

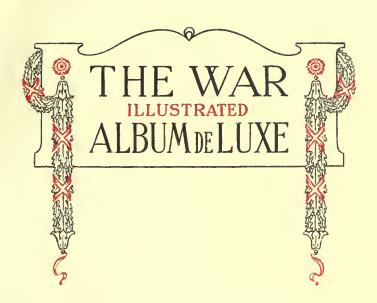


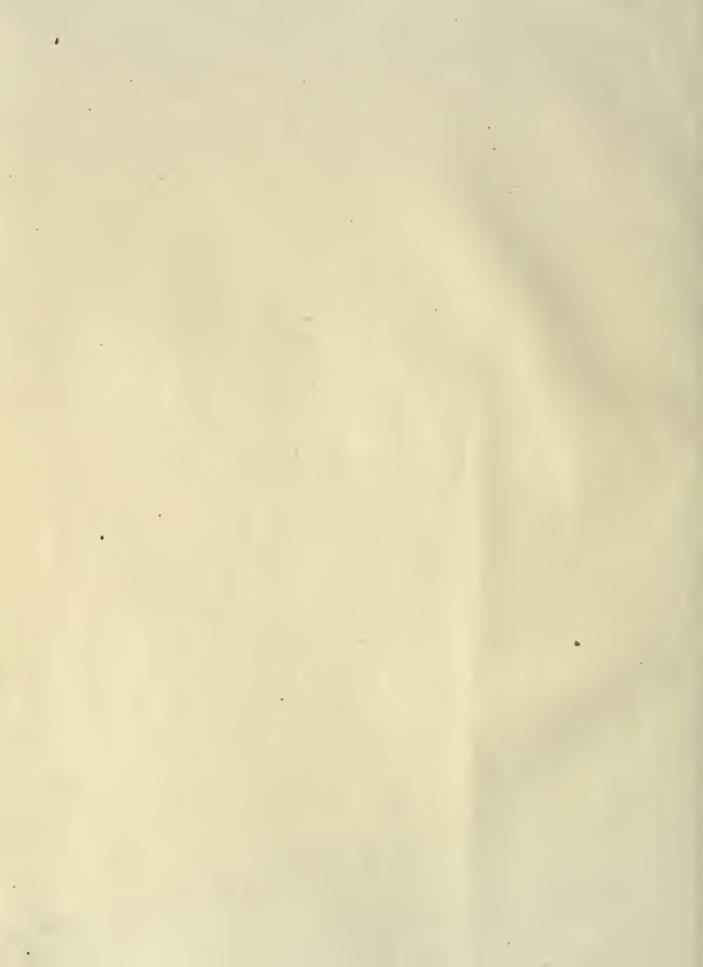
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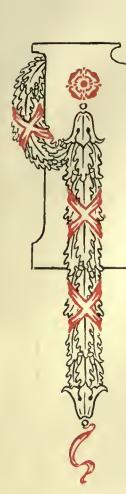








ADMIRAL SIR JOHN RUSHWORTH JELLICOE, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.



# THE WAR ILLUSTRATED ALBUMDELUXE

The Story of the Great European War told by Camera, Pen and Pencil

J. A. HAMMERTON

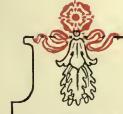
CHAPTERS BY

H. G. WELLS, SIR GILBERT PARKER SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

1.130 ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME I.
THE FIRST PHASE



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# Editor's Foreword

HE great conflict of the European nations, brought about by the overmastering ambition and narrow-minded self-sufficiency of the German peoples, which changed, with awful suddenness, all the long-established conditions of civilised society, will be long memorable for a minor, but altogether extraordinary, circumstance.

Not only has this German-made war to be accounted the most stupendous upheaval in all history, but it is the first great armed conflict to be adequately recorded during its progress by means of the most wonderful inventions of human ingenuity. If the telegraph and the instantaneous camera had been in existence during the Napoleonic wars, how differently the social life of those times would have been affected, and what an abundance of documentary evidence would have accumulated for the study and instruction of later generations!

RUE, we are all familiar with many of the countless drawings and sketches of the battles which took place in that epic age of France; the features of Napoleon's great leaders are also well known in their numerous painted portraits. But what would we not give to-day for a few photographs of actual scenes in the retreat from Moscow, or on that fateful June day one hundred years ago when Wellington, supported, as the exigencies of the time demanded, by the very nation which to-day is Britain's bitterest enemy, sealed the fate of the great warrior, the descendants of whose armies are now, by time's revenge, our warmest allies?

HEREIN the Great European War, which differs from all other wars in magnitude and character, differs in its chronicling from all others of the past. The perfection of the telegraph, the almost uncanny efficiency of the wireless, have enabled the whole world, day by day—nay, hour by hour—to follow the epoch-making events in Europe, in Asia, and on the remotest reaches of the seven seas.

ITHIN an hour or two of a great naval encounter in the North Sea the story had been told in our daily Press, and within a day or two newspaper readers were looking upon actual photographs of the vessels going into action, the sinking of a mighty battleship, and the admiral who had charge of the memorable operation was seen in photographic reproduction stepping ashore, or attending the funeral of one of his men fallen in the action! So used are we in these marvellous times to the resources of modern progress that we are apt to accept as commonplaces things that are full of wonder, and it is doubtful if the

average reader more than dimly realises the tremendous importance of the inexhaustible photographic documents which have been presented to him, hot-foot on the actualities, by the illustrated Press of to-day. Yet in years to come these will be looked on by new generations of our people with the profoundest interest, for they tell a story more vivid than the most skilful pen can write.

T is not too much to say that among the contemporary records of the Great War no publication has achieved the unique distinction of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED. Devoted, almost exclusively, to recording by means of the camera every aspect of the historic happenings in the course of the world-wide hostilities, it has presented to the reading public a collection of contemporary photographic evidence such as a few years ago could hardly have been conceived. Its pages have teemed with pictorial records, the interest of which will long endure, and no one in the years to come who seeks to refresh his memory-or, it may be, to acquaint himself for the first time with the outward form and evidence of these world-shaking events-will be able to turn to a more valuable storehouse of documentary evidence than is found within the pages of The WAR ILLUSTRATED.

T was felt that, in view of the great importance of its pictorial contents and the popular form in its pictorial contents and the popular form in which the publication was first issued, an edition printed on superior paper which would do more justice to the illustrations, and would, naturally, endure much longer than the cheaper publication, was imperatively called for. Hence, the publishers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, instead of binding up the separate parts for after-sale in volume form, have decided to meet this demand by the publication of its contents in the superior form of this "album de luxe." Such errors as are inevitable to any rapidly-produced periodical have been carefully corrected, although the Editor is happy to state that few indeed had found their way into its pages. The pages of the earlier parts have been rearranged in sections, and many valuable additions have been made in the shape of colour plates, and also in the publication of a revised and largely re-written story of THE FIRST PHASE OF THE WAR.

HUS, in every sense of the word, it will be admitted that this revised and re-edited edition of The War Illustrated is worthy of its description as an "album de luxe," and the completed work, wherein the Story of the War is "told by camera, pen. and pencil," worthy of a place on the shelves of the most select libraries in the land.

J. A. H.



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photo by west & Song

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE'S FLAGSHIP, IRON DUKE, BEING COALED AT SEA. INSET: VICE-ADMIRAL JELLICOE.



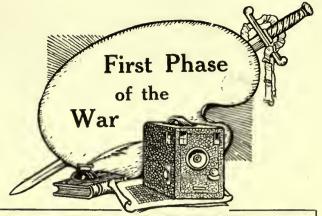
Thou careless, awake!
Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand, England, for honour,
And God guard the right!

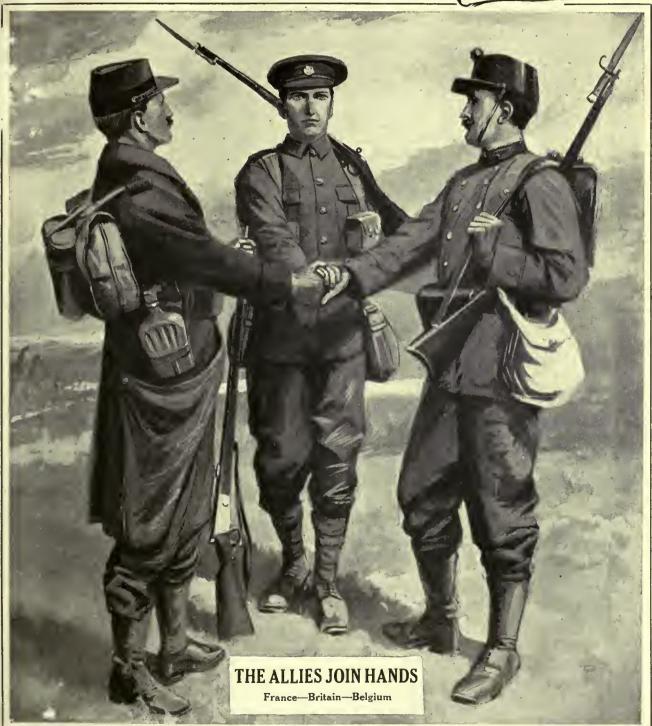
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The monarch Ambition
Hath harnessed his slaves;
But the folk of the Ocean
Are free as the waves.

Through Fire, Air, and Water Thy trial must be; But they that love life best Die gladly for thee.

-ROBERT BRIDGES.







# Why Britain Went to War

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "The War in the Air," etc., etc.

10th AUGUST, 1914

HE cause of a war and the object of a war are not necessarily the same. The cause of this war is the invasion of Luxemburg and Belgium. We declared war because we were bound by treaty to declare war. We have been pledged to protect the integrity of Belgium since the kingdom of Belgium has existed. If the Germans had not broken the guarantees they shared with us to respect the neutrality of these little States we should certainly not be at war at the present time. The fortified eastern frontier of France could have been held against any attack without any help from us. We had no obligations and no interests there. We were pledged to France simply to protect her from a naval attack by sea, but the Germans had already given us an undertaking not to make such an attack. It was our Belgian treaty and the sudden outrage on Luxemburg that precipitated us into this conflict. No power in the world would have respected our Flag or accepted our national word again if we had not

So much for the immediate cause of the war.

# WE had to fight because our honour and our pledge obliged us.

But now we come to the object of this war. We began to fight because our honour and our pledge obliged us; but so soon as we are embarked upon the fighting we have to ask ourselves what is the end at which our fighting aims. We cannot simply put the Germans back over the Belgian border and tell them not to do it again. We find ourselves at war with that huge military empire with which we have been doing our best to keep the peace since first it rose upon the ruins of French Imperialism in 1871. And war is mortal conflict. We have now either to destroy or be destroyed. We have not sought this reckoning, we have done our utmost to avoid it; but now that it has been forced upon us it is imperative that it should be a thorough reckoning. This is a war that touches every man and every home in each of the combatant countries. It is a war, as Mr. Sidney Low has said, not of soldiers but of whole peoples. And it is a war that must be fought to such a finish that every man in each of the nations engaged understands what has happened. There can be no diplomatic settlement that will leave German Imperialism free to explain away its failure to its people and start new preparations. We have to go on until we are absolutely done for, or until the Germans as a people know that they are beaten, and are convinced that they have had enough of war.

We are fighting Germany. But we are fighting without any hatred of the German people. We do not intend to destroy either their freedom or their unity. But we have to destroy an evil system of government and the mental and material corruption that has got hold of the German imagination and taken possession of German life. We have to smash the Prussian Imperialism as thoroughly as Germany in 1871 smashed the rotten Imperialism of Napoleon III. And also we have to learn from the failure of that victory to avoid a vindictive triumph.

# PRUSSIAN Imperialism is an intolerable nuisance in the earth.

This Prussian Imperialism has been for forty years an intolerable nuisance in the earth. Ever since the crushing of the French in 1871 the evil thing has grown and cast its spreading shadow over Europe. Germany has preached a propaganda of ruthless force and political materialism to the whole uneasy world. "Blood and iron," she boasted, was the cement of her unity, and almost as openly the little, mean, aggressive statesmen and professors who have guided her destinies to this present conflict have professed cynicism and an utter disregard of any ends but nationally selfish ends, as though it were religion. Evil just as much as good may be made into a Cant. Physical and moral brutality has indeed become a cant in the German mind, and spread from Germany throughout the world. I could wish it were possible to say that English and American thought had altogether escaped its corruption. But now at last we shake ourselves free and turn upon this boasting wickedness to rid the world of it. The whole world is tired of it. And "Gott!"—Gott so perpetually invoked—Gott indeed must be very tired of it.

# A WAR to exorcise a world-madness and end an age.

This is already the vastest war in history. It is war not of nations, but of mankind. It is a war to exorcise

a world-madness and end an age.

And note how this Cant of public rottenness has had its secret side. The man who preaches cynicism in his own business transactions had better keep a detective and a cash register for his clerks; and it is the most natural thing in the world to find that this system, which is outwardly vile, is also inwardly rotten. Beside the Kaiser stands the firm of Krupp, a second head to the State; on the very steps of the throne is the armament trust, that organised scoundrelism which has, in its relentless propaganda for profit, mined all the security of civilisation, brought up and dominated a Press, ruled a national literature, and corrupted universities.

#### WHY BRITAIN WENT TO WAR - - By H. G. WELLS

Consider what the Germans have been, and what the Germans can be. Here is a race which has for its chief fault docility and a belief in teachers and rulers. For the rest, as all who know it intimately will testify, it is the most amiable of peoples. It is naturally kindly, comfort-loving, child-loving, musical, artistic, intelligent. In countless respects German homes and towns and countrysides are the most civilised in the world. But

these people did a little lose their heads after the victories of the sixties and seventies, and there began a propaganda of national vanity and national ambition. It was organised by a stupidly forceful statesman, it was fostered by folly upon the throne. It was guarded from wholesome criticism by an intolerant censorship. It never gave sanity a chance. A certain patriotic sentimentality lent itself only too readily to the suggestion of the flatterer, and so there grew up this monstrous trade in weapons. German patriotism became an "interest," the greatest of the "interests." It developed a vast advertisement propa-ganda. It subsidised Navy Leagues and Aerial Leagues, threatening the world. Mankind, we saw too late, had been guilty of an incalculable folly in permitting private men to make a profit out of the dreadful preparations for war. But the evil was started; the German imagination was captured and enslaved. On other European everv country that valued its integrity there was thrust the overwhelming necessity to arm and drill — and still to arm and drill. Money was withdrawn from education, from social progress, from business enterprise and art and scientific research, and from every kind of happiness; life was drilled and darkened.

So that the harvest of this darkness comes now almost as a relief, and it is a

grim satisfaction in our discomforts that we can at last look across the roar and torment of battlefields to the possibility of an organised peace.

For this is now a war for peace.

It aims straight at disarmament. It aims at a settlement that shall stop this sort of thing for ever. Every soldier who fights against Germany now is a crusader against war. This, the greatest of all wars, is not just another war—it is the last war! England, France, Italy; Belgium, Spain, and all the little countries of Europe, are heartily sick of war; the Tsar has expressed a passionate hatred of war; the most of Asia is unwarlike; the United States has no illusions about war. And never was war begun so jöyfessly, and never was war begun with so grim a resolution. In England, France, Belgium, Russia, there is no thought of glory.

We know we face

We know we face unprecedented slaughter and agonies; we know that for neither side will there be easy triumphs or prancing victories. Already, after a brief fortnight in that warring sea of men, there is famine as well as hideous butchery, and soon there must come disease.

Can it be otherwise?

We face perhaps the most awful winter that mankind has ever faced.

But we English and our allies, who did not seek this catastrophe, face it with anger and determination rather than despair.

Through this war we have to march, through pain, through agonies of the spirit worse than pain. through seas of blood and filth. We English have not had things kept from us. We know what war is; we have no delusions. We have read books that tell us of the stench of battlefields, and the nature of wounds, books that Germany suppressed and hid from her people. And we face these horrors to make an end of them.

There shall be no more Kaisers, there shall be no more Krupps, we are resolved. That foolery shall end!

And not simply the present belligerents must come into the settlement.

All America, Italy, China, the Scandinavian powers, must have a voice in the final readjustment, and set their hands to the ultimate

guarantees. I do not mean that they need fire a single shot or load a single gun. But they must come in. And in particular to the United States do we look to play a part in that pacification of the world for which our whole nation is working, and for which, by the thousand, men in Belgium are now laying down their lives.

"God Save the King!"



Britain's Sovereign in the Great Hour.

H. G. WELLS.



the Boer War be looked upon as a full-dress rehearsal in preparation for the much more serious war which was to follow it, then the vast expenditure and the considerable loss of life have amply justified themselves, for they have enabled our small professional Army,

led by officers who nearly all had the training of the South African campaign, to start this vitally-important contest at a considerable advantage. Whether that advantage is as great as it should have been had we thoroughly digested all our lessons is a delicate question for a civilian to discuss. As I ventured, however, fourteen years ago to write a cnapter upon the military lessons of the Boer War, I shall now supplement it by a few remarks as to how these lessons seem to have influenced our conduct.

## Importance of Good Shooting and Necessity of Cover

The Continental military critics never understood the importance of the Boer War because, as in the case of the North and South struggle in America, they looked upon it as a scrambling, amateurish business which bore no relation to the clash of disciplined legions. Hence those solid infantry formations and gigantic cavalry charges which amazed our representatives at the various Kaiser manœuvres. It was their theory that if Buller's infantry did not instantly win its way to Ladysmith over Botha's trenches, or Methuen carry the lines of Magersfontein, it was the fault of the soldiers and their leaders. Now that the Germans have themselves tried what the combination of trench and rifle means at Ypres and elsewhere, and have tested the quality of British infantry, they will get a new light upon the teaching of the South African War.

Two things we learned in Africa—the importance of good shooting and the necessity for using cover. Our excellence at both was a revelation to the Germans at Mons, as has been admitted by many of their officers. They were the two factors which saved us during that perilous business, for, outnumbered as we were, and faced by a far stronger artillery, we could not possibly have saved the army had we not some make-weights upon our side. Those were the all-important make-weights—that we could inflict the maximum and receive the minimum of punishment with the rifle. They saved us—and we owe them both directly to the South African War. Before

# HOW THE BOER WAR PREPARED US FOR THE GREAT WAR

#### By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Not only one of Britain's foremost noveliste—perhape the most universally popular of all our living writers, whose works circulate in many tongues to the remotest cornera of the world—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle la aomething more. He represents in literature the splendid sanity and poise of British character, and his historical writinga on the South African War have long ranked as standard works.

The Editor of "The War Iliuetrated" has been fortunate in inducing Sir Arthur to explain to hie readers how the isssens isarned by the British Army in the South African campaign were applied in the Great Europsan War.

that lesson we were no better than the Germans I have myself seen, in the manœuvres of 1898, lines of British infantry standing at two hundred yards distance to fire volleys at each other, unrebuked by officers or umpires. At least "nous avons changé tout cela."

#### A Simple Prophecy now being fulfilled

The Boer War opened up the new era of artillery, and there at least our opponents have learned part of the lesson. The six guns exposed in neat array have disappeared. Now a gun lurks here behind a building, and there amid the brushwood, while the observer, a quarter of a mile away, is telephoning ranges, and the gunners are training upon an unseen mark. All this is new but is common to both sides. In the chapter to which I have alluded I said: "The bullock guns of the Boers are the forerunners of an artillery which, in a country of good roads with steam traction available, may assume the most monstrous proportions. The greatest cannon of our battleships and fortresses may be converted into field-pieces." The prophecy was a simple one, and seems to be in a fair way of being fulfilled. It is only the road bridges and culverts which put any restriction now upon the size of the gun-save, of course, the difficulty of removing it in case of a retreat. One thing has very clearly emerged in the present operations, and that is that taking an average with light guns and heavy the British artillery, in men and material, is probably unequalled and certainly unsurpassed among the armies of Europe.

### The New Versatility of our Cavalry

But it is in the cavalry that the Boer War left its mark most deeply, though it will always be a fair ground for argument whether it left it deeply enough. Certainly our cavalry have been splendid. They have adapted themselves to everything and been the general utility men of the Army. I have notes of one regiment which executed a famous "arme blanche" charge in the morning, fought as dismounted riflemen in the afternoon, and formed themselves into a gun-team to pull off deserted guns in the evening.

Since then they have spent a good deal of their time making and holding trenches. Such men cannot be improved upon, and if they, in their nimble suppleness, present a contrast to the armour-plated, top-booted



Part of the directing force of the armiss of three nations discuss the military situation comewhere behind the fighting-line in France. An exclusive photograph of members of the French, Belgian, and British Headquarters' Staffs at work in picturesque surroundings.

Continental types, it is once again to South Africa that we owe it. The British horseman has been trained to be both a cavalier who fights with cold steel, and also to be a mounted rifleman who uses his horse merely to give him mobility in reaching or changing the place of the fight. In theory the two types are really incompatible, since the one is always looking for good ground to charge over, and the other for broken ground to skirmish over. But practice often works out better than theory, and if the British cavalry have shown themselves to be good men off their horses, they have also never yet met their equals on their horses. The question will still arise, however, which system, ceteris paribus, gives the best result.

One curious illustration may be quoted which bears upon the subject. On the same morning two cavalry skirmishes were fought, of which I have full details though I may not yet record them. In the first a squadron of British lancers met a squadron of German Guard dragoons in a fair cavalry charge at fifteen miles an hour. They rode through each other, six or seven fell upon either side, and each wheeled to a flank as other forces were coming into the fray. That was an example of the arme blanche. Shortly afterwards a squadron of British hussars saw a hostile squadron approaching and at once dismounted. The Germans charged and were practically annihilated. Thirty-two dead or wounded were picked up in front

of the hussar line, and a number of the others who rode past were shot by the horse-holders. That was an example of the mounted riflemen. It is the latter type that has come to us through our South African experience.

One lesson we seem to have unlearned, and already we have paid a heavy price for it. It is that the officer should at fifty yards be indistinguishable from his men. His life is the most valuable of all, and yet we deliberately put him up as a mark. If, for the purpose of leading, his dress must be conspicuous, then let the marks be on the back of his collar. He should no longer be encumbered with a useless sword—an implement which should never have survived South Africa. Let him have a light rifle. He need not use it when his men require his attention, but in many situations they do not, and then he can be of use in the firing-line. But it is a shame to make him conspicuous, for it is a thing against which he is precluded from complaining.

I have been told—but I trust that it is not true—that in some Indian regiments the officers have a different headgear from the soldiers. This would seem a really monstrous thing if it be true. But it is the one conspicuous example of a lesson once learned and now entirely neglected.

Allun Comun Dogh

# Historic Words of Europe's Leaders in Great War

KING GEORGE V. (TO ADMIRAL JELLICOE.)

"At this grave moment in our national history I send to you, and through you to the officers and men of the Fleets of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they

will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."—August 4th.

#### SIR EDWARD GREY.

"If in a crisis like this we run away from those obligations of honour and interest as regards the Belgian Treaty, I doubt whether, whatever material gain we might have at the cnd, it would be of very much value in face of the respect that we should have lost. In the whole of this terrible situation the one bright spot is Ireland."-August 3rd.

#### MR. H. H. ASQUITH.

"If I am asked what we are fighting for, I can reply in two sentences. In the first place, it is to fulfil a solemn international obligation. Secondly, we are fighting to vindicate the principle, which in these days, when material force sometimes seems to be the dominant influence and factor in the development of 'mankind, that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith."—August 6th.

#### Mr. JOHN REDMOND.

" The Government can withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland to-morrow without the slightest risk of disorder. The Nationalist Volunteers are in comradeship with their friends in the North to defend the coasts of Ireland." -August 3rd.

#### PRESIDENT POINCARE.

"In the war upon which she is entering France will have on her side that right which no peoples, any more than individuals, may despise with impunity — the eternal moral power. She will be

heroically defended by all her sons, whose sacred union in face of the enemy nothing can destroy, and who to-day are fraternally bound together by the same indignation against the aggressor, and by the same patriotic faith. She represents once more to-day before the world, Liberty, Justice, and Reason. Haut les cœurs, et vive la France l"-August 4th.

#### KING ALBERT.

"Soldiers! Without the slightest provocation from us a neighbour, haughty in its strength, has violated the territory of our fathers. its independence threatened, the nation trembled, and its children sprang to the frontier. Valiant Valiant soldiers of a sacred cause, I have confidence in your tenacious

courage. Cæsar said of your ancestors: 'Of all the peoples of Gaul, the Belgians are the most brave.' Glory to you, Army of the Belgian people! Remember, men of Flanders, the Battle of the Golden Spurs! And you, Walloons of Liege, who are at the place of honour at

present, remember the six hundred men of Franchimont! Soldiers! I am leaving for Brussels to place myself at your head."-August 5th.

#### GENERAL JOFFRE, FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

(TO THE PEOPLE OF ALSACE.)

" Children of Alsace! After fortyfour years of sad waiting French soldiers are treading once more the soil of your noble country. They are the first workers in the great work of revenge. What emotion and what pride for them! To complete this work they are ready to sacrifice their life. The French nation unanimously spurs them on, and on the folds of their flag are inscribed the magical names of Right and Liberty. Long live France! Alsace!"—August 9th. Long live





Sir Edward Grey, British Foreign Minister.



William II., German Emperor.

(To Belgium.)

"Having been called upon by the most odious aggression to fight against the same adversary, your admirable sol-diers and those of France will bear themselves in all circumstances as

true brothers under arms. Confident of the triumph of their just cause, they will march to-gether to victory."—August IIth.

#### FRANCIS JOSEPH, AUSTRIAN EMPEROR.

"In this solemn hour I am fully conscious of the whole significance of my resolve and my responsibility before the Almighty. I have examined and weighed everything, and with a serene conscience I set out on the path to which my duty points."—July 29th.

#### THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

"The sword is being forced into our hand. I hope that if at last my efforts to bring our adversaries to see things in their proper light, and to maintain peace, do not succeed, we shall, with God's help, wield the sword in such a way that we can sheath it with honour."—August 1st.

#### HERR VON BETHMANN - HOLL-WEG, GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

"We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. wrong-I speak openly-that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought-how he is to hack his way through (wie er sich durchhaut) 1"-August 4th.

# The Moving Drama of the Great War

#### I.—The First Phase

Being the narrative of the great events that plunged Europe into armed conflict and the progress of hostilities in the battlefields of the East and West down to the great struggle for Calais

Europe lived in fear of war for five years before the fateful summer of 1914. The Treaty of Berlin, on which the peace of the Continent was founded, was suddenly torn up by Austria-Hungary and Germany in 1909 on the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. This was the opening move in a great scheme to absorb the Balkans and establish a Teutonic Empire, stretching from the North Sea to Constantinople, and across the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf. Ever since Austria in the seventeenth century repulsed the Turks from Vienna she has regarded herself as heiress to all the Turkish dominions.

#### Preparations for War and Efforts for Peace

On the other hand, since the days of Peter the Great the Russians have looked on Constantinople, the Holy City of their religion, as the future capital of their Empire. But the British Government prevented both Teuton and Russian from succeeding to the power of the Turks, and so dominating Britain's interests in the Mediterranean and lines of communication with India. This was one of the reasons for the extraordinary efforts made by the Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, to prevent Russia and Austria joining in the war between the Balkan States and Turkey. British vital self-interests, as well as the passion for freedom, make Britain the protector of the little independent nations of Europe. The Teutons, however, considered themselves superior in military power to their opponents, and when they learnt that France was improving her Army by a three-year system of service, and that Russia was turning her vast masses of troops into marksmen, they resolved to strike suddenly while they had the apparent advantage.

They were casting about for an excuse for hostilities when, on June 28th, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated by a Bosnian Serb, maddened by the annexation of his country. The Jewish Austrian Minister, Count Forgach—notorious for forging documents against the Serbs in the Agram trial—stated he had evidence that the assassination of the Archduke was engineered by Serbian officials.

#### Austrian Attempt to Bully Serbia

On this untrustworthy charge the Austrian Government tried to rob Serbia of her independence, and thus obtain the road to Salonica, which would give her the practical dominion of the whole of the Balkans. Under the leadership of Britain, all the disinterested Great Powers worked, quickly and strongly, to maintain the peace of Europe. But, pushed on by Germany, the Austrians declared war on Serbia on July 28th, and bombarded Belgrade. Russia, the protector of the small Slav State, then had to decide if she would sink peacefully into the position of a beaten Power and watch the Teuton Empire expand in overwhelming might or put everything to the hazard of battle.

On July 30th Russia began to mobilise against Austria, and on the following day Germany started her armies in motion by a declaration of a state of war. Her object was to concentrate and sweep down and conquer France, the ally of Russia, before any Russian counter-stroke could be made in force. Up to this point the British Empire did not seem to be vitally concerned in the awful conflict into which millions of men were being driven by the lust for dominion of the governing caste of the Teutonic races. But the universal ambition of the Prussians, and especially

of their leader, Kaiser Wilhelm II., had led them to attempt, among other things, to challenge our seapower, and to refuse the repeated offers made by our Government to stop the insane race for supremacy in naval armaments.

#### For Britain a War of Honour

The British Government had entered into an understanding with France whereby that country and Britain divided the work of meeting the naval menace of Germany. France undertook to protect British and French interests in the Mediterranean, and Britain undertook to mass her main fleet for the protection of British and French interests in the English Channel and the North Sea.

When, therefore, the Great War broke out, Great Britain was bound in honour to protect the northern coasts of France from invasion; and ancient treaties made her the protector of the neutrality of Belgium and Holland. So when, on August 3rd, a hundred thousand German troops crossed the Belgian frontier and advanced upon Liège, the British Government sent an ultimatum to Germany, and after a fine speech in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Grey, all parties united in a quiet, solemn resolution to enter into the Great War, and help to free the world from the savage, dishonourable, madly-ambitious power of Prussian despotism. War between Great Britain and Germany was declared on August 4th at 11 p.m.

#### Glowing Heroism of Belgium

The small, democratic Belgian nation showed at the beginning of the war how the spirit of freedom can suddenly lift up a people to the heights of heroism. Forty thousand Belgian troops, consisting of the 3rd Division and the 15th Mixed Brigade, met in the passages between the forts of Liège 150,000 German troops, consisting of the 7th, 9th, and 10th Army Corps, under General von Emmich. The Belgians were commanded by General Leman, who had been working for some years on the fortifications of Liège. These the Germans thought they would conquer in an hour and then sweep past them into France before the French mobilisation was complete. They began their attack on the morning of August 4th, and the battle went on with unabated fury for several days, till the slain Germans formed a ghastly rampart in front of the Belgian position.

Having achieved his object of stopping the German

Having achieved his object of stopping the German army, General Leman provisioned and garrisoned the forts, and then despatched the rest of his men to the main body of the Belgian Army that had now collected in the west, awaiting the arrival of its allies. In the meantime the forts of Liège remained intact, stopping the march of a million and a quarter German troops.

By way of diversion General Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief, sent a division of his soldiers into Alsace on August 9th. Finding an equal number of German troops entrenched outside the town of Altkirch, the French fixed their bayonets and took the position with the "white arm" with the extraordinarily small loss of about a hundred men. Then they advanced on the unfortified town of Mulhouse, which they took and held until large reinforcements came to the help of the Germans.

#### The Extended Battle-Front

Over a million and a quarter German troops of the first line were massed against an inferior number of French and Belgian troops on a battle-line stretching

from Diest in Belgium to Belfort in France. Large bodies of cavalry were scouting and fighting in the open space between the entrenched positions, with the object of finding a weak spot through which the main advance could be made. At Haelen, near Diest, a battle had taken place between the Belgians and the Germans as the latter were trying to turn the northern flank of the allied armies. The Belgians were as victorious in the open field as they had been in the trenches of Liege. There was another engagement at Eghezee, above Namur.

#### The Great Silent Naval Victory

In the meantime the British Fleet, under Admiral Jellicoe, had won the most surprising victory in the history of sea-power. Without a blow, save the repelling of an attack by a submarine flotilla in which H.M.S. Birmingham sank the German submarine U15, the British Fleet, in less than a week, had effectually strangled the sea-borne commerce of Germany, thus inflicting on that Power many of the consequences of a naval defeat. The German Navy had not ventured on an engagement of any magnitude, and Britain's only damage was the wreck of H.M.S. Amphion by a floating mine on August 6th, against which was placed the destruction of a German mine-layer, the Königin Luise, by British gunners on August 5th.

Luise, by British gunners on August 5th.

On the evening of August 14th the British Fleet, under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, had won without striking a blow another victory of high importance over the German Navy—the second most formidable instrument of sea-power in the world. For in spite of the menace of a large hostile fleet in being, with its scouting aeroplanes and secret submarines, Field-Marshal Sir John French disembarked at Boulogne, following the largest, finest British army ever landed on the Continent.

On the day when the last detachments of the British expedition landed at Boulogne the French mobilisation was completed. The forts at Liège were holding out, and the stubborn Belgian forces were still withstanding the German advance round Diest, a little town thirty-eight miles from Antwerp. Far in the south, on the crests of the Vosges Mountains, the French were turning the left flank of the Teutons, and acting against the Germans as the Germans were acting in the north against the Belgians.

#### Early Events in the Eastern Area

The Russians in the meantime were mobilising a full month ahead of the plans of the German War Staff. On August 16th a general advance of the Russian forces was made, and their pressure was felt along the Austro-Hungarian and German borders.

To add to the difficulty of the German western armies, few reinforcements came from Austria, which was wasting 400,000 men on the side issue in Serbia, where on August 18th they were routed by the Serbs with great loss.

Distractions of this kind in Austrian operations were what Bismarck and Moltke had always feared would occur if they entered on a European war with Austria as their ally. Risings among the Bohemians or Czechs also appeared to be weakening the offensive power of the Austrians in a very serious manner, and they were troubled with many mutinous Slav subjects.

In these circumstances the German War Staff devoted its entire efforts for eighteen days to forcing a way towards Brussels, preparatory to a descent upon France. While part of their van tried to sweep, by Liège, northward through Diest, other and larger bodies attempted to pass from the Ardennes across the Meuse between Liège and Namur, and between Namur and Dinant. This led to the first memorable conflict between the French and the Germans in Belgium on Satnrday, August 15th.

#### First Battle between French and Germans

The battle opened at six o'clock in the morning, with the Germans occupying the left side of the Meuse and the French the right bank. After a long skirmish

the French artillery obtained command of the situation, and under their effective fire a French infantry regiment flung itself on the Gcrman troops and chased them out of Dinant. Continually the deadly French batteries of thirty-six guns moved forward, and the Germans retired to the southern hills, where they were pursued for several miles by the Chasseurs. Considerable numbers of the enemy were drowned in the river while

trying to escape.

Giving over the road from Dinant, the Germans took an easier but slower route to their goal, and set about building boat bridges across the Meuse between Liège and Namur. Then, seeing the vast masses of troops they had crowded together in the Ardennes, it was only a question of time when they would arrive in sufficient force against the Belgian line to compel the Belgians to retreat. Of course, the French could have sent reinforcements to Jodoigne and Wavre, both near Louvain, against which the Germans began to press on August 16th and 17th. But General Joffre and the General Staffs of the allied armies had already resolved to let the Germans advance on Brussels as soon as they could overpower the small, brave Belgian army. The work of the Belgians throughout the first part of the campaign was to delay as long as possible the forward movement of the enemy.

#### The Fighting Retiral of the Belgians

The Belgians fought their last delaying battle at Aerschot, near Diest, on Wednesday, August 19th. After being repulsed on the previous day, the Germans resumed the attack with an outnumbering mass of infantry, supported by machine-guns. Outflanked on both sides, the Belgians kept their ground for two hours, fighting with desperate courage. Two regiments that had already covered themselves with glory at Liège held the forefront. But at last they were compelled to retreat on Louvain, leaving the road to Brussels open to the invader. So surrounded were the Belgians, that, in order to retire, they had to fling out a covering force of two hundred and eighty-eight men under Major Gilson. Only the wounded major and seven of his men returned. The Belgian army withdrew into the triple fortifications of Antwerp, and on Thursday, August 20th, the Germans entered Brussels.

While the Germans were thus pushing on in search of food, and the cheap glory of winning an undefended capital, the French in Alsace and Lorraine were effecting an important advance against the southern wing of the Teutonic host. Advancing in a series of sharp, severe engagements amid the rocky, wooded spurs and flooded valleys of the Vosges, they drove a wedge between the two great fortress towns of Metz and Strassburg in Lorraine. Then they strengthened their position in Alsace by retaking Mulhouse.

On Saturday, August 22nd, the Germans reached the Belgian iron-mining town of Charleroi on the Sambre, right against the battle-front of the Franco-British forces. These stretched from the hill town of Mons, east of Charleroi, to the frontier of the Duchy of Luxemburg. On Sunday, August 23rd, General Joffre attempted to smash up the entire German forces by a series of concerted attacks at five points along their far-extended line.

#### Contact with the British Force

To the British troops under Sir John French was assigned the vital, arduous task of preventing a much superior German force from driving in the left French flank. If the British soldiers failed to hold the enemy the French line would be crumpled up. They did not fail.

The British troops fought on high ground, and the Germans gathered for attack in a wood to the north-west of Mons, where their preparatory movements were concealed by the trees. The distance between the armies was about three miles, and there was a canal between them. The British gunners reserved their fire till the enemy, thinking the defence was weakening, swarmed out of the woods and advanced to the canal.



GUARDING BRITAIN'S FOOD SUPPLIES.

The Thames estuary, the gate of the port of London and the most important waterway on the east coast of Great Britain, was one of the main areas where precautionary measures were taken, and the river was swept constantly with searchlights from British destroyers to discover any enemy craft daring enough to enter.



#### THE FIRST PHASE

Then the British artillery opened fire, and the soldiers in the trenches, aiming coolly and quickly, brought the Germans down in thousands. The Germans had many more guns than the British, but the deadly infantry fire of the latter helped to make a balance, as the German

riflemen were not good shots.

The struggle lasted for thirty-six hours. Several times the German masses reached the canal, and then threw pontoons over the water. These, however, were destroyed by the British artillery. Six attacks on the British position were made by six fresh bodies of German troops, and close and desperate fighting took place in a village to the west of the town. Whole columns of German infantry fell, and their piled-up bodies blocked the streets.

#### General Joffre's Retreat

The invaders were continually reinforced. The British troops fought on against the fresh forces hurled against them, and would have held the field victorious, if events elsewhere had not weakened the allied front.

But the French army on the right had not been able to make good its offensive movements against the German lines. So on Monday, August 24th, the British had to retire from Belgium into France in order to keep in touch with their withdrawing comrades-in-arms.

General Joffre had divided his host into five armies. One army, on the right flank in Lorraine, acted around Nancy on the defensive. The other four French armies advanced at various points in a series of attacks upon the German front. None of these attacks was successful in piercing the German lines.

The principal French action took place in and around Charleroi, not far eastward from the British position. Five times the city was taken and lost by the French, and at last the Germans fired the houses to make the

place difficult to hold.

The Arab regiments from Northern Africa, known as Turcos, and the black troops from Senegal formed the larger part of the French army at Charleroi. The vehemence and fury of the Turcos' charges were astonishing. The Prussian Imperial Guard—the flower of Teutonic valour—had to be brought up to meet them.

But the French Commander-in-Chief was finally obliged to give over this magnificent offensive movement. The fall of Namur — held by insufficient Belgian troops, whom the French had been unable fully to reinforce—and the failure of the attack in the south through the Ardennes against the German lines of communication, made the French attack unavailing at the supreme point and critical hour.

Thus on the afternoon of Saturday, August 22nd, after three days of continuous fighting, the French withdrew from Charleroi, and the British troops at Mons moved in line with them, to prevent being isolated and enveloped

by the enemy.

Then, according to General Joffre, the British army, "by throwing the whole strength against forces which had a great numerical superiority, contributed in the most effective manner to securing the left flank of the French army. It exhibited," continued the French Commander-in-Chief, "a devotion, energy, and perseverance to which I must pay my tribute. The French Army will never forget the service rendered to it."

#### How the British Saved the Day

It appears that during the retirement from Mons to Lille and Maubeuge, and farther south between Cambrai and Le Cateau, the small, wearied, overworked British Expeditionary Force practically saved the vast French host from a grave disaster. By rapid marches its men reached the position of danger and the flank of the allied battle-line at Cambrai, after a continual battling retreat from Mons, in which the Guards Brigade at Landecries had fought with magnificent courage.

On Wednesday, August 26th, five German army corps, with a vast mass of cavalry—outnumbering the opposing British force by nearly three to one—were hurled against its flank position at Cambrai. The front was slightly turned, the defenders being pushed by sheer weight of

numbers a short distance to the rear. But the gallant Second British Army Corps, under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, saved the flanking of the French army, and inflicted great loss on the enemy.

The new front, at dawn on Friday, August 28th, still stretched for two hundred and fifty miles across France, barring the roads to Paris, and holding an attacking

position by the Vosges Mountains.

In spite, therefore, of the failure of the first French offensive movement, the intact main lines of the allied armies in France still offered battle to the advancing German host. And in Germany the position of the enemy was rapidly growing worse. For the Russians were driving on the enemy far in the east, with unexpected speed and strength.

#### Russian Raid into East Prussia

The first Russian army, under General Rennenkampf, invaded Eastern Prussia, and on August 22nd, after a two days' engagement, defeated 160,000 Germans at the town of Gumbinnen, and captured a large number of guns. The beaten German troops retired by forced marches to the fortress town of Königsberg, on the Baltic Sea. They abandoned, without firing a shot, their fortified position on the River Angerapp, and all the roads beyond the river were strewn with cartridges, shells, and knapsacks thrown away by the panic-stricken foe.

By forced marches the Russians, on August 27th, had driven a wedge between the German forces which were still being kept on the run towards Berlin. The advance-guard of the garrison of Königsberg was driven

in, and the great fortress was being invested.

At the same time another vast Russian host—four hundred miles away from East Prussia—was proceeding with equal success against Austria, and invading Galicia—a region of oil-fields, constituting the only source of oil supply still open to the Teutonic peoples.

#### The Retreat from Mons

But in the western field of war the German armies of invasion continued to sweep onward. From Friday, August 28th, up to Thursday, September 3rd, the left wing of the allied armies in Northern France fought a fierce, stubborn rearguard action against the advancing wing of the German host. By continual heavy sacrifice of men and weight of numbers the Germans again won ground against the British force and two co-operating French armies under the veteran General Pau and General d'Amade.

On Sunday, August 30th, the Allies retired from the valley of the Somme, and a battle raged for two days at the town of St. Quentin, where the enemy flung vast numbers into the field in order to force a wedge through the Franco-British position and secure a main route to

Paris

The Highland regiments, especially the Argyll and Sutherlands, who came fresh into the fight, fought magnificently alongside the French. The Germans, however, concentrated their finest army corps against us, and, despite some splendid delaying actions, the Franco-British left wing had to bend still further southward to avoid being outflanked by the Teutons.

On Tuesday, September 1st, when some of the Germans were at Compiègne, thirty miles from the outer forts of Paris, the British cavalry pushed back the hostile horsemen and captured ten guns. The next day was the anniversary of Sedan, and the Berliners celebrated it by parading all the guns captured from the allied armies. There were no British guns on show.

#### The Withdrawal on Paris

In the meantime the French were fighting gallantly and steadily along the centre and right wing of the immense battle-front.; and at the town of Guise, General Pau won a splendid victory over the centre of the army of invasion.

For more than a week vast masses of men rocked in incessant conflict round the Meuse, near the old battlefield of Sedan, in the French and Belgian Ardennes. The army of the Crown Prince of Germany was checked

#### THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

amid the woods, rocks, and streams of the upland country, where the French fought as in a siege operation, with a dogged courage unparalleled in their history. The main effort of both nations was made round the Upper

Meuse valley.

Early in the week a fresh German army swept down from Belgium to take the wedge-like French centre on the side of the wedge opposite to that where the fighting was going on; but the French also brought up an army at Rocroi to counter this stroke. So long as the French held the centre, the far-stretched German wing, battling against Sir John French and General Pau, could not continue to advance against Paris without the risk of being cut off from its main army. But at the end of the week the French centre, though still unbroken, fell back also towards Paris.

#### Fluctuating Success on the Russian Front

By way of relieving some of the pressure on the Franco-British battle-line in Western Europe, the Russian army in Prussia threatened a northward sweep movement towards Berlin. The Russian advance was more like a Cossack charge than the slow movement of a host of foot soldiers. Indeed, the region of East Prussia was conquered largely by the flower of Russian horsemen, who, at need, dismounted and fought as infantry. speed and dash of this gallant, adventurous relieving army were, however, obtained by a sacrifice of artillery power and of heavy infantry fighting force.

Well aware of this, the German Military Staff called out the garrisons of the fortress towns on the Vistula, and brought up reinforcements by rail. This fresh army, with an overpowering quantity of heavy artillery, surprised two Russian army corps near Osterode about September 1st, killing the Kussian commander, General Samsonoff, and inflicting grave losses on his troops.

The Russians, however, were not downcast by this temporary reverse. Hurrying up reinforcements, they maintained contact with the enemy, and continued their

advance on the north.

For news at once came from Petrograd - as St. Petersburg was now called-which inspired even the defeated Russian soldiers with joyful, mortal courage. Far to the south, in Russian Poland, the main military power of Austria-Hungary was broken by a sweeping, smashing Russian victory that seemed to open another

and shorter road to Berlin.

After a seven days' fight some miles to the east of Lemberg, the capital of the petroleum country of Galicia, the Russians on September 1st routed five Austrian army corps—about 250,000 men. The broken, flying troops abandoned 200 guns, lost 70,000 prisoners, and retreated in the wildest disorder. This great victory secured the southern line of communications of the main Russian host of a million or more men, waiting to advance towards Silesia, a centre of German industry. It also deprived all the Teutonic armies and navies of their only source of oil-fuel—the wells of Galicia.

#### The Battle off Heligoland

During all these land battles in Europe, the Allies were cheered by news of an important success by the British Grand Fleet off Heligoland on August 28th.

After British submarines had found the enemy's torpedo craft and cruisers off Heligoland, British destroyers raced out at dawn to battle. The German craft fell back to lure the hostile boats within the fire of the Heligoland forts. But the British commander was playing a more subtle game. His destroyers partly evaded the fortress, but offered themselves as victims to a distant squadron of German cruisers.
"It's the bleating of the kid excites the tiger."

German cruisers steamed out against H.M.S. Arethusa and her destroyer flotilla. In the misty morning it looked an easy task for the ships to sink every small

British craft visible.

Suddenly, out of the mist, and across the front of the battered destroyers, rushed the British First Cruiser Squadron. Concentrating their fire, they reduced the first big German ship, the Mainz, to a wreck of spouting flame. It was done in a minute. In three more minutes a second German cruiser, the Köln, was a mass of black fumes, from which spurts of fire flared out; and a third cruiser limped away, sinking. Two smaller German ships were also sunk.

Then the British Battle Cruiser Squadron arrived for the main naval action—which the enemy dcclined.

#### Arrest of the German Advance

On the evening of Sunday, September 6th, the great wave of the German campaign against France came to the turn. During a month the German advance had been carried on, growing in force and swiftness at a cost, it is reported, of 400,000 men. Great was the sacrifice, but at times it seemed worth it. On one occasion the whole Franco-British force had been in serious danger. But after the situation was saved at Cambrai, the retirement of the allied armies was purely strategical.

General Joffre could have fought a general battle at good advantage a few days after Cambrai, when General Pau repulsed the Germans at Guise. But the French Commander-in-Chief selected a different ground for his grand attack on the invader. This ground he reached south of Chalons, where the first Attila with his hordes

had been defeated in the year 451.

General Joffre's plan was to win half the battle before he struck a blow, by drawing a vast mass of the Germans into a trap. So, despite the chafing of his troops, he retired and retired again. Paris was the bit of cheese he left in the path of the German mouse. If the northern German army under General Kluck tried to approach Paris, it would be cut off from its centre and destroyed.

Though General Kluck saw the danger in time, and drew back, under a far-spread screen of cavalry, the general position of the whole German force still remained very insecure. A new French army was acting on the flank of Kluck's forces in a turning movement. Joffre at last had clean outplayed Moltke the Second, and the allied armies entered on the general battle with

superior positions.

The German commander tried to win back by force what he had lost through lack of skill. He flung his main troops on Sunday, September 6th, against the French centre, in a desperate attempt to wedge through the French armies, and then destroy them separately. But by the evening of that day the German attack had been repulsed. With this failure, the invaders' movement of advance came to a stop.

#### Counter-advance of the Allies

The French counter-advance began. For the first time since Napoleon was at the height of his power the Prussian was compelled to give way in a vast, decisive battle, to the Frenchman. Having driven back the enemy between Fère Champenoise and Vitry, the French centre on September 7th and the following days began a steady, slow, progressive movement against the German centre, pushing it back in a north-easterly direction.

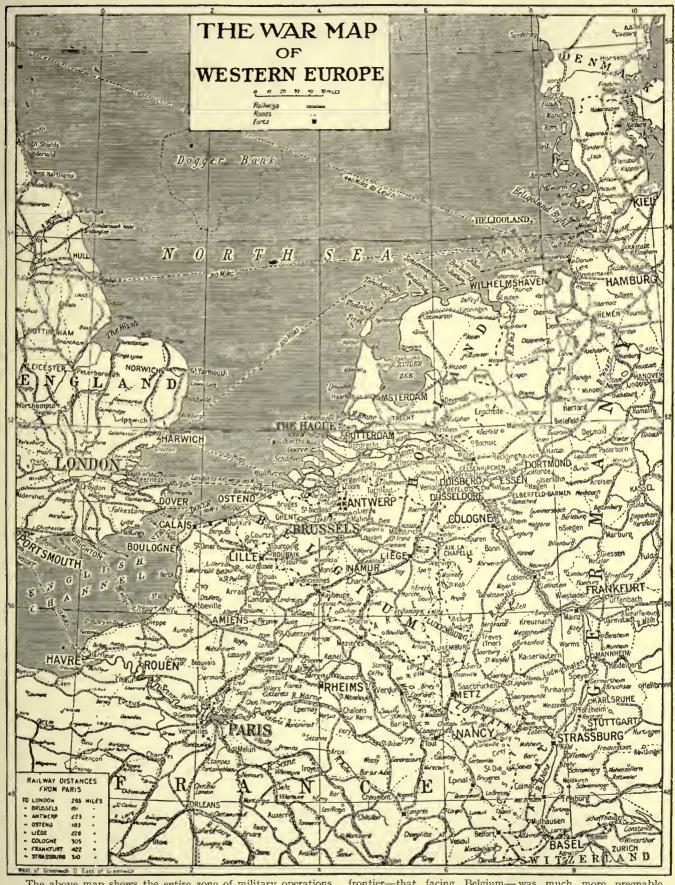
But neither of the opposing centres was the decisive place of action in the first part of the great battle. General Joffre was only holding the enemy's centre in a vigorous manner, and compelling him to put every available man into the fighting-line to prevent the German retreat becoming a German rout. On the eastern wing the same pressure was excrted for the same

General Kluck was getting into difficulties on the western flank of the German host, and the grand attack all along the line was fiercely, continuously kept up, so as to make it unsafe for the German centre to spare any

men to reinforce Kluck on the western flank.

#### British Teeth in the German Flank

Here the British forces, supported by two French armies, were preparing to deliver the mortal stroke in the When Kluck had withdrawn towards his centre, to avoid being cut off and shattered, the British followed him and opened their attack on September 6th, driving



The above map shows the entire zone of military operations in the Western campaign. The Franco-German frontier from Basel (or Basle) up to Luxemburg was the legitimate line on which Germany might have attacked France, but this frontier is strongly fortified on the French side, whereas France's northern

frontier—that facing Belgium—was much more pregnable. It will be noticed that the map also shows the distance between many British ports and many points on the Continent, which will enable the reader to appreciate the distance war vessels or aircraft had to journey in order to attack or invade Great Britain.

#### THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

him ten miles across the country. Their sideways flanking attack threatened not only to defeat and rout Kluck's army, but to drive across the back of the German centre and break up the entire Teutonic host, by cutting its lines of communication. At any cost the British attack had to be repulsed; but the German had to give way, with the British bayonet pricking the skin over his heart. By September 10th British troops had crossed the Marne, capturing guns and Maxims and taking prisoners. The enemy was driven back all along the battle-front, exhausted and suffering severely.

#### Austrian Rout in Galicia

At the same time, things were going disastrously for the Teutons in the eastern theatre of the Great War. While gathering for their lightning-like fall, the Russians allowed the main Austrian army to penetrate far into Russian Poland. Only such opposition was made as was necessary to shepherd the Austrian troops to the position at Lublin it was desired they should occupy. Then, on August 17th, two Russian armies quietly united far to the south of the Austrian position, while the main force of the Tsar collected four hundred miles away from the southern Russian armies. It was a daring bit of strategy, for it allowed the Austrians to concentrate against either of the two parts of the divided Russian force. But the thing was done with such secrecy that the Austrian commander did not learn of it till too late.

He placed a second army of 200,000 men round Lemberg, in his rear, to protect his main force at Lublin from being encircled by the northern and southern Russian hosts. But on September 3rd, after an eight-day battle, the second Austrian army was routed, and many of its men, all its stores, and most of its guns captured by General Russky, commanding the southern Russian forces. After sending out Cossacks to take and hold the main passes of the Carpathian Mountains, leading to Budapest, General Russky turned northward to carry out his original task of enveloping the main Austrian forces in the rear, while the northern Russian army ringed them round in the front.

Germany then intervened to save Austria-Hungary from rapid, complete destruction. She threw reinforcements into the Austrian force near Lublin, getting her troops through the lessening gap between the northern and southern Russian hosts. The Russians continued their vast enveloping movement, and at the same time menaced Central Germany with invasion.

#### Beating Back the Germans in France

Meanwhile, in the western field of war, the whole of the German line was beaten. It appears that when General Kluck swerved to attempt to envelop the French centre to the south-east of Paris, his scouts failed to inform him of the presence of the British army on his flank. It was this extraordinary oversight on Saturday and Sunday, September 5th and 6th, that mainly led to the disaster that overtook all the German forces.

Kluck had left a strong rearguard to keep off the Fifth French Army on his flank, but when, on Sunday, September 6th, the British army also joined in the flanking attack, the position of the daring Kluck became extremely perilous. He was compelled to give the order for a retreat just when his troops thought they were about to enter Paris.

The German general handled his disappointed men in a swift, skilful manner. One of his rearguards with machine-guns kept a British army corps at bay in the south by sweeping the river with a heavy fire. But in spite of the strong opposition, the British soldiers showed themselves as stubborn in attack as they had been in defence. Their heavy artillery fire seems to have dealt the decisive stroke. The big guns opened the path for the advance of the French flanking force to the north of Paris, and blew clean away the German defences in the more southern part of the position.

Then the British and the French infantrymen crossed stream after stream in fierce, irresistible bayonet charges that swept Kluck's army rapidly backwards.

Many German regiments broke into fragments, and hid in the woods below the vineyard country of Champagne. The rearguards were slain or captured with their guns and Maxims, and in the north the Sixth French Army began an enveloping movement.

#### General Joffre's Famous Order

Meanwhile, the French centre east of Paris had, with terrible energy, engaged the armies opposed to them. When the battle opened General Joffre issued the finest order ever given to soldiers. The sons of France were told that they must, for the sake of their country, either advance or perish in hundreds of thousands where they stood. In no part of the immense battle-front must there be a retreat.

The ancient, slumbering passion of the fight awoke in every Frenchman—"the French fury" never seen on a battlefield for a hundred years. No German could withstand it. As with the British, so with the French. In spite of all the principles of modern strategy, in spite of all the new, terrible, far-reaching, swift-working instruments of death, on the action of which those principles were based, the bayonet triumphed over gun, Maxim, rifle, bomb, and sabre.

German rearguards had to be thrown out as "bayonet fodder" to save the German armament, while a million grey-blue troops, their backs to their foes, turned away as fast as they could tramp or motor-lorries could carry them. The army of the Crown Prince tried to break a path of retreat to Metz by destroying Fort Troyon, one of the French defences between Verdun and Toul. But the fort was relieved before the Krupp howitzers could complete their work. The Crown Prince's army, therefore, had to join the general line of the German retreat, and help to choke the roads of communication and exhaust what stores of food and ammunition were available.

#### The German Stand on the Aisne

About Saturday, September 12th, the German armies decided to make a stand. They prepared a line of defence from Compiègne to Rheims. But their positions could not be held against the sweeping movement of the allied forces. So, changing the battle to another delaying rearguard action, the main German forces set about entrenching themselves a little to the rear, on a steep range of hills running north of the Aisne River.

When the allied armies approached to attack, and began to set their guns in position to clear the way for the infantry advance, Kluck acted with his old daring. Launching furious attacks on our unprepared lines, he tried to transform at the very last moment his retreat into a victory. Greatly adventurous, he singled out the British troops for this audacious attempt. But as his own men had not improved in marksmanship or bayonet work since Cambrai and the Battle of the Marne, they again fell in thousands. And the British army not only repulsed the attacks, but gained ground, winning some of the heights above the Aisne. Then vast German reinforcements, under Field-Marshal von Heeringen, arrived. At the same time the Germans also reinforced the Austrians in the eastern theatre of war.

#### Great Events in Galicia

The German reinforcement of 100,000 men arrived too late in Galicia to assist the million of Austrian troops in their battle against the Russians. On Saturday, September 12th, both the Germans and the Austrians were broken and routed, with the amazing loss of a quarter of a million men killed and wounded, and a hundred thousand captured, with an immense armament. The Austrians and Germans made their stand between the Vistula and Bug Rivers. They were assailed on three sides by the Russian armies, and fled.

Then a Teutonic stand was made on a line extending from Gorodok to the Dniester, from which an attack was vainly made against the Russian left. On September 12th the Russian left took the offensive, and swept clean away the remaining Austro-German force, which retreated to the fortress town of Przemysl. Here

#### THE FIRST PHASE

it was locked up, and far to the south the Serbs crossed the Save and took Semlin, and marched into Austria

to join forces with the Russians.

In a desperate attempt to save Austria-Hungary from complete destruction the Kaiser massed 800,000 mcn in East Prussia, and threatened Warsaw. A huge Russian army gathered in Poland for the clash that would decide the immediate fate of Silesia and Berlin.

#### Great Contests of Rival Artillery

After the Battle of the Aisne opened on September 12th we came to understand the conditions of modern warfare as the Russians and Japanese understood them in the Manchurian campaign. The power and range of heavy modern artillery and the destructive effect of modern machine-guns had enabled the Germans quickly to turn a region of trenched, hilly country into a fortress.

The battle changed into a siege. The rifleman and cavalryman suddenly lost their importance, and the gunner became the master of the situation, with scouts to assist him in finding the enemy's hidden batteries and take the range. For two weeks the vast siege operations were conducted in the most trying circumstances. Rain filled the trenches and tested the staying power of the soaked, chilled foot soldiers to the limits of human

endurance.

Yet slowly and stubbornly the Allies gained ground. For a week from Friday, September 18th, their splendid troops made gradual unceasing progress in various directions. The movement was heralded by a bombardment by their heavy artillery, which had a terrifying

effect on the enemy.

At least one quarter of the striking force of the German invading armies had fallen, and the reserve and militia who took their place were badly shaken by big guns. On the night of September 18th some of the patched-up infantry regiments were launched against the allied line, while artillery played on the Allies' trenches. But there was no vigour in this counterattack. At two o'clock in the morning the new German infantrymen had their lesson and retired.

#### Repeated German Failures

On Saturday, September 19th, the German siege-guns again tried to blow a path for their men through the opposing front. But as soon as their troops came within range of the hostile rifle fire they turned back. During a burst of sunshinc on the afternoon of the following Sunday their officers led them out again. This time they were permitted to get so close that many of them did not return.

They came on with bands playing, to be hailed with delight by their enemies. The sight of a distant row of spiked helmets was a deep joy to the British soldier after long, trying hours of inaction in the trenches under shell fire. The British soldiers were not dismayed by the immense shells from the German siege-guns, that exploded in columns of black, greasy smoke. Their marksmanship when the spiked helmets approached was as deadly as at Mons and Le Cateau, and the unfortunate German reserve and militiamen who lived through

it were pretty nearly demoralised.

Only the heavy artillery that the Germans had collected for the siege of Paris enabled them to prevent the gradual retreat from becoming a rout. The battle consisted mainly in a duel between great guns over three or more miles of country. The allied armies were inferior in numbers of troops, and inferior in heavy-gun power. So progress was slow but deadly. In some places the road of advance was paved with dead enemies. By September 23rd Peronne was won, and an important railway communication cut, thus diminishing the Germans' supplies of food and ammunition.

#### Russian Progress in Galicia

It is one hundred and fifty miles from Lemberg, the scene of the first smashing Russian victory, to Cracow, the key to the new position. By September 19th the southern armies of the Tsar had covered half the distance with their

heavy siege-guns and were bombarding the fortress city of Jaroslav. Jaroslav was stronger than Liège, which stayed the march of a million Germans for some weeks; but so fierce and pressing was the Russians' attack that they stormed the forts on September 21st. There then remained only Przemysl in their path. This town, however, was the principal fortress of Austria, and it could only be reduced by a regular investment and siege. By the time Jaroslav was taken the investment of the Austrian Gibraltar was begun.

In the meantime other portions of the victorious forces were pursuing the beaten Austro-German armies, keeping the Teutons continually on the move, and herding them into the space west of Przemysl. The storming of Jaroslav gave the victors free passage across the River San and enabled them to enter the country in which the defeated Austrians and Germans had taken refuge. This entrance was accomplished by Tuesday, September

22nd.

Nothing like this vast movement of pursuit had been seen since Napoleon beat the Prussians at Jena and then flung his victorious armies over the length and breadth of Prussia, where, in twenty-four days, they completed the work begun on the battlefields. No engines of destruction can annihilate a million men in a day or in a single battle. What a decisive victory leads to is a long, close pursuit, during which the conquerors wear down the fighting power of the fleeing host.

#### The Debacle of Austria

The immense length of a modern battle-front makes an operation like Sedan almost impossible. The enemy has to be turned or broken, and then harried into a demoralised mob. By Friday, September 25th, the state of the main Austrian forces was such that discipline had almost disappeared. The soldiers were out of hand and disobeying their officers, and the officers had lost faith in their generals and Military Staff. Between the beaten mob west of Przemysl and the other defeated Austrian and German armies near Cracow there was an interval of thirty-four miles, and the Russians were pressing the stricken masses with unabated fury.

By way, apparently, of drawing off the southern Russian force from its terrible pursuit, the German General Hindenburg advanced with something like eight hundred thousand men from East Prussia, driving General Rennenkampf before him. Hindenburg invaded the western provinces of Russia, but effected nothing beyond the destruction of a few villages. The threat to Rennenkampf's force was more than balanced by the movement of the southern Russian armies

against the German province of Silesia.

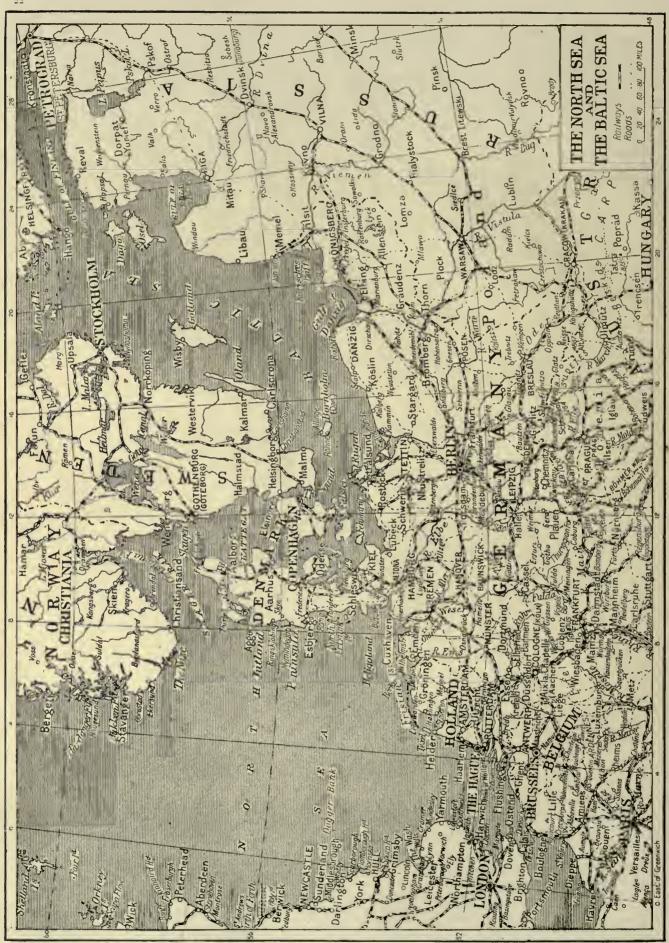
#### Three British Cruisers Torpedoed

On sea the Germans had a temporary success against British scouting naval forces. The misty weather on Tuesday, September 22nd, was similar to that in which Admiral Beatty conducted his skirmish off Heligoland. On this occasion, however, it was the Germans who got home. Three old British cruisers—the Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy—were making rendezvous with some light cruisers and destroyers twenty miles off the Hook of Holland. A German submarine got close enough in the mist to torpedo the Aboukir.

The Cressy and Hogue stood by and lowered their boats to save the drowning crew. The submarine had now an easy mark in the two stationary ships; she chose the Hogue and quickly sank her. Then for an hour and a half the Cressy dodged and sought for a sign of the submarine, with guns loaded ready to fire at the emerging conning-tower of the enemy. The Cressy, however, was torpedoed just as she saw her attacker.

#### The Fortress Warfare above the Aisne

The genius of General Joffre was finely displayed in the battles along the Aisne. Finding the enemy in a terribly strong fortified position, the commander of the Allies wasted no mcn in great frontal attacks against siege artillery and machine-guns. He turned the tables on the German commander, and compelled



the enemy to quit their natural fortress and come out

and be shot.

Day and night in the last week of September the outmanœuvred Germans sallied forth in dim, grey masses towards the British and French entrenchments. There they were shelled and shrapnelled and shot in tens of thousands, till their dead and wounded strewed the autumnal landscape.

The French gunners were the masters in all the daylight battles. They spied the progress of their infantry by means of the red-striped trousers, and kept up a deadly fire on the advancing or retreating enemy. In deadly fire on the advancing or retreating enemy. the meantime the German artillery, losing sight of their invisibly-clad infantrymen, ceased firing for fear of hitting their own distant troops. So the little French 3 in. gun ruled the battlefield. All that the French infantryman lost by his trousers was recovered twentyfold by his artillery supports.

#### A Great Encircling Movement

The reason why the Germans along their centre had to waste their strength and then lose the advantage of their position by a continued series of wild, fierce sorties against the Franco-British trenches is found in a distant part of the battlefield. By September 25th a great encircling movement on the left French wing was in progress. At the town of St. Quentin there was a violent struggle between the northernmost French armies and a large German force that had hurriedly been brought by train from Lorraine and the Vosges.

General Joffre was proceeding against the German wing as Kluck had tried to proceed against the British Expeditionary Force in the same region after the retreat from Mons. A ring of steel was being riveted round the Germans. Each side flung trainloads of fresh troops on the opposing flank, in order to lengthen and strengthen the line and enable it to make the fatal hook round the enemy, and then advance and roll

up his entire battle-front.

In the meantime both commanders-in-chief wanted to test the hostile centre, to see if it had been weakened in the extending wing, and if so to break it. But Joffre's grip was so strong on the wing that he remained passive in the centre. That was why the Germans had vainly to sacrifice themselves in tens of thousands on the Aisne in an attempt to break the Franco-British front. Menaced on the western flank, repulsed in the centre, they tried to force a path through the line of French forts on the east. But they were not in sufficient strength, and were hurled far back from their original position. By October 1st everything seemed to show that the Allies were winning ground at the critical point.

At that time the influence of the fresh reinforcements at the danger point around St. Quentin was admitted by the famous commander, and Berlin was warned that a retirement might be necessary. The line of the German left wing, that had been facing westward for some time, was at last bent back by incessant, violent attacks

of the allied armies.

Battles of Heavy Artillery

Field-Marshal von Heeringen, who had displaced Kluck as commander of the German right wing, flung his troops in masses against the enveloping line of the advancing Allies; but his heavy siege-artillery, throwing its terrible shells from inaccessible platforms far in the rear of the struggle, was no longer the dominating factor on the battlefield. As in the South African War, when ordinary batteries were outranged by the Boer "Long Toms," the Navy came to the assistance of the Army. By the close of September extremely powerful naval guns had been hauled across France and placed behind the allied firing-line, and thus the balance in leavy armament was turned against the invaders.

By way of obtaining some compensation for their unexpected reverses in France and Russia, the Germans in the last week of September brought a large number of their heavy siege-guns through Belgium, preparatory to an attempt to conquer and annex the entire Belgian

Some achievement had to be accomplished territory. to hearten the Berlin mob and intimidate the British The capture of the entire coast-line and ports of heroic Belgium seemed the easiest work of this kind. So it was begun by an attack on Antwerp, where the Belgian army was in force.

After a terrible bombardment the unfortified cathedral town of Malines was occupied by the Germans under cover of night on Sunday, September 27th. The next day three of the outer ring of the Antwerp forts—Waelhelm, Wavre, and St. Catherine—were shelled by the enemy's siege-guns. The fine Belgian army of 120,000 men occupied the entrenchments between the forts, and beat back a series of fierce attacks along the Scheldt. By October 1st Antwerp was invested, and the forts were subjected to an incessant bombardment from dawn to sunset.

#### Late September on the Russian Front

In Russia matters were as menacing for the Germans as in France. On Monday, September 28th, eight hundred thousand Germans, under General Hindenburg, gathered over the border of East Prussia, round the town of Suwalki. Forests, swamps, and lakes protected them to the south, and to the north a thickly-wooded plain was held by their outposts. The aim of Hindenburg was to force the river passages of the Niemen in front of him, and thus cut some of the Russian communications.

On the coast of Courland a fleet of German cruisers and transports were waiting to land another army of invasion on Russian soil. But this could not be safely done until the passage of the Niemen, far to the southwest, was forced. On the river the Russian position was strengthened by the resistance of the temporary fortress at Osowiec, and on September 29th the Russians, instead of acting on the defensive, attacked amid the marshes and lakes south of Suwalki. After stubborn fighting two positions on the German front of one hundred miles were captured by our allies, who drove the enemy's troops a day's march back to Prussia. Half a German corps was killed or wounded.

Meanwhile Galicia was swept clean of Austrians, the last remnant of their troops having sought refuge amid the fastnesses of the snow-crowned Carpathians. The main military force of Austria-Hungary, together with three German army corps that had shared their defeat and rout, were being pursued to Cracow. At the same time two columns of the immense, victorious Russian army of the south swept over the Carpathians and broke a Hungarian force on the River Ung, capturing its guns and stores.

They descended on September 30th into the plains of Hungary on the road to Budapest and Vienna. By the beginning of October it looked as though Austria and Hungary would fall apart. The German Military Staff had to make a supreme effort to save their allies and their own eastern flank from the Russian attack.

#### One Connected Battle on East and West

On October 1st, two months after the first movement of German troops towards Luxemburg, one immense connected battle raged in and around the lands of the Teutonic Empires. The allied front stretched from Holland to Courland and the march of Eastern Prussia. In the middle it was broken by the neutral territories of Switzerland and Italy. But to the west of Italy the Serbian advance formed another part of the front, with a lessening gap between it and the Russian columns that had invaded the Hungarian plain.

Then, from the Carpathian heights, the main Russian Army stretched through Poland, by Warsaw, to Courland. The total number of Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and races under Teutonic rule possibly amounted to six and a half millions of active fighting men. Opposed to them were Russian, French, Serbian, British, Indian, Belgian, and Montenegrin forces of something like seven million troops, all entrenched or marching to battle or violently fighting.

The general position on the vast European battle

#### THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

front on Saturday, October 3rd, was that the Teutons were beginning seriously to feel the pressure of the superior numbers massed around them. The Kaiser was perplexed by the situation he had created. He rushed from Nancy in France to Graivo in Russia; then returned from Graivo to Cologne, having seen half of one of his army corps slain at Nancy and two broken in the marshes beyond Graivo.

By this time neither General Joffre in the west nor the Grand Duke Nicholas in the east was fighting in a national way. Each of these supreme commandersin-chief was basing his strategical movements on the general European situation. What they had chiefly in mind was the German system of railways, that connected with both their fronts, and enabled the German Military Staff to shift their offensive power rapidly from either side.

#### Pressure in the East to Help the West

Thus General Joffre's immediate task of lengthening his northern line so as to outflank the forces of Heeringen's was of secondary importance. The conditions of a great Franco-British victory had first to be assured in Russian Poland by a mighty movement on the western bank of the Vistula, which would engage the millions of Germans and Austrian troops assembled there, and so make it impossible to send any of them to reinforce Heeringen in Northern France.

For this reason General Rennenkampf's victory over the Prussian armies on the Niemen helped to ease the position of affairs on the Franco-Belgian frontier, a thousand miles away. By October 6th the broken German host, flying from the swamps and woods round the Niemen, had been reinforced by the garrison of Königsberg, and had re-formed along the Prussian frontier. Their reinforcements could not restore to

them their offensive power.

Around Warsaw, and between Warsaw and the German frontier, the Grand Russian Army had been collecting for two months. It was its southern wing, under General Russky, that had captured Lemberg. But no advance could be made towards the main road to Silesia until the German army in East Prussia, which threatened a flank attack, had been beaten back and retained. This is what General Rennenkampf accomplished by the beginning of October. With part of the northern wing of the Grand Army he assured the safety of its centre.

So the Russian centre—the mightiest instrument of war ever known to man—began on October 4th to move onward. With gigantic feelers of Cossack cavalry and light horse artillery it felt along the Vistula for its enemy, testing every hostile position by innumerable fierce, determined skirmishes. Here and there, where the Germans were in force, they were able to telegraph to Berlin news of a victory—such a victory as the Austrians won by the score till they were defeated.

#### The Hail of Shell on Antwerp

The pressure of Russia on Germany told on the Belgians in Antwerp. There were probably 125,000 German and Austrian troops round Antwerp on Tuesday, October 6th. For some days they had been investing the Belgian river port and reducing its southernmost forts near Malines by shell fire. Their first intention seems to have been to blow a path by the Austrian 12 in. howitzers through the triple circle of fortifications and slowly advance by trench work along this opening into the city. But by October 7th they found that this cautious, regular method of approach was too slow. For good reasons the city had to be captured at once. So they gave notice of a general bombardment, which opened the following day. Instead of fighting against the Belgian army and the forts, the Germans began to rain death upon the non-combatants.

For in the south of Belgian the ablest of German generals—Heeringen—was getting into serious difficulties. The French Commander-in-Chief had compelled him to stretch his lines for another hundred miles from the Aisne River to the Belgian frontier. This could not

be done without additional large forces of infantry, horsemen, and guns. For some weeks every man that could be spared in the Teutonic territories had been hurried to the help of Heeringen, and thrown into the battle-line to force back the encircling French movement.

But by Saturday, October 3rd, there were no fresh troops available to meet the Indian soldiers and their French comrades-in-arms round the Belgian frontier. Heeringen could only shift some of his million men from point to point, and diminish his strength in the south in order to prevent his northern line from giving way. While bringing up troops from Lorraine and around Verdun he was running great risks. What he wanted as a reinforcement was the German army round Antwerp. It was to free this army for service against the Franco-British front that the attack on Antwerp was suddenly quickened and made more savagely brutal. Rennenkampf's success in the Niemen had stopped all Heeringen's sources of fresh troops.

#### Sway of Battle in North France

In the meantime General Joffre was proceeding calmly and in silence on his double task of keeping in concert with the great Russian movement in the east and maintaining and strengthening his own position in the west. All along the fortified entrenchments of the Aisne the stress of battle was mitigated. The Germans awoke to the fact that by making violent counter-attacks against prepared positions they were playing into the hands of the Allies. They had wasted thousands of men who were now sadly needed farther along the still extending line. So they remained passive along the Aisne, and two Highland regiments captured some of their trenches.

During the first week in October the northern section of the battle-front, from the heights north of Compiègne to the plain east of Lille, was the scene of the most violent fighting in the campaign. For a hundred miles German troops and Austrian gunners, French and Indian horsemen, infantry and artillerymen swayed to and fro amid the continual roar of cannon and scream

of shell.

In Picardy on Monday, October 5th, when Britain's Indian reinforcements entered on their first historic fight on a European battlefield, things were going badly in places with the Allies. But the lost ground was recovered by a tremendous effort of heroism, and the cavalry charges reached into Belgian territory. Far in the south, where the German line had been weakened, the French were making deadly progress.

