shell which began to play upon the advancing troops. They suffered terrible casualties. For a short time every man seemed to fall, but the attack was pressed even closer and closer. The fourth Canadian battalion at one moment came under a particularly withering fire. For a moment, not more, it wavered. Its most gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Birchall, carrying, after an old fashion, a light cane, coolly and cheerfully rallied his men, and at the very moment when his example had infected them fell dead at the head of his battalion.

“With a hoarse cry of anger they sprang forward (for, indeed, they loved him) as if to avenge his death. The astonishing attack which followed, pushed home in the face of direct frontal fire, made in broad daylight by battalions whose names should live forever in the memories of soldiers, was carried to the first line of German trenches. After a hand-to-hand struggle the last German who resisted was bayoneted, and the trench was won.

“The measure of this success may be taken when it is pointed out that this trench represented in the German advance the apex in the breach which the enemy had made in the original line of the allies, and that it was two and a half miles south of that line.

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This charge, made by men who looked death indifferently in the face, for no man who took part in it could think that he was likely to live, saved the Canadian left. But it did more; up to the point where the assailants conquered or died, it secured and maintained during the most critical moment of all the integrity of the allied line. For the trench was not only taken, it was thereafter held against all comers, and in the teeth of every conceivable projectile, until the night of Sunday, the 25th, when all that remained of the war-broken but victorious battalions was relieved by fresh troops.

FORTUNES OF THIRD BRIGADE

“It is necessary now to return to the fortunes of the third brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Turner, which, as we have seen, at five o'clock on Thursday was holding the Canadian left and after the first attack assumed the defense of the new Canadian salient, at the same time sparing all the men it could to form an extemporized line between the wood and St. Julien. This brigade also was, at the first moment of the German offensive, made the object of an attack by the discharge of poisonous gas. The discharge was followed by two enemy assaults. Although the fumes were extremely poisonous, they were not, perhaps, having regard to the wind, so disabling as on the French lines (which ran almost east to west), and the brigade, though affected by the fumes, stoutly beat back the two German assaults.

“Encouraged by this success, it rose to the supreme effort required by the assault of the wood, which has

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already been described. At 4 A. M. on the morning of Friday, the 23d, a fresh emission of gas was made both upon the second brigade, which held the line running northeast, and upon the third brigade, which, as has been fully explained, had continued the line up to the pivotal point, as defined above, and had then spread down in a southeasterly direction. It is perhaps worth mentioning, that two privates of the forty-eighth Highlanders, who found their way into the trenches commanded by Colonel Lipsett, ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles, eighth battalion, perished of the fumes, and it was noticed that their faces became blue immediately after dissolution.

“The Royal Highlanders of Montreal, thirteenth battalion, and the forty-eighth Highlanders, fifteenth battalion, were more especially affected by the discharge. The Royal Highlanders, though considerably shaken, remained immovable upon their ground. The forty-eighth Highlanders, who no doubt received a more poisonous discharge, were for the moment dismayed and indeed their trench, according to the testimony of very hardened soldiers, became intolerable. The battalion retired from the trench, but for a very short distance, and for an equally short time. In a few moments they were again their own. They advanced upon and occupied the trenches which they had momentarily abandoned.

IN DIRE PERIL

“In the course of the same night the third brigade, which had already displayed a resource, a gallantry, and a tenacity, for which no eulogy could be excessive,

was exposed (and with it the whole allied cause) to a peril still more formidable.

"It has been explained, and indeed the fundamental situation made the peril clear, that several German divisions were attempting to crush, or drive back this devoted brigade, and in any event to use their enormous numerical superiority to sweep around and overwhelm our left wing at a point in the line which cannot be precisely determined. The last attempt partially succeeded, and in the course of this critical struggle, German troops in considerable, though not in overwhelming, numbers swung past the unsupported left to the brigade and, slipping in between the wood and St. Julien, added to the torturing anxieties of the long-drawn-out struggle by the appearance, and indeed for the moment the reality, of isolation from the brigade base.

"In the exertions made by the third brigade during this supreme crisis, it is almost impossible to single out one battalion without injustice to others, but though the efforts of the Royal Highlanders of Montreal, thirteenth battalion, were only equal to those of the other battalions who did such heroic service, it so happened by chance that the fate of some of its officers attracted special attention.

"Major Norsworthy, already almost disabled by a bullet wound, was bayoneted and killed while he was rallying his men with easy cheerfulness. The case of Captain McCuaig, of the same battalion, was not less glorious, although his death can claim no witness. This most gallant officer was seriously wounded in a hurriedly constructed trench. At a moment when it

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would have been possible to remove him to safety, he absolutely refused to move, and continued in the discharge of his duty. But the situation grew instantly worse, and peremptory orders were received for an immediate withdrawal. Those who were compelled to obey them were most insistent to carry with them, at whatever risk to their own mobility and safety, an officer to whom they were devotedly attached. But he, knowing, it may be, better than they, the exertions which still lay in front of them, and unwilling to inflict upon them the disabilities of a maimed man, very resolutely refused, and asked of them one thing only, that there should be given to him as he lay alone in the trench, two loaded Colt revolvers to add to his own, which lay in his right hand as he made his last request. And so, with three revolvers ready to his hand for use, a very brave officer waited to sell his life, wounded and racked with pain, in an abandoned trench.

“On Friday afternoon the left of the Canadian line was strengthened by important reinforcements of British troops, amounting to seven battalions. From this time forward the Canadians also continued to receive further assistance on the left from a series of French counter-attacks pushed in a northeasterly direction from the canal bank.

OVERWHELMING NUMBERS

“But the artillery fire of the enemy continually grew in intensity, and it became more and more evident that the Canadian salient could no longer be maintained against the overwhelming superiority of

numbers by which it was assailed. Slowly, stubbornly, and contesting every yard, the defenders gave ground until the salient gradually receded from the apex near the point where it had originally aligned with the French, and fell back upon St. John.

“Soon it became evident that even St. Julien, exposed from right and left, was no longer tenable in the face of overwhelming numerical superiority. The third brigade was therefore ordered to retreat further south, selling every yard of ground as dearly as it had done since five o'clock on Thursday. But it was found impossible, without hazarding far larger forces, to disentangle the detachment of the Royal Highlanders of Montreal, thirteenth battalion, and of the Royal Montreal Regiment, fourteenth battalion. The brigade was ordered, and not a moment too soon, to move back. It left these units with hearts as heavy as those of his comrades who had said farewell to Captain McCuaig.

“The German line rolled, indeed, over the deserted village, but for several hours after the enemy had become master of the village the sullen and persistent rifle fire which survived showed that they were not yet master of the Canadian rear guard. If they died, they died worthy of Canada. The enforced retirement of the third brigade (and to have stayed longer would have been madness) reproduced for the second brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Curry, in a singularly exact fashion the position of the third brigade itself at the moment of the withdrawal of the French.

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SECOND BRIGADE PUT TO TEST

“The second brigade, it must be remembered, had retained the whole line of trenches, roughly five hundred yards, which it was holding at five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, supported by the incomparable exertions of the third brigade, and by the highly hazardous deployment in which necessity had involved that brigade. The second brigade had maintained its lines. It now devolved upon General Curry, commanding this brigade, to reproduce the tactical maneuvers by which earlier in the fight the third brigade had adapted itself to the flank movement of overwhelming numerical superiority. He flung his left flank round and his record is that in the very crisis of this immense struggle he held his line of trenches from Thursday at five o'clock until Sunday afternoon, and on Sunday afternoon he had not abandoned his trenches. There were none left. They had been obliterated by artillery. He withdrew his undefeated troops from the fragments of his field fortifications, and the hearts of his men were as completely unbroken as the parapets of his trenches were completely broken. Such a brigade!

“It is invidious to single out any battalion for special praise, but it is perhaps necessary to the story to point out that Lieutenant-Colonel Lipsett, commanding the ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles, eighth battalion, of the second brigade, held the extreme left of the brigade position at the most critical moment.

“The battalion was expelled from the trenches early on Friday morning by an emission of poisonous gas, but recovering in three-quarters of an hour, it counter-attacked, retook the trenches it had abandoned

and bayoneted the enemy, and after the third brigade had been forced to retire, Lieutenant-Colonel Lipsett held his position, though his left was in the air, until two British regiments filled up the gap on Saturday night.

CAPTURE OF ST. JULIEN

"The individual fortunes of those two brigades have brought us to the events of Sunday afternoon, but it is necessary, to make the story complete, to recur for a moment to the events of the morning.

"After a very formidable attack the enemy succeeded in capturing the village of St. Julien, which has so often been referred to in describing the fortunes of the Canadian left. This success opened up a new and formidable line of advance, but by this time further reinforcements had arrived. Here again it became evident that the tactical necessities of the situation dictated an offensive movement, as the surest method of arresting further progress.

"General Alderson, who was in command of the reinforcements, accordingly directed that an advance should be made by a British brigade which had been brought up in support. The attack was thrust through the Canadian left and center, and as the troops making it swept on, many of them going to certain death, they paused an instant, and with deep-throated cheers for Canada gave the first indication to the division of the warm admiration which their exertions had excited in the British army.

"The advance was indeed costly, but it could not

be gainsaid. The story is one of which the brigade may be proud, but it does not belong to the special account of the fortunes of the Canadian contingent. It is sufficient for our purpose to notice that the attack succeeded in its object, and the German advance along the line, which was momentarily threatened, was arrested.

“We had reached, in describing the events of the afternoon, the points at which the trenches of the second brigade had been completely destroyed. This brigade and the third brigade, and the considerable reinforcements which by this time filled the gap between the two brigades, were gradually driven, fighting every yard, upon a line running, roughly, from Fortuin, south of St. Julien, in a northeasterly direction towards Passchendale. Here the two brigades were relieved by two British brigades, after exertions as glorious, as fruitful, and, alas! as costly, as soldiers have ever been called upon to make.

“Monday morning broke bright and clear, and found the Canadians behind the firing line. This day, too, was to bring its anxieties. The attack was still pressed, and it became necessary to ask Brigadier-General Curry whether he could once more call upon his shrunken brigade.

A HERO LEADING HEROES

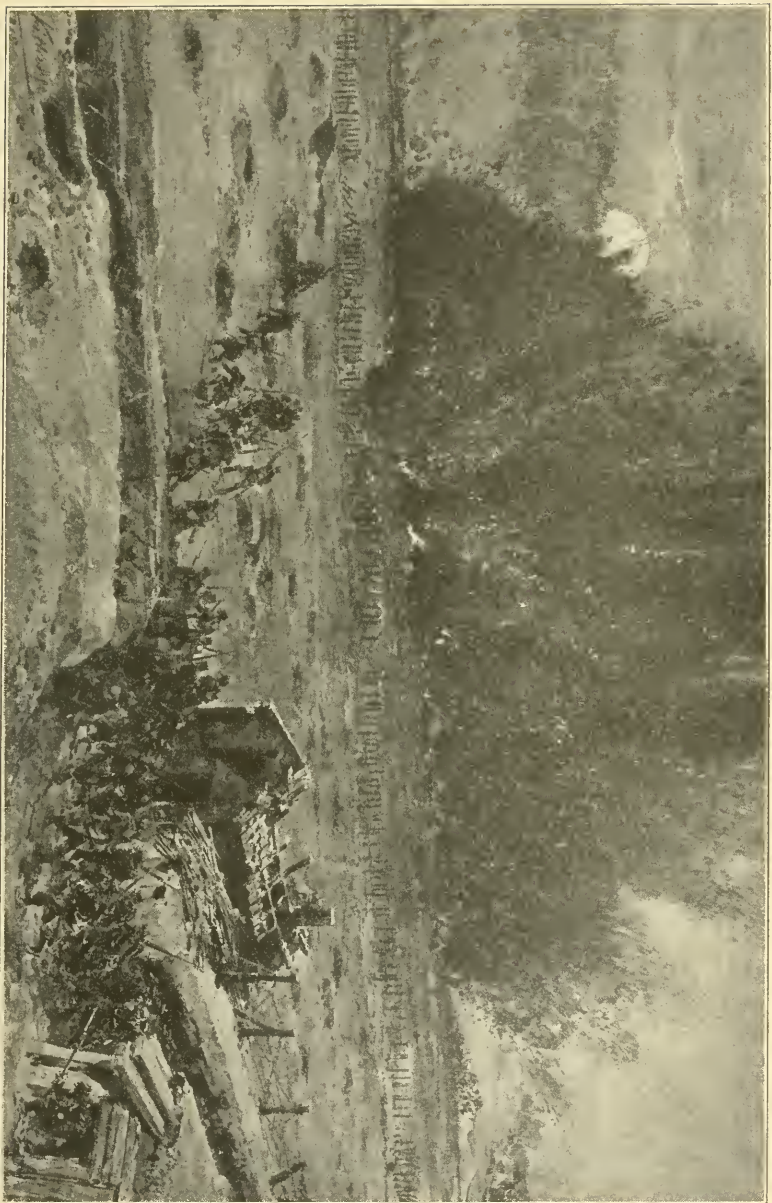
“‘The men are tired,’ this indomitable soldier replied, ‘but they are ready and glad to go again to the trenches.’ And so once more, a hero leading heroes, the general marched back the men of the second brigade, reduced to a quarter of its original

CANADIANS' GLORIOUS FEAT

strength, to the apex of the line as it existed at that moment.

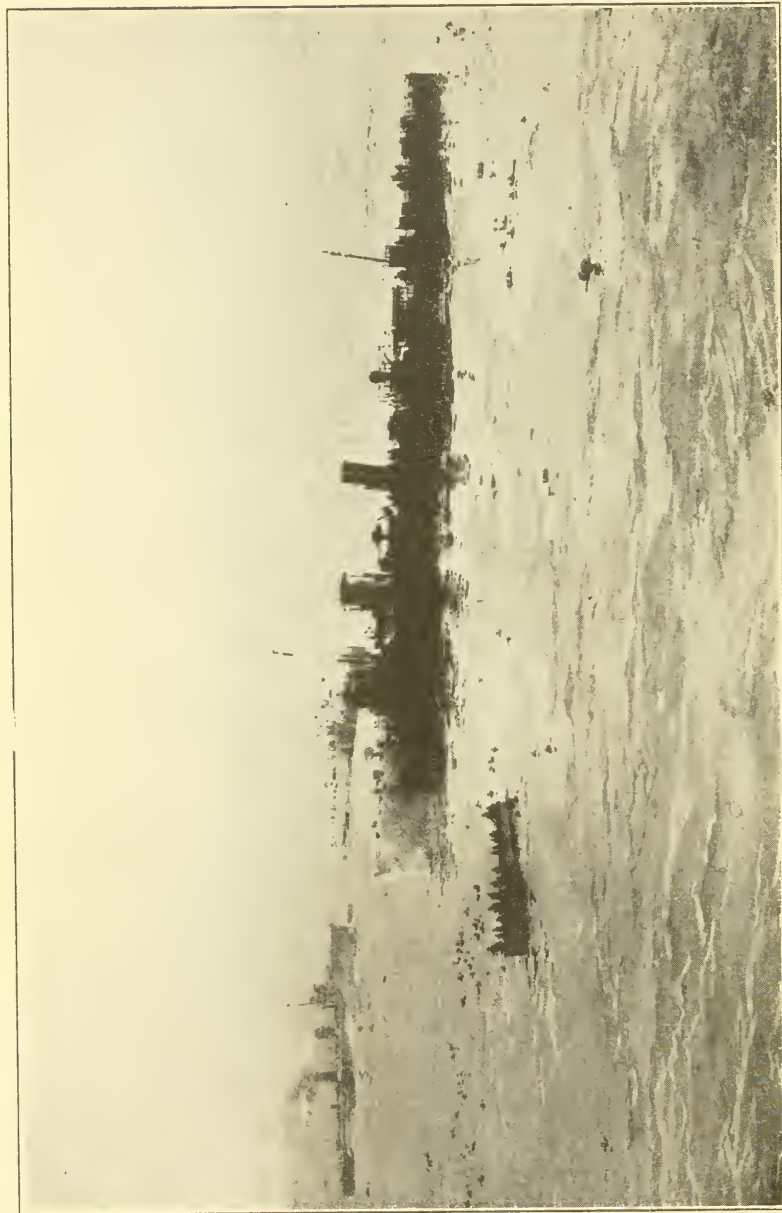
"This position he held all day Monday. On Tuesday he was still occupying reserve trenches, and on Wednesday was relieved and retired to billets in the rear.

"Such, in the most general outline, is the story of a great and glorious feat of arms. A story told so soon after the event, while tendering bare justice to units whose doings fell under the eyes of particular observers, must do less than justice to others who played their part—and all did—as gloriously as those whose special activities it is possible, even at this stage, to describe. But the friends of men who fought in other battalions may be content in the knowledge that they, too, shall learn, when time allows, the exact part which each unit played in these unforgettable days."



A LAND MINE EXPLODED UNDERNEATH A SECTION OF THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES.

A method which has been known to blow forty men to pieces at once. By sapping and mining the gallery was dug almost to the enemy's trenches underground and explosives placed, which were then fired by electric wire. The explosion hurled a piece of railroad iron weighing twenty-five pounds a distance of over a mile. (*Il. L. News copy.*)



RESCUING SAILORS AFTER SINKING OF GERMAN BATTLESHIP.

The conduct of the British fleet is well illustrated by this picture, which shows life-boats and torpedo destroyers rescuing the drowning sailors of a German battleship after the latter had been sunk. The heads and shoulders of numerous unfortunate men are seen dotted about in the water. (*Photo by Underwood and Underwood.*)

CHAPTER XXII

VIVID EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER AT YPRES

LOST HIS MEMORY — REPORTED MISSING — ASPHYXIATING GAS CLOUD—FIGHTING TEN TO ONE—INTO BATTLE WITH A SONG—CROSSING A CANAL UNDER FIRE—INTO HURRICANE OF FIRE—HOW WAR MAKES HEROES—A PERILOUS ESCAPE—SAVING THE DAY AT YPRES—STORIES ABOUT SPIES.

OF ALL the strange personal experiences encountered in the war, perhaps none surpass those of Gunner Thomas F. Trusler in their peculiar combination of mystery, adventure and courage. To have lost all recollection of his earlier life, to have passed unscathed through the thickest of the three days' terrific fighting at the battle of Ypres, in which he and his comrades won the commendation of General French that they had accomplished the impossible, and finally to have had his leg shattered by a bursting shell from the enemy, incapacitating him for further service—this, in brief reflects only the main highlights in Trusler's career as a gun-layer in the Third Battery of the Third Brigade of the Canadian Field Artillery.

LOST HIS MEMORY

Young Trusler went as a gun-layer with the first Canadian contingent which reached France late in 1914. At that time the German General Staff was

EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER

perfecting its scheme to break through to Calais by way of Ypres. Trusler first came under fire near Vlamartinghe, just west of Ypres. His division was acting as a reserve force. What befell him there is related in his own words:

I have been told by men who served with me on my gun that we all saw a huge German aeroplane fly over us. Soon thereafter there came a rain of high explosive shells from a big German gun. Several of our boys were killed, and the fact that I was not was a miracle. One of the shells fell within ten or twenty feet of me, I was told, but did not explode. The concussion, however, was terrific, and it dazed and stupefied me.

I remember awakening in a base hospital with the wounded all about me. I felt myself all over and could find nothing smashed, so I sat up in my cot. Then I got out of it and stood up and asked why I was there. A physician told me what had happened to me and sent me back to my brigade, which he located by the insignia on my uniform. When I got back I didn't seem to recollect anything or anybody.

Some of the men of my gun company saw me and took me back to my quarters. It was necessary for me to make friends with my companions again. They called me "Howie"—a nickname—and soon I became known as "Howie Trusler." That fact made it difficult for my parents to locate me, because when I was asked my name I spelled it "Tressler."

REPORTED MISSING

Consequently "T. F. Trusler" went on the rolls of the missing. Consequently also, I failed to get mail

EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER

from my fiancée and my parents. It was not until last summer, when I was wounded in the leg so badly that I was sent to England, that I made any attempt to find out who I was. I confided my story to an English woman of high rank who was interested in the hospital. She made inquiries among the officers of my brigade, and they remembered "Trusler" who came out with the contingent.

My parents were communicated with and my mother remembered an old scar on my foot. Sure enough the scar was there. Even when I returned to Montreal I didn't recognize my mother and don't yet. My people had a great deal of trouble getting me back. I had been signing myself Tressler, instead of Thomas Frederick Trusler, and when my uncle came up to fetch me, the military authorities were not going to let him have me. At last they decided to send a man down to Montreal with us. When I saw my father and mother they were perfect strangers to me. I just shook hands with them and said, "I'm pleased to meet you." I learned I was engaged to be married before I left for the front and on my return home my fiancée was at the station with my mother and father. I didn't recognize any of them, but they took me home.

Although I cannot remember what happened before January, 1915, I have a vivid recollection of what has happened since.

After I returned to my gun company from the field hospital I resumed active duty, and passed through the battle of Ypres. My recollection of that terrific three-day fighting will never leave me.

EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER

The idea of the Germans was to break through the Allies' lines around Ypres and get to Calais, from which point they could have struck directly at England. Like all general attacks, the German advance was preceded by a heavy artillery bombardment. The purpose of the bombardment is to tear up the wire entanglements, break up the enemies' trenches, and demoralize the men. Then the infantry get out and make their attack. Many attacks have failed because the wire entanglements have not been broken up.

We expected an attack from the direction of Boesinghe, because we had gotten news from our aeroplanes, that the Germans were massing troops in Belgium and that they were coming towards Ypres.

About five o'clock of the evening of April 23, we were getting quite bored, for we were in the reserve force along the Poperinghe road, three miles west of Ypres. The dull monotony was rudely broken by the sudden appearance of swarms of French colonial troops, Singalese and Zouaves, rushing in from the front trenches, clutching at their throats, holding their sides, rolling on the ground, gasping for breath, eyes bloodshot and staring, many of them bleeding at the mouth, but most of them unable to explain the cause of their peculiar actions. Along with them came scores of refugees, men, women and children, bearing with them all they could take from their burning and wrecked homes.

ASPHYXIATING GAS CLOUD

They told us that they noticed three balls of white smoke go up from the German lines, and immediately

afterwards a big heavy cloud of smoke started to roll over and over—something like a storm in China; that is the nearest you can come to it—and those clouds just rolled straight over until they got near the French lines, and then the soldiers began to get the smell of some kind of gas in their nostrils.

You know chloride of lime—if you just get a sharp smell of it. This gas had a faint smell of that. And then again the effect is something as though you put your hands over your mouth and your nose until you can't get any breath. It's an awful feeling. You want to get a breath. That is how this thing is. Just the same as a man being hung about seven hours a day.

This compelled the French first line to retire, causing them to form a fresh line running from Steenstraate to Langemarek, north of Pilkem. They fell back gradually to this new line owing to the gas fumes, their reserves being taken back with them. The wind was blowing in a southeasterly direction at that time and the Germans could only gas part of the French line then. Gradually as the strange gas affected the French they begin to fall back more and more.

The Germans could not gas the Canadians to any great extent because of the wind; but they had succeeded in smashing the French line very seriously into open country, and what few villages were there had been blown to pieces by high explosive shells. Their idea was to get that line beaten back, so they could send in their troops and cut off the Canadian line.

EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER

FIGHTING TEN TO ONE

The Germans were in overwhelming numbers. There were fifteen to twenty thousand Canadians, and I know from an official source that the Germans had from four to five divisions in action. Each division consists of forty thousand men, so that they had somewhere around 150,000 to 200,000.

The Canadians did not see the joke of being cut off and wiped out. Their original line was five thousand yards in length. Therefore they extended their line in due course to nine thousand yards, passing their men up this line and extending them parallel with St. Julien.

Until that time we had never heard of asphyxiating gas and were at a loss to make out what it all meant. The order "stand to your arms" was quickly passed along to the reserves. The Montreal Highlanders were the first to get on the move. It takes longer to get artillery wagons on the move, and while we were working at feverish haste the Highlanders went by, each man singing and smiling, although they must have known that many of them would never return.

At seven o'clock the artillery forces were all ready and waiting for the order to move forward. I shall never forget the scene at the moment. From the city of Ypres there arose high in the heavens huge jets of flame, while overhead shells burst by the hundreds, and in our ears were the din of falling walls and all sorts of indescribable noises.

INTO BATTLE WITH A SONG

It was a wonderful sight. Coming down this road were men and women, with children hanging to their

arms. There were the French Colonial troops holding their throats. Then you would see the Forty-eighth Highlanders with their kilts swinging, waving their bayonets. They knew they were going forward to what these other people were running away from. We just dropped our lines and stood by and gave them a good cheer. It was a terrible sight, but it was beautiful. Some of them were singing. They were singing "When the Boys Come Home." It's a mighty catchy song, especially at a time like that:

*Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning;
Though the boys are far from home
They dream of you.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining;
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.*

These fellows were singing this song with a zest—no fear, no trembling knees, nor any sign of cowardice. We were watching them keenly, and in our absorption we let some of our horses get away; the sergeant-major turned and said, "Where the devil are those horses going?" Of course, everybody jumped, and we tied up the lines and put them on the wagons. Then orders came, "Prepare for action!"

We removed the breech and muzzle covers, uncapped the shells, and got the fuses all set. We knew something was going to happen, because we were getting shells all ready to go into action, which is only done when action is right at hand.

When the order came to move forward we urged our horses with a cheer and a song, our batteries tearing along the road with the speed and noise of fire-engines.

As we neared Ypres we overtook the infantry, which made way for the guns, lining up on either side of the road, the men with their caps on, their bayonets swinging high in the air, shrieking and singing wildly as we tore along.

CROSSING A CANAL UNDER FIRE

It was necessary for us to make a detour south and east of Ypres in order to get to the main road leading to our damaged front. It also was necessary to cross the Yser Canal, about half a mile south of the town, on a pontoon bridge. The first gun got over safely, when along came a German shell and destroyed it.

Under a deadly fire, for the Germans had the range, we waited while the engineers worked to construct another bridge. Two long thick poles were placed across the narrow canal and cross-ways on them timbers and logs were piled. The second gun went across precariously, but the third was upset by a rolling log, the cannon carriage falling on one side of the narrow bridge and the six horses on the other. While the cannon and horses seemed to be see-sawing this way and that across the bridge, a shell put an end to all the trouble.

There was a terrific roar, a terrific splash, and then the men were seen and heard struggling and shrieking in the muddy water of the canal, with the horses,

wagons and guns. There was no attempt at rescue. The Engineer Corps went calmly about its work of stringing in new pontoons while the stream of traffic was temporarily diverted to the other bridge, and so alternately one or the other of these bridges was being blown up. When we finally got across the bridge and started on the gallop for the front, a new menace awaited us. Aeroplanes buzzing over our heads were dropping star shells, lighting up the wooded roads with a weird blue light; they were also dropping high-explosive bombs on the road to cut us off in our work of rescue.

INTO HURRICANE OF FIRE

This was followed by a perfect hurricane of shells, and the last gun to attempt the crossing went into the water. Emerging from a wood, we ran into a murderous gun-fire from German infantry and machine guns. My gun and others of our battery were hurled into this open fire-swept field, swung around and in less than two minutes opened fire on the Germans.

A field gun is equipped with a metal shield fastened to the hub of the gun carriage for the protection of the gunners. The gun protrudes through the shield, and there are also openings in it for the use of the gun-layer in sighting and firing the gun. The gun-layer, a kind of chief gunner, operates the gun while the other gunners pass along the shells and load them into the breech. The guns are lined up six inches apart because of the wheel hubs, so there is an open space between the shields. Sometimes as a fellow was passing a shell a bullet would hit it, and

up would go the shell and kill all the gun crew around. We had twelve men and before we had been in action thirty-five minutes we had five completely blown to pieces.

Each of our shells contained three hundred bullets, and at a range of two hundred and fifty yards one can readily imagine how the Germans fell. Yet under this torrent of steel they came on and on with fixed bayonets, only to be beaten down, torn to pieces and piled in heaps. Advancing over their own dead, regiment after regiment was hurled against us. They got so near us on several occasions that the infantry were ordered up to repel them.

That was the first hand-to-hand fighting that I saw. It was awful to see men with the blood lust on them killing and not caring. Finally we halted them, but the German infantry remained hidden behind a deep fringe of trees with their own dead piled up against them. Our guns could not do effective work because of the trees. Therefore we were ordered to use high-explosive shells.

HOW WAR MAKES HEROES

I shall never forget how these shells were brought to us. The ammunition wagon containing them came galloping across the open field under a heavy fire, the men lashing their horses and yelling like mad. They took a hedge there something like three feet high, jumping clean over it, wagon and all. The horses were simply crazed. Some of them had been hit with bullets, and when they neared our guns the men could not stop them. It looked as though they would

go right on to the German lines. There was only one thing to do: the rider of the leading horses drew his revolver and shot them dead. They went down, with the other horses and men and the wagon rolling over and over them. One poor fellow was found with the hoof of a horse driven through his face. With the high-explosive shells we tore the trees to bits and left the whole place open; then our infantry, quickly following up the advantage, drove the Teutons back.

Our boys were yelling like a lot of wild Indians, waving their hats, until they got right up to the German trenches, and they went at them with bayonets. Some of the Germans threw up their arms and would not fight at all. At last I saw one of our fellows catch hold of a German, and you could see he was saying something like "For God's sake, why don't you fight?" and threw him down and kicked him out of the way. And that is what was going on right along the line. Their nerves had gone altogether. But you can't blame those men. They were doing their piece for their country. Under the circumstances a man will lose his head very easily.

A PERILOUS ESCAPE

Meantime our line was badly pressed near St. Julien, and after the arrival of fresh British and Canadians our battery was ordered there. We went right through the town. Then we began to straighten out the line, but again the Germans renewed their terrific attacks, and they drove our troops right back onto St. Julien. We had to retire with our guns, fighting desperately

all the way. On and on came the German infantry, and the retreat was sounded, but not for me. My gun and two others, and seven hundred men of the Montreal Highlanders, were ordered to remain in the town to cover the retreat.

Our first feelings upon being left alone were, "Well it looks as though we're finished." Just as we were thinking that, an officer came up and said, "What the devil are you men standing there for?" Bang! Off would go another shell. We were thoroughly played out, but we kept fighting. Sometimes one of the men sitting at a gun would almost drop over with exhaustion, and then an officer would say, "What are you doing? Going to sleep? Why don't you go to sleep at the right time?" And the fellow would turn around, smile, and pull the lever again.

I lost seven men during the night. One fellow got out of action about the easiest I ever saw. He was sitting on the gun and just put his hand on top of the shield, when a rain of bullets took off all his fingers. He just turned round, smiled, and said, "I'm hit." He got up out of the seat, walked a few spaces, and dropped.

The Germans saw that the town was being evacuated and at daylight advanced in tremendous numbers. The Germans didn't expect to meet with any resistance in the town at all, so they marched in singing. We wiped out with our three guns the first two regiments. Then we were ordered to retreat while the Highlanders went forward. The Highlanders were almost annihilated and we stopped and gave them assistance.

Never did I see such a hail of bullets. The Germans

came on in thousands. The spokes in the wheels of the gun carriages were nearly all broken and one brave company of Germans got right up to our gun. It was saved by a French-Canadian whose name, strange to say, was McConnell. With the butt of a short rifle he killed three Germans who attempted to get behind the bullet shield of the gun. At last the Germans were checked and we saved our three guns.

SAVING THE DAY AT YPRES

Gradually we got back under cover, and so fell back into the original line again, and we fought in the general action that went on until close to seven o'clock on Sunday. When we went back some of our fellows had their clothes almost completely torn off; there was hardly a man that was not wounded; they were covered with blood, and they looked a perfect wreck. They had had nothing to eat for three days, and when they passed through the British troops, the British soldiers all turned around and gave three cheers for the Canadians. We did not realize until then what we had actually done: we saved the whole situation, fighting against overwhelming odds for three days and nights. Out of our battery of 313 men, with their reserves, we had fifty-two left at the finish of that action.

I saw a very amusing incident at Ypres. In one of the trenches, they had sandbags placed all over the ground and in the sandbags is a small opening at which a man stands with his rifle resting on a pivot so that he can train it along the enemy's trench by moving it back and forth. Just back of him there was

a rod standing up with a bell on it—an ordinary door bell. Well, occasionally they would ring the bell, and almost always some German in the opposite trench would stick up his head out of curiosity to see what the ringing was—thinking perhaps it was a stray cow, or something like that. Instantly the man with the rifle would spot him—and then there was one more dead German.

STORIES ABOUT SPIES

Spying at the front is the most dangerous of all occupations. The Germans are very clever at it, and one method of sending news between the lines is by trained dogs. One night one of our sentries saw a dog dart past him. He called to the animal, thinking the dog would make an excellent mascot for the battery. The dog came back, wagging his tail, and the sentry took him to his quarters.

The following morning one of the men remarked on the thickness of the plain leather collar worn by the dog. An examination revealed that the collar was hollow, and in it we found a message in cipher. Instantly an officer was summoned, the dog was put on a long wire leash and driven out of camp. He went direct to a barber shop, where the men were in the habit of lounging and talking when off duty. The barber, whom we thought to be a Belgian, was a German spy and afterward was put to death.

I was quartered soon after that on an outpost guarding general headquarters. Not even the King of England could have passed the road we guarded unless he had a passport. Toward evening a handsome

EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER

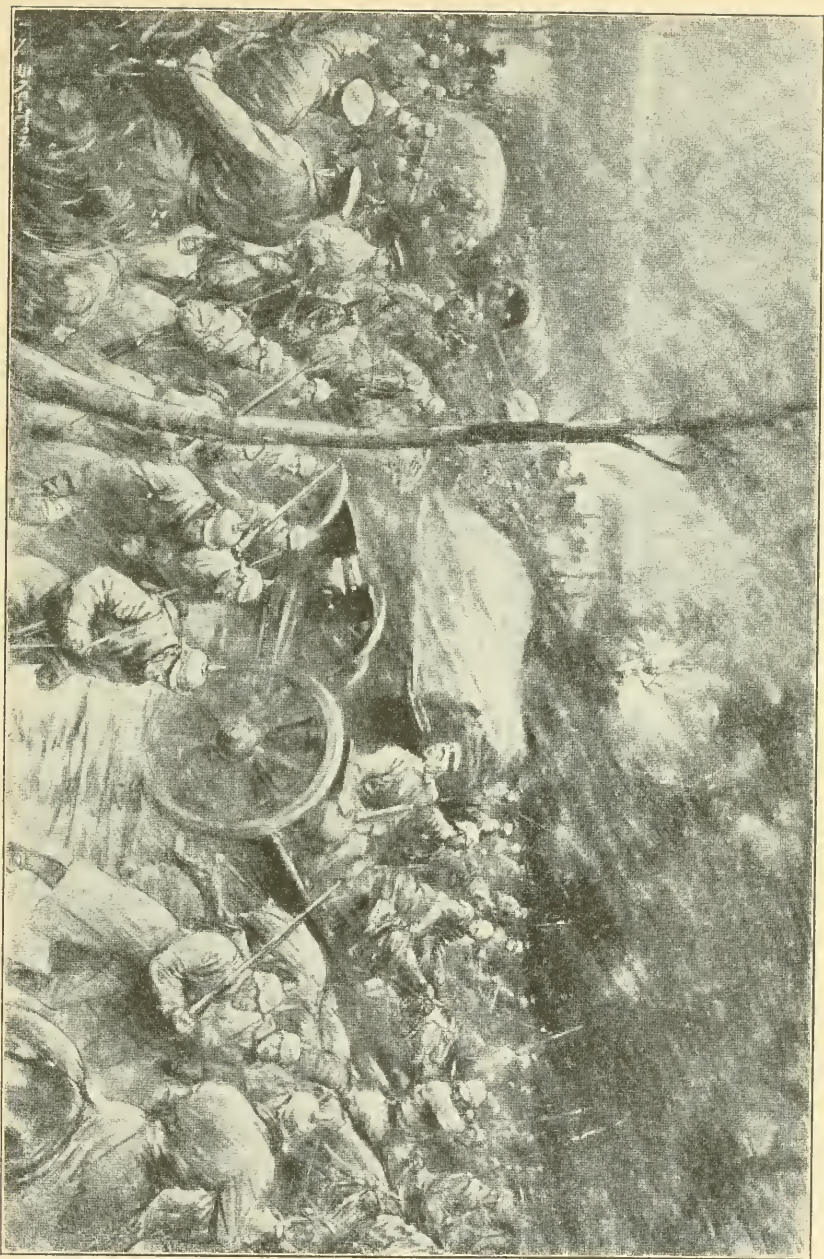
automobile of English make containing two staff officers approached. The sentry on duty saluted with fixed bayonet and asked for passports. One of the officers got out of the machine and reached his hand into a leather case. Instead of drawing out a passport, he drew out a revolver and shot at the sentry. He missed and the sentry shot him dead. Meantime another sentry killed the other supposed officer. Both men were Germans. In their automobile was a quantity of high explosives.

Another case was that of a dispatch rider from another division. "You know," he said one day, "we had one of our sights blown up last week, one just like that," and he picked up a gun-sight and turned it around to look at it. Then he said, "I'll bet you a dollar the Germans haven't any sights like that." The section officer was standing right near and he said, "What do you know about sights? You're a dispatch rider. You stop there!" pulling out his revolver, "you shouldn't know anything about sights at all." Although he spoke with a Canadian accent, the dispatch rider turned out to be a German.

I was responsible for catching one spy. I happened to go to a little place at the back of the line, and asked for a drink of water. A Frenchman came to the door. I said, "Will you give me some water?" He motioned as though he did not understand me, but I saw that he did not want to give me a drink. After many efforts I simply could not make him appear to know what I wanted. I went back later with some others from our division, and just for fun we drew our revolvers and stuck them in the doorway. Then we

EXPERIENCES OF T. F. TRUSLER

all walked inside the house, and started to look around. We happened to look down on the floor and saw a wire running along the base of the wall; we traced it up the wall, through the ceiling, right over the top of the roof and down the other side of the house into the ground. On further investigation we found it ran back into the German lines. It was afterwards found that though the man spoke French fluently, he was from Alsace and was a spy. If he had given me a drink he would probably not have been found out.



THE GREAT RETREAT OF THE GERMAN ARMY FROM THE BANKS OF THE RIVER MARNE.

The Germans, caught successively on flank and rear, and forced to battle for life in every section of the battle field, suffered very heavy losses. In the region of Nancy alone there were some 31,000 dead Germans, mostly first line troops.



THE CHARGE OF THE 4TH CANADIAN BATTALION AT YPRES IN THE FACE OF A MURDEROUS GERMAN SHELL FIRE

During one of the most terrible and deadly engagements of the whole war, when a powerful German outflanking movement was being rapidly developed, the 4th Canadian Battalion, to save the day, forced a counter-attack in the face of a withering fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Birchall, leading his men, fell dead at the moment when it seemed that the attack could not succeed. With a cry of anger, the attack was renewed, the German trenches were taken, and the day was saved.

CHAPTER XXIII

CANADIAN HEROISM IN THE WAR

MANY INSTANCES OF CANADIAN VALOR—CORPORAL HARMON'S STORY—GLORY OF THE BLACK WATCH—CANADIANS FIGHT IN FIERCEST SECTIONS—CANADIAN SOLDIERS POPULAR EVERYWHERE—WIN MANY MEDALS BY HEROIC DEEDS.

THE MOST impartial observers on the battlefields of Europe are as one in their praises of the courage and efficiency of a Canadian soldier. The course of the war furnishes many instances of marked heroism on the part of Canadian troops.—Langemarck is a glorious page in Canadian history; but Langemarck is only one. True, the feat of the Canadian battalion in that engagement was of such tremendous importance in holding back the enemy against seemingly impossible odds that it may well be reserved for special treatment later in this narrative; but many other notable examples of the bravery, discipline, and determination of Canadian soldiers are at hand to quote.

CORPORAL HARMON'S STORY

Corporal Burdette W. Harmon, of Woodstock, N. B., who was in the Marine and Fisheries Department at Ottawa, when he enlisted with the Royal Canadian Engineers of the First Canadian Contingent,

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gives one of the most remarkable and complete descriptions of the fighting that has yet been penned.

It was in the engagement in which Corporal Burdette was wounded that the First Canadian Battalion lost six hundred of their seven hundred and fifty men. Corporal Harmon was wounded eight times by a German bomb when he was caught alone by the Germans away down their trenches after a portion of the Huns' line had been blown up by a Canadian mine.

"We knew for several days before June 15," said Corporal Harmon, "that an attack was imminent. The bombardments, while largely sporadic, had been very destructive, because we had some very heavy howitzers hammering away at the enemy's trenches. The night before the attack, part of our company placed two eighteen-pounders within one hundred and fifty feet of the German trenches. This was a very clever trick, and the boys who took part in it deserve credit.

"Seven of us were told off to report to Col. Hill of the First Battalion. He talked to us for over an hour, and explained by maps the plan of attack. There were to be five bombing parties, one sapper to be attached to each party. The two remaining were to look for leads and cut them. At two o'clock in the afternoon we fell in with our respective platoons, and marched towards the 'Duke's Hill.'

LIKE A SEWER DITCH

"We had to round in and out for a mile and a half, in what was exactly like a deep sewer ditch. At 4.30 p. m., we were in the front trench, and prepared to

rest until six—the mine was to go up at six. At 5.30 the artillery lieutenant in charge of the field gun told us to pull away the sand bag barrier that hid his gun from the Germans. We expected a fusilade of shot as we exposed ourselves in the gradually increased opening. We were agreeably surprised. The move drew a very slight addition of rifle fire. That gun began to speak. We were right under the muzzle—what a noise! It was sure ear-splitting. I stood and watched the gunner. Without hat, shirt only, and sleeves rolled up, he flung those shells into the breach with marvelous skill. Crouched on bended knees, with sweat rolling down his face, he looked to me like a warrior king of old. He truly was a hero. He fired twenty shots, and was then blown to pieces by a shell that exploded backwards when he opened the breech. Our grim giant, of which we were proud, was stark and cold. It was depressing to be deprived of such an encouragement at such a time. Some score of German crack shots with machine guns were hidden within one hundred and fifty feet.

“Lieutenant James spoke calmly. ‘Boys, in a minute the mine goes up.’ I climbed on the firing platform to be ready for a quick spring up the three-step ladder. I called Corporal Talbot in charge of the bombing infantry, to come up near me, in order that the men might better follow, having his familiar figure as a guide.

A FIERCE EXPLOSION

“And now the explosion! Can you imagine it? Three thousand pounds of an explosive, as powerful as

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nitro-glycerine. Lumps of earth as big as barrels went hundreds of feet in the air. I watched it with childish curiosity. The sun, a crimson red, was setting. The rays glistened in the falling curtain, and lit it up so that it looked like many rainbows. Now the Angel of Death began to reap. A large lump beat the man behind me to his knees. Lieutenant James falls, killed.

“Our trench is rocked and buried and some scores of our own men are killed and wounded. The rainbow has no interest. I bend my head and each moment expect to have my brains knocked out. At last the sky ceased to rain lumps of earth. We leap for the parapet. I notice that Talbot is beside me and we rush forward. As quick as we were, others were much quicker. The short space between the trenches is already filled with charging Canadians. A few fall as we rush forward. I stop for a second beside the yawning crater and try to estimate its extent. I conjectured it was sixty feet deep, and two hundred feet across. I ran on and the first German I ran across was a little fellow, about twenty, with his leg shattered. He was in the edge of the crater, high up on the mound. Horror and fear were painted on his face. With a broken leg he could not move, and he piteously moved his hand to surrender. I thought of all the vows I had sworn, and I knelt to shoot him. Thank God, I did not do it, but ran on.

“The next sight almost made me laugh. About twenty hands seemed to move from the earth. They did not have time to run down their trench and they waited for our rush with hands up. We stopped to

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shoot a few who were running through the grass towards their second line. Talbot and I did not bother with the prisoners. Our job was to bomb down the front line trench as far as possible.

RAN DOWN THE TRENCH

“We ran down the trench for about fifty yards and came across a group of about six infantry with another engineer named Boyle. Boyle was boss and he told us that the lieutenant had told them to stay there. Some of us were chagrined. Our orders were to go down the trench to ‘hell.’ Colonel Hill’s orders surely were more reliable than the commands of a lieutenant. A big splendid looking sergeant says, ‘Come on, who will follow me.’ I ran after him followed by the bunch, Boyle included—he didn’t lack spunk. He thought the word of a lieutenant was a command from God. We ran down the trench for about one hundred yards.

“We came across two huge cables about one inch in diameter, made of many small wires and the whole insulated. Boyle asks how we are to cut these; mine clippers were no good. I told him to get a shovel and put it under the cable. We hammered with another shovel until the cable was almost cut. He goes ahead with that job, and the sergeant, aided by myself, and others, builds a barricade. Boyle had the cables almost cut by this time and I asked him to go back for reinforcements. He started back, and in a few minutes, about ten men came along. We climbed over our barricade and advanced. We must have gone over one hundred yards when I noticed that the sergeant

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and myself were alone. He was ahead and one would think he was hunting deer.

"We passed dead and dying Germans, but did not stop to look in dugouts. It is risky to pass such places, but we thought them empty and chanced it. The sergeant stopped and seized me by the shoulder, 'Do you see them opposite?' he said. The trench was built like a snake fence, and they were in the opposite angle.

"I saw several heads and one fellow out of the trench. The sergeant and I started to shoot, shoulder to shoulder. He fired about four rounds when I felt a pull and heard a thud. I turned my eyes and saw the sergeant bent forward on his rifle, with his head blown off just above the eyes. Blood and brains rolled down his face, and his rifle was stained a bright scarlet from the stock to the muzzle. In a glance I had seen that he was dead.

"I was alone, and down the German trench. It did not take me long to decide what to do. I 'beat' it back over dead Germans and around corners further than any Germans would dare come, until I met three or four of our fellows behind our barricade. We wanted to see what would happen. In a few minutes about ten men came along. They said, 'Come on, boys, we have orders to advance.' I started ahead with the leader. By the time we reached the dead body of the sergeant, German shrapnel and snipers had thinned the bunch to four.

TO BUILD BARRICADE

"I told the fellow with me how the sergeant died. He lifted his face from the butt of his rifle, and laid

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him tenderly in the bottom of the trench. He cut his wire clippers from his neck and handed them to me. The three of us then started to build a barricade. As we worked two awful explosions seemed to lift us off our feet. I mentally figured that shrapnel could not forever continue to fall at that particular spot. A second report, almost split my ear drums. My rifle is torn from my hand, and I feel a sharp pain in my right hand and side. Someone shouts, 'They are bombing us.' That is warning enough.

"We have no bombs and are as helpless as children. We run back along the trench, and at last come to where our infantry form a continuous line. What an encouragement. I stop to rest, nearly reeling with exhaustion. The strain had been great and that bomb had hit me in eight places—many merely scratches though. I felt that I had a right to have a rest. I asked the fellows if it would discourage them if I retired. I said I was wounded and exhausted. They said for me to go back, so I retired a few yards down the trench and crawled into a dug-out.

"I dwell on this point because my conscience troubles me. I should not have left those fellows—as a matter of life or death I could have used my rifle with a measure—though small I admit—of efficiency. I am minutely truthful in this letter, and I wish to point out to anyone who finds anything praiseworthy in my conduct, that when I retired to that dug-out, while yet able to hold a rifle, I nullified any credit due to me. In that were two wounded—I must be honest with all—not any worse off than I was.

"The order now came to retire. How hard it was to

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leave our wounded Canadians in the trench. Most probably the Germans bayoneted them as their bombing party made headway. Our bombs were exhausted. The seventh division had not gained ground on the left and we were being caught on three sides. Hence the order to retire.

“Now I am at the Duchess of Connaught hospital. I am fully recovered, and mean to get back to France, though it may be eight weeks yet.

“You might give this letter the publicity which in your judgment is proper. It is written from an altruistic motive, and not one of egotism. I want no cheap notoriety, and I regret the way the Ottawa correspondents dressed up Allen’s letter.

| “In the attack the First Battalion lost 600 men out of 750. Those figures are but ciphers to you, but they seem to me to personify scores of battle-torn Canadians. On land and sea fate never offers to the lips of men a more bitter chalice than that offered to the lips of a helpless comrade as he sees his friends pass him and hears the steady advance of the cracking bombs, and already in anticipation feels the saw-toothed bayonet plunged between his ribs.

“The sun was red and just sinking to the west. Who in Canada does not hear them calling, yes calling, calling and moaning for help—ENLIST.”

GLORY OF THE BLACK WATCH

When this war is over the history of the famous Black Watch will have to be rewritten. The glorious past will in no way have faded, but the more recent achievements of the historic regiment, with its

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many battalions, will shed additional lustre on the name.

In that new history no story will be more renowned than the stand of the Thirteenth Battalion of the Canadian division at Ypres.

There are some incidents in the story of the Black Watch that are well worth re-telling. No man who intends to join the Seventy-third could hear without a thrill of pride the story of the assault on Ticonderoga in 1758.

ABERCROMBIE'S FORCE

The Black Watch was one of the regiments which formed a part of the force commanded by General Abercrombie in the war against the French. They advanced on Ticonderoga, in June, through the forest. The scouts had reported the place indifferently fortified, and held by some 5,000 French with 3,000 more coming up. Abercrombie's force consisted of 6,337 regulars and 9,000 provincials. But the scouts were wrong. Ticonderoga was practically impregnable. The British, however, attacked with great vigor, notwithstanding the fact that they were under a terrible disadvantage. They had no artillery and the fort was protected by an abattis composed of large trees.

The Forty-second had been detailed as part of the reserve. They were held back and compelled to stand aside and see the attacking force rush up time after time, only to be driven back by the withering fire that came from behind the abattis. The dead were strewn about the ground and the cries and groans of the wounded were horrible there in the bright sunlight of

the clearing. At last they could stand the inaction no longer. Disregarding commands they started forward. Broadswords in hand they crossed the open space. They reached the abattis. With their swords they hacked and hewed at the trees. In frenzied rage they forced a way. A few actually got beyond the barricade. All were instantly killed, however.

FIVE HOURS' FIGHT

A writer who was present afterwards told the story: "The Highlanders, screaming with rage, rushed time after time on us, and it was not till their general sounded the retreat three times that they were prevailed on to abandon the attack."

The fight lasted five hours and the regiment lost 647 killed and wounded out of a total of 1,100. An officer who witnessed the struggle wrote:

"I am penetrated with the great loss and immortal glory acquired by the Highlanders engaged in this affair. Impatient for the fray, they rushed forward to the entrenchments into which many of them actually mounted. Their intrepidity was rather animated than damped by witnessing their comrades fall on every side. They seemed more anxious to avenge the fate of their deceased friends than careful to avoid a like death."

The following year the Black Watch again advanced against this stronghold and this time, after a fight of but half an hour, added to their glories by capturing it.

CHAPTER XXIV

WOMAN'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

COURAGE OF THE WOMEN—EQUIPPING A MILITARY HOSPITAL — THE FIRST PATIENT — WOUNDED SOLDIERS BY THE HUNDREDS—HOW FAST A NURSE SOMETIMES MUST WORK—CHEERFULNESS OF THE WOUNDED—DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK—“WHERE IS THE THERMOMETER?”—FEW DEATHS IN THE HOSPITAL — THE HARDEST TRIAL — FAITH IN HUMANKIND.

SOME OF the most vivid experiences of the war occur in the hospitals where the wounded are cared for. The following account of a war nurse's experiences is typical of thousands of other brave women who helped to ease pain and suffering among the men who have fallen in the name of liberty:

“Don't worry about me or about the children!” I heard the voice near me in the crowd, and turned to where a woman was bidding her soldier-husband good-by. Around them stood three children—boys aged, I should say, about five, seven and twelve years. A mist covered my eyes. It was almost more than I could endure, the farewell of these soldiers to their families. But there was no mist in the eyes of the woman. Rather a light!

“Don't worry about the children,” she repeated. “I'll bring them up, and bring them up to fight for

their country, too. You—you think of 1870! Remember father in 1870! I'll remember the children!"

COURAGE OF THE WOMEN

Here was a woman's courage unsurpassed. She was doing her part, and with what a spirit! I determined to do mine. I would not return to America, as I had planned. For three years I had lived in France. For three years this country had been my friend. And now I would be its friend. I would offer my services as a nurse.

When I spoke to the head surgeon of the American Ambulance Hospital in Neuilly, whom I knew, he said that they were going to take a certain number of "auxiliaries," as he called them—women untrained, who were to work under the direction of the trained nurses.

"You are sure you want to come?" he questioned me.

"Yes—sure."

"But you know, as yet, we have no extra beds for the nurses."

"But I have one in my apartment," I said.

He gave me another searching look, then replied: "Well, I advise you to get that this afternoon. Listen!" I did. Far in the distance we could hear, faint but unmistakable, the booming of the guns of battle. "The Germans are within fifteen miles of Paris. Tonight, I think, the gates of Paris will be closed. It is well—if you wish to come—to come immediately."

I waited for no more. I hastened to my apartment, miles away in another quarter. I packed my suitcase.

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I called a fiacre. We strapped my cot on the side, together with my few things. We rode through the gates of Paris—the gates that were closed that night!

EQUIPPING A MILITARY HOSPITAL

I saw my bed carried up into a medium-sized room in which there were eight other cots, and that was the only furniture. No chairs, no tables, no bureaus, and certainly no mirrors. For weeks I slept in this room with the other eight nurses, using our suitcases as chairs and tables and chests of drawers. Since that time there has been a place fixed in the other part of the building for nurses' quarters. We even have a bathtub, which was a personal gift from a good friend of the hospital. The nurses who come now do not appreciate it. But those who are left of the sixty who had five tin basins to wash in—to bathe in—we appreciate it!

"In a little over a week we must be ready for wounded." The order came from the head nurse standing almost ankle-deep in the débris that covered the floors, for the building had never been used, and shavings and plaster and mortar had to be swept out and mopped up—and I had to help do it, on my knees. Beds were moved in for the wounded, but no bedding. We had ordered dozens of blankets. But we couldn't get them. We expected twenty-five dozen chairs. We got four dozen. We were short of money; we were short of help; but we were long on hope. The hospital grew almost in a night to meet the needs of the Great War, but its growing pains were great and many. Still, it proved the stuff of which we were

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made. In the personnel of the hospital was an American woman whose name is socially prominent in many countries. Associated with her were friends. To many of them, I imagine, this was the first essay out of a drawing-room atmosphere. And they made good—most of them. I take off my hat to the American woman whose sense of organization, of bringing order out of chaos, is born in her, or is absorbed from her organizing husband.

THE FIRST PATIENT

Finally, in some way or other, we did get ready, and the word went around that we might expect the wounded that night.

The moments were tense. They were so tense we were fairly hysterical. Hour passed hour. Finally we heard the sound of the ambulance coming into the grounds. We rushed—one over the other—down the stairs to the receiving room. We met the stretcher as it was being brought in. I say *the* stretcher, for there was only one. Our first patient! His wound? There was not any. Only an attack of heart trouble, due to fear.

Now I can laugh about it. But *then* I cannot tell you the pain of that disappointment. I suppose it was due to the last glimmer of that romantic tradition which made me look forward with beating heart to that first moment.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS BY THE HUNDREDS

But the wounded began to come in hundreds. Many from the Battle of the Marne that had decided the

fate of Paris—from the Field of the Five Thousand Dead. They came with shattered faces—some with half faces; with frozen feet dropping off them; with fractured legs and arms and brains. Oh! such sights—such sights! And not only did I have to look at them; I had to care for them. Heaped into days I got years of training. Carefully directed by the trained nurse over me, and by the surgeons, I looked after some of these men.

I remember especially one afternoon, two weeks after the hospital opened. The head nurse was in the operating room. I was alone in the ward with ten wounded men—I with my two weeks' experience.

One was an Irishman, with the humor and grit of the Celt. He had just come in from an operation for a fractured arm. And he wouldn't keep covered.

"Sister," he said in his semi-consciousness, "Sister, where be I?"

"In the hospital," I answered.

"Sister—sure, an' if I had a wife, what would she say if she could see me now?"

HOW FAST A NURSE SOMETIMES MUST WORK

As I looked up to answer, I caught sight of Pierre in the far corner. He was trying to get up. I dropped the blankets of the Irishman and rushed to him. I knew he was in a critical condition, and delirious. In his skull was a hole as big as a dollar from which his brain protruded. He thought he was again on the battle-line, and was arising to meet his enemy.

As I persuaded him to return to his bed, the door opened. The orderlies brought in an operation case—

a Frenchman, whose jugular vein, lacerated by a bullet, had been sewed. Was I ready for him? they asked. I had to be, regardless of Pierre and my joking Irishman. But as I laid his head on the pillow I saw on the pillow of Pierre a red spot—a bright, spreading spot. The cerebral hemorrhage that we had feared had come.

I opened the door—called, signaled for a doctor, bade one of the convalescents whose arm was in a sling care for the Irishman, while I rushed to Pierre. The door opened again. The nurse came in with a patient whose leg had just been amputated.

This was what war nursing meant, and I had been a nurse two weeks!

CHEERFULNESS OF THE WOUNDED

Yet, curiously enough, we had lots of gaiety, due to the wounded. They are seldom depressed. And they cannot understand the surprise of the visitors to find them gay. Too, they are eternally bored by the usual question: "Do you want to go back to the trenches?" Most of them do.

It was during the first days that I made the acquaintance of the English "Tommy"—that unquenchable spirit of bravery and bravado. No one can be sad with Tommy in the ward. The first one I had was Sergeant Walker. He came in with his leg off.

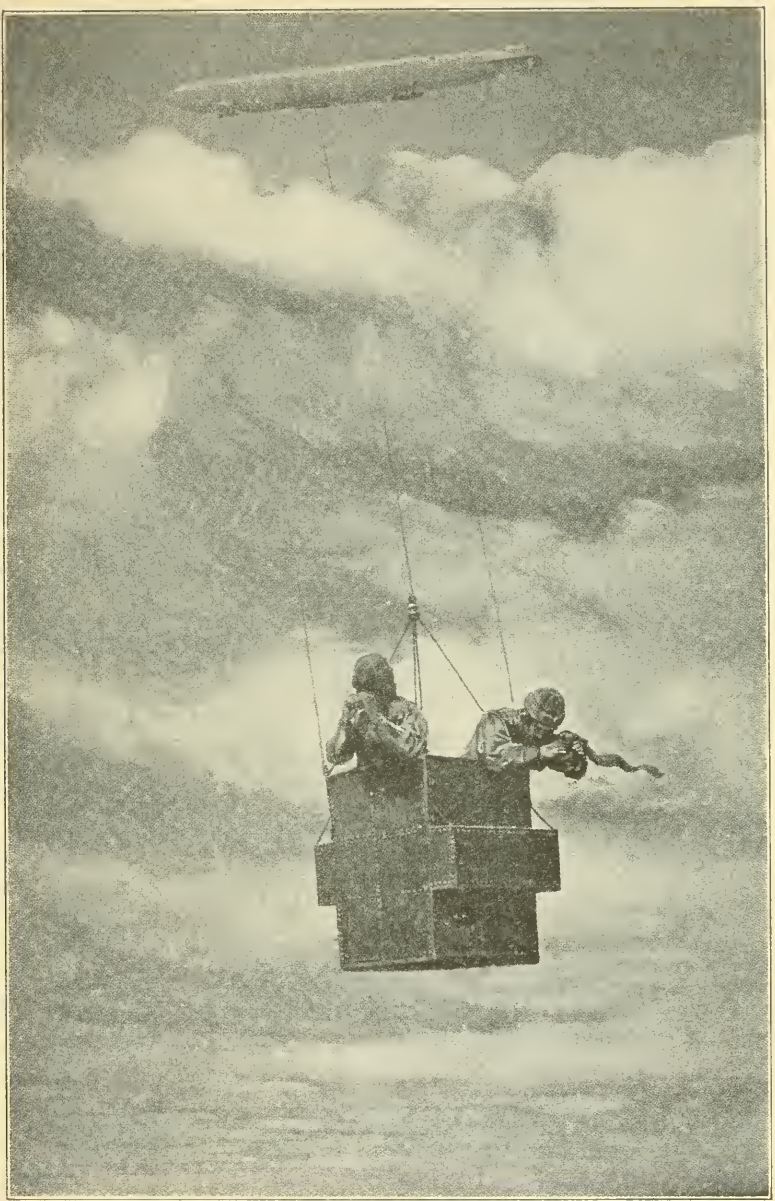
"Where was it amputated?" I asked.

"Sure—and in the field, Miss," he answered.

"In the field?" I exclaimed, astonished. "Who did it?"

"I did."

"You? What do you mean? Tell me about it?"



ZEPPELIN DEVICE FOR DROPPING BOMBS.

An armored car is suspended by three cables from the Zeppelin airship to a distance of several thousand feet below the monster air-craft, which is concealed in the clouds above. (*Sphere copr.*)



WHAT THE SOLDIERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE HAVE TO FACE

Everywhere along the battle front the Germans have attacked in massed formations, which give the impression of a rush of barbaric hordes. Impressive and terrible as is the charge shown here, the British artillery, land mines and hand grenades have wrought terrible execution among them and ten Germans have been lost for every British soldier killed.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE WAR

"Well, you see, Miss, I was ordered to 'old a position with me men. And, sure, while we was a 'olding of it, waitin' for reinforcements—for some of us had to be sacrificed if the retreat 'ad to come, and it 'ad to, Miss—along came one of those whizzin' shells and 'it me in the leg. But I 'ad orders to stick to me post, me and me men, an' we stuck, until there was only three of us left. Then we started to retreat. And, sure, Miss, as I started, I felt 'ampered in me goin'. I looked down and there was me leg a hangin' by a piece of flesh. Well, now, Miss, I was never one to be 'ampered. So I outs with me jackknife, and I cuts the piece of flesh and dropped me leg. Then I hobbled along as far as I could, in a dash for safety—a dash, Miss," he laughed.