#### Bombardment Warfare on the Aisne

On October 15th, a full month after the retreating Germans made their stand by the River Aisne, the position of affairs on this part of the battle-front was almost unchanged. In four weeks the allied armies had only advanced one mile or two, taking the first earthworks of the invader. Far, however, from the Battle of the Aisne being over, the new positions of the Germans at the middle of October seemed to be stronger than their first lines. They showed no signs of yielding ground in their new open-air fortress.

All along the front the bombardment continued day

All along the front the bombardment continued day and night, the opposing guns throwing shells at each other across the river valley, and changing shell for shrapnel when a movement of the hostile infantry was noticed. The troops, for the most part, sprawled or crouched in muddy holes in the earth, getting an occasional shot at a very cautious enemy. Neither guns nor rifles did much harm. An attack of muscular rheumatism was the chief danger in the allied trenches, while enteric fever ravaged the foul German earthworks.

Meanwhile the German army, that had been brought up to the strength of two millions and a half of men, was endeavouring to make new use of its enormous train of siege-artillery. The strong line of French fortresses on the eastern frontier, from Verdun to Toul and Belfort, was assailed on the Meuse by an army from Metz and by the army of the Crown Prince in the Forest of





Yard by yard the Anglo-French troops (as the French Minister of War courteously called the allied forces) vigorously and sternly resisted the overwhelming German forward movement, and scence similar to this, with burning buildings and broken bridges, were to be seen on the Sambre and other rivers of the Belgian-French borderland. AN INCIDENT IN THE HARD-FOUGHT RETREAT FROM BELGIUM: BRITISH TROOPS ON THE RIVER BANK PREPAKED TO RESIST THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

Argonne in the north. But the French had been taught a lesson by the unexpected fall of their fortress at Maubeuge. Their great eastern fortresses were practically abandoned; the garrisons constructed new earthworks, like those on the Aisne, far in advance of their forts, moving many of their guns out into hidden shelters under the open air.

#### The Right Wing of the Allied Line

A chain of eastern fortifications, with movable artillery behind them in concealed positions, stretched from Switzerland to the province of Picardy in Northern France. All this was an immense advantage to General Joffre. He was able to fight as Wellington did from the lines of Torres Vedras, in the Peninsular War. He had, moreover, something like two million men along the front, with another million or more Territorial reserves.

front, with another million or more Territorial reserves. At Verdun and other critical points scattered masses of his troops operated in advance of their lines and defeated all the German attempts to envelop the forts. In the Forest of Argonne and along the heights of the Meuse, between Verdun and Toul, the French mountain troops fought continually amid the trees and rocks, in a fierce, wild, irregular kind of warfare, in which the dash, skill, and initiative of the French soldier told heavily against the docile, over-disciplined German trooper. By the middle of October thousands of Germans had been ambushed or outflanked round Verdun and between Verdun and Toul. The invaders were farther away from the frontier barrier than they had been in August.

The strongest point in the German front was the angle near Compiègne, where the Aisne flows into the Oise. Within this angle Heeringen could shift his forces rapidly from one side to the other, while the allied commanders had to bring their troops slowly over a larger distance round the outside of the angle. This, therefore, was the region in which the German general made his fiercest, swiftest attempts to pierce the allied line.

The towns and villages north of Compiègne became places of constant call for both Germans and French. Usually the Germans paid the first visit. Their cavalry and airmen came to see if the way were clear. If not, the gunners cleared the way and the infantry advanced. Then, from a neighbouring hill, the 3 in. French quickfirers played on the infantry, while the heavier guns, somewhere on the horizon, shelled the German batteries. When the German guns were beaten the German army retired into its holes. By the middle of October the swaying movement of attack and counter-attack at the strongest point in the German front appeared to have been firmly settled by a French victory all round the perilous angle. Only a large reinforcement of good quality could have enabled General Heeringen to resume the offensive.

### Extension of the Battle-line to the Sea

The offensive, however, was retained by General Joffre. He moved many of his best troops from south of Lille into Belgium on a great turning movement that threatened at first the German right wing. Early in October the Germans countered the blow. The British army was then moved from the Aisne into Belgium. There, linked with the Indian troops and the French, it drove back the Germans, and reached the lovely old Flemish city of Ypres on October 14th.

Flemish city of Ypres on October 14th.

Had the first attempt to envelop the German right been as vigorously pressed as was the later advance on Ypres, the Belgian army in Antwerp might have stood their ground, for the services of the German forces besieging the Flemish river port would have been urgently needed round Lille. As it was, the Germans were able to support their great siege-howitzers, firing from Malines on the Antwerp forts, by four army corps, while another 50,000 men moved eastward from Brussels to block the retreat of the Belgian army between Ghent

It was this blocking movement, effected on Thursday, October 8th, that brought about the downfall of Antwerp. The defending army, reinforced by three brigades of British Marines and sailors with naval guns, could still have held back the assailers for some time longer. But as General Joffre could not guarantee an immediate advance towards Ghent, King Albert decided to ensure the safety of his army at the expense of Antwerp.

On the night of Thursday, October 8th, the main body of Belgian and British forces crossed the Scheldt under the protection of the forts still firing on that side of the town. Then began in the darkness, lighted by the flaming suburbs of the falling stronghold, the great march to the sea. Up to Sunday, October 11th, rearguard fighting occurred to the east of Ghent. Some 20,000 Belgian soldiers, including 2,000 British troops, were misled by a spy, and escaped surrender only by crossing into Holland and laying down their arms. But the main allied forces arrived weary but intact at Ostend with their guns.

The main army of Germans in Belgium lost much valuable time by parading in triumph through the empty streets of Antwerp. Though they afterwards moved on Ghent, collecting 100,000 men there for a sweep eastward towards Calais, the plan was carried out too slowly. By October 12th the Allies had turned and opened battle round Ghent, and Franco-British forces were occupying Ypres.

### Check of German Advance on Warsaw

In the eastern theatre of the Great War the German advance on Warsaw was suddenly checked on Tuesday, October 13th. The Germans were only ten miles from the old Polish capital when the Russians attacked on the left bank of the Vistula and drove their enemies back for thirty miles. Five million men were reported to be under the Russian colours. Their front stretched across Poland, following the course of the Vistula, then bent down towards the Austrian frontier, and extending along the Carpathian Mountains into Hungary. Behind this front were vast bodies of reserves. The Germans had in Russian Poland four great armics that began to advance on September 27th by different routes, converging to the point at which a decisive blow was to be struck. This point was Warsaw. At the same time a large German-Austrian force operating from Cracow endeavoured to reconquer Galicia. Under such circumstances the hugest of human conflicts began.

The Russian commander handled the Germans as he handled the Austrians. He had arranged it, at the end of August, so that Austria-Hungary was drained of her military power on Russian soil, where there was no gridinon of railway communications to support the defeated invaders. In the same manner he began in the middle of October to sap the strength of Germany, after drawing his prey far out into the roadless mud of Russian Poland.

### Russian Use of German Spies

Gerinan spies in Warsaw were protected by the Russian commander. He allowed them to see everything, and report to their masters that Warsaw was very weakly defended. This happened on October 15th, when a German host of 300,000 men were close to the Polish capital. On the Russian Military Staff there was a brilliant student of the workings of the Teutonic mind. At a stroke he transformed the German system of espionage into a Russian instrument of strategy.

When the spies had done their work of misinformation, purposely disseninated by the Russians, they were shot. Enormous reinforcements of Russian troops, ready for battle, and concealed to the north of Warsaw, were then lined along the Vistula. The Germans advanced, confident of having found the weak point in the Russian front. A panic broke out in Warsaw, perhaps with the encouragement of the military authorities, and gave the invaders increased confidence. But when they tried to cross the Vistula to enter Warsaw on October 17th they were suddenly flung back for twenty miles on one wing and thirty miles on the other. Next day they violently counter-attacked, only to be more violently repulsed.

Crossing the Vistula in turn, the Russians swung forward on a line stretching from Warsaw to Ivangorod. Fed by the continual reinforcements, this line rapidly grew in length and strength, and curled round the fortified entrenchments to which the Germans had withdrawn. On the night of Tuesday, October 20th, the 300,000 invaders abandoned their position and fled towards their own distant frontier. The Grand Duke Nicholas then ordered a general attack. As the Germans retreated on their eastern front before the victorious Russians, they vainly tried to advance on their western front against the Belgians.

### Belgian Defence of the Yser

The heroic Belgian army, after arriving intact at Ostend, did not wait long for its revenge upon the ravagers of its country. After a brief period in which the troops from Antwerp rested and refitted, while French Marines guarded the dune-lands by the sea, the Belgians entrenched on the little canalised River Yser, about eleven miles south of Ostend. Here, in a wild region of blown sand, rising into innumerable hillocks and falling into countless hollows, a German army of 40,000 men from Ghent advanced, confident of an easy victory.

The Kaiser's plan—openly announced in the German Press—was to sweep down by the sea-shore on to Dunkirk and Calais, and then turn inland in a great hooking, enveloping movement against the Franco-British left wing that stretched northward to Ypres. With this view the Germans seized Ostend, and then began their wide-fronted march along the coast. The battle opened on Sunday, October 18th, with an action at Middelkerke, a few miles south of Ostend, between the Belgian advance guard and the German army.

It was the most extraordinary fight in the history of the human race. It was fought on land and on water, in the clouds and under the waves. Three new miniature British battleships—the monitors Severn, Humber, and Merscy—steamed into the shallow shore water and shelled the German batteries and shrapnelled the German troops, while British flying machines swept over the encmy's trenches and fought with German flying men.

The monitors were built in Britain for the Brazilian Government, for service as river warships. They draw less water than a destroyer, and yet possess a mightier armament than a light cruiser. They were a new type of fighting-machine, and the British Government had taken them over at the outbreak of the war for just such a purpose as they were now fulfilling. They had large, powerful guns and deadly howitzers. Our aerial scouts directed the fire of these surprising monitors.

The German land batteries were practically powerless against their new adversaries. The British sailor-men, sheltered in armoured turrets on moving ships had only two casualties, a man and a boy wounded, in the Middelkerke action. The Germans fell in hundreds. To defend them, German submarines appeared on the coast and launched torpedoes at our monitors. But a monitor only skims the water, and the torpedoes went under the keel. Moreover, there was a strong flotilla of British destroyers protecting our latest weapons of sea-power.

#### Battle for the Road to Calais

On Tuesday, October 20th, the main battle for the coast began at Nieuport, where the Belgians were entrenched for twenty miles along the canalised banks of the Yser to Dixmude, and beyond towards Ypres. The Germans brought up mobile heavy artillery and were certain of blowing their way through the Belgian trenches, as they had done outside Antwerp. Here it was that the three British monitors proved of priceless value in the defence. They were forts of huge strength that could dodge the fire of the German batteries with the speed of a cyclist. The German batteries, on the other hand, had to be horsed and slowly shifted, under the eyes of British aerial scouts. The British naval gunner was absolute master of the situation. He smashed the German artillery, blew German regiments to bits, and left his ally—the Belgian soldier—in a position of tremendous advantage.

At Dixmude, where the fire of the monitors hardly told, the Belgian army gallantly held its position. In the meantime, like a knife, swinging in a circular movement on the pivot of Dixmude, the Belgians by the shore, reinforced with British machine-gun sections from the battle-squadron, swept up the coast towards Ostend. British monitors, destroyers, and flying men formed the right advance guard that shelled a path for them, with the German submarines still vainly showing their periscopes to aim their torpedoes. By Wednesday, October 21st, the last desperate enveloping movement made by the German Commander-in-Chief to save his lines of communication seemed to have failed.

#### Operations near Lille

For the Allies still held the wedge firmly driven into Belgium to the north-west of Lille. The River Lys, flowing northward from France to join the Scheldt at Ghent, was the path by which the British, Indian, and French armies were advancing. On October 22nd they occupied the level country between the Yser at Dixmude and the Lys at Menin, and a violent battle was going on some ten miles north of the entrenched front. There the great cavalry charges, in which French, British, and Indian horsemen bore down the entire mounted forces of Germany's western armies, had been displaced by artillery duels and slow infantry movements.

The battle around Lille was long and terribly violent. In places the Allies fought their way forward, house by house. Their riflemen then lost the houses they won through the enemy bringing his quick-firing guns to bear, but afterwards recovered the shelled ruins by the advance of their own artillery. Slowly but continually the Germaus were beaten back. General Joffre, with grim, patience, was gradually bleeding Germauy white—as Bismarck once threatened to bleed France. The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, on the other side, did the hammering.

#### The Great Battles of Poland

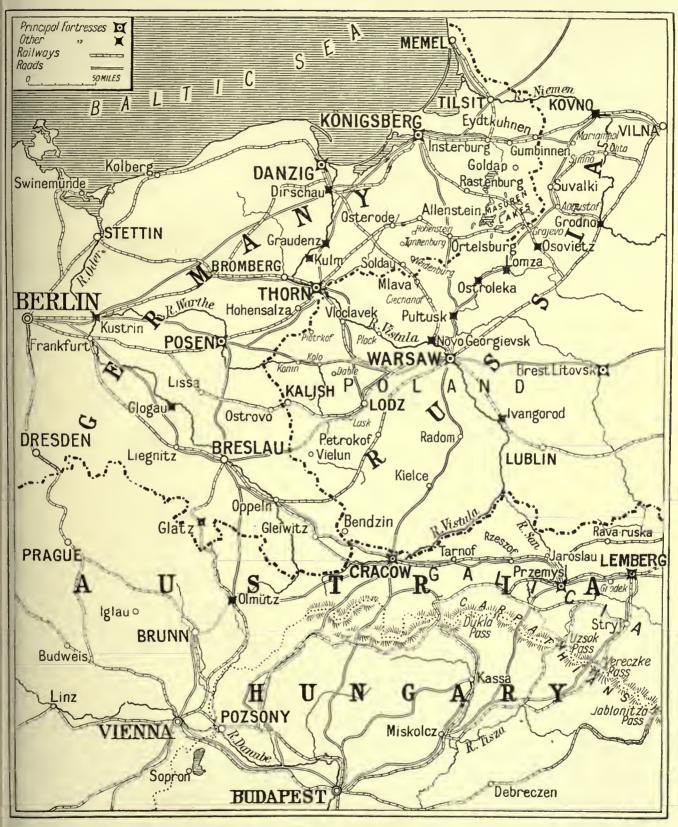
A little less than three months after the orders for mobilisation in Russia and Germany these two Empires, possessing the most formidable armies ever seen on earth, clashed in the supreme struggle on land. Great as had been their preliminary battles in Prussia and Poland, when measured by the standard of former wars, they were only outpost affairs in comparison with the main struggle that opened in the second week in October and culminated towards the close of the month.

A German host of more than a million men, with half a million Austrian supports, moved swiftly towards three points on the Vistula. The left wing attacked near Warsaw in heavy numbers. The centre tried to force a passage over the wide river at Ivangorod, an old romantic Polish city on the Upper Vistula, formerly known as Demblin. The right wing, mainly composed of Austrian troops, attacked on the south along the San River, joining the Vistula near Sandomir. At the same time another powerful German army advanced with great vehemence far in the north, all along the frontier of East Prussia. Altogether, there may have been two million Teutons taking part in the vast movement.

million Teutons taking part in the vast movement.

The Russian Commander-in-Chief could not divine at what point the main attack would be made. But, as we have seen, he skilfully anticipated the blow by attracting a huge force of Germans towards Warsaw, where he was fully prepared, and there his men drove in and outflanked the enemy and harried them in a long pursuit to Lodz. This, however, was not the main attack. The German commander, General von Hindenburg, exerted his greatest force farther up the Vistula, between Ivangorod and Josefov, a week's hard marching from Warsaw.

Even when the German left wing was driven back, the German centre fiercely continued its forward movement. There was a week before it could be taken in the rear by part of the victorious Russian troops from Warsaw. If by the time they arrived the passage of the Vistula had been won and the country beyond occupied, the first phase of the campaign would have still been a great German success.



The first phase of the Great War upon Germany's eastern frontier included the Russian occupation of Galicia and the successful victories over the armies of Austria—Rennenkampt's brilliant raid into East Prussia up to the walls of Königsberg, a move that succeeded in its object of alarming Germany and causing the Kaiser to rush troops from the battlefields of France to the succour of his beloved Prussia—the German success

amid the marshes of the Masurian Lakes, when the Russian General Samsonoff was killed and his army defeated—the steady German advance upon Warsaw under the strategic retreat of the Russians, who led the Germans to extend their lines and then fell on them at the proper moment. The beginning of November saw the Eastern campaign approaching the stage of field siege warfare that had already been reached in the West.

The deadly Russian counter-stroke came at last from Ivangorod. There was an advance guard entrenched in the forests across the stream. Vowing to die to the last man, they drove back the reconnoitring Uhlans, and compelled the German centre to deploy for a grand attack. While this attack was being made, the Russian army on the other side of the river moved its guns against the left flank of the Germans, and the fortress of Ivangorod thundered against the German front. After this terrible fire had gone on for seven hours, the main Russian infantry advanced across the bridge, deployed, and charged the Germans in front and on both flanks, driving them from their position on October 26th and 27th.

The Cossack horsemen then swept round to harass the retiring enemy. But, meanwhile, a strong Russian column, that had set out from the north six days before, arrived, after a march of one hundred and thirty miles, full on the rear of the German centre. The invaders retreat on this part of the immense battlefield was changed into a precipitate flight. It was then a race for the Warta River entrenchments, near the German Polish frontier, between the victorious Russian troops and the broken German centre. The German left wing was also retiring past Lodz to the Warta, and the Austrian right wing on the San, cut off likewise from its centre, was in danger. Under such conditions it looked as though the vast German defeat on the left bank of the Vistula in October would prove as decisive and deadly as was the Austrian defeat on the right bank of the Vistula in September. In both cases Russia dealt three swift, terrific strokes, and completely broke down all opposition.

### Balance of Forces throughout October

Nothing so decisive as the two great Russian victories, first over Austria, then Germany, had been obtained by the Allies on the western battle-front. General Joffre, having nothing like the illimitable forces of the Grand Duke Nicholas, followed a slower and more economical plan of battle. He manœuvred nearly always for the great advantages of a good defensive position, so as to let the enemy waste himself in advancing against the dreadful machinery of modern war. Only when his own line weakened at any place did he bring forth reserves for a strong counter-attack.

So all through October the long battle-front gently swayed in a remarkable balance of forces on either side. The northern British army oscillated between Ypres and Roulers, and the Belgian troops moved a mile or two in front and behind the Yser Canal. Seven times the Germans crossed the canal, only to meet the French supports of the Belgians and fall in awful slaughter.

There was just enough weakness in the allied line from the sea to the colliery towns south of Lille to tempt the Germans continually to storm it in huge numbers. The Germans in one place swept over a rise and broke through a British trench. Just when they were shouting in the joy of victory, the reserves—Indian troops—gave them the "mad minute" of rapid rifle fire, and then charged with the steel point through the enemy's front till they reached and captured some of the guns in the rear.

#### The Continued Struggle-for the Dunes and Dykes

"I am nibbling at them," General Joffre remarked when he was asked how the war was going on. But the bites he made in Flanders and Artois towards the close of October were lion-like rather than mouse-like. On the Yser Canal it was reported that the Germans lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners about 100,000 men—far more, probably, than the Russians put out of action in the Battle of Warsaw, or even in the Battle of Ivangorod. The terrible gun fire of British monitors and other British and French warships off the Flemish coast, no doubt, added greatly to the losses of the Germans. But all along the critical line, from Nieuport to the colliery towns of Northern France, the sapping of the strength of the Germans went on night and day.

The Germans continually tried to do what the Russians

had done to them and to the Austrians-storm the position by direct frontal attacks. First came a long, shattering bombardment of the fire of hundreds of guns, concentrated mainly on one point by field-telephone control. When the Allies were thought to have been blown from their watery trenches, the German infantry came on in the old close formation, line after line of them, to bear down all opposition by sheer pressure of numbers. But it never succeeded. The German bayonet was not handled with the same skill and power as the Russian bayonet. Moreover, the Allies were mostly marksmen. They often held their fire till each of their bullets went through more than one body. Then, as the Germans reeled back and hesitated, while their officers screamed at them and threatened them with revolvers, the Allies rose up for their turn with the bayonet. By October 29th the Germans seemed to have exhausted themselves, and to be waiting for more ' food for powder.'

#### The Flooding of the Coast Plains

On Friday, October 30th, the Belgian army, defending the coast road to Calais, flooded the country round the Yser and trapped a German brigade in the inundation. This brought to an end the furious German attempt to advance by Nieuport. On Monday, November 2nd, the German Military Staff admitted defeat in its wireless news, hastily withdrew its troops, and concentrated westward those who were still unshaken by their dreadful experience.

The British regiments had been moved from the Aisne valley to the new, critical point on the battle-front. Once again they were allowed the perilous honour and exhilarating glory of forming the spear-head of the allied forces. They were arranged in three army corps on a front of about forty miles. The Indian troops were spread out behind them as reserves, together with various Territorial battalions. The centre of the British lines was at Armentières, a colliery town within cannon shot of Lille, the Manchester of France.

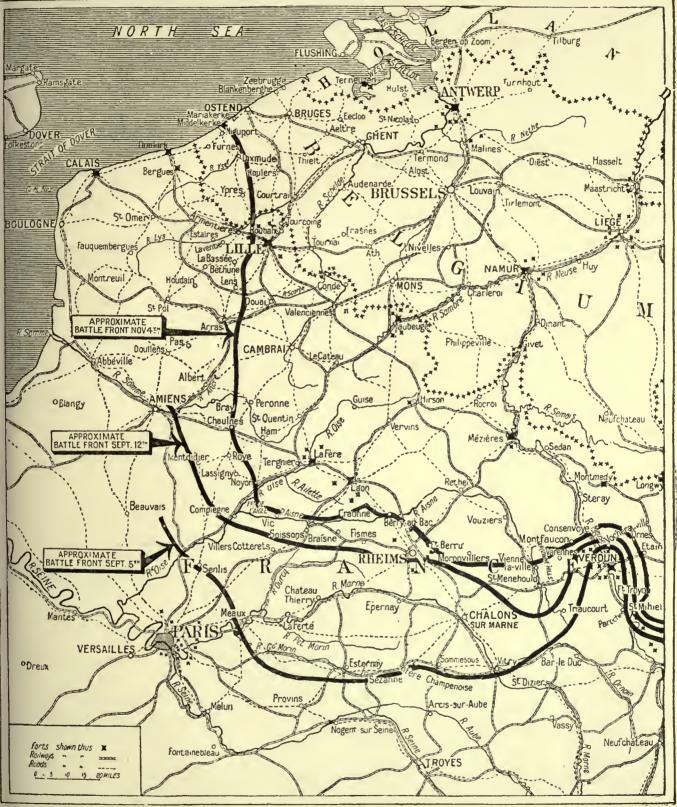
Pivoted on Armentières, the British operated north and south, fighting at the same time two of the greatest battles in the history of the world—battles compared with which Blenheim and Waterloo were skirmishes. The first battle raged for weeks round Ypres. On October 30th the enemy made a violent attack with large reinforcements on the lines south of Ypres. For, having lost the day against the Belgians, they tried to redress the balance by a victory over the British, who, outnumbered by four to one, were compelled to retire for some miles, but at the same time their comrades to the north of Ypres advanced. What was lost with the right hand was regained with the left.

### Desperate Struggles around Ypres

It was then that the Indian supports came into action. They recovered some of the lost ground, and though the Germans still poured in reinforcements and developed enormous strength, General French's troops—both British and Indian—pushed them back with prodigious slaughter. Night and day the fierce tussle went on. Villages were taken and lost and retaken by bayonet charges, cannonades, and armoured motor-car attacks. The beetroot fields around were stripped of their leaves by shell and shrapnel. Steadily the left wing of the British force advanced over the battlefield till it won, at the beginning of November, a forest above the villages it had first lost. By Thursday, November 5th, the British force round Ypres formed a great spear-head that was driven for miles into the German front.

In the meautime the British troops in the centre and on the right wing were rocking in an equally violent struggle to the north and south of Lille. In the north they were sorely pressed by a Bavarian army—the same that the Kaiser had hoped would meet the English "just once." They met the Territorials of the London Scottish Regiment, who broke them in a splendid bayonet charge on Saturday, October 31st. Fresh German reinforcements, however, succeeded in

### THE STEADY PROGRESS OF THE ALLIES' ADVANCE



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This map shows in graphic form how the Germans were pressed back from their point of furthest advance, which reached its flood and the beginning of its ebb on September 5th, 1914. At that time the opposing lines were not extended to the west as they were later on. The prolongation of the battle-front was occasioned by General French's attempt to outflank the attacking force, and step by step the line extended to Amiens,

Lille, and finally to the sea near Ostend, when the attempt to outflank could no longer be extended for lack of terrain on which to operate. It must be understood that the map is not claimed to be accurate in every detail, because the positions of the armies were not revealed, but it is generally accurate, and is exceedingly instructive. The movement to the central line was a precipitate retreat; that to the third line was a stern fight.

winning the village of Messines, that the gallant Scots had taken, and for several days afterwards the village remained the hurricane centre of the battlefield. A new Bannockburn was fought by one Scottish force. In front of their trenches the soldiers made pits, some of them twenty feet deep, covered with branches and loose turf. So numerous were the Germans that in their attack they filled the pits, and came on over the bodies.

Never has there been such slaughter of well-armed, disciplined troops as the Germans underwent. Many of them were lads and old men, hastily trained, and cruelly flung forth in close formation in bayonet charges. It was less war than murder to launch them against veteran troops. They suffered pitiably, horribly, and at the end of a week's fighting the Allies still held the line from Messines to La Bassée. It had bent in places, only to bulge out again.

### A German Policy of Despair

At every point along the north-west lines the German forces were held or driven back. The tremendous mass of them—more than ever has been concentrated on so short a front—produced only transient curves in the allied line, and awful was the loss of men, by which the Kaiser won little advances that were lost the next day or so. The troops of the Allies, at times, tired of killing, but the French army, connecting with the British force near La Basseé, slew till the men dropped from fatigue. They had before their eyes their ruined country to nerve them for unceasing slaughter. On November 1st the Germans tried to break through the French line and capture the city of Arras. But the attempt failed.

All the violent, disastrous rushes made by German armies against the Belgian, British, and French trenches in the latter part of October and the first week in November were really paroxysms of despair. They were the last desperate attempts to obtain a decisive victory on the western battle-front, after the tremendous defeat of German arms in the eastern theatre of war.

The triumphant Russians on November 2nd had reached almost to the line of German defences on the River Warta, and the headquarters of the Crown Prince had been moved over the German frontier. The Austrian supports of the retreating Teuton host were surrendering position after position, and in the north the Russians had again invaded Prussia, preparatory to the great frontier battle in the south that would open the gateway to Berlin. East and west, Germany was severely handled.

#### The Battle of the Pacific

At sea the great blockade went on, and the vigour of it was intensified by mining all passages to the North Sea. The incidents in the naval war of attrition profited the enemy nothing. On Sunday, November 1st, a squadron composed of two German battle-cruisers, the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and three light cruisers—the Dresden, Leipzig, and Nürnberg—collected near Valparaiso on the Chilian coast, and surprised a small squadron of British warships under Admiral Cradock. The light cruiser Monmouth and the armoured cruiser Good Hope were both sunk. But this loss was offset to some extent through the sinking of the German armoured cruiser Yorck by a mine near Wilhelmshaven, on Wednesday, November 4th, and the German admiral met disaster a few weeks later, as will be recorded in the continuation of this history of the great drama of the war in the second volume of this work.

#### Position of Things in November, 1914

At the beginning of November the contending forces in the west were in the position of two wrestlers who, after some preliminary work of grip and catch, spring and retire, hold each other fast in a tight lock where each, having measured the strength of the other, is standing with every muscle tense, ready to meet the next move that the antagonist may attempt. And in the eastern area a similar condition of things was approaching, but had not yet arrived.

On the sea the position of things was less equal. The overwhelming strength of the British Fleet gave the Allies a silent victory on the day war was declared.

and the German "High Canal Fleet," as it was named by a brilliant journalist, preferred the harbour to the high sea. It was besieged as truly as ever land fort was besieged. Like the garrison of a land fortress, units made occasional sorties, and did occasional hurt to opposing units; but the grand effect was a siege on water and a blockade of German North Sea ports that effectively kept out many import products of which Germany stood in sore need to carry on the campaign.

Sympathy of Neutral Countries
Germany had tried hard to w

Germany had tried hard to win sympathy and approval in neutral countries, and admiration must be expressed for the persistence of her efforts and the thoroughness of her organisation to achieve this object, although not for the system of mendacity that she chose as her means. Especially was it desired to gain the friendly attitude of the United States. But inspite of every effort American public opinion remained in the mass anti-German. It was intensely pro-Belgian, and the plight of stricken Belgium won for her unfortunate sons and daughters practical help in the form of food and clothing from

every city and state in the union.

Italy had been experiencing a swelling tide of sympathy for the antagonists of Germany. The death of King Charles of Rumania removed a barrier that would have prevented action had the sentiment of the country called for intervention on the side of Russia. Portugal was anti-German to a man, and had empowered its Government to act on the side of the Allies at the time it should deem proper. Spain, with its British queen, its pro-British king, and its French sympathies, was undeniably anti-German. Holland, with the horrors of war in ghastly evidence across her frontier, guarded her neutrality, but her people did not hesitate to express their pro-Belgian sympathies. Denmark sat in fear of her southern neighbour, remained neutral, and hoped for Germany's vanquishment. The Scandinavian peoples remained neutral in fact and divided in sentiment. Switzerland was also divided in sentiment, but neutral in official attitude, jealous of her neutrality as Holland was of hers. Greece was pro-British to a man, and Bulgaria was in the impossible position of being anti-Serbian and pro-Russian. Only Turkey had come under the heel of German intrigue, and she had been rushed into war on the Teuton side by adventurous leaders who did not represent the feeling of the nation.

Thus, throughout the world, German diplomacy had suffered crushing defeat, and German statesmen looked out upon half a dozen countries neutral in official attitude, but sympathetic towards her enemies, and many of them waiting the approved time to throw the weight of their arms into the scale against her.

Balance of Advantage after Three Months' War

But the net results of the progress of arms during three months of war may be best estimated by putting two hypothetical questions-and answering them. If by some feat of prescience before war was declared, the German commanders had seen what would be their actual position after about one hundred days of fighting, would they have declared war? And the second question is: Would a similar feat of prescience have caused the allies to hesitate in taking up the gage of battle? To the first question there can be only one answer—that foreknowledge would have prevented the most hotheaded of Germany's military leaders from recommending that the Germanic legions be sent out to kill and to be killed. And the answer to the second question would be that realised fact brought no regrets for a course of action adopted with all solemnity and with the fullest measure of determination. Even the heart-wrung hero of Belgium, Albert the Brave, surveying the heaps of stones that once were fair villages, and the blooddrenched fields where once his now-massacred subjects ploughed in peace and reaped in plenty, would turn his dauntless eyes to the enemy who had "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." And, in reply to the taunt of coward force that he had lost everything by his policy of resistance, he would speak the words placed in his mouth by the eloquent cartoonist, "But not my soul!" What of the faith and fire within us,

Men who march away

Ere the barn-cocks say

Night is growing grey,

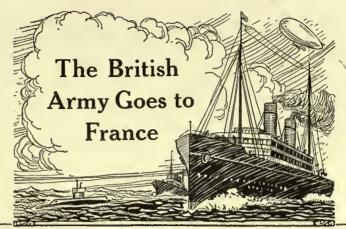
To hazards whence no tears can win us?

What of the faith and fire within us,

Men who march away?

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust;
March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

-THOMAS HARDY.





Scotland and France were ancient allies, and the coming of the Scots to Boulogne with the British Expeditionary Force was a thrilling moment for the French onlookers.

## The British Army on its way to War

### King George's Message to the Expeditionary Army

"You are leaving home to fight for the safety and honour of my Empire.

"Belgium, which country we are pledged to defend, has been attacked, and France is about to be invaded by the same powerful foe.

"I have implicit confidence in you, my soldiers. Duty is your watchword, and I know your duty will be nobly done.

"I shall follow your every movement with deepest interest, and mark with eager satisfaction your daily progress. Indeed, your welfare will never be absent from my thoughts.

"I pray God to bless you and guard you and bring you back victorious."





British Expeditionary Force disembarking at Boulogne.

British Artillery, with guns and horses, passing through Boulogne.

**Expeditionary Force lands in France** 

### Lord Kitchener's Counsel to the British Soldier

"Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.

"It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are

"The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

"Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure

or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act.

"Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses."



Pontoon Section of British Engineers disembarked on the quay at Boulogne.



The "Entente Cordiale" in being-British and French soldiers together at Boulogns.

# Britain Prepares Against the Teutonic Tyrant



The contagious enthusiasm of our fighting men. Troops giving a rousing cheer before they left Derby.

# Industrial England becomes an Armed Camp



Artillerymen of the Expsditionary Force at Aldershot, loading their limbsrs with live shells.



A troop of eoldisrs, in marching order threading the traffic of the Thames Embankment, as they prepared to take part in the fighting for home and honour.





The Quards marching paet Buckingham Palace before setting out on active services

### Grenadier and Scots Guards off to the Front



The first battalion of the Grenadier Guards marching from Wellington Barrscks to Waterloo Station on its way to prove to the Kalser that they can still show the old fighting qualities that the regiment displayed under Marlborough in the Low Countries, Wellington at Waterloo, and Roberts in South Africa.

### An Historic Moment-General French Lands at Boulogne



Horsee as well as men look very fit after their sea-passage. Inset: The British Field-Marshal acknowledges the welcome on the quay.

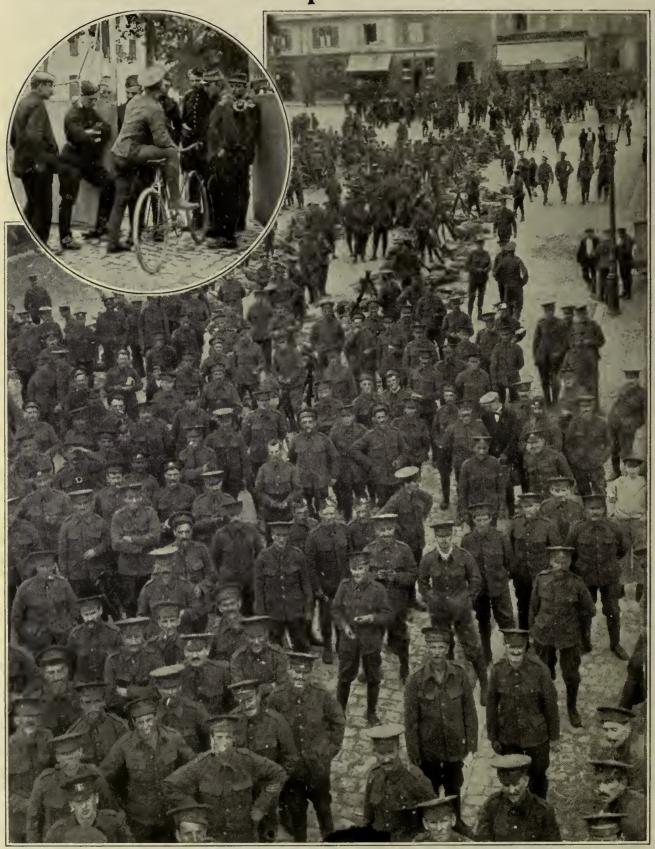


British gunnsrs ashors at Boulogne, ready for the land lournsy.



Scots and French soldisrs compare notes.

# French Hero-worship of the British Soldier



"If it had not have been for our brave British troops, who knowe what would have become of France?" The italics are ours, for the remark was made by a French soldier. Kindly, big-souled France has taken the British soldier to her great heart, and looks upon him as one of her own sons. He is called Tommes, with the

accent on the last cyllable, and, since he courageously etopped the German rush to Paris, is in danger of being overwhelmed by kindnese. The photographs show a group of Tommies in the market square of a French town, and one of our cycliste holding an audience with some of hie French comrades.

### Some Camera Pictures of British Soldiers on French Soil



Getting forward with the gune.



French soldiers of the Line watching the arrival of their British allies.



A halt by the wayside.

# Building up Britain's Army on the Continent



How our cavairymen rode down to the boat-train for the Continent.



Getting chargers to enter the railway vans.



Troops entraining for a southern seaport.



Marching away, with kitbags along over their shoulders, for the great new adventure on the fields of old France.

### FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH



Russell & Sons.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN THE FIELD.



## All in a day's work—To the Front and back again



A group of wounded British soldiers playing eards on their voyags home from Havrs.



One of the Middlessx and a Yorkshirs Light Infantryman at a military hospital.



Football anthusiasts who enlist may still have opportunities to play their favourits game. This picture shows a party of British

D 66 T soldiers indulging in the pastime at Havre whilst a French sentry watches them with interest.

# France Again Familiar with the "Garb of Old Gaul"



Several centuries have passed aince, in the days of the Franco-Scottish Alliance, the kilt was no uncommon sight across the Channel.

Affectionately known as the "Garb of the Gaul," it again evokes interest among our Allies when the London Scottish march past.



Mutual pleasure: Representatives of two great fighting nations, the hardy Scot and the French veteran, salute each other at a railway-station.



A London Scottish Territorial shares a light with a wounded Frenchman.

### With the Union Jack on the Continent





A high-power motor-car, with its armed guard, employed in conveying Staff Officers to different positions in the firing-line. It is also used for despatch-carrying.



Two British motor-cycle scouts explain the position of the enemy to a French officer.



A British Maxim—gun company on the march in France. In the front of the column are two signaliers, while the deadly guns are carried by mules. These machine—guns, which can fire over two hundred shots per minute, have inflicted severe loss upon the enemy.

### British Reinforcements for the Allied Armies



General Smith-Dorrien (in centre) with his Staff officers embarking at Folkestone for the front.

THE despatch of the first British Expeditionary Force was only the beginning of a great, steady, and increasing effort by Great Britain to do her share of the war operations on land. The Government resolved that in numbers as well as in quality the land forces would be commensurate with the population, extent, and importance of the great British Empire. And the people of the British Isles, as of the far-flung territories overseas, put its finest manhood on the altar of duty and honour.

At the beginning of the war the trained army that Great Britain was able to throw into the scales of war was light numerically—but it was heavy in quality. That the Germans recognised this became evident as they saw their rush on Paris arrested, and the venom of their hatred against Britain became intense in its fierceness.

Numerically the strength of the British forces became greater week by week. The first task was to replace the sad wastage of war so that the original strength should be maintained. The policy adopted by Lord Kitchener and followed during the early part was to make up this wastage twice over. Meantime the new army was being made and the sons of Britain oversea were rushing to the flag.



The sturdy sons of the Scottish Highlands satting out for the new battlsfields of France.

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war,
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
Though all we know depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

-RUDYARD KIPLING.





# Britain's New Army of Freedom



London recruits for the new army raised by Lord Kitchener, starting their first drill in Hyde Park.

Since Oliver Cromwell, by an appeal to the religious spirit of the Puritans, created in his model army the finest engine of war in the modern world, our nation has never responded so quickly and sternly to an appeal from a commander as it has done to the call made by Lord Kitchener for the immediate creation of a new Army of Freedom. Our forefathers had to use the press-gangs, and recruit from every prison in the kingdom, in order to win Trafalgar and Waterloo. When the appeal went forth that the danger to the country



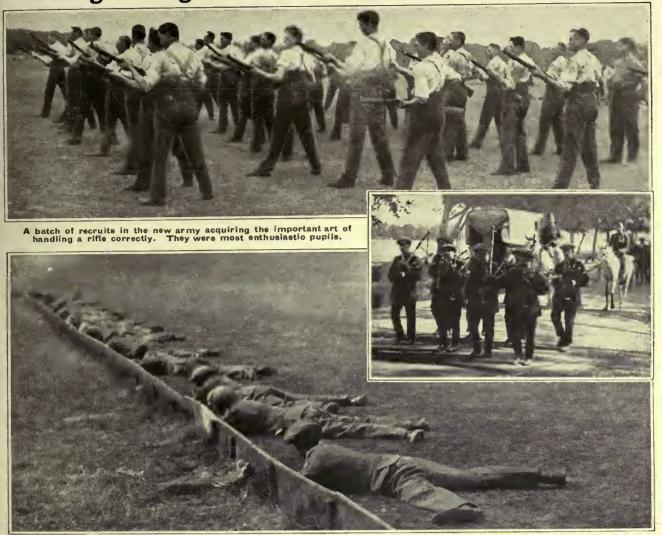
Eager to serve their King and country. Recruits at Whitehall taking the oath.

demanded the raising of large levies of new troops, the towns and cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland witnessed scenes of which the photograph below is typical. Men waited for hours in order to offer enthusiastic service to their country's cause, and fought with friendly rivalry to get before the recruiting officer to record their names. Silk hat and cloth cap, straw and bowler, indicated that the would-be soldiers were drawn from all ranks of society, a diversity that had a strong unity in its determination to help in the overthrow of Kaiserism.



How London at once responded to Lord Kitchener's appeal. Scene at Scotland Yard, where a multitude of gallant young men surged into the recruiting office from early morning to past midnight.

# Turning Young Patriots into Trained Fighting-men



Recruits of Lord Kitchener's new army taking cover behind the boards of a polo-ground where they are training. The British Army in the field is skilled in the ability to take advantage of every bit of cover when attacking an enemy across open ground, and they bought their skill at a high cost in the Boer War. Inset: Embryo pipers.



Bayonet practice is always popular. The practising weapons have no sharp edge and no point. The men wear heavily-padded ciothes and visors to protect their faces.



Lying in the trenches will be no noveity to these recruits. They are practising it now.

## Building Up the Grand Old Army



The King inspecting the foreign service battalion of the old-established Honourable Artillery Company, of which his Majesty is Captain-General, before they leave headquarters in London.



Recruiting for the Old Public Schools and University Men's Force was such a success that the full strength of five thousand men was obtained within ten days. This picture shows the force drilling in Hyde Park, London.



(Ernest Brooks, H.R.H. The Princs of Wales in full marching-order dress,





Friends within our gates are preparing to take part in the war. A Foreign Legion has been formed in Soho, and some of the recruite are shown here. A battallon of 300 men, representing fourteen different nations, with our Allies preponderating, is also encamped at Wembley, one of the sentries on guard—a Frenchman in khaki—being shown above.

## The New Million Army in the Making



A company of recruits who were formerly employees in the service of the Poet Office at signal practice in Regent's Park.



Lord Kitchener's first half-million at bayonst practice at Aldershot. They drill incessantly and sarnestly.



Recruite at Aldershot beginning their training, and before they have been served with uniforme. They are "eplendid etuff."



A equad of the new army being initiated into the technicalities of sighting, so as not to waste ammunition by misses.



Learning the use of the sword. Nothing could be more promising than the energy and enthusiasm that the new recruits put into their drilling, their one object being to become fit so that they may be sent to the battle-line at the earliest possible moment.

# Some Homely Scenes in War-time England



A charming wayside picture at Harrow, where the 4th Division have their camp.



Queen Mary bidding good-bye to 18th Hussars.



Handy Highlandere at work in their new quartere.

SCARCELY was the ink dry on the newspapers telling a tense people that the country was at war, when the muster of arms took place all over the country. Camps sprang up in a night almost. Concentration took place at convenient centres, and hundreds of thousands of men, soldiers by choice of profession, Territorials whose hobby of arms was to be so invaluable in the hour of need, and civilians in whom the call to arms woke a responsive echo, became parts of a vast military machine.

The billeting of soldiers became an institution in fact. and not in theory only. The discomforts of war time were faced by every individual with a fortitude that was a victory in itself, and the channels of charity were opened wide for a stream of gold for the succour of those whom war made to suffer.



An amusing billeting incident at Bedford.

### United Ireland—A New Source of Strength to the Empire



Blessing the Colours of the South Bsifast Regiment of Ulster Volunteers before the mobilisation.

THE Kaiser has done one fine, great thing, seemingly beyond the power of any other man to accomplish. He has cemented Ireland to the rest of the Empire, in a bond as firm as that by which Scotland and England are joined. Whatever arrangement Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond may come to, one thing is certain—what Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and Pitt could not do, the German Emperor, without meaning it, has done. It is "a day to live for," said Mr. Redmond, when presenting colours to the Maryborough Corps of the Irish Nationalist

Volunteers. "You, the sons and grandsons of the men who were shot down for daring to arm themselves, ought to be proud of the fact that you have lived to see the day when, with the goodwill of the democracy of England, you are arming yourselves in the light of Heaven, and when in all your actions you can feel that you have at your back and on your side the sympathy of every nation in the world, and the goodwill at long last, thanks be to God, of the people of Great Britain.

"Namur" on the Banners of the Royal Irish

Earlier in the month, Mr. Redmond, by a brief, inspired, loyal speech at the critical moment in Parliament, showed the intriguing, over-confident Prussian that it was an ill thing for strangers to interfere amid a quarrel of kinsmen. His action made the United Kingdom truly united for the first time in history.

colours in the seventeenth century; and now the Gaels of Erin and Caledonia are again fighting side by side for the freedom and peace of Europe near the old glorious battlefields.



Mr. John Reamond presenting Colours to the Maryborough Corps of the Nationalist Voluntsers.

## The Swelling Tide of Britain's New Army

THE enthusiastic response to Lord Kitchener's appeal for men was the pride of the British nation and the dread of Britain's enemies. The taste of British fighting quality that the soldiers of the Kaiser had during the early days of the war was a revelation to him. He paid the "contemptible little army" the compliment of throwing against it in overwhelming numbers the crack battalions of his own forces, fired to a point of reckless daring by an impassioned appeal from his own lips. But the flower of Prussian arms was broken by the on-

slaught, and fell back a mcre remnant. Then the Kaiser was oppressed by the thought of what would happen to his hosts when the million army of Lord Kitchener was an army, not in prospect only, but in actual being. He threw prudence to the winds, and became a War Lord who ran amok with fifty army corps.

The new million army of Lord Kitchener had its effect upon the campaign before its first regiment set foot on the Continent, and as the

weeks passed German apprehension became ever greater.



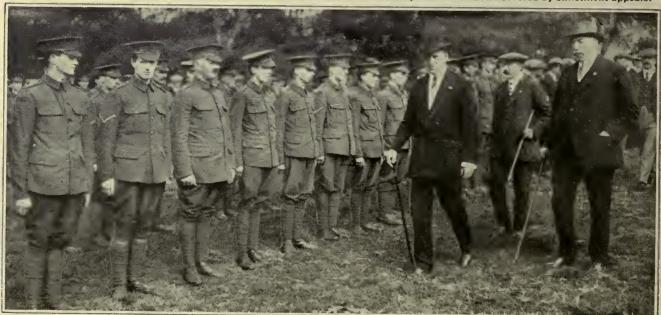
Report says that the Kaiser had fixed Saturday, September 12th, for a revisw of German troops in Hyde Park. But Hyde Park was being used for drilling the new recruits of Lord Kitchener's army, and the German review was postponed indefinitely.



Vincent Square, Westminster, is ons of London's many "lungs" whers the martial spirit breathed. Here we ese General Bethune, Director— General of the Territorials, inspecting the Legion of Frontiersmsn.



The palatial offices of the Hamburg-Amerika Line in Cockspur Street, London, transformed into a recruiting station, and the windows covered by snlistment appeals.



Uister Volunteers enlisted one regiment at a time. The North Belfaet Regiment was taken first, and after being inspected, one thousand of them marched to the recruiting station, headed by Sir Edward Carson.

## Some Unusual Glimpses in the London Area



Strange sight in St. James's Park-Cavalry horses resting by a camp.



The Mayorsss of Wandsworth sitting ail day iong in the etrest knitting for soldiers and collecting for the War Fund.



No cigaretts fiends in the fighting-line. Distributing pipss to soldiers before the march.



Men who checkmate the lurking Teuton in our midst. Territorials awaiting their turn for duty at Wooiwich Arssnal.

# Sportsmen of Peace for the Grim Game of War



After an Inspection In Hyde Park, London, by their colonel, Lord Maltland, the Sportsman's Battalion marches out to entrain for their camp. Many noted sportsmen and athletes have joined its ranks.

A RESPONSIBLE German paper made the complaint that the British carried the spirit of sport everywhere, and looked at everything from a sporting point of view. She has found that our fighting men are sportsmen, and she will find that our sportsmen are warriors—equal to, and better, than the disciples of culture. The Sportsman's Battalion of Lord Kitchener's army owed its inception to the

The Sportsman's Battalion of Lord Kitchener's army owed its inception to the efforts of Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen, and there was a rush of recruiting that speedily filled its ranks. Its camp is at Hornchurch, in Essex, where it received the necessary initiation in drill, discipline, and the practice of arms.

initiation in drill, discipline, and the practice of arms. The battalion is attached to the Royal Fusiliers, and it consists of picked men and trained athletes, many of them of championship rank. Two of the companies consist solely of giants over six feet tall. They have aptly been nicknamed the "Hard-as-Nails," and their physical fitness justified the sobriquet.



Officere of the Sportsman'e Battalion: On the left, Viecount Maitland; in the centre, Captain H. J. H. Inglis. adjutant; and on the right, Lieutenant Enderby, quartermaeter.



With the men of the Sportsman's Battalion in camp at Hornchurch. A professional cricketer, a professional singer, an angler, and a City merchant seelet in gathering firewood. In the upper picture on the right a Cambridgs University Blue carriee a log in performing the same necessary task.

O England! in thine hour of need, When Faith's reward and Valour's meed Is death or glory,

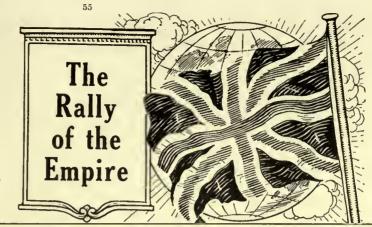
When Fate indites, with biting brand, Clasped in each warrior's stiff'ning hand, A nation's story—

They whom thy love has guarded long, They whom thy care hath rendered strong, In love and faith,

Their heart-strings round thy heart entwine, They are, they ever will be thine

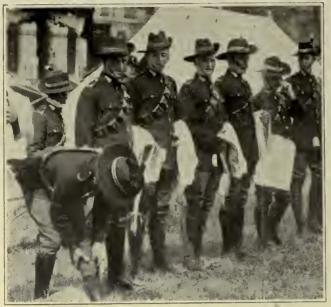
In life-in death.

-NIZAMUT JUNG.





The King-Emperor.



The smart, dashing soldiers of New Zealand.

THIS is no time to say "I told you so" to those who were incredulous as to the coming of Armageddon which we now face in Europe, or to those who declared that if Armageddon did come, the Overseas Dominions would break away, selfishly fearing their fate, and establish independent nationalities. Armageddon has come! The heart of Europe is laid bare, and we can see its fierce pulsations and know whereof it is made; but also the hearts of the Overseas Dominions have been laid bare, and we know, without peradventure, that they throb in unison and in purpose with Great Britain and also Ireland, thank God!

## ONE great bund of peoples with the same destiny.

The doubter, the agnostic, the timid man, the peace-lover who would run any risk of war for the sake of peace, and who hated what he called Jingoism, has received the answer to all doubt, speculation, and challenge in the cry "We are coming!" from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and "We are with you!" from South Africa. There is no Jingoism in that cry

There is now no sentimentalism in the oft-repeated phrase, "Hands across the sea." There is no sense of adventure or of a martial holiday in the sober, grim acts of government which send from the Antipodes and from across the Atlantic near fifty thousand men; not for the Old Land only, not alone for the Flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, nor for the great tradition and the splendour of Britain's history; but for themselves, and for us all, as part of one great bund of peoples with the same destiny, though not part of one constitutional whole.

### A WAR for the preservation of the small nations.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Newtoundland—they all recognise that we are inextricably linked in interest, in faith, in our ideals. How quickly they saw the meaning of this war; the greed, the aggression, the ambition of a military autocracy with a reckless War Lord, determined to make his new Empire supreme over all the world, at its head. With the clearer vision of the overseas people who, because of their distance and their isolation have far sight, they saw that this was a war for the preservation of small nations, for the rights of nationalities, however

### THE RALLY OF

# How the Overseas Dominions are standing by the Motherland:

(Written in August, 1914)

insignificant; for the security of the one small man against the dominant many. They did not wait to reason; they saw, they knew.

From the material side, the interdependence of the interests of the British Empire was brought home to them before war was declared between Germany and England by the chaos on their small stock exchanges. Canada's financial interests are interlinked with those of many nations, and if she had needed the lesson, it was there for her when her grain exchanges as well as her stock exchanges suddenly congested at the threat, and not the operation of war.

### THE first precedent for Imperial cooperation.

Who could have had fear of what the Overseas Dominions would do that had lived in them, and had also lived at the centre here in London? We, who had lionestly studied the problem for many years, had no doubt that the bold spirit which set the first precedent for Imperial co-operation, when the New South Wales Government sent an Australian contingent to reinforce the British troops in the Soudan to suppress Arabi Pasha, would be a hundredfold more alive to-day when Australia has become a great exporting country, and is erecting a great fabric of western civilisation near to undeveloped Asiatic communities.

The Australian ex-Premier, George Reid, now the High Commissioner for Australia, ever since his landing on these shores has, with a mingled common-sense, vision

and statesmanship peculiarly his own, preached the doctrine of British preparedness by Army and Navy, and confidently declared that the co-operation of the Overseas Dominions, and certainly his own Commonwealth, would not fail in the hour of storm and stress. So it has been with Australia.

As for New Zealand, that little community, socialist in the main in its government, was not merely sentimental when it gave its Dreadnought to our Navy. Deep in its bosom was an understanding loyalty, a sense of brotherhood which could not fail, as it has never failed, when England, needing help but not asking for it, turned her eyes to the great Pacific continents.

Memory, history, tradition, the spirit of the pioneer, worked in them. They were either New Zealanders or British-born or were the sons or grandsons of the British-born. England to them was the great homeland, the cradle of their nationality.



Private of Tranevaal Scottish Volunteers.

#### THE EMPIRE

# A Stirring Chapter in the History of the Great War By Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P.,

Author of "Round the Compass in Australia,"
"The History of Old Quebec," and many worldfamous novels of Canadian Life.

Anyone who has been great distances from home knows what that longing is which men feel who are far from the soil from which they or their fathers sprang. That is why throughout the British Empire there is never a public meeting or social gathering or entertainment which does not conclude with "God Save the King." Loss to the Motherland meant loss to themselves.

As for Canada, her instant action was not the action of a government, but of a people; a people composed of two races—English and French; the latter not having naturally the same affiliations with these islands or the British Constitution which possess their British fellow-countrymen.

#### THREE years' political feud ends in hearty co-operation.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the late Prime Minister, was ever a peace-lover. A hater of war, he viewed with intense dislike the diversion of energy from industrial and commercial channels to what he termed militarism and the rivalries of national aggrandisement. Yet it was he who carried his French fellow-countrymen with him in the policy of a Navy for Canada to work with the British Navy in time of war; and now, hand in hand with Sir Richard Borden, the Prime Minister, with whom he has been at bitter odds for the last three years, he leads his fellow-countrymen without prejudice from any quarter into the field of common effort for the

Empire.

That is not alone because England is helping France; it is because he knows that Canada's destiny is Britain's destiny, that for better or for worse they must be one in the sight of men. At the battle of Chateauguay his great compatriot De Salaberry saved Canada to the British Empire. The precedent is a good one; it was bound to be repeated. It was repeated in South Africa when, at Paardeberg, Canadian troops had the honour of leading the last attack against Cronje.

Of what value are these oversea soldiers? The majority of them will be men who would make capable officers; they will be drawn from a highly intelligent, adaptable people, with initiative, and an ingrained habit of finding a new way out of new difficulties. Vast numbers of them will be men to whom the rifle is as familiar as an umbrella to a Britisher. They will understand this fight as a fight for freedom from the control of warmaking peoples, from those who desire their own material pro-



Light Horse, Dragoons, and Rangers of Canada.

gress at the expense of sister nations; from those who make war to make money, by securing territory and cash indemnity and dominance.

No Englishman will feel more strongly what is at stake than these Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians, and South Atricans also.

#### SOLVING the problem of a constitutional union with the Dominions.

One of the remarkable things of this war—an accident, however—is the fact that in supporting Belgium we win the sympathy of the South Africans; in supporting France we win the sympathy of all Canadians. The Overseas Dominions will, if need be, send us 150,000 men before this war is over, and when it is over we shall never be again as we were before, but we shall be nearer and dearer. We shall have solved, or we shall be solving, when this war is over, the problem of a material and constitutional union with our Overseas Dominions.

In September, 1913, writing upon the welding of the Empire in the "Fortnightly Review," I used these words: "It is more than likely that these apprehensions will all be swept away in some day of crisis in the Empire, and even as after the South African War the minds of men all over the Empire saw that there must be Imperial co-operation and constitutional machinery which would make co-operation workable and effective as an instrument of Empire, so some great trouble—which Heaven forbid that we should invite!—will sweep away prejudices and will turn to larger uses the jealous apprehension with which so many people view any modification of the complete authority of the House of Commons as it now exists." That crisis, that trouble has come, and we shall be an Empire in very fact and truth if fortune attends our arms

#### THERE is only one race throughout the British Empire.

No one in all the Empire desired this war; few in all this Empire will flinch now that war has come; but as it has come we have found at the very start unity of interest, brotherhood and understanding; and if we win, the fabric of this Empire, from the Thames to the Murrumbidgee, will be "based upon the people's will, and all the people's will."

In the readjustments of national boundaries in Europe, and the new disposition of races, it will be found that there is only one race throughout the present British Empire.



# The Fervent Loyalty of the Indian Princes



Sir Perbab Singh, though 70 years old, "refuses to be denied his right to fight for the King-Empsror."

NOTHING has been more gratifying than the spontaneous enthusiasm of the people and rulers of India to lend their money and their men to the eause of Imperial defence. India burns for the opportunity to fight against the German aggressor side by side with us.

And the fighting quality of Indian help will be not less than its willingness. Lord Curzon said he would like to see the Bengal Cavalry charge the German Uhlan. He expected the little Gurkha, with his sturdy figure and his dangerous cutting knife, to show what he could do, and we might be certain that the Rajput soldiers of India would exhibit that valour and heroism for which they had been famous for thousands of years. "When these men reach the battlefield," Lord Curzon continued, "keep your eyes on the turban and on the dark skin, and I think you will find that they will not dishonour you."

The outburst of loyalty by the native Press of India was immediate. War was deelared on August 4th. On the following day, the "Bengalee," the chief native paper in India, vented its Imperial patriotism in a remarkable article which said: "In the hour of danger we stand by the side of Britain in defence of the interests, the honour, and the glory of the Empire. Ours is a loyalty which has its roots deep in our hearts; but it is a reasoned loyalty, which recognises that with the stability and the greatness of the Empire is associated the fruition of our ideal of self-government."

In equally fervent words the people and Press of India gave expression to the same sentiments.

On the frontier States beyond India the sympathies are with us. The Dalai Lama of Tibet and the Maharajah of Nepal have both offered help.



The Maharajah of Bikaner, one of the Indian princes who hastsned to offer his services and gave a camel corps.



Bengai Lancers, one of our finest native regiments, who were eager to try their strength against the vaunted Uhlans.

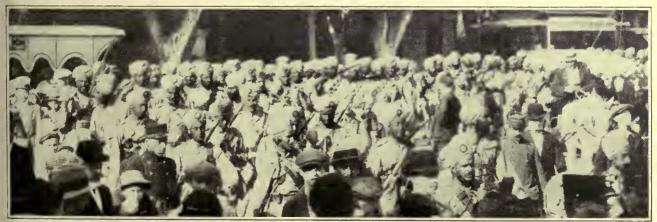
#### Indian Contingent Reaches the Seat of War



Lithe, keen, and fit, these Indian troops, who are here seen in the transport that carried them to Marseilles, dissmbarked eager for the smell of powder and were not long before they were bearing their part in the hard fighting in Northern France.



The alertness and soldierly bearing of the Indian contingent excited the intense admiration of the French populace as they marched through the city of Marseilles after their long voyage to the colder land where their arms are helping the cause of the Allies.



The arrival of our indian Regiments was as full of interest for them as it was for the spectators of their disembarkation who thronged to see the flower of our eastern army come to their heip. The first contingent arrived in Marseiliee on September 25.

### The Flower of Our Indian Army in France



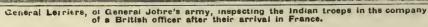


On the left two indian soldiers are drawing from the regimental water barrels, and on the right one of the army mules is shown indulging in a dust-bath.



The morning tolist of the native indian soldiers made in the open excited curiosity in those to whom such a sight was new. They shave each other but use no soap.







Indian soldier carrying the tools which are used for digging trenches.

#### Helping the Allies of the Great British Raj



A general view of the Indian camp, the white tente gleaming In the French sunehine. Here the arrivale mustered while their equipment and artillery were being gathered for transport to the fighting-line.



Part of the Indian contingent preparing to pitch their tente near Marseilles after dieembarkation. On the right three soldiers getting a horse ready for the front.



A sample of the physique that le typical to our Indian force.



Indian soldiers loading belts for bullete for which they mean to find German billets.

Their postures would be almost impossible for European troops who were not tailors.

#### The Terror by Night: The Gurkhas at Work



The fighting qualities of the Qurkhas, the little hillman from Northern India who form one of the most efficient sections of our Indian Army, are well known. In addition to a rifle, the Qurkha carries a keen knife with a broad fish-shaped blade. This knife he can throw for some distance with dsadly accuracy, or he can use

It at close quarters with tsrrible effect. With a cat-like noiselessness the Qurkha, knife in hand or in teeth, can glide through the grass until he ie close to the isolated outpost, as seen in the picture, and then come

# Peaceful Moments Amid the Glare of War



Some of the officers commanding the Indian native troops in France partake of a frugal lunch. These fine epscimens of the British gentlemen are more than mere officers, they are "guides, philosophers, and friende" to the men under their command, and the men are devoted to them, regarding their officers with a personal devotion that does infinite credit to both.



A man of peace presents one of our men of war standing guard with a very welcome cigarette.



How the soldiers at the front get their letters. Correspondence being sorted by two native indian soldiers inside an hotel which is being used as a post-office.

#### Canada's Manhood at Britain's Service



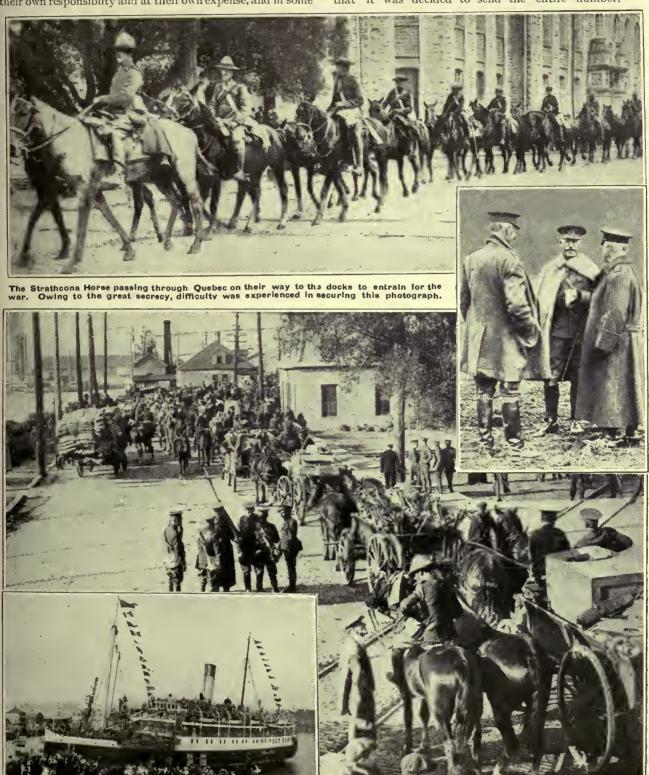


These are the men of the Ontario Royal Grenadiera leaving their camp at Valcartier, in the province of Quebec, whence they were drafted to Europe for active service. All are of excellent physique and keen to take their places at the front.

#### Loyal Canada does Better than She Promised

CANADA did more than she promised. Her intention was to send a contingent of 20,000 for the war front, but the response for volunteers was so generous that a force of 32,000 gathered at Valcartier camp, and left Quebec for Berlin via France. Hundreds of the men went to camp on their own responsibilty and at their own expense, and in some

cases whole regiments went to Valcartier without orders. There were 1,800 officers at the mustering camp, and it was proposed that 800 of them should accompany the Expeditionary Force and that the remaining thousand should stay, but the dissatisfaction at this was so great that it was decided to send the entire number.



The large picture above showe an Army transport service arriving at the wharf at Quebec prior to smbarkation. The group on the right comprises the Duke of Connaught (in the centre),

Colonel Panet and Colonel Benson after the inspection of the departing force. The small photograph on the left shows the volunteers leaving Victoria, Vancouver Island, on the Princess Sophia.

#### The Arrival of the First Canadian Contingent



The Canadian contingent parading on the Hoe, Plymouth, beside the Armada Memorial, seen on the left. The portrait inset is of Major-General E. A. H. Alderson, who commands the Canadian contingent. (Photo by Elliott & Fry.)



The enthusiasm with which the arrival of the Canadians at Plymouth was hailed by the "Doge of Devon" was a splendid echo of their own fine spleit in rushing to the defence of the Empire as soon as the news of war was flashed acrose the ocsan. This photograph shows some of the men from Montreal with a parrot as a regimental mascot.



The kind of muscle and sinew that a Scottleh ancestry and Canadian breeding can produce to help to hold the Empire.

### Overseas Warriors Getting Fit for the Front



Signaliers of the 1st Mounted Canadian Highlanders at their camp in England after their journey from Plymouth, where they disembarked from their transports. The men are of the best physique the Empire can provide, solid specimene of hard muccle and iron sinew.



Canadian Grenadlers in their English camp distributing the morning'e delivery of British bread. Nots the knitted latigue-cape the man are wearing.



Canadian "Scottiee" in their camp "bathroom" remember that cleanliness is next to godliness, and in a fighting man may even hold the first place.



"Princess Pat'e," as Princess Patricia e Canadian Light Infantry are nicknamed, carry colours that were presented by the Royal Princess hereelf before the regiment embarked.



Nursing eistere of the Canadian Red Cross Medical Corps to attend the wounded at St. Thomas's Hoepital In London, where they arrived in October, 1914.

#### Gallant Canadians to fight for King and Empire



The King and Quesn paid a special visit to Salisbury Plain on November 4th, and reviewed the Canadian troops who were training there. This photograph shows the sturdy warriors marching past. There is nothing of the "Wild West" about them.



The Canadian contingent possessed several armoured motor-cars, a photograph of which appears here. The King displayed great interest in them and entered one with Lord Kitchener. They helped to swell the large number already assisting the Allisd armies.



The King passing down the lines, followed by the Queen and Lord Kitchener. Their Majesties frequently stopped to chat with old campaigners, and the Queen called one youthful soldier a "naughty boy," because he declared himself to be "officially nineteen."



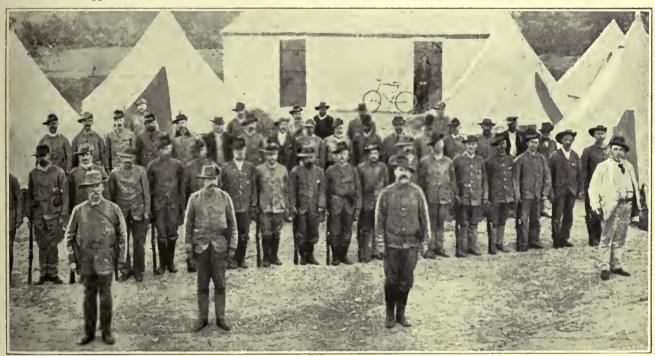
Canadian Highlanders cheer their Majesties as they depart after the inspection. For two whole miles these gallant sons of Empire were drawn up on either elde of the road, with caps balanced upon their bayonet points, and their cheers echoed across the Plain.

#### German Bribery and Boer Loyalty in South Africa

MARTIAL law was proclaimed in the Union of South Africa on October 12th, 1914, owing to a Boer General, Lieutenant-Colonel Maritz, turning rebel and taking command of the German troops in South-West Africa. Less than five hundred men accompanied him, and many of these ultimately returned to the Union forces. Maritz fought against the British in the Boer War, rising from the rank of eorporal. His traitorous action was probably influenced by liberal supplies of German money. Dutch loyalty is proved by the splendid response to Commandant Piet de la Rey's call for volunteers to form a Dutch mounted commando. From one district alone six hundred men answered the call; and, at a meeting of influential Dutch citizens held in Cape Town, many former political opponents of General Botha unanimously pledged themselves to support him and the Union.



A body of German Colonial Horse in German South-West Africa.



Some of the loyal Dutch burghers whom General Botha commanded in his operations against German South-West Africa.





This family group shows General Louis Botha, Premisr of the Union of South Africa and Commander of the S. A. Defence Force, with his sons. General Botha sarned our respect as a foe, our admiration as an administrator, our love as a patriot. The son

in uniform is Captain Louis Botha. The other son standing is John, who, aithough under age, voluntsered for service. The little boy in front, is Philip, the youngest son. The larger picture on the right shows a body of the Cape Mounted Police.

#### Australia's Army for the Defence of Empire

THE Australasian contingents were landed in Egypt for two reasons—to give them further training before the actual game of war, and to assist, if need be, in repelling the projected Turkish attack on Egypt.

One of the war-ships convoying the transports went off to tackle the raider Emden, on receipt of a wireless message from Cocos Islands, and rejoined her companion ships later, after having achieved her object brilliantly.



New Zealand Volunteer (Sergeant).



Australian Cadets inspected by Lord Kitchener at Bisley.



New Zealand Volunteer (Private).



The Australian Light Horse.



Group of Australian officers.



The Victoria Light Horse at Klimore, north of Melbourne.

#### New Zealanders Ready to Meet the Turk in Egypt



New Zealand troops have brought immense quantities of etores, the magnitude of which may be judged from the above photograph, which is only a corner of them.

ONE cannot regard the photographs on this page without a feeling of envy for the lucky Colonials who help to protect Britain's new Protectorate. To winter in Egypt as a pleasure is a rare treat, but to winter there as a duty to the Empire is something ideal. The New Zealand troops encamped about five miles out of Cairo. In the neighbourhood is the ancient city of On, noted for its Biblical history associations. The only visible remaining relic of the city is the obelisk, which is identical with that on the Thames Embankment in London. Egypt owed so much to British order and enterprise that the population was unanimous in support of British preparations to repel any attempted Turkish aggression. The act of making Egypt a British Protectorate under a native Sultan was a measure of far-sighted statesmanship.



Scene at the "buffet" of the New Zealand Contingent, which, having only just arrived, had no time to instal field kitchens. Soldiers, however, drawn from the "bush" are generally adept as well as adaptable chefs, and could be relied upon to supply a tasty menu.

#### Waging War on the Outposts of Empire



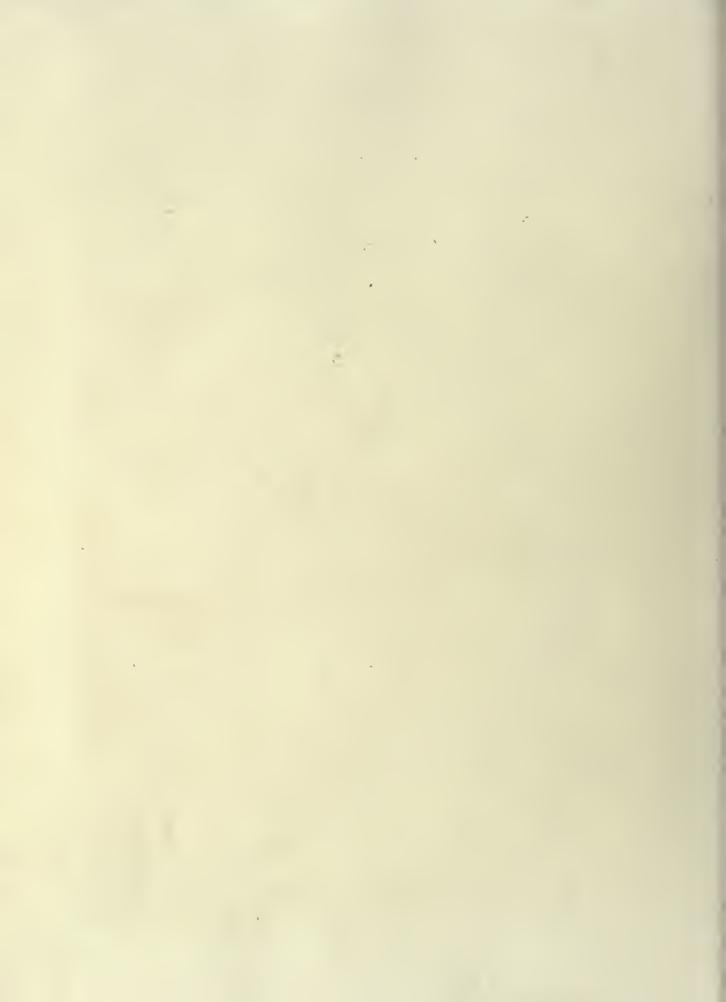
Sierra Leone native troops under British officers at Freetown, before proceeding on the expedition to attack the port of Duala, on the Bight of Biafra, and the point of entry to the German West African colony of Kamerun.



THE HERO KING OF BELGIUM IN THE TRENCHES WITH HIS SOLDIERS.

King Albert proved more than a king and a hero—he became the comrade of his brave soldiers. Under the trial of a common calamity he showed up as a most conspicuous epitome of the adage, "Noblesse oblige." When remonstrated with for his indifference to danger within range of the guns of the enemy, he replied to his

talented war artist depicts the incident in the above picture, where the hero King is seen with his soldiers in the trenches. It was characteristic of the man and his courage that when Antwerp had to be evacuated he insisted that he should personally fire the last shot.



Betwixt the Foe and France was she— France the immortal, France the free. The Foe, like one vast living sea, Drew nigh.

He dreamed that none his tide would stay;
But when he bade her to make way,
She, through her cannon, answered "Nay,
Not I!"

-WILLIAM WATSON.





#### Albert the Brave, Defender of Civilisation

Flanders. In the lifetime of his uncle, King Leopold, he was regarded as a weakling, even by Belgian politicians. Only the young Belgians about his own age—he was born in 1875— took a kindly interest in his marriage with a Bavarian princess in 1900, and in his voyage to the Congo in the spring of 1909.

It was generally thought, when King Albert came to the throne in the winter of 1909, that Belgium had got just an amiable figurehead that could be easily steered along the path marked out by her great financiers and captains of commerce.

So King Albert's first act was something like a revolution in Belgium.

Everybody who had been in King Leopold's service was dismissed, with, of course, proper Then representative rewards. men were drawn from each class and party and attached to the Royal household, to keep the new ruler informed of the currents of public opinion and the needs and desires of the people.

Then, having found the demoeratic base in government he wanted, King Albert raised the fame of Belgium throughout the world by the way he tackled

the abuses which had occurred in the management of the great, rich Belgian territories in Central Africa.

Yet he was still reckoned more of a scholar than a leader of men. The Kaiser took it for granted so mild a king of so small a nation could be bribed to allow an

THERE never was an heir-apparent so modest and retiring as Prince Albert Leopold Clement of Belgium, son of a Hohenzollern princess and the Count of character lay below his quiet manner. In one of the most

sublime resolutions in history he placed himself at the head of his people, and flung a little advance army of 40,000 men in the path of the gigantic German host.

In so doing he saved the main fabric of Christian civilisation-the faith and the force of the solemn treaties, on which all international relations depend. He fought for something greater than even his own dear country. Indeed, he practically placed himself and his people as a sacrifice on the altar of civilisation.

For twice since the historic battle of Liege he could have withdrawn his nation from the devastating conflict by accepting the new and larger offers made by the baffled, surprised, and now admiring German Kaiser.

Again, when Brussels was about to fall, he could fairly have called upon his Allies to protect his beautiful, defenceless capital in return for the invaluable services he had rendered to France. But rather than impede the working out of the far-reaching strategical plans of General Joffre, he let the enemy enter Brussels.

King Albert, a tall, fair, scholarly figure, wearing pincenez and clad in a dusty, plain blue uniform, moves among his

men as a comrade, not as a commander. Matters of strategy he leaves to the military staffs of the allied armics. but he is the great leader—it was he who inspired the free nations with the noble spirit with which they fight. Never since Marathon was fought has Europe known such a man.