He had not bled to death for the simple reason that the stump of his leg had been seared by the heat of the obus. He was awarded the Victoria Cross—and he could not understand why!

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK

Few of us got any sleep during the first weeks. I can still see the face of the surgical nurse as she rushed from the operating room on the first floor, which came to be known as the "clean" operating room, to that on the third floor, known as the "dirty" operating room. Which merely meant that some of the men were so dirty when they arrived—so covered with gangrene and filth—that it was not safe to take them to the operating room for fear of infection. So another room without any appliances had to be opened in another part of the building. This building, which is

WOMAN'S PART IN THE WAR

a block long and half a block deep, has no elevator, so the nurse had to carry her bandages and instruments up and down stairs from one room to the other. She deserves a medal. I wonder how many lives she saved.

“WHERE IS THE THERMOMETER?”

“Where is the thermometer?” was a frequent cry, for there was only one then.

“Why, ward 232 had it last, I think.”

I went to 232. “Thermometer,” I cried.

“Just gave it to nurse in 370.”

I rushed up another flight of stairs,

“Give me the thermometer quick,” I demanded.

“Can’t—using it now,” came back the reply.

“You’ll give me that if it’s at the point of the bayonet,” I insisted, and I meant it, too. “I’ve got a boy down there with hemorrhage temperature, I think.” I took the thermometer and rushed back to Antoine. He had developed high temperature, as I found by the thermometer. Before I could tell the doctor, the hemorrhage came. There was no way that I knew to stop the blood, for one could not put a turn-gat on his back where they had taken a bullet from his spine. I had to think fast, I knew. I sat down by him and thrust my hand into that wound—it was that large—at the same time sending one of the convalescents for the doctor. I was covered with blood to my elbow—but we saved Antoine’s life.

FEW DEATHS IN THE HOSPITAL

Not many died in our hospital because of our superior surgical staff, although, for the same reason, we

got the most severe cases. However, that is a curious thing—when a man dies in the ward it affects the other men in the ward; it affects the whole hospital for days. They don't get over it. They don't forget it.

"But you've seen soldiers die and soldiers killed by the hundreds," I said to one of them who was brooding over the death of the man in the cot next to his.

"Yes, I know," he answered; "but this is different." They seem to feel that when they are in action they are not so impotent against death.

I could understand when I saw my first "death." Always I had been spared that. I was afraid of death.

"You are to go to the room on the fourth floor—the isolation room—there is a man dying with gaseous gangrene." They were my orders. I said nothing, but as I closed the door of the ward, I had only one impulse. It was to run. Then I thought of the man there alone—and went to him.

THE HARDEST TRIAL

He was lying on a bed near a window. He opened his eyes as I came in. They were wonderful eyes, brown and soft and questioning—haunting eyes. But he said no words. For three hours I sat by his side and watched death creep up. They were the longest hours I have ever spent. He opened his eyes again. "Wife," he murmured, then "Children." I understood. "Yes," I answered. "I will write to them."

The door opened. The rector came in. In his hand was the English prayer-book. I stood up. Again the soldier opened his eyes and listened to the beautiful words of the prayer. And as he listened he held out

his hand toward mine, reaching out at the end for some touch. It almost overpowered me, that groping at the last for a human touch. I had never seen him before. He had never seen me. But we drew together in that hour, and so we stayed until his hand relaxed.

As I closed the door and staggered to my room I thought ludicrously enough of a conversation I had heard of two young girls who had come to France to nurse. They had made a great *fête* of it. Before they left America they gave "tea" to their society friends and sold their party dresses for the benefit of the soldiers. They were coming to be nurses! To hold officers' hands and comfort them! Did they know that this was what it meant?

FAITH IN HUMANKIND

But I am afraid I'm giving a wrong impression. For it is not all sad, as I have said. There were always the soldiers to cheer one. Most of our patients were French—not such French as you know or as I knew. There is a new spirit. The traditional mask of their frivolity has been discarded—the fiber of their spirits has been uncovered. Mingling with them are Senegalese and Arabs, many of whom can speak little French.

One Arab I remember particularly well. He had been wounded in the head and for weeks he scarcely spoke a word. But gradually he gained confidence in me, and began to talk with the few French words he knew. One day when we were alone he said:

"What's the war all about, nurse? Is it about a king? And is the king in Germany or in France?"

He had been a shepherd of the hills and knew nothing of worldly things. As simply as I could I tried to tell him, and he seemed satisfied.

When I see the fineness and the courage of "my" soldiers I wonder how I could ever have lacked faith in humankind—in the godliness of the most simple, yes, even sometimes the most evil—of men who are purifying themselves in this war.

"Greater love hath no man than this" kept ringing ever in my ears as they told me that Jean could not live throughout the night. We knew he had to die, but we could not speak of it. He had been brought to us three days before—a hero. Jean was a gunner. In one of the attacks of the enemy his comrades had been forced slowly to retreat because of their inferior numbers. But Jean stood by his gun. Regularly, unflinchingly, he kept his gun shooting. He was hit in one leg—but his hands were all right and the gun went on. He was hit in the other leg. Still his hands were all right, and the gun went on. The enemy, hearing, meeting that incessant, regular fire, thought that reinforcements had come, and withdrew. Alone and unaided Jean won that engagement.

Jean had been sent to us. All we could do was to make his last hours as comfortable as we could. His wife was sent for. She came and sat by his bedside. The next day the colonel came to pin on his breast the *medaille militaire*, the highest honor that can be given to a soldier of France.

"I want to kiss it first," whispered Jean. He took it in his hands and reverently touched his lips to it. And then the colonel pinned it on his breast.

And now they told me Jean was dying. I took some roses which were on my table and went to him. His wife was weeping by his side.

"I've brought a brave man some roses," I said.

"Oh, nurse, I'm afraid he's past knowing or caring now," she answered, sobbing.

"Then I give them to you—the wife of a brave man."

"Yes—I know. But at what a price! What a price I have had to pay for it!" But even as she spoke—and again when I caught the gleam of the *medaille* pinned alone on the black curtains of the carriage that bore Jean to his last resting place—I thought what it would mean to her; of what it would mean to her children; of what it would mean to the small village where he lived—to the children who would gather around it—this emblem of great love.

Did I ever regret that I—an American girl—came to the French wounded? No, never. For it is by such bravery—such spirit—that we catch enough light to rise.

CHAPTER XXV

A BATTLE IN THE AIR

HOW ZEPPELIN AND AEROPLANE FIGHT FOR SUPREMACY—HUNTING THEIR PREY—HOW THEY AVOID THE ZEPPELIN'S FIRE—READY FOR THE FINAL BLOW.

OUT OF the gray dawn mist the huge pencilled Zeppelin emerges, her engines thrashing fiercely. She is late in getting back from her night raid, and the captain has seen two ominous black spots in the sky to the rearward.

Aeroplanes! Since the news of the night raid was flashed to the Allies aerial stations men and machines have been preparing for the grim task of intercepting the Zeppelin on the return journey, when daylight would give aeroplanes their full power of attack. While it is yet dark two of the most daring pilots start, and by clever airmanship they make a course which should give them a strategic position when the Zeppelin appears.

But the crafty enemy has taken another course, and when dawn breaks he is not to be seen by the aerial watchers. Masses of fleecy clouds render observation difficult, and hope has almost disappeared when suddenly one of the pilots sees the Zeppelin loom through a cloud bank several miles ahead. Heeling over at a terrific angle, the little craft swing round in pursuit, climbing

as they go so as to get the "hawk position" over the enemy ship.

HUNTING THEIR PREY

The Zeppelin has disappeared! Somewhere in that upper world of coldness and rudely-disturbed silence the ship is traveling through billowy clouds, now touched by the glorious lights of the new day. A reek of burned oil fouls the pure air, and the roar of engines in full throttle pulsates into space.

Like swallows in pursuit of flies the aeroplanes hunt high and low for the enemy, and not until after one long despairing dive to earth is the vessel sighted. It has cleverly been using the clouds for cover, and by the liberal sacrifice of gas and ballast it has danced up and down in the air to elude the hunters. In these tactics the Zeppelin has the advantage of quick movements. A brilliant burst of sunlight suddenly reveals the ship to the aviators, and the Zeppelin captain also discovers the enemy as they wheel round to pursue. The aeroplanes are at a lower level, and they promptly start climbing. The Zeppelin leaps upwards, and setting her elevation planes seeks to gain a still greater advantage in height.

HOW THEY AVOID THE ZEPPELIN'S FIRE

It looks as if pursuit were hopeless, but the aeroplanes hold on grimly. Steadily they gain in forward speed. Their engines are fresh, whilst the Zeppelin motors are feeling the long strain of high-speed running. When the affair settles into a stern chase the Zeppelin guns open fire. The airmen are prepared for this and keep as

close as possible in the wake of the German ship, thus masking the guns in the forward cabin. But the Zeppelin, learning a lesson from previous encounters, has guns in the rear cabin, and despite the disadvantage of shooting in a line parallel with the keel they make rapid practice on the aeroplanes. Now the situation is growing desperate for the Zeppelin. All the ballast has been thrown out, petrol is running short, and the engines are showing signs of increasing weakness and irregular running. The engineers mutter and make signs to each other.

Undeterred by the guns, one aeroplane has already climbed to the same level as the airship and is steadily rising to a height where it will be concealed from the Zeppelin guns by the body of the ship itself. This Zeppelin has tried and discarded the gun-mounting on the top of the ship, and the captain can only storm with impotent rage as the aeroplane climbs to a higher level. A great burst of forward speed can alone save him from being overtaken by the enemy.

Now the second aeroplane has risen also above the fire zone, though one ragged wing shows a wound. As a balloon the Zeppelin can rise no higher, for all her ballast has been sacrificed, and the captain decides to bring his elevating planes back to the normal and stake all on a high-speed flight in a horizontal course. He is encouraged in this by the sight of the German lines below him with the landmarks which he knows so well. Puffs of smoke tell him that the aeroplanes are being shelled by German gunners, who very quickly have guessed what the situation is. Some of the shells burst so close to him that his opinion of the

A BATTLE IN THE AIR

gunners is not flattering, and yet he knows that if something is not done to the airmen he is doomed.

READY FOR THE FINAL BLOW

The firing soon ceases. A few moments of intense agony follow as the crew look at each other with horror-stricken eyes. What is happening above them?

From their little cabins there is no possibility of an upward survey, for the great body of the ship looms above them, shutting out the overhead view. But they can picture those two gaunt birds flying after them remorselessly as Fate, and inch by inch gaining upon them. When the Zeppelin lies beneath the aeroplanes a bomb will drop on the ship's back, and then——

In a frenzy the captain plunges the ship downward and swings her to the right with a swerve which threatens to break her spine. But the elephantine manœuvre avails little. The birds above him can dive and swerve with the grace of swallows whilst his giant ship lumbers like a derelict balloon.

“Harbor!” shouts one of the crew, pointing to the familiar long building far below. In the coolness of despair the man levels his glasses. and he discerns men running and signaling.

A wireless message is picked up by the Zeppelin operator—“Two aeroplanes above you.”

The captain suddenly falls into a seat, burying his face in his hands and sobbing hysterically. His nerve has broken.

“How long they are!” yells a stolid fellow looking upward.

A BATTLE IN THE AIR

But as he speaks there is a dull thud, and then a sheet of flame, spreading with lightning speed, envelops them. The burning hydrogen consumes them with appalling fury, and in a few instants the great ship, crumbling and melting, hurtles to earth like a blazing meteor.

From the earth many guns speak. They but serve for the firing salute over the graves of the fallen.

Two black specks in the sky rock under the concussions of the bursting shells, but keep on their way.

A few instants later the sickening crash of the Zeppelin carcase paralyzes the gunners with horror. Only a German knows what it is to see a Zeppelin fall. It is an omen of doom.

CHAPTER XXVI

A MARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT

WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MEN THEMSELVES —
DAWN AT LAST—GUARDING PRECIOUS WATER —
BACK FROM THE FIRING LINE—STORIES BY THE
WAYSIDE.

THIS DESCRIPTION of a movement of a large body of troops at night, written by a Canadian officer at the front, gives a good word picture of what the movement of a division from one position to another means to the men themselves:

For the last few days we have been moving day and night from one place to another in an atmosphere of slaughter. Great aggressive attacks against the enemy have been hourly launched. Here and there success; here and there disaster; everywhere terrible bloodshed and sacrifice of human life. We, as yet, being reserve, have not been engaged, but are close to the scene of the fray. Almost every minute of the day we meet men who have been in the fighting, and are eloquent with tales of the battle. To give you an idea of what a big movement means I will briefly sketch our activities during the last few days. As you know, we retired from the fighting line to a charming town some seven or eight miles to the rear. We were taken there to rest for eight days, but forty-eight hours had not gone by before there sprang up in

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all directions signs of military activity of an unusual nature. All officers were assembled, and particulars and explanations given secretly of a long-contemplated move. Of course, all instructions were given in the strictest confidence, so that this aspect of our movements and knowledge of our military intentions I cannot divulge. I can only say that the information was of a dramatic nature, thrilling all of us with excitement. The result of the conference was that on the same night everyone "stood to" in a constant state of readiness. By midnight we were supposed to move off for the front, but the order was cancelled and we "stood easy." However, on the following night we did move, and soon after starting we learned that the whole division was on the march.

Of course it is quite a complicated business to move a division to a certain point. Each unit, from a regiment upwards, has its allotted time to pass a point. For instance, each of the battalions of our brigade had to pass the brigade headquarters at a certain time. We had to pass at 12.14 a. m., another regiment at 12.7 a. m., and so on. Then the brigades in their turn have to pass a certain point at set time.

Thus each unit falls in behind the other at scheduled time. The following fact shows how slowly large bodies of troops move, especially in the night time. It took us from twelve o'clock noon until four a. m. to travel six miles to the place where we were to billet.

The march was exhausting. Men were allowed to smoke, but not to talk. The effect is very weird and impressive—one interminable length of men tramping slowly and stolidly along—whither? To what? They

A MARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT

knew not. This ignorance of what may be forthcoming and the influence of the night combine to keep the men silent.

DAWN AT LAST

Every now and then motor-cycles and machines would tear by, momentarily illuminating the lines and showing them as gaping and irregular. Every hundred yards or so there would be a check, and almost immediately afterwards the line would continue to move. One moment one is moving quickly; another, haltingly and slow. Here and there you would hear the grouser spitting out curses in a loud whisper. Up and down the lines go the officers, encouraging the men to keep up. In spite of our utmost energy the men straggle and gradually get further and further apart, for it is very, very difficult to keep close together in the dark when marching. Suddenly comes a halt. Down the lines dash the officers, closing up the men and forming their fours. At last dawn begins to break, and soon a gay daylight spreads, bringing relief to all. Weary we arrive at our destination. Men are hurried into the buildings, and ground allotted to them. They are immediately placed under cover, so that no enemy aeroplanes may learn that we are moving troops. By five o'clock thousands of troops were concealed in all directions.

GUARDING PRECIOUS WATER

The first thing we did on arrival was to place sentries on all the water supplies, for water was scarce. Nobody was allowed to wash, and for the most part

A MARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT

everybody had to exist for the day on the water they had in their bottles.

Save for the sentries, everybody, in a very short time, was sleeping. At 5 a. m. the stillness was suddenly broken by terrific firing in the distance. This got louder and louder, and lasted for nearly two hours. We surmised, of course, that a big attack was on. [This was confirmed later in the day—in the afternoon—when little batches of wounded men began to pass.

BACK FROM THE FIRING LINE

Just as night was falling we got the order to “Stand to,” and within a quarter of an hour were marching towards the firing line. [We did not go far but in the short distance we did travel we were passed by hundreds of men, singly and in groups, straggling back from the battle line. [Here was a group whose regiment had been almost annihilated; there was another dazed and scared. They had seen terrible, terrible sights, and had fearful tales to mutter. They and their comrades had been sent to capture a trench. It was thought that the Germans at that point had been completely wiped out by our artillery fire. They rushed forward—it was [but eighty yards to the trench—only to find the trench crowded with Germans, who allowed them to get close up to the wire entanglements and then withered them with rifle and machine-gun fire. In five minutes 250 were mowed down. The remainder lay down and tried to conceal themselves. Of those who lay down this group alone lived to tell the tale, and they were nearly crazy with the strain of

A MARCH THROUGH THE NIGHT

lying there twelve hours, expecting death every moment. When night came they managed to crawl back to safety.

STORIES BY THE WAYSIDE

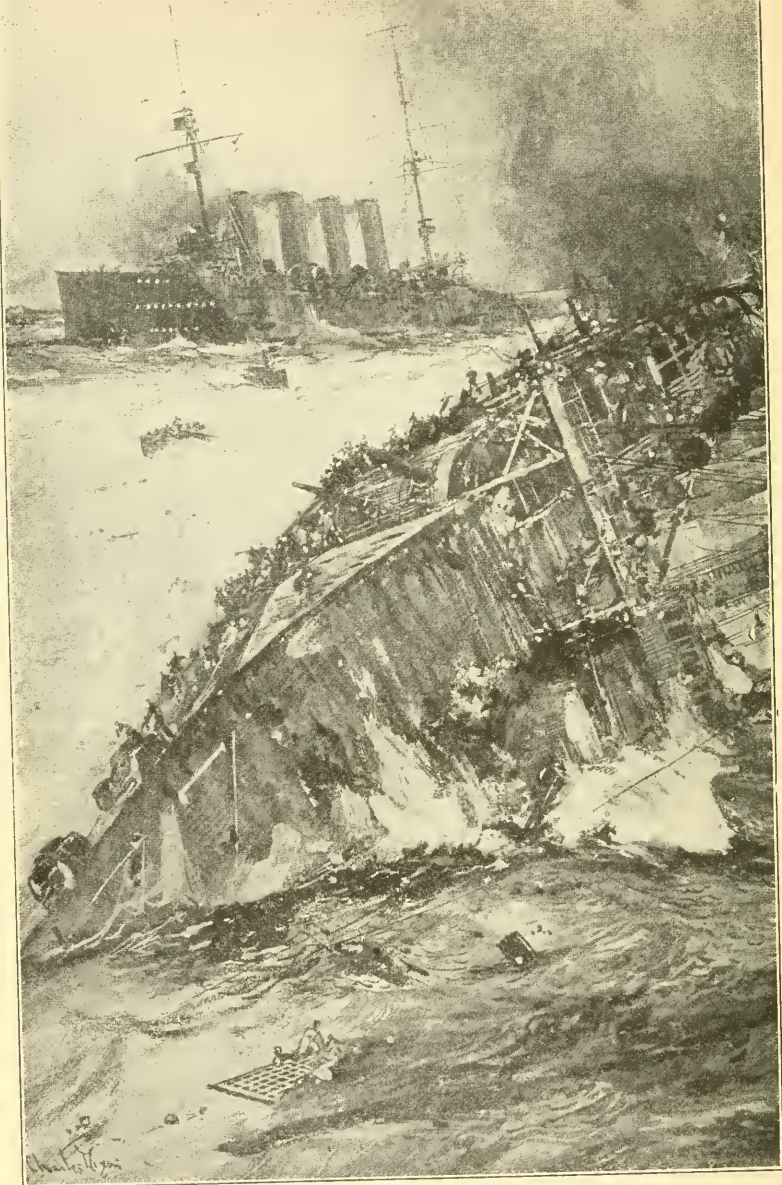
In addition there were terrible and dreadful tales of wounded lying helpless and parched with thirst and delirious with pain, waiting through the long night till aid could be given them. Then here and there was the grand story of the heroic man: one going from safety to almost certain death to fetch in a wounded comrade. Another giving up his water bottle in the early morning to the wounded comrade by his side. All night long we heard stories of the ebb and flow of bloody encounters. Here a division had routed the enemy and advanced; there a division had been practically wiped out. The grand outstanding feature of the whole thing was that, whatever they had gone through, all were ready to return to the hell for the sake of their country. Yes, indeed, the spirit is fine.

Since that stirring night we have been shifted three times, and any moment expect to do our share. Everybody is cheery and determined to do his bit to his utmost.



HOODED BRITISH SOLDIERS CHARGING THE GERMAN TRENCHES AT LOOS.

Under cover of gas, our soldiers, wearing their respirators, dashed forward with irresistible bravery and eventually retired the Germans to their third line of defense.



SINKING OF A TORPEDOED BATTLESHIP.

As the British vessel "Aboukir" was sinking after being torpedoed by a German submarine, one of the sailors described the last moment as follows: "The captain sings out an order just like on any ordinary occasion, 'If any man wishes to leave the side of the ship he can do so, every man for himself,' then we gave a cheer and in we went."

CHAPTER XXVII

JAMES BRYCE'S REPORT ON SYSTEMATIC MASSACRE IN BELGIUM

REPORT OF COMMISSION TO INVESTIGATE GERMAN
OUTRAGES—A HARROWING RECITAL—TELLS OF
MASSACRES—"KILLED IN MASSES"—THE TALE OF
LOUVAIN—TREATMENT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN—
CALLS KILLING DELIBERATE—"SPIRIT OF WAR DE-
FIED"—THE COMMISSION'S CONCLUSIONS.

VISCOUNT BRYCE, former British Ambassador at Washington, was appointed chairman of a special government commission to investigate and report on "outrages alleged to have been committed by German troops." Associated with Lord Bryce on the commission were Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, H. A. L. Fisher, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield; Harold Cox, and Kenelm E. Digby. The commission was appointed by Premier Asquith on January 22, 1915. The document is considered as probably the most severe arraignment made of the German military sweep across Belgium, mainly because of the position of Viscount Bryce as a historian, and also because of the care with which the investigation was made, the great number of witnesses whose testimony was examined, and the mass of evidence submitted with the report of the commission.

MASSACRE IN BELGIUM

The report makes an official document of sixty-one printed pages, or upward of 30,000 words, accompanied by maps showing the various routes of the army and the chief scenes of desolation. It states at the outset that 1,200 witnesses have been examined, the depositions being taken by examiners of legal knowledge and experience, though without authority to administer an oath. The examiners were instructed not to "lead" the witnesses, and to seek to bring out the truth by cross-examination and otherwise. The commission also submitted extracts from a number of diaries taken from the German dead, chiefly German soldiers and in some cases officers.

A HARROWING RECITAL

Taking up conditions at Liège at the outset of the war, the report gives a harrowing recital of occurrences at various points in the devastated territory. At Herve on August 4, 1914, the report says, "the murder of an innocent fugitive civilian was a prelude to the burning and pillage of the town and of other villages in the neighborhood; to the indiscriminate shooting of civilians of both sexes and to the organized military execution of batches of selected males. Thus some fifty men escaping from burning houses were seized, taken outside the town and shot. At Melen, in one household alone the father and mother (names given) were shot, the daughter died after being repeatedly attacked and the son was wounded.

"In Soumagne and Micheroux very many civilians were summarily shot. In a field belonging to a man named E——, fifty-six or fifty-seven were put to death.

MASSACRE IN BELGIUM

A German officer said, 'You have shot at us.' One of the villagers asked to be allowed to speak, and said, 'If you think these people fired, kill me, but let them go.' The answer was three volleys. The survivors were bayoneted. Their corpses were seen in the field that night by another witness. One at least had been mutilated. These were not the only victims in Soumagne. The eye-witness of the massacre saw, on his way home, twenty bodies, one that of a girl thirteen. Another witness saw nineteen corpses in a meadow.

"At Heure le Romain all the male inhabitants, including some bed-ridden old men, were imprisoned in the church. The burgomaster's brother and the priest were bayoneted. The village of Vise was completely destroyed. Officers directed the incendiaries. Antiques and china were removed from the houses before their destruction, by officers, who guarded the plunder, revolver in hand.

TELLS OF MASSACRES

"Entries in a German diary show that on August 10 the German soldiers gave themselves up to debauchery in the streets of Liège, and on the night of the 20th a massacre took place in the streets. . . . Though the cause of the massacre is in dispute, the results are known with certainty. The Rue des Pitteurs and houses in the Place de l'Université and the Quai des Pecheurs were systematically fired with benzine; and many inhabitants were burned alive in their houses, their efforts to escape being prevented by rifle fire. Twenty people were shot while trying to escape, before the eyes of one of the witnesses. The Liège

MASSACRE IN BELGIUM

Fire Brigade turned out, but was not allowed to extinguish the fire. Its carts, however, were usefully employed in removing heaps of civilian corpses to the Town Hall."

Taking up the Valleys of the Meuse and Sambre, the report gives lengthy details of terrible conditions described by witnesses at Andenne, and says:

"About four hundred people lost their lives in this massacre, some on the banks of the Meuse, where they were shot according to orders given, and some in the cellars of the houses where they had taken refuge. Eight men belonging to one family were murdered. Another man was placed close to a machine gun which was fired through him. His wife brought his body home on a wheelbarrow. The Germans broke into her house and ransacked it.

"A hair-dresser was murdered in his kitchen where he was sitting with a child on each knee. A paralytic was murdered in his garden. After this came the general sack of the town. Many of the inhabitants who escaped the massacre were kept as prisoners and compelled to clear the houses of corpses and bury them in trenches. These prisoners were subsequently used as a shelter and protection for a pontoon bridge which the Germans had built across the river and were so used to prevent the Belgian forts from firing upon it.

"A few days later the Germans celebrated a 'fête nocturne' in the square. Hot wine, located in the town, was drunk, and the women were compelled to give three cheers for the Kaiser and to sing 'Deutschland über Alles.'"

MASSACRE IN BELGIUM

“KILLED IN MASSES”

Similar details are recited at much length in reference to the districts of Namur, Charleroi and the town of Dinant. At the latter point, the report says, “Unarmed civilians were killed in masses. We have no reason to believe that the civilian population of Dinant gave any provocation or that any other defense can be put forward to justify the treatment inflicted upon its citizens.”

The commission stated that it had received a great mass of evidence on “scenes of chronic outrage” in the territory bounded by the towns Aerschot, Malines, Vilvorde and Louvain. It stated that the total number of outrages was so great that the commission could not refer to them all.

“The commission is specially impressed by the character of the outrages committed in the smaller villages. Many of these are exceptionally shocking and cannot be regarded as contemplated or prescribed by responsible commanders of the troops by whom they were commanded. Evidence goes to show that deaths in these villages were due not to accident but to deliberate purpose. The wounds were generally stabs or cuts, and for the most part appear to have been inflicted with a bayonet.

“In Sempst the corpse of a man with his legs cut off, who was partly bound, was seen by a witness, who also saw a girl of seventeen in great distress dressed only in a chemise. She alleged that she herself and other girls had been dragged into a field, stripped naked and attacked, and that some of them had been killed with a bayonet.”

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Taking up conditions at Aerschot and the surrounding district during September, the report says:

“At Haecht several children had been murdered; one of two or three years old was found nailed to the door of a farmhouse by its hands and feet, a crime which seems almost incredible, but the evidence for which we feel bound to accept. At Eppeghem the body of a child of two was seen pinned to the ground with a German lance. The same witness saw a mutilated woman alive near Weerde on the same day.”

A chapter is given to the terrible conditions at Louvain, where the report states, “massacre, fire and destruction went on. . . . Citizens were shot and others taken prisoners and compelled to go with the troops. Soldiers went through the streets saying, ‘Man hat geschossen’ (some one has fired on us).

THE TALE OF LOUVAIN

“The massacre of civilians at Louvain was not confined to its citizens. Large crowds of people were brought into Louvain from the surrounding districts, not only from Aerschot and Gelrod, but also from other places. For example, a witness describes how many women and children were taken in carts to Louvain, and there placed in a stable. Of the hundreds of people thus taken from the various villages and brought to Louvain as prisoners, some were massacred there, others were forced to march along with citizens of Louvain through various places, some being ultimately sent to the Belgian lines at Malines, others were taken in trucks to Cologne, others were released.

“Ropes were put around the necks of some and they

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were told they would be hanged. An order then came that they were to be shot instead of hanged. A firing squad was prepared, and five or six prisoners were put up, but were not shot. . . . This taking of the inhabitants in groups and marching them to various places must evidently have been done under the direction of a higher military authority. The ill-treatment of the prisoners was under the eyes and often under the direction or sanction of officers, and officers themselves took part in it. . . .

“It is to be noticed that cases occur in the depositions in which humane acts by individual officers and soldiers are mentioned, or in which officers are said to have expressed regret at being obliged to carry out orders for cruel action against the civilians. Similarly, we find entries in diaries which reveal a genuine pity for the population and disgust at the conduct of the enemy. It appears that a German non-commissioned officer stated definitely that he ‘was acting under orders and executing them with great unwillingness.’ A commissioned officer on being asked at Louvain by a witness, a highly educated man, about the horrible acts committed by the soldiers, said he ‘was merely executing orders,’ and that he himself would be shot if he did not execute them.”

Another division of the report is on the “killing of non-combatants in France.” This is not as detailed as the case of Belgium, as the commission states that the French official report gives the most complete account as to the invaded districts in France. It adds:

“The evidence before us proves that, in the parts

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of France referred to, murder of unoffending civilians and other acts of cruelty, including aggravated cases of felonious attack, carried out under threat of death, and sometimes actually followed by murder of the victim, were committed by some of the German troops."

TREATMENT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A special chapter is given to the treatment of women and children. The latter, it is said, frequently received milder treatment than the men. But many instances are given of "calculated cruelty, often going the length of murder, towards the women and children." A witness gives a story, very circumstantial in its details, of how women were publicly attacked in the market place of the city, five young German officers assisting. The report goes on: "In the evidence before us there are cases tending to show that aggravated crimes against women were sometimes severely punished. These instances are sufficient to show that the maltreatment of women was not part of the military scheme of the invaders, however much it may appear to have been the inevitable result of the system of terror deliberately adopted in certain regions.

"It is clearly shown that many offences were committed against infants and quite young children. On one occasion children were even roped together and used as a military screen against the enemy, on another three soldiers went into action carrying small children to protect themselves from flank fire. It is difficult to imagine the motives which may have prompted such acts. Whether or not Belgian civilians fired on German soldiers, young children at any rate did not fire."

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Many instances are given of the use of civilians as screens during the military operation. Cases of the Red Cross being misused for offensive military purposes, and of abuse of the white flag are also given. As to the latter the report says: "There is in our opinion sufficient evidence that these offences have been frequent, deliberate and in many cases committed by whole units under orders. All the facts mentioned are in contravention of The Hague Convention, signed by the Great Powers, including France, Germany, Great Britain and the United States, in 1907."

A division of the report is given to diaries of German soldiers. The entry of a sergeant of the First Guards Regiment, who received the Iron Cross, says, under date of August 10: "A transport of 300 Belgians came through Duisburg in the morning. Of these, eighty, including the Oberburgomaster, were shot according to martial law." The diary of a member of the Fourth Company of Jagers says, under date of August 23: "About 220 inhabitants and the village were burned." Another diary, by a member of the Second Mounted Battery, First Kurhessian Field Artillery Regiment, No. 11, records an incident which happened in French territory near Lille on October 11: "We had no fight, but we caught about twenty men and shot them." The commission says of this last diary: "By this time killing not in a fight would seem to have passed into a habit."

The report adds that the most important entry was contained in diary No. 19. This contained no name and address, but names referred to in the diary indicate that the entries were made by an officer of the First

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Regiment of Foot Guards. The entry made at Bermeton on August 24 says: "We took about 1,000 prisoners; at least 500 were shot. The village was burned because inhabitants had also shot. Two civilians were shot at once."

"If a line is drawn on a map from the Belgian frontier to Liège and continued to Charleroi, and a second line drawn from Liège to Malines, a sort of figure resembling an irregular Y will be formed. It is along this 'Y' that most of the systematic (as opposed to isolated) outrages were committed. If the period from August 4 to August 30 is taken it will be found to cover most of these organized outrages. Termonde and Alost extend, it is true, beyond the 'Y' lines, and they belong to the month of September. Murder, assault, arson and pillage began from the moment when the German army crossed the frontier. For the first fortnight of the war the towns and villages near Liège were the chief sufferers. From August 19 to the end of the month outrages spread in the direction of Charleroi and Malines and reached their period of greatest intensity.

"There is a certain significance in the fact that the outrages around Liège coincide with the unexpected resistance of the Belgian army in that district, and that the slaughter which reigned from August 19 to the end of the month is contemporaneous with the period when the German army's need for a quick passage through Belgium at all costs was deemed imperative.

"In all wars occur many shocking and outrageous acts of men of criminal instincts whose worst passions are

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unloosed by the immunity which the conditions of warfare afford. Drunkenness, moreover, may turn even a soldier who has no criminal habits into a brute, and there is evidence that intoxication was extremely prevalent among the German army, both in Belgium and in France. Unfortunately little seems to have been done to repress this source of danger.

CALLS KILLING DELIBERATE

“In the present war, however—and this is the gravest charge against the German army—the evidence shows that the killing of non-combatants was carried out to an extent for which no previous war between nations claiming to be civilized (for such cases as the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on the Bulgarian Christians in 1876, and on the Armenian Christians in 1895 and 1896, do not belong to that category) furnishes any precedent. That this killing was done as part of a deliberate plan is clear from the facts hereinbefore set forth regarding Louvain, Aerschot, Dinant and other towns. The killing was done under orders in each place. It began at a certain fixed date. Some of the officers who carried out the work did it reluctantly, and said they were obeying directions from their chiefs. The same remarks apply to the destruction of property. House burning was part of the program; and villages, even large parts of a city, were given to the flames as part of the terrorizing policy.

“Citizens of neutral states who visited Belgium in December and January report that the German authorities do not deny that non-combatants were systematically killed in large numbers during the

first weeks of the invasion, and this, so far as we know, has never been officially denied.

“The German government has, however, sought to justify these severities on the grounds of military necessity and has excused them as retaliation for cases in which civilians fired on German troops. There may have been cases in which such firing occurred, but no proof has ever been given, or, to our knowledge, attempted to be given, of such cases, nor of the stories of shocking outrages perpetrated by Belgian men and women on German soldiers. . . .

“We gladly record the instances where the evidence shows that humanity has not wholly disappeared from some members of the German army and that they realized that the responsible heads of that organization were employing them not in war but in butchery: ‘I am merely executing orders, and I should be shot if I did not execute them,’ said an officer to a witness at Louvain. At Brussels another officer said, ‘I have not done one hundredth part of what we have been ordered to do by the high German military authorities.’

“That these acts should have been perpetrated on the peaceful population of an unoffending country which was not at war with its invaders, but merely defending its own neutrality, guaranteed by the invading power, may excite amazement and even incredulity. It was with amazement and almost with incredulity that the commission first read the depositions relating to such acts. But when the evidence regarding Liège was followed by that regarding Aerschot, Louvain, Andenne, Dinant, and the other towns and villages, the cumulative effect of such a mass

of concurrent testimony became irresistible, and we were driven to the conclusion that the things described had really happened. The question then arose how they could have happened.

“The explanation seems to be that these excesses were committed—in some cases ordered, in others allowed—on a system and in pursuance of a set purpose. That purpose was to strike terror into the civil population and dishearten the Belgian troops, so as to crush down resistance and extinguish the very spirit of self-defense. The pretext that civilians had fired upon the invading troops was used to justify not merely the shooting of individual franc-tireurs, but the murder of large numbers of innocent civilians, an act absolutely forbidden by the rules of civilized warfare.

“SPIRIT OF WAR DEIFIED”

“In the minds of Prussian officers war seems to have become a sort of sacred mission, one of the highest functions of the omnipotent state, which is itself as much an army as a state. Ordinary morality and the ordinary sentiment of pity vanish in its presence, superseded by a new standard which justifies to the soldier every means that can conduce to success, however shocking to a natural sense of justice and humanity, however revolting to his own feelings. The spirit of war is deified. Obedience to the state and its war lord leaves no room for any other duty or feeling. Cruelty becomes legitimate when it promises victory. Proclaimed by the heads of the army, this doctrine would seem to have permeated the officers and affected even the private soldiers, leading them to

justify the killing of non-combatants as an act of war, and so accustoming them to slaughter that even women and children become at last the victims.

“It cannot be supposed to be a national doctrine, for it neither springs from nor reflects the mind and feelings of the German people as they have heretofore been known to other nations. It is specifically military doctrine, the outcome of a theory held by a ruling caste who have brooded and thought, written and talked and dreamed about war until they have fallen under its obsession and been hypnotized by its spirit.

“The doctrine is plainly set forth in the German official monograph on the usages of war on land, issued under the direction of the German staff. This book is pervaded throughout by the view that whatever military needs suggest becomes thereby lawful, and upon this principle, as the diaries show, the German officers acted.

“If this explanation be the true one, the mystery is solved, and that which seemed scarcely credible becomes more intelligible though not less pernicious. This is not the only case that history records in which a false theory, disguising itself as loyalty to a state or to a church, has perverted the conception of duty and become a source of danger to the world.”

THE COMMISSION'S CONCLUSIONS

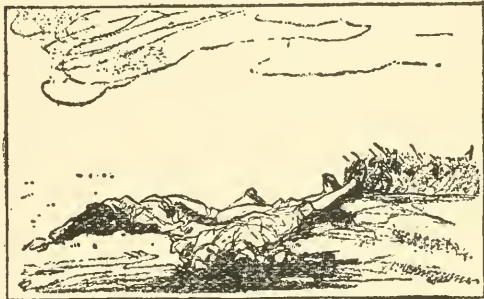
The conclusions of the commission, as to the various detailed recitals, are as follows:

“We may now sum up and endeavor to explain the character and significance of the wrongful acts done by the German army in Belgium.

"It is proved, first, that there were in many parts of Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.

"Second—That in the conduct of the war generally innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women attacked and children murdered.

"Third—That looting, house burning and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German army, that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burning and destruction were frequently where no military necessity could be alleged, being, indeed, part of a system of general terrorization.



"THEIR FIRST SUCCESS."

"At Morfontaine, near Longwy, the Germans shot two fifteen-year-old children who had warned the French gendarmes of the enemy's arrival."—The Newspapers.

"Fourth—That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the white flag.

“Sensible as they are of the gravity of these conclusions, the commission conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries.

“Our function is ended when we have stated what the evidence establishes, but we may be permitted to express our belief that these disclosures will not have been made in vain if they touch and rouse the conscience of mankind, and we venture to hope that as soon as the present war is over, the nations of the world in council will consider what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors as our generation is now witnessing.”

CHAPTER XXVIII

PITIFUL FLIGHT OF A MILLION WOMEN

BY PHILIP GIBBS

Of the London Daily Chronicle

THE GERMAN ADVANCE UPON PARIS—THE PRIZE OF PARIS—HEROIC EFFORTS OF FRENCH SOLDIERS—GERMANS BALKED OF THEIR PRIZE—SIXTY MILES OF FUGITIVES—TERROR IN EYES—PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL.

[The following article is reproduced by the courtesy of the New York Times.]

AT LEAST a million German soldiers—that is no exaggeration of a light pen, but the sober and actual truth—were advancing steadily upon the capital of France. They were close to Beauvais when I escaped from what was then a death-trap. They were fighting our British troops at Creil when I came to that town. Upon the following days they were holding our men in the Forest of Compiègne. They had been as near to Paris as Senlis, almost within gunshot of the outer forts.

“Nothing seems to stop them,” said many soldiers with whom I spoke. “We kill them and kill them, but they come on.”

The situation seemed to me almost ready for the supreme tragedy—the capture or destruction of Paris. The northwest of France lay very open to the enemy,

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abandoned as far south as Abbéville and Amiens, too lightly held by a mixed army corps of French and Algerian troops with their headquarters at Aumale.

Here was an easy way to Paris.

Always obsessed with the idea that the Germans must come from the east, the almost fatal error of this war, the French had girdled Paris with almost impenetrable forts on the east side, from those of Ecoeu and Montmorency, by the far-flung forts of Chelles and Champigny, to those of Susy and Villeneuve, on the outer lines of the triple cordon; but on the west side, between Pontoise and Versailles, the defenses of Paris were weak. I say, "were," because during the last days thousands of men were digging trenches and throwing up ramparts. Only the snakelike Seine, twining into a Pegoud loop, forms a natural defense to the western approach to the city, none too secure against men who have crossed many rivers in their desperate assaults.

THE PRIZE OF PARIS

This, then, was the Germans' chance; it was for this that they had fought their way westward and southward through incessant battlefields from Mons and Charleroi to St. Quentin and Amiens and down to Creil and Compiègne, flinging away human life as though it were but rubbish for death-pits. The prize of Paris, Paris the great and beautiful, seemed to be within their grasp.

It was their intention to smash their way into it by this western entry and then to skin it alive. Holding this city at ransom, it was their idea to force France to

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her knees under threat of making a vast and desolate ruin of all those palaces and churches and noble buildings in which the soul of French history is enshrined.

I am not saying these things from rumor and hearsay, I am writing from the evidence of my own eyes after traveling several hundreds of miles in France along the main strategical lines, grim sentinels guarding the last barriers to that approaching death which was sweeping on its way through France to the rich harvest of Paris.

There was only one thing to do to escape from the menace of this death. By all the ways open, by any way, the population of

Paris emptied itself like rushing rivers of humanity along all the lines which promised anything like safety.

Only those stayed behind to whom life means very little away from Paris and who if death came desired to die in the city of their life.

Again I write from what I saw and to tell the honest truth from what I suffered, for the fatigue of this



THE ANXIOUS HOUR.

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hunting for facts behind the screen of war is exhausting to all but one's moral strength, and even to that.

I found myself in the midst of a new and extraordinary activity of the French and English armies. Regiments were being rushed up to the center of the allied forces toward Creil, Montdidier, and Noyon.

This great movement continued for several days, putting to a severe test the French railway system, which is so wonderfully organized that it achieved this mighty transportation of troops with clockwork regularity. Working to a time-table dictated by some great brain in the headquarters of the French army, there were calculated with perfect precision the conditions of a network of lines on which troop trains might be run to a given point. It was an immense victory of organization, and a movement which heartened one observer at least to believe that the German death-blow would again be averted.

HEROIC EFFORTS OF FRENCH SOLDIERS

I saw regiment after regiment entraining. Men from the Southern Provinces, speaking the patois of the South; men from the Eastern Departments whom I had seen a month before, at the beginning of the war, at Chalons and Epernay and Nancy, and men from the southwest and center of France, in garrisons along the Loire. They were all in splendid spirits and utterly undaunted by the rapidity of the German advance.

"It is nothing, my little one," said a dirty, unshaved gentleman with the laughing eyes of a D'Artagnan; "we shall bite their heads off. These brutal 'bosches'

are going to put themselves in a 'guet-apens,' a veritable death-trap. We shall have them at last."

Many of them had fought at Longwy and along the heights of the Vosges. The youngest of them had bristling beards, their blue coats with turned-back flaps were war-worn and flanked with the dust of long marches; their red trousers were sloppy and stained, but they had not forgotten how to laugh, and the gallantry of their spirits was a joy to see.

They are very proud, these French soldiers, of fighting side by side with their old foes. The English now, after long centuries of strife, from Edward, the Black Prince, to Wellington, are their brothers-in-arms upon the battle-fields, and because I am English they offered me their cigarettes and made me one of them. But I realized even then that the individual is of no account in this inhuman business of war.

It is only masses of men that matter, moved by common obedience at the dictation of mysterious far-off powers, and I thanked Heaven that masses of men were on the move rapidly in vast numbers and in the right direction to support the French lines which had fallen back from Amiens a few hours before I left that town, and whom I had followed in their retirement, back and back, with the English always strengthening their left, but retiring with them almost to the outskirts of Paris itself.

Only this could save Paris—the rapid strengthening of the allied front by enormous reserves strong enough to hold back the arrow-shaped battering ram of the enemy's main army.

Undoubtedly the French headquarters staff was

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working heroically and with fine intelligence to save the situation at the very gates of Paris. The country was being swept absolutely clean of troops in all parts of France, where they had been waiting as reserves.

It was astounding to me to see, after those three days of rushing troop trains and of crowded stations not large enough to contain the regiments, how an air of profound solitude and peace had taken possession of all these routes.

In my long journey through and about France and circling round Paris I found myself wondering sometimes whether all this war had not been a dreadful illusion without reality, and a transformation had taken place, startling in its change, from military turmoil to rural peace.

Dijon was emptied of its troops. The road to Châlons was deserted by all but fugitives. The great armed camp at Châlons itself had been cleared out except for a small garrison. The troops at Tours had gone northward to the French center. All our English reserves had been rushed up to the front from Havre and Rouen.

There was only one deduction to be drawn from this great, swift movement—the French and English lines had been supported by every available battalion to save Paris from its menace of destruction, to meet the weight of the enemy's metal by a force strong enough to resist its mighty mass.

GERMANS BALKED OF THEIR PRIZE

It was still possible that the Germans might be smashed on their left wing, hurled back to the west

between Paris and the sea, and cut off from their line of communications. It was undoubtedly this impending peril which scared the enemy's headquarters staff and upset all its calculations. They had not anticipated the rapidity of the supporting movement of the allied armies, and at the very gates of Paris they saw themselves balked of their prize, the greatest prize of the war, by the necessity of changing front.

To do them justice, they realized instantly the new order of things, and with quick and marvelous decision did not hesitate to alter the direction of their main force. Instead of proceeding to the west of Paris they swung round steadily to the southeast in order to keep their armies away from the enveloping movement of the French and English and drive their famous wedge-like formation southward for the purpose of dividing the allied forces of the west from the French army of the east. The miraculous had happened, and Paris, for a little time at least, was unmolested.

After wandering along the westerly and southerly roads I started for Paris when thousands and scores of thousands were flying from it. At that time I believed, as all France believed, that in a few hours German shells would be crashing across the fortifications of the city and that Paris the beautiful would be Paris the infernal. It needed a good deal of resolution on my part to go deliberately to a city from which the population was fleeing, and I confess quite honestly that I had a nasty sensation in the neighborhood of my waist-coat buttons at the thought.

SIXTY MILES OF FUGITIVES

Along the road from Tours to Paris there were sixty unbroken miles of people—on my honor, I do not exaggerate, but write the absolute truth. They were all people who had despaired of breaking through the dense masses of their fellow-citizens camped around the railway stations, and had decided to take the roads as the only way of escape.

The vehicles were taxicabs, for which the rich paid fabulous prices; motor cars which had escaped military requisition, farmers' carts laden with several families and piles of household goods, shop carts drawn by horses already tired to the point of death because of the weight of the people who crowded behind, pony traps and governess carts.

Many persons, well dressed and belonging obviously to well-to-do bourgeoisie, were wheeling barrows like costers, but instead of trundling cabbages were pushing forward sleeping babies and little children, who seemed on the first stage to find new amusement and excitement in the journey from home; but for the most part they trudged along bravely, carrying their babies and holding the hands of their little ones.

They were of all classes, rank and fortune being annihilated by the common tragedy. Elegant women whose beauty is known in Paris salons, whose frivolity, perhaps, in the past was the main purpose of their life, were now on a level with the peasant mothers of the French suburbs and with the "midinettes" of Montmartre, and their courage did not fail them so quickly.

I looked into many proud, brave faces of these delicate women, walking in high-heeled shoes, all too

frail for the hard, dusty roadways. They belonged to the same race and breed as those ladies who defied death with fine disdain upon the scaffold of the guillotine in the great Revolution.

They were leaving Paris now, not because of any fears for themselves—I believe they were fearless—but because they had decided to save the little sons and daughters of soldier fathers.

This great army in retreat was made up of every type familiar in Paris.

Here were women of the gay world, poor creatures whose painted faces had been washed with tears, and whose tight skirts and white stockings were never made for a long march down the highways of France.

Here also were thousands of those poor old ladies who live on a few francs a week in the top attics of the Paris streets which Balzac knew; they had fled from their poor sanctuaries and some of them were still carrying cats and canaries, as dear to them as their own lives.

There was one young woman who walked with a pet monkey on her shoulder while she carried a bird in a golden cage. Old men, who remembered 1870, gave their arms to old ladies to whom they had made love when the Prussians were at the gates of Paris then.

It was pitiful to see these old people now hobbling along together—pitiful, but beautiful also, because of their lasting love.

Young boy students, with ties as black as their hats and rat-tail hair, marched in small companies of comrades, singing brave songs, as though they had no fear in their hearts, and very little food, I think, in their stomachs.

Shopgirls and concierges, city clerks, old aristocrats, young boys and girls, who supported grandfathers and grandmothers and carried new-born babies and gave pick-a-back rides to little brothers and sisters, came along the way of retreat.

TERROR IN EYES

Each human being in the vast torrent of life will have an unforgettable story of adventure to tell if life remains. As a novelist I should have been glad to get their narratives along this road for a great story of suffering and strange adventure, but there was no time for that and no excuse.

When I met many of them they were almost beyond the power of words. The hot sun of this September had beaten down upon them—scorching them as in the glow of molten metal. Their tongues clave to their mouths with thirst.

Some of them had that wild look in their eyes which is the first sign of the delirium of thirst and fatigue.

Nothing to eat or drink could be found on the way from Paris. The little roadside cafés had been cleared out by the preceding hordes.

Unless these people carried their own food and drink they could have none except of the charity of their comrades in misfortune, and that charity has exceeded all other acts of heroism in this war. Women gave their last biscuit, their last little drop of wine, to poor mothers whose children were famishing with thirst and hunger; peasant women fed other women's babies when their own were satisfied.

It was a tragic road. At every mile of it there were

people who had fainted on the roadside and poor old men and women who could go no farther, but sat on the banks below the hedges, weeping silently or bidding younger ones go forward and leave them to their fate. Young women who had stepped out jauntily at first were so footsore and lame that they limped along with lines of pain about their lips and eyes.

Many of the taxicabs, bought at great prices, and many of the motor cars had broken down as I passed, and had been abandoned by their owners, who had decided to walk. Farmers' carts had bolted into ditches and lost their wheels. Wheelbarrows, too heavy to be trundled, had been tilted up, with all their household goods spilled into the roadway, and the children had been carried farther, until at last darkness came, and their only shelter was a haystack in a field under the harvest moon.

For days also I have been wedged up with fugitives in railway trains more dreadful than the open roads, stifling in their heat and heart-racking in their cargoes of misery. Poor women have wept hysterically clasping my hand, a stranger's hand, for comfort in their wretchedness and weakness. Yet on the whole they have shown amazing courage, and, after their tears, have laughed at their own breakdown, and, always the children of France have been superb, so that again and again I have wondered at the gallantry with which they endured this horror. Young boys have revealed the heroic strain in them and have played the part of men in helping their mothers. And yet, when I came at last into Paris against all this tide of retreat, it seemed a needless fear that had driven these people away.

PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL

Then I passed long lines of beautiful little villas on the Seine side, utterly abandoned among their trees and flowers. A solitary fisherman held his line above the water as though all the world were at peace, and in a field close to the fortifications which I expected to see bursting with shells, an old peasant bent above the furrows and planted cabbages. Then, at last, I walked through the streets of Paris and found them strangely quiet and tranquil.

The people I met looked perfectly calm. There were a few children playing in the gardens of Champs Elysées and under the Arc de Triomphe symbolical of the glory of France.

I looked back upon the beauty of Paris all golden in the light of the setting sun, with its glinting spires and white gleaming palaces and rays of light flashing in front of the golden trophies of its monuments. Paris was still unbroken. No shell had come shattering into this city of splendor, and I thanked Heaven that for a little while the peril had passed.

CHAPTER XXIX

FACING DEATH IN THE TRENCHES

CAVE-DWELLING THE LOT OF MODERN SOLDIERS—GERMANS HAVE LEARNED MUCH—STANDARDIZED MODEL—FRENCH STUDY OF GERMAN METHODS—“COMFORTS OF HOME”—BRITISH REFUGES IN NORTHERN FRANCE—“PICNICKING” IN THE OPEN AIR—RAVAGES OF ARTILLERY FIRE—THE COMMON ENEMY, THE WEATHER—WHY COOKS WEAR IRON CROSSES—“PUTTING ONE OVER” ON THE RUSSIANS.

“OTHER times, other manners” applies as accurately to the battle-field as it does elsewhere. The cavalry charge is nearly extinct, mass formation is going, hand-to-hand conflict is rarely found, and now, it appears, the old-fashioned and romantic bivouac is no more. Trench-fighting has been carried on to such an extent in France and Belgium, and Poland, that the open camp, with its rows of little tents, outposts, and sentry guard, becomes almost a forgotten picture of warfare. Doubtless the military schools of the future will make provision for special instruction in the construction of commodious caverns on the battle-field, safe, warm, and containing all the comforts of a barrack.

The modern warrior, like a mole, lives under ground and displays his greatest activity at night. With the coming of subterranean warfare, as trench-fighting

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can be appropriately called, great armies have had to adopt unique methods. They have been compelled to build peculiar little forts—for a trench is a fort, in fact—wherever their soldiers meet the enemy. In consequence these rectangular excavations have been improved far beyond their original outline.

The first trench was nothing more nor less than a hole in the ground, deep enough to protect a man kneeling, standing, or sitting, as the case might be. Before the advent of the modern rifle and modern cannon, these defenses, with several feet of loose earth thrown up in front of them, served admirably. In those days the question of head-cover was of minor importance; today a protective roofing is the *sine qua non* of any well-constructed trench. Early in the European war it was discovered that the trench offered the safest haven from the bursting shells of the enemy's field artillery. To all intents and purposes, shrapnel, or, as its inventor termed it, the man-killing projectile—is practically harmless in its effect upon entrenched troops. Unless a shell can be placed absolutely within the two-feet wide excavation it wastes its destructive powers on the inoffensive earth and air. This has led to a modification of artillery methods, which, in turn, compels the elaboration of the trench and emphasizes the importance of head-cover.

GERMANS HAVE LEARNED MUCH

“The history of the great war,” to quote from a French paper, “will show, among other things, how the Germans profited by the lessons of recent conflicts.

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The South African, the Russo-Japanese, and the Balkan wars were studied minutely by them, and their particular preparations, their tactics, and their artifices result from the knowledge thus acquired. They learned much, especially, as regards the formation of trenches.

“After 1870 we confined ourselves to three regulation types of trenches: for men prone, kneeling, and standing. While in training, our soldiers were taught how to take shelter momentarily between advances, by digging up the soil a little and lying flat behind the smallest of mounds. They were instructed, moreover, how to protect themselves from the enemy’s fire by propping up their knapsacks in front of them. This meant insufficient protection, and an extremely dangerous visibility, since the foe, by simply counting the number of knapsacks, could know the strength opposed to him. To insure the making of such shelter, a French company was equipped with eighty picks and eighty spades; that is, 160 tools for 250 men. These tools were fixed on to the knapsacks; and it took some time to bring them into use.”

The German methods for defensive and offensive trench-making are quite different. Each man has a tool of his own, which is fixed on to the scabbard of his sword-bayonet. When occasion for fighting arises, the line conceals itself, and, as soon as it is engaged, it prepares for possible retreat, making strong positions assuring an unrelenting defensive and counter-attacks.

STANDARDIZED MODEL

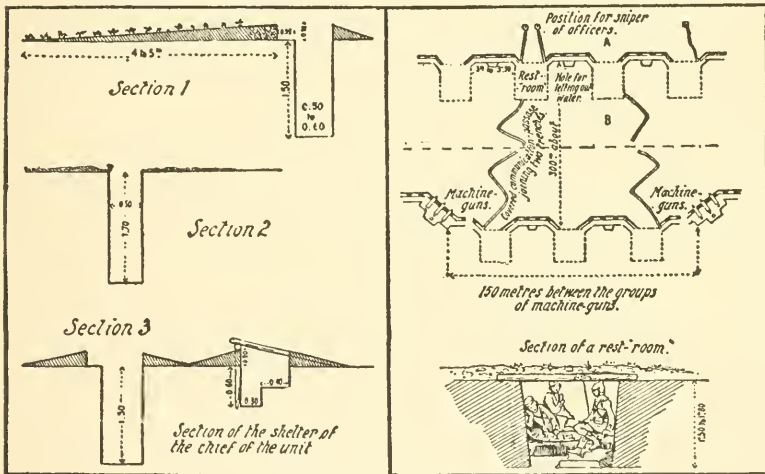
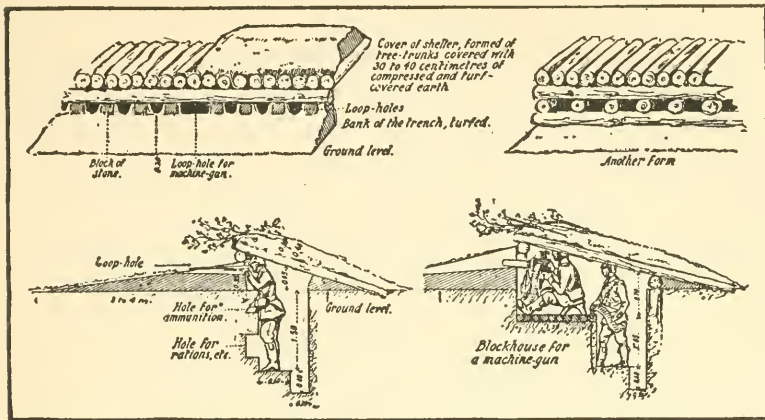
It is on these sound principles that all the German fighting-lines are organized, on a more or less stan-

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standardized model. The fighting-lines consist generally of one, two, or three lines of shelter-trenches lying parallel, measuring twenty or twenty-five inches in width, and varying in length according to the number they hold; the trenches are joined together by zigzag approaches and by a line of reinforced trenches (armed with machine guns), which are almost completely proof against rifle, machine gun, or gun fire. The ordinary German trenches are almost invisible from 350 yards away, a distance which permits a very deadly fire. It is easy to realize that if the enemy occupies three successive lines and a line of reinforced entrenchments, the attacking line is likely, at the lowest estimate, to be decimated during an advance of 650 yards—by rifle-fire at a range of 350 yards' distance, and by the extremely quick fire of the machine guns, which can each deliver from 300 to 600 bullets a minute with absolute precision. In the field-trench, it is obvious, a soldier enjoys far greater security than he would if merely prone behind his knapsack in an excavation barely fifteen inches deep. He has merely to stoop down a little to disappear below the level of the ground and be immune from infantry fire; moreover, his machine guns can fire without endangering him. In addition, this stooping position brings the man's knapsack on a level with his helmet, thus forming some protection against shrapnel and shell-splinters.

At the back of the German trenches, shelters are dug for non-commissioned officers and for the commander of the unit. The latter's shelter is connected with the communication trench; the others are not. If one adds that the bank, or, rather, the earth that is

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REINFORCED TRENCHES.

Upper view: Details of roofs, loop-holes, and the form of the excavations.
Lower left-hand view: Vertical section of trenches and rest-room. Lower right-hand view: A plan and section of trenches and rest-room.

dug from the trenches and spread out in front, extends for five or six yards, and is covered with grass, or appropriate vegetation, it will be recognized that the

works concealing the German lines can be seen only when a near approach is made to them.

As to reinforced trenches, the drawings show clearly their conception and arrangement. They are proof against ordinary bullets and shrapnel. Only percussion-shells are able to destroy them and to decimate their defenders. The interior details of the trenches vary according to the ingenuity and spare time of the occupants and the nature of the ground.

FRENCH STUDY OF GERMAN METHODS

The whole system, that of the rest-rooms more especially, is designed to give the men the maximum of comfort and security. Doors and wooden shutters wrenched from deserted houses are used for covers, or else turf-covered branches.

Ever since the outbreak of the war, the French troops in Lorraine, after severe experiences, realized rapidly the advantages of the German trenches, and began to study those they had taken gloriously. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Engineers were straightway detached in every unit to teach the infantry how to construct similar shelters. The education was quick, and very soon they had completed the work necessary for the protection of all. The tools of the enemy "casualties," the spades and picks left behind in deserted villages, were all gladly piled on to the French soldiers' knapsacks, to be carried willingly by the very men who used to grumble at being loaded with even the smallest regulation tool. As soon as night had set in on the occasion of a lull in the fighting, the digging of the trenches was begun. Sometimes, in

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the darkness, the men of each fighting nation—less than 500 yards away from their enemy—would hear the noise of the workers of the foe: the sounds of picks and axes; the officers' words of encouragement; and tacitly they would agree to an armistice during which to dig shelters from which, in the morning, they would dash out, to fight once more.

“COMFORTS OF HOME”

Commodious, indeed, are some of the present trench barracks, if we may believe the letters from the front. One French soldier writes:

“In really up-to-date entrenchments you may find kitchens, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and even stables. One regiment has first class cow-sheds. One day a whimsical ‘piou-piou,’ finding a cow wandering about in the danger zone, had the bright idea of finding shelter for it in the trenches. The example was quickly followed, and at this moment the —th Infantry possess an underground farm, in which fat kine, well cared for, give such quantities of milk that regular distributions of butter are being made—and very good butter, too.”

But this is not all. An officer writes home a tale of yet another one of the comforts of home added to the equipment of the trenches:

“We are clean people here. Thanks to the ingenuity of —, we are able to take a warm bath every day from ten to twelve. We call this teasing the ‘bosches,’ for this bathing-establishment of the latest type is fitted up—would you believe it?—in the trenches!”