The heroic King of the Belgians.



Beigian Hussars-the cavalry of the greatest of little nations returning victorious to camp, before the withdrawal to Antwerp.

#### General Leman, the Hero of Liege

Lieutenant-General Leman, the genius and hero of Liege, who has completely upset the battle plans of the German War Lord, is the son of the director of the Brussels Military School. He has inherited his father's talent for mathematics, and early in his career he was marked out as one of Belgium's most promising officers. His opportunity came after the German attempt to bully France out of Morocco, when all the other nations of Europe began to look to their defences, fearing that the general struggle would suddenly break out.

Promoted to a lieutenantgeneralship, Leman was entrusted with the difficult task of completing the forts at Liege, a place which would have to withstand the first attack of the German host. As planned by General

Brialmont, the defences of Liege had many weak spots, as the place was first designed mercly to delay the advance of a hostile army for a day or two. The younger general set to work to strengthen Liege, and made it—as even the Germans now know—one of the most remarkable "places of arrest" in Europe. By throwing into Liege a mobile army at the outbreak of war, General Leman converted his "place of arrest" into a temporary fortress town, on which the finest German troops, outnumbering the Belgian defenders by three to one, vainly dashed themselves. The manner in which General Leman handled his compara-



tively small body of mobile troops, shifting them from one open space between the steel-capped forts to another, proved that he was as masterly a commander on the battlefield as he was in the mathematical calculation of defensive works.

During the terrible conflict between the forts and the

mobile defence and the German army, General Leman was discussing matters with his staff, when a deafening noise broke out in the street. "This row is unbearable," said one of the staff officers, "we cannot go on working here." He went to the door, but as he opened it two German officers and six privates sprang forward, revolvers in hand, and fired at the general and his staff. Colonel Marchand fell dead, and

the German assassins-it is

rumoured some of them had been working in disguise at Liege as taxi-drivers—tried to push through the officers to kill the commander. "Quick! Give me a revolver!" said the general. But one of his men, a fellow of gigantic size, said: "You must not risk your life, general." "I will! I must pass out!" said the general. The big Belgian soldier saw there was no more time for words. He picked up his little general, hoisted him over the foundry wall, and then ran out himself. The Germans were firing from the windows at the Belgian commander, but the big soldier pushed his chief into a foundry workshop and saved his life.



King Albert the Brave, the young leader of Belgium's herolo army.

[Newspaper Illustrations.

#### The Steel-Capped Forts of Liege in Action—



The interest of the war's early days centred round Liege, whose six large forts and six small forts are ranged in a ring on the heights, six miles from the centre of the city. Each is a triangular mass of strong concrete, with revolving and disappearing steel turrets. The Germans thought they would easily capture them and sweep past into France before the

French mobilisation was complete. They began their atta on the morning of August 4th, advancing in closely-ki ranks against the forts and through the open space Under the fire of the Belgian guns and rifles, the Germa fell in heaps like haystacks, the living rushing over the deand swelling the pile. In the afternoon the battle becar

# -Upsetting the Plan of the German Invaders



tercer all along the line. In the trenches between the orts the Belgians kept the enemy at fifty yards' distance by ifle fire, and then leaped upon him in a series of bayonet harges and drove him from the field. The battle continued uring the night, and went on with unabated fury through he whole of the next day. Vastly inferior in numbers to

the Germans, the Belgians charged, shot, struggled at hand grips, shifting at times from one open space to another, under the direction of their heroic commander, to meet the main attack at different points. As night fell the Germans' fire slackened, and finally stopped; their troops, weary and starving, lay behind their dead. Liege was not yet taken.

### The Last Stand of the Defenders of Liege



The entrenched troops between the Liege forte, during a brief lull in the continual battle.



Belgian cavairymen holding a blown-up bridge against the returning Teutone.

OF all authentic records of the actualities of modern war the photographs on this page are among the most remarkable. They were taken at great risk in the historic trenches round the forts of Liege, in the brief lulls between the thundering charges of German cavalry and the fierce rushes of infantrymen in close formation.

There is nothing more heroic in the annals of mankind than the last stand made by the garrison of the Liege forts against the terrible 16½ in. Krupp siege-guns, which shattered into shapeless ruin the steel cupolas and masses of concrete.

The commandant of Fort Chaudfontaine at Liege, Major Nameche, died the death of a hero. His fort dominated the railway from Aix-la-Chapelle to Liege, which passes through a tunnel at Chaudfontaine. The German artillery fire reduced the fort to a heap of ruins.

Major Nameche made it his last task to block the tunnel by sending several engines to collide in it. Then, in order that the German flag should not fly even over the ruins of his fort, he set fire to his ammunition magazine and blew up the shattered works.



In a Liege trench. Waiting for the next wild vain charge of the finest coldiers of Germany.

### The Belgians' Gallant Defence of Liege



Beigian artillsrymen sweeping German troops off open ground between the forte of Liege. An officer on a ladder directs the fire of the gune. Liege is only a "place of arrest"—designed to impeds the march of a hoetlie force. To transform it into a fortress, the Belgians had to throw 40,000 men into the passages between their domed forts.



An aviator flying over the Meuse, above the surprising city of Liege. A Osrman prisoner states that he saw, round Liege, several of the aeropianee of hie own army destroyed by shrapnel shelle from the Belgian guna.



Joyful scene in Brussels after the magnificent, unexpected victory of the David of nations against the Goliath of military powers. Belgiane who dashed in a motor—car from Liege to Brussels to display in the capital the trophice taken from the enemy in the first great battle of the European war.

#### The Terror let loose on the Fair Land of Belgium

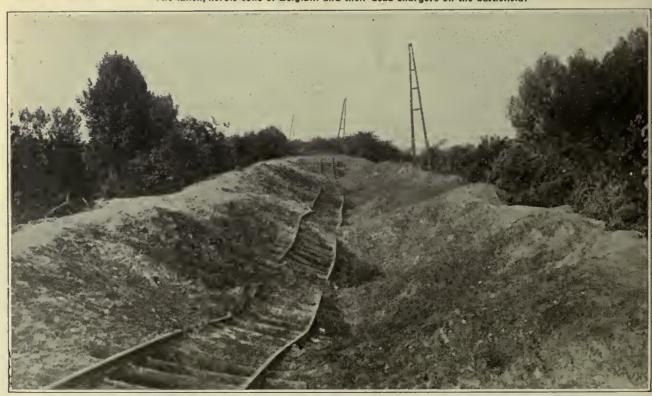
IN July, 1914, Belgium was a land of lovely, dreamlike towns, smiling fields of harvest, and busy, industrial centres. Before August ended, many of her sons lay in huddled heaps amid the ungathered corn, amid the burnt ruins of villages, with their faithful horses stretched in death beside them. And this horrible thing has happened because the Belgians put their national honour above

bribery, because they stood out against the mendacious, ferocious savages of Prussia, for the sanctity of treaties on which civilisation depends.

If anything more were needed to nerve the young men of the Empire to fight to the death against Germanic barbarism and tyranny, the sight of these dead heroes should alone have sufficed.

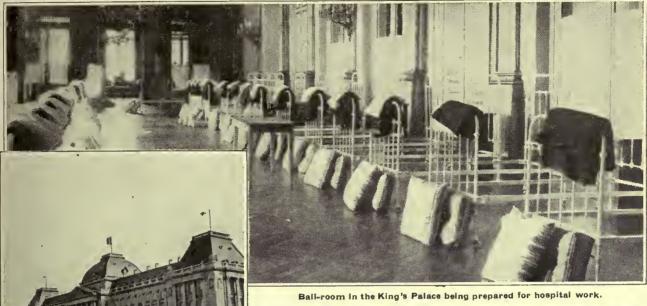


The fallen, heroic sons of Beigium and their dead chargers on the battiefield.



The railway from Landen to St. Croud, destroyed by the Beigians to hinder the German advance.

### How Brussels Prepared to Succour the Wounded





GAY, bright, picturesque Brussels bravely, generously prepared for the greater Waterloo. The Government had been shifted to Antwerp, and the unfortified capital was opened to the enemy without a struggle. It had become a city of hospitals. King Albert gave his splendid palace for hospital work, and big hotel-keepers and large shop-owners turned their buildings into Red Cross institutions. On the shuttered windows of the Bon Marché the Red Cross was marked to protect the rooms from shot and shell should a battle rage in the streets. It was to avoid this that the militia was withdrawn.



The Bon Marche shops as Red Cross hospital -windows marked.



A bed-room in the Royal Palace Hotel, ready for the wounded.

### Grim and Gay-With the Fighters of Belgium



Belgium, which abounde in beautiful age-old churches, had to turn her sacred buildings into temporary ehelters for her soldiers.

The nave in this village church was filled with straw for the soldiers to rest on.



Officere of the crack Beigian regiment, the Guards, joking at two of their comradse as they ecribble brief letters to their anxious wivee left behind in Antwerp.

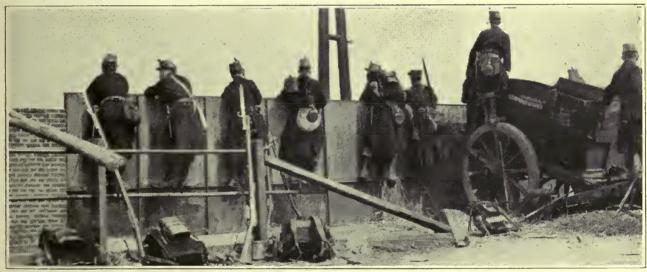
#### Belgian Rear-guard Covering Retirement

AGAIN the field force that beat the Germans out of the passages between the Liege forts have shown with what heroism they fight. They had begged to be sent back to Liege. This could not be done; but at Aerschot and Louvain, on August 19th, they met the main front of the huge Teutonic battle power, and held it at bay, while the Belgian Army was retiring on Antwerp.

The magnificent rear-guard action opened with a terrific rain of shrapnel from the massed German artillery. Then the Germans, outnumbering the Belgians by ten to one, swept down on the trenches. To cover the Belgian retreat on the right flank, 288 men faced the mighty German hosts. They saved the position, but only seven of them returned.



Stubborn Belgian fighters holding up the German advance while the main body of the Belgians was retiring on Antwerp.



Watching on the outskirte of Louvain for the advance guard of the great German Army.



Another view of the Beigian rear-guard in action at the point illustrated in the top picture.

#### Red War Among the Golden Cornfields



Fighting amld the harvest. The Belgians bind their black helmets with wheat-stalks to escape notice till they fire.



Sowing death amid the gathered corn.



Smudging signpost to confuse Germans.



The victorious Beigian infantry resting by the battlefleid after their amazing success at Haelen.

#### Germany's Empty Triumph in Brussels

THESE vivid, historic photographs of incidents in the march of the Teutonic hosts through the defenceless capital of Belgium have the added interest of being taken at great personal peril. Had our war photographer been observed at his work by any of the German soldiers or spies he would probably have been hauled before the nearest officer, and then shot.

Thanks to the presence in Brussels of the representatives of the United States and other neutral Powers, the capital has escaped from the pillage and slaughter that marked the

German advances through the villages and towns of Eastern Belgium. But it is clear that the Germans have only been restrained through the fear of exciting public opinion in America.

For they have gone back to the barbarous, mediæval practice of holding to ransom the city they did not sack. A levy of £8,000,000 has been made on the people of Brussels, and another huge sum has been exacted from Liege. The Germans do not even wait till they have won the great war before demanding indemnities.



Teutonic conquerors swaggering in a cart down the Boulevard Botanique in the Belgian capital.



German infantry crossing the Place Charles Rogier, watched by the silent Belgian orowd, and photographed at considerable risk.

#### Undaunted Malines Fighting for its Life



Belgian acidiers firing from behind a carefully constructed barricade of atone and aand-bags in a factory yard at Mailnas. Inact: Two of the redoubtable Uhians captured, and being marched, handcuffed together, through the town.



Beigian soldiere deatroying all bridges whose existence would facilitate the passage of German troopa. This photograph shows a bridge blown up by dynamite to prevent the invadera crossing the Willebroeck Canai, near Malines.

### The Belgian "Won't-be-Conquered" Spirit

THE German reptile Press continued to talk about the "blind stupidity" and the "madness" of the Belgians, because, in Prussian eyes, a little nation should have no soul of its own. Britain knows that the Belgian "won't-be-conquered" spirit is neither stupid nor mad.

Speaking in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith recalled the struggles for liberty which small States—Athens and Sparta, the Swiss eantons, and the Netherlands—had made

in the past. Never, he asserted, had duty been more heroically discharged than during the last few weeks by the Belgian King and his people. The Belgians had won immortal glory, he continued, and they might count to the end on Britain's whole-hearted and unfailing support.

Photographs of Belgians who have been wounded fighting for their country are shown below. It is an honour to be

allied to a nation that breeds such heroism.



"it might have been worse," eay these Belgian officers, who carried their own luggage as they came off the hospital ship.



After a fight at Aerschot, only seven of a company of Belgian Grenadiers were left etanding. This hero was one of them.



The Beigians have no big guns such as the Germans h but the men who fire them have more pluck. This Beig artilleryman goes into action despite a wounded head. the Germans have, luck. This Belgian



A Beigian deepatch-rider who rode twenty miles through the German lines near Malines. He was shot soon after starting, but he completed the journey before attending to his wound.

# Belgium's Dauntless Stand for Freedom.



These Belgians are in a fisld of baste, preparing machine-guns to meet the attack of some Garmans whom their scouts report have seen approaching. Their indomitable spirit goes a long way to compansate for the paucity of their numbers.



Belgians in the bend of a main road near Malines ready for some Uhians who were expected when the photograph was taken.





A ecrne in Aloet after its second bombardment by the Germans. These are the Guides, the crack regiment of the Belgien Army, who are reeting, in the hope of hearing from the scouts that there may be business for them in the neighbourhood.

### Belgium's Ceaseless Resistance to Enormous Odds



The email nation of Belgium rendered brilliant service to humanity and freedom by her gallant and indomitable resistance to the barbarous and unprovoked onelaught of Germany.

Termonde wae bombarded by Germane three times, but still the Belgians would not be driven away. Belgian infantry are here eniping the enemy after having blown up a railway bridge.



Germany hae for yeare had a wide epy eyetem operating in many countries, preparing for the day of attack. Her epies etiil do their dirty work and many have been caught. The search for German D  $^{23}\,$   $\Gamma$ 

epise ie often done with the bayonet, as at Aerechot, where this photograph was taken. The fate of a discovered spy is swift blindfolded, back to a wall, firing party at ten paces!

# Swift Justice to Spies · Fate of "Franc-tireurs"



An early morning ecene in Termonde, when a German epy, detected at hie treacherous work, met a merited death amid the scenes of havoc that hie military masters had wrought in one of Beiglum's industrious towne. The extent of the German epy system was a revelation to the Allies and the world when ite ramifications came to be known. A typical trick is for a German epy to take an apailment in the top storey of a high building and signal to his employers with lights.



"Franc-tireurs" are Irregular combatants who carry arme but do not wear uniforms. The Germans refuse to recognise them as soldiere, and treat them as non-combatante caught with arms, leading them out to be shot—as shown above—without the form of trial even by court-martial. During the present war hundreds—perhaps thousande—of "franc-tireurs" have been placed with their backe against a wall and have met death in front of German rifle-barrels.

A thousand, thousand men thrice told, Wave upon wave, that onward rolled, 'Mid flame and thunder beat Upon that proud retreat.

Till French's little army stood And stayed the devastating flood.

French and his British few Are famous, thanks to you.

And, thanks to you, they now advance Leagued with the chivalry of France For just and equal ends: Sire, you have made amends.

--- Н. М.

### Mons and the Great Retreat



The famous stirrup charge of the Gordons and the Argyli and Sutherland Highlanders, who, holding by the stirrup-leathers of the Scots Greye at St. Quentin, rushed a German masked battery.

### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

### The Three Days' Battle of Mons

"I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

"I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of August 26th could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.

N Saturday, August 22nd, amid the wooded slopes and watered valleys of the little Belgian mining city of Mons, the British army began its campaign for the defence of the peaceful, progressive civilisation of Europe. Three miles south of the long line of British entrenchments was the battlefield of Malplaquet, where, two hundred and five years since, the Duke of Marlborough won his last great victory in the struggle against Louis XIV. for the balance of power on the Continent, at a cost of 20,000 men. Sir John French was to win a more important battle against a far more powerful foe at a tenth of that cost.

Our men began to arrive early on Saturday morning, and the Belgian colliery folk living by the mines round Mons were filled with the wildest, maddest joy. At last the mysterious British army, about whose landing on the Continent rumours had been spreading for a week, had come to the help of the brave, overwhelmed Belgian nation.

Scarcely anything was needed by our troops from their own stores of food. The people pressed all they had upon them, and gladly dug the trenches running south to the French frontier, on the western flank where the main German attack was expected. Many women helped in the work, and it was not done too quickly, for, about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, eight German aeroplanes came scouting over the British position. Our flying men soared, and tried to engage them in a skirmish in the sky, while the townspeople of Mons and the miners and mechanics of the outlying villages were, for safety, hurried away with their families to the French town of Valenciennes.

### After a Thirty-Mile March

In the evening the guns spoke. The British artillery was well set on the hills surrounding Mons, commanding the canal of the town, over which the Germans had to pass. The German artillery opened fire at a considerable distance, but came nearer as night fell and veiled the operations.

In the meantime, additional bodies of British troops marched into the town after a long tramp. Some of them were tired after doing thirty miles in the day, with a heavy load on their backs; but they gallantly flung themselves into the fighting-line, and began to dig entrenchments, lying on their stomachs. Up to Monday morning, British brigades arrived at Mons, rushing at once to battle, and digging themselves in with cool, steady speed.

For when Sunday morning dawned, it was clear that Sir John French would need every available man within marching distance. An enormous force of Germans was collecting in the shelter of woods on the north and west of the town for a sledge-hammer stroke on the left flank of the allied armies. The Kaiser had publicly vowed he would at once annihilate or capture any British army acting against him on the Continent, if it cost him a million men to do so. He was now preparing to carry out his threat.

### Facing Frightful Odds

The destruction of the British force would not only gratify his fierce desire for vengeance on our country, but turn the entire French battle-line, and ensure the swift, irretrievable eventhrow of the military power of France.

overthrow of the military power of France.

Our comparatively small army, intended only to support a driving French attack against the Germans which failed, suddenly became the living shield of the whole of France.

From the beginning of the fight our men were outnumbered

"It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two general officers commanding army corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their staffs; the direction of the troops by divisional, brigade, and regimental leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers; and the magnificent fighting spirit displayed by non-commissioned officers and men."—Extract from Sir John French's Despatch of September 7th, 1914, to Lord Kitchener.

by three to one, our guns were far less numerous than the enemy's, and so were our Maxims. In all material things the odds were heavily against us, and they grew still heavier as the battle went on, and the Germans brought up more troops to encompass and annihilate our force.

When the main attack opened on Sunday morning, the scene was like a Sabbath landscape in the Cotswolds. One British gunner, who had come from that part of England, said that the quiet, sunny beauty of the hilly country made him think of his father and sister going at that hour down the green, peaceful lanes to church. Suddenly a German aeroplane swept over the British entrenchments.

### A Human Tidal Wave

The flying foe took the range with his instrument and apparently sent a message to his batteries. Anyhow, some German gunners got the range of our infantry positions with surprising quickness. The Sabbath calm was shattered by the thunder of guns and the shriek and explosion of shell and shrapnel. Massed in overwhelming power, in Napoleonic fashion, the German artillery fire swept our trenches.

Then, when the German commander reckoned that our men had been put out of action, bluish-grey masses came out of a distant wood and tore—a human tidal wave—towards the canal that moated the British position. The pick of German infantry, regiments famed for victories over Dane, Austrian, and Frenchman, were hastening alert, gay, and confident, to their first historic fight with British soldiers.

Every man of them knew by heart the words written by their great Moltke: "Now that all Continental troops are armed with long-range rifles, the traditional supremacy of the British infantryman is over. They will have no opportunity to display their ability in hand-to-hand fighting."

### "The Day" Had Arrived

So the Prussians came on, exultant and furious, to annul completely the ancient traditions of the last great nation in Western Europe with a military fame equal, at least, to theirs. "The Day" had arrived! They would redress on land the power we won at sea. One man, watching them from the trenches, remarked that they seemed to think that taking our position would be a picnic.

There was no finesse or subtle skill about the German attack. It was just a plain, straight blow, delivered with terrific force, and the utmost swiftness. The blue-grey troops came in a moving wall towards our trenches in close formation, as soon as their guns cleared a path for them. Our men thought them mad, but there was method in their madness.

A creeping, Boer-like attack in open order, with the scattered troops slowly advancing from cover to cover, is disdained by the Germans. It is too slow, and it requires too much initiative from the individual infantryman. The German relies on his military machine, on his 110,000 non-commissioned officers, who keep the private soldiers in such firm control that a column will fall rather than break.

In tens of thousands were they sacrificed when our men opened fire. With a sureness and steadiness of aim unknown in Continental warfare, the British soldier taught the German the tragic lesson he had learned from the Boer. Our artillery, admirably handled, raked the advancing enemy, but he was in such numbers that our shells and shrapnel could not stop him. The gaps in the distant columns closed as soon, almost, as they were made.

The columns swept onward—a river of dim grey, almost invisible on the green, sunny landscape, and spreading in flood against the British trenches. By sheer numbers they defeated our artillery fire. They could not be killed quickly enough to hinder the advance. It was like the onset of the locked, disciplined, unshaken horde of a Zulu impi, that used to win by devoting more of its men to death than the defending army had time to slay before the position was stormed.

But, as the Boers long since proved, the brute force of a Zulu impi attack can be repulsed simply by the quality of the rifle fire of the defenders. This is what happened round the canal of Mons. When the German columns came within the range of our infantry, they met so steady, well-directed a storm of bullets that, for the first time in a hundred years, the wonderful Prussian war machine was broken up. The stricken troops halted, looked about in a dazed way, and ran like hares.

Our men were as cool and easy as if they were shooting at Bisley, though their rifles at times grew extremely hot

trenches, lighting the mark for the whistling shells. German shrapnel, it appears, did not do much damage—though it was more harmful than German rifle fire. The shrapnel with the rain of bullets, exploded in an ineffectual way. But the shrieking German shells—fired six at a time, so that one burst over the trench, if five wasted their missiles of death on empty ground—were sometimes calculated to disturb the British soldier.

But he was not disturbed. For thirty-six hours he held his ground. Six times the Gcrman commander hurried up vast masses of fresh troops, concentrated the overpowering fire of his artillery to cover their advance, and then hurled them on the British position. The invincible Iron Regiment was brought up—the irresistible Prussian Guard. One and all staggered back, shattered, stunned. The price our army paid by the waters of the Tugela and the Modder was recovered a hundredfold by the canal of Mons.

Often our cavalry would finish what our infantry began—the foot soldiers sending a volley into the hesitating enemy, and opening for the hussars. With a curdling yell the broken Germans fled. And none of the German horsemen stood against our cavalry.



Sunday, August 23rd, 1914-Dawn in the trenches.

with incessant firing. "Pick your man!" cried our officers. They picked him—in hundreds—in thousands. "We never expected anything like your rifle fire," said a wounded German captain afterwards. "It was staggering."

A French officer also marvelled at the extraordinary effect of the fire from our trenches, under which the grey masses beyond melted and scattered, leaving large, faint stains on the grass. In an interval between the onslaughts, he came down to look at our men. In the trench in which he settled himself to study the psychology of British soldiers in their deadliest hour in history, a furious discussion was going on. It was all about the merits or demerits of Gunboat Smith, the American prize-fighter who withdrew from his match with the young Englishman, Ahearn!

When the German advance was resumed, the quarrel about the departure of the Yankee heavy-weight dropped. The men turned coolly to the business on hand, and shot the Germans down like rabbits. At times they felt sorry for their enemies. It seemed to them they were not giving the foe fair play. For his rifle fire, aimed from the hip, was ridiculously bad. "Kaiser Bill's men," was the general saying, "couldn't hit a haystack at fifty yards."

The only thing from which our men as a whole seem seriously to have suffered was the shell fire from the Krupp guns. At night the enemy's searchlights flashed on our

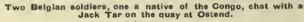
Our gunners fought just as well as our infantry and cavalrymen. One by one the batteries stopped defending the position. The German leader, feeling sure at last of his ground, ordered an immense advance of fresh troops against the British trenches.

Out of the woods the Germans swung to victory. When they were well within range, the silent British guns encouraged them to come farther. More troops, therefore, were launched to make good the probable losses from the terrible British infantry fire. When the trap was full, the British guns spoke amid the crackle of the rifles and the racket of the hot, steaming Maxims. So again the moving grey mass disappeared.

Apparently there were not many bayonet charges at Mons. The Germans were usually unable to get near enough to our trenches. But the South Lancashires are said to have got home with terrible effect with the "white arm," against which no German—though brave to the point of death in some ways—carcs to stand. In the end our troops not only held their ground, but took one of the German positions. Mons was a greater Waterloo, but our new allies on this occasion were unable to carry out the great task of holding their line, so that our men had to begin to retire on Monday from the field of their victory.

### New-formed Friendships that will not Fade







Highlanders in France being regaled with coffee—and something equally welcome (note the bottles)—by a French lady.

THE photographs on this page show one of the more pleasant sides of war. The soldiers of different nationalities fighting in the same cause fraternise and become acquainted with the excellencies of each other.

excellencies of each other.

Colour is no bar to genuine comradeship. The British soldier soon loses the insular attitude of "He's a blooming foreigner! Heave a brick at him, Bill!" Instead, he links arms and gives evidence of sincere friendship—the kinship of brothers in battle, sharers of the same hardships, sufferers in the same cause, helpers to one victory.

And difference in language is equally futile in preventing the mutual admiration that comes when brave men recognise bravery in others.



Sharing the news. Belgian and British defenders read a newspaper together.

The fields of war a vast open-air where "Tommy" academy working knowledge of The language of his allies. accent may acquired always have been pure and the phrases Parisian, learned may have contained more of "argo" than of elegance, but they served the turn and made it possible to express to his foreign friends the thoughts of his mind. He gave as much as he got, and many a French and Belgian soldier acquired a smattering of English, perhaps flavoured strongly with the accent of the Humber or the Dee, that will betray the birth shire of his professors.



A London "tax!," commandeered for service in France, finde itself in a strange land and makes itself at home.



A Belgian soldier discusses the war with a British soldier at Folkestone.

### British Machine-Guns Mow Down German Column



The Official Press Bureau did not waste any words in its description of the sparkling Britieh success at Landrecies. Its plain, unvarnished account ran as follows: "A German infantry brigade advanced in the closest order into the narrow street, which they completely filled. Our machine-guns were brought to bear on

this target from the end of the town. The head of the column was swept away, a frightful panic ensued, and it is estimated that no fewer than 800 to 900 dead and wounded Germans were lying in this street alone." Contrast this unaseuming account with the ecreaming reporte of mythical German victoriee!

### Fighting the Invaders "Yard by Yard"



The German War Lords hurled such an irresistible mass of men against the Alies that the latter were obliged to abandon their position on the French frontier and fight retiring actions. As they recede they throw up trenches.



Defenders in a trench naturally have a great advantage over any attacking force. The Allies laugh at Germany's rifle-fire, but her artillery, assisted by aeroplenes which fly over our lines and signal where to drop shells, has proved very effective.



A fearful toil was extracted from Germany for its invasion. Even if the enemy had been fortunate enough to reduce Paris, he would have found that its capture entailed an appallingly greater expenditure of life than it did in 1870.





A magnificent feat of the Ninth Lancers was, aecomplished during the retreat of the Allied left from Le Cateau on August 25th, 1914. 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 failed, the Ninth Lancers rode straight at them, across the open through a hail of shells 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 NINTH LANCERS DURING THE GREAT RETREAT FROM MONS TO CAMBRAI. THE GLORIOUS CHARGE OF

### Bedfordshires in a Hot Corner in France



A private soldier in the Bedfordshire Regiment has written home describing how he was one of a party who entered a private house so that they might fire upon a German column from the upper windowe. They found a terrified young woman and an siderly man sitting in a darkened room. Shelle screamed about

their home and their household effects were smaehed and burned about their ears. Blood was everywhere, and after a violent engagement, from which the British eoidlere carried off three of their number wounded, the terrified residents were conducted to the celiar for eafety. As the soldiers left, the roof was blown off.

### Furious Charge of British Cavalry at Mons-



At Mons, a Belgian mining town some twenty-eight miles south-west of Waterloo, the first great British battle for the salvation of France took place on Sunday, August 23rd, and the following day. For thirty-six hours the cavalry, artillery, and infantry out-fought a German force of much superior strength. Some British soldiers had

not taken their boots off since they landed in France; yet, after marching rapidly to Mons, they threw up trenches, and fought night and day without a rest. But tired though they were when they started, they shot so well that their dead foes were piled up in heaps before them. A wounded German officer, taken prisoner, remarked that the

### The Uhlans get the Surprise of their Lives



rifle fire was "staggering"; nothing like it had been imagined. And the British cavalry! Men who afterwards arrived from the front said that the cavalrymen rode like madmen against the German horsemen. They had heard much about the Uhlans—the men who had made their name ring horribly through the whole world by atrocious

tortures and murders of the non-combatant peasantry of Belgium. When the opportunity came to meet them, the eagerness of the cavalrymen astonished their own officers. The Uhlans had the surprise of their lives. Riding with tremendous dash, the British cavalry cut down the torturers of little children, and swept them from the field.

### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

### The Wonderful Retreat from Mons

THE British Army has been in some perilous positions, but never has a large British force found itself in such terrible difficulties as faced Sir John French his troops at Mons, in Belgium, on Monday,

August 24th.

They were on the left edge of the Franco-British front, stretching down from Belgium. The northern part of this line was retiring to avoid being shattered by the victorious German host which had stormed Namur, repulsed the French at Charleroi, and made a successful counter attack.

So, although the British force was triumphantly holding Mons, its position was completely overthrown by the withdrawing movement of its Allies, which began on Sunday, August 23rd. The Germans took swift advantage of this eondition of things. They pursued the French, but massed far more strongly against the British. Their tremendous efforts against our men were, as is reported, partly inspired by an extraordinary order issued from Aix-la-Chapelle by the Kaiser to his northern forces, commanding them to

"exterminate French's contemptible little

army."

General Kluck, with 200,000 men, began to eneircle our troops on their left. Then on their left. our right General Bulow advanced southward with another superior army, ready to swerve and hold our small force while Kluck smashed it.

What odds our men would have fought against had they got closed between Kluck the hammer and Bulow the anvil is hard to calculate. Perhaps six to one-perhaps more. But Sir John French saw to it that things did not fall out in this He had learnt wav. round Ladysmith to conduct rearguard actions against better fighters than the Ger-Now he gave mans. the world the supreme example in military history of the handling of troops in the most perilous of positions. What Sir John Moore did in the retreat to Corunna against Soult

and Napoleon, when the odds were two to one against him, was excelled by Sir John French against the odds of three to one, and sometimes more.

Leaving a considerable body of troops near Mons to engage the attention of Bulow, he outspread a fan of cavalry westward to test the strength of Kluck's encircling movement. The main British force struck downwards towards the French fortress town of Maubeuge, and on Monday night, August 24th, it stretched from Maubeuge eastward to Kluck's army.

But Sir John French felt from the pressure Kluck was exerting on him that Maubeuge was a dangerous place to stay in, especially as the French armies were still retreating. The country was covered with standing crops, which would have limited the field of fire of our troops had they entrenched there.

So at dawn on Tuesday, August 25th, the British commander ordered a further retirement southward. By the evening most of our men were exhausted by marching and fighting. But the skill and audacity of their leader saved the situation.

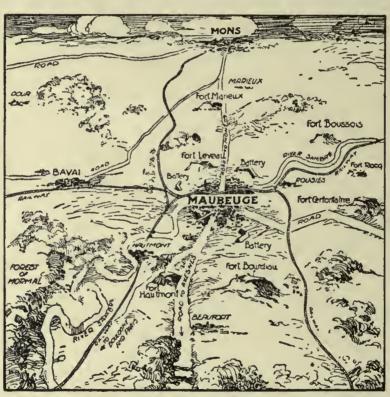
French worked wonders with his men. He had an army of young athletes, trained by himself, and he called on them to fight as never men had fought before. For days they marched in battle manœuvres, dug themselves in, shot, rose for a succession of bayonet charges. For nights they continued their southward retreat, tramping in the darkness, and fighting still, if necessary.

The Germans allowed our men no rest. Using their superiority in numbers to full advantage, they kept up a continuous fight in enormous masses. Here and there our men gained a respite by some trick. Knowing, for instance, that the Germans were becoming fearful of our deadly

infantry fire, our troops would dig a trench in their rear, and leave their caps on it. When the German cavalry or foot soldiers saw the trench they kept at a distance. They had learned by tragic experience what it would cost

them to take a British position by a sudden eharge. They waited till their guns came up and swept the ditch with shell and shrapnel in a thorough manner. In the meantime our army got away, and fed, and made another trench. Resolute not to be tricked again, the Uhlans rode up to the apparently empty ditch. But a row of capless heads appeared, and if all the horsemen were not shot the rest were bayoneted. The horses came in useful for our cavalrymen who were wearing out their mounts.

Oh, our marvellous eavalry! Cavalry fighting is a hand-to-hand affair, sabre against sabre, lance against bayonet, sword against machine-gun and cannon. On the individual skill, pluck, and dash of each cavalryman the issues of a continual series of hundreds of fights depended. By sheer strength of arm and horsemanship our



Picture-plan of the country around Mons and Maubeuge

outnumbered horsemen continually won the field.

They attacked against impossible odds-a hundred German troops to every single Briton. The huge mass of blue-grey men advanced to destroy its insignificant prey. The British cavalry suddenly became aware of the destruction that threatened it. It retired, with the Germans in headlong pursuit. Then there was a crash of artillery from an unexpected position, and the blue-grey mass was blown apart by shell, shrapnel, or even case-shot. The British eavalry squadron had been dangled as a bait to lead the German troops up for slaughter by our gunners!

Our gunners risked themselves, their horses, and their guns with the same daring adroitness. At need, one man did the work of a whole gun's crew, and did it steadily and well-with all his comrades dead or disabled around himuntil he, too, fell. Then the nearest body of cavalry had to save the guns, as Captain Grenfell of the 9th Lancers did, just after he had been wounded in both legs and lost

two fingers. But there were times when our guns were put out of action by the death of all the gunners and the horses, and no cavalry was near enough to ride out and recover the guns from the hostile horsemen sweeping down

It was on one of these occasions that our infantryman showed what he will do for the guns that protect and support him. Two companies of Munsters recovered one of our batteries by a bayonet attack on German cavalry and against a terrific fire from the German artillery. The Irishmen were ordered to abandon the guns they had saved, for there were no horses available to move the battery. But the Munsters shot more German riders, took their horses, and harnessed them to the guns. Then, as there were still insufficient horses to do the work, the men made

themselves beasts of membered that this was done by men already weary with long marches, trench-digging, and

fighting. It is, however, almost unfair to distinguish any regiment of the British force by mentioning the deeds it did in the retreat from Mons to Cambrai and Le Cateau from Monday, August 24th, to Wednesday, August 26th. What Captain Grenfell performed every man in the army did in his measure. Many of our measure. Many of our wounded mastered their bodily weakness and pain, and battled on to the death. All fought against heavy odds, and what is much more important and inspiring, they struggled against utter weariness of body and the numbing effect of fatigue on the brain.

At the critical moment many of our men were too tired to move. This happened on Wednesday, August 26th, when Kluck was encircling our troops near Cambrai. There was a strong French cavalry corps under General Sorbet eastward of our position. Sir John French asked the French horsemen for help. But their horses were too tired to carry them to the assistance of our outworn, outnumbered, hard - pressed troops.

Westward, at Arras, 葡萄糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖糖 there was a much fresher

French force under General d'Amadé; but Kluck seems to have driven a strong wedge between these French reserves and his immediate prey—our wearied

Then, with the immense force under his command, Kluck, at dawn on August 26th, hooked part of our army round at Le Cateau, near the town of Cambrai. So certain was Kluck of the annihilation or surrender of our men, that he reported his victory to the Kaiser, and the wireless station at Berlin announced it to the world.

But then was seen with what force and majesty the British fight. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was in command of the Second Corps and Fourth Division at Le Cateau, against which the Germans began their movement. It was impossible to send him any reinforcements, as our First Corps was utterly fatigued, after hacking its way to Landrecies and beating off an attack by 40,000 Germans, who swept on them at night from a forest.

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and his small, battered force had therefore to face alone the full force of Kluck's attack. The odds were more than four to one in guns and men. There was no time for our tired soldiers to entrench themselves properly, and they had to lie exposed to the dreadful fire of the overpowering German artillery of

There were battles in the sky as well as in the fields. The men of our Royal Flying Corps wheeled above the

armies, shot at by friend and foe, and, drawing their revolvers, they chased the German aviators, who were directing the fire of the Krupp guns below. By superior airmanship and marksmanship our airmen brought down five of the enemy's machines.

Meanwhile, the decisive attack opened. In avalanche after avalanche the German troops swept against our men, lying in open order with shell and shrapnel bursting over them in extraordinary quantities. When the German artilleryman ceased their deadly work, for fear of blowing away their own advancing troops, the moment arrived on which the fate of our Expeditionary Force and the French armies depended.

The Germans had to be stopped. If their advance continued, they would capture the rest of our troops and swoop on the retiring French lines to the east. The French were fighting bravely in a series of rearguard actions against other German armies. The arrival of Kluck on their left flank would probably convert their retreat into a France would be rout. lost.

Such was the awful position of affairs that Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and his men rose with high, steady courage to meet. The masses of German infantrymen

came on—five deep and shoulder to shoulder—to deliver the mortal blow. But our troops gave them "the mad minute." This is fifteen rounds of well-aimed fire from each magazine rifle, with less than four seconds between each shot.

The Germans wavered, broke, and fled. Our cavalrymen and intrepid gunners then covered the retirement of their infantry. But Kluck's two hundred thousand had suffered too much to undertake a vigorous pursuit. The German general withdrew to reorganise his four battered army corps. The flanking movement was stopped, and the situation saved. A few days later the positions were reversed and our great advance began.



[Lafayette.

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

"I must put on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by General Sir Lorace Smith-Dorrien. I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present."-General French's Despatch, 7th September.

### Hammer Mightier than the Sword at Compiegne



THE berserker rage of battle inspires modern men just as it did their forebears of several centuries ago, when men frequently worked themselves up to a pitch of aggressive fury and rushed into the fight, running amok among the ranks of the enemy. Human nature remains the same at all times and in all climes. At the French town of Compiègne on September 1st, during the great retreat, when the overwhelming odds of the Kaiser's hosts forced the little British army back and back and back, fighting one of the most brilliant rearguard battles in the history of war, the 6th Dragoons charged the Germans. The regimental shoeing-smith was, of course, not a combatant, but he was a man of undaunted courage and brilliant daring, as well as being possessed of a forearm with the strength of an engine piston. He was unarmed with any conventional weapon of war. But that did not prevent

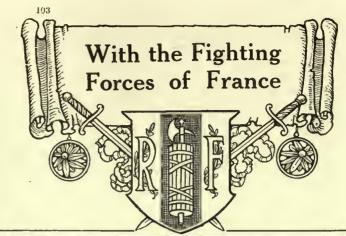
him joining the charge. He took the first weapon that came to hand—the hammer with which he shod the horses of the regiment, and which he knew so well how to wield. And he put it to a use for which it was never intended. It was essentially a weapon of attack, not of defence, and was by its very nature unsuited to afford its bearer protection against the bayonets and swords of the enemy attacked. Nevertheless, in the hands of the intrepid blacksmith, who wielded it as if inspired by ten thousand devils, it cracked many German skulls, and no man in the charge had a greater toll of German loss to his credit than the farrier turned warrior for the nonce. He came through his adventure unhurt and with the head of his hammer moist and red with the evidence of his prowess. Then he returned to his anvil, prepared to repeat the performance should need arise.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory! Hark, hark! What myriads 'gainst you rise! Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary; Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, hate displaying,
With hireling hosts, a robber band,
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on! All hearts resolved
on liberty or death.

-THE MARSEILLAISE.





"Allons, enfants de la patrie, is jour de gloire est arrivé!"

### The Soldier-Leaders France Relied Upon







General Pau, the dashing French Leader.

BOTH General Joffre and Lord Kitchener should know something about German methods of war, for in their youth both of them fought for France in the war of 1870. When Joffre was elected head of the French Army in 1911 by a unanimous decision of the Cabinet, all his countrymen were glad. Practically his only rival for the position was the dashing veteran, General Pau, whom, at the first opportunity he had, he called to his aid to lead one of the armies of the Franco-British battle-front.

Joffre made his name by nine years of hard service in the French Soudan and in the campaign that resulted in the capture of Timbuctoo. But it was not until 1905, at the age of fifty-three, that he won the epaulettes of a brigadiergeneral. He next distinguished himself as a military engineer by his work on the eastern defences of France, and took part in the last reorganisation of the French Army.

Sparing in words, bluff in manner, and heavy of build, Joffre had for three years worked steadily at strengthening

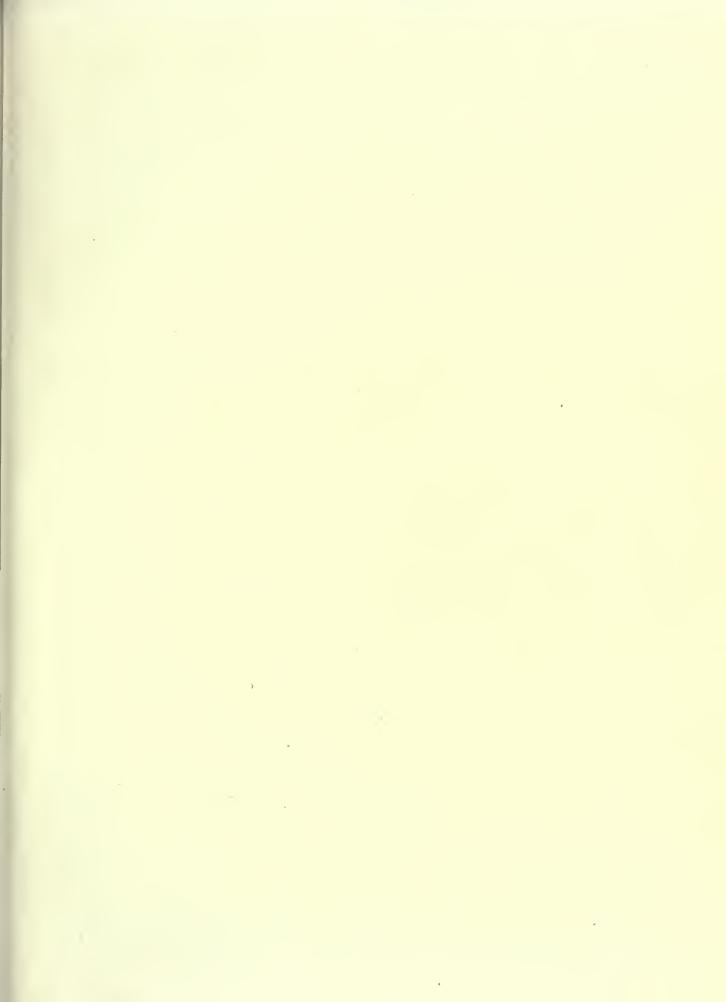
his country by combating all political influences in military affairs. A Republican himself, he never spares his generals because of their Republican sympathies. A few months before the war began he startled the French public by retiring five commanders belonging to his own party who had not handled their troops properly in the manœuvres. Then, during the war, he at once dismissed some high officers in Alsace because they lost a battle they might have won.

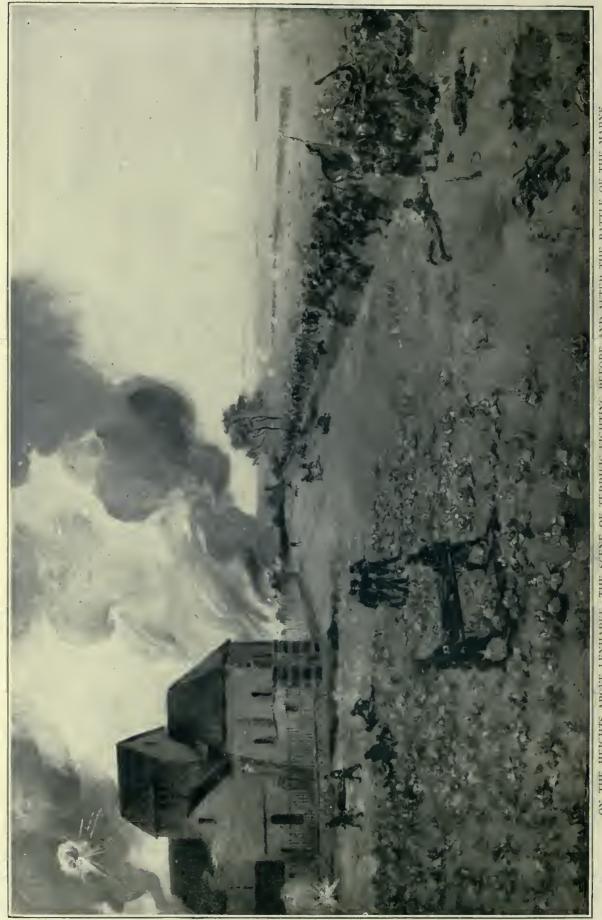
General Joffre appeared to rely on General Pau, the one-armed Monarchist soldier, and General de Castelnau, the Clericalist, who was his assistant on the General Staff. One excellent result of this negligence of all politics is that every Frenchman became united in the defence of France.

Joffre has won the respect of his men by his thoroughgoing efficiency. But he is far from being a typical Frenchman. He has, for instance, an almost disconcerting capacity for silence, and the democracy of Paris, after the battle at Charleroi, began to clamour for more information about the first phase of the terrific contest.



Battery of French artillery advancing over flat open country to a difficult line of wooded rising ground.





lies in a hollow on the left below the church, which was the centre of some of the ficrest of the engagements. To the right of the picture is to be seen the German first line engaged with the French. The German second line is advancing, under cover of the artillery on the extreme right, to the support of the first line, which is being hothy engaged. The smoke rising from behind the church is of the village in finnes. Amidst the burshing shells French Red Cross officials are carrying their wounded to shelter across the cabbage garden in the rear of the fighting-line. ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE LENHAREE-THE SCENE OF TERRIFIC FIGHTING BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE, There was no harder fighting during the German advance south than took place at Lenharée, the seene of which has been drawn from sketches made on the spot by our special war artist, Mr. Sydney Adamson. In the early days of September, 1914, after a series of sanguinary encounters, the Prench were forced to retreat ten kilometers. But in five days the Germans, beaten in the Bartle of the Marne, streamed across these same fields, pursued by the victorious French. Our artist has chosen one of the earlier encounters for illustration. The village of Lenharée, near Chalous,

### How the French Soldiers Set Out for the Front



With laughing faces and merry jests, the pretty milliners' assistants of Paris, the famous "midinettes," have said "au revoir" to their friends, the keen young soldiers of the capital. On some closed shops notices state that the owners have mobining  $\frac{D}{3^2}$  r

lised, and will re-open "after the Victory." In the railway-stations, such as the Gare de Lyon, the infantry walted, cool and tranquil, for trains to hurry them to the terrific struggle on the frontiers.

### Along the Fighting Front of the Great War



High, wooded frontier lands of Alsace, seen from the French side.

On the Ardennes—a lovely, quiet land of romance, with its rounded, wooded, flowery hills, its grey, fantastic rocks, flashing streams, and old-world towns and hamlets—all the grim, terrible forces of modern war burst. The thing at first seemed a nightmare. In the idyllic forest, fragrant with memories of "As You Like It" and "Love's Labour's Lost," where, as Byron, in his historic poem on Waterloo, says, "Ardenne waves above her green leaves, dewy with Nature's teardrops as they pass," two million troops



The Vosges country, wild, broken, and full of cover, between the armies.

were massed for conflict towards the close of August. They were armed with picric shells, bomb-dropping aeroplanes, and far-ranging guns mighty in destruction.

The battle front stretched for 250 miles, from a spot close to the field of Waterloo, in Belgium, to the lowest point of Alsace, where Belfort, the Gibraltar of eastern France, guards the French flank. Never, in the authentic records of history, has there been so stupendous a scene of conflict.

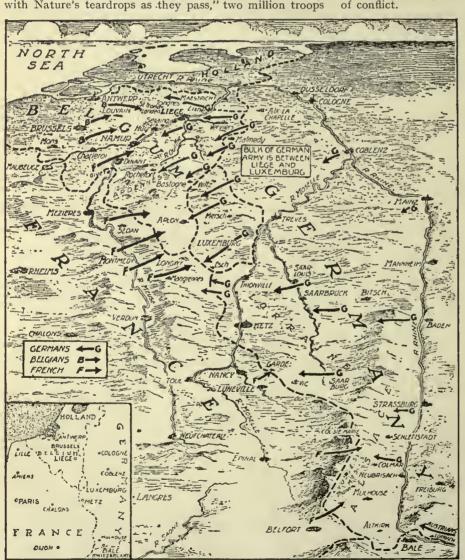
The main forces of the German invading host were reported to be massed to the east of the River Meuse, between Liege and Luxemburg, ready to attempt either to "hack their way through" Belgium, or to break down the French defences farther south. Some German army corps were entrenching from Liege to the Dutch border, in order to prevent a turning movement on their right flank.

The allied armies were awaiting the terrific onslaught of the invaders along a line from Liege to Namur. At both these places a system of steel-capped forts supported the defenders in their efforts of resistance. Namur, equal to Liege as a delaying fortress, and superior in defensive position, was abundantly garrisoned, and supported by the allied field troops.

It was expected that the massed German troops, ready to be hurried forward under the cover of tremendous siege guns, would fling themselves through the gap, nearly eighty miles wide, between Namur in Belgium and Verdun in France.

This has always been the easiest path of invasion into France, and the French have covered it only by small and weak defences at Montmedy and Mezieres. Again, there is another gap of about thirty-five miles farther to the south, between Toul and Epinal. It is covered only by the Moselle.

Both these gaps, however, were specially left by General Séré de Rivieres, who drew up the scheme of defence that it has taken the French forty years to work out. They are designed as traps, with a view to imposing certain routes on the invader instead of allowing him to choose his own paths. Germany



First positions of the two million troops of the warring nations.

### Peaceful Scenes Before the Tide of Battle Rose



Belfort, the Gibraltar of eastern France, that dominates southern Alsace.



Namur, In Belgium, stronger than Liege, on the main army route into France.

was so afraid of what would happen if she walked into either of the traps, that she dared the hostility of Britain in an attempt to obtain a third path of advance through Belgium to Lille. But at the end of one week it seemed as though the brilliant, surprising skill and fighting power of the small army of Belgium had compelled Germany to take the path fixed forty years before by French strategists, for only the two gaps below Namur and below Verdun remained open.

Meanwhile, the French airmen watched the German preparations, and the French commander accumulated army corps to parry the expected blow. At each of the gaps a French host was waiting in prepared positions, while a fan of scouting cavalrymen tested at almost every point the spirit and dash of the advanced bodies of hostile horsemen. Then it was expected that by a counter-

stroke across the Alsace-Lorraine frontier, from Thionville to Mulhouse, where the Germans appeared to be in relatively weak force, large masses of French troops would relieve the pressure on the allied armies fighting the main battle between Namur and Verdun. This counterstroke would endanger the German line of communications.

But the chief tactical feature of the situation seemed



Mulhouse, the Aisatian town, where Germans, Austrians, and French have fought.

to be the disadvantage at which the Germans were placed by the magnificent work of the Liege forts, when advancing through the rough, hilly, wooded country of the Ardennes. The scanty population, the scarceness of railways, and the damage done by the Belgians to all the lines of communication, appeared to make the task of feeding the vast German masses of men a matter of extraordinary difficulty.



Bitsch, a strong German fortresa town on the Alsatian frontier.

### Leaves from a War Correspondent's Note-Book

By A. G. HALES Expressly written for The War Illustrated

### How the French were trapped on the Plateau near Metz

During the South African War, Mr. A. G. Hales made a high reputation as a war correspondent. His glowing descriptions, the vivid tensity of the language in which he pictures the human side of war, the aptness of his metaphors, and his fearless comments, combine to thrill us as we read his war letters. He has been to the front in France, and from Paris has sent us several noteworthy contributions, one of which appears below.

BITTER battle had been raging for hours between. Mitael and Metz. The troops on both the French and German sides were of the finest. The Germans were fighting with a savage ferocity that proved their descent from the white barbarians who of old overran Europe and gave the people to the sword, their homesteads

The French battled with all their old-time brilliancy for never since the sons of France first learned to fight have the men of this gallant breed displayed finer qualities of dash and class than in this campaign. So fiery was their valour, so headstrong their pluck, that again and again the infantry got out of hand, and, without waiting for orders, returned headlong to the onset, trying to carry all before them at the point of the bayonet. Their officers tried to hold them back, but in vain.

### The Germans Beaten Back

The German artillery gaped their charging ranks, and cut long swathes through the living lines. The German rifle fire mowed them down, and German cavalry thundered on their flanks. They fell in long, uneven lines; their red caps dotting the landscape like poppies thickly strewn in an English meadow, but the rest charged on. Neither blistering lead nor flying iron could stay the torrent of their fiery courage. Over the broken sward, or through brake and bush they rushed to the onset, and when steel crossed steel, and man met man in the death grapple, the big, heavy sons of the Fatherland found they were no match for the little lean, dark-faced, blazing-eyed sons of bonnie France.

They bore the Germans back foot by foot—yard by yard. Home went the bayonet; down crushed the clubbed

On went the Frenchmen right into the heart of the masses of Germans—on until their strength and speed were spent, as waves that surge landward play out their force. Then into the German ranks thundered the French cavalry, to-day as of old, the fiercest arm in their service, they came as the storm comes, torrential-like. In their splendid abandon, crouching low in their saddles, gripping like grim death with thighs and knees to keep themselves firm in the impact; then, as the thrill passed, up high in their stirrups they stood, and, as they retreated at the bugle call to cover the retreat of their infantry, the big guns of the Germans spoke and regiments melted like hail that falls on a midsummer day.

### Superb Rushe: of the French

But the Germans fell back. They shrank at the sight of cold steel, and they could see other regiments of France or told steel, and they could see other regiments of France crouching, tiger-like, for the spring. Those fierce rushes of the French were superb. As a French spectator said of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." It was courage at a high pitch of daring. But war—successful war—demands restraint, discipline, and prudence. These will come to the French as the campaign lengthens out; they will learn how to hold their valour in check until their guns have shattered the massed formation. Then they will go in and take their toll in dead. It was so at first with the Japanese infantry in Manchuria, but they learnt in time to hold themselves in volcanic strength until the time for eruption. Then nothing could withstand them. So will it be with

France, and in that hour Heaven help the Kaiser's legions. They beat the Germans that day between Mitael and Metz, and in the night the Kaiser's army fell back towards the great fortress, the dread history of which tells of so much disaster to France.

The next day the French general went in pursuit of the enemy. He neglected proper precautions, and I may say, parenthetically, that good scouting has not been understood in any Continental army. The airship has been trusted too much for this work. A corps like the Legion of Frontiersmen, so long established in London, ought to do immense service, for there is much difficult country where the movements of troops in great bodics can be masked.

### An Airship Gives the Range

The French general came to a great open plateau, and it is now known that he did not appreciate his proximity to Metz. He led his troops on to the plateau and halted to re-form them and give them a rest. A German airship came into view high up, beyond range, and hovered like some huge bird of evil omen.

She was in touch by wireless with the terrible fortress that lay some ten miles away, and was giving the German staff full and complete instructions as to the number and disposition of the French army, locating every force, every corps. She gave the German garrison gunners the range to a yard, for every inch of that ground was mapped out and measured. The Germans of the fort could shoot almost as accurately from that ten-mile point of attack as if the French were marching on their guns in full view.

That airship and its crew belong to Metz.

The crew know every hillock and hollow as a hawk knows the ground near its nest. This is a lesson that you in England should take to heart. Let every fort have its own aircraft, and make a study of every inch of ground. Such knowledge may make all the difference between victory and defeat some day.

The French tried to bring that airship down, but failed. Suddenly came a rushing sound, a mighty swishing and hissing of iron. The dull roar of the distant guns had not time to travel through space and reach the soldiers of France before the iron storm was upon them, and the plateau was swept from end to end as by a mighty besom in some fiendish hand. Five thousand men fell in three minutes. It was as if the earth gaped suddenly and swallowed them.

### An Iron Storm of Death

There was no chance for valour here—no room for bravery. The army had been trapped, led by the retreating force right within the sweep of those devastating guns. The victory of the preceding day was swept into nothingness by this catastrophe. All that matchless valour had done was undone by German craft and cunning. Small wonder that the rest of the army corps fell back in shattered disarray; flesh and blood could not stand it.

It was confidence that brought about that holocaust. A handful of men like our own Gurkhas would have saved that army corps; but they have no men equal to the Gurkhas in any Continental army. For a few hours the army corps was badly shaken. So suddenly and so utterly without warning was that terrible stroke from an unseen source that the men felt it ten thousand times more than they would have felt the shock of pitched battle against even hopeless odds. But there is nothing on earth stouter and truer than the heart of the French soldier.

They soon got hold of themselves, and they rallied and went forward again. But they gave the plateau fronting Metz a wide berth.

### With the French Army near the Battle Front



The use of the machine-gun, the most murderous of the smaller weapone of modern war. Raking a wood with mitrailieuse fire to clear the way for an infantry advance.

### Paris Preparing for Another Siege



This barricade in the Paris outskirts was calculated to afford a shield for musketry fire against the Germans.

PARIS put forth great activity to make the city able to resist the expected attack of the German hordes. Girdled by her chain of forts from St. Cyr on the southwest to Vaujours on the east—from Palaiseau and Villeneuve on the south to Domont and Montmorency on the north—she felt confident that she could offer a much more effective resistance than she did forty-four years ago. And in the event of an investment, the city would be assisted by the fighting legions of France and Britain opposing the Germans outside its walls. Paris exerted every effort that ingenuity in obstruction can devise.



Defences being erected by workmen at the Porte de Clignancourt, one of the fifty-odd gates of Paris.

The stone-coped wall on the right of the above picture is part of the old fortifications, and for years there has been talk of demolishing these as ineffective defences against assault by modern siege-guns. They could, of course, still serve for purposes of defence against cavalry charges, and would be points of vantage for musketry defence.

Close up to these old fortifications on the outside, a deep dry moat runs round, and its chief purpose for many years has been as a receptacle for rubbish. Photographs of these fortifications are seldom seen, because it has long been expressly forbidden to take them.



Protection against Zeppelin and aeroplane attack is aesisted by this searchlight mounted on the roof of the French Admiralty in the Piace de la Concorde. The photograph is taken from the lower end of the Champs Elysees.

### With the French Behind the Fighting-Line



A French soldier and two Zouavee, who were in the trenchee at Solseone four days and four nights, and who are here seen drawing their rations after they had been relieved.



French Marinee at Arrae enjoying a well-earned meal after taking part in the fighting in the neighbourhood of that town, where the battle wae at ite flerceet.



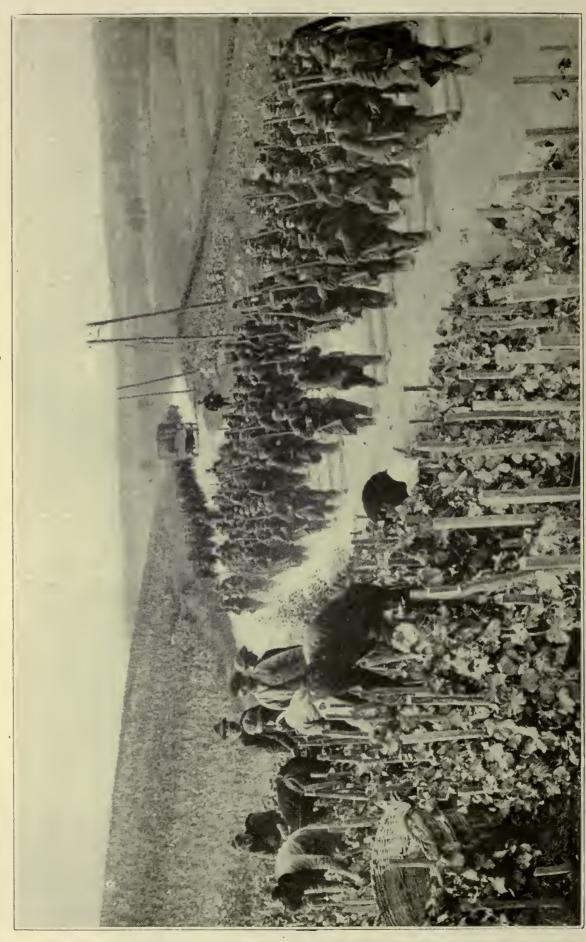
In a house at Rheime, wrecked by a Qerman eheil, the kitchen was epared, and here three French mueketeere are preparing a meal for themseives and comrades.



A French coldier takes the longed-for opportunity to be rid of a beard that hae grown during two months of active cervice.



# The Trail of War amid the Peaceful Vineyards of Northern France



Incaverage man econ grows accustomed to a strange environment. This picture was taken in a vineyard of the Champagne region of France. A few milss off, the heavy artillery of the contending armies was sending out thunder and death, and the air was reverberating with

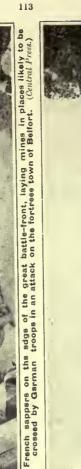
was the din of war. At the same time troope were marching past to the battle-line, yet then profile passante working in the vineyard pay little head to the world-shaking overtee follow by Son with the world-shaking overtee follows by son to the world shake work to how a what is color or account them.

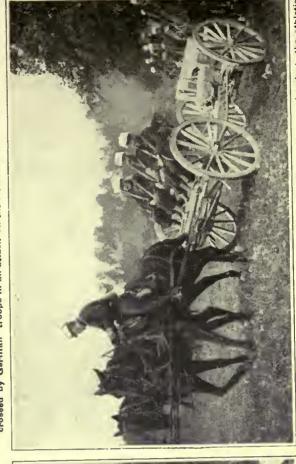
## In the Field with the Soldier

Citizens of the New France



arrying s machine-gun, a weapon which has now proved to be terribly effectivs in stopping a charging mass of troops. French foot-soldiers carrying





A battsry of French artillery getting into position. Smart, keen, and ardent, the athletic young French soldisr of our day is inspired by a spirit different from that of 1870.

French officers poring over maps and discussing air routes with one of their scouts of the skiss. The mastery of the aeroplane hae greatly benefited the French defence.

### Touching Scenes from the Battlefields of France



Rheims Cathedral was turned into a Red Crose hospital for German wounded, and the Geneva flag floated above it, yet the Germans spared it not. This photograph shows wounded French soldiers limping from Rheims during the bombardment.



A thoughtful Frenchman pays tribute to the brave msn who fell at Tournai on Auguet 24th. Riffss, bayonets, and a bugle decorats the cross which denotes their last resting-placs.



A typical instance of French bravery in the trenches. A sharpehooter sxacts from the enemy vangeancs for the wound his comrads hae recsived. Note the thick straw in the trench.



A country road in Northern Francs littered with the remaine of a German convoy which was attacked by a battery of French field guns and completely destroyed. What the actual explosions failed to achieve was accomplished by the eneuing fire.

### French Troops March to the Battle of the Rivers



The German hordes were as ruthless in Francs as they were in Bsigium, as will be seen by this photograph of the French villags of Soisey-aux-Bois, through which this company of Franch

Infantry is marching. The little village was swept by German shells, and many picturesque cottages, fine subjects for an artist's camera, are now roofless, with hidsous cracks across their walls.



The French cavalry have shown all the dash with which history credits them in earlier wars, and they have proved themselves, manfor man to be more than a match for the much-vaunted Uhlans

of the German Kaiser. Like their comrades in arms, the British cavalry, they sweep through the Prussian horsemen as through brown paper every time they meet them under equal conditions.

### Sons of France in Her Fight for Freedom



A aquad of French infantry leaving Amiens to attack the retreating Germane. Owing to the conecript nature of the French Army, men in all atations in life are lound marching together, a wealthy merchant going into battle eide by eide with a mill-hand.



Cavairy officere returning to the firing-line in motor—cars ie not an uncommon sight in France now. Horees await them at the front.



A French outpost, concealed behind etout wooden palings, on guard at a tiny village.



Amiene wae abendoned by the left wing of the allied army, and occupied by the invaders on August 31st. Thirteen days later the Germane hurriedly evacuated the historic city, and this photograph shows French infantry once again in its pictures qus strests.

### French Night Attack on German Heavy Guns



The capture of seven German heavy gune during the Battle of the Rivere was a fine piece of work. A ten daye' bombardment by French artillery failed to dielodge them, and a surprise attack was therefore decided upon. French infantry reached the base of the hill in the afternoon and concealed themselves until

nightfall. Then they charged headlong up the hill. The men at the deadly howitzers were taken completely unawaree, and those who did not flee were bayoneted. Seven gune were captured, and a few minutee later a piece of French artillery was chelling the Germans from the very position they had just vacated.

### Boys amid Bullets where their Fathers Fought

THE adaptability of human nature to extraordinary conditions is remarkable. War brings it into evidence as no other circumstance does. In times of peace a railway collision or an inadvertent explosion will spread alarm through a kingdom, and the mass of the people will read the details of the catastrophe appalled by the horror of it. But in war scenes of havoc become normal, and the abnormal is peace and rest. The mind becomes attuned

But in war scenes of havoc become normal, and the abnormal is peace and rest. The mind becomes attuned to death and destruction; habit is second nature, and the frequent recurrence of a thing, however awful, breeds familiarity with it, if not contempt of it.

The countryside through which war stalks with bloodsoiled heel becomes used to the sight, and the horror of war ceases to horrify. Numerous proofs of this phase of human nature obtrude as one journeys through a war-struck country. The peasantry will pursue the avocations of peace while within sound of the guns and when men are killing and being killed within a few thousand yards.

The picture below was drawn by a war artist, and illustrates the word picture of a well-known war correspondent, who describes how a number of French village lads had succeeded in getting to the firing-line, some of them having gone simply because their fathers were there, "determined to serve in the camp, and be with daddy to the end." Once with the soldiers it was difficult to send them back, and the coolness they displayed standing by while the gunners were at work, or helping in some simple way, was the marvel of many a seasoned campaigner. Clearly France's breed of warrior sons is in no danger of extinction.



French boys who went where "Daddy" and danger were.

### French Dragoons Uhlan-hunting in Belgium



" Have you seen any Germana pass this way?"

THIS photograph was taken early in November, 1914, in the little corner of Belgium that was not overrun by the hosts of the Kaiser. It illustrates an ordinary incident of war. Some scouting Uhlans have been reported in the neighbourhood, and some French dragoons have got on their trail, eager to run them to earth, and keen to have an opportunity of proving their fighting value, man to man and spear to spear. The Belgian women whom they are questioning are sympathetic and anxious to give any assistance and information in their power.

It is in the clash of cavalry work that the French excel.

It is in the clash of cavalry work that the French excel. Their excitable nature leaps to an incandescent flame when they have in front of them a hot piece of work, where high courage and brilliant daring are the qualities that will

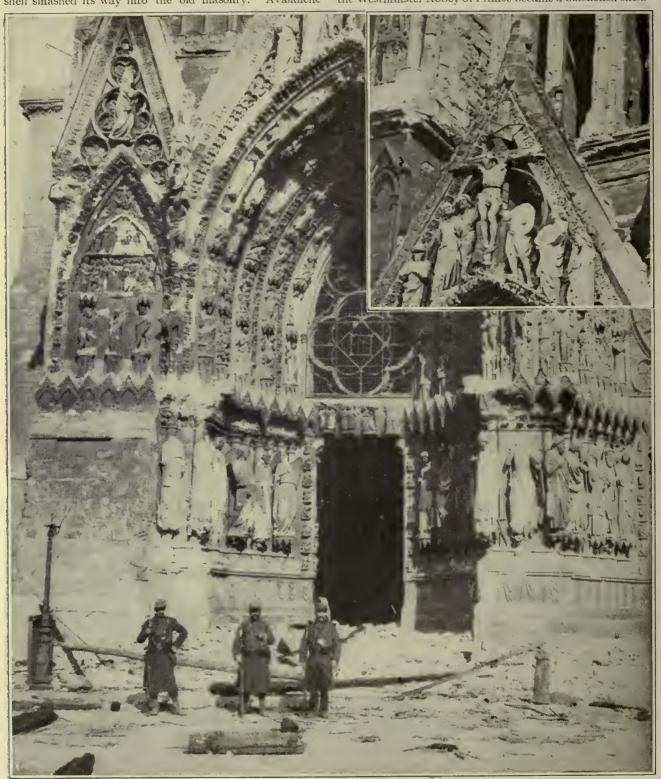
carry the task to success. Yet their trench work throughout the campaign, where cavalry work had to retire into the background as the war developed into a great battle of burrows, was as good as that of their more phlegmatic allies—the British.

It surprised the world that the Frenchman upon whom the greatest responsibility rested—General Joffre himself—although from the South of France, where the people have the volatile temperament to a high degree, possessed a nature the predominant qualities of which were tenacity and "dourness." His example, as much as his orders, made his countrymen borrow the qualities of sustained resistance, stubborn defence, and restraint in forward movement that were necessary for ultimate success.

### The Shameful Ruins of Rheims Cathedral

THE German artillery fired upon Rheims Cathedral in wanton deliberation. It was not an accident. Other tall buildings in the vicinity bear no trace of shell fire. On Saturday morning, September 19th, a German battery on the hill of Nogent L'Abbesse, four miles east of Rheims, opened the attack on the great Gothic pile. Shell after shell sinashed its way into the old masonry. Avalanche

after avalanche of stonework that had survived the storms of centuries thundered down into the street. Soon tongues of flame leapt up the towers, and blazing pieces of carved woodwork dropped on to the floor, which was covered with great piles of straw for the use of German wounded. Then, from the yawning roof, a red glare poured into the sky, and the Westminster Abbey of France became a blackened shell.



A portion of the exquisits west facads of Rhsims Cathedral, showing the irreparable damage done to many of the fivs hundred figures of Biblical and French history by the German shells. The inset picture shows plainly the top of the arch depicted in the larger photograph. Germany's infamous shells have blown off the arms of Christ on the Cross and battered other figures out of recognition.

### Death's Ghastly Harvest on the Battlefields



This photograph was taken after one of the bloody battles in Northern France. Here an artillery action took place, and though the gune were saved, these dead horsee and men remained as grim testimony to the struggle that had taken place.



These French peasante are interring the corpses of German soldiers who fell during the retreat from Meaux. In the trenches, extending for miles, which the enemy had vacated, many such grim offerings to the god of war were left behind.



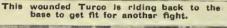
A corner of a field near Fere Champenoise where, at the Battle of the Marne, the Aliles made a strong attack and compelled the Germans to retire. The dead are French infantrymen who fell when advancing in the successful bayonet charge.

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### With the Gallant Turcos Fighting for France



Algerian troops, and must not be confounded with the Zouaves. The former are native Algerians, while the latter are Frenchmen of an adventurous spirit, who serve in Algeria and have a semi-Moorish uniform. In former years France's Algerian troops of both French and Algerian birth composed the Zouaves; but about the middle of last century it was decided to constitute them as separate regiments, and the natives were formed into the Turcos, while the Zouaves became European entirely. The Turcos are terrible fighters, and come of a fighting stock. They are proud of the honour of taking the field alongside white soldiers.





A company of Turcos, each with his 80lb. odd weight of equipment, marching after the retreating Germans when they had left their advance line on the Marne.



A party of Turco sharpshooters using a baggage-waggon for cover as they take aim at an advancing group of Uhlan scouts.



This shows the peculiar head dress and uniform of our Turco allies.

### Africa Helps to Save Europe's Civilisation





Three wounded Turcos, sent back from the firing-line, exchange experiences in a hospital garden. Left picture: Turco, put out of the fighting by an injured arm, walks through the streets of Parie.



Wounded French soldiers, including some of the celebrated Algerians, are waited upon by Red Cross nurses. Inset: A Turco enjoys the luxury of a taxi-cab ride.



The French-Algerian troops, commonly called Turcoe, are credited with intense ferocity when charging the enemy. Most of them are pure-blooded Arabs, Mohammedans to whom death in

battle is a passport to Paradise. Heedless of artillery or machinegun fire, they have made some splendid bayonet chargee against the Germans. Their knapsacke weigh between 80 and 100 lb.

### King and President at the Front with Gen. Joffre



General Joffre and King Albert reviewing French troops as they march paet on their way to the battle-front.

THE German Army elected in this war to play the role of assassins of the air as well as of murderers of the sea, where they scattered the treacherous mine in the path of the merchant ships of neutral countries. The dastard attempt to kill King Albert and President Poincaré by aeroplane bomb, at the review seen in the bottom photograph, is in keeping with the many other methods by which the great Pharisees of culture make war. Their inhuman policy has lost them the respect of neutrals as well as of their enemies, since they cast behind them the least pretence of chivalry.



President Poincaire, who made eeveral toure of the firing-lines, and Beiglum'e hero King inepecting Belgian troops, who continued to do such gallant work in the little corner of their country not overrun by Germans.



King Albert, the French President, and General Joffre reviewing the allied troops. German epiec eeem to have conveyed to the German lines advance notice of this review, because, half an hour before it took place a German Taube dropped a bomb within a few yards of the square where this ecene was photo-

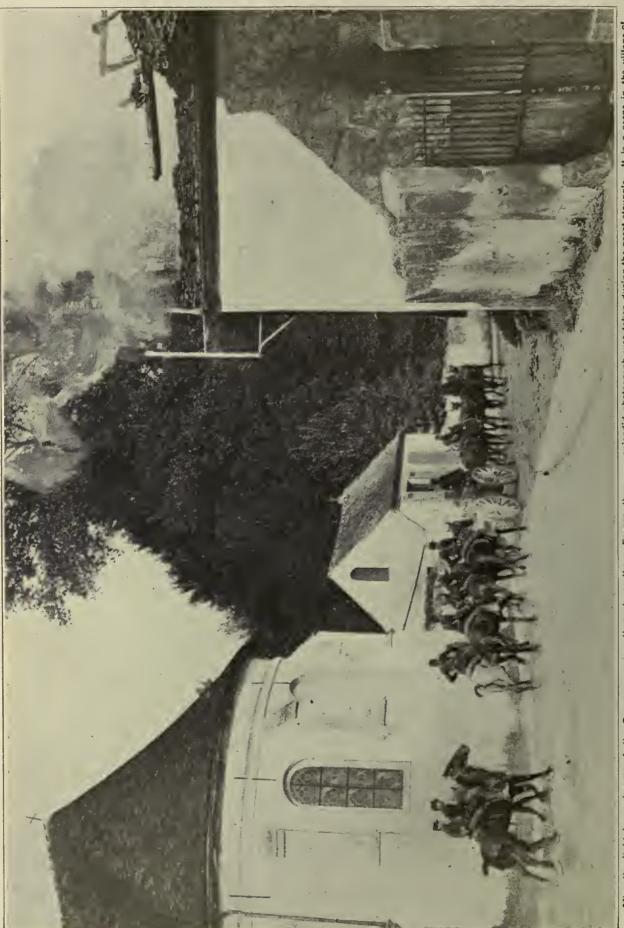
graphed. Little damage was done, but the intention of the outrage was not in doubt. The incident only served to fire the ranks of the Allies with a detestation of the enemy, and deepened the resolve to beat to his knees the nation that wages war by such deepicable methods.

### French Land-Mining Wrecks a German Gun



It was reported that at a place where the French were much annoyed by a German machine—gun placed in an inaccessible position, some soldiers recruited from the coal—mining districts in the North of France volunteered to drive a mine fifty yards through the earth to a spot right under the gun. This was

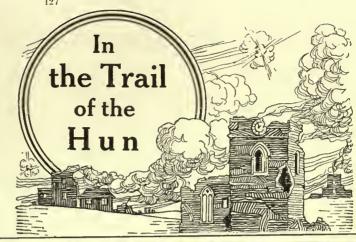
successfully done, the mine was prepared, and when all was ready, fired. The result was appalling. The earth under the gun rose up and carried gunners and gun, rocks, and earth into the air in one great explosion that put the gun out of commission and the men out of this war and out of the world for ever.



splendid photograph was taken during the great struggle. It is a scene in the village of Chauconier, near Meaux, on the River Marne, which is just being entsred by French artillery pressing on the fleeing Germane, who fired the house ettil seen burning on the right before leaving in haste. It is one of the most vivid bictorial records received from the front. After the lightning advance of the German armies through northern France they were arrested by the iron wall of the allied defence stretching from Parie to the etrong fortress of Verdun. Then they were repulsed with enormous lose, and just eaved themselves from a general debacle. The Allies pushed them back relentiesely, and this

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn.
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book.
Where you made—the deed was fine!—
Women screen your firing-line;
Villages burned down to dust;
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would shrink.
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

-BARRY PAIN.