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BRITISH REFUGES IN NORTHERN FRANCE

Describing trenches occupied by the British in their protracted "siege-warfare" in Northern France along and to the north of the Aisne Valley, a British officer wrote: "In the firing-line the men sleep and obtain shelter in the dugouts they have hollowed or 'under-cut' in the side of the trenches. These refuges are slightly raised above the bottom of the trench, so as to remain dry in wet weather. The floor of the trench is also sloped for purposes of draining. Some trenches are provided with head-cover, and others with overhead cover, the latter, of course, giving protection from the weather as well as from shrapnel balls and splinters of shells. . . . At all points subject to shell-fire access to the firing-line from behind is provided by communication-trenches. These are now so good that it is possible to cross in safety the fire-swept zone to the advanced trenches from the billets in villages, the bivouacs in quarries, or the other places where the headquarters of units happen to be."

"PICNICKING" IN THE OPEN AIR

A cavalry subaltern gave the following account of life in the trenches: "Picnicking in the open air, day and night (you never see a roof now), is the only real method of existence. There are loads of straw to bed down on, and everyone sleeps like a log, in turn, even with shrapnel bursting within fifty yards."

RAVAGES OF ARTILLERY FIRE

One English officer described the ravages of modern artillery fire, not only upon all men, animals and

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buildings within its zone, but upon the very face of nature itself: "In the trenches crouch lines of men, in brown or gray or blue, coated with mud, unshaven, hollow-eyed with the continual strain."

"The fighting is now taking place over ground where both sides have for weeks past been excavating in all directions," said another letter from the front, "until it has become a perfect labyrinth. A trench runs straight for a considerable distance, then it suddenly forks in three or four directions. One branch merely leads into a ditch full of water, used in drier weather as a means of communication; another ends abruptly in a cul-de-sac, probably an abandoned sap-head; the third winds on, leading into galleries and passages further forward.

"Sometimes where new ground is broken the spade turns up the long-buried dead, ghastly relics of former fights, and on all sides the surface of the earth is ploughed and furrowed by fragments of shell and bombs and distorted by mines. Seen from a distance, this apparently confused mass of passages, crossing and recrossing one another, resembles an irregular grid-iron.

"The life led by the infantry on both sides at close quarters is a strange, cramped existence, with death always near, either by means of some missile from above or some mine explosion from beneath—a life which has one dull, monotonous background of mud and water. Even when there is but little fighting the troops are kept hard at work strengthening the existing defenses, constructing others, and improvising the shelter imperative in such weather."

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THE COMMON ENEMY, THE WEATHER

But it is not the guns or cannon of the enemy that affect the spirits of the soldiers. It is the weather. A week of alternate rain and snow, when the ill-drained dugouts are half-filled with a freezing viscid mud; when, day after day, the feet are numbed by the frost until all sensation in them is deadened; when the coarse, scanty ration is refused by the tortured stomach—then it is that the spirits of the stoutest falter. Let the enemy attack as he will, and he must fail. It is only in fighting that the men find an outlet for their rancor.

More than thirty years ago a well-known German general declared that a book on "Seasonal Tactics" might as properly be written as those on the tactics of weapons, and of geographical conditions; and in a recent issue of the *Deutsche Revue* an unsigned article by a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war recounts the difficulties that arise when the Frost King holds sway. "To begin with, the precious hours of daylight are much fewer, and even these may be shortened by overcast skies and heavy fogs. Soft snow and mud seriously impede marching and at times it is impossible to take cross-country cuts, even single horsemen having great difficulty in crossing the frozen ridges of plowed fields or stubble. Moreover, even regular highways may become so slippery that they endanger both man and horse, and in hilly country such conditions make it necessary to haul heavy artillery up steep ascents by man-power. Cold head-winds also greatly impede progress.

"The necessity of bringing the troops under cover

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enforces long marches at the end of the day's work, and again at its beginning, and therefore makes extra demands on energy. . . . The early dark hinders the offense from carrying out its plans completely and from utilizing any advantage won by following it up energetically. Night battles become frequent. The defense seeks to regain what it has lost by day, the offense to make use of the long nights to win what it could not achieve in the daytime. Then, too, the need of getting warmed-up makes the troops more enterprising."

All sorts of constructive work—fortification building, the erection of stations for telegraphs, telephones and wireless, etc.—is naturally much more difficult in frozen ground. General von der Goltz of the German Army is said to have recommended many years ago that in view of possible winter campaigns provision should be made in quantity of warm winter clothing, materials for the building of barracks, making double tents, etc. Another important preventive of suffering and the consequent diminished efficiency is to provide plenty of good hot food for the men.

WHY COOKS WEAR IRON CROSSES

"There isn't anything heroic about cooks," wrote Herbert Corey in the *New York Globe*, "and when things go wrong one either apprehends a cook as chasing a waiter with a bread-knife or giving way to tears." Yet the German army contains many a cook whose expansive apron is decorated with the Iron Cross. "And the Iron Cross," Mr. Corey reminds us, "is conferred for one thing only—for 100 per cent courage."

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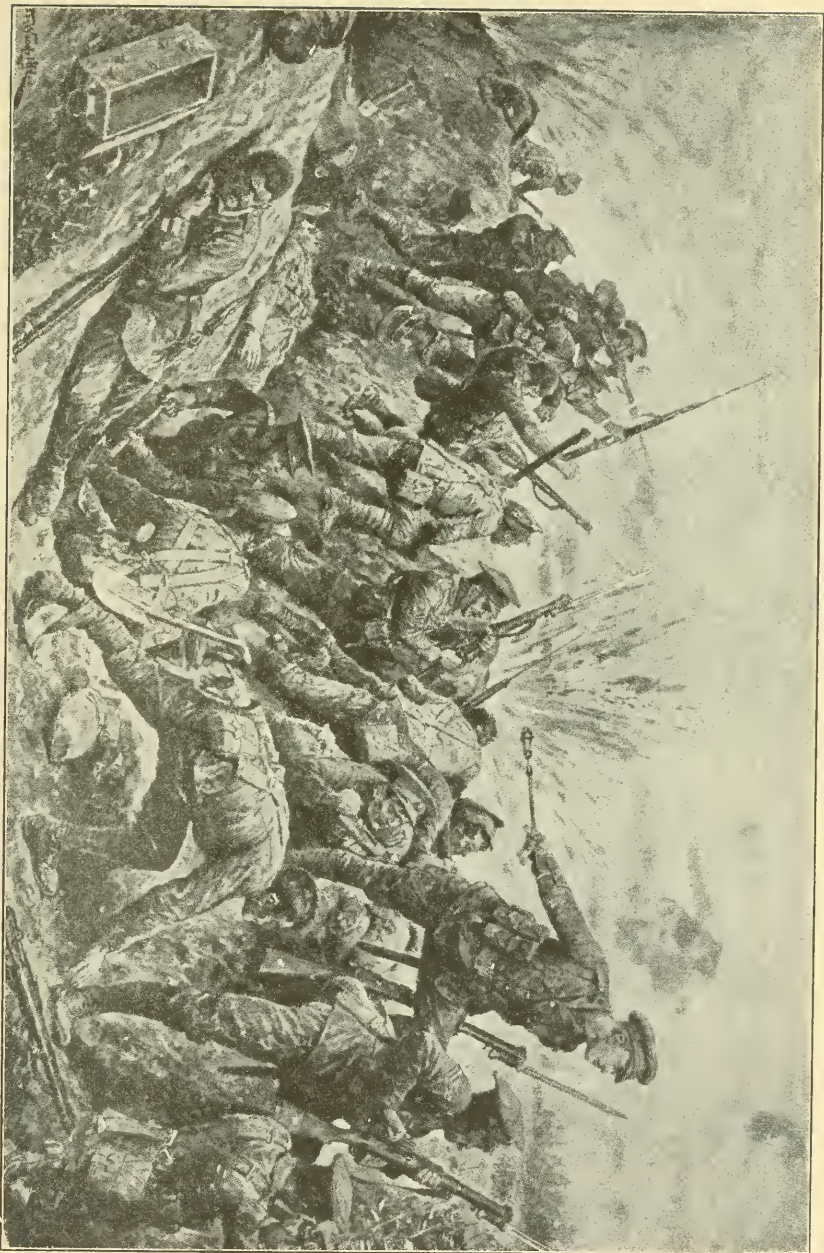
“‘They’ve earned it,’ said the man who had seen them. ‘They are the bravest men in the Kaiser’s four millions. I’ve seen generals salute greasy, paunchy, sour-looking army cooks.’

“The cook’s job is to feed the men of his company. Each German company is followed, or preceded, by a field-kitchen on wheels. Sometimes the fires are kept going while the device trundles along. The cook stands on the foot-board and thumps his bread. He is always the first man up in the morning and the last to sleep at night.

“When that company goes into the trenches the cook stays behind. There is no place for a field-kitchen in a four-foot trench. But these men in the trench must be fed. The Teuton insists that all soldiers must be fed—but especially the men in the trench. The others may go hungry, but these must have tight belts. Upon their staying power may depend the safety of an army.

“So, as the company can not go to the cook, the cook goes to the company. When meal-hour comes he puts a yoke on his shoulders and a cook’s cap on his head and, warning the second cook as to what will happen if he lets the fires go out, puts a bucketful of hot veal stew on either end of the yoke and goes to his men. Maybe the trench is under fire. No matter. His men are in that trench and must be fed.

“Sometimes the second cook gets his step right here. Sometimes the apprentice cook—the dish-washer—is summoned to pick up the cook’s yoke and refill the spilled buckets and tramp steadily forward to the line. Sometimes the supply of assistant cooks, even, runs



SECOND LEUTENANT G. H. WOOLLEY'S HEROIC DEFENSE OF "HILL 60" WITH A HANDFUL OF MEN

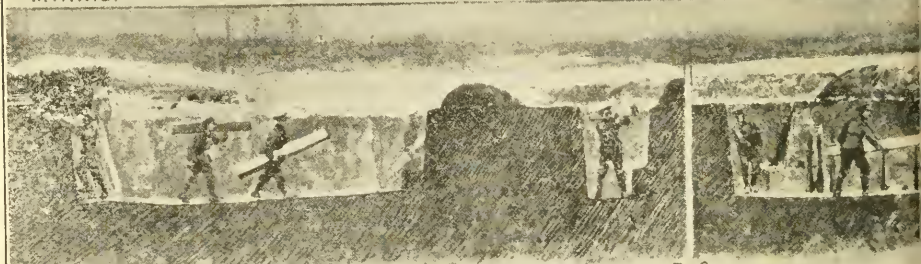
They resisted all attacks made on their trench, the Lieutenant throwing bombs and encouraging his men through the darkness of that terrible night until they were relieved. During all this time a regular hail of bombs, shells, and shot from machine guns fell upon the trench and its defenders.



MINING.

TRENCH AND SAP - A PERSPECTIVE VIEW

- AFTER T



SECTION FROM A TO B

B C



LIP OF CRATER

MINE

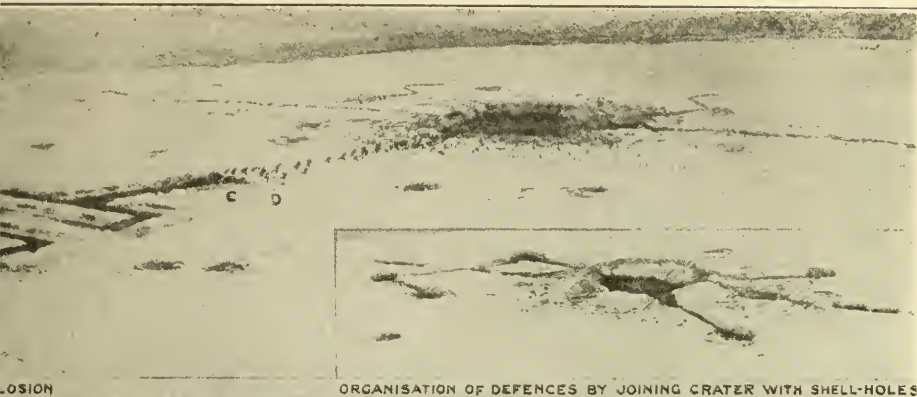
PLAN OF GALLERY

ENEMY
TRENCHES

APPROXIMATE DIAM
OF CRATER

SAPPING AND MINING THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES.

When the hostile trenches are near together an open zig-zag trench is dug to a point very close to the enemy's line, then a covered gallery is excavated to a point almost under the hostile trench.



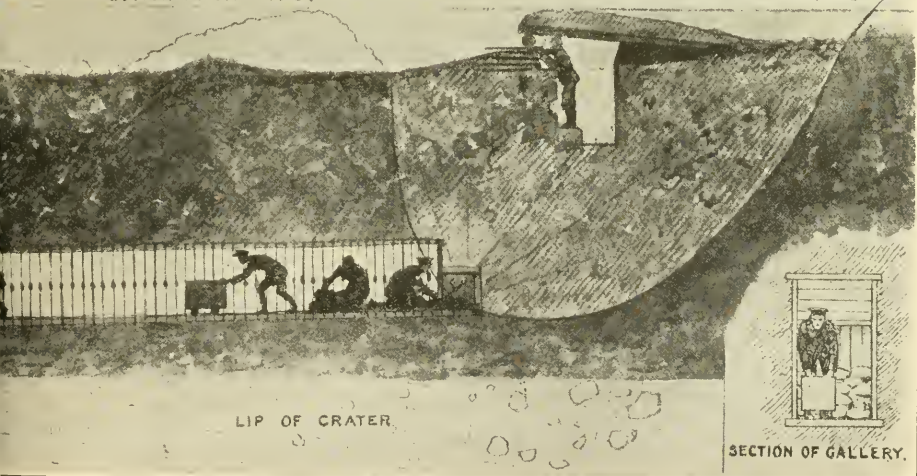
LOSION

ORGANISATION OF DEFENCES BY JOINING CRATER WITH SHELL-HOLES



SECTION FROM C TO D.

D



LIP OF CRATER.

SECTION OF GALLERY.

GAINING A FOOT OF GROUND PER HOUR.

Here a charge of explosive is placed and fired from a distance by an electric wire. At the same instant the men charge over the ground and occupy the ruined trench of the enemy. (*Il. L. News copr.*)



THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND.

This scene, painted in Hartlepool, shows the effect of a bursting German shell in the unfortified British town. Several women and many other civilians were killed by the German raiders.

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short. But the men in the trenches always get their food.

“ ‘That’s why so many cooks in the German Army have Iron Crosses dangling from their breasts,’ said the man who knows. ‘No braver men ever lived. The man in the trench can duck his head and light his pipe and be relatively safe. No fat cook yoked to two buckets of veal stew ever can be safe as he marches down the trench.’ ”

“PUTTING ONE OVER” ON THE RUSSIANS

Granville Fortescue, who visited the Russian trenches in Poland, related in the Illustrated London News a story of how the Germans, to use a slang phrase, “put one over” on the too-confiding Russians. “This happened,” he wrote, “at a portion of the line where the positions ran so close that the men could communicate by shouting. It was around Christmas, and the Germans invited the Russians to come over for a hot cup of new coffee just received from home. The Russians replied to this invitation, shouting: ‘Come over and try our tea. It’s a special gift from the Czar.’

“The Germans then put up the white flag, and said that they would send over fifteen men to try the tea if the Russians would send over the same number to sample their coffee. The plan was carried out. When the fifteen Germans appeared in the Russian trench, the hosts remarked to one another that if these were a sample the enemy would not hold out long. They were a sick-looking lot. Suddenly the Germans pulled down their white flag and commenced firing. Then the

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Russians found that they had exchanged fifteen good soldiers for fifteen typhus patients.

“It is easy to believe that the Russian soldier could be imposed upon in this way. Although extremely courageous, he is very simple-minded with it all, and certainly trusting. He is a splendid physical specimen. In the trail of trench warfare this is the great desideratum. Then, the Russians of the type that are drafted into the army have all their life been accustomed to privation and exposure. For this reason they are the only troops that I have seen who can stick six days and nights on end in a trench, under constant small arms and shell fire, with the temperature below zero, and after a day’s rest be as good as ever. The Russians never grumble.”

CHAPTER XXX

A VIVID PICTURE OF WAR

THE BATTLE OF NEUVE CHAPELLE—A SURPRISE PREPARED—“HELL BROKE LOOSE”—A HORRIBLE THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES—TRENCHES FILLED WITH DEAD—HOARSE SHOUTS AND THE GROANS OF THE WOUNDED—INDESCRIBABLE MASS OF RUINS—“SMEARED WITH DUST AND BLOOD.”

ONE OF the most vivid word-pictures of what war means in all its horror was told by an eye-witness of the battle of Neuve Chapelle in which the British soldiers dislodged the Germans from an important position. He said:

“The dawn, which broke reluctantly through a veil of clouds on the morning of Wednesday, March 10, 1915, seemed as any other to the Germans behind the white and blue sandbags in their long line of trenches curving in a hemicycle about the battered village of Neuve Chapelle. For five months they had remained undisputed masters of the positions they had here wrested from the British in October. Ensnconed in their comfortably-arranged trenches with but a thin outpost in their fire trenches, they had watched day succeed day and night succeed night without the least variation from the monotony of trench warfare, the intermittent bark of the machine guns—rat-tat-tat-tat—and the perpetual rattle of rifle fire, with here and there a bomb, and now and then an exploded mine.

A SURPRISE PREPARED

“For weeks past the German airmen had grown strangely shy. On this Wednesday morning none were aloft to spy out the strange doings which as dawn broke might have been descried on the desolate roads behind the British lines.

“From ten o’clock of the preceding evening endless files of men marched silently down the roads leading towards the German positions through Laventie and Richebourg St. Vaast, poor shattered villages of the dead where months of incessant bombardment have driven away the last inhabitants and left roofless houses and rent roadways. . . .

“Two days before, a quiet room, where Nelson’s Prayer stands on the mantel-shelf, saw the ripening of the plans that sent these sturdy sons of Britain’s four kingdoms marching all through the night. Sir John French met the army corps commanders and unfolded to them his plans for the offensive of the British Army against the German line at Neuve Chapelle.

“The onslaught was to be a surprise. That was its essence. The Germans were to be battered with artillery, then rushed before they recovered their wits. We had thirty-six clear hours before us. Thus long, it was reckoned (with complete accuracy as afterwards appeared), must elapse before the Germans, whose line before us had been weakened, could rush up reinforcements. To ensure the enemy’s being pinned down right and left of the ‘great push,’ an attack was to be delivered north and south of the main thrust simultaneously with the assault on Neuve Chapelle.”

After describing the impatience of the British

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soldiers as they awaited the signal to open the attack, and the actual beginning of the engagement, the narrator continues:

“HELL BROKE LOOSE”

“Then hell broke loose. With a mighty, hideous, screeching burst of noise, hundreds of guns spoke. The men in the front trenches were deafened by the sharp reports of the field-guns spitting out their shells at close range to cut through the Germans’ barbed wire entanglements. In some cases the trajectory of these vicious missiles was so flat that they passed only a few feet above the British trenches.



“THERE IS NOTHING TO REPORT.”

“The din was continuous. An officer who had the curious idea of putting his ear to the ground said it was as though the earth were being smitten great blows with a Titan’s hammer. After the first few shells had plunged screaming amid clouds of earth and dust into the German trenches, a dense pall of smoke hung over the German lines. The sickening fumes of

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lyddite blew back into the British trenches. In some places the troops were smothered in earth and dust or even spattered with blood from the hideous fragments of human bodies that went hurtling through the air. At one point the upper half of a German officer, his cap crammed on his head, was blown into one of our trenches.

A HORRIBLE THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES

“Words will never convey any adequate idea of the horror of those five and thirty minutes. When the hands of officers’ watches pointed to five minutes past eight, whistles resounded along the British lines. At the same moment the shells began to burst farther ahead, for, by previous arrangement, the gunners, lengthening their fuses, were ‘lifting’ on to the village of Neuve Chapelle so as to leave the road open for our infantry to rush in and finish what the guns had begun.

“The shells were now falling thick among the houses of Neuve Chapelle, a confused mass of buildings seen reddish through the pillars of smoke and flying earth and dust. At the sound of the whistle—alas for the bugle, once the herald of victory, now banished from the fray!—our men scrambled out of the trenches and hurried higgledy-piggledy into the open. Their officers were in front. Many, wearing overcoats and carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, closely resembled their men.

TRENCHES FILLED WITH DEAD

“It was from the center of our attacking line that the assault was pressed home soonest. The guns had done their work well. The trenches were blown to

irrecognizable pits dotted with dead. The barbed wire had been cut like so much twine. Starting from the Rue Tilleloy the Lincolns and the Berkshires were off the mark first, with orders to swerve to right and left respectively as soon as they had captured the first line of trenches, in order to let the Royal Irish Rifles and the Rifle Brigade through to the village. The Germans left alive in the trenches, half demented with fright, surrounded by a welter of dead and dying men, mostly surrendered. The Berkshires were opposed with the utmost gallantry by two German officers who had remained alone in a trench serving a machine gun. But the lads from Berkshire made their way into that trench and bayoneted the Germans where they stood, fighting to the last. The Lincolns, against desperate resistance, eventually occupied their section of the trench and then waited for the Irishmen and the Rifle Brigade to come and take the village ahead of them. Meanwhile the second thirty-ninth Garhwalis on the right had taken their trenches with a rush and were away towards the village and the Biez Wood.

HOARSE SHOUTS AND THE GROANS OF THE WOUNDED

“Things had moved so fast that by the time the troops were ready to advance against the village the artillery had not finished its work. So, while the Lincolns and the Berks assembled the prisoners who were trooping out of the trenches in all directions, the infantry on whom devolved the honor of capturing the village, waited. One saw them standing out in the open, laughing and cracking jokes amid the terrific din made by the huge howitzer shells screeching over-

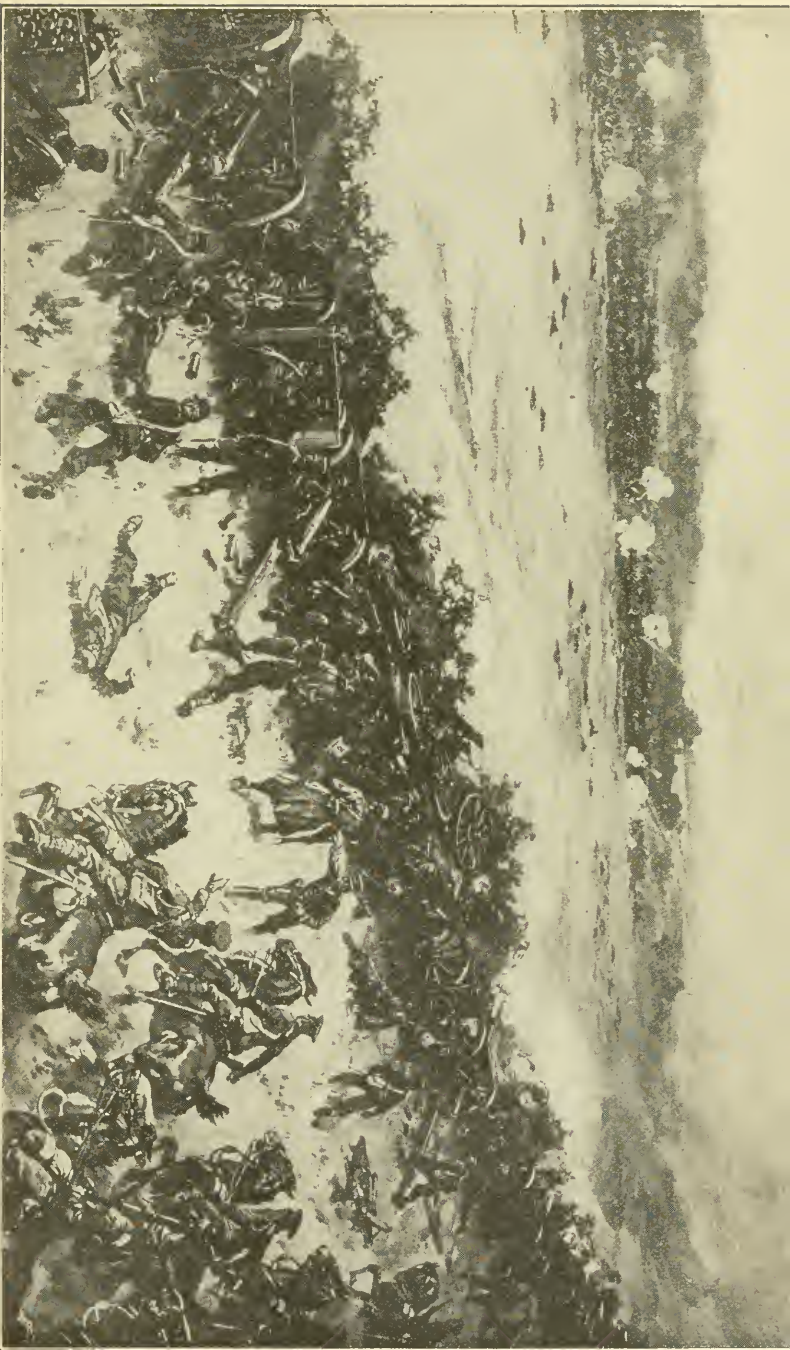
head and bursting in the village, the rattle of machine guns all along the line, and the popping of rifles. Over to the right where the Garhwalis had been working with the bayonet, men were shouting hoarsely and wounded were groaning as the stretcher-bearers, all heedless of bullets, moved swiftly to and fro over the shell-torn ground.

“There was bloody work in the village of Neuve Chapelle. The capture of a place at the bayonet point is generally a grim business, in which instant, unconditional surrender is the only means by which bloodshed, a deal of bloodshed, can be prevented. If there is individual resistance here and there the attacking troops cannot discriminate. They must go through, slaying as they go such as oppose them (the Germans have a monopoly of the finishing-off of wounded men), otherwise the enemy’s resistance would not be broken, and the assailants would be sniped and enfiladed from hastily prepared strongholds at half a dozen different points.

INDESCRIBABLE MASS OF RUINS

“The village was a sight that the men say they will never forget. It looked as if an earthquake had struck it. The published photographs do not give any idea of the indescribable mass of ruins to which our guns reduced it. The chaos is so utter that the very line of the streets is all but obliterated.

“It was indeed a scene of desolation into which the Rifle Brigade—the first regiment to enter the village, I believe—raced headlong. Of the church only the bare shell remained, the interior lost to view beneath



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GERMAN TROOPS TRAPPED BY THE ALLIES

A combined attack near Cambrai. A deadly trap was laid for the advancing German infantry brigade, in the shape of a masked battery of French artillery and machine guns supported by entrenched infantry and British cavalry. A desultory fire from the French infantry drew the Germans across an intervening field. At 250 yards the French artillery sent a hurricane of shrapnel through the German ranks, while the ambuscaded machine guns literally cut many of the German infantrymen in two.



FALLING TO EARTH LIKE A BLAZING METEOR.

This stirring picture represents a German aeroplane of the type called Aviatik, beaten in a fight high up in the air by the famous French Aviator Garros, plunging to earth in flames, turning and turning like a falling star.

A VIVID PICTURE OF WAR

a gigantic mound of debris. The little churchyard was devastated, the very dead plucked from their graves, broken coffins and ancient bones scattered about amid the fresher dead, the slain of that morning—grey green forms asprawl athwart the tombs. Of all that once fair village but two things remained intact—two great crucifixes reared aloft, one in the churchyard, the other over against the chateau. From the cross that is the emblem of our faith the figure of Christ, yet intact though all pitted with bullet marks, looked down in mute agony on the slain in the village.

“SMEARED WITH DUST AND BLOOD”

“The din and confusion were indescribable. Through the thick pall of shell smoke Germans were seen on all sides, some emerging half dazed from cellars and dug-outs, their hands above their heads, others dodging round the shattered houses, others firing from the windows, from behind carts, even from behind the overturned tombstones. Machine guns were firing from the houses on the outskirts, rapping out their nerve-racking note above the noise of the rifles.

“Just outside the village there was a scene of tremendous enthusiasm. The Rifle Brigade, smeared with dust and blood, fell in with the Third Gurkhas with whom they had been brigaded in India. The little brown men were dirty but radiant. Kukri in hand they had very thoroughly gone through some houses at the cross-roads on the Rue du Bois and silenced a party of Germans who were making themselves a nuisance there with some machine guns. Riflemen and Gurkhas cheered themselves hoarse.”

CHAPTER XXXI

HARROWING SCENES ALONG THE BATTLE LINES

DRIVING BACK THE GERMANS UNDER FIRE—ON THE FIRING LINE—AMONG MANGLED HORSES AND MEN—GERMAN LOSSES FRIGHTFUL—DIXMUDE A PLACE OF DEATH AND HORROR.

SOME IDEA of the ruin wrought day after day as the battle raged in Flanders may be gained from the occasional reports of war correspondents who shared the fortunes of battle.

“The battle rages along the Yser with frightful destruction of life,” wrote a correspondent of the London Daily News in October. “Air engines, sea engines, and land engines death-sweep this desolate country, vertically, horizontally, and transversely. Through it the frail little human engines crawl and dig, walk and run, skirmishing, charging, and blundering in little individual fights and tussles, tired and puzzled, ordered here and there, sleeping where they can, never washing, and dying unnoticed. A friend may find himself firing on a friendly force, and few are to blame.

“Thursday the Germans were driven back over the Yser; Friday they secured a footing again, and Saturday they were again hurled back. Now a bridge blown up by one side is repaired by the other; it is again

HARROWING SCENES

blown up by the first, or left as a death trap till the enemy is actually crossing.

"Actions by armored trains, some of them the most reckless adventures, are attempted daily. Each day accumulates an unwritten record of individual daring feats, accepted as part of the daily work. Day

by day our men push out on these dangerous explorations, attacked by shell fire, in danger of cross-fire, dynamite, and ambushes, bringing a priceless support to the threatened lines. As the armored train approaches the river under shell fire the car cracks with the



THESE ALWAYS SURVIVE.

constant thunder of guns aboard. It is amazing to see the angle at which the guns can be swung.

"And overhead the airmen are busy venturing through fog and puffs of exploding shells to get one small fact of information. We used to regard the looping of the loop of the Germans overhead as a hare-brained piece of impudent defiance to our infantry fire. Now we know it means early trouble for the infantry.

"Besides us, as we crawl up snuffing the lines like

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dogs on a scent, grim train-loads of wounded wait soundlessly in the sidings. Further up the line ambulances are coming slowly back. The bullets of machine guns begin to rattle on our armored coats. Shells we learned to disregard, but the machine gun is the master in this war.

“Now we near the river at a flat country farm. The territory is scarred with trenches, and it is impossible to say at first who is in them, so incidental and separate are the fortunes of this riverside battle. The Germans are on our bank enfilading the lines of the Allies’ trenches. We creep up and the Germans come into sight out of the trenches, rush to the bank, and are scattered and mashed. The Allies follow with a fierce bayonet charge.

“The Germans do not wait. They rush to the bridges and are swept away by the deadliest destroyer of all, the machine gun. The bridge is blown up, but who can say by whom? Quickly the train runs back.

“‘A brisk day,’ remarks the correspondent. ‘Not so bad,’ replies the officer. So the days pass.”