There were many proved instances of Germans using women and children as battle-screens.

## The Crown of Infamy on the Brow of "Kultur"

Civilisation's Terrible Account rendered against the Nation of organised Barbarians who have drenched Europe in blood

Necessity knows no law . . . . That is why we have been obliged to ignore the just protests of Luxemburg and Belgium. The injustice we thus commit we will repair as soon as our military object has been achieved.

—The German Chancellor in the Reichstag, August 4th, 1914.

### The German War Method

"Above all, you must inflict on the inhabitants of invaded towns the maximum suffering, so that they become sick of the struggle, and may bring pressure to bear on their Government to discontinue it. You must leave the people through whom you march only their eyes to weep with."—Bismarck, on German war "strategy."

DURING The Hague Conference, when the question of sowing the sea with mines was under discussion by the representatives of the various Powers, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the delegate of the German Government said: "The officers of the German Navy—I say it with a high voice—will always fulfil in the strictest manner the duties which flow from the unwritten law of humanity and civilisation." Later on in the proceedings he said: "As to the sentiments of humanity and civilisation, I cannot admit that any government or country is in these superior to that which I have the honour to represent."

In view of the German methods of warfare in Belgium,

In view of the German methods of warfare in Belgium, Baron Bieberstein's claims for his countrymen exhibited a blind and mistaken faith in a German humanity that existed only in his trusting and sanguine imagination, or else they gave evidence of a sinister purpose to mislead the Conference and inspire confidence where ruthlessness had already been decided upon in the intended war. The

### Civilised War Method

"However sorely pressed she may be, Belgium will never fight unfairly and never stoop to infringe the laws and customs of legitimate warfare. She is putting up a brave fight against overwhelming odds, she may be beaten, she may be crushed, but, to quote our noble King's words, 'she will never be enslaved.'"—Belgian Official Statement, August 25th, 1914.

probable alternative is the latter—that the German wolf assumed sheep's clothing at the Conference as a studied policy; but sharpened his teeth and claws for the better destruction of the land and people of poor Belgium when the killing time came.

Modern history presents no parallel to German methods of warfare. It is not unknown that, when the lust of killing is let loose in an army, the passions for loot and rapine should be indulged by individual members of the more brutal ranks, but that a set policy of murder, arson, and pillage should be part of the organised warfare of a great nation pretending to lead the world in culture, is a glaring evidence of foul shame at which the world, with nineteen centuries of Christianity behind it, may well hang its head and despair of human nature. That the policy of brutality is not only followed but gloried in by the higher command of the German Army is shown conclusively in the official excerpts illustrated in these four pages.

It is forbidden to lay automatic contact mines off the coasts or ports of the enemy with the sole object of intercepting commercial navigation.—ARTICLE 24, HAGUE PEACE CONVENTION. The indiscriminate use of mines, not in connection with military harbours or strategic positions—the indiscriminate scattering of contact mines about the seas which may destroy not merely enemy vessels or warships, but peaceful merchantmen passing under neutral flags, and possibly carrying supplies to neutral countries—this use of mines is new in warfare.—Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons, August 8th, 1914.





How a British mins-sweeper clears the sea of German mines strewn in the path of neutral commercs.

The State may utilise the labour of prisoners of war according to their rank and capacity. Their tasks shall not be excessive, and shall have nothing to do with the operation of war.—Article 6, Hague Peace Convention.

There are many cases of the inhabitants being forced to act as guides, and to dig trenches and entrenchments for the Germans.—

Belgian Official Report, September 10th, 1914.

Citizens who know of a store of arms, powder, and dynamite must inform the Burgomaster under pain of hard labour for life.—Proclamation of Commander von Buelow, in Namur, on August 25th, 1914.

Both in the weetern war and in the war on her eaetern frontier Germany hae compelled prieoners of war to engage in war work. The photograph on the left ehowe captured Ruesian eoldiere being compelled to dig trenches under German guards.

### II.—War of Terrorism on Old Men, Women, and Children





Red Cross railway waggon used by Germans for ammunition and a Red Cross ambulance mounted with a German machine-gun.

It is expressly forbidden . . . . to make improper use of the flag of truce, the national flag, or military ensigns, and the enemy uniform, as well as the distinctive badges of the Geneva Convention.—ARTICLE 23, HAGUE PEACE CONVENTION.

In different places, notably at Hollogue-sur-Geer, Barchon, Pontisse, Haelen, and Zelck, German troops have fired on doctors, ambulance bearers, ambulances, and ambulance waggons carrying the Red Cross.

On Thursday, August 6th, before a fort at Liège, German soldiers continued to fire on a party of Belgian soldiers (who were unarmed and had been surrounded while digging a trench) after these had hoisted the white flag. On the same day, at Vottem, near the fort of Lonein, a group of German infantry hoisted the white flag. When Belgian soldiers approached to take them prisoners the Germans suddenly opened fire on them at close range.—Official Belgian Report, August 26th, 1914.



The boy who met death with a emile. Hia etory is told on the right.

lx innocent citizene of Senlle were ehot because a poacher shot a German soldier.

### War on Women and Children

Any compulsion on the populations of occupied territory to furnish information information about the army of the other belligerent or about his means of defence is forbidden. ARTICLE 44, HAGUE PEACE CONVENTION.

A traitor has just been shot, a little French lad (Ein Franzosling) belonging to one of those gymnastic societies which wear tricolour ribbons (i.e., the Eclaireurs or Boy Scouts), a poor young fellow, who, in bis infatuation, wanted to be a hero The German column was passing along a wooded defile, and he was caught and asked whether the French wcre about. Hc refused to give information. Fifty yards farther on there was fire from the cover of a wood. The prisoner was asked in French if he had known that the enemy was in the forest, and did not deny it He went with firm step to a telegraph post, and stood up against it, with the green vineyard at his back, and received the volley of the firing-party with a proud smile on his face. Infatuated wretch! It was a pity to see such wasted courage.-Extract from a German soldier's letter printed in a little volume called "Kriegs Chronik," and excerpted by the British Official Press Bureau.

All the evidence and circumstances seem to point to the fact that those women had been deliberately pushed forward by the Germans to act as a shield for their advance guard, and in the hope that the Belgians would cease firing for fear of killing the women and children .- Evidence of Belgian Official Inquiry on German conduct in Aerschot.

### The Innocent with the Guilty

No general penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, can be inflicted on the populations on account of the acts of individuals for which it cannot be regarded as individually responsible.—ARTICLE 47, HAGUE PEACE CONVENTION.

The countryside was full of our troops, nevertheless the stupid peasants must needs sboot at our men, as they marched by, from lurking places. The day before yesterday morning Prussian troops suryesterday morning Prussian troops sur-rounded the village at 4 a.m., put women, chldren, and old people aside, and shot all the men; the village was then burnt to the ground.—Extract from a German soldier's letter, published by Brüish Press Bureau on October 1st, 1914.



Official proof that Germane used women as battle shields appears below on the left. ehielde appeare below on the left,



Minere forced to lead a regiment of German Invadere which was advancing on Charlerol.

### III.—The Campaign of Pillage under Hohenzollern Tutelage





Pillage has been indulged in by the Germans from the Crown Prince downwards, and the fine old chateaux of Beigium and France have been stripped of their glories by thieves who have the lust of possession but not the faculty of appreciation.

Pillage is formally forbidden. An army of occupation can only take possession of cash funds and realisable securities which are strictly the properly of the State.—ARTICLES 47 & 53, HAGUE PEACE CONVENTION.

The German procedure is everywhere the same. They advance along a road, shooting inoffensive passers-by—particularly bicyclists—as well as peasants working in the fields.

It is especially forbidden to employ arms, projectiles, or material of a nature to cause superfluous injury.—ARTICLE 22, HAGUE PEACE CONVENTION.

PEACE CONVENTION.

Finally, we have in our possession expanding bullets, which had been abandoned by the enemy at Werchter, and we possess doctors' certificates showing that wounds must have been inflicted by bullets of this kind.—Report of Belgian Official Inquiry. September 10th, 1914.

In the towns or villages where they stop they begin by requisitioning food and drink, which they consume till intoxicated.

Sometimes from the interior of deserted houses they let off their rifles at random, and declare that it was the inhabitants who fired. Then the scenes of fire, murder, and especially pillage, begin, accompanied by acts of deliberate cruelty, without respect to sex or age.—

Report of Belgian Official Inquiry, September 10th, 1914.

The translation of the official document accompanying this

Headquarters, Ghent, September 22nd, 1914.

Thirty dum-dum cartridges for Mauser pistols have been found in the pockets of Lieutenant von Hadeln (a Hanoverian), made prisoner on the 25th inst. at Ninove. These cartridges have been sent to the Belgian Minister of War. The weapon was thrown away by the officer at the moment before his capture, and has not The downward.

The document is signed by the captain commandant attached to the Belgian military governor, and is in possession of the Belgian Government.







Franc-tireurs—that ie, civilians carrying arms—are not entitled to the courtesy of war, but are shot whenever caught. On the right are a number of franc-tireurs ranged up in front of

German rifles. But Germany herself follows a practice she punishes with death, and on the left are two Germans drafted to work on the railways of Beiglum and armed with rifles.

### IV.—The Shell-Shattered Glories of Mediæval Architecture



A eample of the havoc wrought in the famoue Cathedral of Rhelme, one of the eccleeiaetical treasures of the world.

The attack or bombardment by any means whatever of towns, villages, habitations, or buildings which are not defended is forbidden.—Article 25, Hague Peace Convention.



The awful ruin of Termonde, which, although unfortified and undefended, was laid in ashee by German shells and areon.

Lieut.-General von Nieber wrote a letter to the Burgomaster of Wavre, on August 27th, 1914, demanding payment of the sum of £120,000, adding the threat: "The town of Wavre will be set on fire and destroyed if the payment is not made when due; without distinction of persons, the innocent will suffer with the guilty."



The hospital established by Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, was shelled by the hypocritical apostles of Teutonio "culture."



The School of Medicine, in Rhelme, deetroyed when the cathedral euffered from the havoc of German ehelle.

In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps shall be taken to spare, as far as possible, buildings devoted to religion, art, science, and charity, historic monuments, hospitals, and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not used at the same time for military purposes.—Article 27, Hague Peace Convention.

If all monuments, all the treasures of architecture which are placed between corr cannon and those of our enemies went to the devil, we should be perfectly indifferent. They call us barbarians. What does it matter? We laugh over it.—General Disfurth in "Der Tag."

The report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry on the Violation of the Rules of the Rights of Nations, and of the Laws and Customs of War summarised the results of their investigation in the following words:

The odious actions committed in all parts of the territory show such a degree of regularity that the responsibility may rest on the whole German Army. They are only the application of a preconceived system, the putting into practice of the instructions, which have made of the enemy troops operating in Belgium "a horde of barbarians and a band of incendiaries"

# What German "Civilisation" is Worth



A street in the Belgian frontier town of Vise after the Germans came. Every house is burnt out, not an inhabitant is visible, and the Teutonic savages are still guarding the rulned scene of their atrocities.



German troops searching the fired town of Vise for loot, and persuaded by our war photographer (a neutral) to come and stand before the camera by a gift of cigarettes.

## War's Grim Realities as seen in Belgium



This graphic photo of actual war shows German cavalryms nnsar Vise, on their way to attack that town. In the wayside house on the right they killed a woman and two men who were said to have fired at them.



Early in August the hospitals of Brussels received many wounded from the front, although happliy Belgian lossee were slight in comparison with the German.



French artillery hurrying up their heavy guns through Beiglum to resist the Germans in their attack between Lisge and Namur.



No less brave than their coldier hucbands, the women of Belglum are bearing their part in the tremendous stand their country is making against the German aggression. This photograph, taken in the middle of August, shows a crowd of soldiers' wives outside one of the offices where relief funds are being distributed in the Belgian capital.

# Belgians' Pitiable Flight before the Invaders



A sad scens of refugess on the road from Malines. (Inset: Fleeing families from outlying villages.)



### The Wake of Ruin Behind the German Advance

SENT into Belgium in the confidence of an instant, easy victory, and provided with no food in case of an unsuccessful attack, the first German army of 100,000 men, under General Von Emmich, has left a terrible trail of ruin behind it. Happy villages have been turned into smoking, roofless ruins, farmhouses are now burnt and blackened wrecks, with only the bare walls, and everything has gone—horses, forage, cattle, and crops.

Every raiding troop of Uhlans seems to

have been bent on avenging on the peaceful non-combatant peasantry the continual series of unexpected checks they received at the hands of the soldiers. From Visé to Diest, along the Meuse and in the woods of the Ardennes, the German has left behind him strange, plain testimony of his boasted culture and his regard for the international rights of non-combatants.



A burnt, despoiled farmhouse near Liege after the famished Germans had passed by.



The rear of the German Army leaving Mouland burnt and sacked.



A house at Haelen after the German raiders had been beaten back.

### Modern Huns Make War on Non-Combatants



Snapshot of German troops clearing the cafe at Mouland of everything removable. Inset: Haslen church, showing shell holes.

### German Bombs on Peaceful Homes

ACCORDING to the new Attila, Count Zeppelin ranks in genius above every other man in Germany. He promised to win for the Teutons the command of the air. But his big gas-bags have neither damaged our warships nor wrought red ruin in the allied armies.

The fact is that, as an instrument of offensive war, the Zeppelin bomb-dropper is less useful than an armoured motorcar with a 4 in. gun. The bombs lack the driving force of shells. Then, in scouting, the slow, dirigible balloon cannot compete with the flying machine that goes at a speed of a hundred miles an hour.

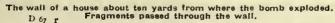
The Zeppelin has been reduced to the murderous bugbear of innocent non-combatants in cities like Antwerp. The attempt made on August 25th to slay the Queen of Belgium and her children, by letting a bomb fall on the King's Palace, was an appalling crime against civilisation.

In international law, notice of the bombardment of a city should be given, to enable non-combatants to find some shelter. But Teutonic barbarism knows no law, being made up of brute force, low cunning, and a frenzied courage born of the torturing fear of ultimate punishment. So the bomb-dropping has gone on in Antwerp and Paris.



Was the airman presented with the Order of the Iron Cross for this outrage? House wrecked by a bomb in Antwerp.







A piece of stout sheet-iron riddied by missiles from the Zeppelin bomb.

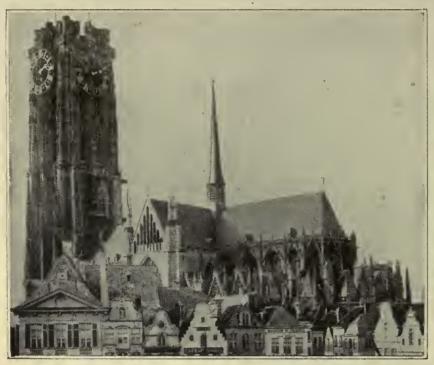
### How Soulless Germany Robbed Civilisation

IF Berlin were burnt to the ground to-morrow architects and builders could casily replace it. The world would not be poorer. But no human effort can give us back the history-shrouded ornaments of the Louvain that was.

The German commander asserted that the inhabitants

of Louvain had fired upon his troops—really the Germans had fired upon each other by a clumsy mistake—and he ordered the town's destruction.

Soldiers with bombs and torches carried out his fell command, a crime that Civilisation can never forgive nor History forget.



German shells battered the clock tower of Malines, a building incomparably more beautiful than any of Berlin's braggart structures.



The Hotel de Ville, Louvain, dates back to 1448. It escaped irreparable injury.



The Church of St. Pierre, Louvain, was a stately monument of world-interest before the war. Germans aliege that Beiglans fired upon them from its windows, and to-day it is a heap of fire-blackened bricks and masonry.

### Victims of the War Driven from their Homes



Belgian refugees, with bundles of their personal effects, all they could take from their homes, changing trains in France as they field from the devastating advance of the Kalser's legions. Notice the two British soldiers walking by the train.



The quayside at Dieppe, showing refugees from Parls waiting for the boat that is to take them to England. It is said that more than 20,000 refugees found a haven in London alone.



A railway platform in Paris. There and in many other towns of the Continent piles of luggage tay deserted by refugees, unable to take their belongings with them.



A large party of Belgian refugees arriving at the Gars du Nord in Paris. They were given food and shelter by the hospitable Parisians but most of them fled again when the German attack on Paris seemed imminent.

# The Inexpiable German Crime—Louvain



THE huge joke of Louvain is being enjoyed by these German officers. But the joke will be repented in German blood and German tears. Many German widows will weep for the joke of their husbands, and many German orphans will suffer for the pleasantry of their sires. Nothing has stirred the blood of Germany's enemies more than this wanton act of vandalism, which has been as good as a new army corps to the Allies by the spirit of stern resolve for vengeance that it has infused into their ranks. Louvain is still the record crime of the Kaiser's hordes.



The famous Town Hali of Louvain, which dates from 1448, and is one of the finest Gothio buildings in Europe, has not suffered as at first was feared, but the ruin all round is made evident by this picture of Teutonic destruction.

# The Sacking of Flanders' Fairest City



All that remains of the world-famoue library at Louvain, the intellectual metropolie of the Low Countries. The wreckage represents the triumph of German "culture" over the scholarly culture for which Louvain has been so justly renowned for centuries.



A view of part of the students' quarter in Louvain. The building on the extreme right of the picture is the Students' Club. The University Buildings, the splendid Church of St. Pierre, and the scientific establishments are also formless heaps of ruins.

# Belgian Miners Form Living Shield for Germans



"Woe to the conquered!" was the Kaiser's grim message, and apparently his Army has supplemented it with "Woe to the innocent!" Humble peasants—men and women—are forced by bayonet point, or fear of piliaged home, to assist the invaders. Near Charieroi the Germane captured ten minere returning from

their grimy labour, and made them march at the head of the column, which was endeavouring to enter the town. Had Belgian eoldiere fired upon the column they would then have anot their own friende. Thie may be Teutonic cunning, but who can imagine the Alliee adopting euch barbaroue methode?

### Ruined Malines and its Faithful Archbishop



Gsrman artillery has no respect for the Red Cross. At the bombardment of Maiinss guns were turned upon the archbishop's state-room used as a hospital ward, and our photograph shows the wreckags.

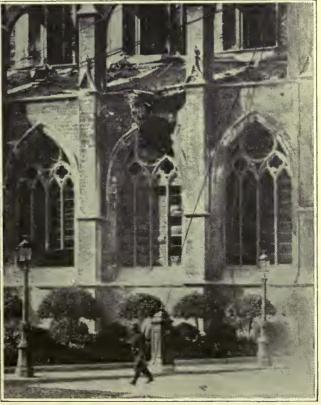


Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, refused to deny the stories of German atrocities, and was therefore refused a safe conduct back to Belgium, after leaving the Conclave at Rome.

ANCIENT and beautiful Malines has not been spared by the Germans. One hundred shrapnel shelfs exploded in the town in a couple of hours on September 2nd, and did great damage. The cathedral was one of the centres of fire, and its irreplacable painted windows, its magnificent gateway, and the famous chimes of its tower, were totally destroyed.

Malines Cathedral was begun at the end of the 13th century, and restored in the 14th and 15th centuries. Its unfinished tower, begun in 1452, was intended to be the highest tower in Christendom.

Some of the Malines treasures, notably the Rubens paintings in the church of St. Jean, were conveyed in a motor-car to Antwerp to save them from German spoliation.



A hole in the celebrated Notre Dame Cathedral of Malines, caused by a German shell. Note the broken telegraph wires.

### Part of Belgium's Heavy Price of Liberty



The village of Melle, a few miles south-west from Ghent, was one of the Belgian villages to suffer from German atrocity. Some peasants have recovered the remains of a body from this ruined farmhouse and are trying to identify them.



Dr. Van Wynkel, of Tsrmonde, seen on the right, was one of the hostages held by the Germans from Termonde. All the others were murdered, but the doctor strangled his drunken guard and escaped by swimming a river.



Termonds was a town of 10,000 inhabitants, between Malinee and Ghent, a little couth from Antwerp. It is—what the picture shows. Language fails to supply worde to describe the dectruction that has been wrought by the barbaric soldiery of that blood—mad Kalser who claime the support of God in his devil'e work. The Belgiane retired from Termonde to the fortress

of Antwerp when the full weight of German invaelon attacked them, but when the invaders depleted their forces to assist their armies in Prussia and France, the soldiers of King Albert were quick to eeize their opportunity, and they regained several places round Antwerp, including the desolate and destroyed Termonde.

### German and French Treatment of Churches



A church in Termonde, which the priest, who returned after its reoccupation by the Belgians, found to be the shattered ruin seen in the photograph—the devilish work of German fire and bomb. Termonde was bombarded on September 4th, and satered and plundered during the evening. The next day it was destroyed so completely that the houses must be entirely rebuilt.



A church in the Meaux district, used by the French as a hospital, where German and French wounded were treated with equal care. The two pictures show the great contrast between the wanton destruction of church property practised by the invading Prussian, and the purposee of mercy and kindness for which churches are used by the gallant French

# The Trail of the "Blonde Beast" in Belgium

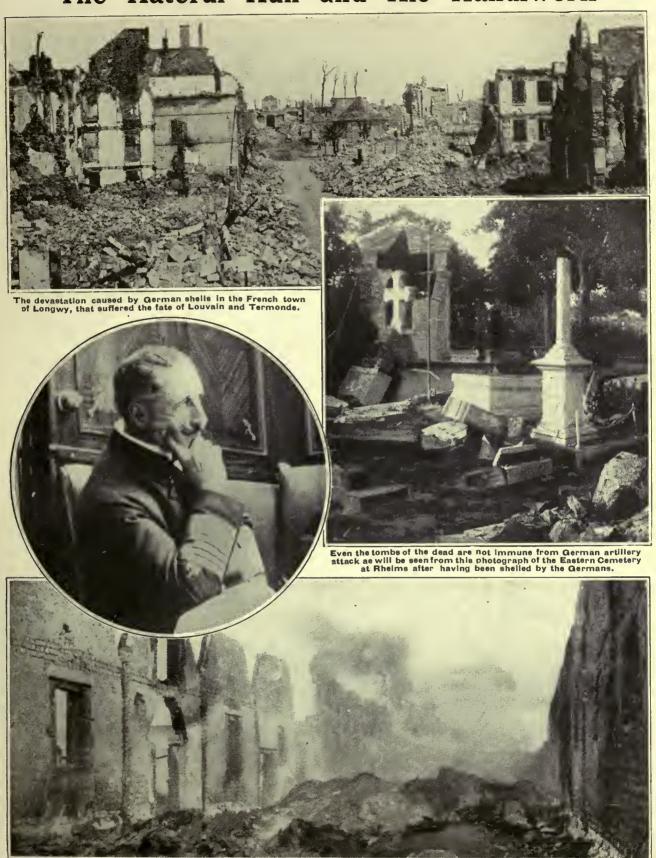


The trail of the beast is upon nearly every Belgian village through which German forces have marched. This photograph shows a row of fire-blackened cottages at Melle, near Ghent, and the ruined inhabitants removing on a barrow the few belonginge they were able to save.



Another example of Germany's campaign to terrorise the innocent. A Belgian woman, robbed of husband and home by German "frightfulnese," is forced to beg in the streets. Tragedies elmilar to this are to be found by the score in every Belgian town.

## The Hateful Hun and His Handiwork



The man in the circle is responsible head of it all, the perjured braggart who styles himself the vicegerent of God—Kaieer Wilhelm II. of Germany. The lower picture shows a street in Albert, a town where the fighting was eevers, as may be guessed from the awful ruin to which it has been reduced. The photograph was taken while it was still burning.

# Homeless! French and Belgian Victims of War



With a few prized belonginge haetily wrapped in a tablecloth or backet, thousands of families in Belgium and Northern France have fled from their homes, wearily tramping any road that takes them beyond the clutches of the bestlai, drunken German soldiery. This photograph shows a party of refugees resting on the roadside near Amiens.



A family who lost everything in the burning of Louvain. They were temporarily housed in the Alexandra Palace, London.

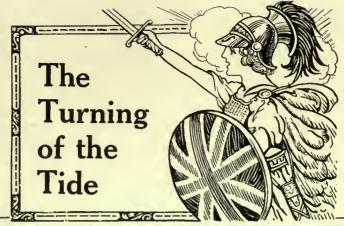


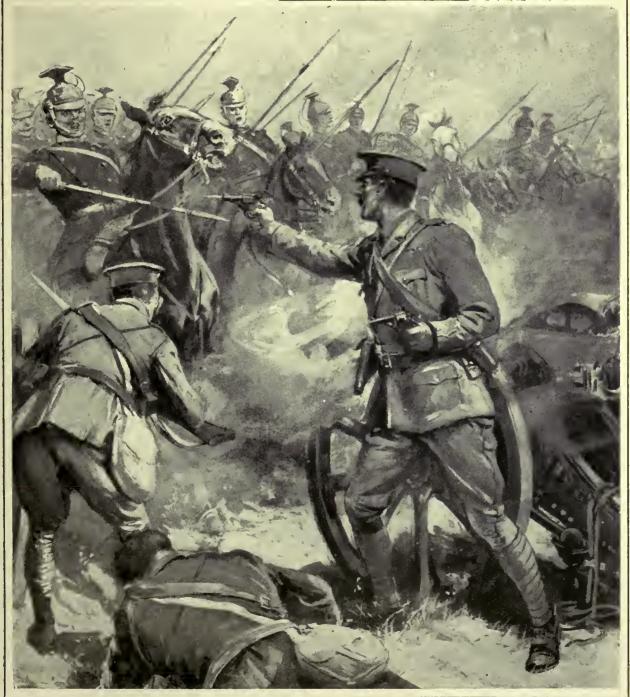
A Belgian victim standing in the doorway of what was once her house at Melle, near Ghent. It is now a burnt-out ruin.



- Oh, it's heavy work is fighting, but our soldiers do it well!
- Lo! the booming of the batteries, the clatter of the shell!
- And it's weary work retiring, but they kept a dauntless front,
- All our company of heroes who have borne the dreadful brunt.
  - They can meet the foe and beat him, They can scatter and defeat him,
- For they learnt a steady lesson (and they taught a lesson, too),
- Having set their teeth in earnest, and sat tight and seen it through.

R. C. L. (in "Punch")





No Surrender !—a British artillery officer who sold his life dearly when hie battery was attacked by 3,000 Uhlans at Tournal.

### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

### The First Historic Battle of the Rivers

N Sedan Day, September 2nd, the triumphant invaders of France prepared the great stroke which should smash a million French soldiers and leave Paris at the mercy of the Krupp and Austrian howitzers. General Kluck had reached Senlis, about one day's march from the French capital, but, contrary to general expectation, he then swerved to the south-west, and passed a few miles from the great fortress city, striking below it at the centre of the retiring French army.

It was a wonderfully daring movement, more like a stroke by Napoleon than a forceful obvious manœuvre in the Moltke manner. As a matter of fact, Kluck does not seem to have been acting freely in the matter. His hand was forced. General Joffre, the French commanderin-chief, had arranged a surprise for him if he came straight to Paris from Senlis. There was a secret reserve French army of 200,000 men concealed within the fortifications, and waiting to sally out in a concerted movement with the other French and British forces. Had Kluck's men kept straight on they would probably have been cut off.

Kluck discovered this just in time. Instead of retreating

be gained, even in the inspiring presence of the New Attila. who at last went away without uttering a word.

### Prince

The position of the Crown Prince about the same time was more awkward still. He appears to have left his army in the Argonne woods, near the frontier fortress of Verdun, and motored to an old French chateau behind Sezanne, just at the point where the Prussian Guard was assembling for the main attempt to pierce the French centre. The firebrand of Germany reached the chateau on September 6th, and gave a feast in the evening to some of the General Staff, who had come to arrange the details of his triumphal entry into Paris. At night, the table in the beautiful seventeenth-century banqueting hall was cleared, and the Crown Prince and his military advisers were settling things over some bottles of stolen wine and a box of stolen cigars, when a very loud noise was heard. It was a French shell bursting in the room next to the hall! More shells followed, and then came a regiment of lean, brownfaced Arabs, their bayonets glistening in the moonlight as

they charged across the garden

of the chateau.

The republican troops of France had, with an utter disregard for German royalty, opened the great battle at their own time and in their own way. Instead of waiting to be attacked, they compelled the pride of Prussia to run for his life.

As a matter of fact, the idden nocturnal bayonet sudden charge of the Turcos was only a feint. The entire French front from Paris to Verdun had leaped against the enemy in a menacing movement, which was merely designed to hold all the German armies in the positions they occupied, and prevent them from reinforcing any part of their line. Only Kluck's men were then being seriously and unremittingly attacked.

For Kluck had made a great mistake, and General Joffre had caught him in a trap. When the German commander swerved past Paris to join General Buelow and General

Hausen in attacking the withdrawn French front, he remembered the reserve French army at Paris, and left a large body of troops entrenched on the River Ourcq, east of the capital, to protect his advancing flank. This was excellent generalship. But connecting with the Paris army was the British Expeditionary Force, under Field-Marshal French.



Feeling the way. A French outpoet watching for Germane during an advance of the French army.

The day after thie photograph wae taken, the ecidier depicted in it was brought back to the French linee mortally wounded.

-on Sedan Day, of all days-he made a virtue of direnecessity, and swerved in a large half-circle to the southeast of Paris, with the largest and best of the Teutonie The intention of the German Military Staff was then to throw an absolutely overpowering force against the middle of the French battle-front, stretching eastward below Paris, cut the French armies into two parts, annihilate them in turn, and then blow up part of the Paris forts. Kluck was sent south to envelop the western French flank at Provins, below Paris.

By September 5th everything was ready. The Kaiser proceeded to Nancy to see, on the eastern flank of the immense battle-front of two and a half million men, the beginning of the victory his generals promised him. The beginning of the victory his generals promised him. The War Lord watched the battle from a hill. His troops advanced in files toward the Nancy plateau, with fifers playing them on; but the little French 3 in. guns shelled the columns, and in spite of their bravery, the Germans broke and turned back. Four times the advance was made at a loss of half an army corps. But no victory could

### Kluck Ignores the British Army

The British army extended from a point near the meeting of the Ourcq and the Marne to a point at the south-east of Paris, along another tributary of the Seine known as the Grand Morin This river and a large wood—the forest of Crecy—separated our men from the lower flank of Kluck's host that was still sweeping southward. Kluck, however, took absolutely no notice of the British army, which had been rapidly moved through Paris to meet him once more.

Did he think the men who had withstood him at Mons

and Cambrai and captured his guns at Compiegne were demoralised? Did he mistake our retirement from the north to the south-east of Paris—executed in answer to his sudden swerve—as a withdrawal from battle? Or was it that his cavalry and aerial scouts were so overmastered by our reconnoitring horsemen and flying mcn that they were unable to carry out a proper reconnaissance? The thing is an amazing mystery with an important consequence.

For on Sunday, September 6th, Kluck was in a trap. On his eastern flank, the army of Paris, under General Maunoury, held him. On his south-eastern flank the hidden British army allowed him to pass by. On his southern front, directly on the line of his march, the Fifth French Army, under General d'Esperay, was advancing.

Kluck camped for the night, and the Fifth French Army came on silently with fixed bayonets. Down went the sentries, and three. villages were captured by cold steel before the sleeping German host could use its searchlights to direct the fire of its artillery. It was a moonlight night, the French knew the ground blindfold, and there was that within them no mortal man could stand against. Grim as an Englishman with his back to the wall, mad with an Irishman's lust for battle, and as deadly tenacious as a Scotsman, the son of France, tempered by a long retreat, put his bayonet through the German war machine and broke it up.

The masterly French gunner cleared the path for him, and when day broke on Monday, September 7th, Kluck faced round to fight his way out. For the first time in a hundred and ten years the French soldier saw the back of a beaten Prussian -of some hundreds of thousands of beaten Prussians. Kluck was afraid to drive at the French centre, with his old vehement daring, for the hidden British army was sweeping up against his flank.

Our guns had opened action over the river, valley, and the forest the day before, and the Coldstream

and Irish Guards and other foot regiments had been thrown forward to entrench in platoons, with the shrapnel bursting like little clouds in the sky above them. None of the enemy could be seen. It was an artillery duel, with our airmen flying over the German lines and marking the positions and ranges for our gunners.

On Monday, September 7th, he began to retire towards the north-east, and our troops then had their revenge for all he had tricd to do to them the fortnight before between Mons and Le Cateau. Our light artillery pushed forward over the river and caught the retreating columns of the enemy. The Germans were compelled to bring some of their guns to the rear to protect their infantry. But our gunners massed their fire on the enemy's batteries, and our cavalry, especially, it is said, the Scots Greys, rode at the silenced guns and Maxims and captured them. In some instances, the German machine-guns were undamaged, with large quantities of ammunition beside them. They were quickly used against their makers.

Had the Paris army along the Ourcq been able quickly to drive in the German troops left there, Kluck's lines of

communication would have been cut. But the German position on the Ourcq was very strongly defended by an unusual number of heavy guns and a large number of con-cealed Maxims. Bayonet charges by the French were swept away, and though their quick-firers were admirably handled, they could not reach as far as the long-range heavy German batteries. It is said that the Ourcq was not carried until some of our gunners came up with our heaviest field artillery and helped the French army.

In the meantime, Kluck had saved his men trom over-

whelming disaster. Fighting a very skilful rearguard action, and leaving his dead and wounded in thousands behind him, with lost guns and stricken stragglers, the old German general crossed river after river—the Petit Morin, the Marne,

the Vesle-with the victorious British troops behind him. He gained a respite at the town of La Fertesous-Jouarre, on the River Marne, by holding up with machine-guns an entire British army corps. engineers had a terrible time getting a pontoon bridge across the water. But when this was at last done, our men chased the Germans through the woods north of the Marne, taking transport waggons, guns, and prisoners.

While we were pushing Kluck back, the western flank of the neighbouring German army, under General Buelow, was exposed. The Fifth French Army, under D'Esperay, having helped us against Kluck, now swept sideways on Buelow's men. At the same time, the Fourth French Army, under General Foch, moved to help them; then, when Buelow began to retreat, this Fourth French Army struck at the exposed flank of the Saxon army, under General Hausen. It was on September 8th that that Saxon army, with which the Prussian Guard was acting, was compelled to retreat. It suffered very badly. The Prussian Guard was caught in the great marsh of Saint Gond, where it lost its guns and half its men. For this disaster, General Hausen



Corporal Grusalt, a French Infantry coldier, was discovered trying to cell to the enemy documents relating to the wireless telegraphic installation on the Eiffel Tower. He was centenced to degradation before his regiment and imprisonment for life.

was relieved of his command.

After the rout of the Saxons, the way was opened for a flank attack by the Third French Army, under General de Langle, on the army of the Duke of Wurtemberg at Vitry-le-Francois. Then, on September 15th, the victory ended in the retreat of the Crown Prince and his troops from Revigny, below Verdun. All along the line General Joffre employed the same simple and tremendously effective tactics. As each separate victory compelled a single German army to retreat, two French armies operated against the next German force. One attacked in front, the other menaced its flank.

As Nelson said, "only numbers can annihilate." Though General Joffre had no more troops in the field than the German commander-in-chief, he continually brought superior forces to bear at every critical position. Each German army was caught in nutcrackers, with one French force on its front and another on its flank. Joffre attacked a million Germans with a million Freuch and British troops, but he endowed his million troops with the offensive power

of two millions of soldiers.

### When the German Tide of Invasion Began to Ebb

IN the little French town of La Ferté, through which the River Marne flows, a sanguinary duel between British and Germans took place on September 10th. The Germans retreated, unable to endure the deadly accuracy of our artillery. Houses in the town suffered badly. Shells crashed through roofs, rifle bullets shattered the

window-panes. A stately chateau in which the enemy installed their machine-guns was shelled by our artillery, and left a heap of smouldering ruins. Desperate fighting at close quarters took place in the town, and the grey cobble stone swere stained red. Just outside La Ferté a rough wooden cross denotes the last resting-place of a Highlander,



British soldisrs inspect a death's-head busby isit on the battisfield by a German husaar, and picked up by a French cavairyman. Centre circle: A British officer's grave at La Ferte.

British infantry advancing to capturs German atraggiers, many of whom aurrendsrsd in the hops of gstting a meal.

The cross is constructed from a cigarette packing-case.



FLASHING THE SIGNAL TO CHARGE BY SEARCHLIGHT.

A remarkable picture of a remarkable incident during the fighting in France. The enemy at an early stage of the war showed a constant desire to surprise the British by night attacks. On many occasions they found the British more than equal to them in this form of warfare. Our

searchlights having found the position of the enemy, gave the signal to the British troops to advance by flashing the sign of the cross in the sky, whereupon soldiers who had been anxiously waiting for the order, leaping from the trenches, successfully charged and discomfited the foe.



## Scenes From the Fighting Along the Marne



One of the bridges acroes the Marne at La Ferte blown up by engineers.



Interested epectators of a German transport waggon emashed by British shells during the fight at La Ferts.



Prisoners of war that are worth taking. British soldiers convoying captured German artillery and transport horses through a village.



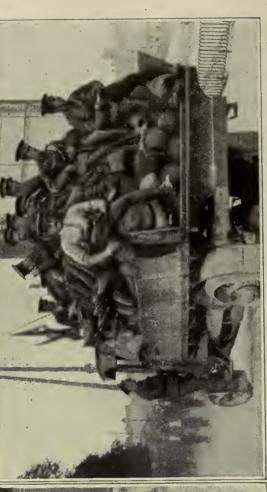
A band of German prisoners captured by the British at La Ferte. Some of them have received medical treatment, and they do not seem at all displeased at having been saved from taking further part in the war. They are now sure of good food, and plenty of it.

D 67 7

# Some of the Men who Formed General French's 'Spear-head' Against the Germans



British soldiers in Paris being directed by a French Boy Scout, who is carrying the



Soldiere of the British Expeditionary Force being transported by motor-waggons in France. Motor traction has introduced a new factor into war.



Two Lancashire lads repairing an English motor-lorry which was captured by the Germans, but was recaptured later in a damaged condition.

# Irish Guards beat back with Bayonets a German Cavalry Charge



One of the most thrilling incidents of the fighting along the Marne was the reception of German cavalry by the Irish Guarde. Three regiments of German cavalry, eplendidly horsed and equipped, bore down upon one regiment of the Irish Infantry. When they were only two hundred yarde away, an Irishman coolly begged a cigarette from a comrade

tion and lit it! Then, in perfect order, a brietling bulwark of giants ainging "God Save idly Ireland!" they prepared to receive cavalry. For a few minutee there was an awful chaos hey of horeee, soldlere, and wapona. Through it all, the Irieh Guarde etood immobile. They ade threw back at the bayonet's point, in utter demoralieation, the Kaleer'a horeemen.

### Turning of the Tide—The German Retreat

THE British retirement from Mons to Compiegne, from August 25th to September 1st, was carried out in perfect order, despite insistent pressure from immensely superior numbers of the enemy. Not so the German retreat. Driven back across the River Marne, the Kaiser's soldiers were nearly demoralised. Considerable bodies of

infantry surrendered to the British force at sight, complaining of starvation. Villages were rifled by the retreating enemy, and evidence of drunkenness amongst them was apparent. The exact number of prisoners captured is not, of course, known, but by September 11th the British forces held 1,500, besides many Maxims and other guns.



The French coldiers are at their best when fighting on the offensive. Like their British comrades, they fought the retiring actions from the Belgian frontier none too joyfully. Our photograph shows them in their elsment—advancing to take up a new position.



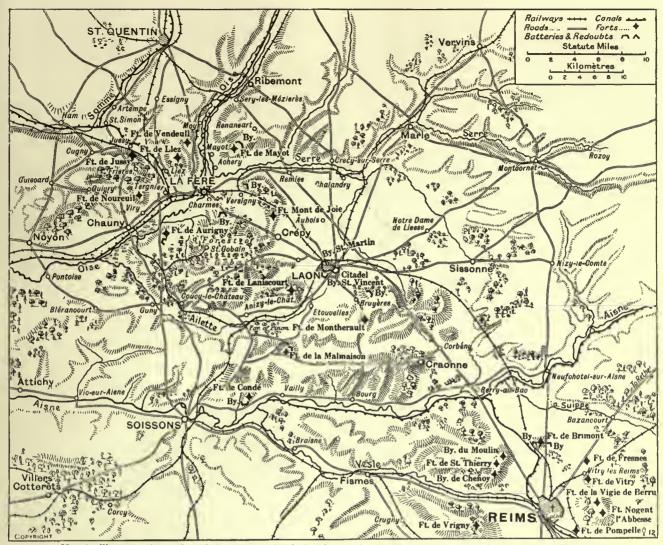
Wounded Turcos being assisted to the rear by their comrades during the flercs Battle of the Marne.



No section of the Allise better enjoys keeping the Germans on the run than the famous Zouave. They are all expert shots.



The aftermath of the great German retreat. French soldiere decorate themselves with helmets captured from the enemy, and guard a heap of German arme and equipment. One French cavalryman proudly blows a German bugis.



Map to illustrate the region of the greatest battle in history, fought along the Riverar Alene, Oise, and Somme.

#### A PEN-PICTURE FROM THE LONG-DRAWN BATTLE OF THE AISNE

Expressly written for The War Illustrated By A. G. HALES

THE modern battle is something totally different from any in the old days—even from a generation ago. It has developed into a series of entrenched engagements and approximates to siege operations, where each side holds its defences stubbornly, ready to attack as the opportunity offers. And this description of a battle might well be written about two-score different scenes of the great Battle of the Rivers, that weeks'-long struggle of Titans that beat all world war records, and counted the losses by hundreds of thousands.

All night long the big guns had been smashing away from both armies without ceasing, and in the morning the devil's tattoo was increased from the enemy's lines; but no sign was made that this day was not to be as the days that had preceded it. As the sun came up and lifted the mists that had shrouded the hills like a vast grey curtain, the warm light flashed on a sea of bayonets. The Kaiser's legions were in motion. They came as they always came, like fields of growing grain pushed forward, coat brushing coat, knee rasping against knee, shoulder to shoulder, like a Zulu impi debouching for a charge. In between the gaps that separated the packed brigades of infantry, the cavalry deployed. Their big guns dotted their front; their quick-firers were scattered everywhere along their living line. Standards hung limply in the scarce-moving air. No bugle spoke, no throbbing drums

quickened the pulse. Staff officers rode in little detached groups, company and regimental officers with their men. Now and again an orderly officer, sitting bolt upright as if he had breakfasted on steel filings, spurred his way along the lines

There was nothing storm-like about the early stages of this attack. The foe advanced like the swell of the Zuyder Zee when it licks the topmost edges of the Dutchmen's dykes and rolls over meadow, mill, and farm—a silent, devastating force.

#### The Fiery French

As the sun lifted, and the bared bayonets of the advancing foe came into view, the "red caps" leapt to life. The guns were flung forward into the open, the big batteries behind the trenches depressed their muzzles and left the entrenchments of the enemy on the hills to take care of themselves. Shells that were like miniature torpedoes sped towards the heaped-up focmen, bursting just above or among them. The red-capped infantry swung out, the irrepressible Zouaves going forward at the trot, grinning and joking as they ran, their lean fingers upon their enormously long bayonets.

They are Irishmon dyed brown and made small, these Zouaves, and to them a bayonet charge is a hundred beanfeasts and a breakfast rolled into one.

Other regiments of the line swung out in fine soldierly style at the quick step, that devours space. The cavalry, carefully screened until wanted, lay snug in the gaps of hills, each man standing by his charger, ready to leap to the leather at the first resonant sound of the bugle.

#### The German Onset

They laugh and toss jests and unbarbed jibes at one another in all the freedom of long-established camaraderie, but the muscles of their lean faces send their teeth together with a clip like the edges of a rat-trap meeting, and their black eyes sparkle like diamonds dipped in dew. Out from the on-moving multitude of Germanic power bursts their field artillery. They are good and game. They are riding a race with death, and they ride well.

The sluggish moving infantry breaks into a kind of heavy run. They know what they are up against, poor devils! And there is no "ginger" in the swing of their onset. They will do better by-and-by when the battle madness is on them.

#### Worthy of a Better Cause and a Better Kaiser

The cavalry surges forward to break the ground for the infantry, and give them time to come up before the shell fire shatters them.

They have far to travel, and death, many winged, goes to meet them. The Zouaves stand still, close up and volley. Bold riders in the front ranks of the oncoming cavalry pitch over their horses' heads or grip at floating manes, and miss and slide down, and to them, poor wretches, who will never feel the gladsome spring of horseflesh again, the brown earth seems to leap up. Again and again the Zouaves volley. The cavalry is upon them. They stand like stone, the first rank almost on the knee, long, deadly bayonets pointing upwards and outwards, the second rank crouching with bayonets ready to take the front rank's place should lance points reach home, the rear ranks volleying, eternally volleying, not wildly but rhythmically, as if the men were machine made.

The impact is awful. The front line of German horse, hurled on by the weight of numbers pressing behind, crashes into the bayonets. The smitten chargers rear and squeal in their death agony, striking out with fore hoofs as they wheel and plunge; the men who are left sit glued to their saddles and thrust; the lance points go home.

The first line of Zouaves is down; the second steps over their dead bodies, bracing their feet to the earth, fearing neither man nor devil, bent only on keeping the living line intact. They meet the steel of that ever-pressing mass, and fall where their comrades fell. The third line is the front line now; the men behind them volley, they hold the bayonet still and steady.

#### The Red-Cap Riders

Like unleashed hounds the French cavalry come to the rescue of the dauntless Zouaves. They ride as if racing; every spur is red, every charger is straining on the bit. They catch the halted German cavalry on the flank, and go through them like hounds through a hedge. They break them, scatter them, cut them down, and wheel out of the line of fire.

The French infantry fall back, their work is done, and grandly done; they leave their wounded to the stretcher-bearers, their dead to the God of Battles.

#### The Trenches Speak

The German infantry has reached the zone of rifle fire. They break into a run, trusting to the weight of their numbers to carry them over the trenches if they ever reach them. The spot they touch has been measured; there is scarce a sign of life in the trenches, the infantry are lying still, sighting their rifles; they have the distance to a yard, and this living wall surging toward them is doomed.

The dumb trenches speak, seventy-five thousand rifles roar as one; the German lines stop like an earthquake bridled. Again that rain of leaden eloquence snarling death! The Germans totter, reel, give way, and go rushing back whence they came—some of them.



A grim photograph from the scene of the world's biggest battle. Three Germans who were shot dead at the foot of a bridge over the Alsne while making an attack, and lie, stark and cold, on the eaturated pavement.

# British Soldiers Waist Deep in Flooded Trenches



During August the fighting in Beigium and France was hot work from every point of view, and the soldiers sought protection from the oppressive sun. But about the second week in September the weather changed and rain fell in torrente, with cold nights and uncomfortable bivouace, although the zons of fire was as hot as

formerly. The rain filled the trenchse whence our soldiers gallantly attacked the Germane on the heights north of the Aisne. It damped their ciothes and limbs but not their ardour, and they succeeded in driving the enemy back with enormous loss in spite of discomfort that worde and picturee can indicate only faintly.

# London Scottish give a Glorious Lead to Territori



That fine Territorial corpe the London Scottieh hae won ite epurs in the Belgian fighting. Taken almost to the firing-line at Meseines in motor-buses, the battalion prepared to give battle at a epot where our lines were especially hard pressed. It was necessary to occupy a village where the enemy had installed

machine-gune at the windowe of the semi-wrecked houses. In the day British troops had been driven out from the vill a terrific onslaught of Bavarians, and now the position had recovered. All the afternoon our artillery blazed away village, but it was six o'clock in the evening before the C

# outing the Vaunted Bavarians in a Bayonet Charge



une were partly dielodged. Forming up under cover of a wood alf a mile away, the Scottleh crept cautiouely forward. Then, xing bayonete, they ran towarde the village ae one man. Men ill here and there in the mad rueh forward, but it was all too uick for the Bavariane. It was no time for quarter. On the

Scottleh came, bayoneting the Germane, driving them up to and through the town and out again on the other eide. There was only one uniform in it—the kilt. The village won and Maxime placed in position, the battalion re-formed, and set out prisoner hunting. Few regiments have been vouchsafed as inepiring a virgin day in action.

### With the London Scottish on Active Service



The London Scottieh, one of the best known and most popular of our Territorial regiments, at a full muster held early in August, volunteered en masse for Foreign Service. This photograph shows them passing Buckingham Palace prior to leaving for France.

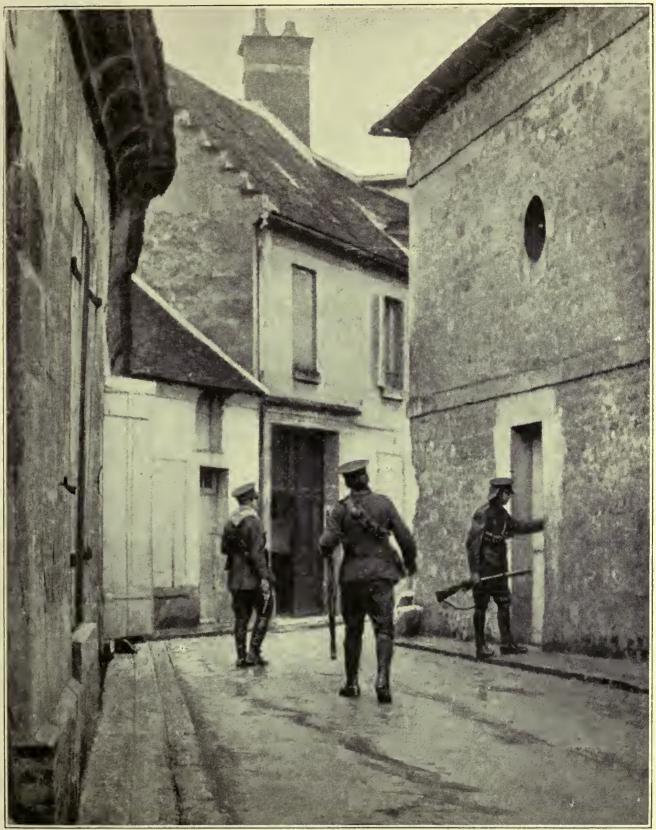


London Scottieh help our native Indian troops in France to unload transport waggons.

THE London Scottish, 14th (County of London) Battalion, have tasted warfare before, many members of the famous regiment having served in the South African campaign with the Gordon Highlanders and the C.I.V.'s. After the outbreak of war a second battalion was formed, the rush to join proving so great that eleven hundred mem were recruited in three days, and there was still a substantial surplus. The new battalion was commanded by Colonel Greig, C.B., M.P. for West Renfrewshire, who formerly commanded the First Battalion. The regiment was founded by the Earl of Wemyss in 1859, and is very popular.



## Hunting the Lurking Foe in a French Village



The capture of a village evacuated by the enemy demanded a careful house-to-house hunt for German soldiers who might be hidden, ready to shoot unexpectedly. This photograph shows the proceeding. The soldier is entsring a house by a side door, and two officers with revolvers are ready to shoot if necessary. Such

work is fraught with much danger, but it must be done, otherwise individual enemies left behind may by a pre-arranged system of signalling give information that would enable the enemy to deliver a counter-stroke upon the weakest point, and that will give the hostile artiliery the range for attack.

### The Wild Stampede of a Terror-stricken Team



A WOUNDED corporal of the Northampton Regiment describes the scene to which one of our war artists has given graphic expression. The horses of a British battery went mad with fright at the bursting German shells as they were pulling the guns into action. The drivers held to the animals like grim death; but, in spite of all their efforts, the terrified steeds, with wild cries of equine madness, rushed towards the German lines, pulling drivers and guns behind them. A party of new men with horses was brought up and gave chase. Meantime, the German shells continued to burst all round the team,

whose madness increased as the distance between the plunging cavalcade

whose madness increased as the distance between the plunging cavalcade and the enemy's lines became less. The new horses were made to overtake the frightened team, and a vain attempt was made to stop the runaways as they came within the range of more German guns. There was nothing for it but to shoot the stampeded horses, and the new horses were substituted under a hail of death from the opposing artillery. Half of the men were hit, and, as they were getting the guns away, German infantry advanced, but British reinforcements arrived and the immediate danger of losing the guns was over.

# Rival Artillery-A Battle in a Thunderstorm



While our soldiers were repuising the Germans in the valley of the Marne, on September 7th, a flerce thundsr-storm raged. Nature's artillery vied with man's. Torrential rain fell, and our soldiers reveiled in it. Stripping off tunics and shirts, they had a glorious shower-bath, many standing

naked in the downpour. Then, refreshed, they hurrisdly donned their clothes and proceeded to drive the Germans further back. Getting them on the run, they captured a number of prisoners, horse and foot, who, tired and famished for want of food, admitted they had not the stomach to face the British charges.

## THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

#### How the Little British Army Crossed the Aisne

A BOVE the old French cathedral town of Soissons, some fifty miles north of Paris, riscs a vast, flattopped mass of rock, covered with woods and brushwood, broken by quarries and seamed by wild green ravincs. From the ravines, hill torrents flash and tumble into the broad, slow, deep waters of the Aisne River.

This great plateau of Soissons is reckoned to be the strongest natural fortress in Northern Europe. The Germans seized it years ago, and designed it for their chief attacking point against Paris. Their agents bought many of the quarries, and, while carrying on their ordinary trade, built secret gun and howitzer emplacements at the chief strategical positions on the tableland.

To this French Gibraltar, thus cunningly won and prepared, in times of peace, for an open-air siege battle, General Kluck retired with surprising swiftness after his defeat at the Battle of the Marne.

#### A Land Fort of Gibraltar Strength

So immensely strong was his position, to which the siege artillery destined for use at Paris was brought, that the German commander confidently looked forward to breaking his opponents and rapidly resuming the advance on the French capital. He had probably three hundred thousand men at the beginning on the Soissons plateau, and the Allies, still pursuing his rearguards in the plains of Champagne, came up against him with about an equal number of men.

On the eastern wing was the Sixth French Army, under General Castelnau, in the centre was a British force of three army corps, on the western wing, in touch with our men, were the Turcos of the Fifth French Army. General Castelnau swept partly round the east of the tableland, with a view to attacking Kluck on the flank. The Turcos advanced towards the eastern end of the plateau, where the rocky mass fell down in a gentle slope to Berry-au-Bac and the country round Rheims.

Our troops in the centre were faced with the most tremendous and perilous task that men have ever been called on to carry out. They had to storm the enemy's high fortified position by a direct frontal attack. They had no heavy siege artillery, such as the Germans had set in the commanding positions; they were also outnumbered in machine-guns. Then, in order to get within rifle range of the dim, grey masses of foes entrenched on every steep scarp and ravine cliff, they had to cross a river valley, widening from half a mile to two miles, and next bridge the river, a hundred and seventy feet in breadth, with pontoons, under the most terrific shell-fire mortal man has ever endured. When all this was done they had to climb up the ridge with guns, Maxims, and innumerable rifles blazing at them.

#### Giant Guns versus Fiesh and Blood

It was not a battle of man against man, but a one-sided contest between a gigantic, systematised, and long-prepared collection of Krupp's war machinery and something like a hundred and twenty thousand young British athletes. It would have been no disparagement of the courage of our men had they failed to force the passage of the Aisne against such instruments of death. Just on the right of our troops, the Turcos, who are among the most fearless souls with mortal breath, were driven back from the ford of Berry-au-Bac. And still further westward, in the level country round Rheims, the German guns blew the French from a hill near Rheims and prevented them from retaking it.

Yet, in spite of the terrible disadvantages under which they attacked, Sir John French and his men crossed the valley of death and seized one of the principal, commanding positions on the plateau. The British advance began on Saturday, September 12th, with a glorious piece of work by the Queen's Bays and other cavalrymen under

General Allenby. Fighting, now on horseback, now on foot, sometimes with sword and lance, sometimes with carbine fire like infantry, Allenby and Iris men won all the country up to the Aisne valley. They conquered, in one of those "lussar strokes" the Germans talk about but never achieve, the southern highlands of the Aisne, trenched by the tributary stream of the Vesle. Here Kluck had thrown out a strong advance guard to keep his splendid outer defences. In a swift, deadly fight, often waged hand-to-hand, the Germans were broken, and those that escaped blew up the Aisne bridges as they fled.

#### The Road Cleared for the British Advance

After this clearance, the way was open for the general British advance. Sir John French divided his forces into three equal parts, each of them an army corps in strength. On the left wing was the Third Army Corps, in the centre was the Second Army Corps under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, on the right wing was the First Army Corps under Sir Douglas Haig. The three columns, when deployed in fighting line, stretched twenty miles along the southern wooded ridge of the Aisne valley.

On this ridge our artillery was placed, and so concealed among the trees that the German gunners—one, two, three, and four miles away, on and behind the opposite forested ridge—could not mark its position. The "Doves" quickly came, of course, soaring over the valley on their far from peaceful mission—grey-blue German aeroplanes with dove-shaped wings, sweeping behind our troops to search for our guns and find the range for the Krupp howitzer batteries. Our flying men, however, did not merely chase the "doves" away, but swooped like hawks at them, killing pilots and wrecking the machines.

Then our scouts of the sky darted across the valley, and, while dodging the puff-balls of the Krupp aerial guns, tried to discover the positions of the larger masses of German troops and get a glimpse of a gun nuzzle peeping here and there through the foliage. Nothing of much importance, however, was discovered by the morning of Sunday, September 13th.

#### A Great Battle in a Morning Haze

There was the empty river valley, with its broken bridges and the autumn sunlight playing over it. The roar of guns came from Soissons on one side and Rheims on the other, as our men silently went down into the death-trap so carefully prepared for them. In order to discover at what points the main German forces were massed, a general advance in open order was ordered at dawn, all along the river for twenty miles. The morning haze hid our troops for a while, but by nine o'clock they were under an incessant shell-fire.

All the tongues of high, wooded rock, sloping from the tableland to the river, were crowded with German riflemen, with machine-guns and quick-firers. They had left one bridge intact, at the little town of Condé, in the centre of their position. Over this bridge they intended to pour in pursuit, when they had completely crippled our advance. They had some of their heavy guns directed at the Condé bridge-head, and the fire there was so overwhelming that our Second Army Corps, under Smith-Dorrien, could not cross the river at that point. So it bravely, desperately entrenched itself right in front of the German army, just where the Vesle poured its waters into the Aisne, and held the enemy, preventing them from using the bridge. Our batteries were brought to bear on and around Condé, to blow away any German counter-attack.

Thus, in the centre, the position of stalemate was quickly arrived at. Either side could have smashed the Condébridge with a few shells; but each, hoping for an opportunity to use it, left it intact, and set their sappers to work to deepen and push forward the trenches towards the river. Our men were at first in a very dangerous

position. They had to entrench hastily under a terrific shell-fire. But by mighty "navvy" work they dug themselves at last into safety and began to make shell-proof covers on their earthworks. They were the men who had saved both the British and French forces from Kluck's enveloping movement at Cambrai, and the hardest job had again fallen to them.

#### A Fierce Fight Stopped by Darkness

Some of them got across the river to the left of Condé, though swept by a heavy fire, and entrenched on the opposite bank. On their right the Third Army Corps rafted some of their men across the Aisne near the broken bridge of Venizel. The bridge was repaired by our engineers but shattered again by German shells, and our artillery had to be man-handled across it. As evening came on, sufficient troops had reached the opposite bank to force their way, by unceasing violent fighting, half up the steep plateau towards the village of Vregny. Vregny, however, was the main German position, where the German armament was chiefly massed. So terrible was the hurricane of lead from the guns and Maxims that by five-thirty o'clock in the evening our troops were held. But as they withdrew in

the darkness, so did the Germans. The Germans retired two miles from the river and entrenched on the ridge. Our engineers were busy during the night throwing pontoons over the Aisne, across which men and guns went to reinforce the advance guard clinging to the wooded slopes round Bucy-lelong.

Altogether we had not made much progress at the Venizel crossing. To have escaped annihilation and won some of the lower slopes constituted a magnificent triumph of human energy and courage over the German machinery of death. But as the Germans

held the great towering ridge above our men, and held it with heavier artillery than we possessed, our foothold on their vast open-air fortress was still somewhat chancy and perilous.

It was the First Army Corps, under the splendid leadership of Sir Douglas Haig, that turned the whole heroic adventure into one of the greatest successes of British arms. Sir Douglas commanded the extreme right wing of the British advance. He split his army corps into its two divisions, that each spread out fan-wise.

#### The Feat of the Girder Crossing

The Second Division, at a point some six miles east of Condé, found a broken bridge with one girder still showing partly above water. Single-file, and under a murderous tempest of Krupp shells, one of the infantry brigades crossed by the girder, and, headed by the Guards, fought a terrible battle at the foot of the river heights at Chavonne and held the bank.

In the meantime the First Division had found the one weak point in the German defences. Working about two miles further up the river, away from the British centre and close to the Turcos, they discovered that the canal bridge at the little village of Bourg was only weakly defended. Some tremendous mistake must have been made by General Kluck or one of his subordinate generals. Both our cavalry and guns, as well as our infantry, crossed the Aisne at Bourg with slight opposition. Sir Douglas

Haig at once grasped the fine opportunity of the position he had so happily gained. By a series of quick, skilful, bold, decisive movements, he sent patrols in the evening up to the heights occupied by the enemy. Then, after allowing his main troops a few hours' sleep at night, dispatched them also up the tableland before dawn to support his advance guards at Vendresse, some three and a half miles north of the Aisne.

About three a.m. on Monday, September 14th, the decisive struggle at the critical point began. The Germans held a factory at Troyon, a village nearly on the ridge. This factory played in the battle for the Aisne the same part as the farm of Hougoumont played in the Battle of Waterloo. It was attacked in the misty dawn by the King's Royal Rifles, the Royal Sussex Regiment, the Northants, the Loyal North Lancs, and the Coldstreams.

A Battle Round a Factory

The Lancashire men won the factory, and all the wet, misty morning the fight went on, with the rest of the infantry brigade spread out on either side of the factory facing the German entrenchments on the wooded ridge. Our gunners could do little to help their foot soldiers. In the haze nothing could be seen to fire at. Meanwhile, another British brigade was working in a half-circle round from the east at

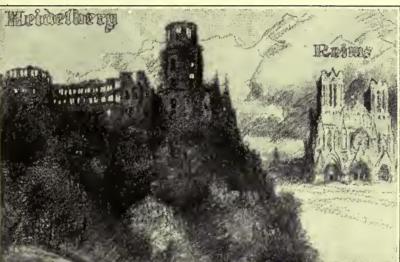
Vendresse. It was intended to reinforce the firing-line round the factory. But before so doing it came upon a strong hostile column sent to break through our position.

This column was hurled back — with blank-point rifle fire in the haze, followed by a fierce bayonet charge. Two thousand of our men, fighting with cool fury, stopped the entire counterstroke.

While this decisive conflict was proceeding the other division of the First Army Corps had also managed to climb the plateau towards Ostel Ridge, some four miles west of the factory.

west of the factory. The Germans then gave over their direct attack, and massed westward, past Ostel Ridge, and tried to wedge down to the river, dividing our army and threatening Haig's communications. But Sir Douglas obtained a cavalry division from Sir John French, turned the horsemen into infantry, and so secured his flank.

This was done with some very heavy fighting, but the Germans gradually weakened through the great losses they suffered. So, when the weakness of the enemy was clearly felt by our men, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a general advance was made by all the troops under Haig.



An odlove comparison. This picture-postcard, widely circulated in Germany, showe how the kinemen of the Huns are gloating over their dastardly destruction of Rheims Cathedral. It compares the destruction of Heidelberg Castle by the French in the time of Louie XIV.—an ordinary act of war—with an act of eacrliegious infamy.

#### The Final Closing Charge

This was the grand, closing charge that decided the day. Upward and onward our men went, against a hurricane of shrapnel and rifle fire. But when night fell they had won the road along the ridge—the Chemin-des-Dames, or Ladies' Walk.

The crossing of the Aisne was accomplished. All the heavy artillery and many of the machine-guns, planted on the heights for use against our men, were captured. By reason of the winning of this commanding position on the plateau, our army was able to hold the Aisne for many weeks, against all counter-attacks, while General Joffre lengthened out his left wing till it reached the North Sea. Once again the little British Army had proved, to friend and foe, its marvellous qualities.

## The Frightful Havoc of a British Bomb

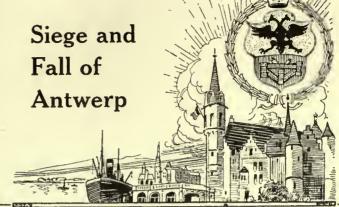


"The skill, energy, and perseverance of our Royal Flying Corps, under Sir David Henderson, have been beyond all praise," said Sir John French in his despatch of September 7th, and four days later he again referred to their courage, illustrating how their services had been of value. Primarily, their object is to collect

information, and therefore bomb-dropping has not been greatly indulged in, but from a diary found on a dead German cavalry soldier it was discovered that a high-explosive bomb thrown at a cavalry column from one of our aeroplanes struck an ammunition waggon, and the resuiting explosion killed fifteen of the enemy.

Through blood and tears, from noble cities razed,
Shines Belgium's name unvanquished, brave and clear,
Resplendent writ in Honour's runes of gold,
Who stood for faith and freedom unamazed,
Defending Right, without reproach or fear,
As kindred with the hero-race of old.

-WALTER CRANE.





### Antwerp-Belgium's Last and Mightiest Stronghold

ON the defences of Antwerp—the old picturesque Flemish port by the River Scheldt—the great Belgian fortress-builder, General Brialmont, excrted all his genius. Liege and Namur were designed by him only as delaying points, intended to impede the march of the Germans for a few days.

Antwerp he made a stronghold, built to last for a year against the most powerful siege guns of the time. The forts were so placed that their guns can sweep an attacking army on all sides with an unceasing tempest of bursting shrappel

There was plenty of room for all the soldiers of Belgium within the defences; and the Belgians long ago resolved to make their last heroic stand against an invader in this great, important seaport.

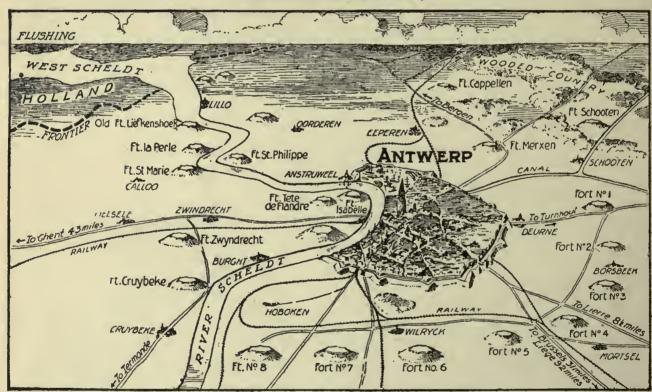


The famous Gothic cathedral of Antwerp.

But after the Allies reinforced them and the new strategical positions were taken up, Antwerp became the fortressed edge of the left wing of the enormous battle front extending to Switzerland.

Then, having for fifteen days covered the movements of the French armies, the Belgian troops withdrew to their formidable entrenched camp of Antwerp, this serving as a base of operations from which they could threaten the flank of the German host, and co-operate in the movements of the allied armies.

Antwerp itself is one of the most beautiful ports in Europe—full of tall, quaint, old, glorious gabled houses, and churches with altar pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordacus.



The immence fortress town, with a triple belt of forts, where the Belgians prepared for their last heroic stand.



Buey quays of the great Belgian ecaport.

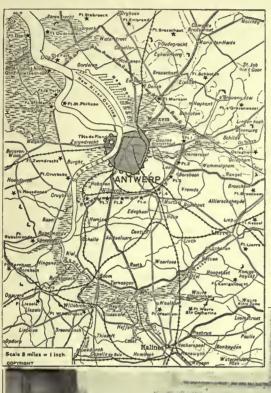


Where Antwerp steamers land their passengers.

## Preparing for the Great German Attack

A DETERMINED shelling of the Antwerp fortifications was eommenced by the Germans, assisted by Austrians, on September 29th. Seven days later General De Guise, the Military Governor of Antwerp, notified the inhabitants that a bombardment of the city was imminent, and those who wished to escape the dangers of such an attack were invited to leave with all possible speed.

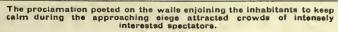
No fortress in the world is impregnable if guns big enough be played upon it, and if the attacking force be sufficiently prodigal of human life. Every one of Antwerp's first-rank forts was dominated by several forts in the second line. Then there was a very extensive area where water could be admitted to a depth of from two to six feet. An inner circle of forts, a deep fosse round the walls of the city, and the fortified walls themselves had all to be overcome before the invaders were masters of the city itself, and only sheer weight of metal from guns such as have never formerly been used in warfare could accomplish this.





Food supplies at the docks. The food problem has been etrongly handled in Antwerp and there was little chance of the garrison being starved into eurrender.







Even while the defending garrieon kept the invadere beyond the walls, the cathedral was too good an artillery mark for the big German long-distance guns.

## Fire and Flood Meet the Germans at Antwerp



As a strong German force advanced upon Antwerp, early in September, the Bolgians opened the dykes and flooded the country. The Germans were thrown into instant confueion. Men and horses struggled acroes the inundated fielde, and their endeavour to beat a hasty retreat was unsuccessful. Many of their heavy guns could not be moved, and had to be abandoned. German soldiers climbed into trees and were made prisoners later. The

Belgian artillery opened fire, and nearly turned the German retreat into a rout. An official statement at Antwerp estimates the German losses in this encounter at fully one thousand men. The fortrees prepared to flood further large areas rather than allow itself to be captured. Defence by inundation is nothing new, for in 1667 the adjacent district of Termonde was eaved from a elege by opening the eluicee, and laying the locality under water.

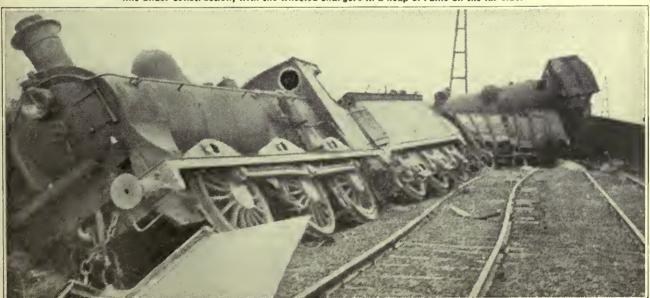
### Wrecks of War on Belgium's Railways



When the Germans were attacking Antwerp, the Belgians eent five locomotives, with waggons loaded with sand, under full eteam full tilt in the direction of the German lines at Malines. Then occurred, perhaps, the most remarkable railway wreck in the world'e hietory. The Belgian engineers pulled the levers, then jumped off as the engines got under way, and let them gather speed as they rushed without control over the track to ewift and sure destruction.



The havor made by the locomotive charge mentioned above was so great that the Germans found it more expeditious to build a new track parallel with the old one instead of attempting to remove the wrecke and repair the old line. This picture shows the new line under construction, with the wheeled chargers in a heap of ruine on the far eide.



This is another view of the wrecked iccomotives that charged the German position at Malines. The Germans, who saw the flery chariots coming, had just time to throw up some obstructions that sent the engines off the rails in a great heap of scrap-iron. Notice the twisted rails and the sand waggon below the second locomotive.

### Holding back the Enemy on the Road to Antwerp



Belgiana aeen defending one of the roade leading to Fort Waelhem, one of the forta of the outer ring round Antwerp, as the Germans advanced to bombard the city. Inset: Peaeant girl bringing walnute to Belgian troops in the trenches near Lierre.

### Flames of War Lighting German Approach to Antwerp



The small square picture shows a bridge in Antwerp which was blown up by British Marines as the Germans advanced. Their artillery had started a conflagration in the adjacent buildings. In the large picture Germans on their way into Antwerp are seen oassing a church that has been made a charred shell by their firs.

### Austria's "Never-Victorious" Warriors in Belgium



The German War Lorde evidently considered that the fighting value of the Austrian troops would increase by being put alongside their own men instead of being left as a national army, and

so they have been called upon to assist in operatione before Antwerp. These Austrians are seen constructing a bridge acroes a river on their way to the great attack upon the Beigian fortress.



Austriane in Bruesele beelde one of their motor-guns with which they were to help in the elege of Antwerp. In the background of the picture there may be clearly seen one these guns with its pair of recoil cylinders that are features of the mechanism.

## The Bombardment of Belgium's Liverpool



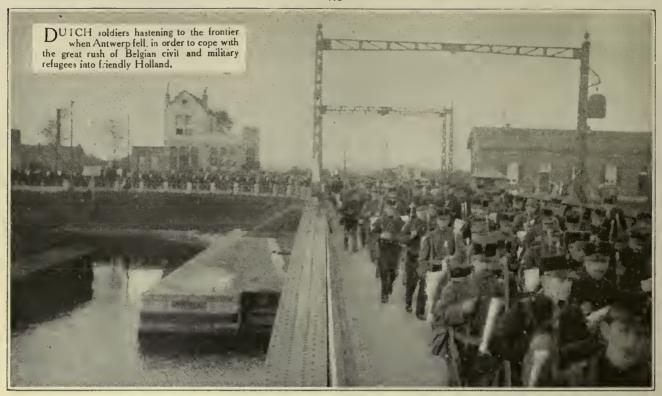
Antwerp from the Scheidt, showing the lofty spire of the cathedral in the centre.



The last of the refugeee to leave Antwerp as the Germane entered the city are seen crossing the River Scheidt—some of them by the river ferry—boat and some by the pontoon bridge, temporarily erected and afterwards destroyed to prevent the Germans following the retreating soldiers and fleeing citizens. The river was flowing with oil, run to waste so as not to be of service to the invaders.



Some of the plucky defenders before the evacuation of the city. This photograph shows a party of British Marines with a motor transport waggon and two of the armoured motor-cars that proved of great service in the defence of Antwerp.



# THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Heroic Adventure at Antwerp

THE Belgian army's defence of Antwerp was a desperate gesture of heroism by a little nation dying in immortal fame with the hope of a glorious resurrection. The double line of armoured forts, designed thirty years ago by General Brialmont, had become worse than useless. With the surprising development in power of the new siege artillery, Antwerp had ceased to exist as a fortress. A line of earthworks in an open field would have been a safer defensive position.

When the modern French forts at Maubeuge fell, the doom of the old works at Antwerp, with their feebler guns, was plainly seen to be inevitable. The Belgian soldiers knew it. Some of them had fought at Liege until the German howitzers arrived. Others had retired at the last moment for escape from the swift, shattering downfall of Namur. They knew their defence was hopeless.

But their courage was of that flaming, passionate sort that puts things again and yet again to mortal hazard. Antwerp, their beloved Antwerp, with its atmosphere of romance, its treasures of native art, its multitude of free, independent townspeople, with its far-stretched lines of forts, built in the old days to shelter the whole army, could not be tamely surrendered as a matter of sound strategy. The Belgian would not play for safety. Cost what it might—even the destruction of the entire military forces of the nation—Antwerp should be held as long as possible, for honour's sake.

Magnificently did the Belgian troops act on this high resolution. Standing by the grave of their power as an independent people, they jumped in, rifle in hand, and used the grave as a fighting trench. After withdrawing into Antwerp on August 17th, they continually sallied out against the enemy's forces, and threatened the lines of communication between France and Germany. Four German army corps had to move about Belgium, on the defensive, at times when their help in France might have turned the tide of battle. By holding back these German reinforcements and keeping them in fierce conflict for over seven weeks, the Belgian army in Antwerp helped to win the victories to the south—on the Marne, on the Aisne, and at Arras. At last, alarmed, disconcerted by the spirit

and daring of the Belgian force, the German Military Staff resolved to bring their siege artillery from Maubeuge to Antwerp. In the second week in September there was heavy fighting south of the Belgian river port, where German and Austrian engineers were preparing the concrete emplacements for their two hundred big howitzers.

By September 28th the concrete had settled and hardened, and the artillery was brought up from Brussels. The following day the bombardment opened. The two southernmost forts, Waelhem and Wavre Sainte Catherine, were attacked by the concentrated fire of the enormous howitzers, some of which threw pierie shells weighing each a ton. The Belgian gunners were utterly powerless. Their old 4 in, and 6 in, Krupp guns were useless.

Their old 4 in. and 6 in. Krupp guns were useless.

The hostile howitzers could not be seen. They fired high into the air, and the shells shattered down from the sky. It was impossible to calculate in which positions the artillery was concealed that fired them. This is the supreme advantage which mobile, attacking siege ordnance has gained through the invention of smokeless powder. It remains invisible, and movable if discovered by aerial reconnaissance, while the fort it is attacking is a plain, fixed, easy mark. With the new range-finding instruments, and the concentration of the fire of a hundred howitzers against the small numbers of guns in each fort, the destruction of any old-fashioned armoured and concrete fortress is very rapid.

It was somewhat too rapid in the first bombardment of Antwerp. One of the forts of the outer line quickly exploded and burst into high flame. A brigade of German infantry, entrenched just beyond the range of the Belgian guns, rose and ran forward to capture the ruined fort, and hold the gap in the fortressed line against the defending troops. But when they reached the fort, guns, Maxims, rifles, live electric-wire entanglements, eaught them in a trap. The supposed explosion had been produced by pouring petrol on some lighted straw brought into the fort for the purpose. One-third of the German brigade fell round the slopes, the rest fled, with the shrapnel and Maxim fire sweeping them in their retreat.

This, however, was the only success that the Belgian

gunners in the forts obtained. They could not reach the hostile artillery, and though they lighted more straw, and pretended to be lying all dead amid the wreck of their guns, the German troops would not advance again. In the meantime Fort Waelhem was really destroyed. happened on Wednesday, September 30th, and on the

following day two neighbouring forts were silenced.

The terrible howitzer shells bent and smashed the steel cupolas, tore away the armoured concrete in masses as large as ordinary houses, exploded the magazines and knocked over the armament. The gunners who lived through the first inconceivable explosion had to fly at once from death in many forms—poisonous fumes, concussion, flying fragments of steel, falling masses of concrete, over-turning guns. Like a solitary battleship foundering under the gunfire of a great fleet, the single forts fell one by one against the immense siege artillery designed for use by a million men against the fortifications of Paris.

But what the Germans won by their overpowering machinery of war they lost again in flesh and blood on October 1st their infantry tried to rush the trenches the Belgians hastily made between their silenced forts, and were hurled back with heavy losses. Then the lighter



Villagers of Wetteren giving bread to Belgian troops as they march through the village.

German howitzers moved forward and searched the Belgian trenches with continual shrapnel, night and day, till the Antwerp army was compelled to withdraw across the Nethe, closer to their doomed city.

The new position was admirable. The well-made earthworks, stretching along the flooded river, were stronger defences than the old armoured forts, under the new conditions of artillery warfare with smokeless powder and aerial fire control. But two hundred great movable guns were needed to maintain the artillery duel. Of these great guns the defenders of Antwerp did not possess one. had only light field artillery and the small Krupp guns fixed in the remaining forts.

By Saturday, October 3rd, Antwerp was a city of dour despair, of hopeless courage. The machinery of attack had proved overwhelming. There was not much difference had proved overwhelming. in numbers between the defending and assailing armies; but the difference in heavy gun-power was enormous. It was like four hundred riflemen on a big lumber raft trying to beat off four hundred men on a modern cruiser.

Great was the joy on Saturday evening when the first part of the British Naval Brigade arrived in the falling city. It was wildly hoped that the few big guns our men were bringing with them would alter the position of affairs. But so desperate was the situation in the trenches by the river, that the British reinforcements of 8,000 Marines and sailors seem, in some cases, to have had no time to get their

naval guns into action.

They had hurriedly to relieve some of the Belgian troops in the shrapnel-swept earthworks. Our men went into the trenches and occupied them until Tuesday morning, October 6th, seeing never an enemy to attack, and having nothing to do but passively endure the terrific artillery fire from the great German guns far in the distance. And on Tuesday the German gunners pushed against the position to the right of the British trenches, and held the Belgians with shrapnel, while the German infantry pierced the line

#### A Bridge of Dead Bodies

Even in these terrible circumstances the Belgians lost none of their courage. Before the German troops could cross the river, their pontoons were destroyed by the defenders, and rebuilt and again destroyed. Then 3,000 Germans tried to swim the Nethe. In the end, they walked from bank to bank, over the most horrible bridge man ever used—over the dead bodies of their comrades, piled above the sunken pontoons until they rose from the water.

On the ground thus terribly won, between the Nethe and the inner line of Antwerp forts, the Germans planted some of their lighter howitzers, and gave notice to bombard the city. For their guns could now reach over the inner forts to the suburbs and centre of the great old Belgian river port. What followed in Antwerp itself was not warfare, but the terrorisation of half a million non-combatant townspeople. At midnight on Wednesday, October 7th, the first scream-

ing shell fell around the houses and exploded.

Some of the suburbs burst into flame, as incendiary bombs rocketed across the smoky darkness. By the river an immense store of petrol was set alight to prevent the conquerer from using it. The fumes of the oil, the flames of the bombarded houses, the flash and thunder of the exploding shells turned beautiful, romantic Antwerp into a scene of infernal splendour. In vague, vast, dim crowds, the stricken, hopeless, helpless people fled at night by river and road into Holland—a sudden, tragic exodus of half a million men, women, and children, many of them refugees from the burnt and ruined villages and towns of Belgium who had come to Antwerp for safety.

Such was the wild, confused, heartbreaking civilian aspect of the downfall of Belgium's last and greatest stronghold. But from the purely military point of view, the fall of the famous city was in a way a triumph for Belgian arms rather than a disaster. For, with the exception of 18,000 Belgian soldiers, chiefly volunteers, and some 2,000 British troops who crossed into Holland many of them intentionally directed, or rather misdirected, thither by a German spy, who will never again render a traitor service to his masters—and were interned by the Dutch, the Belgian army and British brigades fought their way to the coast, losing neither guns nor armoured trains.

On Thursday night, October 8th, when the Germans were trying to cut the line of retreat, the defenders of Antwerp marched out towards Ostend, leaving some of their forts on the eastern side still firing bravely.

The Belgians' defence of Antwerp was a glorious close to the campaign for civilisation which they opened two months before at Liege. At Antwerp the Belgians rose to their greatest height of heroism.

#### Saved France From a Stab in the Back

Even as they had helped France mightily at Liege, so did they help her at Antwerp. They diverted against themselves, by their audacity of menace, the great siege train which the Germans would have liked to have shifted from Maubeuge to the Verdun-Toul fortressed line in Eastern France. In the middle of this fortressed line, at Saint Mihiel, the Germans had made a gap. With two hundred heavy howitzers, sent through Metz, they might have so widened the gap as to have poured an army against the rear of the allied front on the Asne. The Belgians at Antwerp prevented this stab in the back of their friends. Never can Britain and France repay Belgium. Eternal glory is hers, and the passionate admiration of every soul that prizes the highest things in civilisation

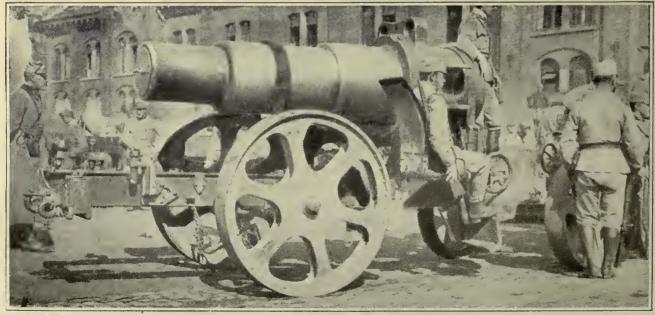
With the Gallant Defenders of



A Beigian armoured motor-car that has made sortles from Antwerp and put marauding Germans to flight. The driver is well protected, and at the back of the car is a revolving turnet which permits a machine-gun to fire in any direction.



The fortifications of Antwerp are sixty miles in circumference, and it was estimated that the city required 100,000 msn to defend it and twice that amount to invest it. A Belgian regiment is here shown in a trench at the extrems edge of the fortifications.



This is the type of gun that halped to batter Liege, Namur, and Maubaugs into submission. It is here shown in the hande of Austrians, who have come to try its effect against the howitzers of Antwerp. Our soldiers have nicknamed its shells "Jack Johnsons," because of their black smoke.

# Camera Glimpses behind the Fortifications





Some of the Antwerp garrison, forced back from the outer fortificatione by heavy artiliery fire that they could not return, made a determined stand at Vieux Dieu. They are here shown in company with British sallors erecting barbed-wire entanglements to block the road at Vieux Dieu. Barbed wire, to impede attacks by infantry or cavalry, has been greatly in evidence during the war.



Marines, having scooped out a trench by the roadelde, hold a commanding poeltion with their Mexim. The Marine with the flag ie a eignaller. Owing to the distant range from which the Germane fired, our machine—guns could not do much effective work.



One of our Marines, wounded while helping to man the trenches, is escorted back to the town by a comrade.



A British armoured motor-car in the town. To the very last the eight of a British sailor or Marine was an occasion for cheere, even though those who cheered knew that our men were too few in numbers, and too short of big guns, to be materially helpfui.

# British Naval Men Strengthen the Trenches-



Hidden from the gaze of hostila airmen and protected from "Black Mariae." The shelter was covered with tuits of grass.

Another trench at Lierre, hastily excavated alongside a tree-lined path. A machine-gun supports the Marines who occupy it.

### -Their Work amid Shell and Fire in Antwerp



When the men of the British navai force arrived at Antwerp early in October they found that rough trenches had been prepared for them. These they improved and strengthened with timber and sandbags. While they were digging, a German aeroplane hovered overhead and dropped smoke-bombe, which gave the

exact point of markemanship for the enemy's artiliery. The defence of Antwerp was a courageous undertaking, and its surrender in face of the weight of the enemy's artilisry was strategio policy as well as military necessity. Britain's share in the defence is a story that reflects no discredit on our nation or our arms.

#### French Marines also tried to Succour the Bombarded Town





The French Marines are also handy with the bayonet. During a violent engagement near Ghent, their long, deadly weapons frightened four hundred Germans into surrender, and compelled others to retire. This photograph shows some French Marinea advancing expectedly through a field not far from Antwerp. The square photo above depicts the Marinee with trophlee captured from the enemy.



THE ZEPPELIN BOMBARDMENT OF ANTWERP IN AUGUST, 1914, IN DEFIANCE OF THE HAGUE CONVENTION.

On the night of August 24th, 1914, a Zeppelin airship sailed over Antwerp and dropped shrapnel bombs, killing ten persons, including four women, injuring a number of others, and causing much damage to the Royal Palace and other buildings. An attempt was made to repeat the raid on the following night. These raids aroused much indignation both in Europe and America, as they were in direct contravention of the provisions of the Fourth Hague Convention, which Germany signed.



#### Armoured Motor-car and Train in Action at Antwerp





### The Weary Pilgrimage from the Bombarded City to Safety



A common scene in the Dutch villages near the Belgian frontier after the Germans had taken Antwerp. Dutch villages often found accommodation for many times their own population.



Only very fortunate refugees were able to find conveyance to carry themselves and their possessione out of the war zone.





One of the saddest things in the whole refugee situation is that families are broken up and scattered, individual members being entirely tgnorant if the other members are even alive. This photograph shows a wail in a village where passing refugees have written messages to their friends on the faint chance that they will be read by the eyes for which they are intended.

## THE AGONY OF A NATION SCENES IN THE AWFUL FLIGHT FROM ANTWERP

Described by A. G. HALES

AM sending this account of Flemish terrors from a little village called Eckeren, close up to Antwerp, hoping to get it through Holland to London. On all sides terror reigns. The cry goes from lip to lip: "Antwerp has fallen!" and the despairing echo is "The Uhlans are coming! God help us!

An official told me that all the best pictures in the city had been collected, by order of the King of the Belgians, to be transferred to London at once to save them from the rapacity of the Kaiser's hordes. The city is on fire in many places, and the conflagration lifts up the kindly curtain that darkness has lowered upon the writhing of a people.

The scenes in all the townships and villages between

Antwerp and Holland simply beggar description. Eckeren is sickening in its intense misery. Women of all ages are rushing about frantic with fear and misery; mothers doing all they can to help the famished, footsore wretches thrown helpless and homeless upon the mercy of the world, but it is a great strain upon their resources.

At Rossendale and Bergen-op-Zoom, the two first railway stations over the Netherlands frontier, there remains a horde of stranded waifs of all ages, sexes, and social standing. Every train that goes out is packed to its very utmost capacity with refugees, making anywhere and anyhow to some haven of refuge. No charge is made, no tickets asked for. Food is given by Government and the general public, but there is no bedding for hundreds; they just throw themselves down and sleep on bare floors, on tables, or out in the open, thankful to have escaped the lances of the men the Kaiser is so proud of describing as the finest cavalry in Europe. At Bergen - op - Zoom I beheld a sight that all England should have seen, and then I think volunteers would flock to the colours, not in hundreds



Fugitives waiting patiently to cross the pontoon bridge and get away from Antwerp in the wake of the retreating army.

hunting for lost children gone astray in the panic; husbands searching for wives and little ones; old women totter along the roads, moaning and wringing their hands; aged men, clinging to the arms of younger folk, stagger northwards, alternately praying to God and cursing the Kaiser. It is the most pitiful sights the sun ever looked down upon.

At Cappellen, the next township northwards, the sights were even worse. I saw an army of women practically demented by fear. They were as bad as the Macedonian women who fled in 1903 in front of the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks. Sick women and men were being carried on mattresses, preferring death from exposure to the tender mercies of the Kaiser's cavalry, who were expected in that direction as soon as the city fell.

At Heide and Cappelle-au-Bois the sights were heartrending. People worn with fear and running lay about sleeping—the sleep of semi-paralysis—little children who had been sundered from their parents and had been swept Hollandwards in the maelstrom of human anguish, crouched anywhere and anyhow, hungry, weary, and livid-

A few months ago all these places were peaceful and prosperous; now they are beyond portrayal. The terror of German deeds in Belgium is so great that the very fear of their coming has driven a homely, thrifty, kindly people to the verge of madness. The Dutch people seem to be

per day, but in thousands, determined to crush the heathen tyrant who had made such misery possible.

The waiting-rooms and platforms were crammed with people, woe-worn and weary. On the side of the railway line there was packed a perfect mass of odds and ends that fugitives had snatched up in the moment of flight from home—and on or near this medley of household idols sat, stood, or lay the owners in scanty attire in the pitiless night.

Many of the women were sobbing with dry-eyed mournfulness that was a million times worse than tears. Now and again some poor wretch would rise and cry aloud the name of a lost child, and when no answer came the crier would crumple up and go down in a shapeless heap, her dishevelled hair falling over her haggard face like a kindly veil.

They were good to the children, these poor, worn women. I saw one take off her jacket, and there was nothing underneath but a thin calico garment that left her neck and bosom bare to the raw night air. She had seen a little child nearly nude asleep by the railway line. The youngster was not hers, but they are universal mothers, these women. Thrusting the little one's legs through the arms of the jacket, she buttoned the garment round the body of the waif, and laid it very tenderly down to sleep in something like warmth, whilst she lay awake and shivered. This may not be the bravery of the battlefield, but it is the bravery that makes the other sort possible.

### The Tragedy of War Shorn of its Glory-

THE sad plight of the people of Belgium has opened the channels of charity in nearly every country in the world except Germany and her ally. Money has been sent from far Australia and from America to relieve the distress of an entire country, but the greatest aid has been rendered by Holland, France, and Great Britain, where few doors are shut against the poor people whose dire need is the passport to every sympathetic heart, and few ears have been

deaf to the urgent claims of destitute humanity. It is an honour and privilege to be able to help a nation that, from its gallant King to its humblest peasant, preferred death to the yoke of German dominion. The reward of Belgium will come in the fulness of time, and every tear of every Belgian widow will be reckoned in the price that Germany must pay for the treachery and presumption that sent feeble women and helpless children into the world homeless.



An old man of Antwerp is being helped along the road that leads to Holland by hie two sone who heve shouldered erme in the defence of their country.



A ecene in the retreat from Antwerp. It was a core ordeal for Belgium to yield up her most strongly fortified city, but it was a choice of the lesser of two evils, the alternative being the procepect of having her army currounded and captured.



Holland wee the near goal of the hapless populace of Antwerp when driven from their homes by the German advance. A Dutch soldier is here shown helping an Antwerp family across the frontier.



During this forced "filtting" of a Belgian refugee family, a British warrior made friends with the children and helped them on their way to the shelter of neutral Holiand.

# —the Pitiable Plight of the Belgian People



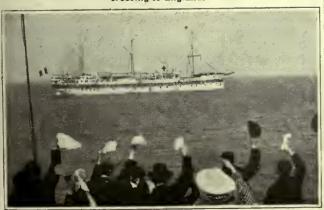
The Dutch have preserved their neutrality, but their hearte go out to the victims of Germany, and they have lent their aid practically and ungrudg-ingly. Here we see some Dutch coldiers looking after Belgian children.



An old Belgian peasant and his wife who found asylum in London. Notice the label on his coat, telling his destination, ae he could not speak English.



A group of well-to-do Belgian refugees who had to feed on turnips taken from the fields as they left Ghent for Ostend before croseing to England.



Bound for England and British hospitality. The Red Cross ship is taking Antwerp refugees from Ostend, and the passengers on a cross-channel steamer are cheering her as they pass.



These Dutch soldiers in Putten, one of the villages of Holland just over the Belgian frontier, are assisting the old women and children—refugees who have crossed from Antwerp.

## The Sad Wandering of a Fugitive Nation



The flag of Germany holsted on the remains of Fort Stabrouch, one of Antwerp's defences.



Dutch soldiers registering the names of Belgian children who have lost their parents, with a view to finding the latter and re-uniting the families.



Belgian refugees passing through North Belgium after leaving Antwerp, their few belongings being carried in a dog-cart. Inset: Two wounded Belgians in France assisting each other in search for safety.





Described Antworp in the hands of the invading Huns. The German occupiers have been exercising all their arts of persuasion to induce the people to come back, but the memory of Termonde, Louvain, and Dinant is too fresh and too vivid for the Beigian fly, who refuses to enter the parlour of the German spider.

You have wronged for The Day, you have longed for The Day That lit the awful flame.

'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men among the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after The Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He you have mocked for many a day—
Listen, and hear what He has to say:
"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay."
What can you say to God?

---HENRY CHAPPELL.





A German invention—The Red Cross machine-gun ! .......

#### Germany's Evil Genius and Some the Kaiser's Men



German Telegraph Corpe at work.

ACCORDING to wounded German soldiers, it was the Crown Prince who brought the European situation to war point. Young Friedrich Wilhelm has never been on friendly terms with our country. In the most public manner in the Reichstag he has displayed a fierce hostility to the very nation his subtler father was trying to soothe and deceive.

Banished to a country garrison town for his unpolitic frankness, "Fritz" went on a penitential tour to India and hunted with our officers. Then, having acquired



Hungry Germane round the soup pot.

something of the Hohenzollern art of poisonous friendship, he wrote a book on his sporting adventures in India, in which he tried to make us forget his outbursts against us.

Being as eager to push his father aside as Wilhelm was to edge his father off the throne, the Crown Prince has set out to make himself the war hero of the people. But bullets do not turn aside to flatter, as chiefs of the War Staff do, and the rumour that the firebrand of Germany was wounded may prove prophetic before the last battle is fought.



After hours of torturing thirst on the battlefield the invaders of Belgium get a drink of water. (Inset: The Crown Prince.)

# The Faces of Some of Civilisation's Foes



Prince Friedrich of Saxe-Meiningen, killed by a shell at Namur.



Count Zeppeiin, aged 70, volunteered to command one of his own airships.



Admiral von Tirpitz, German Secretary for Navy, which he entered in 1865.

THE soul of the German people has first been hardened by a Prussian and then poisoned by a Prussianised Pole. That is why the race that produced Luther, Handel, Goethe, and Beethoven has fallen into frenzied barbarism.

First came Bismarck with his gospel of blood and iron, followed by Nietzsche, the insane anti-Christ, who cried from a madhouse to the "blond beasts" of Northern Germany to prey upon the decadent, over-civilised nations of the rest of Europe.

Nietzsche's influence is visible in the speeches of the Kaiser, and in works of his advisers, like General von Bernhardi.

What did the German Empress Victoria think of the Belgian atrocities? Were rumours of them allowed to reach her august ears while she



The German Empress presenting roses to Guarde officers previous to their departure for the front.

gave roses to the German officers who suffered such deeds to be done?

Count Zeppelin, the white-haired inventor, believed in dropping bombs on the non-combatants of hostile cities. For he has volunteered to carry out this fiendish work from one of his airships.

Admiral Tirpitz must have felt somewhat down-cast. At the age of sixty-five he saw the spirit of the great Navy he built destroyed by the cowardice of the captain of the Goeben, his son a prisoner in Britain, his fleet bottled up.

Dr. Hammann, a Hamburg journalist promoted to the headship of the German reptile press, has also suffered defeat. He tried hard, by doctored news, to win American sympathies, but the truth about Louvain prevailed against him.



General von Emmich, conducted attack on Liege and was reported to have died.



General von Bulow, wounded at the Battie of Haelen, died of hie injuries.



Dr. Hammann, the Kaiser's professional liar, head of the "reptile press."

#### Germany's "War Lord" Dreams of Power



The War Lord of Germany watching hie artillerymen ehelling a position. An officer with glaesee is studying the effect of the shot. The Germans are showing themselves good gunners, but in the first great conflict the Belgian firs was deadler than theirs.





Seizing a river-boat, a party of German cavairy cross a wide stream, holding up by their bridles the horses that swim beside them. On the right are seen German troops detrained and marching to the vast battlefield. To prevent the scouts of the aliled armise from seeing from afar the gleam of the brass ornaments on the German helmets, these are hidden in khaki covering. The new heavy boots of the German infantry are crippling them.



Light German cavairy conducting a reconnaiseance. These mounted troops ecatter in bands in front of an advancing host of Teutone, and when threatened by the ecoute of the allied forces they dismount and form a firing-line in front of their horses. Hundreds of them surrendered without a fight around Liege, because they were weakened by want of food.

# Glimpses of the German Army in the Field



A quiet ecene after the tornsdo of battle before the forte snd entrenchmente of Liege. Some Germsn csvalrymen sre tending their wounded comrades, rescued from the first unexpected dieaster at the hands of the gallant Belgian forces under General Leman.



Germsn troope firing from trenches under the direction of sn officer. The Germans, it is thought, have not learnt the lessone of the South African and Russo-Japanese wars. Their men are not encouraged to use their individuality in either attack or defence.

# With the German Army in Belgium



The Germans make their prisoners of war work for their food, and it is to be regretted that we do not follow the same policy.

Here Belgian soldiere captured in war are shown digging entrenchments near Bruesels under a German guard.



General von Boehn, in commend of the German Ninth Field Army, posses for his photograph with other German officers.

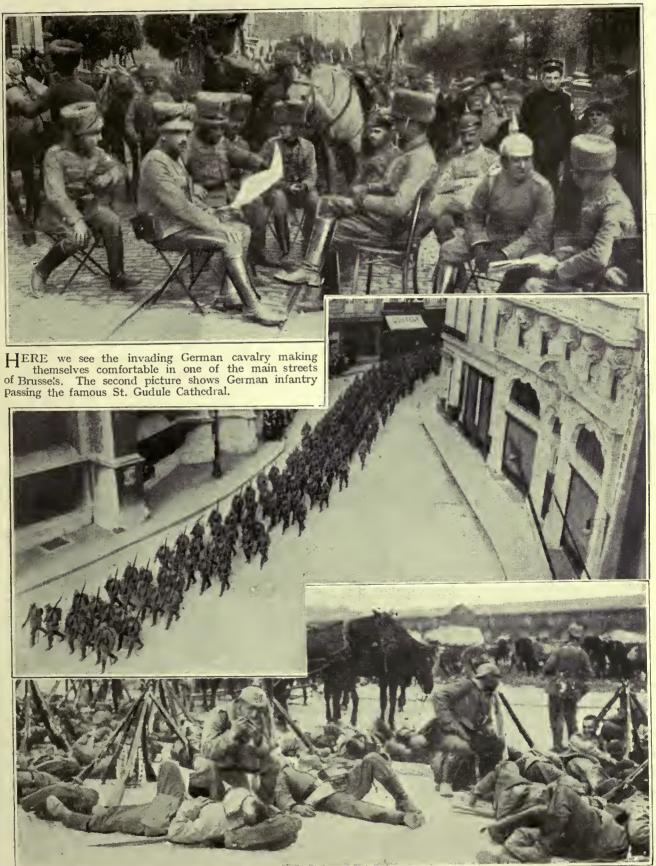


The German coldiers are keeping green the memory of the first man to carry the German colours into the fort of Liege.



it is credibly stated that for some years farms around Liege have been purchased by German farmers, who, at suitable points on their lands, made platforms of concrete that served for the attacking siege-guns when the time of war came. This photograph shows Germans clearing up the wreck of Fort Loncin at Liege, preparatory to making it intact for defence in the event of a German retreat through North France and Beigium.

# The Kaiser's Hordes Lording It in Brussels



After a long march German troops have reached Brussels and they are seeking rest on the stones of the roadway.

# Germany's "Higher Civilisation" and its Fruits



A French Red Cross hospital at Senlis that was fired upon by the Germans. The wall facing the camera exhibits irrefutable evidence of the attempt to wreck the building. The Red Cross seems to be a target for German artillery.



The sottish legions of the Kalser left a trail of empty bottles that testified to their debauchery on stolen wine.



A British soldier with a British bayonet in his right hand and one of the German.saw-tooth bayonets in his left.



Germans in Dinant whose presumption mads them think they had come to stay. The right-hand figure on the rear seat of the car is the German commandant, and on his left is a German professor charged with the reorganisation of the Dinant schools!

# German Appreciation of French Art Treasures



In Sir John French's official despatch of September 15th, he confirmed the reports of wanton piliage and destruction by Germen troope. Beautiful French chateaux have been the scenes of drunken debauchery. Amid pricelese gems of fine canvases, tapestriee, and objects d'art the drunken Prueslans let their

brute natures find full scope. The hogs reveiled in the treasures they could not appreciate, and took a fiendieh delight in making ruine of hietoric and treasured helricome. The German Crown Prince himself pillaged a chateau near Champaubert, taking jewels and medals, and destroying pictures of the Tearand Tsarina.

# With the German Invaders of Belgium



The German commander of Bruseels riding through the Belgian capital. He failed to browbeat the gallant burgomaeter, M. Max.

Two officers of the crack German regiment, the Zeithen Huesars, driving through the town of Laon in a commandeered trap. One of them is eeen eporting on his breast the Iron Crose which has been so freely distributed by the Kalser.



The Imperial Lord High Looter, Crown Prince Wilhelm. He etole many art treasures from a fine old French chateau.



The old French chateau, near Verdun, which the German Crown Prince made hie headquartere, and from which he carried away so many of the art treasures collected by the owner.



Field-Marshal von der Goltz, who was appointed German Governor-General of Belgium, in the streets of Brussels with his Staff - a bad eubstituts for the gallant and well-beloved King Albert.

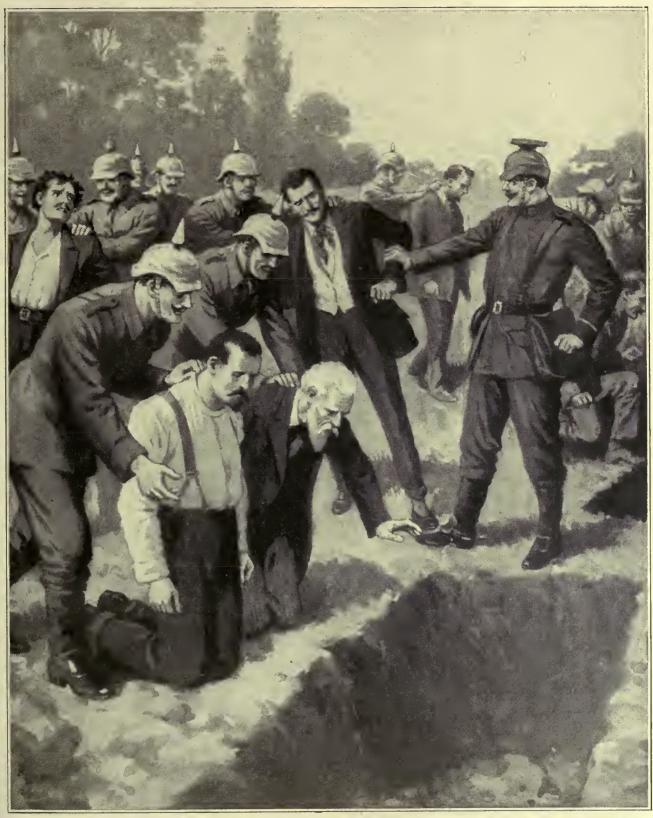




drawing food supplies for the invaders. The forts of Liege fell one by one under assault by the heavy German siege-guns, and on August 24th Major Namech blew up Fort Chaudfontaine to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Germans. General Leman was made prisoner only while unconscious from the fumes from burstin, shells and when overwhelmed in the débris of his ruined fort. GERNAN TROOPS OCCUPYING THE CITY OF LIEGE WHILE THE FORTS STILL THUNDERED DEFIANCE OF THE INVADERS' ADVANCE.

The attack on Liege was begun on August 4th, 1914, and a vigorous defence was maintained by the intrepid General Leman. On August 9th the Gernans penetrated between the forts and entered the city. The picture represents the Place du Marché, in the centre of the city, where the Gernans are seen commandeering much-needed bread. Dogs are used for street transport in Belgium, and are here seen

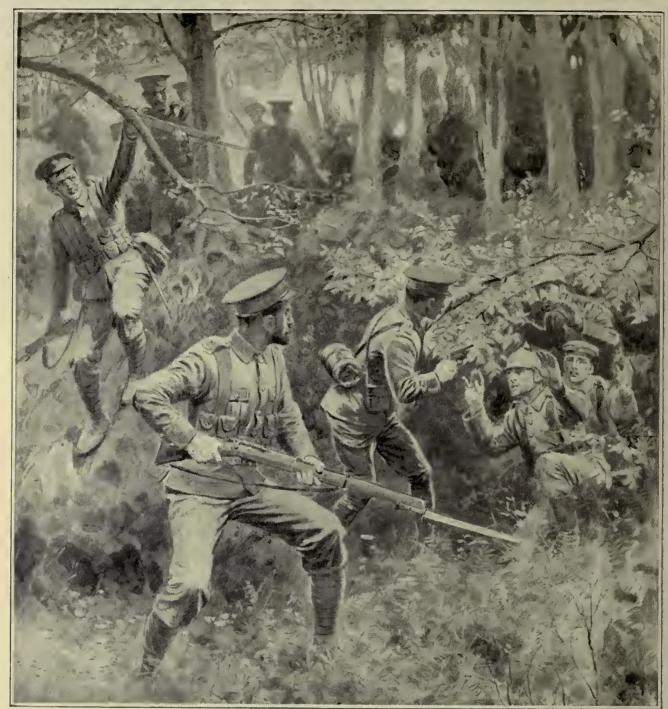
### Coward Work of Germany's Military Murderers



In his dispatch of September 18th, Sir John French reported: "At Senlis, a poacher shot one German soldier and wounded another. The German commander then assembled the mayor of the town and five other leading citizens and forced them to kneel before graves which had already been dug. Requisition was made for various supplies, and the six citizens were then taken to a D 66 T

neighbouring field and shot. According to the corroborative evidence of several independent persons, some twenty-four people, including women and children, were also shot. The town was then piliaged, and was fired in several places before it was evacuated. It is believed that the cathedral was not damaged, but many houses were destroyed."

#### Germans Surrender to Inferior British Force



Hungry Germane prefer captivity with plenty of food to war on empty stomache.

BEFORE the Battle of Agincourt Henry V. made a speech in which he instructed his officers that such of his soldiers as "hath no stomach for the fight" should be sent away, with crowns in their purses to carry them beyond the zone of war. Soldiers who have no stomach for the fight are an encumbrance to the army they are too craven to help.

At the same time, stomach for the fight is often a matter of stomach per se. Napoleon said that an army marches on its stomach, and the statement might be extended. An army also fights on its stomach. A coward, even with his belly filled, does not necessarily become a brave man. But many a man who is brave under satisfactory conditions of food becomes less brave and perhaps craven when starving for want of food.

When the allied French and British armies were pressing back the invaders, there was a period of ten days during which the Germans retired precipitately and their commissariat was thrown into utter disorder. The pangs of hunger were so many inward voices that cried out to the German soldiers, urging them to give themselves up as prisoners. In companies and squads they surrendered, in many eases to numerically inferior bodies of British troops. A typical case was the surrender of five starving Germans to two unarmed motor-'bus drivers. In the words of an official report, "Our men continually come across small parties of the enemy, more particularly in the woods where they have hidden. They appear pleased enough to surrender."

## With the German Army in the Field



On the Franco-German frontier the feeding arrangements of the Kalser's forces are entirely satisfactory, this picture showing a well-equipped German field bakery near a railway-siding in the little French village of Confians, about twenty miles from Metz.



The trenches of the opposing armies along the Aiene were cometimes so near that men could shout across to their enemies. A good view of a German trench is given here. Protected from shell fire, some of the soldiers smoke and read while their comrades watch.



A German coldier drawe a carloature of General Joffre on a German train that is labelled "Express to Parls."





The German coldiery favoure the ctyle of hairdreceing that is enforced in our pricons—"a close crop"! Left picture shows German Army barbere, possibly recalled from a barber's chop in Britain, at work upon their comrades. Right picture: German coldiers, having broken into a country echool-room, take the echolars' decks outside and turn them into iuncheon tablec.

## Silent Witnesses of German Orgy and Pillage

WE have had valuable allies in the great stores of French champagne which the Germans pillaged as they marched through the wine country around Rheims and Epernay. The hand that trembles with drunken debauchery is not the hand that can grasp a bayonet to advantage, and the eye that is dulled by drink is not in a condition to aim a rifle. Many hundreds of

German soldiers have been made prisoners when "blind to the world," as the expressive saying goes, so that, however much we may despise the bestial practices of the enemy, we may regard them as working to our advantage in making their victims unfit to fight. The men merely followed the example of their officers in their drunkenness and pillage.



A scene in a beautiful chateau at Lempest, near Malinss, where a Belgian shell came through ths wall and put to flight a company of German pillagers, who isft behind them this riot of wanton ruin.



A drsesing-table in a room in the sams chateau showing drawers emptied by German thievee, who stole what they could take with them and destroyed most of what they could not carry.



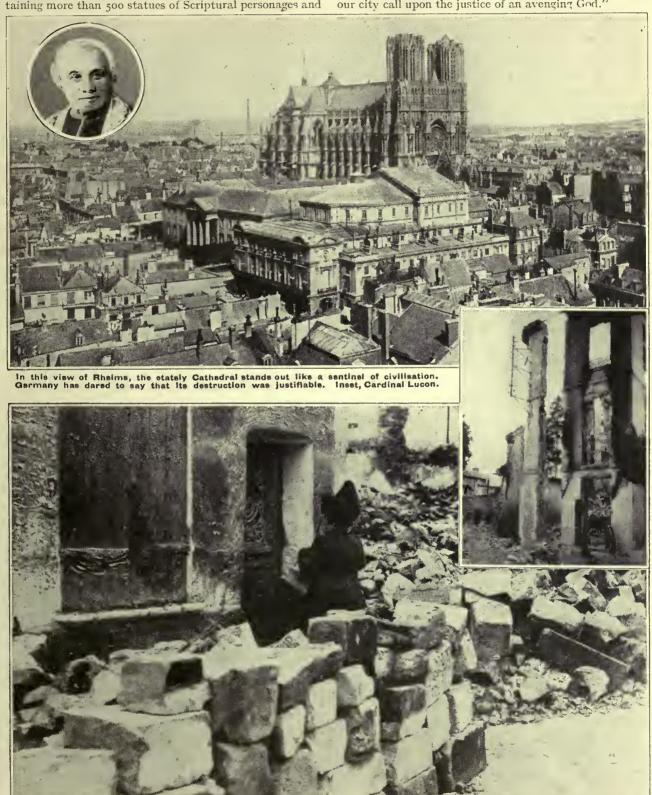
The hall of a Belgian mansion where drunken Germans rioted before being driven away by Belgian artillery. The finest wine-cellare of France have been pillaged by the eottish soldiery of

Gsrmany, and many hundrsds of them have been taken prieoners when drunk. Scenes like the above have been, to the discredit of the German nation, very common during the war.

### Germany Repeats in France its Outlawry in Belgium

THE destruction of Rheims Cathedral is Germany's crowning crime against eivilisation. A magnificent Gothic edifice, this cathedral was founded in 1211 and took 140, some accounts say 218, years to build. The wonderful west facade, with its three deeply recessed portals, containing more than 500 statues of Scriptural personages and

the Kings of France, was unrivalled in its beauty. The news of the shelling of the Cathedral reached Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, as he was on his way home from the Conclave, and he announced his intention to return at once to Rheims and "on the ruins of our city call upon the justice of an avenging God."



A tobacconist at Senlis hit a German bully with his fist. Promptly he and his wife were shot dead. The inhabitants sought revenge.

The Germans shot the mayor, turned artillery upon the town and left it a ruin. These pictures show some of the damage.

#### Brave Nurse who Protected British Wounded



In a letter to a Swanesa friend, Nurse Agassiz telle how ehe witnessed the first contect between British and German troops. Street fighting raged in the little mining village. With the help of two brave village women, Nurse Agaseiz tended the wounded. The British subsequently retired and the Germane arrived. "A

Qerman coldier came in," eays the nurse, "holding a revolver, which he pointed at my heart. I met him in the corridor and assured him that only wounded and tired-out men were in the place. He went away, but thirty Qermans came later with officere and made my patients priconsre, taking away all who could walk."

#### German Rejoicings at British Naval Losses

GERMANY went wild with delight over the sinking of the three British cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy in September. The officer in command of Submarine Ug, which did the damage, was Lieut-Capt. Otto Weddingen. He was married only a short time previous to setting forth on his daring exploit. In recounting his adventure, he praised the courage of the men on the British ships. "All the while," he said, "the men stayed at their guns looking for their invisible foe. They were brave; true to their country's sea traditions."

H.M.S. Hawke, an old cruiser of 7,350 tons and 18-3 knots, was sunk by a German submarine in the northern waters of the North Sea on October 15th. This was the elip which came into collision with the gligantic line of Uppie in 1911. Some of the crew rescued from the water are shown in the photograph above, and the cruiser is

How the German submarine U9 was greeted when she returned to Wilhelmshaven, the great German naval base, in the early morning of September 23rd, after sinking three British cruisers. The officers and men of the submarine lined up on their vessel and received a wild ovation from the crews of German warships. The picture is by a well-known German artist.

## Horrors the Kaiser's Dreams have Wrought



A company of French infantry was surprised and decimated in the Mieme Wood, near Peronne, and, when the war photographer went afterwards with his camera, this was the econe that confronted him. Oval picture shows a dead German in a field at Peronne.

### German Guns that Won't Trouble the Allies Again

THE war witnessed a class of import into Great Britain that will find no place in the statistical returns of the Board of Trade—eaptured German guns. While the western theatre of war did not see the huge eaptures of guns that were achieved by our Russian allies, still, the number taken has been considerable, and made the

men hungry for more. It was announced officially on September 12th that the Third French Army at the Battle of the Marne had captured the entire gun equipment of a German army corps, about 160 guns. On September 11th Sir John French reported that the British, in one forward movement, had taken ten guns and fifty transport waggons.



Limber-waggons of German guns, with piles of ammunition lying round, abandoned by the retreating eoldiers of the Kalser during the fighting along the Marne. The gune were captured by "French's contemptible little army," and will adorn the public parks of Britain.



This trainload of captured German guns was photographed when about to be sent off to one of the Channel ports, for shipment to Britain, as trophies of war and as concrete evidence of the success of our brave soldiers.

# The German 'Sweep' Into France—and After

HISTORY will remember the German advance from Belgium through Northern France as one of the most daring military movements in the annals of war. It followed the German general policy of striking hard in the "decisive direction." It carried them almost to the gates of Paris, and its impetuosity might have broken the French armies

but for the brilliant generalship of Sir John French. But the German advance was too forced to be sound, and the aggressive resistance of the allied forces on the line between Paris and Verdun threw them back in defeat and disorder. Paris saw the danger of investment recede, and the whole civilised world breathed more freely.



German troope, on September 1st, marching into Amisna, the famous French city of about 100,000 inhabitants, which lies midway between Lilie and Paria, and ia the principal railway atation between Calais and the capital.



German coldiers at Tongree. The raliway bridge was deatroyed by the retreating Beigians, but was re-erected by the Germans on wood piles.



General von Kiuck, the German commander, who claimed to have the British "in a circle of steel."



This photograph was taken on the outskirts of the great Battle of the Marne, fought during the week ending September 12th. shows a group of German prisoners at the temporary hospital in charge of some French Red Croas attendants.

# Britain's New Line of Imports from Germany



' A heap of tired, dispirited German prisoners, too fatigued to attempt to escape from the five British ecidiers who guard them.



German prisoners marching between our soldiers with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets on a French quay, ready to be shipped to the slysium of a concentration camp in England.



How the first German soldiere "invaded" Britain. Captivee crossing on the atsamer Wast Msath. They elept on deck and wers heartily glad to be out of the fighting.



Captivea marching to the compound at Frith Hill, Camberley. Officera, to their disgust, receive the same treatment as rank and file.

### Was Britain too Kind to German Prisoners?



German prisoners in Britain had a life of sass, occupying their time by playing cards and leap-frog. But British captives in Germany were made to work for their food, and are here shown digging trenches under the surveillance of armed guards.

Is the kindness Great Britain extends to prisoners of war misguided? British prisoners of war in the Kaiser's dominion did not have an easy time. They were made to dig trenches and do other hard manual labour; the deficiencies in their clothing were made up in very rough-and-ready fashion; the German public, particularly the feminine portion of it, were warned not to show them any sympathy. Contrast this with the treatment meted out to German prisoners in British concentration camps.

Their life was one of ease and enjoyment. Cards and leap-frog kept them from being dull. They could organise concerts, the music being provided by their own band, and





This little English girl, kindly or misguided, whichever you prefer, presented chocolate to the men whose comradee—nay, perhaps these very men—have been criminally assaulting and cutting off the hande of little girle like hereelf in Belglum and France.

during the time when young British patriots, who had thrown up good positions and comfortable homes to join Lord Kitchener's army, were suffering from an insufficiency of blankets, the prisoners had enough and to spare. Their chuckles over such soft treatment must surely be mixed with sneers.

Local residents at Frimley presented them with chocolates and cigarettes and filled their water-bottles with beer. What would our brave lads in the firing-line, what would some of our wounded in the hospitals, what would the maimed and permanently disabled Belgian non-combatants say to such flabby sentimentality?

## German Military Prisoners at Work in England

ALTHOUGH the German prisoners of war in Britain retained most of their early privileges, they came to be treated more rigorously. They were, for instance, made to collect their own firewood, instead of having it brought to them! Germans and Austrians who were interned at Newbury racecourse had a supremely happy time. They made a point of showing off their accomplishments to visitors—singing, dancing, and performing acrobatic teats.

The athletes could be seen building up a pyramid, the topmost man chanting "Deutschland uber alles," the German national cry. A man with a mouthorgan would play waltzes whilst his companions danced. Attempts were made to win the visitors' sympathies by singing "Tipperary," but the accent was too pronounced.

A prehistoric animal, something like a camel, paraded the compound, followed by a female figure described as Mrs. Pankhurst, the conductor shouting "Votes for Vimmen."



A day out for the German prisoners. Returning to the compound at Frimley, near Aidershot, in a motor-van loaded with timber for their camp fires.

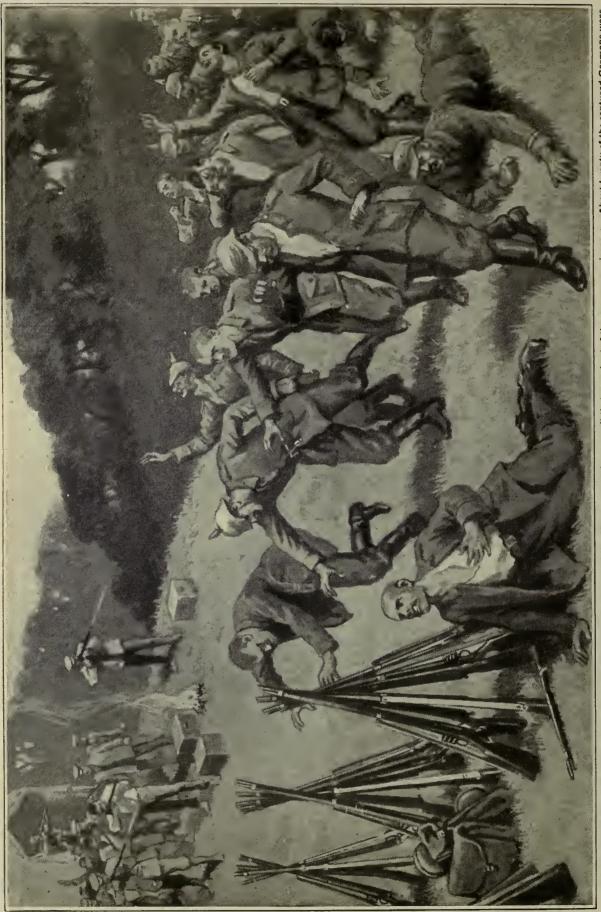


So that detention shall not prey upon their minds, light occupation has been found for some of the German prisoners encamped at Camberley, near Aldershot. They have been educated up to collecting their own firewood, and are here shown walking back to camp.





Collecting the logs. One of the prisoners is possessed of enormous strength; although a small man, he can shoulder a huge log and smile about it. The timber is used for cooking and heating purposes in the detention camp.



When the battle was raging flercely at Meaux and along the length of the Marne a patrol of British troope advanced cautiouely one night and found that a party of Germans held a wood, about which they were moving with etable lantene. The patrol carried back the information to our cavolry on one elde and our infentry on the other. The stable lantene gave the mark to British Mexim and rifle fire, and then cavalry cleared the wood and rounded

up all that remained of the enemy as prisoners. About twenty of the captured Germane were placed in a clearing under guard, and their rifles were stacked near them. After some time they thought their guard was lay, so they rushed for their rifles, intending to attempt to turn the tables on their captore. But they barely reached the steck of arms when they were mowed down by a rifle fire that left the majority dead and none unwounded.

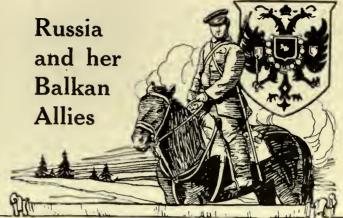
Word of the Tsar! and the drowse malign is broken,

The stone is rolled from the tomb, and Poland free.

This is the strong evangel. The guns have spoken;

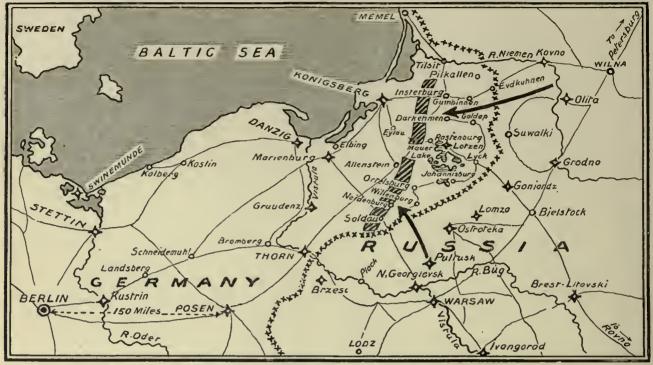
And the scribble of flame of the guns is—Liberty.

—T. M. KETTLE.





Berlin's dread—the coming of the Cossack.



Map to illustrate the advance of the Russian Army of invasion in the East of Germany, the thick shaded line indicating the positions occupied by the hosts of the Tear on August 25th.

#### THE RUSSIAN "STEAM-ROLLER"

The Mighty Military Engine of the Tsar

A Brilliant Description of the 3,000,000 Army that Russia threw against the Eastern frontiers of Germany and Austria

By F. A. McKENZIE

War Correspondent of "The Daily Mail" in the Russo-Japanese War

Ist SEPT., 1914.

THE armies of Russia and the combined forces of Great and Greater Britain may well be the deciding factor—possibly a year or more hence—in the land campaigns of the great war.

For over a quarter of a century Europe regarded the fighting strength of Russia with awe. The millions of her soldiers, the reserve strength of her vast Empire of one hundred and sixty millions, her successes in the field, and her resolute discipline, magnetised Europe. Here was the land that had shattered Napoleon in his prime, and that even then was absorbing nation after nation throughout Asia. Prophets depicted Russia expanding her dominions east and west till she strode as Colossus from India to the North Sea, and from the coasts of Korea to the Mediterranean.

Then came the Japanese War, the war of astounding surprises, of defeats, and of humiliation. Russia retired

The Lesson Russia learned from Japan from that war with prestige diminished atmost to vanishing point, and with hopes of Pacific empire shattered. Since then Europe has as much underestimated Russian military strength as she pre-

viously exaggerated it. Yet Russia was never more formidable, never more splendidly prepared, never better fitted, both for offence and defence, than to-day.

The Japanese War revealed the weaknesses of the Russian military organisation. Russia at the start despised her enemy. To think that Japan could defeat her was so absurd that most refused to contemplate it. The war was a bitter and wholesome lesson. The world has barely yet realised that in the end Russia contrived, despite her defeats, to hold up the entire Japanese forces. The war made not only Russia's faults stand out, but also the

splendid virtues of discipline, endurance, ability to take punishment, and steady fighting power that the Tsar's soldiery possess.

In defeat and disaster Russia found her real salvation. For three or four years after the close of the war internal disturbances and political quarrels absorbed the nation. The Army was bitter and resentful, and was still further angered by revelations of corruption, nepotism, and of inefficiency. But in 1910 the work of creating a new Army was deliberately begun. A secret sitting of the Duma voted unanimously eleven millions for reorganisation and extension. Administrative control was vested in one man—the Minister for War. The independent status of grand ducal inspectors, which had led to so many abuses in the Japanese War, was abolished. The territorial system was introduced. Vast sums were spent on technical equipment, on air craft, field telephones, wireless apparatus, and machine-guns of every kind.

From 1910 this work of reorganisation has been carried on unceasingly. It is impossible to give in exact figures the actual strength of the Russian forces, because exact figures are not available. But I should not be far out in estimating that in the summer

of 1913 the peace strength of the combined Russian, European, Asiatic and Caucasian armies was 1,400,000 men, while the total war strength was not less than 3,500,000. To-day it is much greater.

The Russian Army ranks to-day among the most perfectly equipped fighting forces of the world, both so far as the equipment of the individual soldier, and artillery, and field train of the Army as a whole is concerned. While money has been spent freely, a rigorous campaign has

been maintained against corruption—the great bane of all Russian Government departments. Some army contractors caught at fault have been given swingeing sentences. The lesson of 1904 has been learned.

One result of the alliance between Russia and France was to quicken Russian preparations on the German frontier. Russia has never loved Germany. In St. Petersburg the popular name for a German, when I was last there, was "black beetle." Underlying all Russian moves there has been for many years the dominating idea of war with Germany and Austria. "The Army must remember that every day it is preparing for a war that shall smash the two German Empires," was the note of a thousand unofficial messages.

Last year the danger became still more vital. Germany launched out a new scheme of military expansion, voting an increased expenditure of fifty million pounds, and an

How Russia Answered the German Menace addition of three Army corps to her forces. Russia did not hurry with her response, and it was only five months ago that she gave her answer to the German menace—an increase of the Russian Army

by 460,000 men. This increase and the accompanying reorganisation were being proceeded with when war was declared.

war. Those of us who watched the Russian operations in 1904 from opposite and hostile ranks could not, many a time, refrain our admiration from the dogged perseverance and obstinate endurance of the men in the ranks. The great weakness of the Russian military system is one that it shares with the German. The private soldier is not encouraged to show initiative. It is his business to obey, and only to obey. He is not asked to think, only to carry out the orders given to him. This system has been deliberately adopted and maintained. Russian officers claim that it is the only possible way. In this I am convinced they are greatly mistaken.

Finesse, trickery, subterfuge—all legitimate weapons of war—are not among the Russian soldier's strong points. He prefers to go straight on. If there are obstacles, he will move right against them and overcome them by sheer pluck

and by numbers.
He can fight.
One only needs to
see a Cossack regiment rushing with
a cheer to death, or
note a company of
infantry's coolness in
the hottest corner



Konigeberg, the Prueeian fortreea town to which the beaten German hoet retreated. Top meet: General Sukhomlinov, the new organiaer of the Ruaaian armiee. Lower ineet: General Rennenkampf, who broke 120,000 Germana at Gumbinnen.

Russia should now be able to advance into Germany and Austria, or to keep on her western

borders as a threat to her two foes, at least 3,000,000 fully-trained soldiers, amply provided with artillery, transport, commissariat and ammunition.

Like most great machines, the Russian military machine is somewhat slow to move. It takes time to mobilise, and it takes time to bring up forces. But once started the Russian Army moves on with the relentlessness of a steam-roller. A new set of officers, backed up by a few of the most successful commanders in the Japanese War, now rule. Four years ago almost every general officer who had not shown himself a leader of special efficiency during the last war had been removed from the ranks. Out of one hundred and thirty-five only fifty-two remained. Still fewer are left to-day. The new men, keen, scientific soldiers, have been trained in the same school that has made German militarism so formidable.

No one denies the courage or the strength of the Russian fighting man. This has been proved in campaign after campaign, and was never proved more than in the last D 65 r

of a great battle, to know that. I marked it at the Yalu, at Motienling, at Liao Yang, and in a score of other battles.

In estimating Russian fighting capacity during this war, one important thing must not be overlooked. During the Japanese War Russia was hampered at every turn by revolutionary agitation. The Poles seized the opportunity to attempt to wrest their independence; the Finns were

in a state of scething unrest; the Social

Russia

Democrats throughout the Empire were

Working for red revolution. The very workmen of St. Petersburg were seeking an
opportunity to overthrow the Tsar.

Now all is changed. At the outbreak of the present war workmen's organisations that had planned a great general strike voluntarily abandoned it and went back to work, so as not to hamper their own government. The Finns, despite their many good reasons for hating Russia, have wiped out hatred in co-operation. The entire Russian people, who looked on their last war as a distant campaign to enrich grand dukes, regard the present as a Holy War for the protection of their race against the Teutonic peoples. Their armies are going to battle with determined enthusiasm. They go not alone because they are ordered, but because Holy Russia is fighting, as they know, for justice and for right.

#### The Tsar's Leviathan Legions Move on Germany

COLOSSAL Russia had proved more nimble in offensive action than was reckoned by the German War Staff. A few years ago the Russians still kept to their old, muddle-headed method of declaring war and then preparing for it. Now, under the direction of an organiser of victories of the Kitchener stamp, General Sukomlinov, the Slav soldier has shown, by a series of rapid triumphs in Prussia, that he has changed for the better since Mukden.

A new system of marksmanship training made him a finer shot than the German, and he knows what he is fighting for now—for the liberation of his fellow-Slavs. He is marching out with the steadiness of the veteran, and, having learnt a hard lesson in Manchuria, he is bent on teaching it to the Teuton. The braggart vapourings of the Pan-German party have stirred in the Slav races the same instinct of self-preservation as the menace of the big, growing German fleet had excited in Britain.

In the life and death struggle that began in August, 1914, Russia's ultimate success over Germany and Austria was not doubtful, because she could call upon almost twenty

millions of her manhood.



Russia could from her vast population raise the unparalleled force of twenty million troops like these if needed.

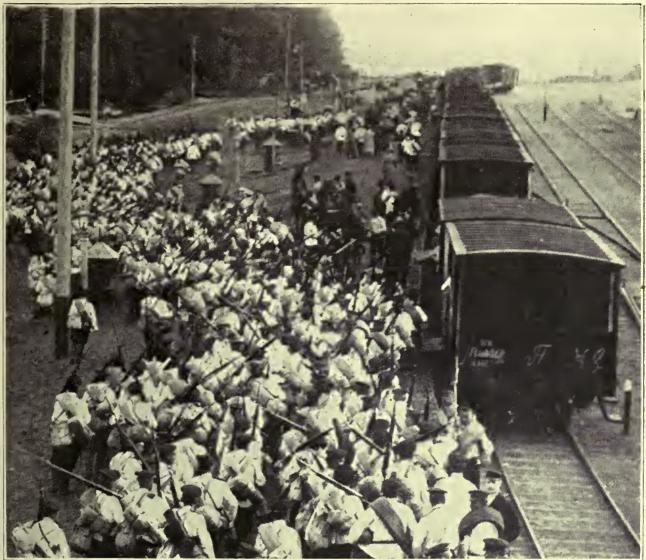


The etubborn, well-mounted cavairymen forming the spear-point of the Ruesian advance through Pruesia.



A great surprise awaited the Germane at Gumbinnen—the new, deadly marksmanship of the Russian infantry

## Russia's Millions Rolling Westward



One small cog of the "ataam-roller" about to begin its work. A Russian infantry ragimant entraining at a wayside atation for its journey to the enemy's frontier.



The Tsar's countiess army is hurling itself into Garmany and Austria and flattaning out all opposition. Roads from East
Prussia to Barlin are blocked with refugeas when it is known that Russian cavairy draw nigh.

### The Cossack—The Grey Nightmare of Germany



EVEN at the height of his vainglory, the Prussian has never been able to think without a qualm of the "grey peril"—the grey-coated, mounted Cossack, bred for war for four hundred years, and living in millions on all the danger points of the Russian frontier from the Don to the Amur and the Usuri.

The fear of the Cossack has always been strong upon the mind of the Berliners. For the Russian frontiersmen are all that the Prussians would like to be—the supreme military race of the modern world.

#### The Long Service of Russia's Fightin; Men

The Cossack lives for battle, and to him is due the Russian conquest of the whole of Northern Asia. To the number of 2,750,000, he dwells in little commonwealths on vast tracts of land allotted to him by the Tsar.

Each Cossack has about eighty-one acres of property, and in return for this grant he serves as a soldier for twenty years, from the age of eighteen to thirty-eight, providing all his own uniforms, equipment, and horses. For three years he trains; for twelve years he goes on active service; for five years he is on the reserve.

He is sweeping, a host of 300,000 horsemen, on Germany and Austria, having crossed into Galicia on the south and ridden far into Prussia on the north, on his way to Berlin.

#### Fierce in Battle but Amiable in Peace

Far from being terrible in character, the Cossack is the gayest and most lighthearted of Russians, living in practical independence as a cattleraiser and horse-breeder.

But in war, the vehemence with which he fights, and the skill with which he manages his horse, make him a superb cavalryman. It was only in comparison with the mounted Cossack that the Japanese were at a disadvantage in the Manchurian War.

The strong-wristed Cossack soon showed that in the fight against the Prussian, who had been menacing his country for forty years, he would fight with deadly passion. One Cossack named Kriutchoff began the attack on the German frontier by rushing, single-handed, upon a troop of Germans.

He received sixteen wounds, and his horse was terribly cut about, but, without any help, he slew eleven men of the enemy. He eventually recovered from his wounds.

#### Destroying the Wheat Supplies of Prussia

"Until the lance of the Cossack strikes against Brandenberg Gate," said a prominent Russian statesmen, "we shall not close our account with Germany." It is not far from Posen to the Brandenberg Gate of Berlin, and while the Cossack was covering the miles between and fighting the Prussian cavalryman, he occupied his leisure in a piece of destructive work that may have more bearing on the final result of the war than appears at first sight.

The Germans regard the Cossack as a monster of ravage, and having regard to the work their Uhlans have done in Belgium, the Germans should be good judges of destructive ability. The Cossack, however, is merely laying waste the ripening wheatfields of Eastern Prussia.

#### The Berliner Knew the Cossicks were Coming

Having won the decisive Battle of Gumbinnen and outflanked the German army of defence, he arrived in the nick of time to prevent the richest store of food supplies in Germany being gathered and sent to Berlin, Dantzic, and Königsberg. This chance of an attack on the Prussian harvest was probably one of the reasons why the Russians bent all their energies on the task of mobilising sooner than the German expected.



# Tsar's Master-stroke-Poland a Nation Again!

"WITH oper heart, with outstretched, brotherly hand," Great Russia has approached the Poles within and without her own frontiers, and has offered them the realisation of the dream of their fathers and forefathers: a new birth, with freedom in faith, speech, and self-government. In return Russia expects but her recognition as suzerain.

The effect of the proclamation has been electrical. Polish representatives in Warsaw have declared that "the blood of the sons of Poland which will be shed with that of the sons of Russia in battle against the common foe will

be the best pledge of the new life of the two Slav peoples in the spirit of peace."

To describe Poland's liberation

as a "master-stroke" by the Tsar himself is not to go beyond fact, for according to M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the Emperor eighteen vears ago confided to him the intention now so happily ex-pressed, an intention



Pajacs of the Kings of Poland at Warsaw.

borne witness to by various pacifying measures, which would have borne riper fruit had they not been opposed by reactionary Court influences.

Lacerated in the past as she has been by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, Poland, which as a nation once covered a territory some 40,000 square miles larger than Austria-Hungary is now, has reason to hate Prussia most of all, and the 23,000,000 of her people, still a nation though geographically divided, will doubtless fight with all the resources they can command in a war which is essentially one for the freedom of the Little Nations it is the aim of Prussian terrorism to crush under its iron heel.



At the diet of Wareaw, in 1773, called to sanction the dismsmbsrment of Poland, Thaddeus Reyten, the Polish Cato, unmindful of lavish bribes, opposed the election of a Ruesian Marshal for Poland, and when the weak King Stanislaus would have yielded, the intrepid Reyten, with four companions, kept possession of the eanctuary until he saw that further opposition was uselses.

#### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

#### The Great Russian Raid into East Prussia

BOUT the second week in August, General Rennenkampf, a brilliant Russian cavalry leader, was given the command of a large mounted force, and ordered to drive as fast and as far as he could into Prussia.

It was not an invasion; it was a raid, but a raid on a scale hitherto unknown in modern warfare. The Russian general took with him the larger part of the Cossack lancers and the finest regiments of Russian cavalry.

All the chivalry of the Tsar rode out to an unequal encounter with 160,000 German troops, who possessed every advantage in equipment and balance—heavy guns, a superabundance of light artillery and Maxims, and that superiority in musketry that belongs to the infantryman.

The thing seemed a vast and terrible mistake—a Charge of the Light Brigade magnified some thousands of times. It looked as though Russia were opening her campaign against her strongest foe by something that was magnificent

but was not war.

East Prussia, a region of gloomy forests and stagnant waters, is an extremely difficult country to invade. Nature has protected it from an easterly attack by a frontier of low-lying marshes and bogs, with a string of great lakes running to the south. Safe paths are wide apart, and each was fortified at the critical point. There in the marshes were entanglements, rifle-pits, and block-houses with machine-guns, so built that one might have held back an army along the road that bridged the swamps and

#### A Frontier of Bog and Morass

The German Military Staff had good grounds for supposing that this frontier could only be gradually won by siege operations from the Russian side. This was why they felt themselves free to swing all their best armies westwards in a swift, smashing movement on France.

In the meantime, they kept Russia occupied in two

directions. A million Austrian troops advanced and menaced Warsaw from the south, while a German army moved in a northerly direction towards the same city. It was a concerted movement by the two Teutonic Powers to conquer Russian Poland, and then raise and arm the Poles.

Such was the awkward position of the Russians. They had enough to do, it seemed, to hold Poland; the Cossacks were urgently needed to form cavalry screens in front of their armies of defence. Yet this was the moment the Grand Duke Nicholas chose for the wildest raid in the annals of war!

General Rennenkampf had at least the advantage of surprise. The movement he was undertaking was so extraordinary that the German Staff was not pre-pared for it. They thought the three army corps they left by the marshes could delay a hostile force of any size. But by an unexpected mobility of movement, the mounted Cossacks brought on an action at the frontier town of Gumbinnen on Saturday, August 22nd, and won at a blow the whole of the swamp lines of defence.

The battle was fierce, stubborn, terrible. Except for the

light horse artillery that accompanies a cavalry division, the raiders were lacking in gun power. They could not reply to the enemy's batteries. They had either to ride down the guns, across open country, with case-shot playing on them all the way, or dismount and creep in open formation to the point at which a rush might carry the position.

#### The Fighting Value of the Dreaded Cossack

The trenches were filled with more than a hundred thousand German riflemen, and the fire of innumerable Maxims had to be met. Only the incomparable versatility of the Cossack, who shoots as well as he rides, hitting a distant mark with his horse at full gallop, enabled General Rennenkampf to break the German centre. On the Russian Guard, officered by the pick of the nobility, fell the heaviest fighting.

The enemy held a village of scattered farmhouses, set in low, level land. Each farmhouse was full of riflemen; behind was ranged the German lines, from which several batteries poured shrapnel into the advancing Russians.

Clearing villages is infantry work, but there were no Russian foot soldiers available. Some Russian Guards were near the spot. They dismounted, and fixed bayonets -every Russian cavalryman carries a bayonet outside his sabre-sheath—and skirmished round the outlying houses. Slowly they worked their way to the village, clearing the farms of sharpshooters as they went.

Meanwhile, a couple of German guns were firing on them

at short range, and an overwhelming number of entrenched infantrymen were raining bullets on them. When the Guards cleared the village and advanced on the German lines, there was barely a third of them left standing. Yet they pressed on within a hundred yards of the German position. Their leader, who already had a bullet through his thigh, now fell with a shattered shoulder. But the Guards went on, their bayonets ready to strike.

They could see the eyes of their focs, and along the German front there were signs of wavering. So a mounted squadron of the Russian Guards was sent full-tilt on the Prussians, and crashing on the flickering line of the enemy, captured the guns, and then harried the

soldiers.

A wedge was driven clean through the German army. Three army corps fled northwesterly towards Koenigsberg; the fourth corps ran south-west towards Osterode. All four flung away their arms and ammunition, and even their food, in their haste to save themselves. The intricate system of defences in the swamp country was unused. Even a fortified position on the River Angerapp was abandoned without a fight, and the paths by which the beaten men ran were easily followed by their pursuers. For it was like a paper-chase, with cartridges, knapsacks, handgrenades marking the way the hares had taken.

This panic evacuation of a great tract of fortressed country was somewhat of a surprise even to the Cossacks. There seemed nothing in their victory that should have led to so farreaching and astounding a



The Tsar with the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose brilliant generalship has crushed the Austrian field forces and dealt a succession of staggering blows on the allied enemies.



It is a noteworthy fact that many of the Tear's beet soldiers and most valuable officere bear Scottish names. They are descendante of the mercenary soldiere of Scottish birth wno used to put their swords at the service of any European nation that

disaster to Prussia. But General Rennenkampf under-

stood what had happened.

His raid was only one part of an enveloping movement. While his gallant men held the German army at the frontier, and then broke it, another Russian force from Poland, under General Samsonoff, was striking up to the west of the marsh country, taking the beaten German troops in the rear. That was why most of them turned again, and fled towards the coast of the Baltic Sea and the fortress town of Koenigsberg. Caught between two powerful Russian forces, their entrenchments and blockhouses round the Masuran Lakes had become traps, and not defences. An almost impregnable system of frontier defence, developed by a century of labour and expense, was thus overthrown in a day by cavalry raiders supported by a distant second army.

#### Victorious Russian Advance on Koenigsberg.

By Wednesday, August 26th, all the difficulties that Nature, assisted by military engineers, had placed in the way of the Cossack advance in East Prussia, were behind the battle front of the Russian armies. General Samsonoff, in the south, moved towards the railway centre at Osterode; in the north, General Rennenkampf rode in pursuit of the main body of 120,000 German troops.

So swift were the Cossacks that they almost arrived at Koenigsberg with their fleeing foes. Advance guards of the garrison had to take the field and fight a rearguard action

to save their comrades.

When, however, Koenigsberg was sighted the great raid practically came to an end. For this city is reckoned the strongest fortress in the German Empire. It is the coronation capital of the Prussian race, their sacred city from which they rose to a dominion over the Teutonic peoples that enables them to shadow Europe with their menace and rock Christendom to its foundations.

Being without heavy guns, siege engineers, and infantry force, Rennenkampf could not endanger Koenigsberg. Yet he would not leave it. He drew his army across its eastern lines of communication, and made what preparations he could for a masking operation. In the meantime swarms of his Cossacks went about the serious business of this extraordinary campaign. From the fields of Eastern Prussia the people of Berlin obtained the larger part of their food supplies. The region was one of the four great granarics of Germany, and the crops were ripening for the harvest on which Berlin expected to live for another twelve months, in spite of the blockade of the British fleet.

offered employment and the joy of battle. In this group of Rueelan officere, the figure on the extreme right is Colonel Gillivray, next to him le Colonel Robertson, while the rider on the horse furthest to the left is Major-General Rose.

#### The Far-reaching Effect of the Great Raid.

But the Cossacks destroyed the crops, captured Tilsit with its immense stores and emptied it. Then the admirably-calculated effect of Rennenkampf's raid began to tell. It told on France, and helped to save Paris. It told on Vienna, and helped to ruin Austria-Hungary; but especially it told on Berlin. There hungry Prussian peasants began to arrive, trainload after trainload, in the city that was looking to them for food. In thousands they came, and then in tens of thousands. The populace of Berlin became alarmed. The spectre of famine appeared in the capital which had for weeks been celebrating the daily victories of the invincible hosts of the Kaiser.

What the German Military Staff thought of the matter we do not yet know. If they were true to the Moltke traditions they might have shrugged their shoulders and pursued, without a moment's hesitation, the task on which their entire energies were bent. For their armies of a million and a quarter men were sweeping through France in the swiftest, mightiest movement of attack known in

modern warfare.

But as the Russian commander-in-chief had foreseen, with incomparable insight, the Kaiser could not take this impassible view of the effect of Rennenkampf's raid. Being a man of excitable, impressionable temperament, with a theatrical view of his dignity, the menace to the coronation city of his family, and to the food supplies of his capital, upset his balance.

#### German Forces in Other Fields Depleted.

To content him, some two hundred thousand of his best troops in France had to be rapidly conveyed across Germany and flung against the audacious raiders. More militiamen were ordered out, the fortresses on the Vistula were deprived of many of their guns, and the garrisons sent to the battle front in the sacred soil of Eastern Prussia.

Rennenkampf retired, fighting stubbornly and resisting every attempt to envelop him. The Germans forced him at last over the frontier and invaded Russia. Rennenkampf continued to retire. The work, for the present, was done. He had saved France and overthrown Austria. For the German reinforcements, needed at Lemberg and then on the Dneiper, had been sent against the raider; those afterwards sent to help Austria came too late.

The Cossack raid on Prussia is the most astonishing

bluff known to man.

## Germans Mowed Down on the River Niemen



On September 25th the German army opposing the Russians under General Rennenkampf attempted to cross the River Niemen. They constructed pontoon bridges, and were crossing in fanoled security when the Russian gune opened a concentrated fire and swept them into the river. The German artillery replied

and apparently silenced the Russians, yet at a second attempt to crose the Russian weapons re-opened fire and inflicted terrific loss. In the river and on one of its banke sight thousand Germane perished. On the other bank, one thousand five hundred German corpses lay unburied for some days afterwards.

# Capturing Austrian Guns at Battle of Lemberg



As a result of their great victory at Lemberg, Russia captured 200 guns and such a huge number of prisoners that they could only be estimated in tens of thousands. In one district alone

Austria lost 20,000 killed and wounded. Lemberg is the capital of Galicia, and an important railway junction. The Russians entered it on September 3rd, and renamed it Lvoff.

### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

### Russky's Smashing Victory at Lemberg

N the early part of the war Russia seemed to be a sleepy giant, who would be stabbed before he was fully awake. By August 15th Austria had concentrated by the frontier a force of a million men, with 2,500 guns. The Russians were in a weak position, and eould not oppose their enemy. They needed nearly three more weeks to collect and array for battle all their mighty armies. The great distances from which men and supplies had to be brought by scanty means of communication prevented the Russians from defending their territory from invasion.

The Austrians flung their main army of 600,000 troops far into Russian Poland, threatening an advance towards Warsaw. To stop any turning movement, there was an Austro-German force of 200,000 men on the right flank at Radom, while a southern Austrian army of 200,000 men formed the left flank at Lemberg. The idea was to conquer Poland, enlist and arm the Poles, and launch them triumphantly against their Slav kinsmen.

At first everything went according to programme. While Kluck, in France, was smashing a path to Paris by swift, terrible sledge-hammer blows, Generals Dankl and Auffenberg, with the assistance of various Austrian Grand Dukes, were sweeping through Russian territory and outdoing Kluck in the rapidity and number of their victories. But the defect of a war according to programme is that the movements are obvious, and can easily be foreseen by an opponent.

### Taken at a Disadvantage

So, though the Russian commander-in-chief was taken at a disadvantage in respect to the inferior force of troops immediately at his disposal, he was able to use these troops with a complete knowledge of the enemy's intentions. According to the laws of strategy, the powerful Austrian centre advancing between the two towns of Lublin and Kholm should have attracted the Russian counter-attack.

The Russian commander, however, disregarded the scientific laws of strategy. Careless of the Moltke tradition, he looked on war as an art rather than a science—as an art in which daring, originality, unexpectedness, and the personal ability of soldiers counted more than numbers. After General Rennenkampf had been sent on his famous raid into East Prussia, there were only two comparatively small armies available for the first counter-stroke against

General Russky was marching towards Galieia from Kiev, and General Brussilov was moving to the north of Roumania with the men of Bessarabia and Podolia. It was arranged for the two generals to proceed by separate routes and combine in Galicia, under Russky, for a surprise attack on the southern Austrian host near Lemberg. Each of the two small forces could easily have been met and defeated separately by their overwhelmingly strong enemy. But by one of the most remarkable oversights in the history of warfare, Russky and Brussilov were allowed by the Austrians to steal into Galicia by different paths and conquer a large part of the territory before battle was offered.

### Austria's Host of Spies

The secrecy with which the combined Russian operation was conducted was extraordinary. It was done in the daylight, over a period of nearly two weeks-from August 17th to August 30th. The Austrians had a host of spies working with Teutonic thoroughness; they had a great screen of well-horsed, dashing cavalrymen engaged in reconnaissance work along the lines of the Russian advance; they had scouts in flying machines darting over the country. Yet the Russian operations in Austrian territory were not discovered till close on the end of August, when it was too late. Such was the incomparable skill with which General Russky and General Brussilov carried out their daring, dangerous work.

The principal credit, however, probably belongs to General Suklimov, the Russian Chief of Staff—a man great as an organiser, and greater still as a wielder of armies. With astonishing forcsight, he had discerned how the situation he proposed to create in Galicia would strike the Austrian mind. The Battle of Lemberg was war in advance by thought-reading—by a practical forecast of the workings of the Teutonic intellect in its hour of triumphant self-eonceit.

The Austrians were blind to everything except the "scientific" scheme of operations which they were carrying out in Russian territory. They had a strong front to the south of Warsaw, and against that front they intended to force the Russians to move. It was so simple. They had merely to advance conqueringly, in order to compel their opponent to attempt to stop them. Nothing else mattered. Cossack activity southward in Galicia was merely a feint and a vain distraction.

### No Heavy Artillery Used

Meanwhile, the Cossack made the most of his opportunities. Before he crossed by the north of Roumania, and entered Galicia, he came into contact with the Austrian The Russian rider had to screen his armies from observation, and push back the enemy as quietly and quickly as possible. No support from heavy artillery or infantry could be used, for this would disclose the secret that an important attack was being made in full force.

It was wild, stirring, versatile work, that suited the Cossack better than it would have suited any other large body of horsemen. Far in advance of the foot soldiers and big guns, he kept up a continual skirmish with every kind of Austrian arm—cavalry scout, infantryman, and gunner, in fortified places, by river passages, and other points of importance. Helped only by his own light horse artillery, the Cossack fought in every manner practised by modern armies. He dismounted and carried positions with the bayonet; he charged with his lance; he entrenched and displayed his marksmanship. Except that he did not use siege-guns, he proved himself a master of all trades in war.