ON THE FIRING LINE

Another correspondent who, accompanied by a son of the Belgian War Minister, M. de Broqueville, made a tour of the battleground in the Dixmude district wrote:

“No pen could do justice to the grandeur and horror of the scene. As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but burning villages and bursting shells.

“Arriving at the firing line, a terrible scene presented itself. The shell fire from the German batteries was

so terrific that Belgian soldiers and French marines were continually being blown out of their dugouts and sent scattering to cover. Elsewhere, also, little groups of peasants were forced to flee because their cellars began to fall in. These unfortunates had to make their way as best they could on foot to the rear. They were frightened to death by the bursting shells, and the sight of crying children among them was most pathetic.

“Dixmude was the objective of the German attack, and shells were bursting all over it, crashing among the roofs and blowing whole streets to pieces. From a distance of three miles we could hear them crashing down, but the town itself was invisible, except for the flames and the smoke and clouds rising above it. The Belgians had only a few field batteries, so that the enemy’s howitzers simply dominated the field, and the infantry trenches around the town had to rely upon their own unaided efforts.

AMONG MANGLED HORSES AND MEN

“Our progress along the road was suddenly stopped by one of the most horrible sights I have ever seen. A heavy howitzer shell had fallen and burst right in the midst of a Belgian battery which was making its way to the front, causing terrible destruction. The mangled horses and men among the debris presented a shocking spectacle.

› “Eventually, we got into Dixmude itself, and every time a shell came crashing among the roofs we thought our end had come. The Hôtel de Ville (town hall) was a sad sight. The roof was completely riddled

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by shell, while inside was a scene of chaos. It was piled with loaves of bread, bicycles, and dead soldiers.

"The battle redoubled in fury, and by seven o'clock in the evening Dixmude was a furnace, presenting a scene of terrible grandeur. The horizon was red with burning homes.

"Our return journey was a melancholy one, owing to the constant trains of wounded that were passing."

GERMAN LOSSES FRIGHTFUL

"The German losses are frightful" wrote another correspondent. "Three meadows near Ostend are leaped with dead. The wounded are now installed in private houses in Bruges, where large wooden sheds are being rushed up to receive additional injured. Thirty-seven farm wagons containing wounded, dying, and dead passed in one hour near Middelkerke."

DIXMUDE A PLACE OF DEATH AND HORROR

From Furnes, Belgium, members of the staff of the English hospital traveled to Dixmude to search for wounded men on the firing line. Philip Gibbs, of the London Daily Chronicle, who traveled with them in reporting his experiences, said:

"I was in one of the ambulances, and Mr. Gleeson sat behind me in the narrow space between the stretchers. Over his shoulder he talked in a quiet voice of the job that lay before us. I was glad of that quiet voice, so placid in its courage. We went forward at what seemed to me a crawl, though I think it was a fair pace, shells bursting around us now on all sides, while shrapnel bullets sprayed the earth about us.

It appeared to me an odd thing that we were still alive. Then we came into Dixmude.

“When I saw it for the first and last time it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as though by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls which still stood. Great gashes opened in the walls, which then toppled and fell. A roof came tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind, a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, further into the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticoes. They were Belgian soldiers. . . .

“We stood on some steps, looking down into that cellar. It was a dark hole, illumined dimly by a lantern, I think. I caught sight of a little heap of huddled bodies. Two soldiers, still unwounded, dragged three of them out and handed them up to us. The work of getting those three men into the first ambulance seemed to us interminable; it was really no more than fifteen or twenty minutes.

“I had lost consciousness of myself. Something outside myself, as it seemed, was saying that there was no way of escape; that it was monstrous to suppose that all these bursting shells would not smash the ambulance to bits and finish the agony of the wounded, and that death was very hideous. I remember thinking also how ridiculous it was for men to kill one another like this and to make such hells on earth.”

CHAPTER XXXII

WHAT THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES WRITE HOME

SOBERING REALITIES OF BATTLE—"WAR IS TERRIBLE"—THE COMMON ENEMY, DEATH—"A WASTEFUL WAR"—"SAME PAIR OF BLUE EYES"—FIGHTING WITHOUT HATE.

LIFE AT the front is not all marching and fighting by any means: there are long days and nights of waiting in which though it be

"Theirs not to reason why"

the soldiers have abundant time to reflect upon the grim fatality of war and the hideousness of the carnage. They are continually facing death, and though many of them, perhaps most of them, become inured to the sights of human slaughter, others cannot fail to be impressed by the stark, white faces of the fallen—friends and foes alike. Sights more horrible than perhaps they could have imagined are burned into their minds, never to be effaced.

Naturally some of their reflections find expression in the letters home, when the soldier is more or less off guard. There we get an "inside view" of the war which does much to offset the ruthlessness of rulers and restore one's faith in the essential humanity of men.

Only from the lips of soldiers, or from their pens when they snatch a few moments from the business of war to write to their people at home, come the most naïvely graphic accounts of trivial but illuminating incidents. Every war has thus its unknown, unhonored chroniclers, who send to their little home circles narratives that for startling realism no highly paid special correspondent could surpass. If all these letters could be assembled and arranged they would form the most essentially human account of the Great War that it is possible to conceive.

“WAR IS TERRIBLE”

The following letter, which refers to the fighting along the Aisne, was found on a German officer of the Seventh Reserve Corps:

“Cerny, South of Laon, Sept. 14, 1914.

“My dear Parents: Our corps has the task of holding the heights south of Cerny in all circumstances until the fourteenth corps on our left flank can grip the enemy’s flank. On our right are other corps. We are fighting with the English Guards, Highlanders, and Zouaves. The losses on both sides have been enormous. For the most part this is due to the too brilliant French artillery.

“The English are marvelously trained in making use of ground. One never sees them, and one is constantly under fire. The French airmen perform wonderful feats. We cannot get rid of them. As soon as an airman has flown over us, ten minutes later we get their shrapnel fire in our positions. We have little artillery; without it we cannot get forward.

“Three days ago our division took possession of these heights and dug itself in. Two days ago, early in the morning, we were attacked by an immensely superior English force, one brigade and two battalions, and were turned out of our positions. The fellows took five guns from us. It was a tremendous hand-to-hand fight.

“How I escaped myself I am not clear. I then had to bring up supports on foot. My horse was wounded, and the others were too far in the rear. Then came up the guards jäger battalion, fourth jäger, sixth regiment, reserve regiment thirteen, and landwehr regiments thirteen and sixteen, and with the help of the artillery we drove the fellows out of the position again. Our machine guns did excellent work; the English fell in heaps.

“In our battalion three Iron Crosses have been given, one to C. O., one to Captain —, and one to Surgeon —. [Names probably deleted.] Let us hope that we shall be the lucky ones next time.

“During the first two days of the battle I had only one piece of bread and no water. I spent the night in the rain without my overcoat. The rest of my kit was on the horses which had been left behind with the baggage and which cannot come up into the battle because as soon as you put your nose up from behind cover the bullets whistle.

“War is terrible. We are all hoping that a decisive battle will end the war, as our troops already have got round Paris. If we beat the English the French resistance will soon be broken. Russia will be very quickly dealt with; of this there is no doubt.

“Yesterday evening, about six, in the valley in which our reserves stood there was such a terrible cannonade that we saw nothing of the sky but a cloud of smoke. We had few casualties.”

THE COMMON ENEMY, DEATH

How foe helps foe when the last grim hour comes is revealed in the letter which a French cavalry officer sent to his fiancée in Paris:

“There are two other men lying near me, and I do not think there is much hope for them either. One is an officer of a Scottish regiment and the other a private in the Uhlans. They were struck down after me, and when I came to myself, I found them bending over me, rendering first aid.

“The Britisher was pouring water down my throat from his flask, while the German was endeavoring to stanch my wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to them by their medical corps. The Highlander had one of his legs shattered, and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side.

“In spite of their own sufferings they were trying to help me, and when I was fully conscious again the German gave us a morphia injection and took one himself. His medical corps had also provided him with the injection and the needle, together with printed instructions for its use.

“After the injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we had lived before the war. We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. Both the German and the Britisher had only been married a year. . . .

"I wonder, and I supposed the others did, why we had fought each other at all. I looked at the Highlander, who was falling to sleep, exhausted, and in spite of his drawn face and mud-stained uniform, he looked the embodiment of freedom. Then I thought of the Tri-color of France, and all that France had done for liberty. Then I watched the German, who had ceased to speak. He had taken a prayer book from his knapsack and was trying to read a service for soldiers wounded in battle."

"SAME PAIR OF BLUE EYES"

Sergeant Gabriel David, of the French infantry, who saw seven months of continuous service in the trenches of the Argonne Forest, described the odd effect of peeping over the top of a trench for weeks into the same pair of German blue eyes.

"I don't know who this man was or what he might have been," he said, "but wherever I go I can yet see those sad-looking eyes. He and I gazed at each other for three weeks in one stretch; his watch seemed to always be the same as mine. We came to respect each other. I am sure that I would always know those blue eyes, and I would like to meet that man when the war has ended."

FIGHTING WITHOUT HATE

There is yet to appear an authentic letter from a private or officer on either side that contains a tithe of the virulence and bitterness shown in the statements and writings of many non-combatants.

"One wonders," runs a letter of a British officer,

“when one sees a German face to face, is this really one of those devils who wrought such devastation—for devastation they have surely wrought. You can hardly believe it, for he seems much the same as other soldiers. I can assure you that out here there is none of that insensate hatred that one hears about.

“Just to give you some idea of what I mean, the other night four German snipers were shot on our wire. The next night our men went out and brought one in who was near and get-at-able and buried him. They did it with just the same reverence and sadness as they do to our own dear fellows. I went to look at the grave the next morning, and one of the most uncouth-looking men in my company had placed a cross at the head of the grave, and had written on it:

“ ‘Here lies a German.
 We don’t know his name.
 For he died bravely fighting
 For his Fatherland.’

“And under that, ‘got mitt uns’ (sic), that being the highest effort of all the men at German. Not bad for a bloodthirsty Briton, eh? Really that shows the spirit.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

BOMBARDING UNDEFENDED CITIES

THE GERMAN RAID ON THE ENGLISH COAST —
MRS. KAUFFMAN'S DESCRIPTION—CANNONADING AT
WHITBY—FREAKISH EFFECT OF SHELLS—FLIGHT OF
SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THE NINTH Hague Convention of 1907, to which both Germany and Great Britain gave their assent upon identical conditions, expressly forbids "the bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, dwellings or buildings," and by inference requires notice to be given previous to any such operations. Neither of these stipulations was observed by the German naval raiders who on December 16, 1914, bombarded the historic English towns of Hartlepool, Whitby and Scarborough. Appearing in the early morning, the Germans rained deadly shells upon these coast towns, none of which was of strategic importance, and only one protected by fortifications. The immediate result was the useless slaughter of many non-combatants—men and women and children, and the ruin of buildings, churches and historic monuments, including the ancient abbey of St. Hilda at Whitby.

The raid on Scarborough was described by Ruth Kauffman, the wife of the novelist, Reginald Wright Kauffman, in an interesting communication. The

BOMBARDING UNDEFENDED CITIES

Kauffmans had been living for several years just outside of Cloughton, a village near Scarborough.

MRS. KAUFFMAN'S DESCRIPTION

"It's a very curious thing to watch a bombardment from your house.

"Everybody knew the Kaiser would do it. But there was a little doubt about the date, and then some-



WHERE THE WAR WAS BROUGHT HOME TO ENGLAND.

how the spy-hunting sport took up general attention. When the Kaiser did send his card it was quite as much of a surprise as most Christmas cards—from a friend forgotten.

"Eighteen people were killed in the morning between eight and eight-thirty o'clock in the streets and houses of Scarborough by German shrapnel, two hundred were wounded and more than two hundred houses were damaged or demolished.

"From our windows we could not quite make out the

BOMBARDING UNDEFENDED CITIES

contours of the ruined castle, which is generally plainly visible. Our attention was called to the fact that there was "practicing" going on and we could at 8.07 see quick flashes. That these flashes pointed directly at Scarborough we did not for a few moments comprehend, then the fog slowly lifting, we saw a fog that was partly smoke. The castle grew into its place in the six miles distance.

"It seemed for a moment that the eight-foot thick Norman walls tottered, but no, whatever tottered was behind the keep. Curiously enough, we could barely hear the cannonading, for the wind was keen in the opposite direction, yet we could, as the minutes crept by and the air cleared, see distinctly the flashes from the boats and the flashes in the city.

"After about fifteen minutes there was a cessation, or perhaps a hesitation, that lasted two minutes; then the flashes continued. Ten minutes more and the boats began to move again. One cruiser disappeared from sight, sailing south by east.

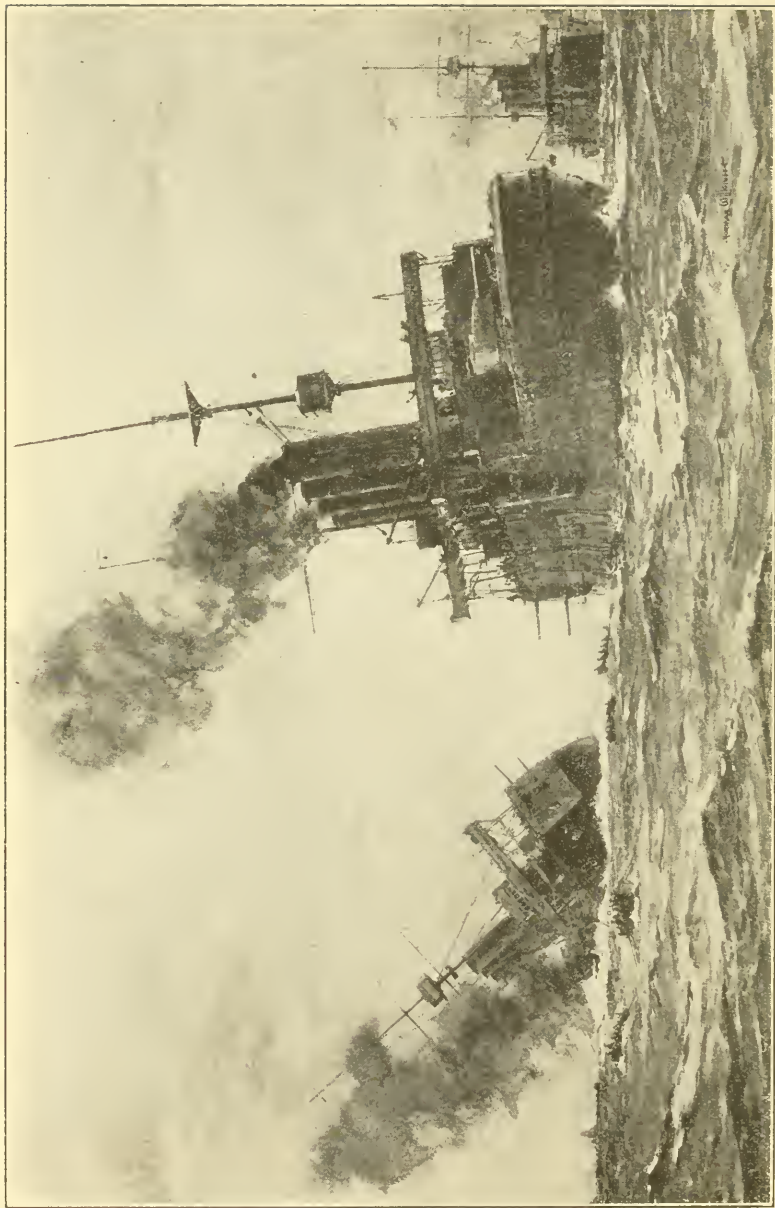
CANNONADING AT WHITBY

"The other two rushed like fast trains north again, close to our cliffs, and in another half hour we heard all too plainly the cannonading which had almost escaped our ears from Scarborough. We thought it was Robin Hood's Bay, as far north of us as Scarborough is south, but afterward we learned that the boats omitted this pretty red-roofed town and concentrated their remaining energy on Whitby, fifteen miles north; the wind blowing toward us brought us the vibrating boom.



SERGEANT O'LEARY CAPTURING THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

At Cunichy, Lance-corporal Michael O'Leary was one of a party moving forward to storm the German barricades. When near the enemy he rushed to the front and himself killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade, and then went forward to the second when he killed three more of the enemy and took two others prisoners, thus practically capturing the enemy's position by himself. For this exploit Sergeant O'Leary was awarded the Victoria Cross.



THREE BRITISH CRUISERS SUNK BY SUBMARINES.

The "Aboukir," "Hogue" and "Cressy" sunk by torpedoes on September 22. The horrors of modern warfare are illustrated by the notice issued after this disaster by the British Admiralty, which reads in part, "No act of humanity, whether to friend or foe, should lead to neglect of the proper precautions and dispositions of war, and no measure can be taken to save life which prejudice the military situation." (Copyright by the Sun News Service.)

"We drove to Scarborough. We had not gone one mile of the distance when we began to meet people coming in the opposite direction. A small white-faced boy in a milk cart that early every morning makes its Scarborough rounds showed us a piece of shell he had picked up, and said it had first struck a man a few yards from him and killed the man. A woman carrying a basket told us, with trembling lips, that men and women were lying about the streets dead.

"We did not meet a deserted city when we entered. The streets were thronging. There was a Sunday hush over everything, without the accompanying Sunday clothes, but people moved about or stood at their doorways. Many of the shop fronts were boarded up and shop windows were empty of display. The main street, a narrow passage-way that clambers up from the sea and points due west, was filled with a procession that slowly marched down one side and up the other. People hardly spoke. They made room automatically for a group of silent Boy Scouts, who carried an unconscious woman past us to the hospital. There was the insistent honk of a motor-car. As it pushed its way through, all that struck me about the car was the set face of the old man rising above improvised bandages about his neck, part of the price of the Kaiser's Christmas card.

"The damage to property did not first reach our attention. But as we walked down the main street and then up it with the procession we saw that shops and houses all along had windows smashed next to windows unhurt. At first we thought the broken windows were from concussion; but apparently very

few were so broken; there was not much concussion, but the shells, splintering as they exploded, had flown red hot in every direction. The smoke, we had seen, had come from fires quickly extinguished.

FREAKISH EFFECTS OF SHELLS

“We left the main business street and picked our way toward the foreshore and the South Cliff, the more fashionable part of the town as well as the school section. Here there was a great deal of havoc, and we had to climb over some of the debris. Roofs were half torn off and balancing in mid-air; shells had shot through chimneys and some chimneys tottered, while several had merely round holes through the brick work; mortar, brick and glass lay about the streets; here a third-story room was b2ae to the view, the wall lifted as for a child’s doll house and disclosing a single bedroom with shaving materials on the bureau still secure; there a drug-store front lay fallen into the street, and the iron railing about it was torn and twisted out of shape.

“A man and a boy had just been carried away dead. All around small pieces of iron rail and ripped asphalt lay scattered. Iron bars were driven into the wood-work of houses. There were great gaps in walls and roofs. The attack had not spent itself on any one section of the city, but had scattered itself in different wards. The freaks of the shells were as inexplicable as those of a great fire that destroys everything in a house except a piano and a mantelpiece with its bric-a-brac, or a flood that carries away a log cabin and leaves a rosebush unharmed and blooming.

BOMBARDING UNDEFENDED CITIES

“Silent pedestrians walked along and searched the ground for souvenirs, of which there were plenty. Sentries guarded houses and streets where it was dangerous to explore and park benches were used as barriers to the public. All the cabs were requisitioned to take away luggage and frightened inhabitants. During the shelling hundreds of women and children, breakfastless, their hair hanging, hatless and even penniless, except for their mere railway fares, had rushed to the station and taken tickets to the first safe town they could think of. There was no panic, these hatless, penniless women all asserted, when they arrived in York and Leeds.

FLIGHT OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

“A friend of mine hurried into Scarborough by motor to rescue her sister, who was a pupil at one of the boarding schools. But it appeared that when the windows of the school began to crash the teachers hurried from prayers, ordered the pupils to gather hats and coats and sweet chocolate that happened to be on hand as a substitute for breakfast and made them run for a mile and a half, with shells exploding about them, through the streets to the nearest out-of-Scarborough railway station. My friend, after unbelievable difficulties, finally found her sister in a private house of a village near by, the girl in tears and pleading not to be sent to London; she had been told that her family’s house was probably destroyed, as it was actually on the sea-coast.”

CHAPTER XXXIV

GERMANY'S FATAL WAR ZONE

THE WARNING TO NEUTRAL NATIONS—UNITED STATES REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE WAR ZONE—A VIOLATION OF INTERNATIONAL RIGHTS—AIMED AT NEUTRAL SHIPPING—AN INHUMAN POLICY.

THE GERMAN imperial decree making all of the waters surrounding the British Isles a war zone and threatening to destroy ships and crews found therein after February 18, 1915, whether they were English or neutral, raised a storm of protest in the United States. The decree read:

“The waters around Great Britain and Ireland, including the whole English Channel, are declared a war zone from and after February 18, 1915.

“Every enemy ship found in this war zone will be destroyed, even if it is impossible to avert dangers which threaten the crew and passengers.

“Also, neutral ships in the war zone are in danger, as in consequence of the misuse of neutral flags ordered by the British government on January 31 and in view of the hazards of naval warfare it cannot always be avoided that attacks meant for enemy ships shall endanger neutral ships.

“Shipping northward, around the Shetland Islands, in the eastern basin of the North Sea, and in a strip

of at least thirty nautical miles in breadth along the Dutch coast, is endangered in the same way."

As plainly as words could state it, this was a warning that American and other neutral vessels might be sunk by German submarines and that Germany would repudiate responsibility for such action. The American press denounced the declaration and its intent, and the United States government made public a note to Germany, containing the following paragraph:

UNITED STATES REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE WAR ZONE

"If the commanders of German vessels of war should act upon the presumption that the flag of the United States was not being used in good faith and should destroy on the high seas an American vessel, or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the government of the United States to view the act in any other light than as an indefensible violation of neutral rights which it would be very hard indeed to reconcile with the friendly relations now happily subsisting between the two governments."

Frederick R. Coudert, of New York, an authority on international law, said in discussing the war zone:

"From the beginning the United States government always maintained the right to treat the open sea as a public highway, and refused to acquiesce in one attempt after another to establish a closed sea. It refused to submit to an imposition of the Sound dues by Denmark, or to recognize the Baltic as a closed sea. It refused to pay tribute to the Barbary powers for the privilege of navigating the Mediterranean, and gave notice to Russia that it would

disregard the claim to make the North Pacific a closed sea.

A VIOLATION OF INTERNATIONAL RIGHTS

"No one has ever pretended to assert a claim to control the navigation of the North Sea, and Germany has no more right to plant mines in the open sea between Great Britain and Belgium and France than she would have to do so in Delaware Bay, or than a property owner, who was annoyed by automobiles, would have to plant torpedoes in a turnpike.

"The right to plant mines as a defense to a harbor, from which all vessels might lawfully be excluded, is one thing, but to destroy the use of the open sea as a highway, by sowing mines which might indeed destroy British ships, but might also destroy American ships, is an act of hostility which, if persisted in, would constitute a *casus belli*, and if we had Mr. Webster, or Mr. Marcey, or Mr. Evarts in Washington as Secretary of State, prompt notice would be given that for any damage done Germany would be held responsible."

A representative quotation from the newspapers of the United States is the following:

"The imperial decree making all of the waters surrounding the British isles a 'war zone,' and threatening to destroy ships and crews found therein after February 18, whether they be English or neutral, is surely the maddest proposal ever put forth by a civilized nation.

AIMED AT NEUTRAL SHIPPING

"This excessively efficient method of warfare, however, is one that most concerns England and France.

GERMANY'S FATAL WAR ZONE

The interest of the United States lies in the fact that the threat is aimed emphatically at neutral shipping.

“Neutral nations were loath to accept the sinister meaning of the order when it was first published; but its intent was emphasized by Bismarck’s old organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*:

“ ‘Beginning on February 18 everybody must take the consequences. The hate and envy of the whole world concern us not at all. If neutrals do not protect their flags against England, they do not deserve Germany’s respect.’

“The misuse of the American flag is annoying to this country as well as exasperating to Germany, but no government in its senses would seriously threaten to make that an excuse for piratical operations. A merchant ship has a right to fly any flag the skipper has in his locker, particularly if thereby he can deceive an enemy and evade capture. The custom is as old as maritime warfare, and has been resorted to numberless times by every nation.

“But this issue is trifling compared to the German effort to exclude neutral shipping from an arbitrarily decreed ‘war zone.’ It is officially admitted that this does not comprise a formal blockade, but it is clear that Germany is attempting to achieve the benefits of a blockade without its heavy responsibilities.

AN INHUMAN POLICY

“It is understood that she has a perfect right to hold up and search neutral ships in her declared ‘war zone,’ and to make prizes of such as carry contraband. But it is the possession of this very right which forbids

the inhuman policy she proclaims. She cannot plead ignorance of a vessel's identity, or attack it unless it refuses to stop when signaled. The burden of proof is upon the submarine, and to torpedo a vessel on suspicion merely would be unredeemed piracy and murder.

"This is distinctly a case in which the convenient doctrine of 'military necessity' is not to be invoked. Nor would an occasional misuse of a neutral flag by belligerent vessels, as a ruse of war, justify a mistaken act of destruction. If every British merchantman approaching England flew the American colors, that would not excuse the torpedoing of one American ship.

"These facts are stated with convincing clearness in the official protest sent from Washington to Berlin. We do not know who framed this document, although it bears distinct literary marks of revision by President Wilson. But whoever the men actually responsible for it, they produced a state paper which is a model of terseness, lucidity, dignified courtesy and force, an irrefutable presentation of the relevant principles of international law and justice. No loyal American wants trouble, but the blood of the most pacific citizen must move a little faster on reading the German decree and the restrained but perfectly straightforward reply sent by our government."

CHAPTER XXXV

MULTITUDINOUS TRAGEDIES AT SEA

**TWENTY-NINE VESSELS SUNK IN ONE WEEK—
EIGHTY-TWO NON-COMBATANT VESSELS DESTROYED
IN GERMAN WAR ZONE—THE ATTACK ON THE
GULFLIGHT.**

THE FACT that the Lusitania was the twenty-ninth vessel to be sunk or damaged in one week in May in the war zone established by Germany around the British Isles throws into grim relief the ruthlessness of modern war. The naval battles of the past were engagements of dignity in which, when a vessel was lost, it went down with a certain tragic magnificence after a fair fight; but most of the vessels lost in the European war have been the victims of torpedoes, struck by stealthy blows in the dark. In less than three months, from February 18 to May 7, 1915, no less than eighty-two merchant vessels belonging either to the Allies or to neutral nations were torpedoed or mined in the war zone, with a loss of life estimated at 1,704 non-combatants—a terrible sacrifice to modern warfare.

Naturally the greater number of these merchant ships were British, but the fact that the war zone was proclaimed by Germany with a view to stopping neutral shipping as well is established by the figures which show that among the eighty-two non-combatant vessels

destroyed there were French, Russian, Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, Danish, Greek and three American vessels, the latter being the Evelyn, sunk by a mine explosion February 20; the Carib, sunk by a mine explosion February 22, and the Gulflight, torpedoed May 1.

In addition to these eighty-two cases of non-combatant vessels destroyed, there have been innumerable instances of unsuccessful attacks, of which a notable example was the double attempt to sink the American tank steamship Cushing, once by a Zeppelin which aimed three bombs at the vessel, and once by a submarine which placed a contact mine directly in the path of the ship; her bow narrowly missed the mine, and her stern struck it a glancing blow, but not with sufficient force to explode it.

THE ATTACK ON THE GULFLIGHT

It would require many hundreds of pages to recount the details of all of these crimes against non-combatant merchant ships, and to show the relentless severity with which neutral commerce has been attacked, but the organized military measures even against neutral ships are well illustrated by the case of the American ship Gulflight, as described by the second officer, Paul Bower:

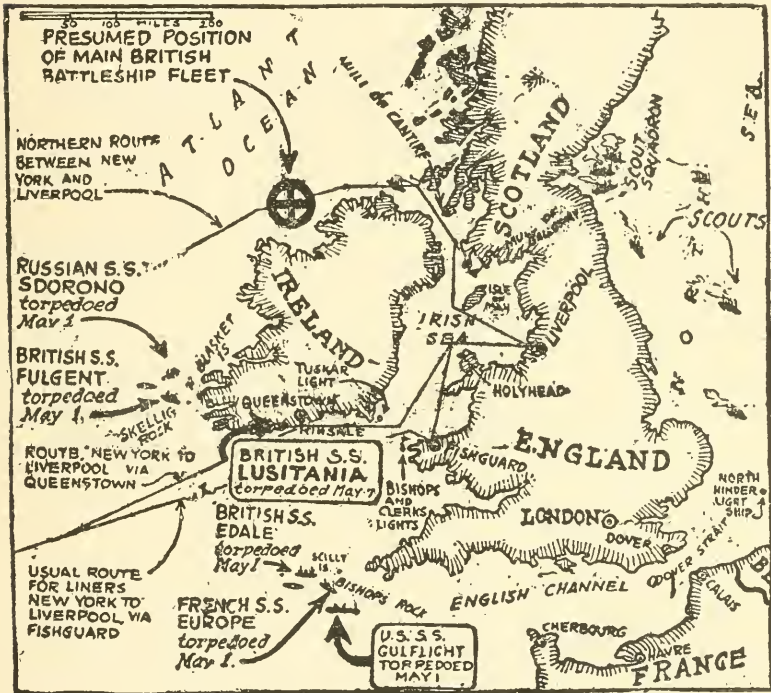
“When the Gulflight left Port Arthur, Texas, on April 10, bound for Rouen, France,” said Bower, “we were followed by a warship of some description, which kept out of sight, but in touch by wireless and warned us not to disclose our position to any one.

“At noon Saturday, May 1, we were twenty-five

MULTITUDINOUS TRAGEDIES

miles west of the Scilly Islands, a small group about thirty miles southwest of England. The weather was hazy, but not thick. About two and one-half miles ahead I saw a submarine.

"Twenty-five minutes later we were struck by a



WHERE LUSITANIA WAS TORPEDOED.

Kinsale, on South Coast of Ireland, close to Cork Harbor.

torpedo on the starboard side, and there was a tremendous shock. The submarine had not reappeared on the surface before discharging the torpedo.

"Previous to this, we had been met by two patrol boats, which accompanied us on either side. The boat

on our starboard side was so badly shaken by the explosion that her crew imagined that she also had been torpedoed. We immediately lowered the boats and left our ship and were quickly taken on board the patrol boats. But the fog increased and we drifted about all night and did not land at Scilly until 10.30 o'clock Sunday morning.

"At midnight of Saturday, while still on board the patrol boat, Captain Gunter summoned me. I found him in bed and he said he wanted some one to roll a cigarette for him. He then tossed up his arms and fainted. From then until the time of his death, which occurred about 3.30 o'clock Sunday morning, he remained unconscious.