### The Cossack's Box of Tricks

His famous box of trieks was emptied on the heads of the Austrians. He fell dead in heaps, his dead horse beside him; suddenly came to life, and shot the enemy who wanted to search his corpse. Another time, a herd of little Cossack horses would stampede, and the riderless animals would sweep towards some guarded hostile position. Even little Cossack horses are useful to Austrian soldiers; they can be sold for good money to Galician farmers. But just before the animals were caught, grey figures swung from beneath them, carbine in hand, and fired. It was like a circus performance, but deadly effective. And when it came to a straightforward charge with sabre against sabre, the Austrian cavalry had to give way.

Some of the Austrian officers, however, were pcculiarly tricky. An instance occurred in the Russian advance at Tarnopol, a town near the Galician border. Overcoming the first line of defence, the Russians swept on to meet the main body of their enemies. They passed an Austrian officer who was sitting on the earth bandaging his leg. Of course they did not hurt this wounded man. But their attack failed; it failed repeatedly. No matter in what manner they tried to approach the enemy, he was prepared, and mowed them down with a well-directed fire.

Returning over the ground after one of these reverses, a Russian officer noticed a wire running along the earth. He found it lcd to a field telephone, by which the pretended wounded Austrian was still sitting, giving notice of all the Russian movements. When the bandage round the man's leg was removed, it was seen that his limb was quite sound.

In spite of the continual skirmishing, drawing nearer and



RUSSIAN PRIESTS BLESS THE ARMIES ABOUT TO MARCH TO THE FRONT.

Russiane are much more given to the expression of religioue feeling than the more received nations of the West, and a war eanctified by the approval of the Church in addition to being in

accord with national sentiment is essentially a people's war. The bleesing of the Church lends the Russian coldier the zeal of a fanatio. History chowe that cuch gives formidable etrength to an army.

nearer, no alarm was felt by the Austrians until General Brussilov's army, after capturing and crossing river after river in Eastern Galicia, approached the muddy Lipa, by the fortress town of Halicz, sixty miles south of Lemberg. By this time the two Russian forces had met and combined. On August 30th, the left wing, under Brussilov, rested near the river valley at Halicz, while the right wing, under Russky, extended to the Galician border. The Austrians then used the thirty forts at Halicz as a pivot for a smashing flank attack on Brussilov.

### A Terrible Battle

But Brussilov did not wait to be attacked. Two weeks of continual successful skirmishing had enabled him to judge the warlike qualities of his men. He flung them on the enemy's line; they broke it, killed and wounded 20,000 Austrians, then stormed the forts, and captured Halcz in a terrible battle that lasted till September 1st. The Austrians fought well and bravely. Unlike the Germans, they faced the bayonet with determination, and used the steel themselves in some gallant charges. 'What told was the superior physique of the Russian trooper. He wore down the Austrian, and in bayonet fights and rifle fire showed such ascendency that the great rout of a whole Empire began almost as soon as the first battle was fully joined.

In the meantime, General Russky, who was directing the whole operations, swept from the north on another mass of Austrians at Zlocgow, killed three of their generals and thousands of their men, and pursued the rest to the outer forts of Lemberg. On September 2nd, Russky drew up his troops within cannon shot of the fortressed capital of Galicia. And such was the demoralisation of the Austrian army of 200,000, that Lemberg was captured the next day, together with the entire artillery of the Austrian force.

### Back to the Russian Fold

The heavy Russian artillery smashed the forts and opened the road to the Russian infantrymen, and after a little fierce street fighting, the victorious troops marched in, and as they passed the townspeople threw flowers upon them from the upper windows of the houses. For the Lemberger, like most of the people of Eastern Galicia, is a Russian. That is why Brussilov was able to work his way through the country so swiftly and secretly, with priests coming in processions with banners to meet him at every village. Eastern Galicia is an ancient Russian Duchy, torn from the ancestors of the Tsar by his enemies. It is the Alsace-Lorraine of Russia, peopled by a Slav race, with the same language, religion, and customs as the Russian Empire, to which it has been so swiftly and unexpectedly united.



TYPE OF RUSSIAN HOWITZER AT PRACTICE FIRING.

Ruceian experience in the great war with Japan taught the Tear's military advisers come lescone which, though bitter, were profitable, and one direct recult was a great improvement in the Ruceian artiliery arm, both in the gune themselves and in the gun practice.

### Scenes from the Eastern Area of Hostilities:



A scene with the Ruesian army invading Galicia, where Coseacks have brought into camp a troop of commandeered horses for inspection by an army committee.

AUSTRIA was incomparably the weaker member of the Teutonic alliance, and Austria's "never-victorious" army became a byword both with enemy nations and with her northern ally. East Prussia offered a much more difficult road to ·Berlin than the more round-about route via Galicia and Silesia. Lemberg fell to the Russian advance; then Jaroslav; the fortress of Pzremysl was invested and its contained troops rendered of no account in the main campaign; and then Cracow became the objective of the

Russian military purpose.

The capture of Cracow was desired because it was the last fortress obstacle in the approach to Budapest, and it also simplified the problem of entering Germany and attacking Breslau, which lies athwart

the road to Berlin.





Coseack scout giving particulars gleaned by him a reconnaissance to his commander, who is following his descriptions by the help of a map.



A bridge in Poland which was destroyed by the Germans during their retreat to their own frontier after their advancs almost to the gates of Wareaw.



The city of Cracow, the ancient capital and still the intellectual centre of Poland, was the objective of the troops of the Tsar. The photograph showe the principal street and the Cioth Hall. No other Pollsh town has so many old hietoric buildings, or so many national relice.

# Soldiers of the Tsar and the Foes they Faced



A scene in the eastern theatre of war, where a Japanese war correspondent appears in company with some Russian officers.



Russian infantry behind sarthworks, carsfully prepared for attack. Each soldier carriss a spade for trench-digging.



Austrian "sucklings," or recruits, after swaaring in, acciaim the Empsror Francis Joseph with a loud "Hoch" as they lift their swords high in the air.



Russian troops entering ths burning viliags of Mikolaisv, in Eastern Galicia during their advance through the tsrritory of the Kaiser Francis Joseph.



German soldiers sampling vodka, the Russian whisky, as they pass through a Polish viliags.

# German Fiendishness on the Russian Frontier



German brutality le not confined to their western operatione. On the sastsrn irontier dastardly atrocities have also been committed. Trumpetere of German culture denounced Britain for allying itself with Russia, whose Cossacks, they ascerted, were rank barbarians. Yet, while the Germans cut off the hands and ears of wounded Cossacks, the Russian soldiers themselves are

forbiddsn, under pain of dsath, to molest non-combatante, or to pillage. The fury of the Cossacks against Germany has been acceptuated by the cold-blooded murder of psaceable peasante in Russian villages near the German border. Our illustration shows a detachment of Russian eoldiers standing aghast on the scens of a German outrage.

# Russian Cavalry Put Austrians to Flight



To any that the Ruselan cavalry has proved too good for Auetria le to put it mildly. The Austrian forces have been remoraelesely crushed by the Tear'e eplandid fighters. After battling near

Lemberg during the whola of the last waek in August against the Ruasiana, the Austriane began to retreat. The Coaaacks preased upon them and drove them from the field a disorderly rabbla.

### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

### The First Historic Battle of the Polish Rivers

In these wild days it is given us to witness as mighty and terrible things as are recorded in history. Since Alexander the Great defeated a million Persians at Nineveh, there has not been so sudden a destruction of the tremendous military power of an ancient Empire as that which befel Austria-Hungary in the middle of September, 1914. The Russian victory between the Vistula and Sau Rivers was the grand event of the first part of the war. After it, Austria practically disappeared, the remnants of her main forces being merged in the eastern armies of Germany. The Hapsburg dynasty, that for six hundred years had controlled the destinies of Central Europe, came to an end. The upstart Hohenzollern was, for the rest of the war, the real master of both Teutonic Empires.

Such were the consequences of the greatest victory of modern times. By three rapid blows the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia reduced a million of the best soldiers of Austria-Hungary and Germany into a fleeing mob without fighting power. Nobody expected the Russians to fight in this manner, not even their Allies. It was a strange new Russia that emerged on the battlefield, with all the

was pivoted on the great fortress of Przemysl, in Galicia. Altogether, the Austrians were as strongly posted in Russian Poland in the first week of September as the Germans were in France in the middle of the following month. The Turobin heights were, indeed, more difficult to storm than the plateau of the Aisne, and siege-guns were mounted on them.

From the point of view of the Teutonic strategists, they had recovered from the reverse at Lemberg by bringing their opponents suddenly to the position of stalemate. A frontal attack, against such terrific power of heavy and light artillery and such masses of riflemen as they had placed and entrenched, was impossible. There remained colors along along the rights a bettle

only a slow, open-air siege battle.

But since the first modern siege battles had been fought in the Manchurian campaign a new school of strategists had arisen in Russia. In flat contradiction to German ideas, the Russian military experts held that a frontal attack, if properly managed, was bound to succeed at a

heavy, but justifiable, sacrifice of troops.

And it did succeed. Terrible as were the odds against



OFFICERS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN A PUBLIC SQUARE BEFORE GOING TO WAR The soul of Russia was stirred to its depths by the attempts to bring the southern Slave under the heel of the Germanic Empires, and every man in the Russian armies entered the campaign fired by religious zeal, taking up his weapons as a holy duty. The ceremony photographed here was most impressive, with all the dignity and colemnity of a sacrament.

old slackness, slowness, muddle-headed, passive strength of Russian warfare transformed into the speed of a Napoleonic campaign, on a vaster scale than Napoleon ever fought.

Except that the Austrian commander, General von Auffenberg, allowed himself to be lured far away from his railways into Russian Poland, the enemy combated at good advantage. He chose an excellent position in the rolling, wooded country between the Vistula and the Bug Rivers, with the broad stream of the San as his southern line of defence. A German force of some 150,000 men, with heavy artillery, entrenched on hills a thousand feet high, with a river running at the foot and moating their earthworks. They formed the central point in the battle-front at Turobin, and some 900,000 Austrians, Hungarians, Italians from the Trentino, and subject Slav soldiers extended the line for 200 miles. They had 2,500 pieces of artillery, and machine-guns in extraordinary abundance.

So formidable were the positions and the armament of the Austrians that our ally had to withdraw large numbers of its men from Eastern Prussia to help in the attack. No outflanking movement was possible. The wide, deep, strong, unbridged waters of the Vistula protected the first Austrian army near Krasnic. Besides, Austrian warboats, with quick-firing guns, joined in the battle from the Vistula—as our monitors afterwards did off Nieuport, on the North Sea. The second army held the central hill country from Turobin to Tomashov. The third army

him, the Russian infantryman proved that the bayoneted rifle was the master even of the modern gun. On September 10th the front of the first Austrian army, resting on the Vistula, under the command of General Dankl, was pierced and shattered. None but the Russians could have done such a thing. They alone of the Allies had the tremendous numbers necessary for prevailing against modern artillery.

The battle opened at the beginning of September with the usual artillery duel. Slowly, stubbornly, the quiet, patient Russian peasant advanced under the cover of his big guns. Then, when he seemed to have reached the edge of safety, he charged. He fell. His immediate supports came on at a run. They fell. But a great army was behind them, ranged company after company, regiment after regiment. Every yard the dead and wounded won in front was held by their advancing, inexhaustible supports. In the night, when the defending gunners could not distinguish friend from foe, the bayonet came over the Austrian trenches, stabbing, thrusting as it passed. Behind, the Russian guns were pushed along the path of the victorious infantrymen, and great masses of Cossack cavalry rode in advance of the guns.

At dawn the breach that had been made was held and widened; the Cossacks poured through, and the pursuit began. Rearguard after rearguard of the retreating first Austrian army was outflanked or beaten down by a direct

attack. On both sides the carnage was dreadful. The Russian commander had sent his men forth to die in tens of thousands—in many tens of thousands. With something between twenty and thirty millions of armed men at his call, he could do what General Joffre on the Aisne could not safely do. He could chance the lives of half a million men for the sake of a great, over-

whelming victory.

At Mukden, some years before, the Russians had been too cautious. They had allowed the Japanese to play the German game of persistent outflanking movements. But now the Grand Duke Nicholas was in his own country, with millions of reserves hastening towards his lines. So he used his unparalleled resources of flesh and blood to obtain a swift and complete decision. From the Vistula to Turobin heights the enemy's machine-guns were rushed and their cannon choked. Then the deaths of the multitudes of fallen, heroic pioneers of victory were avenged on the broken, fleeing foes. It was a terrible way of winning a battle, but the result was of incomparable importance. There was no retreat possible for the vanquished army; it was torn in two and routed.

The great siege-howitzers and heavy guns of the German army could not be moved quickly enough. When the front

the San on the south. The Cossacks shelled and charged them in their rear, the Russian gunners and infantrymen slew them in the front and on the flank. Something like a hundred thousand of the Austrian force surrendered, bit by bit, in brigades, regiments, and leaderless squads. None of the others would have escaped had it not been

None of the others would have escaped had it not been for the fine, unwarlike humanity of the Russian fcot soldier. During the first day of the rout, while he remembered his own dead, he was terrible. He slew till he was foregone with fatigue. Then he slept where he stood, and fcd, and looked to his bayonet, and went onward to continue.

But he could not bring himself to do it. All anger died out of him when he came upon his starving, driven focs. Used to sharing his food with every beggar that wandered into his village, he felt only a great pity for the beaten men bunched about the marshes. The gunners and the Cossacks acted as executioners; the peasant rifleman took what prisoners he could, but he was very slow to kill. This is the reason he had afterwards to fight, in the great battles round and below Warsaw, some hundreds of thousands of the Austrian forces he had previously had at his mercy.

While the first and second Austrian armies, with their German reinforcements, were withdrawing in increasing disorder towards Cracow, the third Austrian force maintained a stubborn fight near the Galician frontier. But



WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET—AN HISTORIC CORNER OF EUROPE
This is the mesting point of three great Empires—the Russian, the German, and the Austrian—and is known as "Three Emperors'
Corner." The hither side of the River Przemsza is in Silesia, in Germany; on the far side is Galicia, in Austria; and Russia is in
the background, beyond the tributary stream. The spot is north-sast of Cracow.

suddenly broke the Cossacks swept through the opening, with light horse artillery supports, and captured the German armament. Then the Russian horsemen divided. One division helped their infantry to drive in the rearguards of the flying first army. The other division rode through the gap between the retiring force and the second central Austrian army at Tomashov.

By September 11th the Austrian centre, under General von Auffenberg, was assailed in front by a force under General Russky, and attacked on the flank by another

Russian force.

The Russian cavalry, moreover, was working on the Austrian line of communication, and capturing most of its supply trains. Having guns with them, these horsemen were terribly powerful. The starving, outmanœuvred Austrians were summoned to surrender. Their case was utterly hopeless, but their commanders refused to yield. The Russians, therefore, had no alternative but to destroy this great mass of men.

It was the most dreadful slaughter in modern history. The vast hordes of beaten, hungry troops were driven out of the hills down to the great marshlands and swamps extending from the banks of the Vistula on the west and

the arrival of fugitives from their second army, bringing the news that the Russians were getting between them and their beaten centre, soon began to tell on their spirits. They made a desperate attack on the Russian left wing on September 11th, but the next day the Russian commander in this section of the battlefield—General Brussilov—took the oftensive and swept away the last stand of Austria's last forces. The beaten third army retired on the fortress of Przemysl, while the other two armies were shepherded along a difficult, boggy line of retreat that afforded no rallying place till Cracow was reached.

This rout of a million men was full of wild horrors. Streams were dammed with bodies, trodden down in headlong flight till the current was banked up and flowed over the surrounding fields. Pilcs of slain awaited burial or burning. Woundcd, riderless horses galloped wildly over the abandoned country, that was strewn with dead men, and weapons, and equipment. More than a third of the forces of Austria-Hungary were put out of action; the rest were left with no fighting ability, until they passed under the control of the German General Staff, who stiffened them with their own men and removed most of their commanders. Even then, they fought with no spirit.

# German Guns stuck in Marshy Ground are Captured by Russians



The Germans attacking the Russian fortress of Osowiec, on Ssptember 29th, did not know the the country, and this guns stuck in the marehy ground. During the night the Russians made is sortie, and, marching by psths of which the enemy were ignorant, completely enveloped both ho

the German wings. The fortress gune mowed the invsders down on the open road, while the Russian infantry poured a devastating fire into their winge. The bsttle Issted thirty-six hours, and the Germane retreated in disorder. All the guns which had etuck were captured,

### Russia Crushes Austria while the Allies hold the Germans



Lemberg, showing the Theatre Square with the Municipal Theatre.



Some of the Russian artillery whose offensive helped to inflict disastrous defeat upon Austria.

# The finest Mounted Fighting Men the world knows



Squadron of Russian Coasacks, each man of which provides his own horse.



Celebrating the Ruesian victories in Galicia before the Winter Palace, Petrograd.



Russian cavairy on the march—the power of endurance of both men and horses is proverbiai.

# Austria's Cowardly Bombardment of Belgrade



The British Embassy at Belgrade after the Austrian bombardment. Routed by the Serbe on the battlefield, the cowardly Austrians have retired to a eafe position across the Danube, from which they shelled the defencelese Serb capital.



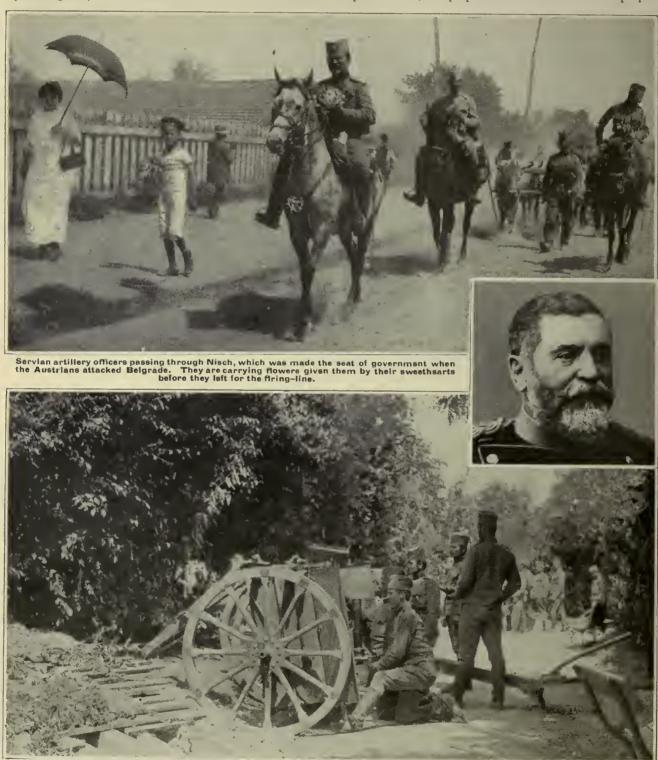
This is how the beautiful white city of Belgrade used to look. It was made a desolate stretch of shell-shattered ruins, and what inhabitants remained crouched night and day in the cellars, while the shells were bursting above them.

# Victorious Serbians Who Invaded Austria

WAR upon Servia was intended by Austria, no matter what might be the reply to the ultimatum delivered to her on July 23rd, 1914. The declaration of war by Austria followed on July 28th, and the bombardment of Belgrade began forthwith. Montenegro allied herself with Servia on August 1st.

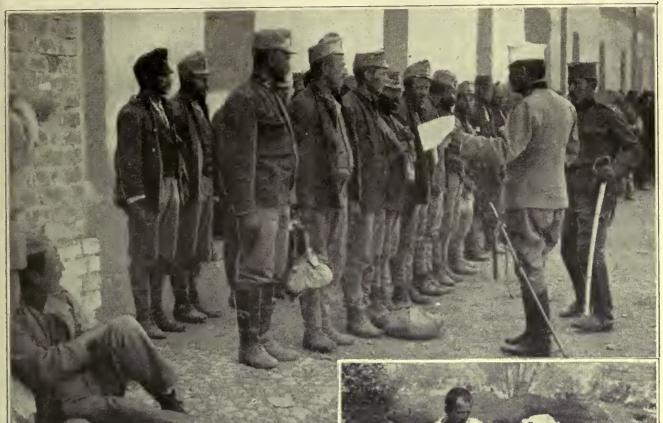
After the hot days of ultimatums and declarations of war up to August 4th, Austria had to turn and defend herself

against the advancing Russians, and the pressure on Servia lessened. The little Balkan state became aggressive, and on August 21st the battle on the Drina resulted in her favour, and the Austrians were driven from Servian soil. Meanwhile the Russian avalanche was smiting Austria, and the Servians, under General Putnik, advanced into the territory of the Dual Monarchy. They invaded Bosnia on September 8th, and prepared to strike into Austria proper.



Servian artillery on the promenade of the public gardens at Belgrade, overlooking the Danube and the Austrian frontier at Semlin, captured by Servia. Inset is the portrait of General Putnik, the commander-in-chief of the victorious Servian army.

# "Serbia Must Be Crushed" Says Berlin - Serbia Smiles



Servia, spurred to grest effort and gailantry by the knowledge of a just cause, soon captured a multitude of Austrian prisonere.

The roll-call of one batch is here shown being held at Niech.



Servian eoldiers, wounded in Bosnia, arriving st Nisch. The Servisns havs proved individually superior to their opponente.



A Red Cross nurse bathing the foot of a Servian soldier in a palace that formerly balonged to the Turklah Sultan at Uskub.



Two wounded Servians take exercise in the hospitsi grounds at Niach, attended by nurssa. The Serviana ars born fighters.

# Victorious Serbs Prepare for Greater Serbia



What the modern shell can do. A house in Belgrade struck by Austrian artillery fire.



A Serb boy of twelve who dug a trench in a garden by the Danube and "sniped" the Austrians across the river.



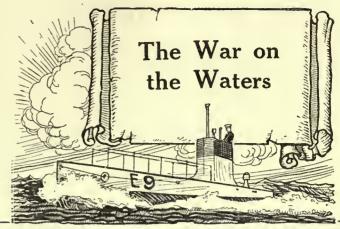
Sturdy Servian peasante waiting in Belgrade for riflee and ammunition to fight for the Greater Servia.



Serb troops on their way to the great victory over the Austriana, wearing flowers given them by their wives.

We've shut the gates by Dover Straits,
And north where the tide runs free,
Cheek by jowl, our watchdogs prowl,
Grey hulks in a greyer sea,
And the prayer that England prays to-night—
O Lord of our destiny!—
As the foam of our plunging prows is white:
We have stood for peace, and we war for right,
God give us victory!

-JAMES BERNARD FAGAN.

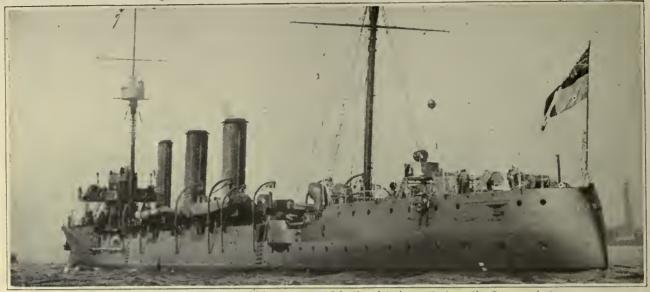




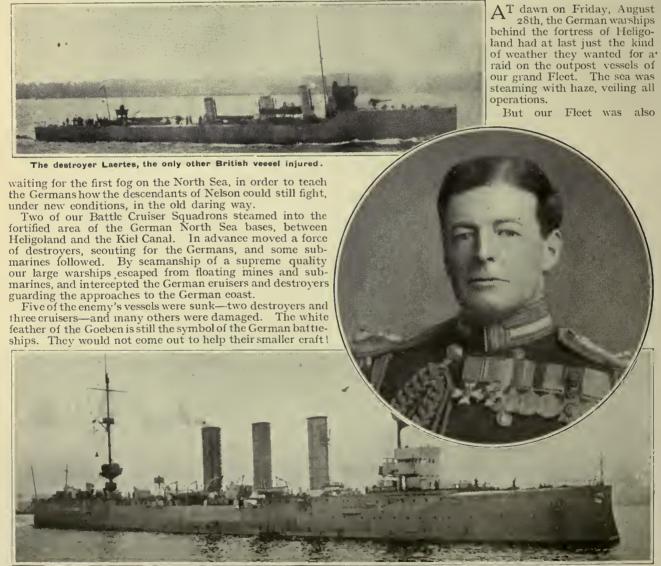
(From the painting by Norman Wilkinson.)

The British Dreadnought King George V.

# British Navy's Victory in a Mine-strewn Sea

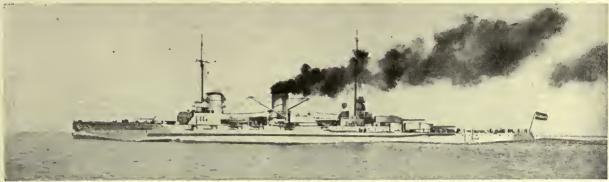


H.M.S. Amethyst, flotilia cruiser, which was engaged in the victorioua attack on the German destroyera.



The Mainz-one of the five German warahips sunk. Inaet: Sir David Beatty, commanding our First Battle Squadron.

# Some Units of the Kaiser's "High Canal" Fleet



The Garman cruiesr Moitke, the sister ehip of the coward Goeben, was completed in October, 1911. A vassel of 23,000 tone displacement, she was fitted to carry ten 11 in. gune, twelve 6 in. gune, twelve 24-poundare, and four 20 in. torpedo tubes.

Her speed of 28.4 knote made her, at the time, the faetest cruiesr in the world.



The German 4,350-ton cruleer Koln, which, with ite eleter ship the Mainz, was sunk in Heligoland Bight on August 28th, 1914.



The pre-Dreadnought Deutschiand, coneidered uneatisfactory through being overgunned, the eccondary gune firing projectiles too heavy for man-handling.



The Dreadnought Thuringen, one of the Helgoland type, a class completed in 1911 and 1912, having a displacement of 21,000 tone, a speed of 22 knote, and carrying twelve 12-in., fourteen 6 in. guns, fourteen 24-pounders, and six 20 in. torpedo tubes.



The German destroyer G194. one of eight 654-tone boats, which have a epsed of 31½ knots and carry two 24-pounder gune and four 18 in. torpedo tubee.



The submarine U9, with which the Germane torpsdoed and eunk the three British cruleere Aboukir, Hogue, and Cresey on September 22nd, 1914.

### Mine-Laying in the North Sea Causes First Losses



H.M.S. Lance, which by remarkably quick, accurate fire, sank the German mine-laying eteamer.

Of all weapons of death used in modern naval warfare, the "live" floating contact mine is the most dangerous. For it imperils the peaceful merchant marine of every nation plying over the seas in which it is used. A live mine may drift with the tides hundreds of miles from the scene of battle, and unless it is so constructed as to become unexplosive it may wreek merchant ships after the

unexplosive, it may wreck merchant ships after the war has come to an end. The German Government admits that their converted liner, the Koenigin Luise, was intended to lay her mines in the mouth of the Thames and "sow the chief English commercial waterways with death."

Two kinds of mines are now used in naval war—one for defensive purposes, another for offensive operations. The defensive mine is employed by a country in its own waters, and it is usually connected to the shore by an electric wire. By means of this wire, it is fired when the mine operator, sitting in a kind of camera obscura, sees a hostile warship sailing right over the spot where the explosion of the hidden mine will put it out of action.

The offensive contact mine, by means of which H.M.S. Amphion was sunk, is a hollow metal case filled with a powerful explosive, and left to float about the sea like a sealed tin can. To prevent it being visible, a rope is attached, and a weight hung at the end of the rope. By adjusting the length of the rope, the mine can be sunk to any required depth. In order to make quite sure of the destruction of hostile vessels in a mine field, it is usual



The Koenigin Luise, a converted liner, caught laying minee and eent to the bottom of the North Sea.

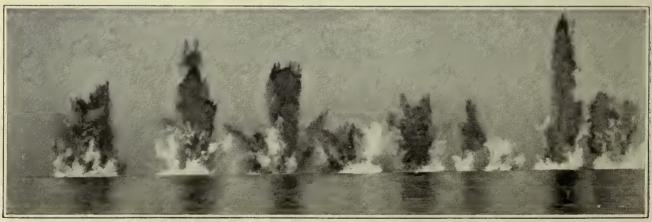
to sink two of these floating contact mines, and then connect them by means of a cable. Then, if the bows of any shipstrike against the cable, the cable will move forward under the blow, and bring the two mines against either side of the hull, and there they will explode below the water-line against the most vulnerable part of the vessel. The firing device consists of a series of projecting rods round the top of the

mine, which are variously known as strikers, horns, or whiskers. When one of these is driven in by contact with the bows or side of a ship the detonating charge goes off, and the terrific explosion takes place. There are different arrangements by which the duration of the explosive action of a contact mine can be regulated. It can be made to fill with water, and sink at a given hour, or it can be made to rise to the surface after a given period, so that it can be recovered and used again.

A mine-searching flotilla now clears the way for a fleet in action. The most expensive way of clearing the waters is to discharge counter-mines, and blow up both hostile contact mines and hostile mines under electric control. The usual method, however, is to make a broad, free path for an attacking fleet, by means of a mine-sweeping flotilla. A pair of destroyers steam slowly ahead, towing a long heavy net in a sort of fishing operation. The net generally catches the mines under the bottom, and lifts them up without exploding them, thus providing the advancing fleet with deadly machines that can be used against the enemy that first laid them.



A German contact mine.



The effect of a line of mines, laid by the enemy, being exploded by our fleet by counter-mining.

# The Submerged Arm in Naval Warfare



The world war was the first in which the submarine played such a prominent part. True, in the Russo-Japanese War it played a part, but not a great part. In the greatest of all wars, however, the submarine became the weapon with which the blockaded German Fleet sought to reduce the strength of the opposing British Navy, which Admiral Tirpitz and all his officers knew could not be met in fair fight without disastrous results for Germany.

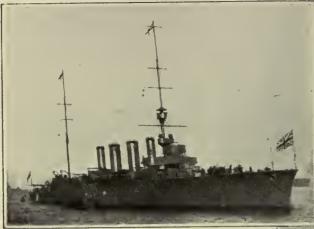
The injury inflicted upon British war craft was deplorable, but not serious from the military point of view. New units were added to the British Fleet faster than the losses, and after months of war the British Navy was both actually and relatively stronger than it was when war opened.

Daring as were the German submarine commanders, the British submarine captains were quite as daring; but because the German warships kept within the safety of the Kiel Canal, the British captains had no targets at which to

aim. During the time that the British Expeditionary Force was being transported to France in August, 1914, British submarines lay like watchdogs right in the mouth of the River Elbe, ready to sink the German warships if they dared to venture forth; but they did not dare, and the little British army landed without the loss of a single man.

The men who brave the dangers of submarine warfare take terrible risks. If a serious accident occurs when the vessels are submerged, preventing them from rising to the surface, a slow death awaits them, without hope of rescue. The submarine speeds forth its torpedo at the rate of an express train. But a torpedo cannot be aimed like a gun. The ship must be manœuvred until the torpedo-tube is in the direction of the desired line of fire, and then the torpedo is discharged. It is almost impossible to torpedo a swiftly-moving vessel. The object aimed at must be stationary, or nearly so.

# First Encounter of Warship and Submarine



The British Cruiser, H.M.S. Birmingham, that destroyed the deadly submarine.

Until the outbreak of this war it was widely believed, and even by one famous British admiral, that the terrible submarine would vanquish the super-Dreadnought. The "deadliest thing that keeps the seas" was the picturesque phrase for the latest sea craft.

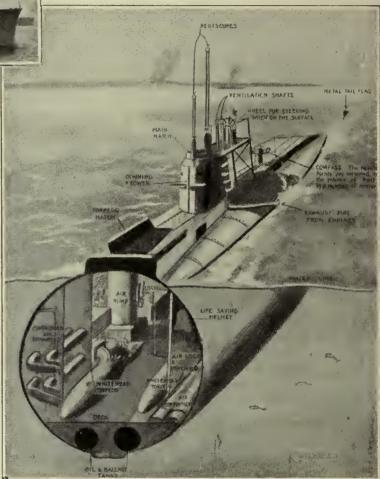
The mechanism of the powerful new submarine, with a range of action of 4,000 miles, is one of the most jealously guarded of Government secrets. The vessel is built in the form of a great fish of metal. Upon its back is a small platform, the deck, and rising from the deck is a hump. This is the conning-tower of armoured steel, lighted by special windows through which the navigating officer can see his course when the vessel is running half-submerged.

When the vessel is about to dive, the conningtower is closed, water is admitted into the ballast tanks to lessen buoyancy, the oil engine is switched off, and the propeller is driven by an electric motor of 600 horse-power in the later models. Compressed air supplies the breath of life to the sunken crew, and provides the power for discharging torpedoes.

Such is the wonderful mechanical fish, with fighting men inside it, that was expected to alter entirely the conditions of modern naval warfare.

On Sunday, August 9th, 1914, the matter was decided in the first historic skirmish between the British and German Navies. Our sailors saw some curious twinklings moving on the calm surface of the North Sea. The twinklings were caused by the periscopes of hostile submarines.

The British cruiser squadron, pretending not to be aware of the danger, steamed almost into the range of the submarines' torpedoes, and manœuvred to cope with the strange, sudden peril. Then H.M.S. Birmingham, while going at full speed, saw the periscope of a German submarine within the danger zone. Our gunners, instead of trying to hit the hidden vessel, shot at its periscope and, with extraordinary accuracy of aim, smashed the slender tube. The submarine was struck blind, and the rest of the enemy's flotilla fled for fear it might collide with them. The Birmingham, with all guns ready, waited till the sightless undersea boat came to the surface in order to see. The conning-tower at last rose from the water, and some of our sailors just had time to observe the distinguishing number and letter of the submarine, when a shot from one of the British guns struck the base of the tower, and the broken submarine dropped through the waves like a stone.

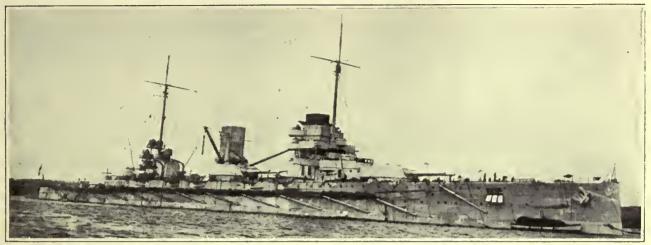


Sectional view of a submarine, showing its chief features.



U 15, the German submarine, biinded and sunk by a British gunner.

# The Coward Cruise of the Mighty "Goeben"



The German Dreadnought Goeben, that came out to fight, with band playing, and alunk away under the Turkieh flag.

Heavily armoured, with ten 11 in. guns, twelve quick-firers, and a speed of over 28 knots, the Goeben was, at the opening of the war, the best man-of-war in the German Navy. She was sent to the Mediterranean with the smaller ship, the Breslau, which was the swiftest of light cruisers under the German flag. These two superb examples of Teutonic naval construction were intended to destroy the Anglo-French commerce in the Mediterranean, and interrupt our traffic with the Orient through the Suez Canal.

They began their great work by wasting ammunition on the bombardment of Bona and other towns on the Algerian coast. A small squadron of our vessels gave chase, and the pride of the German Navy and her consort fled to Messina, on the strait between the curve of Sicily and the toe of Southern Italy. Here a fine spectaeular drama

was enacted that engaged the admiration of the entire world. The captain of the Goeben was determined that the first battle of the mighty modern German Navy should be a lesson in high heroism to the hundred thousand

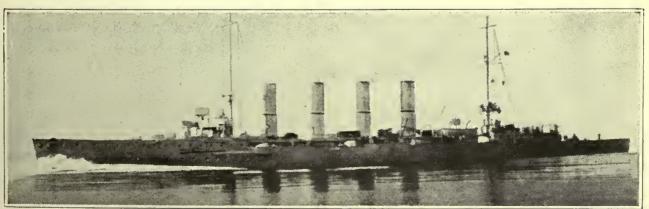


Types of German Sailors.

Cribo

troops at Liege who were faring so badly at the hands of forty thousand Belgian soldiers. The officers of the two ships, it is said, made their wills, and solemnly entrusted the documents to a friendly eonsul. Then, with their bands playing, the German crews steamed out to meet the British ships in a death-or-victory struggle. An expectant world waited for news of the splendid dramatic battle; but somehow the German sailors put off the day of conflict, and turned full-steam up the Adriatic with the intention of joining the Austrian Navy. Austria, however, at that time was not at war with Britain, and to save her own fleet from attack, she refused to help the wanderers. Again the Goeben and Breslau set out on their wild, zigzag voyage, with British warships in pursuit, and, seeking refuge in the neutral waters of the Dar-

danelles, they were sold to the Turkish Government for the sum of £3,800,000, and remained in charge of their German crews. It was part of the successful German policy that forced Turkey into war and suicide.



The German cruiaer Breslau, that began the game of bombarding defenceless coast towns, but fied from British warships.

### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

### The Battle of Heligoland Bight

VER the great Bight, formed by the estuaries of the Elbe, the Ems, and the Jahde, the fortress island of Heligoland stands as sentinel. It is the German Gibraltar, on fortifying which many millions of pounds have been spent since it was obtained from Great Britain in exchange for Zanzibar.

The guns command the deep water passages to the German naval ports in the North Sea, and allow the German fleet to move securely behind the island until "The Day" arrives. In the meantime, the fortress is regarded as the base for a series of mosquito attacks by swift German destroyers that will wear down the strength

of the British fleet.

On the evening of August 27th everything seemed favourable for a German destroyer raid of this kind. For the first time since war opened, a mist was gathering thickly on the North Sea. Through the fog twenty-four German destroyers crept to the shelter of the guns of Heligoland, in preparation for the great adventure. At some distance behind them were three cruisers—the Mainz, Koeln, and Ariadne—with a flotilla of submarines.

### The Wonderful Eye of the Submarine

From the island searchlights played over the darkening, half-veiled sea, and officers with telescopes looked for the special signs of British watchfulness—for the swift, small, scouting destroyers that form the eyes of every modern fleet. But no British destroyer was in sight. None, indeed, had been seen off Heligoland since the outbreak of hostilities.

But, all unseen, below the waters on that spot strange things had been happening for three weeks. Little bright mirrors had popped up and turned to all points of the compass, furrowing the waves, and leaving pennants of foam streaming behind them. The periscopes of the daring British submarines escaped the German vision. The enemy looked on these slow, unhandy, hidden vessels as useful but untested agents of destructive attack. He never suspected we should use them for close observation in his own waters, instead of relying on the orthodox scouting operations of visible destroyers. This was one of the great secrets of British naval tactics, and it was not to be cheaply revealed by a submarine torpedo attack on any German ship.

Larger results than that were expected to flow from our unique, unguessed-at method of studying all the enemy's movements. The operations conceived in view of the proposed German destroyer raid were entrusted to the youngest and most dashing of our admirals, Admiral Sir David Beatty. He made a bold and subtle scheme of attack. The idea was to tempt the German commander to launch out on something more important and fruitful

than a torpedo skirmish.

### A Challenge that was Declined

One of our destroyer flotillas, with its flotilla cruiser, the Arethusa, was sent under Commodore Tyrwhitt to Heligoland. The other two parts of the British naval force were kept at some distance away, and curtained by the fog. So far as the Germans were allowed to view the affair, the opening of the conflict was the result of an unhappy accident on the part of the too adventurous Commodore Tyrwhitt. Prowling about on the foggy sea at dawn on August 28th, the leader of the British destroyer flotilla blundered by the merest chance on twenty-four German torpedo craft ready for a raid!

As the dark-grey form of the British cruiser loomed through the mist, with the dim, low shapes of her attendant destroyers just visible on each side of her, the German vessels fled. But it was only a pretended flight. Their commander was trying to lure the British within the range of the guns of Heligoland. The kind invitation to come in and be sunk was declined, and the Arethusa's six-inch forward gun shelled the fleeing German destroyers.

To protect their small craft, on which the British destroyers were also firing, the fine, new German cruisers.

the Mainz and the Koeln, came out of the mist, and the older, slower Ariadne steamed into action. Matters suddenly became too hot for the British boats. For after landing one shell on the enemy, the Arethusa got a very bad blow, a shell—probably from the Mainz—bursting in her engine-room. She was drawing off, sadly injured, when a destroyer belonging to our submarines got chased. The Arethusa, forgetting her own internal troubles, limped along, like a wounded mother hen fighting for a strayed, endangered chick, and bravely drove off the attackers.

In the meantime, our destroyer flotilla went into action. As it was forming up on the Arethusa the mist around was stabbed with flame, the spears of fire appearing scarcely two hundred yards away. The British destroyers at once strung out, in order to offer less target than they were doing while in a bunch. Then they charged the big, four-funnelled German cruiser that was trying to annihilate them at short range. Their charge drew the enemy's fire

off their injured flotilla leader.

### A Daring Attack by Destroyers

It was like a troop of hussars riding at a line of big siege-guns, one shell from which was complete destruction. But, unlike siege-guns, those of the hostile warship could be rapidly trained in any direction, and they blazed away

at the charging destroyer flotilla.

The destroyers fired in return, but their four-inch guns seem to have done little or no damage. This was in the nature of things. A British destroyer is more than a match for a German destroyer, and can, at a pinch, tackle two of them, as her ordnance is heavier. But against a cruiser a destroyer's fire is almost useless. Her vibrating, pulsing deck, continually changing direction as she dodges, is a bad gun platform, and there is not room in the narrow space for range-finding instruments, while a fire-control is impossible.

The cruiser has a fire control on her tall masts, and proper range-finding mechanism. Her fire is steady and directed with deadly science. The speed at which the destroyers are advancing is quickly measured, and the guns are trained mechanically at each shot, to allow for each new advance of the hostile craft. The marvel is that none of our destroyers was sunk in this wildly unequal

combat

They were saved by a trick. As they charged at full speed, the enemy's shells at first went over them. Then, when the enemy got the right range—in five seconds—our destroyers altered their course. Instead of rushing on in the straight line which the hostile fire-control had by that time measured, they swerved, dodged, and, charging forward from a new direction, launched their torpedoes and returned to the Arethusa.

### Mosquitoes of the Sea Attack the Mainz

They found their mother ship still afloat, but the Fearless was engaging a three-funneller, the Mainz. The mosquitoes of the fleet joined in the attack on the Mainz, or flung themselves on any German destroyer that was wishful to finish the poor, brave, suffering Arethusa.

It was a very one-sided fight, and it had been so arranged by Admiral Beatty. He wanted to give the German cruiser squadron an easy prey to bring them into action. Our destroyers intentionally accepted very severe punish-

ment

It was like a fight in the darkness, for the mist was so thick that our ships could not see how each other fared, and it was only possible to make out the opposing grey shadow, and fire at it amid the acrid, stifling fumes of picric acid from the shells bursting around.

Beating away the destroyers, the three German cruisers closed about the wounded Arethusa to complete her destruction. She devoted all her remaining energies on the Mainz, endeavouring to sink her before she sank herself. But the position of affairs suddenly altered. The Arethusa and her destroyers had fulfilled their part of the



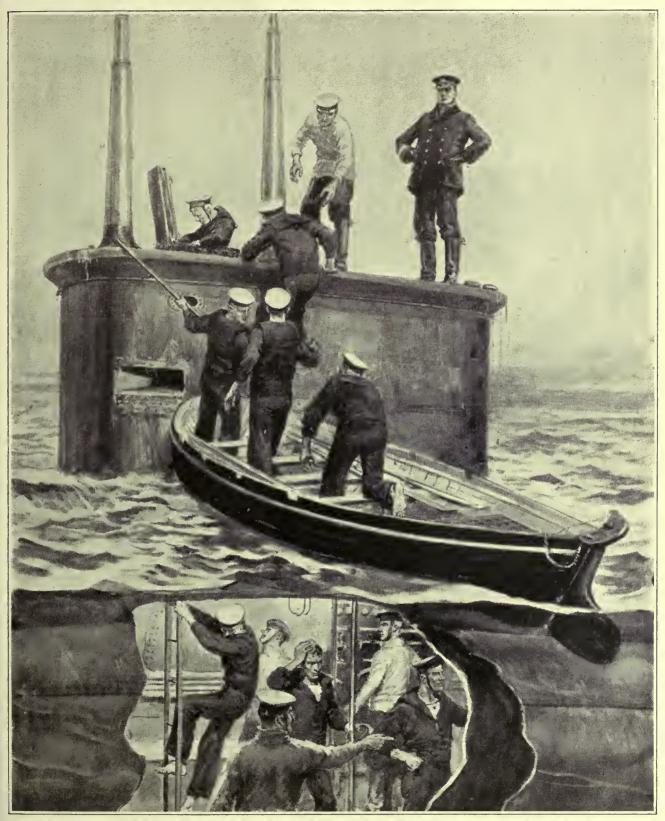


# THE NORTH SEA. "DRAKE TOUCH" -THE YET LIVES-NAVY THE SPIRIT OF OUR OLD

The crusers and destroyers making up the outer guard of the German Fleet safely ensconced behind Heligoland appeared to have supposed that the indiscriminate laying of mines would deter the British Fleet from any considerable operations in the North Sea. Accordingly, their scouts and patrols showed some activity, referred to in an earlier official statement as "a certain livelines." But their security was false. Based upon information obtained by submarines, the First Light Cruiser and the First Battle Cruiser Squadrons on Angust 28th, 1914, engaged the German vessels in the Bight of Heligoland in an "operation of some

consequence," as it was styled in the official report. This cutting-out action, strongly reminiscent of the factics delighted in by Drake, was brilliantly successful. Led by the Arethusa, a new oil-fuelled light cruiser, with an attendant fleet of destroyers and submarines, and aided at a concerted moment by the Battle Cruiser Squadron, the British ships sank three German cruisers and two destroyers and damaged many others without the loss of a British ship of any kind, and with light casualties. The chief heroes of the engagement were Vice-Admiral Beatty, Rear-Admiral Moore, Rear-Admiral Christian, Commander Goodenough, Commander Tyrwhitt, and Commander Keyes.

# The Amazing Story of Submarine E4



One incident in the navai action off Heligorand on August 28th reads more like a Julee Verne romance than cold fact. The Defender, having sunk an anemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her awimming survivors. An enemy's cruiser came up and chased sway the Defender, who was forced to abandon her whaler. Imagine

the sailors iselings, alone in an open bost, twenty-five miles from the nesrest land, and that iand an enemy's fortress, with nothing but fog and fose around them! Suddenly, a swirl slongsids, and up popped eubmarine E4, which opened its conning-tower, took them all aboard, dived, and oarried them 250 miles home to Britain!



plan. They had smashed up the German destroyer divisions and drawn the German cruisers into action.

Our Light Cruiser Squadron, under Commodore Goodenough, steamed through the thinning morning mist to the place where firing was going on, and engaged the three hostile cruisers. They in turn had now become the bait to a larger battle. If they were punished badly, the German battleships must come to their aid. So "The Day" would immediately arrive.

The British cruisers fought in the Jellicoe manner. Singling out one enemy—the Mainz—they concentrated their guns on her. In one minute the splendid vessel was on flame amidships, and many of her distraught men deserted their guns in the uninjured parts of the ship. This was probably why the officers fired on the seamen who jumped into the sea when our boats came to rescue them. The officers were mad with anger that their gunners had not fought their guns till the last possible moment.

### The Vision Behind the Curtoin of Mist

As the Mainz burst into flame, the mist lifted, showing our Battle Cruiser Squadron, with Admiral Beatty leading on the Lion, and chasing the other two German cruisers. The British ships were much faster, and soon overtook the hostile vessels. Yet it seems they were in no haste to begin the work of destruction, the idea probably being to allow the doomed German ships to send wireless messages for help to their battleships. But though the battleships must have heard for hours the sound of firing, none of them came to Heligoland to protect their cruisers.

The Lion let the Koeln fire at her for ten minutes without replying. It was like a terrier snarling at a mastiff waiting for something of his own size to fight. But as no worthy opponent appeared, the Lion fired a broadside each shell more than half a ton of hard steel and picric acid explosive.

The stricken cruiser was hidden in a cloud of flame and smoke. When the air cleared, a huge hole was visible in

The 4,350-ton cruiser Mainz was one of the three Garman vassals sunk in the daring naval escapade on August 28th, when Rear-Admiral Beatty attacked the Garman navy right under the guard of the Heligoland forts. A few shote from the attacking ships smashed two of her funnels, carried away her mainmast, and est her on fire. She is seen in the photograph settling down by the bowe. The small inset picture shows the Mainz intact.

her side. She half hauled down her ensign, then re-hoisted it and opened fire. Five shots from the thirteen-and-a-half-inch guns of the Lion again struck her; she burst and sank, and though the Southampton at once steamed over the spot, there was not a man to be rescued. In the meantime the Ariadne had been shelled, and lurched away in a sinking condition.

Seeing that nothing could tempt the German battleships to come from behind Heligoland and engage, Admiral Beatty withdrew with all his ships, having sunk five of the enemy's vessels, without losing anything except a boat. Even the boat's crew was saved. They had put out from the Defender in a whaler to rescue some German sailors who had flung themselves into the sea from a sinking destroyer. Before the whaler could row back, a German cruiser chased the Defender away. The gallant life-saver found themselves in an open boat, with nothing but fog and foes round them, the nearest land twenty-five miles distant, and that land the enemy's fortress. Suddenly the water was disturbed close by, and amid the swirl the conningtower of the British submarine E4 emerged. The tower opened, everybody in the boat was taken in, the submarine dived, and took the brave, abandoned sailors two hundred and fifty miles across the sea to their own land.

### A Victory of Great Moral Value

Such was the romantic ending of the first fight since Trafalgar for the general command of the sea. The Battle of the Bight was not decisive, owing to the remarkable reluctance of the German admiral to bring his battleships into action, even when they seemed to have only the task of saving three German cruisers from our Light Cruiser Squadron. We shall probably find later that this brilliant, finely planned affair of outposts was a victory with moral consequences larger than its material gains. Following the Goeben's flight from the little Gloucester, it is scarcely likely to have enhanced the fighting spirit of the very retiring German Navy.

# Short Shrift for Cruisers "Made in Germany"



H.M.S. New Zealand (a gift from New Zealand) took part in the Heligoland battle. Inset: Captain Lionel Haleey, its commander.

THE cruiser and destroyer skirmish in the Bight of Heligoland has an importance far beyond its immediate results. Small though it was in scale, it will very likely rank as one of the great decisive naval conflicts. For it overthrew completely the conception of modern sea warfare on which the second most powerful navy in the world has been based and built.

It has clearly shown that this hostile Navy—financed at very considerable sacrifice to Germany's land war power is useless for the purpose it was designed, at heavy expense, to fulfil.



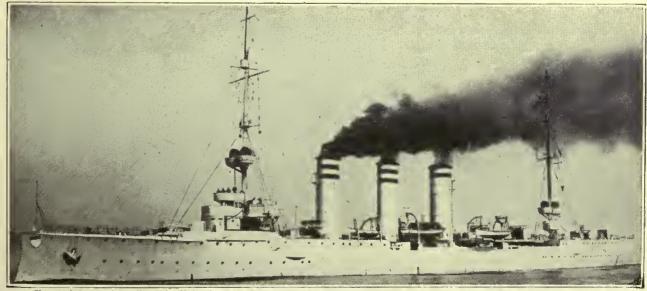
Lieut. Westmacott, who was killed in battle on the plucky Arethuea.



Commander Barttelot who died a hero'e death on the Liberty.

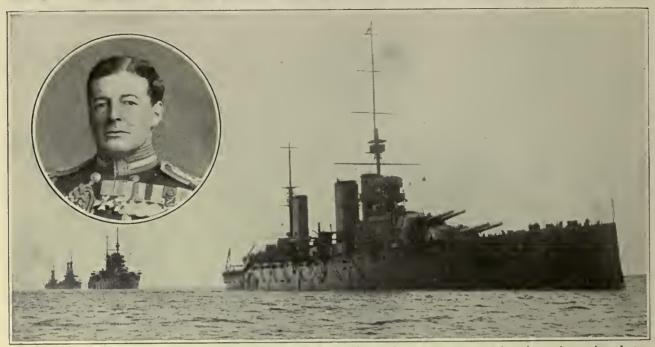
Germany has no sailors. Such is the message thundered by our guns off Heligoland. Her men are only soldiers in ships—and conscript soldiers for the most part. They lack entirely the initiative, the keen originality of the born seaman, trained in the new machinery of naval warfare.

They fight like an army on the defensive, and relying on the support of fortresses. This method may pay at times in land warfare, but it is absolutely fatal in a struggle for sea power. The way in which the German sailors deserted their guns, shows what men they are.



Two hulking cruisere like thie (Koln clase) are battered wrecke under the rolling water of the North Sea. They were "made in Germany," and when our battle cruisere opened fire upon them they were hopeleesly outclassed.

# The "Lion" Roared and German Cruisers Sank



This is our First Battle Cruiser Squadron, headed by the flagship Lion, which gave Germeny a sharp lesson in naval warfare in Heligoland Bight. Inset: Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, who commands the squadron.

THE Kaiser's Navy has long tried to impress the world with its mighty er. Yet, at the very commencement of hostilities, it scuttled into harbour fastnesses and skulked in fear. After nearly a month of anxious watching, our admirals decided to force an encounter. Their idea was to scoop the German light craft into the open sea by means of a strong force of destroyers headed by the Arethusa. A glorious success attended the plan. The glorious success attended the plan. gallant Arethusa and its supports did their share well. The Arethusa hammered at every enemy in sight, and, in a maimed condition, was in danger of being sent to the bottom by two powerful German cruisers, when our Battle Cruiser Squadron took their part in the affray. Our devastating 13.5 in. guns were turned upon the enemy, and their cruisers suffered the fate they had intended for the Arethusa.



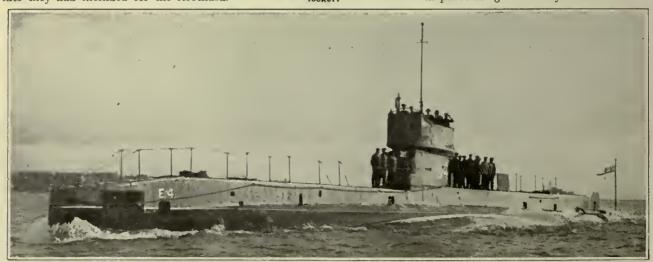
Captain W. R. Hall, of the Queen Mary, whose gune helped to send the Germane to "Davy Jones's locker."

Altogether the Kaiser's Fleet was diminished by three cruiser, two destroyers and 1,200 officers and men, whilst our loss was slight, sixty-nine men killed and wounded, and no vessels permanently put out of action.

It is officially stated that German officers actually fired at their own seamen struggling in the water, and our destroyer Defender was picking up wounded enemies when a German cruiser drove her off. A submarine came to the surface and rescued the boat's crew of British sailors.

The whole affray took place within range of Heligoland forts, which were rendered useless by the thick mist that shrouded operations.

Our success was due in the first instance, however, to our submarines, who have shown extraordinary daring and enterprise in penetrating the enemy's waters.

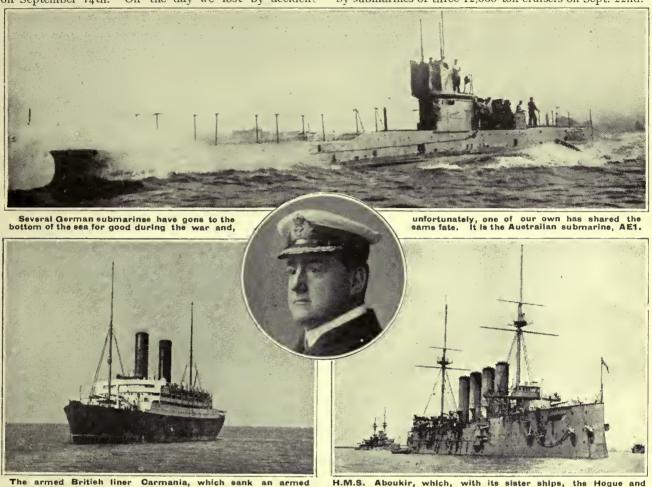


Our submarines made the victory possible, and E4 rescued the British heroes who were attacked when saving wounded enemies

# The British Navy in Sunshine and Shade

FIGHTING at sea was distinctly brisk during the middle of September. One of our auxiliary cruisers, the Carmania, under the command of Captain Grant, sunk a large German converted liner, the Cap Trafalgar, near the rock of Trinidad, off the coast of South America on September 14th. On the day we lost by accident

the Australian submarine AE1 and repulsed German attempts to sink the H.M. gunboat Dwarf in the Cameroon River. At Zanzibar the hostile cruiser Königsberg attacked H.M.S. Pegasus whilst she was repairing machinery and disabled her. But our Navy's worst blow was the torpedoing by submarines of three 12,000-ton cruisers on Sept. 22nd.



The armed British liner Carmania, which sank an armed German liner in an hour and three-quarters on September 14th.

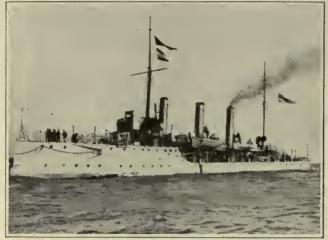
Inest: Captain Noel Grant, Carmania.



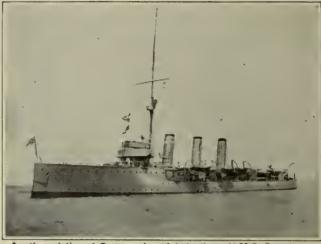
Submarine AE1 was last seen on September 14th, and its loss is probably due to an accident, for no enemy was in the neighbour-

hood. Officere and crew numbered thirty-fivs, most of whom are shown in this photograph, which was taken at Portsmouth.

# Losses and Additions to the British Navy



H.M.S. Pathfinder, sunk by a submarine twenty miles from our East Coast. Over 200 officere and men were lost.



Another victim of Germany's unfair tactics. H.M.S. Speedy, an old torpedo-gunboat, sunk by a mine in the North Sea.

GERMANY does not take kindly to naval warfare in the open.

Instead of sweeping Britain off the seas, as it boastfully threatened before the war, its vessels have slunk into fortified naval stations, and sent out disguised ships to strew neutral waters with deadly floating mines. It is a cowardly, hit-or-miss way to wage war. Britain's harbours are, of course, guarded by electrically-controlled mines, but we had not distributed any floating ones.

Germany was annoyed by our appropriation of the two Dreadnoughts that British shippards were building for Turkey. They were almost complete, and Turkish crews were believed to be in this country ready to take them to the Dardanelles. We commandeered them for our Navy, and Turkey retaliated by purchasing the Goeben and Breslau from Germany.

Lord Charles Beresford, who commanded the Royal Marine Brigade in the new Naval Division



Admiral Lord Charlee Bsresford Honorary Colonel of the recently-formed Marine Brigade.

when it was formed, is certainly one of our most popular sailors. His speeches in the House of Commons are always listened to with interest; he knows the middle classes; he is a friend of the working man. At a Blackheath recruiting meeting the other day, a huge crowd greeted him with cries of "Well done, Condor!" a reference to his celebrated feat at Alexandria, when he rose to speak. "You have not got a better man in the whole country than Sir John Jellicoe," he declared. "The Fleet will never fail you!"

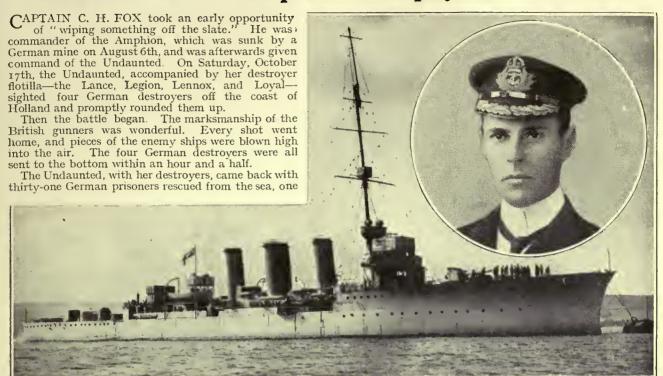
The new Naval Division added to our war forces 15,000 men, completely equipped with hospital, ammunition column, transport, cyclists, and machine-guns. An aeroplane squadron from the naval wing is also available if required.

This new force is trained under the Admiralty, but is always ready for service in the field if not required at sca.



Just previoue to the declaration of war, British shipyards had almost completed two Dreadnoughts for Turkey. Our own Government commandeered them. One is shown hers. Their new names are H.M.S. Agincourt and H.M.S. Erin.

# "Sunk the Lot"—Captain Fox pays off His Score



The Undaunted is one of the naw 3,520-ton light cruisers of the Arethuaa class, and carries two 6 in. and aix 4 in. guns.

The portrait is the gallant Captain Fox, who earned glory for himself and fama for his ahip by his brilliant exploit.

of whom, a sub-lieutenant, died of his wounds a few minutes after landing. Two other German sailors were rescued by the Lowestoft trawler United.

Commander Fox is reported to have sent two wireless messages to the main Fleet—the first reading: "Am pursuing four German destroyers" and the second a little



Two views of the L class of British destroyers, four of which—the Lance, Legion, Lennox, and Loyal—took part in the akirmish off the Dutch coast when the four German destroyers were sunk. The portrait is Commander W. de M. Egerton, of the Lance.

### THE FIRST SEA-FIGHT OF ITS KIND

### Thrilling Tale of the Battle between the Carmania and the Cap Trafalgar

### BY ONE WHO TOOK PART IN IT

N the morning of September 14th the auxiliary cruiser Carmania steamed south on a reconnoitring expedition towards Trinidad Island—not the West Indian island of that name, but the tiny island rock about four miles by two that lies in the South Atlantic, about 700 miles east from Brazil. Early in the forenoon the lofty rock loomed large ahead, and a group of masts and funnels that were made out to the westward of it resolved, later on, into three steamers. Like hornets they buzzed around, undecidedly at first, and then took to their heels, but when it was ascertained that the intruder had no company, the largest of them, a magnificent liner with two red funnels and grey hull, evidently changed her mind, turned round, and made for the piratical-looking surprise-packet, for the Carmania was black from rail to heel, what with the generous laying on of the tar-brush in Liverpool and the smoke and grime of a long sea voyage.

The sun stood directly overhead. The scene was one of undimmed tropical splendour when the Carmania mastheaded the white ensign and fired a shot across the other steamer's bow. The stranger, who had disregarded all previous signals, there and then hoisted his colours, and returned the challenge by a broadside from his starboard guns. It was a German ship right enough, no other than the Cap Trafalgar, as subsequently proved, the pride of the Hamburg-South-American Line, built in 1913 for the express purpose of ousting the Royal Mail and kindred

British companies in that part of the world.

### Opening of the Duel between Two Armed Liners

These preliminary shots gave both sides an accurate range. No sooner were sights adjusted, than every gun that would bear opened fire, and the two combatants set them to a deadly duel, in which one or both must sink. It was a fight to the finish between two ships that only a few weeks previously had been carrying passengers, mails, and cargo from New York to Liverpool, from Hamburg to South America. Both ships had been built to withstand stress of weather, not stress of warfare. Armour they had none, nor very great speed, and their triple tier of decks, littered with every conceivable sort of cast-iron menace, lent security to the crew only in their vastness.

A gross tonnage of 19,524 in the case of the Carmania, and 18,710 in the case of the Cap Trafalgar, constitute targets so colossal as to be beyond the possibility of failure with any gunlayer, and beyond the scope of credulity to one at all initiated in modern gunnery. The duel was therefore unique, because the combatants were not men-ofwar in the proper sense of the word, and the first of its kind on record, as it has never been known before that a floating hotel fitted with miniature artillery should meet and engage on the high seas a similar adversary similarly armed.

Effect of Gun Fire upon the Floating Hotels

In weapons, as well as in size and speed, the two ships were evenly matched. The Carmania mounted eight 4.7 guns, the Cap Trafalgar eight 4.1 guns, up-to-date, the difference in calibre equalising the difference in age at normal range. But the modern weapon with its low trajectory is far more effective at long distances, and it is surprising that the German did not take advantage of the fact, and be the first to commence operations. The action took place at a distance of a little over 8,000 to a little under 4,000 yards from start to finish.

The object of each ship being to let water into the other as quickly as possible, the guns were laid on the water-line, and an identical portion of it kept as the point of aim every time they were fired. Of the first few shells that hit the Carmania on the port side three made holes, big and small, at and above the water-line; one tore through the stewards'

quarters and embedded itself in the protective sandbags outside the engine-room; another made havoc in the galley on the lower deck and carried away the fire main leading to the fore part of the ship and bridge, with well-nigh disastrous results, as will be seen later. One more ripped through a lifeboat and burst in the corner of the engine-room casing, missing the wireless operating-room by a few feet.

A Thrilling Diary of the Battle

The following account of the action itself is taken from a diary which was written up about two hours after the event:

"One never saw such a scatter as when we sat down to lunch and 'Action!' was sounded! Feeling ran high that this time we were in earnest; everyone was at his post in the twinkling of an eye. Ten minutes afterwards the conflict started, at a range of about six miles, both ships closing rapidly. The din that followed was unnatural and terrifying, and men's hearts leaped to their mouths, for here was death amongst us. But the heat of work changed white faces to red. Blood once seen revives savagery in the human breast, and all our thoughts, after those first few moments, were concentrated in the grim work at hand, which was to sink as speedily as possible the monster that was vomiting red and steaming arrogantly towards us.

"By a clever manœuvre our captain turned the ship round just as the enemy was bringing his pom-poms into play as well as the big guns, and brought our starboard battery, fresh and eager, to bear. Then we turned into demons, in a scene that had turned diabolical. Screaming shrapnel, returned by salvos of common shell, splinters everywhere, lumps of iron, patches of paint, a hurricane of things flying, hoarse shouting, and unintelligible sounds from dry throats, men discarding garments, and laughing with delirium—over all a white pall hiding the ghastly work.

German Shots on the Carmania

"What matter that a shot cannoned down the aftercompanion and laid low three of the whip party? Volunteers were not wanting to close in the breach and keep up a brisk supply of ammunition to the hungry guns. Or that a shot glanced off the shield of No. I gun, past the officer in charge, and blew away the neck of a corporal of Marines passing projectiles along the deck, leaving him leaning over the magazine hatchway, head dangling down, and dripping blood on to the madmen working below? Or that a shell burst by the feet of a man carrying another one in his

hands?

"Word went round that we were on fire forward—the bridge, in fact, was blazing. A shell had torn through the cabins below, setting them alight, and the flames by this time reached and enveloped the bridge, since water could not be turned on in the first instance, as the main on the lower deck had been shot away. But the ill news was more than compensated for by the frenzied announcement that the enemy was also on fire and listing, moreover, on his side. So our main control was gone. The captain, first lieutenant, and navigating party had to leave the bridge to the flames—not before gaining us victory, however, by the splendid way they handled the ship in heading off the enemy, preventing him from turning round and bringing his idle guns on the port side to bear, and by keeping him on our starboard quarter so we were able to use five of our guns to his four.

The Enemy Ship in Trouble

"The enemy listed a little more, and our work was done; his shooting became higher and more erratic, then stopped altogether. We ceased firing, and turned our attention to fighting the flames roaring up on high in the fore part of the ship. Luckily, we were able to stop the

engines and keep the ship before the wind. The bridge and all its precious fittings and contents were doomed, as also the cabins below it; the officers who occupied them lost all their effects. A fireproof door in the staircase leading to the lower cabins effectually kept the fire from spreading in this direction, otherwise there might not have been very much left of the Carmania. The action raged hotly for an hour; after that, desultory firing was continued until the end.

"Of the two colliers that accompanied the enemy, one steamed away at the commencement of the action and was never seen again. The other, and smaller of the two, followed suit until he noticed the plight of his escort, and returned to pick up the survivors. Anon, an order went round the decks: 'All firemen down below.' The firemen had been doing yeoman service, running hoses and buckets of water to the scene of the fire, just as the stewards had

distinguished themselves by

distinguished themselves by taking round water and limejuice to the guns' crews under shell fire, and also helping with carrying away the wounded. The reason for this order was ominous. The yeoman of signals had sighted smoke on the horizon to the north, and made out a bunch of funnels. It could not but be the Dresden, or whatever German cruiser the armed merchantman we fought was in company with, returning to the assistance of her consort, who had been signalling to her during the action. A great pity, indeed, one of our cruisers was not in touch with us at the time. What a fine haul

it would have been!

"Just as we got the fire well in hand, and were starting to run to the American coast, we beheld the most aweinspiring sight of our lives—the last moments of an ocean leviathan. The wounded ship, distant from us about five miles, suddenly lurched over on the starboard beamends, looking for all the world as if she were about to turn turtle. Lower and lower she went, until her huge funnels were level with the water, pointing in our direction like two tunnels side by side, and dense clouds of smoke and steam escaped from all parts of her as from a volcano in a high state of activity. As quickly again, the mammoth righted herself; down, down went her bows; up and up her stern, till quite one-third of the hull stood upright to the sky; then, with a majestic plunge, she slid beneath the waves, game to the end, for the last to disappear was the German flag.

The End of One of Germany's Ocean Palaces

"A ring of foam and half a dozen boats crowded with dark forms were all that was left at 2 p.m. of the brave Cap Trafalgar and her ornate saloons and winter gardens, the ship that conveyed Prince Henry of Prussia on his triumphant tour to the South American Republics."

The action thus hung in the balance for nearly an hour. The Carmania gradually gained the upper hand by superior rapidity and concentration of fire, and by the skilful manner in which she was handled. Shrapnel, too, which the Cap Trafalgar used, does not seem so effective as common shell, which at short range is almost armour piercing. The crew of the British ship formed a rare combination highly suitable to that type of war vessel—a navigator captain and a gunnery first lieutenant from the Navy, Reserve officers and men, volunteer engineers and firemen.

### The Price Paid in British Lives

The casualties of the Carmania amounted to nine men killed and twenty-six wounded out of four hundred and twenty-one hands all told, a low percentage owing to the wide distribution of the various parties. The survivors of the Cap Trafalgar landed at Buenos Aires consisted of eighteen officers and two hundred and ninety-two men, which would give her casualties at about eight officers and one hundred men if she carried the same number of men as the Carmania.

Seventy-nine direct hits were counted on the Carmania, and innumerable small holes from splinters; her boats were riddled, as also masts and ventilators; her rigging and wireless aerial were shot away.

Rumour has it that the unknown German cruiser chased the Carmania for two days in the direction of Monte Video,

which was the first course the latter set forth upon from the scene of the action, until, under cover of darkness, she doubled on her track, making for Abrolhos Rocks instead.

It is a moot point whether the Cap Trafalgar did not fit out entirely as an auxiliary cruiser at Trinidad, disguising herself at the same time as a Union Castle liner, which necessitated



The top picture shows the Carmania; the middle one the wreck of her bridge from one of the Cap Trafalgar's shells; and the bottom picture a hole made in the engineroom casing by a shell that first ripped through a lifeboat and missed the wirelese room on the left by only a few feet.

the removal of the third funnel, a dummy put up for appearances only, like the fourth one of the Olympic. She certainly did look as fresh and trim before the action as if she had only just stepped out of the proverbial band-box.

### The Raiding Projects of the Cap Trafalgar

At all events the German peaceful-commerce destroyer was to all intents and purposes filling up with coal when the Carmania bore down on her so unexpectedly, preparatory, perhaps, to stealing across the Atlantic for the purpose of preying on the West African trade routes, where her masquerade would best serve its purpose, in lieu of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, recently sunk by H.M.S. Highflyer.

Finally, the use of Trinidad Island as a coaling base by the scattered units of the German South Atlantic Fleet constitutes daring effrontery and, one reluctantly adds, splendid powers of organisation on their part, considering its nearness to the trading routes of the South Atlantic, which carry a constant stream of British mercantile ships both on the east and on the west.

# "Interned" in Hospitable Holland, but-

WHEN Antwerp was evacuated by its defenders the greater part of the British 1st Naval Brigade was cut off by the German attack north of Lokeren, and about 2,000 officers and men entered Dutch territory in the neighbourhood of Hulst, laying down their arms in accordance with the laws of neutrality. It is believed that

this unfortunate occurrence was due to the treachery of a guide, who purposely led the 1st Naval Brigade into dangerous ground. Some of the interned men belong to the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, young fellows who, despite the short time they had been under arms, gave a very good account of themselves in the trenches.



Men of the Rayal Naval Volunteer Reserve and Marines interned in Holland after taking part in the defence of Antwerp. They are being presented with pieces of chocolate by an English lady, and eat the sweetmeat with huge relish.



Aithough in enforced idleness, they do not intend to let their musclee get flabby, and this picture showe some of them exercising in the barrack-yard at Leewarden, where they are interned.



A Dutch woman, in the picturesque garb of her country, lights the pipe of a British handyman at her cottage door.



Football has been the outstanding recreation of our fighting men during the war. Even the interned naval men do not neglect it. This photograph shows the team which took part in a match against an array of football talent from Groningen.

# -Still Smiling after their Antwerp Adventure



This photograph was taken at Leewarden, when a Marine had hia head under the pump, with a friendly Dutchman at the handle.



The interned Marinea in Holland are being well treated by the kindly Dutch. This photograph was also taken at Leewarden, and shows two Marines who have atruck up a bond of comradeship with their sabot-wearing Dutch cooks.



Their experience in Antwerp did not depress the naval men who were compelled to cross the Dutch frontier in their march from the surrendered city.

Their only regret is that while there is fighting to be done, the hazard of war has placed them in a position where they will be unable to take any part in it and share the joy of battle and the triumph of victory.

# "Handy Men" Among Friends and Allies



A group of survivors from the III-fated cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogus. The sailors were landed at Ymuiden, Holland, by the Dutch steamship Flora, and are here shown attired in borrowed uniforms, with Interested spectators and Red Cross nurses in the background.

ABOUT three hundred survivors of the torpedoed cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy were rescued by Dutch vessels and taken to Ymuiden, Holland. Some had been in the water for an hour or more, and were naked when rescued. They were treated with great generosity by the Dutch people, who lodged them in hotels and gave them the clothes of Dutch sailors to wear. It was at first thought that the men might be interned, and thus be unable to take further part in the war, but the Hague Peace Conference of 1907 laid down a special rule on this point. Only if the conflict had taken place inside Dutch territorial waters would the Dutch have been authorised to intern the survivors. The light-heartedness of the British sailors quite fascinated the Our seamen, far phlegmatic Dutchmen. from being disturbed by the disaster that had befallen them, were all eager to take vengeance on the German fleet.



"We'll stick together through thick and thin!" British Merine Light Infentry shaking hands with French soldiers and a sailor at a French seaside town.



A British blue scket trying on ons of the cloth caps provided by the Dutch authorities at Ymuiden.



Our soldiers in France are accustomed to this kind of treatment now. The grownups take the metal ornaments from their uniforms as souvenirs, and the youngsters naturally follow their exemple.

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm.

-TENNYSON.





British monoplane versus Taube-a duel in the clouds.

## The Death Harvest of the Dastard Zeppelin

#### By A. G. HALES

PARIS.

ROM boyhood to manhood I have loved peace, yet some perverse fate has always dragged me where storms and tempests are loosened. I had a heavenonce-within the circle of a woman's arms. The grey rider came and left me desolate.

And yet I love to look on the happiness of others. The sweetest picture in the world to me is the living picture of a man with his household idols around him; his wife with her foot upon the rocker of a cradle; his children clustering round him in the firelight's glow; his day's work done; his sweat and toil repaid by the all-compelling glances of his mate-his woman, his partner in joy and

sorrow, victory and defeat.
God bless the women! They are the salt of the earth, as man is the sweat of the brown earth that cradled us all. It is the women I fccl for now-not only the British women, but the women of the world. This is their hour of despair; they are drinking the broth brewed from tears, and eating the unleavened cakes baked on the breasts of sorrow. Heaven pity them, for they walk on thorns and every step is marked with blood.

We do not value them sufficiently in peace time, but if we be men, we can die for them in time of war. This is

our privilege.

#### The Anguish of Old Women

Come here, where war's hellish footprints are pressed into the soil; come here, where the earth is red with good, brave blood, and you will know what womanhood stands for. Here we are on the crater of Hades, and it is the women who are making the men great. Yet how the women are suffering! The old grey wife clutches the children at her heart and holds them. They are bone of her bone, though she never bore them; but she bore the father who begat them or the mother who brought them forth, and their blood is her blood.