"Captain Gunter's speech was thick and indistinct, but we could distinguish that he wished some one to take care of his wife. The crew had always regarded Captain Gunter as a healthy man and had never heard him complain."

Second Assistant Engineer Crist, of the *Gulflight*, said:

"I was on watch in the engine room when we were torpedoed, and so terrible was the blow that the *Gulflight* seemed to be tumbling to pieces. She appeared to be lifted high in the air and then to descend rapidly. I told the boys to beat it as quickly as possible and shut the engines down.

"Reaching the deck, I found them launching both life-boats. We got safely into them, with the exception of wireless operator Short and a Spanish seaman, who had dived overboard when they felt the shock, and were drowned."

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE TERRIBLE DISTRESS OF POLAND

A LONG-TORTURED NATION AGAIN BLIGHTED BY WAR — DESOLATION AND FAMINE THROUGHOUT LAND—RICH AND POOR ALIKE DESTITUTE—PLIGHT OF RUSSIAN POLAND—NO BREAD FOR WEEKS IN LODZ—THREE TIMES A BATTLE-FIELD—UNABLE TO HELP HERSELF—NO SEED AND NO DRAFT ANIMALS.

“IF YOU imagined all the people of New York State deprived of everything they owned, left a prey to starvation and disease, and hopelessly crushed under the iron heels of contending armies, you might form a slight idea of what the Poles are enduring at present,” declared the great pianist, Paderewski, while visiting America in 1915 in the interests of the afflicted nation. “One of the worst phases of the situation lies in the inability of the inhabitants of one-half of the country to communicate with those in the other. Compared with their lot, even that of the Belgians loses some of its horror, for my unhappy countrymen have no France, Holland, or England in which they can seek refuge.”

Girt by a ring of war, Poland in the winter and spring of 1915 was in the most terrible straits. Her cities and villages had been captured and recaptured by both Germans and Russians, her fields had been laid waste, and her inhabitants were slowly dying of starvation.

TERRIBLE DISTRESS IN POLAND

DESOLATION AND FAMINE THROUGHOUT LAND

“If figures can give any idea of the immensity of this disaster,” pleaded the great musician, “then these may convey a slight impression of what has gone on in Poland: An area equal in size to the states of Pennsylvania and New York has been laid waste. The mere money losses, due to the destruction of property and the means of agriculture and industry, are \$2,500,000,000. A whole nation of 18,000,000 people, including 2,000,000 Jews, are carrying the burden of the war in the east on their backs, and their backs are breaking under the load. The great majority of the whole Polish people, about 11,000,000 men, women and children, peasants and workmen, have been driven into the open, their homes taken from them or burned, and they flee, terror-stricken, hungry and in confusion, whither they know not. In ruins, in woods or in hollows they are hiding, feeding on roots and the bark of trees. It is Christian humanity that calls for help for succumbing Poland.”

“From the banks of the Niemen to the summits of the Carpathians,” wrote the novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, in his plea to the American people, “fire has destroyed the towns and villages, and over the whole of this huge, desolated country the specter of famine has spread its wings; all labor and industry have been swept away; the ploughshare is rusted; the peasant has neither grain nor cattle; the artisan is idle; all works and factories have been destroyed; the tradesman cannot sell his wares; the hearth fire is extinguished, and disease and misery prevail. To such starving people, crying out for aid, listen, Christian nations.”

TERRIBLE DISTRESS IN POLAND

All points within the sphere of the German offensive offered a picture of utter desolation. The people fled in horror before the advancing enemy, leaving their homes and their property to sure destruction. An uninterrupted line of arson fire shone on the sorrowful path of the exiles. Their fields have been devastated and furrowed by the trenches, their animals have been taken away, their savings have been wasted, and all their chattels destroyed.

RICH AND POOR ALIKE DESTITUTE

The Polish Relief Committee, headed by Madame Sembrich, published this word from the great tenor, Jean de Reszké, whose home is in Paris:

“My poor brother was unable to get away from the war zone in time. He wrote this letter several weeks ago, and now I fear he may never survive the terrible hardships. He had plenty of money and a splended estate, but all were swept away.”

The letter referred to shows that there is no leveler like war. It runs:

“My dear brother, whether this will ever get through the lines and reach you I do not know. I am sure no man could get through alive, with all this fighting and the continual bombardment going on on every hand.

“The war broke with such suddenness that it was impossible to escape. I was forced to remain here on my estate in Garnesk. This part of Poland has been reduced to worse than a desert. All is desolate and every one is suffering. My beautiful estate has met the common fate and been reduced to ashes. I am now living in a cellar with scanty covering. If a

shell should drop in it would afford no protection. So fierce has been the fighting here that there have been days when I could not venture forth. We have been between two fires. All Poland needs relief.

“I have no coal, oil, coffee, and only a handful of grain left. Through the cold and the rain I have had but poor shelter, but my lot is the same as that of my fellow countrymen here. Every one is in want; every one is suffering. Many are dead, and many more will die unless aid reaches them soon. Prince Lukouriski and his wife recently reached here and are sharing my cellar with me. Their own beautiful estate has been destroyed, and even the cellar blown to atoms by the shells.”

PLIGHT OF RUSSIAN POLAND

Mr. Herbert Corey, writing from Berlin to the New York Globe, in the spring of 1915, declared that unless something was done the world would be horrified—if the world had not lost its capacity for horror—by the sufferings of the Poles. “Soon cholera will come to Poland. Famine is there now. Scarlet fever and typhoid and smallpox and enteric and typhus are old settlers.” The million now in utter want only live at all because “humanity has a wonderful capacity for adjustment to wretchedness.

“There are 6,000,000 Poles in the portion of Russian Poland that is being fought over. Of these, according to the Red Cross men, 1,000,000 are absolutely destitute. They are without food or the means to buy food. They are living on the charity of others who are but slightly better off. That charity must come

TERRIBLE DISTRESS IN POLAND

to an end soon—because food is coming to an end. It is not merely that money is lacking. Flour is lacking. It must be imported or starvation follows.

“Russian Poland is a conspicuous example of Russian rule. No measure of self-government is permitted the people. All governing officials are appointed from Petrograd. Lodz, for example, a city which contains from 500,000 to 750,000 people—all statistics in Poland are mere guesses—is ruled by a mayor and four assistants, all sent out from Russia. No city may expend more than \$150, American money, for its own purposes, except permission is secured from Petrograd. That permission is rarely given. Petrograd needs the taxes that Lodz pays. When permission is given it is long delayed. Therefore, Lodz, a town as large as St. Louis, has unpaved streets that are ankle-deep in mud in winter and ankle-deep in dust in summer. It has a privately owned and paid fire department that responds only to calls from its own clients. Ninety per cent of its residents live in sties on streets that are mere stenches.

“And yet Lodz is the second cotton-manufacturing town in Europe. It is excelled only by Manchester in its manufacturing totals. Isolated on the bleak plains of Poland, at a distance from a seaport, served by two railroads only, it is an anomaly in the commercial world.

NO BREAD FOR WEEKS IN LODZ

“For two weeks Lodz had no bread at all. For months it has had no meat at all—so far as the poorer classes are concerned. During those two weeks the mass of the population lived on potatoes.

TERRIBLE DISTRESS IN POLAND

“Conditions were slightly worse in Czenstochow, the second city in Russian Poland. Here 90,000 people live. It has no street-lights. It has no attempt at street-paving. It has no sewers. It has no city water. It has no publicly maintained fire department, though a few of the merchants have a department of their own. It is pre-middle-ages in everything—morals, discomfort, filth, darkness, disease, death-rate. Cholera is there all the time. Most of its people exist in reeking hovels, smoke-filled when they can afford fires, wet and cold at other times.

“As the towns grow smaller, conditions grow worse.”

THREE TIMES A BATTLE-FIELD

If the war had not come, these people would have prospered after a fashion. Potatoes were plentiful, and they had few other wants. A woman earned thirty cents a day in the mills and a man three cents more. Children worked as soon as they were old enough. Sixty-five per cent are wholly illiterate. Then—

“Russia struck at Germany. The German armies invaded Poland in retaliation. They swept almost to Warsaw—and an invading army sweeps fairly clean. There were some things left when they passed over. They were driven back, and the Russian armies covered this territory—and they gleaned what was left. Then the Russians were driven back—sacking as they went—and the Germans covered the ground once more. Three times unhappy Poland has been fought over. It had little at the beginning. It has nothing now. For months Poland has been starving, not merely going

TERRIBLE DISTRESS IN POLAND

hungry. That is a commonplace of war. Poles have been dying because they cannot get food.

UNABLE TO HELP HERSELF

“Poland is quite unable to help herself. Most of the mills—probably all of the mills—are owned by Russian and German and French capitalists. The banks are all branches of foreign institutions. These concerns are all conducted by resident managers. Some of the managers have—on their own responsibility—given their work people two and a half and three cents a day each for food. Some have added a trifle for the children also. But this has practically come to an end. The managers have exhausted their supply of cash. They cannot get more. There are no mails. The towns of Poland are each printing their own paper money—not by consent of the Russian bureaucrats, but in defiance of them—but this money circulates only within the town’s borders. It is highly improbable it will ever be redeemed in real money. Meanwhile the price of food commodities has risen fifty per cent in two months. By the time this reaches America the prices may have doubled.

NO SEED AND NO DRAFT ANIMALS

“Conditions are slightly better in the agricultural sections. The farmers have no seed and no draft animals, it is true. But they have fairly good supplies of potatoes. Last year’s potato-crop was an enormous one.

“There is a Jewish question in every city of Poland. Where there is a Jewish question in Russia there are

riots. There will be more rioting in Poland unless Providence intervenes. Russia has always confined her Jews to the pale. Being forced to make their living by trading, their naturally sharp wits have been whetted. Today they are—broadly speaking—owners of every shop in Poland. There may be Christian shopkeepers here and there. People who know Poland doubt it.

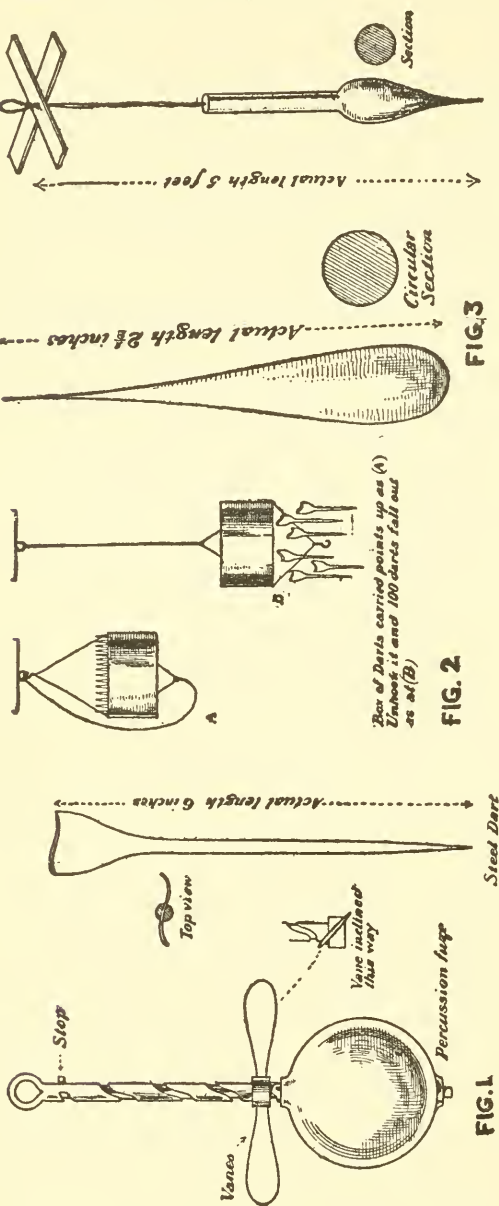
“Beggars follow the stranger in the Polish cities. Some of them are mute. They only look at the stranger through hollow eyes and hold out skinny hands. Others are vociferous. They cling to the garments of the passer-by. They cry for aid in an uncouth dialect. They run out from darkened doorways. The man who gives is pursued by a cue of them.”

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE GHASTLY HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE AIR-DEMONS

THE HORROR OF BOMB-DROPPING—ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS—KINDS OF BOMBS—STEEL DARTS—“ARROW BULLETS” AND AERIAL TORPEDOES—MACHINE GUNS IN AIRCRAFT—ACCURACY IN DROPPING BOMBS.

TEN YEARS ago the dropping of bombs from balloons was still considered an illegitimate form of warfare, involving danger to non-combatants, and was under the ban of the Geneva Convention. At the Hague Peace Conference the Germans refused to abstain from bomb-dropping, and other nations followed suit. According to the German conception of war, civilians in the theater of operations must take their chance of being killed, but must not shoot back under pain of summary execution. The horrors which this theory has added to war have proved only too real, but, so far as bomb-dropping is concerned, the reality has so far fallen short of anticipations. The great Zeppelins, capable of carrying a ton of explosives, have practically been frightened out of the air by the new anti-aircraft guns; and, except for one instance at Antwerp, bomb-dropping has been confined to aeroplanes. Now, in the first place, an aeroplane can carry only a limited weight of bombs—



TYPES OF AIR-CRAFT WEAPONS.

Fig. 1.—An aeroplane bomb containing 12 lbs. of tetranitramin, with a screw stem up which the vanes travel in flight and thus "arm" the fuse. Fig. 2.—Steel dart and boxes of darts used by Taube aeroplanes over Paris, showing how they are inverted and released. Fig. 3.—A French "arrow bullet"; very light, but able to kill a man from a height of 1,800 feet. Fig. 4.—A French aerial torpedo used by aeroplanes against Zeppelins, exploding when it has pierced an air-ship's envelope and is suddenly arrested by the wooden cross.

say, two hundred pounds; and in the second place, it is extraordinarily difficult to hit anything with them. If the airman could hover over his target and take deliberate aim, he might be more dangerous; as it is, the German airman finds a cathedral hardly a big enough mark. The British airmen, at Düsseldorf and Lake Constance, adopted a different plan from the Germans; instead of dropping bombs from a great height, they made a steep "vol piqué" down on to the target, turned sharply up again, and dropped the bomb at the moment when the plane was checked by the elevator. This plan is more dangerous, but affords a better chance of hitting.

KINDS OF BOMBS

Various kinds of bombs are used for dropping from aeroplanes. A simple pattern shown in Fig. 1 consists of a thin spherical shell of steel, containing twelve pounds of tetranitranilin, which is an explosive more powerful than melinite. The stem of the bomb, by which it is handled, has an external screw-thread, and carries a pair of vanes. While in the position shown, the bomb is harmless, but as it drops, the vanes screw themselves up to the top of the stem till they press against the stop. This, by means of a rod passing down the center of the stem, "arms" or prepares the fuse seen at the bottom of the bomb, so that it acts at the slightest touch, even on the wing of another aeroplane. The fuse effects the explosion of the burster by means of a primer of azide of lead, which causes the tetranitranilin to detonate with great violence. The whole bomb weighs twenty-

two pounds, and an aeroplane usually carries six of them.

The Italians, in their campaign in Tripoli, used similar bombs, but without the special device for rendering the fuse sensitive. These were not a success, as many of them failed to explode in the desert sand, and the Arabs used to collect them and throw them into the Italian trenches at night.

STEEL DARTS

The Taube aeroplanes, when they flew over Paris, used sometimes to drop steel darts pointed at one end and flattened and feathered at the other, as shown in Fig. 2. These were put up in boxes of a hundred, so that when the box was released from its hook, it turned over and released the darts.

“ARROW BULLETS” AND AERIAL TORPEDOES

The “arrow bullet” shown in Fig. 3 is a French device; though weighing only three-quarters of an ounce, its peculiar shape enables it to acquire a high velocity, so that it will kill a man when dropped from a height of six hundred yards. An aerial torpedo carried by French aeroplanes for the destruction of Zeppelins is shown in Fig. 4; it contains a powerful charge of explosive and a fuse, to which the suspending-wire is connected. When dropped on a Zeppelin, the needle-pointed torpedo pierces the envelope and gas-chamber, but the wooden cross is arrested and the sudden jerk on the suspending-wire sets the fuse in action, causing the certain destruction of the airship. The torpedo would be too dangerous to handle,

GHASTLY HAVOC OF AIR-DEMONS

but the French have an ingenious device which renders it perfectly safe until it is dropped.

MACHINE GUNS IN AIRCRAFT

Various attempts have been made to mount machine guns on aeroplanes, but the operator, in his narrow seat, has hardly space to point a machine gun in any direction except straight to his front. The American Curtis machine gun exhibited at Olympia is the most efficient form yet produced, but at present the airman seems to prefer an automatic rifle. Even in the early days of the war, Sir John French was able to report that British airmen had disposed of no less than five of the enemy's aircraft with this weapon.

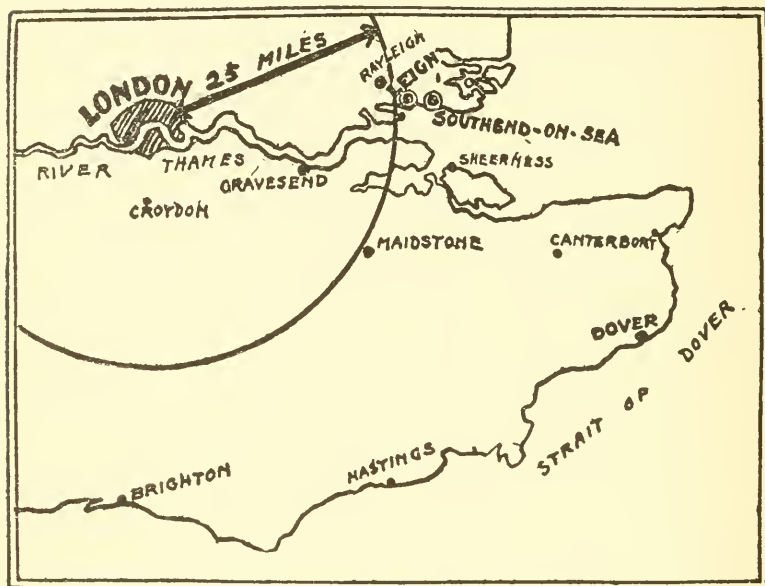
The Zeppelins are well armed with machine guns, carrying one in each of the two cars, and one on top of the structure. Access is had to the latter by means of a shaft and ladder which passes up through the gas-chambers.

ACCURACY IN DROPPING BOMBS

The Zeppelins have elaborate bomb-dropping apparatus with which it should be theoretically possible to drop a bomb with great accuracy, but on the occasion when it was tried at Antwerp, the Germans met with no great success. The principle of the bomb-dropping device is as follows: A sort of camera, pointed vertically downwards, is used, and an observer notes the speed with which an object on the ground passes across the field, and the direction in which it appears to move. He then reads the height

GHASTLY HAVOC OF AIR-DEMONS

of the airship from the barometer, which gives the time taken by the bomb to fall, say fifteen seconds for 3,500 feet. He has now to calculate, from the data given by the camera-observation, the allowance to be made for speed and leeway for fifteen seconds of



SCENE OF AIR RAID ON ENGLAND.

Leigh, shown on the map, is only twenty-five miles from the British capital, and South End just five miles further on. The fleet of Zeppelins, or aeroplanes or both, it will be seen, got uncomfortably close to the British metropolis.

fall, and to point his sighting-tube accordingly. The air-ship is steered to windward of the target, and at the moment when the target (say, the second funnel of a dreadnaught) appears on the cross wires, the nine hundred-pound bomb is dropped, and the ship goes to the bottom.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE AND ITS STEALTHY DESTRUCTION

NEW COMPLICATIONS IN NAVAL ATTACK—ATTACK
ON LINER DESCRIBED—OPERATION OF TORPEDOES
—NETS TO TRAP SUBMARINES—HOW CRAFT SUB-
MERGE.

WHAT IS the value of the submarine in war? Is it so great that all our theories of naval attack and defense will have to be revised? Are the great battles of the future to be fought under water? Is a little vessel of a few hundred tons to make the dreadnaught useless? German naval tactics in the present war have made these questions interesting alike to the expert, who has his answers to them, and to the layman, who is profoundly ignorant on the whole subject.

Simon Lake, an inventor who has done much to bring the submarine to its present degree of efficiency, says that "it is the first weapon which has a potential power to destroy an invading force, and also to prevent an invading force from leaving its own harbors or roadsteads, but which is itself useless for invading purposes." This is at once an exaltation and a limitation of its effectiveness. Yet Captain Lake believes that it will be "the most potent influence that has been conceived to bring about a permanent peace between maritime nations."

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE

Heavy armament would have availed the Lusitania nothing, even if the vessel had been so equipped, declared Captain Lake. Even if the Cunarder had been bristling with guns from bow to stern, she could have done no damage to the under-water craft that attacked her. She was doomed when the submarine approached her.

The submarine with its periscope three feet under water could not have been seen fifty feet distant from the liner's side, and the chances were she was 1,000 yards distant. No shot from the vessel could have located her, though aimed by trained officers.

ATTACK ON LINER DESCRIBED

The scenes on both the vessel and the little submarine may be pictured from a theoretical description given by Captain Lake as follows: "The great ship, knowing the lurking danger, is traveling at her best speed limit, changing the course from time to time in a zigzag manner. Waiting beneath the surface of the calm sea a big submarine, now said to be capable of discharging a torpedo at a distance of five miles, rolls idly in the underground swell. Her crew is sleeping or talking in the semi-fetid atmosphere that the compressed air tanks relieve from time to time. An officer sits with his eye glued to a periscope, which constantly revolves that he may discern the rising smoke of an approaching vessel.

"On the deck of the Lusitania passengers are lolling in steamer chairs or leaning over the rails. They covertly fear attack, yet the horizon shows no sign of the impending calamity.

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE

“Suddenly the submarine commander focuses his periscope upon a faint and hazy line on the horizon. Closely he watches it move. An electric signal is given and the submarine crew is in place. Another and the boat swings silently and slowly on its course diagonal to that of the approaching vessel. The electric engines turn without noise.

“The vessels near each other. An order is transmitted from the conning tower to the forward compartment of the submarine. The outside ports of two bow torpedo tubes are closed; compressed air drives out all water. Two inside ports are carefully opened and two one-ton torpedoes are lifted by means of chain tackle and swung carefully into the tubes. The inside ports are closed and the outside ports again opened. The air chamber between the torpedo and the breaches is filled with air compressed to nearly 1,200 pounds to the square inch—nearly the force of exploding dynamite.

“Both vessels are closing together at right angles. On the bigger one all is gayety and hope of early and safe arrival at port. On the submarine all are alert. The bow is carefully trained toward a direct line over which the ship must travel. The speed and distance are carefully gauged by trained officers.

“The submarine sinks beneath the surface and men are stationed at the firing levers on each of the forward tubes. An officer stands with a watch in his hand, counting the seconds. A little bell tinkles over the lever man on the port or starboard side of the submarine. He pulls the lever which releases the trigger, and with a rush the enormous torpedo

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE

forces itself in a direct line toward the vessel. Another second elapses and the bell rings again. Similar action is observed on the submarine, which a moment later rises with its periscope above the slight ripple of the water.

“There is a deadening crash, as the shock is transmitted through the water and the resounding shell of the air-filled submarine. The officer at the submarine periscope, or conning tower, is the only living person on the submarine that sees a great vessel rise out of the water and slowly settle back. He knows that the shots have taken effect and he can offer no aid to the thousands who a moment later will be attempting to save their lives. He turns his bow homeward, or cruises for other victims of his mechanical ingenuity, as his sealed sailing orders may direct.

OPERATION OF TORPEDOES

“The course of the torpedo from the time it is released in the tube by the lever trip is interesting,” said Captain Lake. “These torpedoes are made at a cost of \$5,000 each, much of which is spent in testing. With their high charge of explosive placed well forward and a little plunger on the nose, connecting with a percussion cap, their interior presents the same view as that of a large steamship. The officer is a little gyroscope, impelled by compressed air. This in turn may be set from the outside to travel straight forward or on a curve, and by a timing device to change its course after a certain distance. Usually it is set to travel straight beneath the water at a depth of about fifteen feet.

THE DEADLY SUBMARINE

“To insure accuracy the torpedo without explosive charge must be fired many times from a fixed torpedo tube. It is finally inspected and passed. As it leaves the torpedo tube on its last journey the trip releases the compressed air which turns its turbine engine. That in turn revolves the propeller. The rudder, speed and depth of passage are actuated by the gyroscope.

“A torpedo has been fired accurately at a distance of five miles. The distance for accuracy is between fifty yards and one thousand. Owing to the concussion on the ear-drums of those in a submarine the greatest distance compatible with accuracy is sought. As the plunger on the torpedo strikes the vessel it explodes the charge almost directly against the side of the vessel.”

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE TERRIBLE WORK OF ARTILLERY IN WAR

SEVENTY PER CENT OF CASUALTIES DUE TO
ARTILLERY FIRE — INCREASED RANGE—MODERN
GUNS—HOW A BIG GUN IS AIMED—AWFUL DE-
STRUCTIVENESS OF MODERN GUNS.

A FULL century ago, Napoleon the Great, himself an artillery officer, had developed the fighting power of artillery of his day so as to make its fire a dominant factor on the battle-field. In the present war its action is even more important, since we learn from the front that seventy per cent of the casualties are due to artillery fire. It was the gun that took Liège and Antwerp, and it is the gun which held the contending armies pent up within a semicircle of fire. Once massed formations were abandoned, the gun lost its terrors to a great extent, and did not regain its place in military estimation till the introduction of the shrapnel shell.

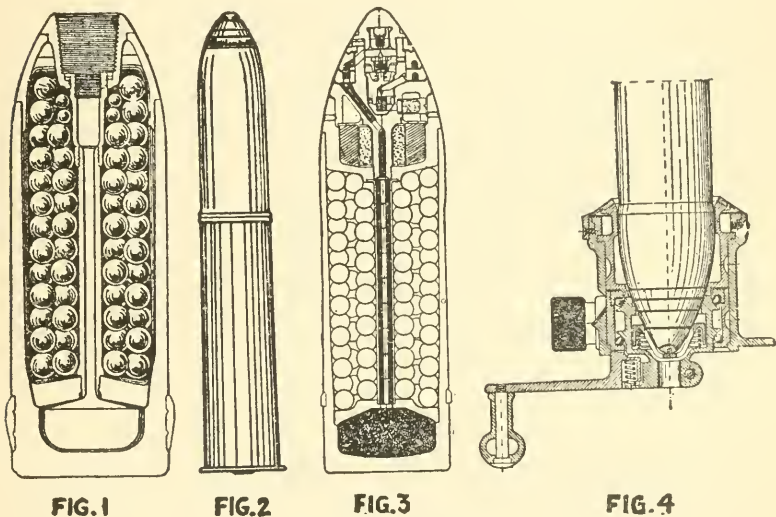
This is a hollow steel projectile, packed with bullets, and containing a charge of powder in the base. (See Fig. 1.) It is exploded by a time-fuse, containing a ring of slowly burning composition which can be set so as to fire the powder during the flight of the shell, when it has traveled to within fifty yards of the enemy. The head is blown off, and the bullets are projected

TERRIBLE WORK OF ARTILLERY

forward in a sheaf, spreading outwards as they go. The British eighteen-pounder shell covers a space of ground some three hundred yards long by thirty-five yards wide with its 365 heavy bullets.

INCREASED RANGE

In 1885 the British brought out the twelve-pounder high-velocity field-gun, which remained for some years



TYPES OF SHELLS

Fig. 1.—Shrapnel shell, packed with bullets that spread. Fig. 2.—A French quick-firer shell, like an enlarged rifle cartridge. Fig. 3.—The "Universal" shell, combining the action of shrapnel and high explosives. Fig. 4.—A fuse-setting machine.

the best gun in Europe. Its power was afterwards increased by giving it a fifteen-pounder shell, and, as a fifteen-pounder, it did good work in South Africa. Then came another development, the quick-firing gun

TERRIBLE WORK OF ARTILLERY

now being used in the war, with a steel shield to protect the detachment. The quick-firing gun is badly named; its high rate of fire is only incidental, and is rarely of use in the combat. The essential feature of the "Q.F." gun, as it is generally styled, is that the carriage does not move on firing, so that the gunners can remain safely crouched behind the shield.

MODERN GUNS

The French gun as it was originally brought out has now been improved by the addition of a steel plate which closes the gap between the shields; and a steel shield is also provided to protect the officer standing on the upturned ammunition-wagon.

The carriage does not move, and the men remain in their positions behind the shield while the gun recoils between them. The carriage is prevented from sharing the movement of recoil by the spade at the end of the trail, which digs into the ground so as to "anchor" it.

RAPID FIRING

The gun-recoil carriage, as the new invention was called, increases the rate of fire, since there is no delay in running up. The French were quick to develop this new feature, and set to work to make the rate of fire as high as possible. Up till then the ammunition fired from a field-gun had consisted of a shell, a bag of powder, and a friction-tube introduced through the vent to fire the charge. This was called a round of ammunition, and its complexity was increased by the fuse, which was carried separately and screwed into the shell when the round was prepared for loading, and

TERRIBLE WORK OF ARTILLERY

afterwards set with a key to burst the shell at the required distance. The French combined the whole of these separate parts into one, so that a round of "fixed" ammunition, as now used, looks exactly like an enlarged rifle cartridge. (See Fig. 2.)

Further, they did away with the cumbrous process of setting the fuse by hand, and introduced a machine which sets fuses as fast as the shell can be put into it. One of these machines is shown in Fig. 4. It is of a later pattern than that of the French service gun, being the one used by the Servians with their new gun made by the famous firm of Schneider of Creusot. The machine is set to the range ordered by the battery commander, the shell is dropped into it, and a turn of the handle sets the fuse.

HOW A BIG GUN IS AIMED

The independent line of sight is another modern device for facilitating the service of a gun. With this the gear for giving the gun the elevation necessary to carry a shell to the required distance is kept entirely separate from that used for pointing the gun at the target. The gun-layer has merely to keep his sighting telescope on the target, while another man puts on the range-elevation ordered by the battery commander.

The result of all these improvements is that the best quick-firing guns (among which the French gun is still reckoned) are capable of firing twenty-five rounds a minute. The German field-gun is hardly capable of twenty rounds a minute, being an inferior weapon converted from the old breech-loader.

But these high rates of fire are used only on emer-

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gency, as a gun firing twenty-five rounds a minute would exhaust the whole of the ammunition carried with it in the battery in three minutes.

One of the first consequences of the introduction of the shielded gun was the reappearance of the old common shell in an improved form. The common shell is almost as old as Agincourt, and consisted simply of a hollow shell filled with powder, which exploded on striking the object. When shrapnel came into use most nations abandoned the common shell. But shrapnel proved almost ineffective against the shielded gun, and the gunners were indifferent to the bullets pattering on the steel shield in front of them. The answer to this was the high-explosive shell, a steel case filled with high explosive, such as melinite, which is the same as lyddite, shimose, or picric acid. This, when detonated upon striking a gun, can be relied upon to disable it and to kill the gunners behind it.

AWFUL DESTRUCTIVENESS OF MODERN GUNS

Of late years a shell which combines the action of the shrapnel and the high-explosive shell has been introduced. This is the "Universal" shell (see Fig. 3) invented by Major van Essen, of the Dutch Artillery. It is a shrapnel with a detachable head filled with high explosive. When burst during flight it acts like an ordinary shrapnel, and the bullets fly forward and sweep the ground in front of it; at the same time the head, with its explosive burster, flies forward and acts as a small but efficient high-explosive shell. These projectiles have been introduced for howitzers and for anti-aircraft guns, and some of the nations with new

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equipments, such as the Balkan States, have them for their field-guns. Their introduction has, however, been delayed in Western Europe, as they are less efficient as such than the ordinary shrapnel, which is considered the principal field artillery projectile.

CHAPTER XL
WHOLESALE DEATH BY POISONOUS
GASES

CANADIAN VICTIMS — TRENCH GAS AT YPRES —
AWFUL FORM OF SCIENTIFIC TORTURE—REPORT OF
MEDICAL EXPERT — KIND OF GAS EMPLOYED —
ALLIES FORCED TO USE SIMILAR METHODS.

KILLING by noxious gases may be, as the Germans claim, no more barbarous than slaughter by shrapnel, but it has been denounced in America as a violation of all written and unwritten codes and as a backward step toward savagery. Certainly the descriptions of responsible persons who have witnessed the pernicious work of the gas only deepens the horror with which all peace-loving citizens look upon "civilized" warfare.

The following description of the effect is told by a responsible British officer who visited some Canadians who were disabled by gas:

"The whole of England and the civilized world ought to have the truth fully brought before them in vivid detail, and not wrapped up as at present. When we got to the hospital we had no difficulty in finding out in which ward the men were, as the noise of the poor devils trying to get breath was sufficient to direct us.

WHOLESALE DEATH BY GASES

CANADIAN VICTIMS

“There were about twenty of the worst cases in the ward, on mattresses, all more or less in a sitting position, strapped up against the walls. Their faces, arms, and hands were of a shiny, gray-black color. With their mouths open and leaden-glazed eyes, all were swaying slightly backward and forward trying to get breath. It was a most appalling sight. All these poor black faces struggling for life, the groaning and the noise of the efforts for breath was awful.

“There was practically nothing to be done for them except to give them salt and water and try to make them sick. The effect the gas has is to fill the lungs with a watery frothy matter, which gradually increases and rises until it fills up the whole lungs and comes to the mouth—then they die. It is suffocation, slow drowning, taking in most cases one or two days. Eight died last night out of twenty I saw, and the most of the others I saw will die, while those who get over the gas invariably develop acute pneumonia.

“It is without doubt the most awful form of scientific torture. Not one of the men I saw in the hospital had a scratch or wound. The Germans have given out that it is a rapid, painless death—the liars. No torture could be worse than to give them a dose of their own gas.”

“TRENCH GAS” AT YPRES

Asphyxiating gases seem to have been first used by the Germans in the fighting around Ypres in April, 1915. The strong northeast wind, which was blowing from the German lines across the French trenches,

became charged with a sickening, suffocating odor which was recognized as proceeding from some form of poisonous gas. The smoke moved like a vivid green wall some four feet in height for several hundred yards, extending to within two hundred yards of the extreme left of the Allies' lines. Gradually it rose higher and obscured the view from the level.

Soon strange cries were heard, and through the green mist, now growing thinner and patchy, there came a mass of dazed, reeling men who fell as they passed through the ranks. The greater number were unwounded, but they bore upon their faces the marks of agony.

The retiring men were among the first soldiers of the world whose sang-froid and courage have been proverbial throughout the war. All were reeling like drunken men.

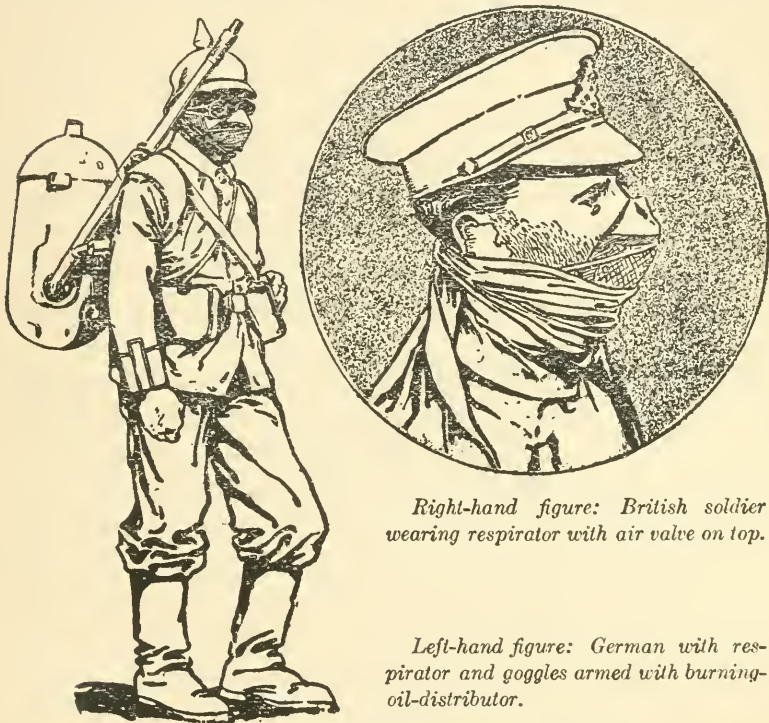
AWFUL FORM OF SCIENTIFIC TORTURE

"The work of sending out the vapor was done from the advanced German trenches. Men garbed in a dress resembling the harness of a diver and armed with retorts or generators about three feet high and connected with ordinary hose-pipe turned the vapor loose toward the French lines. Some witnesses maintain that the Germans sprayed the earth before the trenches with a fluid which, being ignited, sent up the fumes. The German troops, who followed up this advantage with a direct attack, held inspirators in their mouths, these preventing them from being overcome by the fumes.

In addition to this, the Germans appear to have

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fired ordinary explosive shells loaded with some chemical which had a paralyzing effect on all the men in the region of the explosion. Some chemical in the composi-



Right-hand figure: British soldier wearing respirator with air valve on top.

Left-hand figure: German with respirator and goggles armed with burning-oil-distributor.

USING DEADLY GAS AS A WEAPON IN WAR.

The German use of poisonous gases that asphyxiate soldiers of the enemy against whom they are directed, has made it necessary to devise a new defense. The pictures show the devices used by those who direct the use of the gases and those who have to meet their deadly vapors.

tion of these shells produced violent watering of the eyes, so that the men overcome by them were practically blinded for some hours.

The effect of the noxious trench-gas seems to be

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slow in wearing away. The men come out of their violent nausea in a state of utter collapse. How many of the men left unconscious in the trenches when the French broke died from the fumes it is impossible to say, since those trenches were at once occupied by the Germans.

REPORT OF MEDICAL EXPERT

Dr. John S. Haldane, an authority on the physiology of respiration, who was sent by the British government to France to observe the effect of the gases, examined several Canadians who had been incapacitated by the gases.

“These men,” he said, “were lying struggling for breath, and blue in the face. On examining their blood with a spectroscope and by other means I ascertained that the blueness was not due to the presence of any abnormal pigment. There was nothing to account for the blueness and their struggles for air but one fact, and that was that they were suffering from acute bronchitis, such as is caused by the inhalation of an irritant gas. Their statements were to the effect that when in the trenches they had been overwhelmed by an irritant gas produced in front of the German trenches and carried toward them by a gentle breeze.

“One of the men died shortly after our arrival. A post-mortem examination showed that death was due to acute bronchitis and its secondary effect. There was no doubt that the bronchitis and accompanying slow asphyxiation was due to irritant gas.

“Captain Bertram, of the eighth Canadian battalion, who is suffering from the effects of gas and from wounds,

says that from a support trench about six hundred yards from the German lines he observed the gas. He saw first of all white smoke rising from the German trenches to a height of about three feet. Then in front of the white smoke appeared a green cloud which drifted along the ground to our trenches, not rising more than about seven feet from the ground.

“When it reached our first trenches, the men in these trenches were obliged to leave, and a number of them were killed by the effects of the gas. We made a counter-attack about fifteen minutes after the gas came over, and saw twenty-four men lying dead from the effects of the gas on a small stretch of road leading from the advanced trenches to the supports. He, himself, was much affected by the gas, and felt as though he could not breathe.

“These symptoms and other facts so far ascertained point to the use by the German troops of chlorine or bromide for the purpose of asphyxiation. There also are facts pointing to the use in German shells of other irritant substances. Still, the last of these agents are not of the same brutality and barbarous character as was the gas used in the attack on the Canadians.

“The effects are not those of any of the ordinary products of combustion of explosives. On this point the symptoms described left not the slightest doubt in my mind.”

KIND OF GAS EMPLOYED

Various have been the opinions of chemists as to the kind of gas employed. Sir James Dewar, President of the Royal Institution, was of the opinion that it was

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liquid chlorine. Dr. F. A. Mason, of the Royal College of Science, considered it to have been bromine. Dr. Crocker, of the South-Western Polytechnic, said it may have been either carbon monoxide or liquid peroxide. Dr. W. J. Pope, Professor of Chemistry, Cambridge, and Sir E. Rutherford, Professor of Physics, Manchester University, agreed in thinking the gas to have been phosgene, a compound of carbon monoxide and chlorine, largely used in dye production in Germany.

“For some years,” stated Sir James Dewar, “Germany has been manufacturing chlorine in tremendous quantities. . . . The Germans undoubtedly have hundreds of tons available. If several tons of liquid are allowed to escape into the atmosphere, where it immediately evaporates and forms a yellow gas, and if the wind is blowing in a favorable direction, it is the easiest thing for the Germans to inundate the country with poison for miles ahead of them.

“The fact that the gas is three times heavier than air makes escape from its disastrous effects almost impossible, for it drifts like a thick fog-cloud along the surface of the ground, overwhelming all whom it overtakes.”

ALLIES FORCED TO USE SIMILAR METHODS

Of the German attack on the allied front near Ypres, Secretary of War, Earl Kitchener, speaking in the House of Lords on May 18, said:

“In this attack the enemy employed vast quantities of poisonous gases, and our soldiers and our French allies were utterly unprepared for this diabolical

method of attack, which undoubtedly had been long and carefully prepared."

It was at this point that Earl Kitchener announced the determination of the Allies to resort to similar methods of warfare.

"The Germans," said Earl Kitchener, "have persisted in the use of these asphyxiating gases whenever the wind favored or other opportunity occurred, and His Majesty's government, no less than the French government, feel that our troops must be adequately protected by the employment of similar methods, so as to remove the enormous and unjustifiable disadvantage which must exist for them if we take no steps to meet on his own ground the enemy who is responsible for the introduction of this pernicious practice."

CHAPTER XLI

“USAGES OF WAR ON LAND”: THE OFFICIAL GERMAN MANUAL

CRIMES IN BELGIUM EXPLAINED BY INSTRUCTIONS TO GERMAN OFFICERS—UNLIMITED DESTRUCTION THE END OF WAR—RULES OF CIVILIZED WARFARE CLEARLY STATED—OTHER EXCELLENT RULES.

THE BLACK crime of Louvain, the world-lamented destruction of the cathedral of Rhēims, the denudation of the fair land of Belgium, with all its horrible attendant crimes, is explained, in part at least, by “Usages of War on Land,” the official manual of instructions to military officers compiled by the general staff of the German army. It is an authoritative exposition of the rules of war as practiced by the Germans.

Two general principles bearing directly on the question of the invasion of Belgium are clearly stated in this guide:

“A war conducted with energy cannot be directed merely against the combatants of the enemy state and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the latter. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit.

“The fact that such limitations of the unrestricted and reckless application of all the available means for the conduct of war, and thereby the humanization of the customary methods of pursuing war, really exist, and are actually observed by the armies of all civilized states, has in the course of the nineteenth century often led to attempts to develop, to extend, and thus to make universally binding these pre-existing usages of war; to elevate them to the level of laws binding nations and armies; in other words, to create a law of war. All these attempts have hitherto, with some few exceptions to be mentioned later, completely failed. If, therefore, in the following work the expression ‘the law of war’ is used, it must be understood that by it is meant not a written law introduced by the international agreements, but only a reciprocity of mutual agreement—a limitation of arbitrary behavior, which custom and conventionality, human friendliness and a calculating egotism have erected, but for the observance of which there exists no express sanction, but only ‘the fear of reprisals’ decides.”

UNLIMITED DESTRUCTION THE END OF WAR

Put in plain language, these passages mean that there is no law of war which may not be broken at the dictates of interest. Unlimited destruction is the end, and only fear of reprisals need limit the means. The sentimental humanitarianism and flabby emotion which prevail elsewhere have no place in the bright lexicon of the German officer. “By steeping himself in military history,” the manual clearly states, “an

officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarian notions" and learn that "certain severities are indispensable in war," and that "the only true humanity often lies in a ruthless application of them." Then there is laid down this comprehensive general rule:

"All means of warfare may be used without which the purpose of war cannot be achieved. On the other hand, every act of violence and destruction which is not demanded by the purpose of war must be condemned."

Interpreted by other passages in the volume, this implies that the end justifies the means. Barbarities may be forgiven if only they are useful. Thus "international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties—assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like—to the prejudice of the enemy."

RULES OF CIVILIZED WARFARE CLEARLY STATED

It must not be assumed, of course, that the German war manual is a defense of unlimited rapine. The rules of civilized warfare are usually stated clearly enough. But there are so many exceptions to the application of them that a zealous officer might well be pardoned if he regarded them as not binding whenever it was to his interest to ignore them. Thus, after a careful statement of the right of the inhabitants of an invaded country to organize for its defense, the advantages of "terrorism" are candidly set forth as outweighing these considerations in many instances. That policy has been illustrated in Belgium

very significantly. The difference between precept and practice is also seen in the prohibition of the bombardment of churches and unfortified towns. Regarding the latter the manual says:

“A prohibition by international law of the bombardment of open towns and villages which are not occupied by the enemy or defended was, indeed, put into words by The Hague regulations, but appears superfluous, since modern military history knows of hardly any such case.”

Military history has been made since then, particularly by the German air raids on English seashore resorts.

OTHER EXCELLENT RULES

Several other excellent rules in the manual may be contrasted with German practice in the present war.

“No damage, not even the smallest, must be done unless it is done for military reasons.

“Contributions of war are sums of money which are levied by force from the people of an occupied country. They differ in character from requisitions in kind because they do not serve an immediate requirement of the army. Hence, requisitions in cash are only in the rarest cases justified by the necessities of war.

“The military government by the army of occupation carries with it only a temporary right to enjoy the property of others. It must, therefore, avoid every purposeless injury, it has no right to sell or dispose of the property.”

“Usages of War on Land” makes interesting read-

ing throughout, though the conclusions that the impartial reader will draw from it will not be in every case those which the German military authorities would have him draw.

CHAPTER XLII

THE SACRIFICE OF THE HORSE IN WARFARE

DUMB ANIMALS PRESSED INTO SERVICE—PART
PLAYED BY HORSE IN WAR—AMERICAN STOCK
DEPLETED.

SO OVERWHELMING has been the thought of human suffering in Europe, so anxious has the world been to relieve it, that little thought has been bestowed on the dumb sufferers. Various war photographs have shown us the novel sight of the dogs of Belgium impressed into service for dragging the smaller guns; but all contestants use horses, and when we reflect that the average life of a cavalry horse at the front is not more than a week, if that, we gain some idea of the sacrifice of animals which modern warfare demands.

One of the pleaders for the horse is John Galsworthy, the English novelist, who gives in the London Westminster Gazette this moral aspect of the use of the horse in warfare, with the attendant obligation:

“Man has only a certain capacity for feeling, and that has been strained almost to breaking-point by human needs. But now that the wants of our wounded are being seen to with hundreds of motor ambulances and hospitals fully equipped, now that the situation is more in hand, we can surely turn a little to the companions of man. They, poor things, have no option

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in this business; they had no responsibility, however remote and indirect, for its inception; get no benefit out of it of any kind whatever; know none of the sustaining sentiments of heroism; feel no satisfaction in duty done. They do not even—as the prayer for them untruly says—‘offer their guileless lives for the well-being of their countries.’ They know nothing of countries; they do not offer themselves. Nothing so little pitiable as that. They are pressed into this service, which cuts them down before their time.”

PART PLAYED BY HORSE IN WAR

The horse still plays an important part in war, as every army service corps officer who has had anything to do with them well knows. The men love their mettlesome beasts, and much trouble and worry is pardoned and lost sight of in the comradeship which arises between man and beast. The great part played by motors and motor-driven vehicles in the present war has tended to draw attention away from the work of horses at the front, yet motor cavalry has not been evolved. While recognizing that for moving big guns along a well-made road motor power is very valuable, it is still equally true that once the roads are left it is found in practice of little use.

A remarkable feature of the European war, new, so far as we know, to military experience, has been the use upon an extensive scale of the heavy draught horse, whose stately pace admits of no hurrying, but whose great strength permits of his hauling very heavy weights where the nature of the road does not admit of the use of the motor.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE HORSE

AMERICAN STOCK DEPLETED

That the European war threatened to deplete the stock of horses even in the United States is emphasized by a careful computation which fixed at 185,023 the number of horses shipped to the warring nations from July 1, 1914, to March 31, 1915. The value of the animals, according to an inventory compiled from the manifests of ships transporting the horses is placed at \$40,695,057. During that same period 26,976 mules, valued at \$5,143,270, were sent abroad.

Buyers representing the British, French and Russian governments were reported as searching the country for more, and, according to estimates made by shippers, at least 120,000 animals were to be shipped to Europe during the summer of 1915.

Frank L. Neall, statistician, asserted that few persons realized the extent of the raid made by European buyers on the horse market. "Shipments," he said, "have been made from New Orleans, Newport News, Portland, Boston and New York. During the month of March, 33,694 horses were shipped, representing a value of \$8,088,974."

Shippers were deeply interested when it became known for a certainty that the German government had representatives purchasing horses in the West. Wood Brothers, the largest horse dealers in Nebraska, were asked to bid on a 25,000-head shipment. Ruling prices for the grade of horses desired by foreign buyers have ranged from \$175 to \$200 per head.

The stockyards in New Orleans, where these animals were assembled, cover about eight acres and shed 3,500 animals. Horses were thoroughly examined as to

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their fitness for service, both at the point of purchase and at New Orleans.

The last step before placing the horses on shipboard was to adjust special halters to them, so that, as in the case of many horses purchased by France, it was only necessary, when the animal reached the other side, to snap two straps to his head-stalls and make him instantly ready to be hitched to a gun limber or a wagon of a transport train.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SCOURGES THAT FOLLOW IN THE WAKE OF BATTLE

THE COMMON ENEMY, DISEASE—SCOURGES OF MODERN WARFARE—RAVAGES OF TYPHUS IN SERBIA—NO WORD OF COMPLAINT—AMERICA TO THE RESCUE

IN MANY campaigns of the past, disease has slain its thousands where bullets and shells have killed hundreds, and even the twentieth century with its marvelous science of sanitation has not defeated the direful common enemies of allies and foes. Why disease should attack masses of men in the prime of life, living in the open air, and on the whole well fed and clothed, at first sight seems strange, but when we remember that modern fighting begets an intolerable thirst, which the soldier is naturally tempted to slake as best he can and when he can, at least one reason is not hard to find.

All modern armies, since the striking experience of Japan in the Manchurian campaign, pay special attention to the drinking water, and with good results. But an irremovable source of disease remains in the typhus-carrying vermin, in the myriads of flies bred in the rotting carcasses of men and horses and in the filth that inevitably collects around perpetually shifting camps and bivouacs. As everyone now knows,

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these insects are ceaseless and tireless carriers of infection, and it is difficult to see how, under conditions of war, the plague of them can be utterly wiped out.

SCOURGES OF MODERN WARFARE

Of the diseases which assail an army in the field, a few stand out so prominently that all others may practically be neglected. These are cholera, typhus, typhoid fever, dysentery, and pneumonia; and they have this in common, that they are all caused by specific bacilli. Thus cholera is the child, so to speak, of the dreaded vibrio, and pneumonia that of the pneumococcus; while typhus, typhoid and dysentery have each their own special microbe. The modes of attack are, however, different, for the pneumococcus can enter the organism by the nose and mouth only; typhoid and dysentery through the alimentary canal; while the way in which cholera is propagated is at present unknown. All have this in common, that while the microbes causing them are probably always present—that of cholera being a doubtful exception—they seem only to assault a subject previously weakened by exposure, bad food, or intemperance.

RAVAGES OF TYPHUS IN SERVIA

The dread aftermaths of war made their first visitations upon the Servian nation. One read with dismay that Belgium was later outdone by Poland, and Poland seemed almost fortunate beside Servia. The account sent by Captain E. N. Bennett, Commissioner in Servia for the British Red Cross Society, of the conditions prevailing in Servian hospitals and prisoners'

campes filled the whole world with dread. "Fires are needed to clear Servia of typhus, just as fires were needed to stop the great plague in London," reported Sir Thomas Lipton, who spent considerable time in that country. He said:

"I met on the country roads many victims too weak to crawl to a hospital. Bullock-carts were gathering them up. Often a woman and her children were leading the bullocks, while in the car the husband and father was raving with fever. Scarcely enough people remain unstricken to dig graves for the dead, whose bodies lie exposed in the cemeteries.

"The situation is entirely beyond the control of the present force, which imperatively needs all the help it can get—tents, hospitals, doctors, nurses, modern appliances, and clothing to replace the garments full of typhus-bearing vermin."

His picture of the hospital at Ghevgheli, where Dr. James F. Donnelly, of the American Red Cross, died, is appalling. Sir Thomas called Dr. Donnelly one of the greatest heroes of the war:

"The place is a village in a barren, uncultivated country, the hospital an old tobacco factory, formerly belonging to Abdul Hamid. In it were crowded 1,400 persons, without blankets or mattresses, or even straw—men lying in the clothes in which they had lived in the trenches for months, clothes swarming with vermin, victims of different diseases, typhus, typhoid, dysentery, and smallpox were herded together. In such a state Dr. Donnelly found the hospital, where he had a force of six American doctors, twelve American nurses, and three Servian doctors. When I visited the hospital

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three of the American doctors, the three Servian doctors, and nine of the nurses were themselves ill.

“The patients were waited on by Austrian prisoners. The fumes of illness were unbearable. The patients objected to the windows being opened, and Dr. Donnelly was forced to break the panes. The first thing Dr. Donnelly did on his arrival was to test the water, which he found infected. He then improvised boilers of oil-drums, in which to boil water for use. The boilers saved five hundred lives, said Dr. Donnelly. He also built ovens in which to bake the clothes of the patients, but he was not provided with proper sterilizing apparatus.

NO WORD OF COMPLAINT

“No braver people exist than the Servians. They have never a word of complaint. In one ward I saw a fever patient, his magnificent voice booming songs to cheer his comrades. Some were in a delirium, calling for ‘mother.’

“One source of infection is the army black bread, which is the only ration of the troops. The patients in the hospital receive only a loaf each, which they put in their bed or under their pillow. Later the unused loaves are bought by pedlers and are resold, spreading disease among the people, who are mediæval in so far as sanitation is concerned. A Servian soldier receives a rifle, some hand-grenades, and perhaps part of a uniform, but otherwise looks after himself.

“The street-cleaning and hospital-waiting are done by Austrians, who are rapidly thinning from typhus and other diseases.

SCOURGES IN WAKE OF BATTLE

AMERICA TO THE RESCUE

“The best hospital in the Balkans is at Belgrade, under Dr. Edward W. Ryan, of the American contingent, where there are 2,900 patients. Dr. Ryan kept the hospital neutral during the Austrian occupation, and accomplished wonders diplomatically at that time. He is worshiped by the people.

“Dr. Ryan says that the greatest task is to keep the hospital free from vermin. The typhus affects men the most severely. Women come next, and children for the most part recover. The symptoms begin like those of grip. The disease lasts fifteen days, with fever and delirium.”

In the spring of 1915, a large sanitary commission was organized by the American Red Cross and the Rockefeller Foundation, each of these organizations donating \$25,000 to the prosecution of the work. The commission included a group of distinguished bacteriologists and physicians, among them William C. Gorgas, surgeon-general of the U. S. A. An initial supply of 10,000 anti-cholera treatments was carried to Servia by the commission, for there was danger not only of a spread of typhus but also of an outbreak of Asiatic cholera or some other infectious disease that might sweep across all Europe. Heavy indeed is the price of warfare.

CHAPTER XLIV

WAR'S REPAIR SHOP: CARING FOR THE WOUNDED

EFFICIENCY OF THE RED CROSS SERVICE—THE
BANDAGING CAMP—THE SANITATION COMPANY—
THE HOSPITAL BARGE.

AMID THE dreadful welter of carnage and its attendant agony which spells modern warfare one ray of brightness appears in the universal gloom in the shape of the highly organized efficiency of the Red Cross Service, which waits upon battle. Die Umschau, of Berlin, printed an admirable description of its activities from the pen of Professor Rupprecht, one of the chief organizers of the German Military Hospital Service, of which we give an abstract:

“The stretcher-bearers of the infantry—four to each company—who bear the Red Cross symbol on the arm, when a battle is on hand, gather at the end of the battalion (sixteen men with four stretchers) and then proceed to the Infantry Sanitation Car. As soon as the ‘bandaging camp’ is made ready . . . they go to the front with stretchers and knapsacks in order to be ready to give aid to the wounded as soon as possible. Musicians and others are employed as assistant stretcher-bearers. These wear a red band on the sleeve but do not come under the provisions of the Geneva Treaty.”

WAR'S REPAIR SHOP

THE BANDAGING CAMP

Similar arrangements are made for the cavalry. The so-called "bandaging camp" is for the purpose of gathering the wounded and examining and classifying them. It should be both protected and accessible, and if possible near a water supply. At the end of a battle it is the duty of the troops to search trenches, woods, houses, etc., for the wounded, protect them



QUICKER AND EASIER THAN BANDAGES: THE "TABLOID" ADJUSTABLE HEAD-DRESSING.

This dressing for head-wounds in the form of a cap, can be applied in a few seconds, and remains comfortably in position. It can be washed, sterilized, and used repeatedly. The diagrams show the method of adjusting and the dressing in position.

against plunderers and carry them to the bandaging camp, as also to bury the dead.

"At the bandaging camp the surgeons and their assistants must revive and examine the men and make them ready for transport. Operations are seldom practicable or necessary here. The chief concern is to bandage wounds of bones, joints, and arteries carefully. . . . Severe hemorrhages usually stop of themselves, on which account it is seldom desirable

to bind the limb tightly above the wound. The wound itself must never be touched, washed, or probed. After the clothing is removed or cut away it must merely be covered with the contents of the bandage package."

Every soldier carries two of these packages in a pocket on the lower front corner of his left coat-tail. Each package contains a gauze bandage enclosed in a waterproof cover. There is sewed to this bandage a gauze compress saturated with sublimate and of a red color. It is so arranged that the bandage can be taken hold of with both hands without touching the red compress.

It is strongly impressed upon the stretcher-bearers and all assistants that cases having wounds in the abdomen are not transportable and must on no account be given food or drink; also that bleeding usually stops of itself. They are taught, too, that touching, washing, or probing the wound is injurious, and that only *dry* bandages must be placed on the wound—never those that are damp or impervious.

"The wounded who are capable of marching leave their ammunition, except for a few cartridges, at the bandaging camp, are provided if need be with a simple protective bandage, and march first to the nearest 'camp for the slightly wounded,' or to the nearest 'resting-camp.' The rest of the wounded are removed as soon as possible directly to the field hospitals or lazarets. If obliged to remain for a while before removal they are protected by portable tents, wind-screens, etc. . . . If it is impossible to carry the wounded along in a retreat they are left in care of the hospital staff under the protection of the Red Cross."

WAR'S REPAIR SHOP

THE SANITATION COMPANY

In case of a big battle a sanitation company remains near the bandaging camp. Every army corps has three of these companies, which, together with the twelve field lazarets of the corps, form a sanitation battalion.

As soon as it is apparent that the troops will remain in one locality for some length of time the smaller bandaging camps or stations are supplemented by a chief bandaging station some distance in the rear, and if possible, near a highway and near houses. At this spot there are arranged places for the entry and exit of the wagons carrying the wounded, for the unloading of the wounded, for the dying and the dead, for cooking, and a "park" for wagons and horses.

Each field lazzaret is capable of caring for two hundred men, but this capacity may be extended by making use of local aid. The supplies carried are very comprehensive, including tents, straw mattresses and woolen blankets, lighting materials, clothing and linen, tools, cooking utensils, soap, writing materials, drugs and medical appliances, sterilization ovens, bandages, instruments, and an operating-table. As fast as possible the patients treated are sent home on furlough or removed to permanent military hospitals. The very perfection of this system but deepens the tragic irony that occasions it.

THE HOSPITAL BARGE

One very important development in the care for the wounded is the introduction of the hospital barge. The rivers and canals of France offer splendid oppor-

tunities for conveying wounded from point to point. This new method of transport was foreshadowed in an article in the London Times, in which the writer, in describing the hospital barges, said:

“The north of France, as is well known, is exceedingly rich in waterways—rivers and canals. The four great rivers, the Oise, the Somme, the Sambre, and the Escaut (Scheldt), are connected by a network of canals—quiet and comfortable waterways at present almost free of traffic. So far as the reaching of any particular spot is concerned these waterways may be said to be ubiquitous. They extend, too, right into Belgium, and have connection with the coast at various points—for example, Ostend. Here, then, is a system of ‘roads’ for the removal of the wounded, a system which, if properly used, can be made to relieve greatly the stress of work imposed upon the ambulance motor cars and trains. Here also is the ideal method of removal.

“The Ile de France is lying at present at the Quai de Grenelle, near the Eiffel Tower. This is a Seine barge of the usual size and type, blunt-nosed, heavily and roomily built. You enter the hold by a step-ladder, which is part of the hospital equipment. This is a large chamber not much less high from floor to ceiling than an ordinary room, well lighted, and ventilated by means of skylights. The walls of the hold have been painted white; the floor has been thoroughly scrubbed out for the reception of beds, of which some forty to fifty will be accommodated.

“The forward portion of the barge can accommodate more beds, and there is no reason why a portion of it

WAR'S REPAIR SHOP

should not be walled in and used as an operating room, more especially since in the bow a useful washing apparatus is fitted. The barge is heated by stoves, and a small electric plant could easily be installed. The barges are used in groups of four, and a small tug supplies the motive power. In favorable circumstances about fifty kilometers a day can be traveled."

The barges employed are big, roomy barges one hundred and twenty feet long, sixteen feet broad, and ten feet high. Care is taken to use only fairly new and clean barges which have been used in the conveyance of timber or stone or other clean and harmless cargoes.

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