She listens in the watches of the night when even the mothers and the fathers sleep, for age is long-suffering and anguish tears at the withered hearts. She watches—she waits-she listens-as you in England would watch and wait and listen if the German devil got possession of the Channel coast, and were free to let his airships loose upon

The night passes, the children rise from their sleeping and run about their play in chubby beauty and all the recklessness of young life that knows not sorrow or pain or dread. The mother takes up the granddame's burden; every sound makes her start and grip her breasts, as if

a knife had stabbed her.

She is full of the pain of unknown things. The joy of her man, the blissful dreams of the long months that heralded the coming of each babe has to be paid for now—paid for in pain and unnameable fear. You may know all about this in England, unless you move and meet the storm while it is yet afar from your gates, for that which has happened here will happen to you, not in your children's time, but now in your time, for the Goths are out on the war-path, and the maddest devil since Nero has donned, his war-paint.

The Glory of Killing Children

William the accursed is hacking his way to power, and his airships are dropping bombs that are blowing women and children to fragments. What does he care how many babes he kills—is he not William the anointed of God? What does he care how many women's hearts he breakshe, the mad devil, the spawn of Satan, thinks only of his

Think of it—the glory that comes to a man from the mangled bodies of little children. Ye Gods in heaven! it is awful. I have seen the semi-savages in South American States at war-part Indian, part Negro, part Spanishand I thought I knew how low a country could sink; but it takes a Kaiser, a Hohenzollern—the exalted personality in whom German "culture" is focussed—to show to what depths of baseness, love of power and criminal vanity can bring a man and a nation.

#### The Red Hand of the Kaiser

I used to love the Germans. I thought them a grand people, full of high ideals. I know them now. They slay little children and—women. I had not thought to live to see this day-a splendid people led into infamy by a mad dog who has grown blind looking upon himself until he counts himself a god-and such a god! His hand is

red with murder, not with war.

The night has passed—the day wears on—the city hums with life. The sky is blue, the meadows near the city blush with beauty. Nature murmurs joyously and the world is glad. It does not seem that even a Kaiser can blast all joy out of existence. Devil that he is, his lust of power has limitations. The chime bells peal out joyously to God—only the mothers are white-lipped and heavyeyed as they watch their broods at play. reason, they do not think. They only know. They do not

How do they know, these women? Why do their breasts ache where the sweet lips clung? What instinct is it that makes them weary with anguish they cannot The fathers are brave and strong and steadfast; they do not want to fight but they will fight, and the

women know it.

The women stand at their doors chatting. They begin to laugh; the terrors of the time have passed them by. They joke with one another, and sly words pass between old friends conveying things that women tell only to women—a sentence half spoken is checked by a nod, a glance, a touch of a finger on arm or shoulder, a shy look, a downward drooping of the eyes, a little laugh, a matronly blush, a whispered word of hope and cheer heralding the coming of good times when peace shall reign in the land, and then-a blinding flash of intense light, a noise as if hell were growling; doors cave in, ceilings come down, chimneys topple over on roofs, windows crash and smash and clatter, roadways and pavements are torn up; smoke, flame, and fire burst up, the stink of blood and burning flesh, the sudden awful shriek of mangled human beings fill the air and herald the greatness, the grandeur, the manly magnificence of the Kaiser.

#### When the Smoke has Cleared Away

The Zeppelin floats away. It sails high above the town; so high it seems only a speck in the blue where God is supposed to be watching and smiling at this holocaust of those who dared to frown on him whom God had made Kaiser of the Germans and ruler of millions—

according to the cult of the great parricide.

The smoke clears away, the Zeppelin has gone far out of reach, the splendid warriors who dropped the bombs have scurried off to tell to William's delighted ears the news of the work so bravely done, and in the roadway lie the fruits of German chivalry, the aftermath of Teuton bravery—a woman who gave suck to a babe at the breast, and some little children mangled, ripped and torn and twisted, dying from hurt.

And this is kingcraft; this the ripe fruit of all that high philosophy, which savants have acclaimed for a generation past; this is Germany at her best and highest—a war on pregnant women and toddling babes, on old grey men and peaceful burghers—why? To fill the accursed boast that never has a Hohenzollern live! and reigned who did not add some miles of stolen territory to Germanic powers.

#### Some Heroes of the British Royal Flying Corps











The central portrait is Commander Samson; or the extreme left is Flight-Commander R. L. G. Marix, who raided Dusseldorf; next is Mr. Walter Wood, who escaped after capture by Germans; on the extreme right Captain Robert Grey, who received the Legion of Honour; and on his right Squadron-Commander Gerrard.



Lieutenant S. V. Sippe, reported on Oct. 9th, 1914, to have taken part in an air raid that damaged the Zeppelin sheds at Dusseldorf.



Sir David Henderson, commanding the Royai Flying Corps, was warmly commended in the dispatch of October 8th, 1914.



Squadron-Commander Spenser D. A. Gray, R.N., carried out the air raid on the Dusseidorf Zeppelin hangar on October 9th, 1914.



Flight-Lieutenant C. H. Collet made the first attack on the German sheds at Dusseldorf, as announced officially on September 23rd, 1914.



Mr. Gordon Bell was shot, and had his machine smashed by Germans at Mons, but managed to piane to earth and rejoin the British lines.



Lieutenant A. Christie, attached to the Royai Field Artiliery, mentioned in Sir John French's dispatch of October, 1914.



A group of members of the Royal Flying Corps, including Lieutenant Playfair, Lieutenant Mills, Licutenant Soames, Captain Board, Major Riley, Major Higgins, Lieutenant Jones, Lieutenant Gould, Lleutenant Smail, and Lleutenant Anderson.

#### Victories of the Great French Air Fleet

NONE of the sensational expectations of the destructive action of aircraft has yet been fulfilled. Half a dozen huge German Zeppelin airships are reported to have come to griefsome destroyed by the high-angle fire of the allied armies, others wrecked by defects of construction or handling.

The bombs dropped by German airmen have ruined a few peaceful buildings in Belgium, but when launched at troops in action they have done less harm than a shell

from a quick-firer.

On the other hand, the French fleet of the most skilful and daring airmen in the world has already rendered services to the Allies of the highest importance. It surpasses all that General Joffre and his staff hoped for. The French airmen have become the lightning messengers and mar-vellous eyes of the allied armies. They fly at a height where they are completely out of range of the new Krupp aerial guns. At the altitude at which experience has taught them to fly their vision is perfect.

#### The Marvellous Eyes of the Army

Nothing — absolutely nothing escapes the trained eyes of the observing officers. They are even able to count the exact number of trains in a German railway-station, the number of carriages on the trains in motion, and distinguish the units infantry, cavalry, artilleryof the hostile armies marching on the frontier.

Not the slightest tactical movement of the enemy escapes their notice. For instance, early in August one of the French airmen made an aerial raid of 250 miles. He saw and reported the whole immense movement of German troops from Metz and Treves to Aix-la-Chapelle. The General Staff of the allied armics know every daylight movement among the masses and skirmishing lines of a million and a half Germans and Austrians.



In the meantime, the Teutonic airmen were trying to carry out the same work of inspecting the arrangements of the allied forces. But their Zeppelins are practically failures, and their aeroplanes are not properly built for observation work. The disposition of the engine, especially, on German flying-machines prevents the observing officers from seeing exactly what is directly beneath them—from having a direct, perpendicular vision of the allied armies. The Germans have to peer ahead and look over the side of their machines. Owing to the obliquity of their field of observation they can see at a height of 3,600 feet only what an allied airman could see by direct vision at a height of 7,200 feet. The mist troubles them, and veils the details of the Allies' movements. This is one of the reasons why the French were so successful in surprise attacks in Alsace and Lorraine.

#### Triumphs of the French Aviators

This, however, does not mean that the German scouts of the skies are quite negligible in comparison with the craft of the Allies. Their machines are clumsy and difficult to handle, and their airmen are somewhat too careful of their own safety; nevertheless, they are rendering certain services to the German War Staff, though much inferior to those rendered to the Allies by pilots full of dash and resource, who are every day performing astonishing exploits.

The first fortnight of the war was extremely precious to the French airmen. In a few days, in a fever of creative work, the French did more to improve their military aviation than they had done in two years. The brilliant French genius for improvisation was soon as the best. And soon every morning the allied airmen utilised all they had learnt the evening before, and the armies of freedom fight under the direction of squadrons of flying men, armed and furnished and organised with the efficiency of the British Armada in the North Sea. The airmen carry orders from the General Staff to all the different units, inform the com-manders how their orders are being carried out, and watch over all the movements of the enemy.



German destroyers, with a naval Zeppelin airship, leaving Kiel Harbour on a scouting movement.

#### British Sky Warriors-Guarding and Guarded



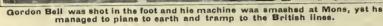
Not much was heard of British warships in the aerial blue—they were doing their duty in silence. This picturs shows one of the British airships passing over Ostend, reassuring visitors and inhabitants that Britain is on the watch.



One arm of our Royal Flying Corps ready for duty on foreign soil. Asroplanes are chiefly employed in reconnoitring the enemy's D 73 T position, flying over opposing forces and informing the artillery where their shells will do most damage. D 73 T

# Britain Gaining Mastery of the Air







Lord Carbery sarly offered his services to the Admiralty and was accepted.

"ONE of the features of the campaign," says Sir John French's despatch of September 11th, "has been the success attained by the Royal Flying Corps. In regard to the collection of information it is impossible either to award too much praise to our aviators for the way they have carried out their duties or to overestimate the value of the intelligence collected."

General Joffre values our aviators, too, and has written complimenting them.

During a period of twenty days up to September 10th, a daily average of more than nine reconnaissance flights of over 100 miles each had been maintained. The object of our aviators has been to effect the accurate location of the enemy's forces, but when hostile aircraft are seen they are attacked



Mr. Waiter Wood was brought down by Germans, but escaped.

instantly with one or more British machines. A good many German pilots or observers have been shot in the air and their machines brought to the ground. The British Flying Corps has thus established an individual ascendancy which is as serviceable to us as it is damaging to the enemy, who have become much less enterprising in their flights.

Bomb-dropping has not been indulged in to any great extent. On one occasion a petrol bomb was successfully exploded in a German bivouac at night, while, from a diary found on a dead German cavalry soldier, it has been discovered that a high-explosive bomb thrown at a cavalry column from one of our aeroplanes struck an ammunition waggon. The resulting explosion killed fifteen of the enemy.



A group of officers in the British Flying Corps. Included in the group, from left to right, are: Lieut. Playfair, Lisut. Mills,
Lieut. Soames, Capt. Board, Major Riley, Major Higgine, Lieut. Jones, Lisut. Gould, Lieut. Small, and Lieut. Anderson.

#### German Aeroplane Goes to its Doom

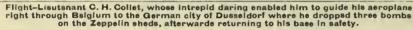


A German aeropiane, attsmpting to reach Paris with bombs on September 2nd, wae seen by two French aviators, who gave chase. After some dramatic manœuvring, the Frenchmen succeeded in climbing to a higher altitude than their enemy

Then they were able to get unobstructed aim at the occupants of the Garman machine, and their shots went home. With wings partially severed from body, it dropped to earth a bent and twisted wreck, and its two occupants were killed.

#### Daring Raid on Dusseldorf by British Airmen







Captain Robin Gray of the Royal Flying Corps who received the Legion of Honour for distinguished service.

BEFORE the arm - chair critics the British War Office condemned in unmeasured terms the supposed laxity in making proper pro-vision for an effective military aeroplane ser-Yet few vice. weeks after the war opened we read with pride and admiration John French's despatch of September 11th, where he said:
"The British Flying
Corps has succeeded establishing individual ascendency which is as serviceable to us as it is damaging to the enemy.



Map showing the country traversed in the British air raid of September 22nd.

The raid on the Dusseldorf Zeppelin sheds, announced by the British Press Bureau September the first was feat of aerial daring which we had information. The weather was misty, but in spite of diffipilotage, culties of Flight-Lieutenant H. Collet approached within 400 feet of the Zeppelin sheds and threw three bombs. His machine was struck, but he was unhurt, and he flew back over 100 miles to his base without having had to touch earth during the double journey.



The Zeppelin sheds at Duessidorf upon which three bombs were dropped by Flight-Lieutenant Collet in the course of the daring air raid made by officers of the Royal Flying Corps. who gave proof of their auperiority over the German aviators.

# Rescuing an Aviator's Mechanic from Uhlans



Captain Gsrard is one of the moat daring of Frsnch military aviators. After ecouting near Compsigne ha brought his Caudron biplane down rather near the Gsrman advance poats, and the Uhians made an effort to surround him. He had to rise in the air, isaving his mechanic behind. A military car is at the service

of every aviator, and carrise spara parts. In this case Captain Gerard's car cams up, and its crew went to the razcus of the abandonsd mechanic. Thars was a pretty skirmiah between tha Uhlans and tha aviator and motor crew. All the French party eccaped unwounded, but two dead Uhlans were left behind.

#### The Motor Heroes who Fight by Land, Sea or Air

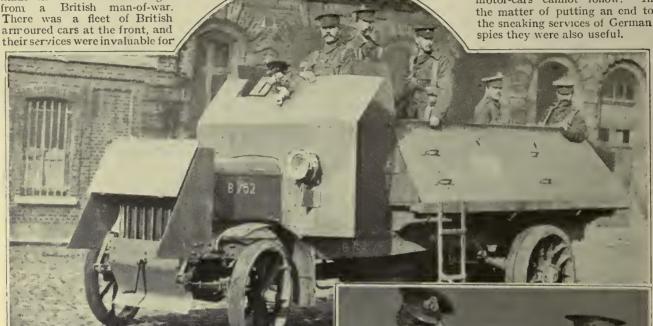
On September 16th Commander Samson, with a small armoured motor-car, killed four Uhlans and captured Commander Samson is the best-known British

naval aviator. He took his pilot's

certificate in April, 1911, and made the first successful flight

obliterating small parties of German cavalry. The horsemen stand no chance against these swiftly-moving and well-protected engines of war, unless they vault hedges

and ditches and take to the woods, where, naturally, the motor-cars cannot follow. the matter of putting an end to the sneaking services of German spies they were also useful.



Ready for that new and intensely exhilarating sport-Uhlan chaeing. A British armoured motor-car that hae worked havoc amongst hostile horsemen in Northern France. It is attached to the Royal Navai Flying Corps.



Lleut. Marix, of the R.N.F.C., passing through Termonde after an affray with Germans at Labbeke. Mounted on bicycles, those who weren't killed left their machines and hid in the



Commander Samson, the short man in the centre, is a hero of earth, air, and water. Uhlans display great courage when facing unarmed peasants, but they bolt like rabbite when his armoured car approaches.

# Land Exploit by Britain's Daring Airmen



Commander Samson, the best known of Britain's navai airmen added to hie renown by a dashing expioit. On September 16th, near Douilene, 17 miles north of Amiene, he went out with a email armoured motor-car force and encountered a patroi of five Uhlans. He killed four of them and the fifth was wounded and captured. The British party suffered no injury. Commander Sameon was the airman who, three years before, flew over the German Emperor's yacht when it arrived in the Medway. On that occasion the Kaiser admired his daring, and Commander Sameon was evidently determined to continue to merit his admiration.

# How Russians Brought a Zeppelin to Earth



While a Rueelan cavalry brigade with horse artillery was moving from Miawa, in Poland, towarda the Pruesian frontier in late September, Zeppelin V. approached at great epeed. The brigade immediately opened fire. The first shot fell ahort, the second overshot the mark, the third damaged the balancing

mechaniam and the rudder. With her noae tilted in the air, the Zeppelin managed to move off, diaappearing behind a wood, and dropping bombs. The battery limbared up, galloped through the woode, unlimbered again, and re-opened fire, the firet ahot taking effect. The airehlp aank elowly to earth and waa captured.





# enthusiasm for the work in hand inspired the men as they greeted each other. The sight of those who carried home the wounds of battle was the touch of nature that aroused all the kinship of a common cause, and cheer after cheer was sent across the thronging platform, to be sent back again in feebler tones, but with as high an enthusiasm. WOUNDED IN WAR ARRIVING AT WATERLOO STATION, LONDON, AS AN OUTWARD TROOP TRAIN IS ABOUT TO LEAVE. The figures in this pieture, sketehed by our artist, who was a spectator of the seene at Waterloo Station, London, are expressive of the spirit that wins great battles, and "wins through " to victory. A contingent of British infantry was entraining for the field of war, and at the same moment a trainload of British wounded drew up at the opposite platform. The camaraderic of arms and

And those who win their slow way back to health From fevered nights or wounds upon the field, Shall count your kindly labour more than wealth. That clothed them till the body's hurt was healed. Your king and country call you to the task, Nor will you grudge the labour that they ask.

—C. E. B.





Two Highlanders, injured in the first great battle, returning home in a Channel steamer.

#### Woman's Healing Work Among the Wounded



Camp of Red Croas nurses at Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

Since Florence Nightingale, with her knowledge, tenderness, and high courage, went to the battlefields of the Crimea to tend our wounded soldiers, the part that women play in war has continued to increase in importance. The marvellous progress of the civil ambulance organisations in the large towns throughout the Empire has enabled thousands of women, outside the hospitals in which professional nurses are trained, to become useful in the first-aid treatment that is of the highest value on the field of war. Members of the Red Cross societies are now trained in camps for active service. In most



Lady Tredegar's yacht converted into a hospital ship.

cases, if a soldier's wounds are properly stanched and dressed on the battlefield, he will quickly recover, and need practically nothing more except a good bed and plenty of good food. This rapid and comparatively easy work is well within the ability of every woman who is trained in first-aid treatment; but for the more difficult work in the field hospitals the experience and skill of the professional nurse are required. But both on the field and in the general hospital, every woman used to deal with street accidents will be as serviceable to her country as the soldier in the firing-line.



Nursing staff from the London Hospital entraining for Portsmouth Harbour.



Nurses leaving War Office for active service.

# Invalided Home-But Aching to Fight Again



A group of the Manchester Regiment. Our wounded usually evaded the German bullets, but they suffered badly from the shells.

The picture insetted in the circle shows a British soldier exhibiting his wound to a French comrade.

# Light-hearted French Wounded Returning from the Front to Recuperate in Paris



Wounded French soldiers being welchmed by a huge crowd on the railway-station platform. Two of the warrlors have brought home German helmets as trophies. One is so light-hearted that he exhibits his plastered wound to the sympathetic audience. Presents of cigarettes, wine, and fruit are being handed to the men who have bled for their country.

#### Angels of Mercy Prepare to Play Their Part

A MODERN Army nurse works as hard as a mother bringing up a family of ten children on ten shillings a week. She is a woman of many parts—a charwoman, a cook, and a washerwoman—and in all these capacities, and especially as a cook, she must work quieter and better than an ordinary woman.

Very often her medical duties and her skilled nursing of wounded soldiers are the lightest part of her labours. The clean wound made by the modern bullet and the marvellous advances of surgical science have lightened the healing task of the nurse.

On the other hand, the vital necessity for absolute cleanliness and freedom from microbe infections have transformed her into an



The matron and eisters of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service leaving Dublin for the seat of war.



Rsd Cross nurses teaching volunteer nurses the art of preparing food for soldiere unable to eat ordinary rations.



Nurses at the front do a big proportion of their cooking at field ovens. One is shown herewith.



British nurses passing through a French town on their way to the front. They reached the scene of hostilities just in time.

incessant scrubber and washer. Everything around the wounded soldier must be spotless and, if possible, disinfected. The danger of disease supervening after an operation, which may embrace the amputation of a limb, is ever present unless the surroundings of a wounded man are perfectly clean.

Strong, intelligent girls who have gone through a good cooking class could soon be shaped into very helpful nurses on the battlefield. Our injured, out-worn troops often require delicate feeding more than the services of a trained hospital nurse.

Their fagged-out bodies cannot, for the time, digest the ordinary rations. Yet if their strength is to be quickly recovered, they must be at once fed on fresh, well-cooked food. The modern nurse, therefore, must know how to erect and use a field oven, and get a meal out of it fit to tempt the appetite of her invalids.

Some ladics, with a knowledge of first-aid treatment, who volunteered for service as Red Cross nurses, were surprised by the number of ordinary household duties they had to study. They found they were mainly required to be domestic servants to the Army. Such an experience will make them better able to look after their own homes.









Every day, in all parts of their little country, the amszing Belgian soldiers lived up to their glorious reputation. The invaders were harried and attacked at every opportunity; and pic unexpected defences were put up whenever a hope of succees existed. Aftae, a price had to be wat paid for each gallantry. The pictures on this page show Belgian defendere who have been wounded during recent encounters with the Germans. The top left photo shows Belgian Red photo paid to the process of the process o

#### Red Cross Heroines who Rode to the Battle Front



A party of British Red Cross nurses about to depart for service at the front. Those on the left will be mounted on horses, snabling them better to minister to the needs of those who have failen on the battlefields.



WHEN there is a lull in the screaming of the shells, and the last embers of a battle are being extinguished, it is then that the Red Cross heroes and heroines come out to assist those who had suffered in the fight. Brave men and women they are, taking their lives in their hands, and risking the stray bullets that fly around, in order to cheer the last moments of dying men, or bear the living to the shelter of a hospital.

The State, of course, provides aid for our sick and wounded warriors, but the British Red Cross Society supplements it, organising and supplying extra hospital accommodation, nursing and medical service, and all the little luxuries and comforts which mean so much to the invalid on his bed of pain.

The Duke of Devonshire most generously loaned that substantial-looking building in Piccadilly, London—Devonshire House—to the British Red Cross Society as a temporary headquarters for the organising staff, many of whom are voluntary workers. Queen Alexandra and Lord Rothschild made a strong appeal for funds to carry on the noble work, and patriots by the thousand have subscribed.

In addition to the gifts of money and personal service, many people throughout the country have offered to accommodate wounded soldiers in their homes. Motor-cars have also been temporarily presented to the Society by their owners.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, whose portrait appears opposite, desired to organise a Red Cross Hospital in Brussels, but she was arrested by Germans, and nearly shot as a spy. After many hardships she reached Holland and safety.



Mrs. St. Clair Stobart.

#### From Red Field of Battle to Red Cross

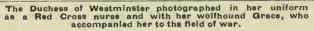


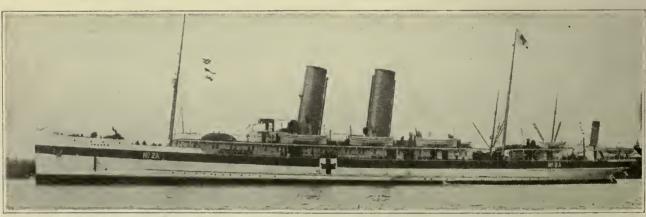
THE first casualty list from our Expeditionary Force was surprising. In the fiercest battle and rearguard action in our annals, practically three of our divisions say 35,000 men-had only 163 men killed. The small number of wounded—686—was even more remarkable, even if some of the men reported as missing were afterwards included in it.

On the same spot-Mons-the Duke of Marlborough lost 20,000 men in 1709, and obtained a far less decisive result than Sir John French did when he saved the French flank. Modern science seems to have really made war less dreadful in reality and more terrifying in appearance.

The thunder of the great guns, the rending shriek of the shrapnel, the whistle and burst of the shell, are certainly frightful to hear. But the old battle with bayonets and a few feeble guns was far more murderous.

In another direction, modern science has helped the fighting man. The use of ether and chloroform in operations, in field and base hospitals, together with the glorious discovery of Lord Lister-antiseptic surgery-helps hundreds of thousands of injured soldiers to recover under conditions in which warriors of old died.





This hospital ship brought to Southampton nearly two hundred wounded British, most of whom had been disabled by shells.

#### The Unrequited Kindness of the British

WHEN the tide turned in favour of the Allies it became apparent that many of the German rank and file were heartily tired of the war, and eager to avoid any further participation in it. They gave themselves up in small parties, tired, hungry, and wounded, knowing well that the kindhearted French and the British they have so despicably maligned would give them food to eat, and treatment for their injuries.

A significant comparison between the contesting forces was that, whilst the Germans have been known to maltreat wounded opponents who have fallen into their hands, the Alies gave as much attention to German wounded as they do to their own disabled men. In fact, the Germans have been base enough to put this kindliness to advantage, and have purposely left their wounded behind, hoping thus to hamper the allied advance.

The outrages committed upon some of our wounded men have been so hideous, that they would be unbelievable were they not thoroughly authenticated. Poor disabled heroes lying in pain in the trenches have had their hands ruthlessly slashed off,



A big-hearted British soldier gives a wounded German a cigaretts and a light from his pipe.

and their eyes dug out! Barbarities that the Zulus or the Dervishes would never descend to have been practised upon fallen enemies by the men who announced their intention of "civilising" Europe.

It is probable that this ghastly treatment of the wounded has been directly inspired by the German officers. German soldiers who have been captured confess as much

much.

"We've been fighting under the lash, as you call it," said one who had fallen into British hands. "Rest, food, and all creature comforts have been entirely denied us. Treat men as beasts long enough and they become beasts."

It is certain, too, that the officers have been inflaming their men with fictitious stories of British and French cruelty, for some of the soldiery when captured by the Allies have fully expected to be tortured. Instead of severe punishment they have received liberal supplies of food—better than their own Army provided—the Red Cross has been ever ready to attend to their injuries, and new warm clothing has been provided.



Picked up on the battlefield, these Germans expected torture. Inetead their wounds were dressed in a Red D 73 T Cross hospital.



Coale of fire! A French peacant woman provides coffee and milk tor a badly-wounded German in the care of our Royal Army Medical Corps.

# The Red Cross of Help and Sympathy-



The Hospital Corpa which the Nova Scotlans asnt to the front sntraining at Halifax for the camp at Valcartier, Quebsc.



One of the four-footed friende of the French soldiers approaching a wounded man with a bandage in its mouth. Like the famoue doga of St. Bernard, theae Red Croes animaia have proved of infinite benefit to wounded and suffering humanity.



A Red Croaa worker, recruited from a neighbouring village, bending over a wounded Beigian soldier after a conflict at Audogom. He discovered that the man's pockete had been turned inaide out, and the contenta atolen by German acidiers.



A Roman Catholic nun nureing a wounded German aoldier in the Red Croae Hoepital at Maeatricht, to which Dutch town many injured Germane and Belglans were taken.



A scene in the hospital at Alost, where Beiglan women who have been grossly maltreated by Germane are receiving attention from the sympathetic nuns. A doctor's certificate, vsrifying the injuries received by the poor women, one of whom is quite old, was sent to London.

#### -Mending the Warriors Broken in the War





A British nurse binds up the injured head of ons of our sailors.



A British soldier, whose injuries are so esvers that he cannot walk, lying on a stretcher preparatory to being hoisted on to a Red Cross ship in a French port for conveyance to Britain.

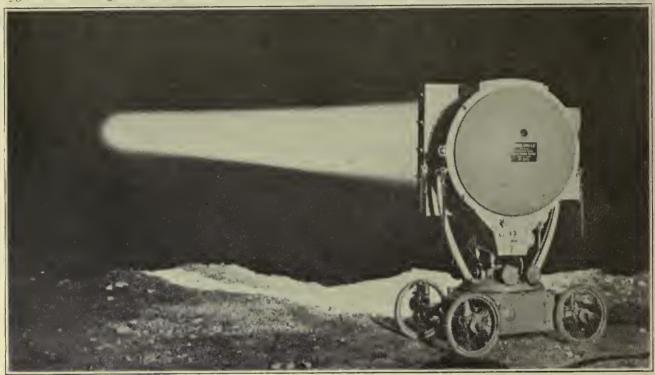
# Searchlights Assist Work of Rescuing Wounded

IF modern war has reduced the making of death into a science, it has also produced or called into active practice a new science of mercy. In former wars death by disease was often more appalling than death by fire and sword.

Sanitary science, medical and surgical science, and hygiene, have changed all that, so that now the health of

the fighting soldier and of his wounded comrade is a matter not only of prime concern, but also of highly successful eare by the organisation that guides the fighting machine.

These two pictures show how a powerful searchlight is used by the French Army to rescue its wounded just as searchlights are also used to disclose enemy positions.



This photograph shows one of the powerful searchlights used by the French Army to enable them to discover where the wounded in the day's battle are lying when darkness falls, so that they may be rescued and cared for.



French coldiere bringing in their wounded after dark, guided by the etrong searchlight seen in the upper photograph. The cearchlight chows them where the wounded lie, and it also guides them in their return to their own lines with their pathetic burdens.

# King-Emperor and Queen among the Wounded



The King talking in hospital to a wounded eoldish who is as handy with the knitting needles as he is with the rifle.

FOR reasons of State, King George is not permitted by his constitutional advisers to engage in war by personal military action; but the Prince of Wales assumed the burden of arms, and proceeded to the area of war to perform what military duties might be entrusted to him. But King George and h s gracious Queen were assiduous in what duties their responsibilities allowed them to assume.

Foremost in every good work for the comfort of our fighting men and for the welfare of those dependent on them, their Majesties exhibited their sympathetic interest in seeing that the wounded men who risked life in their cause were well cared for. These photographs were taken during the Royal visit to the hospital and camp in the New Forest, where the wounded Indian soldiers were the special objects of their solicitude.



King George and Queen Mary visiting the wounded Indians at their camp in the New Forest.

One of the wounded Indiane, in whose case Queen Mary is exhibiting an interest during her visit to the hospital in the New Forest.



King Georgs, followed by Quesn Mary, passing down between two lines of wounded Indian warriors who have reached convalescence again, and are far on the way to physical fitness for a renewal of their active duties at the front.

# Temporary Homes for Stricken Belgians



The Bijou Theatre at the Alexandra Palace, used as a great night nursery for the children of Belgian refugees. Many thousand Belgian refugees were accommodated in the Palace, and were drafted off in batches to many parts of the country where hospitality was offered to them. Britain has received to her heart the unfortunate people whose country took the first shock of the German attack.

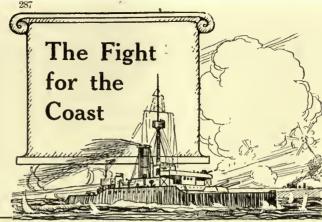
When you're going off to church on Sunday morning, Where you're listening to the pastor from your pew, When the sunlight spans the rows and there's hassocks for your toes.

for your toes,
Think of us who've held a hymn-book same as you!
Oh, think of us, you folks on padded benches—we fellows in the trenches,

Where the dead lie stacked around, and the wounded, wounds unbound,

Hush their groans!

-Constance J. Smith.





The hero king who, Lord Kitchener announced in the House of Lorde, "has not yet left Belgian territory and does not intend to do eo."

#### THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

#### The Terrible Battle of Nieuport

F all the wild, fierce battles on this blood-stained planet, the Battle of Nieuport was the strangest and fiercest. It was a land battle fought by destroyers against submarines, by battleships against minelayers, by waterplanes against siege-howitzers. Vast hosts of men clashed on the land and in the skies, on the sea and under the waves. They dug themselves in the earth like moles; they soared like eagles; they fought in the sea depths like sharks. And victory remained apparently, though not really, doubtful until a Belgian engineer brought a new ally to the help of his heroic, outnumbered comrades, and, letting in the tempestuous North Sea, flooded the fields of Western Flanders and drowned the enemy.

#### A Futile Attempt to Intimidate Britain

The most extraordinary thing about this extraordinary battle is that it was unnecessary. Merely to attempt it was a catastrophe of the gravest kind. For the attempt signified that the German Military Staff had lost its balance and was striking blindly. In all probability the mistake was due to the interference of the German Emperor, who desired to advance along the coast and take Calais quickly at any sacrifice of life, not for a military purpose, but for a political object—to intimidate the British people by the vain menace of invasion. The correct but slower way for a German advance towards Calais was from Lille, by the road from La Bassée. This was undertaken the same time as the roundabout attack at Nieuport. But the two divergent aims entailed a disastrous division of all the available forces, and neither, therefore, was achieved though the Germans were in overwhelming numbers.

Never has General Joffre showed such subtlety and deadly skill as in this affair. Right from the beginning the situation at Nieuport and along the Yser Canal, running from the coast to Dixmude, was entirely under his control. He had only to order the sluices to be raised and the water in the low-lying fields round the canal would form an impassable barrier. But he did not give the order, as it would have thrown a vast German army, supported by a terrible power of siege artillery, back in their right

path of advance at Ypres and Lille.

The French commander-in-chief kept the enemy divided in their aims. He seems even to have encouraged them at times to persist between Nieuport and Dixmude, by allowing his line there to grow weak. By this means he warded the full strength of the enemy from the really critical points round Lille. He began, on Friday, October 16th, by throwing a small force of French Marines to Dixmude. Then the gallant Belgian army of thirty-five thousand men moved forward to the last unconquered strip of their territory and entrenched from Dixmude to Nieuport, along the Yser Canal, in a flat, bare land of dykes, wet pastures, and sand-dunes.

#### German Strength in Men and Guns

As the Belgians had scarcely rested since their retreat from Antwerp, the German Military Staff reckoned they were a worn-out, half-demoralised mob that could not make any serious resistance. So—as General Joffre had calculated—the Germans jumped at the easy, resounding victory which was offered to them. It meant the complete conquest of every scrap of Belgian territory, the entire destruction of all the Belgian force, and the road to Calais! A popular achievement of this rounded-off, finished kind could not be allowed to fall to a plebeian like General von Kluck. His Majesty King Wilhelm of Wurtemberg was given command of the extreme German right wing, so that he might win all the glory and increase the Teutonic faith in royal leadership.

The German commander brought within range of the Yser Canal all the more mobile siege artillery that had been used at Antwerp, together with the howitzers and guns of three army corps and about 150,000 men. Not only

were the Belgians and French Marines outnumbered by three to one, but the artillery power against them was immeasurably superior. Certainly, in arranging a royal victory the German Military Staff took no chances whatever, and so sure were they of the result that on Sunday, October 18th, the wireless news agency at Berlin informed the world that the Teuton'c forces had won through and reached Dunkirk on the French coast.

This, however, was as premature an announcement as the former notorious statement, made in similar circumstances, that the British force below Mons had been encircled. Things did not fall out in accordance with the German time-table. The heroic Belgians held their front all through that dreadful Sunday, with shrapnel bursting over them day and night from hundreds of guns they were unable to engage with their light and scanty field artillery. But when it was thought they were slain, broken, and fugitive, and grey masses of German infantry advanced to occupy the canal, the Belgians rose and, shattering the German advance with their fire, routed it with a bayonet counter-attack.

Ships of War Called to Help in the Land Battle

Then they flung themselves full length on the ground and the shrapnel storm burst over them again. Almost every injured Belgian was wounded in the back. In the old days this would have been a sign of cowardice. In the awful conditions of the Nieuport battle it was a sign of terrible courage. It meant that the German infantry—though three to one—counted for nothing. The wounds came from shrapnel fire, while the Belgians were sprawled on the fields waiting to repel the German foot soldier. Before the battle closed one-third of the entire Belgian army was disabled or killed by hostile gun-fire.

All of them would certainly have perished in this way in the opening days of the struggle if the overwhelming German artillery had met with no opposition. It was not a human fight, but general slaughter by death machines. Happily, all this had been foreseen by the commander of the Allies, and in the darkness help was arriving, strangely and suddenly, to the sorely-pressed heroes of Belgium and to the French Marines who were fighting by their side.

No spies could signal across the dunes to the King of Wurtemberg, warning him of what was coming. The Germans were taken unawares. For at daybreak, on Monday, October 19th, the guns of the British Navy thundered over dune and polder. Three monitors—the Severn, Humber, and Mersey—warships of a new design that could float in a few feet of water, had steamed from Dover with a flotilla of destroyers, to take part in the great land battle. They carried 6 in. guns and howitzers, all directed by the new system of fire-control, of which flying machines, scouting over the enemy's batteries and trenches, formed an important feature.

#### A Mighty Duel of Big Guns

The German artillerymen, coolly flinging death at the distant Belgian troops along the canal, had the greatest surprise in the history of warfare. Against the attack of their strange, new adversaries, they were as completely helpless as the Belgians were against their fire. Their gun positions were fixed, and were changeable only by slow means. The guns of the British monitors, on the other hand, moved from place to place with the speed of cavalry. It was practically impossible to get their range. And all the while British fire-control officers, in flying machines and other positions of vantage, directed the deadly true, concentrated shell fire of the naval guns on to battery after battery.

At last the great, decisive contest of British genius against German genius had fully opened. For the first time in the history of the war our mechanical appliances for battle were fairly matched against the machinery of war

forged by Krupp of Essen and Skoda of Pilsen. In numbers the German cannon were overpowering; there were six hundred guns and more, ranged in batteries, from Middelkerke, below Ostend. But in science of handling, the weapons made by Vickers of Barrow were supreme. And when the battleship Venerable, with 12 in. guns, and smaller warships of Britain and France joined in the great artillery duel, the German guns were thoroughly beaten.

The German trenches ran with blood; the water in the dykes took a red tinge; regiments of dead and wounded cumbered the coast road, and formed banks along the canal All that the Germans had, cold-bloodedly, arranged to do to the Belgians was done to them. They perished in tens of thousands.

Where our warships' ordnance could not reach the daring Gurkha went. A few years ago, at the manœuvres in India, one of our home county regiments was resting for the night in the midst of a sham battle. Suddenly the men awoke in the darkness to find a dark, smiling figure standing by each of them. The Gurkhas of the opposing army had crept into every tent. The British soldiers frankly admitted that they could all have been knifed in their sleep.

on the coast, and endangered the submarines whenever they rose at night to race on the surface. Day and night, while the battle lasted, the thunder of the returning mines, striking and exploding on the sea front, could be heard at Ostend and Blankenberghe.

In light and darkness the clash of British sea power and German land power went on. When the sun set, the dazzling beams of searchlights played from the sea on to the German trenches and gun positions. And, like monstrous birds of prey, the British airmen wheeled in battle against German aviators in Taube machines and air-ships, smashed them, and held the dominion of the skies.

#### A Fiercely-disputed Canal Position.

The King of Wurtemberg saw his promised victory changing into a defeat. He surrendered at last the country round Nieuport to the allied flect, and massed his troops near Dixmude, where the Belgians were holding a loop-shaped curve of the canal. Here by pressure of numbers the German infantry, advancing on both sides of the loop, pressed back the Belgians at night. But at dawn the



German infantry halting on the road near Dixmude during the great Battle on the Coast and the road to Calais.

This deadly trick was now played in earnest on the Germans. A boatload of Gurkhas was landed silently in the darkness among the dunes. Leaving their rifles, bayonets, boots, and most of their clothing on the sand, the Gurkhas put their big knives between their teeth, and crept on all fours into the German lines. Each sentry was knifed noiselessly, and guiding cach other by frogs' croaks, the terrible warrior-knights of Nepal reached the ammunition store, killing everybody they met. They put a bomb with a long-time fuse among the enemy's ammunition, and crawled back to the shore, and steamed away. Meanwhile, something like an earthquake, mixed up with a violent thunderstorm, occurred in the German camp, and next day there was no ammunition for the guns.

#### Vain Efforts of German Submarines.

What was left of the German batteries when our fleet had found their positions was shifted farther inland, and the coast to the north of Ostend was rapidly fortified with heavy howitzers. Urgent telegrams were sent to Emden Harbour for submarine help, and a flotilla of these sharks of the deep sea was sent against our monitors. But as our monitors floated on the waves in raftlike fashion, drawing less water than a destroyer, the torpedoes of the submarines passed under them without striking and exploding. Hundreds of mines were then launched against our floating, mobile sea forts. But the flood tide flung the mines back

Belgians returned and recovered the canal. Seven times this happened. It was all night fighting and dawn fighting, in the darkness or in the grey, misty twilight when the gunners on either side could give little support to the infantrymen

Blank-point rifle fire, with a brief burst of machine-gin fire, heralded attack and counter-attack, but the bayonet did most of the work. The carnage was inhuman, for the three German army corps were reserves, formed of partly-trained boys and old men, remarkably courageous, but badly handled by their officers. Shouting their battle cries: "Louvain! Termonde!" the Belgians stabbed till their arms grew wearied, then retired, and the French infantry and Marines took their place. Yard by yard the 150,000 Germans won their way across the red dykes. Passing the canal was now easy for them and for their foes, for though the water was six feet deep, they bridged it in several places with their bodies till they had only 100,000 men left.

When at length the Belgian army took the victory that had always been within their reach, and broke the dyke and flooded the road to Calais, they trapped a German brigade in the water. On Monday, November 2nd, the entire German force retreated hastily from the inundated land, leaving their wounded to be picked up by the Allies. The Battle of the Yser was over—the most sanguinary and the strangest that was ever fought. It lasted from October 16th to November 2nd, 1914, and more than half the Germans who took part in it were slain or disabled, Possibly one-third only being in a condition to march back.

#### The "Conquering" of Defenceless Bruges



Another view of Bruges in German occupation. Many German soldiers were billeted upon the town, and caused surprise by committing no excesses. Inset: A London motor—'bus captured by the enemy, and used for transport. Photographed in Bruges.

# Ancient Ghent Falls to the Modern Huns



In the early hours of October 12th a party of German cyclists, infantry, and Uhlans entered Ghent. The commanding officer proceeded to the town-hall and conferred with the burgomaster and town councillors.

Over the town hall, as shown in the circular photograph. The lower picture shows the German soldiers outside the town-hall.

#### British Marines to the Rescue of Ostend

AFTER the raid made by the Uhlans on Ostend, ending in a fight between the German cavalrymen and the Belgian gendarmes five miles south-east of the seaport, the people of Ostend became very anxious about their position.

Englishmen also, remembering the short distance between Ostend and our coast and the range of the Zeppelins, did not like the situation.

But, to everybody's relief, Mr. Winston Churchill announced on Thursday, August 27th: "For reasons which seem sufficient to the Government and to the military authorities, a strong force of British Marines has been sent to Ostend, and has occupied the town and the surrounding country without delay."

The people of the famous Belgian scaport greeted the arrival of the vigorous sailor-soldiers of Britain with enthusiasm.



Belgium's new defenders crossing the bridge st Oetend. Inset: The heavy load our Marines have to shoulder.

# The Shroud of War on the Gay Resort



Bank clerks on the quay removing securities from the banks at Ostend to the Channel boat for conveyance to England lest the Germana seized the town. Germana have stolen too much of little Belgium's money.



Belgian soldiere leaving a Channel ateamer at a Belgian port. Cut off from their regiments, they were forced to journey across France and then by sea to Belgium to rejoin. All were looking forward to another contest with the hated Prussians.

## British Handymen Busy at Ostend



Cooking fond in Oetend Rallway Station. Inset: Marching through the town with the Union Jack flying.

# Reinforcements to "Take Calais or Die!"



"Take Calais or die!" was the spirit in which Germany eent legion after legion of reinforcements to make good the awful elaughter in her depleted attacking lines. Antwerp, like the rest of Central and North Belgium, was almost denuded of troops in this great attempt, and here we see German soldiers about to leave Antwerp for the Battle of the Dunes.



A photograph taken in the town of Blankenberghe, north—east of Oetend towards Zeebrugge, when one of the great waves of German reinforcements was passing through on its way to throw itself upon the rock of Belgian resistance in the south.

#### Scenes from the Great Battle of the Coast



A panoramic view of Ostend, the famous Beigian eeaside resort. It was occupied by Germens on October 16th, and the British warships fired upon the town to drive them out. The Hotel Majestic, marked on this photograph, was severely damaged.



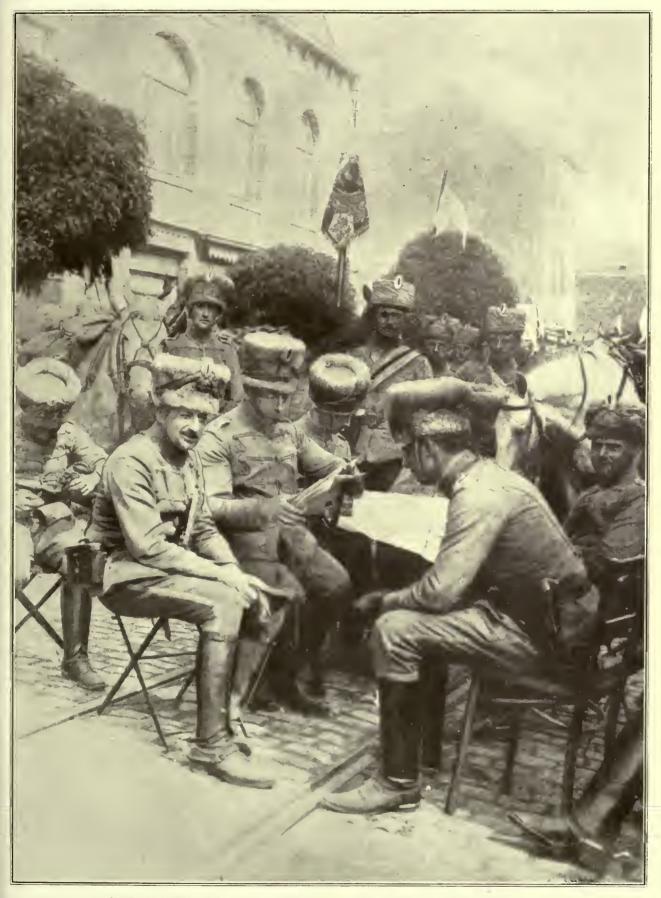
NEVER in the history of the world has such another conflict as the Battle of the Coast been fought. It extended from Ostend to Arras, and raged on land, sea, and air. The British warships bombarded Ostend, where Germans were in force, and the Germans rained their heavy shells upon Dixmude, turning the town into a veritable inferno. The German losses were appalling, and in their frantic efforts to reach Calais they withdrew every available soldier and Marine from the west of Belgium, and threw them against the Allies. A French official statement, published on October 16th, said: "On our left wing the action now extends from Ypres to the sea." This day may therefore be considered the opening of the unparalleled battle which was still raging months later.



Ostend'e megnificent stretch of sand, where merry bathing-girls were eporting in July, wee in October in poeceeelon of Germen infantry. The map shows the erea of our Navy's coastal fighting. Dotted area is shallow water; striped area, range of naval guns.



A remarkable photograph showing the ectual advance of one part of the German ermy to the ettack on the Yser. Germany hurried reinforcements to the Belgian coaet with all possible epeed, some of them being boys fresh from school.



THE FLOWER OF THE GERMAN ARMY IN THE BRUSSELS PARADE.

The Kaiser's crack troops were sent to impress the people of Brussels. In this splendid photograph (from a private source in Brussels) a group of Hussar officers is seen in the Chaussée de Louvain studying Belgian papers and enjoying a brief rest before their rush through Belgium to attempt that crushing blow at France which was the keynote of German strategical theory for the first phase of the war.



# The Unparalleled Struggle for Calais

IN its frantic effort to reach Calais, and thus get "at the throat of England," the German army sacrificed life wholesale. Their loss during the Battle on the Coast was estimated at not less than fourteen thousand daily. The battle raged on land, sca, and air. Aeroplanes and a stationary balloon directed the fire of our monitors, which poured a devastating fire into the German flank, while the allicd land forces in front allowed the enemy no respite.

Until the great Battle on the Coast, most people were entirely ignorant of the three monitors—warships capable of manœuvring in challow water—that Great Britain possessed. This photograph chows the monitor Humber, one of the vessels that chelled the Germane.



Who would have believed that in these days of aeroplanes a balloon would be of use? Yet a stationary balloon helped the monitors' gune to get the range of the German trenchss.



On board a monitor after its operations on the Belgian coast. Ite gallant crew have had a "go" at the Germans, and are happy. On the left are two French military doctors who came aboard to congratulate them upon their exploit.



Photograph of a monitor taking ammunition aboard in a French port, preparatory to another attack off the Belgian coast.



The eurvivors of a British landing-party, who, attempting to get ashore with a machine-gun, were picked off by German marksmen lying flat on the sand dunes. One by one they dropped, unable to get their gun into position.

#### Help from the Sea for the Battle Ashore

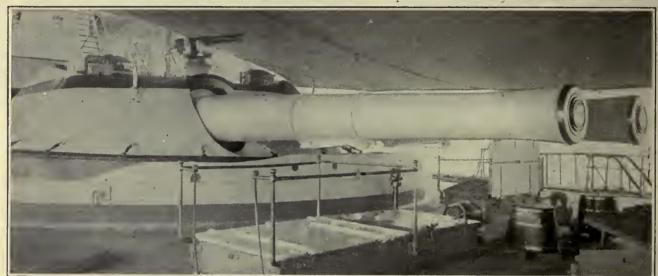


One of the obsolete British gunboats which, armed with powerful new guns, handled with daring and skill, gave effective help in the land battle.

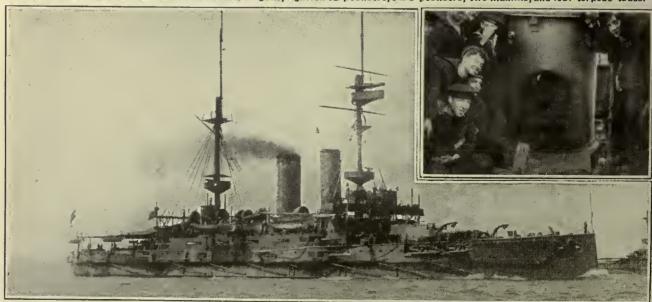
THE effort of each of the two contending army fronts to outflank the other reached its elimax and its end when the German right and the allied left rested on the seashore. But in the British Fleet the Allies had an instrument of attack that Germany did not have available with her warships locked up at the entrance to the Kiel Canal.

The battleship Venerable, a fifteen-yearold boat of the London class, brought her four 12 in. guns into play, and by the accuracy and rapidity of her fire, she made the German positions untenable and inflicted awful slaughter. She was assisted by boats of the Monitor type, shallow draft vessels drawing only about four feet, that can approach close inshore and steam up shallow rivers, but yet earry heavy artillery.

Some of the vessels assisting in the work were old gunboats, no longer on the active seaworthy list, but kept for coast and harbour patrol work, pulled from the Admiralty backyard for service on a unique occasion, a service they performed brilliantly and almost without hurt.



Two of the four 12 in. guns of the Venerable, the old 15,000-ton battleehip that shelled the German positions, and helped to prevent themarch to Calais. She carries in addition twelve 6 in. guns, eighteen 12-pounders, six 3-pounders, two Maxims, and four torpedo-tubes.



The Venerable, which took chief part in the naval attack, is a sister ship of the London and the Bulwark, having been laid down In 1899, and refitted ten yeare later. The small inset picture shows the damage to a ventilator on H.M.S. Brilliant by a German shore gun.

#### The Titanic Struggle in all the Elements

THE fancy of Jules Verne, the scientific insight of H. G. Wells, the vivid imagination of Rider Haggard never pictured anything more stupendous, more thrilling, and more awc-inspiring than the great battle on the coast of Flanders, where combatants fought their death feud in four planes of activity.

Try to picture the scene. Scouts of the air and great airships up above spying for earth focs below as well as battling in their own element—heavy artillery, machine-guns, rifles, bayonets, and the strong arms of the best fighting men of four great nations struggling for land mastery and the road to Calais on the surface of the land-ships of war off the sea coast hooming defines and destruction upon ships of war off the sea coast booming defiance and destruction upon

the batteries of hostile artillery-and under the waves the mosquitoes of

the batteries of hostile artiflery—and under the waves the mosquiroes of the sea—the deadly submarines—trying, and trying vainly, to impede the activity of the deadly sea guns.

It wanted only one thing more to complete the picture of the almost superhuman conflict, and that thing came. The dykes were broken by the Allies and the North Sea rushed into the trenches, swirling along wounded men and ghastly corpses through the low-lying beetfields, enveloping big guns in the murky flood and making men flee for their lives for their lives.

This page and the five that follow help us to visualise that greatest of all scenes of human slaughter since Cain killed his brother.



British big guns going to the front befors their deadly work in the greatest battle of the ages, when the conflict of air, land, sea, and under-sea raged for days in the etern struggle for the road to Calais.



The bravery of Beigium ehone bright in the Battle of the Dunes, when they held positions for days against overwhelming odds, waiting for reinforcements that arrived long after they were due. Here Beigian artillery is taking up a position among the sand-dunes.

#### The Amazing Vitality of King Albert's Valiant Army-



Beigium neveriald claim to a highly-trained Army, and Germany expected to crush it with the greatest ease. But it won't give in. Thie photograph shows a Beigian regiment re-forming itself in a French town. Ons of the msn wsars a British soldisr's cap.

GERMANY fondly hoped to walk through Belgium with hardly any opposition. The Belgian Army was so small and inexperienced that it was never credited with being able to impede the advance of the mighty German hosts. Yet the tremendous vitality and resisting-power of Belgium has been the greatest surprise of the war. Overwhelmed at Liege, the Belgian Army retired to Antwerp and recuperated. It constantly sallied forth and hampered the invader, and when, hopelessly outnumbered and outranged in artillery, it was forced to retire from its last stronghold, it did so in good order. Then, undaunted, it re-formed itself and took a glorious part in the Battle of the Coast. What France and Britain, what the whole civilised world, owes to plucky little Belgium can never be estimated. The story of the brave deeds of King Albert and his band of soldier-heroes will echo down the centuries yet to come.



Five staiwart Beigians guard a road between Dunkirk and Calais.

They stand in front of an inn used as a guard-room.



In their various retiring ections before disproportionate numbers, the Belgians accomplished many creditable marches. This photograph shows a party of them, with military cyclists, marching from Ostand, after their position in that town became untanable.

### -History has no Finer Chapter than Belgium's Heroism



the advance of a German patrol near Ypree. Picture below: Weary, but not defeated. Belgiane reeting at a wayelde town In the course of their long tramp from Ostend into France.



An interval for food. Four Belglane enjoy a pannikin of soup in the shelter of a Franch timber-yard.



Driven from Bruesele to Antwerp, and then to Octend, the Belgian Government was finally compelled to take refuge in the French seaport of Havre. This picture shows a cartioad of Belgian official papers and books on their way to the new quarters in the latter place.

### The Wonderful Belgians still facing the Foe



The eway of battle forced the Belgians back for a little while, and here they are eesn, foot-weary and mud-stained, retiring before freeh German troops, but soon they halted in a selected position, held the enemy, swept hie columns with their fire, and made him run under a bayonet charge.

THE Belgian army formed the left wing of the allied front in confronting the German onslaught, and right bravely it played its part. The opposing odds were terrible, but the indomitable determination was stronger than all the massed columns of German soldiery sent to pierce their lines, and they held. The annals of war have no more stirring chapter than that which tells of the brave stand of the war-worn remnant of King Albert's gallant army when it kept back the German flood between Dixmude and Nieuport in October.



A Belgian field-gun waiting for a German advance among the sand and scrub a few miles from the sea during the great battle.



Ypres was the centre of the hottest part of the battle, and it was about here that the Belgian front ended and the British front began. In this photograph Belgians and British are fighting together under cover of a hadge that hides them from the Germans.

### French Colonial Troops in the Coast Battle



Men of the crack French Colonial regiment, Chasseura d'Afrique, advancing over the sand-dunes in the vicinity of Nieuport. This regiment has not been much mentioned during the war, but it has, nevertheless, been doing sterling work.





The area in which the coastal fighting took place is comparable to our own East Anglian fen country—flat, comewhat marshy, and intersected by ditches and other waterways. These two photographs showsome Zouaves stealing towards the German lines, concealed from the enemy's observation by a ditch, which they afterwards employ as a trench.



Zouaves take a brief respite from the firing-line, watering officers' horses at one of the few Beigian farma that have escaped destruction.



Attacking a German position from the shelter of the farmhouse.

Many hand-to-hand conflicts have taken place in buildinge aimilar to this.

#### After a Hard Day in the Coastal Fighting



Belgian peasanta driven from their cottages and farms when the line of battle lengthened and extended to the coast. Handto-hand fighting took place in many of the coastal villages.



Dead and dying Germans lay in their thousands along the roadsides and in the fields during the great German effort to reach Calaie. One is here shown about to be buried by Belgians.



Every available Belgian was pressed into the service of the Belgian Army. Here the latest recruits, mostly immature youths, are eeen going to dig entrenchments.



The British casualties were admittedly severe, but they were incomparable to the enormous German roll of dead and wounded. This picture shows some British soldiers who have been slightly wounded, but who are still able to walk to the hospital in the rear after the battle. They shouted "Are we downhearted?" to the photographer as he photographed them, and gave the usual answer.

# The Men Who Turned the Tide on the Yser

DURING the great Battle on the Coast, in late October, a brave little Belgian force was beaten back after a forty-eight hours' resistance by an overwhelming number of the enemy. As the Germans, pressed forward they encountered, not retiring Belgians, but oncoming swarthy figures—the British Indians—whose deadly bayonets threw them back in disorder. They were simply dug out of the trenches in which they had taken shelter, and the well-aimed bullets drove them back still farther. Ten thousand dead Germans are declared to have been left behind in that retreat. Their hopes of breaking the line had been ruthlessly shattered by the East's finest fighters.



The Maxime are carried on the backs of mulee. A Maxim-gun section of our vallant Indian warriors marching to battle.



The machine-gune are unetrapped from the mules and carried by hand to the epot whence they will pour forth their leaden hail.



Indian troops advance to take a position. In twos and threes, they put.every ecrap of cover, svery grassy hillock to advantage.

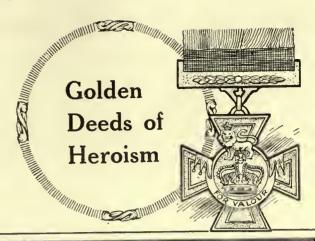
# Sikhs and Gurkhas Cut Up the Germans at Lille

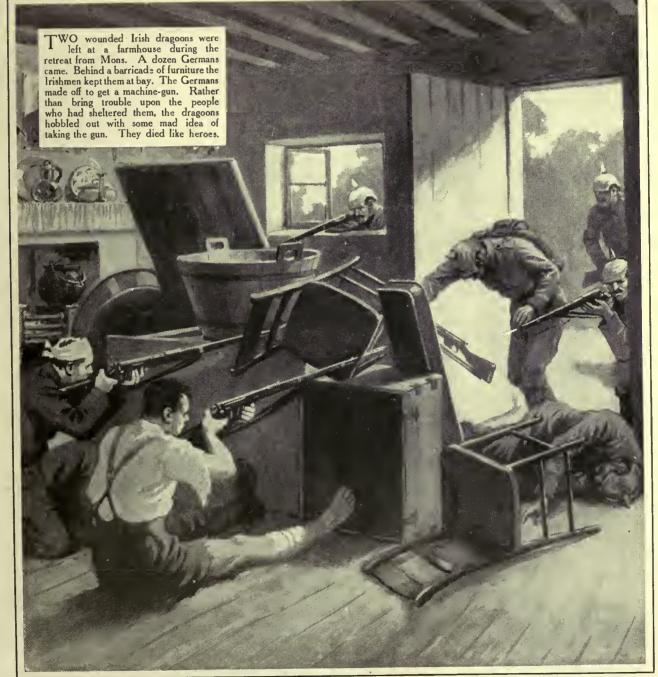


Huge columns of Germane advanced in the neighbourhood of Lillie during the third week of October, and by sheer impetus beat some British troops out of their trenches. With most unexpected gallantry they continued to advance, and thus came up against the Indian supports. For a moment there, was a

wild scrimmage. The Sikhs and the Gurkhas swung into the enemy with the utmost fervour. Back past our own evacuated trenches, up the little slope behind which they had collected, and down the reverse went the Kaiser's soldiers, while Sikh bayone, and Gurkha kukri played havoc among their disordered ranks.

Shout, you shires, with a chorus sent
Ringing from Caithness right to Kent,
From far Northumberland down past Devon.
Shout for your heroes, Briton's sons,
Who quenched in silence the thundering guns
That darkened like doom the golden heaven.
The courage that lifted their hearts shall leaven
All who in England's name go forth
From east to west and south and north
Under the great godspeed of Heaven.
—WILLIAM 'WATSON.





Two wounded trishmen who would not surrender.

### Mentioned in Sir John French's Despatches

ON Sunday night, October 18th. 1914, there was issued in the form of a special edition of the "London Gazette" two long despatches from Field - Marshal Sir John French, Commanding-in-Chief British Forces in the Field, to Lord Kitchener. They were dated September 17th and October 8th, and detailed the performances of the British troops in the Battles of the Marne and



Lt.-Ger. W. P. PULTENEY,
C.B., D.S.O.
"Took over the command of the
Third Corpe just before the commencement of the Battle of the
Manne, and showed himself to be a most capable commander in field."



Lt.-Gen. SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, K.C.B., K.C.I.E.,
K.C.V.O.

"I cannot speak too highly of the valuable services
rendered by Sir Douglas Haig and the army corps
under his command. Day after day and night after
night the enemy's infantry has been hurled against
him in violent counter-attack, which has never on
any one occasion succeeded."

Aisne. A special tribute was paid to the skilful and decisive conduct of Sir Douglas Haig, and every branch of the Service was warmly complimented. "The Battle of the Aisne," wrote Sir John French, "has once more demonstrated the splendid spirit, gallantry, and devotion which animates the officers and men of his Majesty's forces." They were subjected to great strain day and night.



Lt.—Gen. SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY,
K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.
"Has continued to render me invaluable help as Chief of the Staff."
Sir Archibald Murray has been inspector of infantry since 1912. He
served in Zululand, and was wounded
in the South African campaign.



Brig.-Gen. J. A. L. HALDANE, C.B., D.S.O., General Headquartere Staff.



Lt.-Col. G. P. T. FIELDING, D.S.O., 3rd Coldetream Guards.



Brig.-Gen. A. E. W. COUNT GLEICHEN, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Headqtrs. Staff.



Lt.-Col. STANLEY BARRY, Aide-de-Camp to Field-Marshal Sir John French.



Lt.-Col. LORD BROOKE, Alde-de-Camp to Field-Marshal Sir John French



Msj.-Gn. SIR CHARLES FERGUSSON, Bart., C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O., General Headquarters Staff.

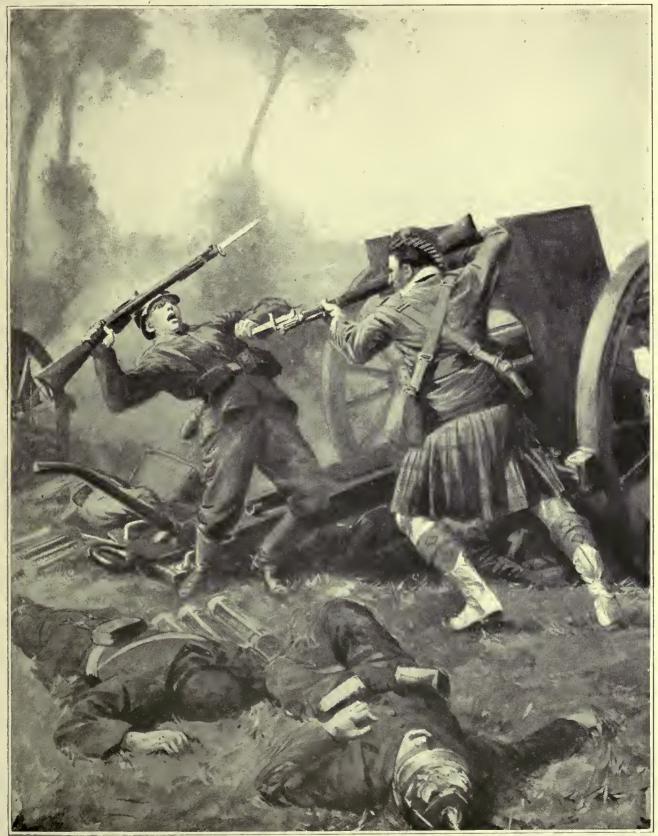


Major H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, K.G. "Employed on confidential missions." Photos by Lajayette, W. & D. Downey, Bassano, Speaight, H. Walter Barnett.)



Gen. H. de B. de LISLE, 2nd Cavalry Brigade. "Acted with great vigour."

# A Scot Captures a German Gun Single-handed



Lieutenant Sir Archibald Gibeon Craig lost his life while leading hie men to attack a machins-gun which was hidden in a wood. Sword in hand and shouting "Charge, men! At them!" he reached to within ten yards of the gun and then fell. But his men silenced the gun. On the same day a man of his regiment.

Private Wilson, of Edinburgh, captured a gun single-handed. Six Germans were in charge of the weapon. Being a good markeman, he picked off five with his rifle, bayoneted the sixth, and endsavoured to turn the gun on the enemy. Unfortunately the plece jammed, and an officer coming up helped him to disable it.

#### Cossack Prisoner who ran off with a Uhlan

A COSSACK, captured with his horse near Lodz, was taken to Petrokof, and exhibited before the German populace as a kind of freak show. A Uhlan officer tried to put the horse through its paces, but it declined to move. "Let me get on with you," suggested the Cossack. There were too many German soldiers about for escape to be dreamt of, so the officer innocently complied. Directly the Cossack was in the saddle he uttered a couple of

words, and the horse dashed off through the astonished Germans at full gallop. None of the surrounding soldiers dared to shoot because of the risk of killing or wounding their officer, and the daring Cossack succeeded in getting beyond the zone of danger unhurt. That night, amid a scene of great jubilation, and after many exciting adventures, the Cossack rejoined his company with the Uhlan captain a prisoner.



A daring feat of Cossack horsemanship.



The breeds of men that fought on both sides of the firing-line at Waterloo and at Balaclava have not deteriorated. This war has more than its share of lostances of individual heroism, and only a very small number of them will ever be recorded. One wounded soldier from the battles of France has stated that it would be a shame to select men for Victoria Crosses when every man deserves a Victoria Cross.

These three photographs are of three heroes. On the left is Captain Nesteroff, the first Russian aviator to loop the loop, who charged a German

aviator hovering over the Russian lines, kliling the enemy, and meeting his own death. The centre photograph is General Manoury, of the French Army, decorated for having saved the lives of two private soldiers during the Battle of the Marne, and the man on the left is Lieutenant Dawes, of the Royal Flying Corps, who has been decorated with the Legion of Honour for distinguished bravery. He was reported missing for three days, during which time he was hiding with some comrades in a wood surrounded by Germans, afterwards swimming the river and reaching the British lines again.

# Guards' Brilliant Capture of Machine-Guns



During the crossing of the Aisne, on September 13th, a stretch of open country lay immediately ahead of the British troops, then a wood. It was raining heavily. As our gallant men approached cover a murderous mschine-gun fire raked them. The Irish Querds, 3rd Coldstresms, and 2nd Grensdiers, drenched

to the skin, fixed bayonets and charged. They swept down on the Kaiser's crack regiment, the Prussian Quards, like an avalanche. It was all over in ten minutes, and our spoil amounted to six machine-guns, 38,000 rounds of ammunition—which was later turned sgainst the Qermans—snd 150 dejected prisoners.

#### Manchester Men at the Battle of the Marne



A feat of intrepid daring and cool courage was one of the outstanding incidents of the Battle of the Marne. A store of ammunition was supposed to be well screened from German fire, but the approach of some French cavalry made the spot a mark for the enemy's artillery. Every second a shell was expected to D 32 F

explode among the ammunition, but the danger was obviated by the daring of some Britleh soldiers, chiefly Manchester men, who, stripped to the waist, rushed up the hill and carried the boxes to safety. All went through unscathed, but they described it as "the hottset and flamingest corner" they had ever been In.

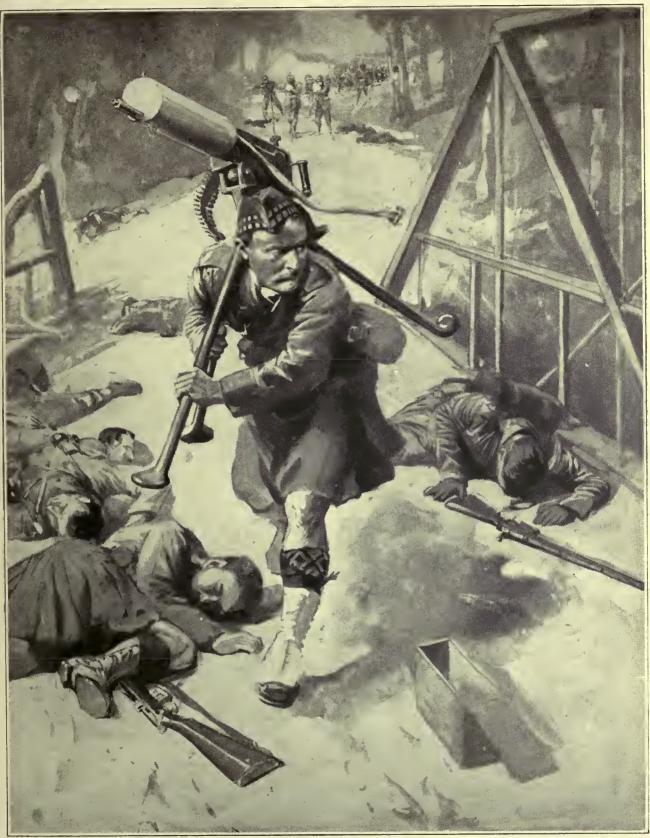
## How French Infantry Crossed the River Aisne



On Sunday, September 13th, the British army succeeded in crossing the River Aisne, despite heavy opposition from German howitzers and machine-guns. At Soissons, on the British leit, the persistency and accuracy of the hostils artiliery prevented the French force buildings pontoon bridgescross the river. A large

number of French infentry, however, mede a perlious crossing, in single file, on the top of one girder of the railway bridge that was left standing. Shells burst above them, builets whistled peet, and those who were unhappily struck, toppled into the flowing water beneath with smell hope of rescue. But the majority crossed.

#### "From Scenes Like These Old Scotia's Grandeur Springs"



A bridge near Soissons was held up by 150 Highlandsre who wers attacked by an overwhelming Osrman force. After a hot quarter of an hour the British Maxim was silent—every man of the section had been killed. Suddenly a Highlandsr rushed forward in face of the German fire, seized the Maxim on its tripod and

rushed back across the bridge with it. Then, in full visw of the ensmy, hs turned round, placed the gun in position, and from the still-charged beit of the Maxim opened a hall of bullets on the advancing column of the enemy, which broke and then fled to the woods as the Highlander fell dead with thirty bullets in hie body.

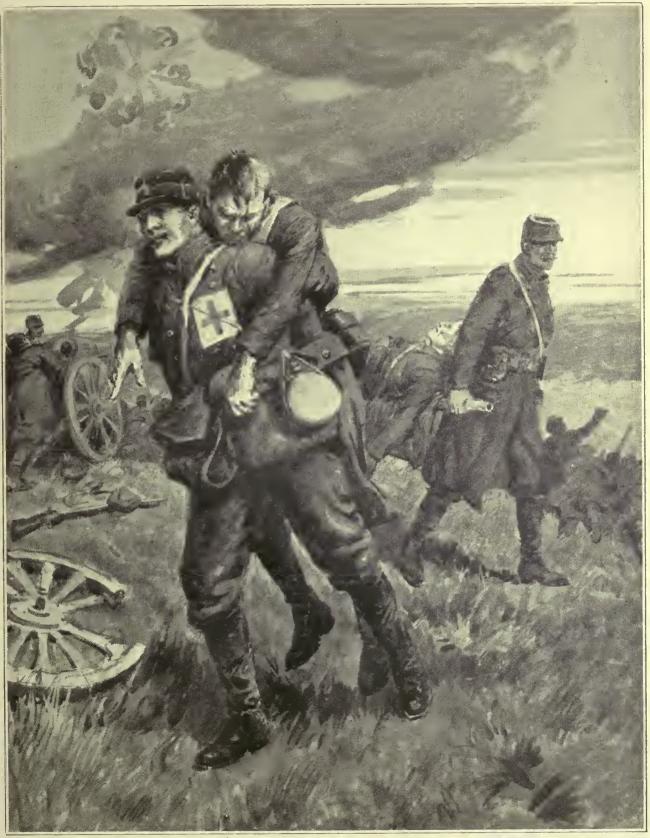
#### French Woman's Fearlessness in Face of Fire



When this war is a matter for history-books, a prominent place in the gallery of brave women will be indubitably found for the telephone operator of Etain. Although this little French town was being bombarded by the Germane, the plucky girl remained at her post, calling up the postmaster at the

neighbouring fortrees-town of Verdun every fifteen minutes to report how the attack progressed. At last a message came, "Achell has just fallen in the office," and communication between Etaln and Verdun abruptly ceased. No Pruseian militarlem can subdue a country that breeds such high courage as this.

# "It is Nothing, Messieurs; it is for France"



Individual bravery shines bright in every war, and, to the credit of twentieth-century manhood, it shines in undiminishab brilliancy in the great world war. One of our artiets here depicts the heroic conduct of a wealthy Paris merchant who continued

during a long day under a perfect hail of German fire to carry French wounded into safety. He was awarded a medal for personal bravery in the field. When congratulated on hie bravery he answered modestly, "it is nothing, measieure; it is for France."

## The One Solitary Instance of German Chivalry



Shining out from the appalling welter of loathsome German brutality is this one instance of chivalry, which Sir John French reported in his despatch of September 11th. On the previous day asmall party of French, under a non-commissioned officer, was cut off and surrounded. After a desperate resistance it was decided to go on fighting to the end. Finally a non-commissioned officer

and one man only were left, both being wounded. The Germans came up and shouted to them to lay downtheir arms. The German commander, however, signed to them to keep their arms, and then asked for permission to shake hands with the wounded noncommissioned officer, who was carried off on a stretcher with his rifls by his side.

#### Victoria Cross Heroes of Mons and Le Cateau

THE great retreat from Mons, in face of overwhelming odds, during the latter part of August, 1914, was successful only because of the glorious bravery and unequalled heroism of thousands of British soldiers, who performed feats of arms that shone bright amid the awful earnage and suffering of the retiring action. Alas, that from so many of them the supreme sacrifice of death was exacted. One-tenth part of what they did will never be told, because the brave men who performed the deeds of heroism are no more

and the brave men who witnessed their performances did not survive to tell the story.

For services rendered at Mons and during the retreat to Le Cateau eleven V.C.'s were awarded. We are unable to give photographs of Private Sidney Frank Godley, 4th Batt. the Royal Fusiliers, who fought his machine-gun with great galantry at Mons on August 23rd, or of Driver Frederick Luke, mentioned below. Several of the recipients distinguished themselves further in the fighting subsequent to Le Cateau.



Capt. FRANCIS OCTAVUS GRENFELL, 9th Lancere, displayed gallantry in action against unbroken infantry at Andregnies, on August 24th, 1914, and assisted to save guns of the 119th Battery, R.F.A.



Maj. CHARLES A. LAVINGTON YATE, 2nd Batt. the King's Own (Yorkehire Light Infantry), at Le Cateau, on August 26th, led nineteen survivors against the enemy. He died as a prisoner of war.



Capt. THEODORE WRIGHT, Royal Engineers, at Mons, on August 23rd, attempted to connect up the lead to demolish a bridge under heavy fire, and renewed the attempt when wounded.



Capt. DOUGLAS REYNOLDS, 37th Battery R.F.A., at Le Cateau, on August 26th, Ilmbered up two gune under heavy artiliery and infantry fire, and got one gun away safely.



Lieut. MAURICE JAMES DEASE, 4th Batt. the Royal Fueiliers, though badly wounded, continued to control the fire of hie machine-gune at Mons, on Auguet 23rd. He died of his wounds.



Corpl.CHARLES ERNEST GARFORTH, 15th Hussars, at Harmignlee, on August 23rd, volunteered to cut wire under fire, thue enabling his squadron to escape.



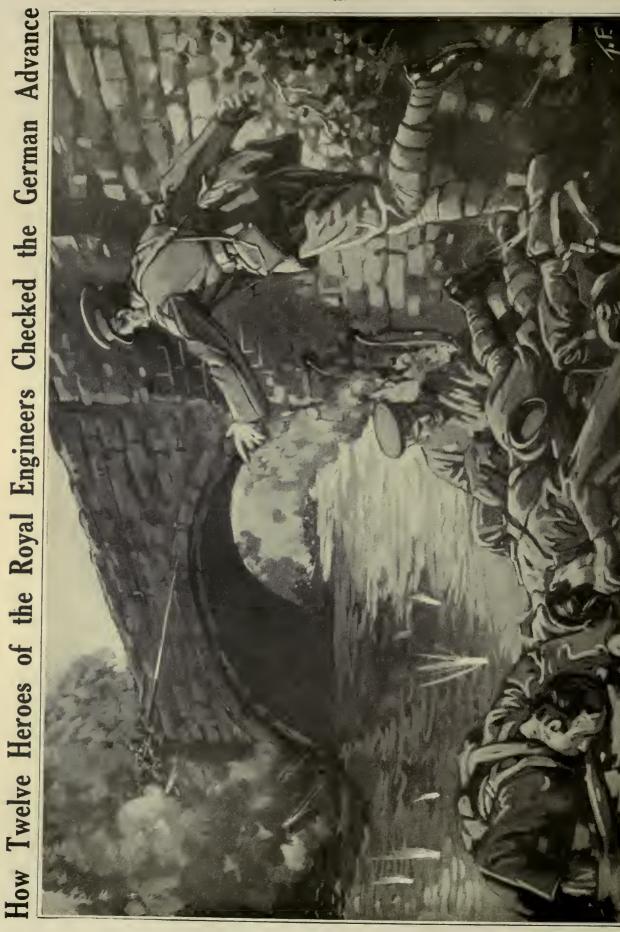
L.-Cpl. FREDK. WILLIAM HOLMES, 2nd Batt. the King'e Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry), at Le Cateau on August 26th, carried a wounded man out of the trenches under heavy fire.



L.-Cpl. CHARLES ALFRED JARVIS, 57th Fleid Company, Royal Engineers, displayed great gallantry at Jemappes, on August 23rd, firing charges for the demolition of a bridge.



Driver JOB HENRY CHARLES DRAIN, with Driver Frederick Luke, 37th Battery, R.F.A., at Le Cateau, on Auguet 26th, volunteered to help to save guns under fire from hostile Infantry.



The Cuiraeeiser of France and the Royal Engineers of Britain were being pressed across the it the Alene at Solesone by an overwhelming force of Germane. Some of the engineers laid a fourth charge to blow up the bridge, but before the fuse was lighted every one of the laying party mena had been killed. One of the engineere made a rush through the zone of fire in order to light. The C

a fourth, and eo on, until eleven brave men were ehot down. But the twelth man by menaged to kindle the fuse, and the bridge was blown up-he perishing in the explosion.

The German advance was etayed, and twelve herose had died for their country.

Oh, who is he, the simple fool,
Who says that wars are over?
What bloody portent flashes there
Across the Straits of Dover?

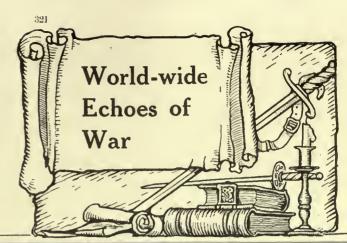
Nine hundred thousand slaves in arms.

They seek to bring us under;

But England lives, and still will live,

For we'll crush the despot yonder!

—Tennyson.





### Tears and Laughter Mingle at Farewell

If there has been sadness in the farewells between our soldiers and sailors and their families, mingled with it have been manifest signs of the happy and courageous spirit of men (and women) who mean to win through. Tears and laughter have signalised the partings everywhere—on railway-station platforms, at the docks, in the barrack squares, and along the highways and byways of towns and

villages throughout the kingdom. But for the fact that London has been full of soldiers, the seenes in the suburbs would have excited great public curiosity. But the going and coming of Reservists and Territorials since the mobilisation have been so common in every street as to cause no more excitement than the passing of the local policeman on his beat.



A mother's parting words to her saller son.



Baby's good-bye walk with father on the eve of war.



Jolly Jack Tars—a souvenir photograph taken just before entraining for the port of embarkation.

## Some Notable Personalities in the War



Brigadier-General C. M. Dobeil, D.S.O., commanding Anglo-French forces in the German West African Colony of Cameroon.



The Hon. Louie Botha, Premier of South Africa, in supreme command of the operations against German South-West Africa.



Colonel Sam Hughes resigned his post of Minister of Canadian Militia to go to the front with the Canadian contingent.



The Kaiser in conversation with Prince Haim-Horstmar outside the new Paiace at Potedam. On the left is the Crown Princess with her eldest son, Prince Wilhelm of Prussia. This photograph was taken after the declaration of war, and has been circulated in Germany as a "war postcard."



H.H. Prince Maurice of Battenberg, serving with the King's Royal Rifles, died of wounde received in battle.



Lord Stanley, the nineteen-year-old heir of Lord Derby, who, with a handful of cavairy, captured 109 German officers and men.



H.H. Prince Leopoid of Battenberg, left a bed of sickness to proceed to the front with hie regiment for active service.

Photos by Lasayette, Bassano, Speaight, Topical, Central News, Sport & General.)

# Where the First Flame of War Was Lighted



An early incident at the outbreak of the General War. An excited crowd of Auetriane gathering outside the War Office in Vienna, as the waggone arrive with flour for the mobilising troops. The Auetriane did not then see that their ambitions would lead them into war with France and Britain. Inset are seen a Hungarian reservist and his young wife at the hour of parting.



Auetrian troope leaving the areenal in Vienna for the invasion of Servia. Beaten back, these ecidiers promptly went to the Ruesian frontier to keep back the "eteam-roller" of the Eastern world, which, however, present forward more quickly than the Auetriane and Germane expected.

#### Britain's Allies of the Far East Intervene

THE Berlin mob must feel sorry they sang and danced outside the Japanese Embassy on the outbreak of war, thinking Japan would fight on their side. For, without waiting for the result of the first great battle, the loyal Japanese have carried out their part of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance by calling on Germany to withdraw her warships and armed vessels from the Northern Pacific, and hand over the territory of Kiao-Chau, with a view to its restoration to China. Then war was declared by Japan, and Kiao-Chau was captured after a strenuous siege.

#### The Japanese "Revanche" against Germany.

On her splendid naval base and colony in the Yellow Sea Germany has spent untold wealth and labour. The Japanese, it is clear, are bent on totally destroying the huge commercial position which Germany has built up in the Far East and the Pacific. More bitterly opposed to Germany than they were to Russia, the Japanese are in the same position as the French. They have a "revanche" to carry out.

When they emerged victorious from their war with China, in 1895, it was Germany that wove the scheme by which Japan was robbed of Liaotung and forced to prepare for war with Russia.

#### How the Teutons seized Kiao-Chau.

In the meantime, two German missionaries were killed by brigands in Shantung in 1897. As blood-money, Germany demanded Kiao-Chau, with 200 square miles of Chinese territory, and sent her Pacific Squadron to take it. The harbour is one of the finest in the world, and Germany has fortified it and made it a commercial stronghold as well as a military fortress. In the year 1912 the imports came to 115 and the exports to 801 million marks. There was no occasion for the



Ready for a tussis with the Teuton.



Japansss gunners fighting a siege gun.

people of the United States to doubt the good faith of Japan when she promised to restore Kiao-Chau to China. There is something she wants to wipe off a slate, and it will help to improve her relations with the Chinese, besides gratifying her own Samurai instincts.

#### Vital Interests of Australia and New Zesland.

Our Australian and New Zealand brothers must also profit by the mortal madness of the Prussians.

In Polynesia there are more than 75,500 square miles of territory, inhabited by nearly 900,000 people. Most of the islands belong to the traders and settlers of the British Empire by right of discovery, settlement, and commercial interest. Long before the German flag was seen in the South Seas British and Australian explorers, sailors, traders, and missionaries swept most of the islands into the sphere of our Imperial influence. Australia and New Zealand had vital interests in the larger islands near their shores. But owing to the intrigues of a great Hamburg firm, backed by the diplomacy of Bismarck, some of the most important outposts of our Southern Colonies were surrendered by the Home Government.

#### Other German Colonies that will not be given back.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, in New Guinea, was very soon captured by the Australians, together with the Bismarck archipelago, both among the most fertile lands in the world. Then, in part of Samoa, in the Marshall Islands, in part of the Solomon Islands, and in the Caroline, Pelew, and Ladrone Isles, the men of our race can retain what belonged to Germany. In Africa the Cape to Cairo Railway can be built, and there are nearly 900,000 square miles of territory for division between Britain, France, and Belgium.



Kiao-Chau—bought at the price of two dead missionaries—Germany's vanished seat of power in the Far East.

# The Colonies of Portugal Attacked by Germany



Recruite in the Portuguese Army undergo fifteen to thirty weeks' preliminary training and a fortnight's training during the annual mobilisation. Ten years are passed in the active Army, ten in the reserve, and five in the territorial. The quality of Portuguese horsee and the horeemanship of their riders may be estimated by this photograph of some of their cavalryman at the annual manœuvres.



## Temporary Home of the Belgian Government

THE German advance through Belgium made it advisable for the Belgian Government to remove the State archives and the personnel of the Government from Brussels, which is an unfortified city. The first removal was to Antwerp, which was made on August 17th, thirteen days after the declaration of war by Germany.

Then, when it became clear that Antwerp was certain to be invested—if not taken—the Government removed to Ostend on October 7th. On October 9th Antwerp fell under attack by the heavy German artillery, and the whole territory of Belgium became unsafe for the Government. So, on October 13th, it removed to safety at Havre, where it was given accommodation by the hospitable French Government.





The offices of the Belgian Minieters of State at St. Adresse, nesr Havre, placed at their service by the French Government, who, while deploring the resson for doing so, welcomed the chance of showing their friendliness for their brave ailies.

Belgian ministere in Havre. Reading from the left they are: M. H. Carton de Wiart (Justice); M. M. J. Davignon (Foreign); M. P. Pouliet (Science and Art); M. A. Vande Vyere (Finance). In the circle is the Villa Hollandaise, at St. Andresse, near Havre, the temporary official home of the Foreign Minieter.



The Guard of the Belgian Government marching through Havre, which was made the seat of Beigian affairs of State on Oct. 13th, 1914.

## "The Sick Man of Europe" resolves on Suicide

TURKEY resolved on suieide on Thursday morning, October 29th, when two of her warships shelled a eouple of unfortified Russian towns on the Black Sea. Although war had not been declared, Turkey's intention to side with her Prussian mentors had for two months been suspected. Turkey offered an apology to Russia, but as she did not remove the multitude of German sailors from

her vessels, it was not aecepted, and the Turkish Embassy left Petrograd on November 2nd. The following day a eombined British and Freneh squadron bombarded the Dardanelles forts at long range, and a big explosion, accompanied by dense masses of smoke, was noticed. Earlier, the British eruiser Minerva found the town of Akabah, on the Red Sea, in German occupation, and shelled it.



A body of Turkish infantry, with Constantinople in the background. Turkey once had the reputation of producing fine fighters, but they did not shine in the racent Balkan War—thanka, perhaps, to German training having knocked tha apirit out of them.



Turkish cavairy. Five hundred years ago they were the scourge of Eastern Europe, but in recent years the Balkan States have played ninepins with them.



The Turkish warship Hamidieh, which shelled the unfortified port of Novorossisk, in the Black Sea.



Enver Bey, Turkay's Germanised War Minister.



A Bedouin Arab on hia steed. A great massing of Turkay'a nomad horseman took place in Asia Minor, preparatory to a raid upon Egypt.



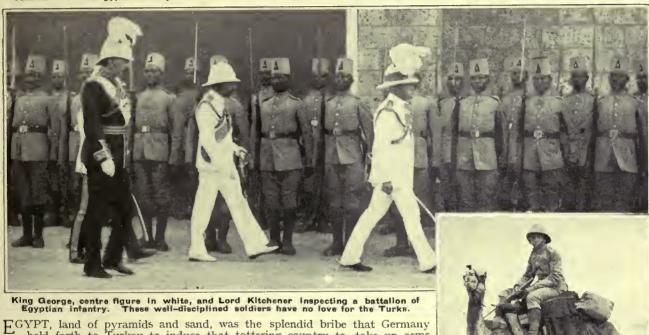
General Liman von Sandars, Turkey's German Chiel.

### Deceitful Germany promises to restore Egypt to Turkey



Sir F. Wingate, Sirdar of Egypt, in command of the Egyptian Army.

A British Camei Corps in the Soudan. Long journeys across the wateriess deserts of Egypt would be impossible but for the services of camels.



EGYPT, land of pyramids and sand, was the splendid bribe that Germany held forth to Turkey to induce that tottering country to take up arms against the Allies. But Lord Kitchener knew more about the defence of Egypt than any man living, and he could be trusted to guard its safety. British brains and money have made Egypt a land of plenty, instead of a scorching waste, and the natives, excepting a few agitators have no desire to change their rulers. On November 2nd about three hundred Bedouin chiefs from different parts of Egypt visited the British Agency at Cairo and expressed their loyalty. A state of war was officially declared to exist between Great Britain and Turkey on November 5th, when the British Government annexed Cyprus.



A section of our Egyptian Army on parade. They would fight to the last rather than exchange British freedom of thought for the D 30 iron-bound rules of the Prussian drill-book. Inset: A representative unit of the Egyptian Camel Corps.

## Baking Bread Behind the Fighting-Line



The British soldier on active esrvice is allowed one pound and a half of bread per day. Unless the conditions under which he is fighting render it impossible, he duly receives the allotted amount. This photograph shows a field bakery in course of construction.



Army cooke are here shown with the loavss they have moulded and are about to place in the rapidly-erected overs. Photographed behind the fighting-line.

THE British Army's arrangements for feeding its fighting-men were, by common consent, unequalled in any other army. In peace time annual competitions were held between the cooks of the various battalions, and this promoted a healthy sense of rivalry which in turn produced better work in the kitchens. At the front there are many difficulties to contend with—lack of proper utensils, for instance, and makeshift ovens—yet an officer writing home to his family said, "About six o'clock every evening our army for the most part is sitting down before a good hot meal." There is no question that our army is just as well fed as the opposing army is badly fed. The rations allowed our soldiers on active service are: 1½ lb. of meat daily, 1½ lb. of bread, 4 ozs. of bacon, 3 ozs. of cheese, 2 ozs. of peas or dried potatoes, ½ oz. of tea, 3 ozs. of sugar, and ½ lb. of jam.



A good view of the ovene that bake the bread for our soldiers. Our commissariat department has been superlatively efficient. The excellent feeding of our men has undoubtedly contributed to their high spirits in face of bad weather and trying conditions.

# Friend and Foe at Feeding-Time



"An army travele on its etomach," eaid Napoleon, and the organisers of our Expeditionary Force have not neglected to supply plenty of food. Our force in France is easily the best-fed

Army, that ever left Britain. The commissariat department allows them ample rations, and the peasantry heap gifts of food upon them. Soldier-cooks are here shown preparing dinner at the front.



Captured German marauders complain of being insufficiently fed. Perhaps German soldiers in the field may not receive

full rations, but those in Brussels could not grumble. They had pisnty of soup doled out to them in the town, as shown.

## Breaking Bridges and Making Bridges in War-time

THE destruction of bridges has been elevated to a science. A few shillingsworth of high explosive, properly placed, will destroy a massive steel or stone bridge costing tens or hundreds of thousands of pounds. And the erection of temporary bridges is also a scientific job that falls within the province of the military engineers. The usual form of temporary bridge for wide streams or rivers is the pontoon

bridge—a gangway laid aeross boats or barges, as seen in the lower pieture. Such bridges are made often under heavy artillery and rifle fire, and are frequently destroyed as soon as made. At the Battle of the Marne a bridge was made over the river fifteen times, and fifteen times destroyed by German guns; but the sixteenth attempt was suecessful, and the French passed over to the attack and to victory.



A scene near Lizy, in France, where, during the Battle of Msaux, a bridge over the River Ourcq was blown up, thereby wrecking a train filled with wounded, forty of whom were drowned in the river. The photograph shows the wreck of the bridge and of the sngine and tender.



The destruction of bridges by the contending armiss creates a need for other bridges, and as speed in their construction is the essential consideration, they are made of boats or rafts upon which a passage—way is thrown, as shown in this picture.

# Skill of Military Engineers—British and German



A massive railway bridge of stone and brickwork between Amiens and Rouen was destroyed by Germane during their retreat through France, but British engineers made a strong and serviceable repair with balks of timber, as seen in the picture, thereby restablishing the lines of communication and giving them the use of the railway for the transport of their men, guns, and stores.



The Belgiane did not consider the cost of the bridges they destroyed so long as they could arrest or impede the progress of the invaders of their country. This photograph shows comething more than a bridge—it is a tunnel on one of the Belgian railways, blown up by the Belgians themselves. The mass

above fell in, and made the railway uesisse until the German engineers, with commendable ekill, made the repair easn in the photograph, thereby making the railway of service for their armiss. These German eoldiers are guarding the tunnel so as to be prepared for another attempt to blow it up by the Belgians.

### London Scottish Off Duty in France



London Scottish at the wash-tub in France. They are exceedingly giad of an opportunity to smarten up some of their belongings. Some have had their hair cut distinctly short.

PLENTY of varied work came the way of the London Scottish in France before they were brought to the firing-line to perform their brilliant charge. A lanee-corporal of this famous Territorial regiment put on record some of his duties. "At present," he said, "I am working a telephone switchboard, and as most of my subscribers are majors and colonels, I have to be civil. Before this I was a general navvy—shifting cases of shells weighing 120 lb. to 145 lb. each. The trains came up mixed, and we had to sort the ammunition into its proper class. Before that I escorted a prisoner from one side of France to the other-a fourdays' job—living in cattle-trucks and so on. Previously I had been attending the wounded from a battle that lasted eight days. The entire medical staff here mustered only about a dozen, so all the doctors and medical students among our men were called out as dressers, and the rest of us took round the tea to the injured men and acted as bearers. Some of them were wounded on a Monday and could not be removed from the trenches until Friday, owing to the firing.'



Bread and Jam, and afterwards a emoke, for a party of London Scottish on a French raliway-station. All the wiles of the pretty French girls falled to lure from them the regimental letters on their shoulder-straps or the buttons on their uniforms.

### Camera Glimpses of Friends and Foes



A brave British corporal named Crouch, whose hand was amputat-ed while under fire. Queen Mary sent him a bunch of white heather for luck, a simple present that he values highly.



Miss Jessica Bothwick, owner of the Red Cross schooner Grace Darling, who was the last person to leave Ostend when the Germans entered. From the pier shown in the background four Germans fired twenty shots at her as she inurried away in a pinnace to join the schooner. This photograph was taken a few minutes later as she steered for Britain.



Count von Moitke, Chief of the German Staff. Nephew of the man who won the Franco-Prusslan War for Germany, and a favourite of the Kaiser. Is by



Field-Marshal von der Goltz, Military Governor installed by Germany in Brussels. Came off second best in his encounters with plucky Burgomaster Max, and sent him to a fortress.



Rev. J. Chanderion, of Antwerp, a Beigian priest, who accompanies the horse regiments of our galiant little aily. He has been under fire with them on many occasions, fortunately coming out of each engagement unwounded. His muscular Christianity does not prevent him smoking cigarettes or offering them to the galiant men whom he cheers and comforts.



General Buigarian Radko Dimitrieff, General Radko Dimitrieft, a Bulgarian commander, who volunteered for service with Russia when war broke out, and successfully attacked the Austrians, winning official praise.



Captain Cyril T. M. Fuller, Com-mander of H.M.S. Cumberland, which captured a large number of German liners in the Cameroons, From a Royal Academy painting.



General von Auffenburg, Com-mander-in-Chief of the deplor-able Austrian army in Galicia, which Russia defeated thoroughly and with the greatest ease.

## World-wide Echoes of the Clash of Arms



Mother Stavne, of Dormovo, in Germany, was born in 1794, and remembere Napoleon's retreat from Moccow. As his coldiers came near, she fied to the forcet with her mother.



Belgian psssant removing his psts before his cottage at Waelen was destroyed, along with many other buildings, to clear the ground for the unsuccessful defence of Antwerp.



"Good-bye, desrest, and good luck!" A Dutch conscript, called up before hie time, bidding farewell to his swestheart. Dutch coldiers line the Dutch frontier to pressrvs strict neutrality.



They fought together round the Garman naval fort of Tsingtso—a British sailor with a fighting man of the Japanese Navy.

Germany naver Imagined that Japan would begin operations
against them.

# With the Camera in the War-stricken Countries



This Belgian lancer has captured an earthenware flask in which the Germans carry petroleum for use in firing buildings they wish to burn.



The petrol can on the ground is carried by Germans, and its contents are poured out in houses marked for burning. The peculiar headplece is worn by the soldier employed in the task to prevent him from being burned.



Printed sheets sold in Berlin at the equivalent of one penny, and showing in actual size the shell thrown by the great 16.4 in. German siege gun.



The unhappy Duchess of Luxemburg, who was taken prisoner by the Germans after the neutrality of her territory had been violated by the German soldiery.

#### A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Almighty and most Merciful Father,
Forgive me my sins:
Grant me Thy peace:
Give me Thy power:
Bless me in life and death,
for Jesus Christ's sake.
Amen.

From the Chaplain-General.

Slip this inside your cap.

Aug. 1914.

Every British soldier was given a card like this, with the Lord's Prayer on the back, and asked to sllp it inside his cap. This particular card was carried through the Battle of the Marne, after which its owner was brought to London wounded.



General Hindenburg, a Germanidol who was commander-in-chief in East Prussia, and who attributed his supposed brilliance to his refusal to read romances and poetry.



# People, Places, Things that are Making History



When the Russian cavalry invaded East Prussia they occupied an estate belonging to the German Emperor at Rommten. They made themselves at home in his enormous garden, slept comfortably in his residence, and dispatched to Moscow his entire stock of cattle and horses.

The Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother-In-law of the German Crown Prince, has renounced her German nationality and resumed her Russian title.



THE Duchess of Westminster, whose husband has shown conspicuous gallantry at the front, went to France, working under the auspices of the British Red Cross Society. The photograph on the left shows her sitting next to Sir Thomas Lipton on his steam-yacht Erin whilst making the journey to Havre. On the other side of the duchess is Miss Phillips, who was in charge of the nurses.

Many members of the aristocracy were working under the Red Cross at the front, Lady Dorothie Feilding having witnessed the bombardment of Alost.



A Belgian priest venturing forth in the exercise of his religious functions to give spiritual consolation to the wounded at Alost. His horse formerly belonged to a Belgian lancer.



"German aeroplanes — fire on these machines." This chart has been issued to French soldiers so that they can distinguish hostile from friendly aeroplanes.



M. Tretiakoff, a well-known opera-singer, became an officer in the Russian army on the Prussian frontier. He sang operatic selectious to cheer the soldiers in the trenches.

## Men and Women in War's Searchlight



The Agha Khan, spiritual head of millions of Mohammedans, wished to serve as a private.



Princess Carl of Sweden, sister—in—law of King Gustaf and, before her marriage, Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, at work for the Red Cross. She is third from the isft.



General Moritz von Auffsnberg, relisved of command of Austria's forces in Gslicia.



"F. E.," otherwies Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., who resigned his position at the Official Prese Bureau to go to the front.



M. Turpin, who invented melinite, lyddite and the newest exploeive, "turpinite," which gives off life-destroying gases.



Mr. Albert Dougherty, chief gunner of H.M.S. Cressy, who claims to have deetroyed a German submarins.



General Wontners, the near figure on the right in this photograph, is the brilliant commander of King Albert's field army, who was responsible for the tactical movements that enabled the brave Belgian soldiers to harass the German invaders so successfully after they crossed the frontier at Liege on August 3rd, 1914. The central figure is his aids-de-camp.

## **Brave Britons Captive Among Coward Germans**



British soldiers, prisoners of war, breakfasting in their encampment at Doberitz, near Potsdam.

depressed at having been captured, though they were well treated.

They were reported to be

BRITISH soldiers captured by the enemy have usually received humane treatment, even if several German newspapers of prominence embarked on a shameful campaign to incite the mob against them. "It would be absolutely justifiable," says one article, "if these English were made to feel the whole weight of a really rough and hard—aye, cruel—imprisonment. We treat them better than they deserve." A war correspondent accused the British of "incredible and inhuman cruelties against the brave German troops and wounded." The prisoners were lectured by a German major,



A near view of British soldiers who have been captured by the Germans. They are included in the huge number described as "missing" in the official casualty liets. Do you recognise any of them?

who, speaking in English, said that "at the least s i g n of insurrection machine - guns will be brought up at fifty yards, and not one of you will remain alive."

Possibly the real explanation for the German campaign against the prisoners is their popularity amongst German women. One of the newspaper articles was expressly written to "show the German women and girls what beasts in human form these Englishmen are." In no age of the world has a sane people sunk to such depths of loathsome lying as the Germans to-day. They are undoubtedly a nation gone mad.



Another view of British prisonere in the Doberitz camp. They have been ostentatiously paraded through German thoroughfares to show the German public what "huge success" has attended the Teutonic War Lord's operations. Many wear borrowed trousers and shoes their own attire having suffered during the fighting.

# Dogs and Birds that Help the Allied Armies

MANY animals played an important and useful part in the war. Many of the sturdy dogs, which in the days of peace dragged milk and other light carts through the quaint Flemish streets, were commandeered and hannessed to the quick-firing guns of the Belgian Army. Such a post of honour has its dangers, and the loss among these docile animals has been unfortunately severe, though not so drastic as that inflicted on the German spy-dogs. The Germans have trained dogs to trot up to opposing trenches and give a warning bark if they are occupied. Our soldiers first imagined this to be friendliness on the part of the animals and petted them. They soon realised its true intention, and any dogs seen prowling on the battlefield were shot.

Belgian dog-drawn machine-gun waiting for ite regiment. The mortality among these brave dogs has been unfortunately high.



The French war-dog Prueco, employed in carrying meesages from a motor-cycle scout to headquartere. Thie dog and his companione have penetrated the enemy's lines on many occasions.



French trooper releasing pigeon with message for headquarters.

Germans in Britain are not allowed to own pigeons, owing to the well-known information-carrying abilities of these birds.

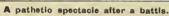
### The Pitiable Martyrdom of Man's Faithful Friend

PERHAPS the most pitiable aspect of the war was the destruction in tens of thousands of man's faithful friend—the horse. Innocent, trustful, nervous, it is forced to assist its master in fighting his battles. A troop horse is believed to enjoy the wild delirium of a charge almost as highly as the rider upon its back, but the pained, accusing look that enters its eyes when it is wounded is heart-searching to see. Horses maimed by shell fire are put

out of their pain as speedily as possible, the Army Veterinary Corps and its helpers carrying an instrument for the painless despatch of all horses that are injured beyond hope of recovery.

A great sympathy exists between cavalrymen and their chargers, and there have been many instances of horsemen, with tears in their eyes, giving their wounded animals a fond caress, and then putting them out of their agony.







These photographs show poor dumb heroes lying dead in the strests of Soissons.



Man's noble friend if elightly injured is nursed back to health, but if wounded beyond hope is humanely killed.

# Sad Friends and Sullen Foes within the Gates





Like these homelese Belgians in London, multitudes of distressed women, children, and fathere of families were escaping from their ruined towns and villages, and fissing for protection to our country. Many of them have lost everything, and were only able to save their lives with difficulty.

### The Soldiers' Humour in the Field of Danger



One of our men has dubbed this field kitchen at the front the "Hotel Cecil," and he has put up a notics to that effect. It has advantages that its London prototype cannot boast. When fresh air is wanted the windows need not be opsned, because there are none; the dining-room is not so confined as the dining-room in the Strand, because it comprises all out-of-doors.



The notice-board reade "Kenilworth Lodge—tradeemen's entrance at rear—beware of the dog." The landlord, Sergeant Kenilworth, is at home to all Uhlans who care to call.



With us the term "dog-cart" designates a trap with a box arrangement behind, but in Belgium the real dog-cart is in common use, though a British soldier driving one is a novsity.

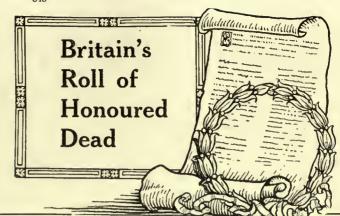


Cooking for the party in the trenchse—a field kitchen in France where close-cropped British soldiers show that they are adspts in the culinary art as well as in the art of war. Sometimes the real test of bravery comes in eating the food they cook.

Mother with unbowed head,
Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead,
The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.

Far off they served, but now their deed is done, For evermore their life and thine are one.

-SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.





"We shall not mourn them too much. 'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.'"
—Mr. Asquith.



Colonel R. C. BOND, King'a Own Yorkshire L.I.



Major C. S. HOLLAND, Royal Fleid Artillery.



Major C. A. L. YATE, King's Own Yorkehire L.I.



Major P. B. STRAFFORD, Duke of Wellington's Regt.



Captain A. R. KEPPEL, King'a Own Yorkshire L.I.



Captain C. H. BROWNING Royal Field Artillery.



Captain A. C. G. LUTHER, King'a Own Yorkehire L.I.



Captain G. M. SHIPWAY, Gloucester Regiment.



Lieut. G. C. WYNNE, King'e Own Yorkehire L.I.



Captain W. E. GATACRE, King'e Own Yorkehire L.I.



Captain R. A. JONES, Royal Field Artillery.



Lieut. S. H. DENISON, King's Own Yorkshire L.I.



Lieut. VISCOUNT HAWARDEN, Coldetream Guards.



2nd Lieut. A. F. RITCHIE, King'e Own Yorkehire L.I.



Lleut. and Adjt. J. A. BOWLES, Royal Field Artillery. Photos by Gale & Polden, Maull & Fox, Lafayette, Speaight, Heath, Sport & General.



2nd Lleut. W. H. COGHLAN, Royal Field Artillery.





Major the Hon, H. J. FRASER, Maj. Lord BERNARD C. GORDON- Capt. E. R. HAYES SADLER, Capt. A. A. L. STEPHEN, D S.O. Scots Gnards.









Capt. GEORGE M. JAMES, Capt. the Hon. A. E. B. O'NEILL,
The Bnffs. M.P., 2nd Life Gnards



Capt. M. CRAWSHAY, 5th Dragoon Gnards.



Capt. O. C. S. GILLIAT, Rifle Brigade.



Capt. A. W. M. ONSLOW, 16th Lancers



Lient. E. C. L. HOSKYNS, Royal Weish Fnsiliers.

Major the Hon. H. J. Fraser, M.V.O., was brother of Lord Lovat, and distinguished himself in the South African War. For four years he was adjutant to Lovat's Scouts, and from 1910 to 1913 he was A.D.C. to the Vicercy of India. Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox was the third son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he joined the Grenadier Guards in 1898, and served in South Africa and in China.

Africa and ln China.

Capt. the Hon. Arthur E. B. O'Nelll, Unionist M.P. for Mid-Antrim, was the eldest son and heir of the second Baron O'Neill, and was the first Member of Parliament to fall in the war. He won distinction in South Africa. Mr. A. H. R. Burn, of the 1st Royal Dragoons, was one of the giant officers of the British Army, being, six feet five inches tail.

Captain James, of the Buffs, was a grandson of the late Lord Justice James, and of Sir John Millais. He was formerly in the Northumberiand Fusiliers, and fought in the South African War. In 1911 he was appointed brigade-major in South Africa, and on his return to England in September, 1914, he was appointed Brigade-Major of the 22nd Infantry Brigade. Capt. Mervyn Crawshay, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, was one of the best horsemen in the British Army, and was a well-known polo player. He was Tournament Champlon, and was in England's trio for King Edward's Cup at the Horse Show, won by the Russian Army.



Lieut. E. R. WARING, King's Royal Rifle Corps.



Lient. G. G. MARSHALL, 11th Hussars.



Lient. G. H. COX, King's Own Scottish Borderers.



Sec.-Lient. A. H. R. BURN, 1st Royal Dragoons.



Lient. A. R. A. LEGGETT, North Staffs Regt.



Lient. J. VANCE, Essex Regt.



Lieut. F. W. J. M. MILLER Grenadier Gnards



Sec.-Lieut. R. C. M. GIBBS. Scots Gnards



Sec.-Lient. C. W. TUFNELL, Grenadier Guards



Sec.-Lieut. A. K. NICHOLSON. 18th Hussars.



Sec.-Lieut. E. R. C. STONE, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



Lt.-Col. E. H. MONTRESSOR, Royal Sussex Regiment.



Col. F. R. F. BOILEAU, Royal Engineers.



Lt.-Col. G. C. KNIGHT, Loyal North Lancs. Regt.



Col. Sir E. R. BRADFORD, Bt., Seaforth Highlanders.



Col. G. K. ANSELL, 5th Dragoons.



Capt. Lord Arthur HAY, Irish Guards.



Major J. H. W. JOHNSTONE, Royal Field Artillery.



Major M. E. COOKSON, Royal Sussex Regiment.



Major H. F. F. FOLJAMBE, King's Royal Rifles.



Capt. A. E. CATHCART, King's Royal Rifles.



Capt. A. R. M. ROE, Dorsetshire Regiment.



Capt. D. K. LUCAS-TOOTH, 9th Lancers.



Capt. G. W. BLATHWAYT, Royal Field Artillery.



Capt. A. B. PRIESTLY, Dorsetshire Regiment.



Capt. Lord GUERNSEY, Irish Guards.



Capt. Mark HAGGARD, 2nd Welsh Regiment.



Lieut, C S. STEELE-PER-KINS. Royal Lancaster Regt.



Lient. R. F. SIMSON, Royal Field Artillery.



Lient. G. W. POLSON, Black Watch,



Capt. G. P. O. SPRING-FIELD, Queen's Bays.



Lient. D. C. BINGHAM, Coldstream Gnards



(Sec.-Lient. J. H. SWORD.
4th Hussars



Lient PICKERSGILL-CUN-LIFFE, Grenadier Gnards



Lient. W. M. RICHARDSON Dnke of Cornwall's L.I. Photos by Lafayette, Bassano, Gale & Polden, Elliott & Fry, Speaight, Sport and General, Heath.



Lient. A. J. DENROCHE-SMITH, 18th Hussars



Lt.-Col. A. GRANT-DUFF, C.B., Black Watch.



Capt. R. H. OLIVIER, Dake of Cornwall's L.I.



Capt. D. S. GILKINSON, Scottish Rifles.



Lieut, the Hon. H. L. PEL-HAM, Royal Sussex Regt.



Capt. C. A. de G. DAL-GLISH, Black Watch.



Lieut. H. J. C. GILMOUR, Worcester Regiment.



Lieut. J. L. HUGGAN, R.A.M.C.



Lieut. R. G. B. PERKINS, Royal Berkshire Regiment.



Second - Lient. R. C. ff. POWELL, Highland L.I.



Lient. G. R. FENTON, Con-naught Rangers.



Sec.-Lient. P. C. GIRARDOT, Oxford and Bucks L.I.



Sec.-Lieut. B. McGUIRE, Royal Dublin Fasiliers.



Sec.-Lt. J. A. H. FERGU-SON, Highland L.I.



Sec.-Lieut. G. S. AMOS, K.O. Scottish Borderers.



Sec.-Lieut. A. G. B. CHIT-TENDEN, Manchester Regt.



Lt.-Com. BERNARD M. HARVEY, H.M.S. Cressy.



Lt.-Commander H. E. de P. RENNICK, H.M.S. Hogne.



Lt.-Commander W. B. W. GRUBB, H.M.S. Cressy.



Lt.-Com. E. T. FAVELL, H.M.S. Pathfinder.



Capt. Clifford FIELD, R.M., H.M.S. Abonkir.



Lt.-Com. E. P. GABBETT, H.M.S. Cressy.



Lientenant P. A. G. KELL, H.M.S. Cressy.



Lient. T. E. HARRISON, H.M.S. Aboukir Photos by Gale & Polden, Heath, Sport & General, Lafayette, Russell & Sons.



Lient. J. G. WATSON, H.M.S. Abonkir.



Lt. the Hon L. F. SCAR-LETT, Submarine AE1.



Captain A. G. CAMERON, Cameron Highlanders.



Captain C. H. KER, Bedfordshire Regiment.



Eng. Lt.-Com. T. A. VEN-NING, H.M.S. Pathfinder.



Capt. G. H. FITZGERALD, 4th Dragoons.



Capt. A. C. AUBIN, East Lanes. Regiment.



Capt. D. N. C. C. MIERS, Cameron Highlanders.



Capt. Lord John HAMIL-TON, Irish Gnards.



Capt. W. R. FREND, Sherwood Foresters.



Lient. J. C. COKER, South Wales Borderers.



Lieut. A. de L. TEELING, Norfolk Regiment.



Lt. H. MOCKLER-FERRY-MAN, Ox. and Bucks L.I.



Lieut. O. A. KNAPTON, Royal Warwickshire Regt.



Lieut. H. C. DAVIES. Welsh Regiment.



G. V. NAYLOR-LEYLAND, Royal Horse Gnards.



Lient. R. B. BENISON, Connanght Rangers.



Lient. F. de V. B. ALL-FREY, 9th Lancers.



Sec.-Lieut.W. de WINTON, Coldstream Gnards.



Sec.-Lt. C. L. MACKENZIE, Highland Light Infantry.



Sec.-Lt. R. A. de STACPOOLE, Connaught Rangers.



Sec.-Lt. N. J. R. WRIGHT, Royal Field Artillery.



Lient. P. M. MURRAY, Sherwood Foresters.



Sec.-Lient. Sir G. G. S. BAILLIE, Bt., Scots Greys.



Lt. R. G. WORTHINGTON, Oxford and Bucks L.I.



Major R. T. ROPER, Dorset Regiment.



Major F. SWETENHAM, 2nd Dragoons.



Capt. M. V. FOY, Royai West Snrrey Regt,



Capt. H. L. HELME, Loval North Lancs Regt.



Lieut. J. FRASER, Connaught Rangere.



Capt. R. C. EVELEGH, Ox. and Bucks L.I.



Capt. H. S. TOPPIN, Northnmberland Fnsili



Maj.-Gen. H. I. W. HAMIL-TON, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.



Capt A. HORNE, Cameron Highlanders.



Capt. A. K. KYRKE-SMITH, Liverpool Regt.

Major Swetenham was aged thirty-eight, and saw eervice in South Africa, receiving medal and three clasps. Capt. Evelegh, aged twenty-nine, was killed in the Battle of the Alsne

of the Alsne.

Capt. Toppin took a valiant part in the South African War. Major-Gen. Hamilton was hit in the temple and killed by a builet from a chell which exploded one hundred yards away. He had commanded the North Midland Division eince 1911. His active cervice included the Burmese Expedition, and the Egyptian Campaign, including the Battles of Atbara and Khartoum. He was mentioned in despatches three times in the Egyptian Campaign, and received the D.S.O. In South Africa he was Military Secretary to Lord Kitchener, a post he had previously occupied in India. Capt. Horne cerved in the Nile Expedition and in South Africa.

Capt. Kyrke-Smith received his captaincy in 1910. Capt. Fisher was appointed captain in 1910. Capt. Grant-Datton was at the Relief of Ladysmith, and at Colenso and Laing's Nek. Capt. Ranken was gazetted captain in 1912. Lieut. Buller was killed in British East Africa. Lieut. Forsyth was made lieutenant in 1905. Capt. Peppys received his captaincy in 1913. Lieut. Wilkinson received his captaincy in 1913. Lieut. Wilkinson received his captaincy in 1914. Lieut. Sills was killed on September 26, 1914.



Capt. M. FISHER, West Yorkshire Regt.



Capt. E. F. GRANT-DALTON, West Yorks. Regt.



Capt. H. S. RANKEN, R.A.M.C.



Lient. F. E. BULLER, Royal Engineers.



Lieut. J. C. FORSYTH, Royal Field Artillery.



Capt. R. W. PEPYS, Worcestershire Regt.



Lient. W. E. HILL, North Staffs Regt.



Lient. J. R. M. WILKINSON, Middlesex Regt. Photos by Lafayette, Heath, Gale & Polden, Bassano, Cribb, etc.



Lient. J. A. S. MITCHELL, Shropshire L.I.



Sec.-Lient. C. C. SILLS, Sonth Wales Borderers.



Lieut. M. DEASE, Royai Fnsiiiers.



Capt. G. M. I. HERFORD, R.M.L.I., H.M.S. Monmonth



Rear-Admiral CRADOCK, H.M.S. Good Hope.





Lieut.-Com. H. D. COLLINS, H.M.S. Monmouth.



Com. WALTER SCOTT, H.M.S. Good Hope





Lieut. D. F. O'C. BRODIE, Submarine D5.



Capt. F. BRANDT, H.M.S. Monmonth.

The first British naval reverse of the war took place on November 1st, when the Good Hope and the Monmouth, fighting against fearful odds, were sunk off the coast of Chill by the German Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig, Dresden, and Nuernberg. The entire complement of officers and men went down with their ships after putting up a gallant fight, the issue of which went against them by reason of the much superior gun-power of the German ships.

Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher G. F. M. Cradock, K.C.V.O., C.B., went down in the Good Hope. He was an officer whose abilities and gallantry had carried him to high honour in the Service, and he was also the author of several books. Born in 1802, he served in the Soudan, in the Royal Yacht, on the Transport Service at the opening of the Boer War, in China (where he was promoted captain for gallantry at Taku), became A.D.C. to the King, and finally, in 1910, Rear-Admiral. He was decorated for gallantry in saying life at sea in connection with the wreck of the Delhi.

Lleut. D. F. O'C. Brodie was the only officer lost in the sinking of the Submarine D5 by a German mine as she pursued on the surface the German ships that ventured to drop a few shells on Yarmouth beach on November 3rd, and Assist.-Paymaster M. W. Hart was one of the three killed and twenty missing that constituted the casquatity list of the old cruiser Hermes that was used as a seaplane-carrying ship, and that was sunk by a German submarine as she was returning from Dunkirk on October 30th.



Com S. D. FORBES, H.M.S. Monmouth.



Lient. L. A. MONTGOMERY, H.M.S. Good Hope.



Lieut. M. J. H. BAGOT, H.M.S. Monmouth.



Lient.-Com. G. E. CUMMING, H.M.S Good Hope.



Secretary G. B. OWENS, H.M.S. Good Hope



Ast.-Paymaster M. W. HART, H.M.S. Hermes



Cadet C. MUSGRAVE, H.M.S. Monmouth. Photos by Bassano, Russell & Sons, Lafayette, Heath, Swaine, Elliott & Fry.



Com. A T. DARLEY, H.M.S. Good Hope





Major G. E. BOLSTER, Royal Field Artillery.



Major Lord CHAS. MERCER NAIRNE, 1st Dragoons.



Major C. R. McCL 19th Hussars. McCLURE,



Major N. L. S. LYSONS, King's Own Royal Lancs. Rgt.



Capt. C. G. JEFFERY, Yorkshire Regt.



Cart. A. H. ROMILLY, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.



Capt. H. T. MAFFETT, Leinster Regt.



Capt. the Master of KINNAIRD, Scots Gnards.



Capt. F. H. MAHONY, Cheshire Regt.



Capt. M. J. LOCHRIN, R.A.M.C.



Capt. L. GORDON-DUFF. Gordon Highlanders.



Lieut. R. WALMESLEY, Yorkshire Regt.



Llent. F. L. HOLMES, South Stafford Regt.



Lient. F. C. LEDGARD, Yorkshire Regt.



Lieut. G. L. E. SHERLOCK, 3rd Hussars.



Sec.-Lient. R. J. LUMLEY, 11th Hussars.



Sec.-Lt. N. A. H. SOMERSET, Grenadier Gnards.



Lieut. H. J. SHIELDS R.A.M.C.



Lient. M. W. BROADWOOD, Royal West Kent Regt.



Sec.-Lient. E. D. MURRAY, 19th Hussars. Photographs by Sport & General, Lafayette, Gale & Polden, Hughes, Hills & Saunders, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Heath, Central Press,





Lt.-Coi. C. A. KING, 2nd Yorks Regt.



Lt.-Col. GORDON WILSON, Royal Horse Guards.



Major L. R. V. COLBY, 1st Grenadier Guards.



Maj. H. ST. LEGER STUCLEY, 1st Grenadier Guards.



Major W. E. CAMPION, East Yorkshire Regt.



Maj. the Hon. L. HAMILTON, M.V.O., Coldstream Guards.



Capt. McNAB, London Scottish



Major G. PALEY, Rifle Brigade.



Capt. the Hon. A. E. MUL-HOLLAND, Irish Guards.



Capt. R. H. NOLAN, R.A.M.C.

Colonel Wilson, born 1865, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the Army in 1887. He was on Baden-Powell's Staff during the defence of Mafeking, and was twice mentioned in despatches during the South African War. He was the husband of Lady Sarah Wilson, and an Officer of the Legion d'Honeur. Major Colby, born 1880, loined the Army in 1899, and served in the South African Campaign. Major Camplon, aged forty-three, was promoted to major in 1913. He served in South Africa with the mounted infantry, taking part in actions near Johannesburg, Pretoria, Diamond Hill, etc., and being slightly wounded and twice mentioned in despatches. Major the Hon. L. d'H. Hamilton fell in action on October 29th, in his forty-first year. He was brother to the present Baron Hamilton of Dalzell, and heir-presumptive to the title. He fought at Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, and Magersfontein in South Africa. Maried in 1905, he leaves a son, John, born in 1911. Captain Mulholland was killed on November 1st near Ypres. He was the eldest son of Lord Dunleath.

Major Paley was aged forty-two, and first saw service on the North-West frontier of India in 1897. He was present at many important engagements during the South African War. Lord Richard Wellesley, born 1879, was the second son of the fourth Castle, Westmeath, was born in 1878, and succeeded his father as tenth baronet in 1900. He fought in South Africa, and rejoined the Service in August, 1914. Captain McNab was bayoneted while attending some London Scotfish wounded



Capt. Lord RICHARD WEL-LESLEY, Grenadier Guards.



Lieut. V. D. B. BRANSBURY, Lincolnshire Regt.



Lient. C. R. RIPLEY, Yorks and Lancs. Regt.



Lieut. F. C. LEVITA, 4th Hussars.



Lieut. Sir RICHARD LEVINGE, Life Guards.



Lieut. A. W. G. CAMPBELL, Coidstream Gnards.



Sec.-Lieut. C. COTTRELL DORMER, Scots Guards. COTTRELL



Sec.-Lieut. G. Y. GROSS, Royal West Kent Regt.



Sec.-Lt. MERVYN NOOTT, East Keut Regt.



Lieut. R. M. MACDONALD, Cameron Highlanders. Photographs by Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Russell & Sons, Swaine.



Sec.-Lt. W. M. MACNEILL, 18th Laucers



Major P. M. CONNELLAN, Hampshire Regt.



Maj. Lord J. S. CAVENDISH, 1st Life Guards.



Capt. M. B. C. CARBERY, Royal Irish Fnsiliers.



Capt. E. O. SKAIFE, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



Capt. A. C. CHARRINGTON, Royai Dragoons.



Capt. W. C. CURGENVEN. Sonth Wales Borderers.



Capt. D. G. METHVEN. Seaforth Highlanders.



Capt. H. C. S. ASHTON, 2nd Life Gnards.



Capt. T. R. BULKELEY, C.M.G., M.V.O., Scots Grds.



Capt. F. P. C. PEMBERTON, 2nd Life Gnards.



Capt. T. H. HUGHES, Worcester Regt.



Lieut. J. A. F. PARKINSON, Dorset Regt



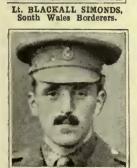
Lieut. J. D. PHILLIPS, East Kent Regt.



Lieut. J. S. AINSWORTH, 11th Hussars.



Lient. J. M. PITT, Dorset Regt.



Sec.-Lient. K R. PALMER 2nd Life Gnards.



Sec.-Lt. A. WATERHOUSE, Royal Lancs. Regt.



H H. PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG, K.C.V.O



Sec.-Lient. N. J. L. BOYD, Biack Watch



Sec.-Lient. G. P. J. SNEAD-COX, Royai Weish Fusiliers.

Photographs by Sport & General, Lafayette, Gale & Polden, Hughes, Hills & Saunders, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Heath, Central Press.



### DIARY OF THE FIRST PHASE OF THE GREAT WAR

### From the Eve of Hostilities to the Prolonged Struggle for the Road to Calais

1914

JUNE 28.—Assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo.

ultimatum 23.—Austro-Hungarian Serbia. demanding a reply within forty-eight hours.

JULY 24.—The Russian Cabinet considers Austrian action a

challenge to Russia.

JULY 27.—Sir E. Grey proposes conference, to which France and Italy agree.

JULY 28.—Austria-Hungary declares war against Serbia. JULY 29.—Austrians bombard Belgrade. Tsar appeals to

Kaiser to restrain Austria.

JULY 30.—Russia mobilises sixteen Army Corps.

JULY 31.—State of war declared in Germany. General mobilisation ordered in Russia. London Stock Exchange closed.

Murder of M. Jaurès, the Socialist deputy in Paris. Aug. 1.—Germany sends twelve hours' ultimatum to Russia to stop mobilising. declares war, and invades Luxemburg.

King George telegraphs to Tsar. Mobilisation in Austria, France, Belgium, and

Holland.

Italy and Denmark declare neutrality. Sir John French appointed Inspector-General of the Forces

British Naval Reserves called up. Bank rate 10 per cent. M. Delcassé French War Minister.

Montenegro identifies herself with Serbia.

Aug. 2.—German ultimatum to Belgium. German cruisers bombard Bona (Algeria). British ships seized at Kiel.

Outpost fighting on Russian and French frontiers of Germany

Rumania declares neutrality.

Aug. 3.—Germany declares war against France.

Belgium refuses to allow passage of German troops through her territory, and King Albert sends "supreme appeal" to King George.

British Government demands from Germany the assurance that the latter country will respect the pourtality of Belgium.

neutrality of Belgium.

German troops envelop Visé, and their advance guard approaches Liège.

Sir E. Grey's speech in the Commons. British naval mobilisation completed. Moratorium Bill passed, and Bank Holiday extended

Aug. 4.—Germany declares war on Belgium, and her troops, under General von Emmich, attack Liège. Belgian defence conducted by General Leman.

German Reichstag authorises an extraordinary

expenditure of £265,000,000.

Great Britain declares war on Germany. British Army mobilisation begins, and Reserves and Territorials are called up.

Mr. Asquith's speech in the Commons.

Australia offers to send 20,000 men.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe appointed to supreme command of the Home Fleets.

The British Government takes control of the railways.

1914

Aug. 5.—Fierce fighting at Liège.

Lord Kitchener appointed War Minister.

Königen Luise, German Harwich by H.M.S. Lance. British White Paper issued. German mine-layer,

Aug. 6.—H.M.S. Amphion sunk in North Sea by floating mine; 131 lives lost.

Lord Kitchener asks for 500,000 recruits, 100,000 to

be raised forthwith.

Vote of credit for £100,000,000 agreed to by the British House of Commons without dissent.

Aug. 7.—Germans refused armistice at Liège.
Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund opened.

New £1 and 10s. banknotes issued, and postal-orders made legal tender.

Aug. 8.—French troops occupy Altkirch and Mulhouse.

Port of Lome (German Togoland) taken.

British bank rate 5 per cent. French and Belgian troops co-operating in Belgian territory.

Aug. 9.—German troops in Liège town. Austria sends troops to help Germans.

German submarine U15 sunk by H.M.S. Birmingham.

Aug. 10.—Diplomatic relations between France and Austria broken off, and war declared.

French fall back from Mulhouse, but take up passes

in the Vosges. Enrolment of first batch of 30,000 special constables

for London area.

Canada offers 20,000 men and 98,000,000 lb. of flour. Official Press Bureau opened in London.

Aug. 11.—German concentration on Metz-Liège line.

Two thousand German spies reported to have been arrested in Belgium. Germans enter the town of Liège.

AUG. 12.—Great Britain and Austria at war.

German cruisers Goeben and Breslau enter Dar-

danelles, and are purchased by Turkey. Aug. 13.—Battle of Haelen, between Liege and Brussels, ends, according to the Belgian War Office, "all to the advantage of the Belgian forces."

Swedish Rigsdag decides on an expenditure of £2,800,000 for defence.

Austrian-Lloyd steamer sunk by mine in Adriatic. German "official" news first sent out by wireless. German steamer captured on Lake Nyasa.

Aug. 14.—French war credit of £40,000,000 authorised. Aug. 15.-The Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund

reaches £1,000,000.

British Press Bureau issues warning against alarmist

Taveta (British East Africa) occupied by Germans.

Aug. 16.—French drive Germans back at Dinant.

Tsar promises Home Rule to a re-united Poland.

Aug. 17.—It is reported officially that the British Expeditionary Force has landed safely in France.

Belgian Government removes from Brussels to Antwerp.

1914

Aug. 17.- Japan asks Germany to remove her warships from Japanese and Chinese waters, and to evacuate Kiao-chau; reply to be received by August 23. French Fleet sinks small Austrian cruiser in the

Adriatic.

Tsar and Tsaritsa attend solemn service in Moscow. Aug. 18.—Serbian victory over the Austrians at Shabatz.

Desultory fighting in North Sea. French advance in Alsace-Lorraine.

AUG. 19.-Germans occupy Louvain.

Russian forces defeat 1st German Army Corps near

Aug. 20.-Abandoned by the Belgians for strategical reasons, Brussels is formally entered by the Germans. The French retake Mulhouse.

21.—British concentration in France practically complete.

German war levies of £8,000,000 on Brussels (£11 per head of the inhabitants), and £2,400,000 on province of Liège.

Battle of Charleroi begins.

Franco-British Ioan of £20,000,000 to Belgium announced.

Partial investment of Namur.

Russians rout three German army corps in East Prussia, after two days' battle.

German troops invade British South Africa.

-British troops extended from Condé through Mons and Binche.

Battle of Charleroi ends; French compelled to withdraw.

Aug. 23.- Japan declares war on Germany.

British Army engaged at Mons against greatly superior forces; battle lasted four days. Three of Namur forts fall; town evacuated by the

Allies.

Two Danish ships sunk by mines.

After a six days' struggle the French withdraw from Lorraine.

Aug. 24.—Fall of Namur.

Allies abandon line of the Sambre.

Germans try to drive British into Maubeuge; but the

latter hold their own.

Major Namech, commandant, blows up Fort Chaudfontaine, Liège, to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy.

Aug. 25.-Louvain destroyed by Germans.

Allies retire, fighting rearguard actions, towards the Cambrai-Le Cateau line.

Lord Kitchener, in the House of Lords, pays big tribute to gallantry of British troops. Mr. Asquith, in the Commons, says "We want all the troops we can get."

Zeppelin drops bombs on Antwerp.

Aug. 26.—British forces engaged at Tournai and Guignies; and hold line Cambrai-Le Cateau-Landrecies.

Surrender of Togoland by the Germans to a British force.

Austria declares war on Japan.

German troops in East Prussia reported to have fled to Königsberg.

Aug. 27.—Allies retire towards line of the Somme.

British Marines occupy Ostend.

German cruiser Magdeburg blown up off the Russian coast.

German armed liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse sunk by H.M.S. Highflyer.

Aug. 28.—Malines bombarded by the Germans.

Three German cruisers and two German destroyers sunk off Heligoland, with loss of over 800 men. British casualities, 81.

Enlistment of second 100,000 New British Army

Lord Crewe announces that, in response to native wishes, Indian troops are to take part in the war in Europe.

Aug. 29.—French Army drives back the enemy near Guise. German aeroplane drops bombs over Paris. Russians invest Königsberg, in Eastern Prussia.

Aug. 30.—Surrender of Apia (German Samoa) to New Zealand force.

Aug. 31.—Allies have retired to line between Amiens and Verdun, the British covering and delaying troops being frequently engaged.

Announcement of British casualties, Aug. 23-26:

Killed, 163; wounded, 686; missing, 4,278.
Von Hindenburg, the German commander in East Prussia, assumes a strong offensive against the Russians.

T. 1.—1st British Cavalry Brigade and 4th Guards Brigade sharply engaged with enemy near Compiègne. 9th Lancers capture ten German guns.

Russians, after seven days' fighting, rout five Austrian Army Corps (over 250,000 men), at Lemberg, in Galicia, take 70,000 prisoners, and capture 200 guns.

More bombs dropped on Paris.

SEPT. 2.—Allies hold line of the Seine, the Marne, and the Meuse above Verdun.

Name of Russian capital altered from St. Petersburg to Petrograd.

National Relief Fund, £2,000,000.

3.—Germans at Guippes, Ville-sur-Tourbe, and Chateau Thierry, and preparing to cross the Marne at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

French Government withdraw from Paris to Bor deaux; General Gallieni appointed military governor

of Paris.

Further list of British casualties in France issued: Killed, 70; wounded, 390; missing, 4,758.

Fighting near Chantilly.

H.M.S. Speedy, gunboat, mined.
Trade Union Congress issues a manifesto calling on trade unionists to join the British Army.

SEPT. 4.—Mr. Asquith, in speech at Guildhall, says that since the opening of the war between 250,000 and 300,000 men have answered Lord Kitchener's appeal.

Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Bonar Law speak at Guildhall.

Two German airmen captured in damaged aeroplane in North Sea. Seven German destroyers and torpedo-boats reported

to have reached Kiel in damaged condition.

SEPT. 5.—Belgians attacked at Termonde and flood the country by opening the dykes.

British Admiralty announces formation of Naval Brigades (15,000 men) for service on sea or land.

The Germans at Osterode and Tannenberg, in East Prussia, inflict a great defeat upon the Russians after three days' violent fighting. The Russian generals three days' violent fighting. The Russian Samsonoff, Pertitsch, and Martos were killed.

SEPT. 6.—General action begins along a line between Senlis and Verdun.

Sack of Dinant-sur-Meuse reported.

Desperate struggle in progress for possession of Maubeuge.

British scout Pathfinder and Wilson liner Runo sunk

in North Sea. German warships destroy fifteen British trawlers in

the North Sea and take their crews prisoners. British, French, and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately.

r. 7.—Fighting at Nanteuil le Handouin, Beaux, Sézanne, Vitry le François, and Verdun.

The Germans, who had reached the extreme point of their advance southward, obliged to fall back.

German war levies on Brussels, Liège Province, Liège City, Louvain, Brabant Province, Lille, Armentieres, Amiens, Lens, Roubaix, and Turcoing total £28,812,000.

SEPT. 8.—Fighting along the line Montmirail-Le Pepit Sompuis; enemy driven back ten miles. One German battalion, a machine-gun company, and several ammunition waggons captured by Allies.

Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on "silver bullets.

Serbians invade Bosnia, and achieve a victory near Racha.

Termonde sacked by Germans.

1914

SEPT. 9.-White Star liner Oceanic wrecked off west coast of Scotland; no lives lost.

Prime Minister announces a vote for a further 500,000 men for the British Army, bringing up its strength to

1,186,400, exclusive of Territorials.

General French reports the enemy has been driven back all along the line; our troops have crossed the Marne and captured twelve Maxim guns, a battery, and

The King's message to Overseas Dominions and to the Princes and peoples of India issued. Home Secretary takes over responsibility for the Press Bureau.

Offers of service from Indian rulers read in the

Commons. Announcement that 70,000 Indian troops are to be employed in Europe; six maharajahs with cadets of other noble families to go on active service.

Capture of German mines on disguised trawlers in

North Sea.

SEPT. 10.—General French's first despatch, Aug. 23-Sept. 7, published in "London Gazette.'

Belgian Army again take offensive outside Antwerp. British naval airships to make short cruises over London.

Japan identifies herself with Russia, France, and Great Britain in deciding not to make peace independently. Governor of Nyasaland announces repulse of the Germans.

SEPT. 10-14.—German cruiser Emden captures six British ships in Bay of Bengal.

SEPT. 11.—Allies reported to have advanced 37½ miles in four days.

Serbians reported to have captured Semlin.

The Australian Expeditionary Force captures the

German headquarters in New Guinea. SEPT. 12.—Allies, in France, capture 6,000 prisoners and 160

guns. French retake Luneville.

Enemy found to be occupying very formidable position on north of the Aisne, and holding both sides of the

river at Soissons. Hamburg-Amerika liner Spreewald captured by

H.M.S. Berwick.

The Russians defeat the Austrians under General von Auffenberg in Galicia.

SEPT. 13.—German cruiser Hela sunk by British submarine E9.

SEPT. 14.—British auxiliary cruiser Carmania sinks the Cap Trafalgar at Trinidad, an island rock 700 miles east from Brazil.

H.M. gunboat Dwarf attacked by German steamer on

Cameroon River; steamer captured. Resignation of General Beyers, Commandant-General of South African Defence Force.

SEPT. 15.—China allows Japanese to land near Kiao-chau. SEPT. 16.—General Delarey shot by accident whilst motoring near Johannesburg.

Bombs from Japanese aeroplanes dropped on German

ships in Kiao-chau Bay.

H.M. gunboat Dwarf rammed by German merchant ship Nichtingull, which was wrecked.

Commander Samson, with force attached to Naval Flying Corps, scatter a Uhlan patrol near Doullens.

SEPT. 17.-Lord Kitchener announces that rather more than six regular divisions (each 18,600 strong) and two cavalry divisions (each 10,000 strong) of British troops are in the fighting-line; and expresses the hope that the new army of 500,000 men will be ready to take the field in the spring of 1915.

Germans again bombard Termonde, and are repulsed

by Belgians.

Grand Duke Nicholas, in a Proclamation to the peoples of Austria-Hungary, declares Russia seeks nothing except establishment of truth and justice.
In Tavarovo district Russians capture transport

colums of two army corps, 30 guns, 5,000 prisoners, and

enormous quantities of war material.

It is reported that German ships in the Baltie have fired on each other-this in explanation of the reported arrival at Kiel of destroyers and torpedo-boats in a damaged condition.

German force attacks Nakob (South Africa).

1914

SEPT. 18.—Parliament prorogued. National Anthem sung in the House of Commons.

Russians occupy Sandomir.

SEPT. 19.—Rheims Cathedral shelled by German artillery. German vessels reported sunk in Victoria Nyanza. SEPT. 20.—Loss of Submarine AE1 reported from Melbourne.

H.M.S. Pegasus attacked and disabled by the German cruiser Königsberg whilst refitting in Zanzibar Harbour. SEPT. 21.—Serbs and Montenegrins reported to be attacking

Sarajevo.

Recall of Rear-Admiral Troubridge from the Mediterranean naval command.

Russians carry Jaroslav by assault.

SEPT. 22.—British cruisers Aboukir, Hogue, and Cressy torpedoed by submarines in North Sea.

German cruiser Emden shells oil tanks at Madras. General Botha takes the field as Commander-in-Chief

of the British forces in South Africa.

SEPT. 23.—British naval airmen fly over Cologne and Düsseldorf.

Bombs dropped on Zeppelin shed at Düsseldorf British force landed near Laoshan Bay.

SEPT. 24.—In the great Battle of the Aisne, which had been proceeding since Sept. 12, Germans reported to be giving

way. Allies occupy Peronne.
SEPT. 25.—Australian forces announce their occupation of seat of government of Kaiser Wilhelm's Land (German New Guinea).

Battle of Augustovo begins.

SEPT. 26.—Russians establish their position on the railway

German raid on Walfish Bay.

Indian troops at Marseilles.
27.—Initial success of South African force under General Botha.

German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris.

Germans occupy Malines.

SEPT. 28.—British Admiralty statement of losses in shipping since outbreak of war: German 1,140,000 tons (387 ships); British, 229,000 tons (86 ships).

SEPT. 29.—Germans bombard Antwerp's first line of desence. Serbians recapture Semlin, first taken by them on Sept. 11.

Emden reported to have sunk four more British steam-

ships and captured a collier in the Indian Ocean. SEPT. 30.—French reported to have advanced to the east of St. Mihiel, between Verdun and Toul.

Antwerp waterworks destroyed.

OCT. 1.—Bombardment of Antwerp forts resumed; Waelhem, Wavre, St. Catherine, Puers, and Lierre being hotly engaged.

Admiralty reports that H.M.S. Cumberland captured nine German merchant vessels (total tonnage, 30,915) and the gunboat Soden off the Cameroon River (West Africa). Thirty-five Prussian casualty lists published to date show a total of 90,000 killed, wounded, and missing (including about 1,000 officers killed and 2,000 wounded). Kaiser's message about General French's "contemp-

tible little army" published.

OCT. 2.—Mr. Asquith discloses how Germany tried in 1912 to get "a free hand to dominate Europe.

British Admiralty announces counter measures to the

German policy of mine-laying in the North Sea. German sortic from Tsing-tau repulsed. OCT. 3.—Battle of Augustovo ends in defeat of Germans by

Russians. British troops arrive in Antwerp, and legations of

neutral Powers leave.

OCT. 4.—The Battle of the Aisne, having reached its twentythird day, establishes a record as the longest battle in history OCT. 5 and 6.—President Poincaré visits the headquarters of

the allied armies.

OCT. 5.—It is reported that General von Moltke has been replaced by General Voigts-Rhetz as Chief of the German General Staff.

Four German armies said to be advancing from near

Kalisch to Cracow.

Eight thousand British naval and Marine forces in

Publication of Belgian Grey Book. The Prince of Wales's Fund reaches £3,000,000.

OCT. 6.-Police notice published regarding the more effective masking of the lights of London.

Canadian Government announce decision to raise a

second overseas contingent of 22,000 men.

OCT. 7.—Publication of Cape Town message describing how British and Boers were trapped by Germans in Namaqualand.

Japanese occupy the island of Jahuit, in the Marshall Islands, and seize Shantung Railway as far as Tsi-nan-fu.

Oct. 7.—Submarine Eq returns safely after sinking German torpedo-boat destroyer off the Ems River. Belgian Government leave Antwerp for Ostend.

OCT. 8.—Commonwealth of Australia announce a gift of £100,000 to Belgium.

Squadron-Commander Spenser D. A. Grey, R.N., and Lieuts. R. L. G. Marix and S. V. Sippe destroy a Zeppelin at Düsseldorf.

Mutiny of Lieut.-Col. S. G. Maritz in South Africa.

Home Office issued statement on espionage.

OCT. 9.—Fall and occupation of Antwerp; Belgian Army and British troops retire; about 2,000 of the British cross the Dutch border and are interned. German levy of £20,000,000 on Antwerp.

Heavy fighting at Arras; German forces driven back

with heavy losses.

French and British cavalry capture German convoy with 850 men and mitrailleuses in Roye region.

Naval and military activity reported from Turkey.

OCT. 10.—British Red Cross nurses expelled from Brussels. Russian cruiser Pallada torpedoed by German submarines in the Baltic; two of the submarines sunk. Death of the King of Rumania.

OCT. 11.-Germans occupy Ghent.

Twenty bombs from German aircraft dropped on Paris; Notre Dame damaged, four people killed and fourteen wounded.

OCT. 12.-More bombs on Paris; Gare du Nord struck. Bombs on Ostend.

Goeben and Breslau reported in Black Sea.

Germans said to have about 1,500,000 troops in the west, and 1,800,000 massed against the Russian advance.

-Germans occupy Lille. Belgian Government remove from Ostend to Havre. Allies advance between Arras and Albert and towards

OCT. 14.—Germans occupy Bruges. Anglo-French forces occupy Ypres.

British Red Cross nurses expelled from Antwerp. Fighting along the Vistula and the San to Przemysl, and south to the Dniester.

Monfalcone dockyard, near Trieste, destroyed by fire. Mr. Noel Buxton and his brother shot at and wounded at Bucharest by a Young Turk.

Oct. 15.—Germans at Blankenberghe. Admiralty announces sinking of Hamburg-Amerika liner Markomannia and capture of Greek steamer Pontoporos (the Emden's colliers), near Sumatra, by H.M.S. Yarmoutb.

Canadian Expeditionary Force arrives at Plymouth. H.M.S. Hawke sunk by submarines in North Sea; fifty-two of the crew landed at Aberdeen from a trawler.

OCT. 16.—Death of the Marquis di San Giuliano, Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He is succeeded by Signor Salandra, who announced a continuation of the policy of

the late marquis. H.M. cruiser Undaunted, accompanied by destroyers Lance, Lennox, Legion, and Loyal, sinks four German destroyers (S115, S117, S118, and S119) off the

Dutch coast.

OCT. 17.-First Lord of the Admiralty issues message to the Royal Naval Division on its return from Antwerp.

French cruiser Waldeck Rousseau sinks Austrian submarine.

Distinguished Service Medal for Navy instituted. Germans mine the Scheldt.

Anglo-Japanese bombardment of Tsing-tau. Japanese cruiser Takachico sunk in Kiao-chau Bay.

OCT. 17 and 18.—Anti-German riots at Deptford.

OCT.18.—Armed liner Caronia brings oil-tank steamer Brendilla into Halifax, N.S.

OCT. 19.-Two long despatches from Sir John French published describing the fighting on the Marne and Aisne between Aug. 28 and Sept 28. British casualties,

Sept. 12-28: Officers, 561; men, 12,980.
The monitors Severn, Humber, and Mersey take part in operations on Belgian coast, and are reported to have brought down a Zeppelin and a Taube aeroplane. Other British vessels are said to have shelled the German trenches.

Machinery of American Red Cross ship Hamburg reported to have been damaged by this vessel's former

German crew.

Heavy fighting between Nieuport and Dixmude; Belgian Army successfully repulses German attacks. Sultan proclaims Prince Yussuf Izzedin Generalissimo of Turkish Army and Navy.
Outer forts of Sarajevo reported in the hands of

Serbo-Montenegrin allies.

Officially announced that the Germans have been driven back thirty miles in the western area of hostilities. Sale of absinthe prohibited by Paris police. Cholera reported to be serious in Galicia.

OCT. 20.—German submarine sinks British steamer Glitra off

Three officers and 70 men of rebel Lieut.-Col. Maritz's commando captured; 40 others surrender.

Germans reported to have been beaten back in attempt to cross the Vistula.

Forty German spies reported to have been detected among Belgian refugees at Dover.

Admiralty announces provision of "swimming collars" for men of the Fleet.

Tsar prohibits Government sale of vodka in Russia. Attempted Royalist rising in Portugal.

OCT. 21.—It is announced that the expenditure on the war, which in the first ten weeks averaged about 51 millions per week, has risen to about 84 millions.

Japanese report the sinking of one German auxiliary cruiser and capture of another.

OCT. 22.—Admiralty telegram to Japanese Minister of Marine expressing appreciation of help rendered by Japanese

Emden reported to have sunk the British steamers Chilkana, Troilus, Ben Mohr, and Clan Grant, and captured the collier Exford and the St. Egbert 150 miles S.W. of Cochin. (Up to date the Emden's victims total 19 vessels.)

Wholesale arrests of unnaturalised aliens in the United

Kingdom.

Publication of official despatches relative to Heligoland Bight engagement of Aug. 28.
Submarine E3 overdue. German reports state that she

was sunk on Oct. 18.
"The Times" fund for the British Red Cross Society

and St. John Ambulance Association reaches £500,000. Egyptian Government announces that enemy ships are to be removed from Suez Canal ports.

OCT. 23.—Belgians co-operating with Franco-British troops against the Germans between Ostend and Nieuport; British and French warships co-operating. Dykes cut along the line of the Yser. German troops reported to be leaving Ostend.

British torpedo-gunboat Dryad reported ashore off North Coast of Scotland, but to have got off undamaged.

OCT. 22-24.—Russians capture 17 officers and 4,150 men, 11 machine-guns, 22 guns, 23 caissons, and other war material, following Prussian evacuation of Garbatka.

OCT. 24.—German submarine rammed off Dutch coast by H.M. destroyer Badger.
Fierce fighting in Galicia, from Sandomir to Przemysl.

Two thousand Austrians taken prisoners.

Lord Kitchener appeals to public to refrain from treating soldiers to drink.

1914

OCT. 25.—Allies occupy Melzicourt.

Death of Sir Charles Douglas, Chief of Imperial General Staff.

Portugal naval reserves called up. 26.—Russian cavalry occupy Lodz, 70 miles from Warsaw. Russian forces officially reported to have broken the resistance of 20th German Army Corps, and the corps of the Reserve of the German Guard between Pilitza and Glovacher.

Admiralty announces that 70 ships of the Allies are in pursuit of the eight or nine enemy raiders in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, including the Karlsruhe, a German cruiser in the Atlantic, which has sunk thirteen ships, valued at £1,011,000, sending the crews into

Teneriffe.

Announced that M. Poincaré and Lord Kitchener have been elected to the Lord Rectorships of Glasgow and

Edinburgh Universities respectively.

French steamer Amiral Gauteaume, with Belgian refugees on board, damaged by explosion between Boulogne and Folkestone; 30 lives lost in panic.

British merchantman Manchester Commerce sunk by mine off northern coast of Ireland, captain and 13 men perishing; 30 saved.

German troops cross the Yser between Nieuport and

German troops reported to have invaded Angola, Portuguese West Africa.

Lieut. Prince Maurice of Battenberg, K.R.R., reported

killed in action.

OCT. 27.—French report the destruction of several German batteries by their artillery fire between Soissons and Berry-au-Bac, on the Aisne. Germans thrust back between Ypres and Roulers, and

driven out of French Lorraine.

Colonel Maritz and his forces routed by Col. Brits; Maritz wounded, having fled to German S.W. Africa. Lord Buxton reports revolt of Generals Beyers and Christian De Wet.

General Botha routs General Beyers' commando. Heilbrun reported to have been seized by the South African rebels

OCT. 28.—First list of Indian casualties.

Belgian troops reported to have defeated Germans at

Ki Senie, on Lake Tanganyika.

Lord Kitchener announces that a further 100,000 men are urgently needed to complete the requirements of the

Breslau and Hamidieh bombard Theodosia and

Novorossisk, in the Black Sea.

29.—Resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg, First Sca Lord. Lord Fisher appointed to succeed him.
Russians reported to have occupied Radorn and retaken Strykoff, Reschoff, and Novomiasto.

OCT. 30.—Publication by the "Morning Post" of the Kaiser's

letter to Lord Tweedmouth in 1908, in which it was emphatically denied that the German Navy Bill was aimed at Great Britain.

Admiral H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg resigns his position as First Sea Lord, and is succeeded by Lord

Fisher.

Government hospital ship Rohilla runs on rocks off

Whitby; over 70 lives lost.

Germans forced to recross the Yser, Belgians having flooded area gained by them.

M. de Giers, Russian Ambassador, leaves Con-

stantinople.

Bedouin tribes cross Egyptian frontier.

H.M.S. Hermes sunk in Dover Straits by German submarine; 3 killed and 20 missing.

Oct. 31.-London Scottish Territorial Regiment takes part in the fighting on the Continent, distinguish themselves near Ypres, where the Kaiser is said to be with the German forces.

German cruiser Emden, disguised, sinks Russian cruiser Zhemchug and French destroyer Mousquet at

General bombardment of Tsing-tau begins.

Italy occupies Saseno. Resignation of Signor Rubini, Minister of the Treasury, leads to fall of the Italian Cabinet.

Turks bombard Odessa.

Nov. 1.-Foreign Office statement on Anglo-Turkish relations issued.

From this date the "Peking Gazette" is announced

under German control.

Battle in the Pacific off the coast of Chili. cruiser Monmouth and H.M. cruiser Good Hope sunk, while the cruiser Glasgow and armed auxiliary cruiser Otranto made their escape from the German cruisers Scharnhorst, Gniesenau, Nürnberg, Leipzig, and Dresden, under Admiral von Spee.

Nov. 2.—Egypt declared under martial law.

Reported that passengers and crews of British steamers Vandyck, Hurstdale, and Glanton had been landed at Para, Brazil, the vessels having been sunk by the German cruiser Karlsruhe.

Nov. 3.-British cruiser Minerva shells fortress and barracks at Akabah, in the Red Sea; and a combined British and

French force bombards the Dardanelles forts.

Enemy squadron fires on coastguard patrol Halcyon off Yarmouth (one man wounded); submarine D5 sunk by mine during pursuit of the German vessels; 2 officers and 2 men on the bridge saved.

Germans reported to have evacuated the line of the

Yser between Dixmude and the sea.

Kaiser said to have narrowly escaped from bombs

dropped by an airman in Thielt.

Imperial Viceroy of Caucasus announces he has been ordered by the Tsar to cross the frontier and attack the Turks.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott appointed to the President,

additional, for special service.

Nov. 4-King and Queen visit Canadian troops on Salisbury Plain.

German cruiser Yorck sunk (by mine, or submarine) at entrance to Jahde Bay.

Nov. 5.—Official statements issued of Sir John French's warm congratulations to the Indian troops and London Scottish.

Russian General Staff announces a general forward

movement by the armies of the Tsar.

Allies reported to have taken Lombartzyde, near Nieuport.

"London Gazette" announces that, owing to hostile acts committed by Turkish forces under German officers, a state of war exists from to-day between Great Britain and Turkey, and that Cyprus has been annexed. Turkish Ambassador and his Staff leave London.

German officer in Alexandria Police Force sentenced to penal servitude for fomenting rebellion in Egypt.

Baron Sidney Sonnino becomes Foreign Minister in

the new Italian cabinet.

"Eye-Witness" describes attacks on British lines near Ypres between Oct. 26 and 30 as "the most bitterlycontested battle which has been fought in the western theatre of war.

From this date the whole of the North Sea declared

" a military area."

### End of Volume 1.









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