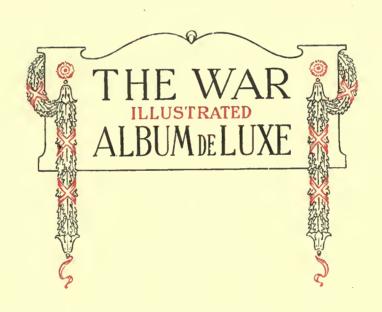
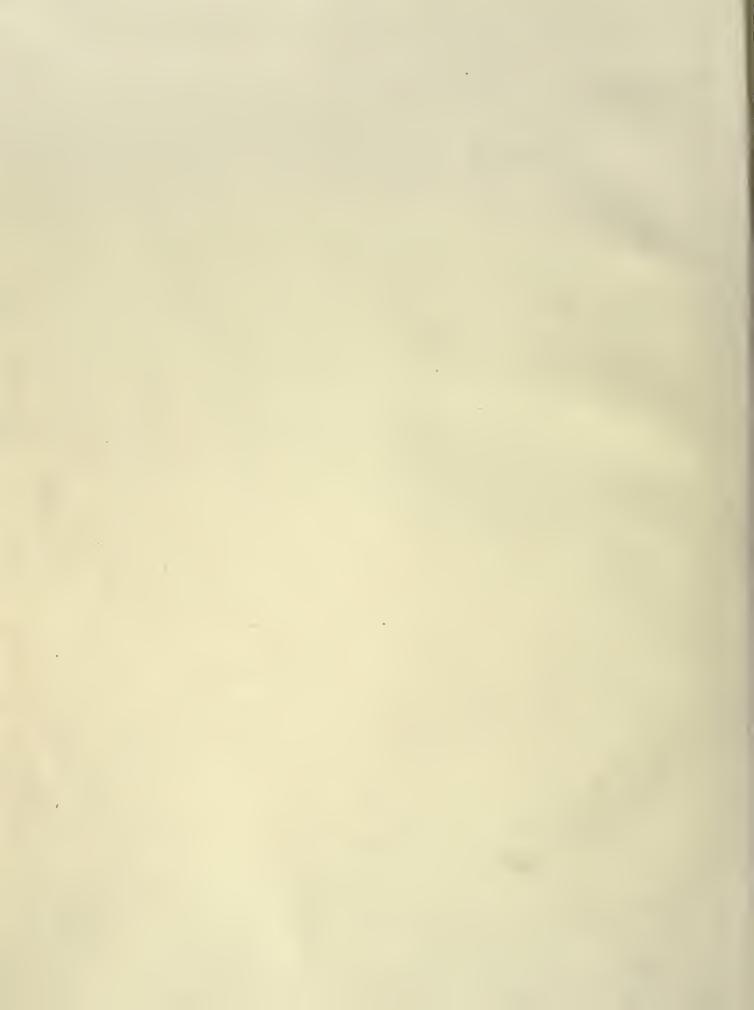






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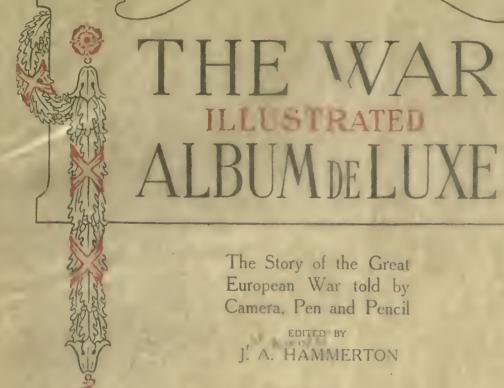








GENERAL JOFFRE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMIES.



H. G. WELLS, ARTHUR D. INNES, MA. FRED T. JANE, C. GRAHAME WHITL

1.161 ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME II
THE WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1914-15

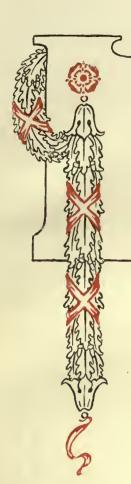


THE AMAIGA IATED PRESS, LIMITED
ONLON, 1915





GENERAL JOFFRE, COMMAND TO THE FRENCH ARMIES



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, ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A., FRED T. JANE, C. GRAHAME-WHITE

1,161 ILLUSTRATIONS



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Editor's Note to Volume IX

Great War is carried one stage further. The reader will understand, of course, that it is not possible to present in a series of interdependent tableaux the precise dramatic progression of the war; the whole upheaval having been so full of surprises, involving so many peoples, and spreading to such far parts of the earth, that no record placing the whole into proper historical perspective is yet practicable—that is an affair of future years. Nay, it is doubtful if such an undertaking will ever prove within the compass of any historian's power. But it is possible approximately to divide the great drama into progressive scenes and acts, and this we believe we have attempted not unsuccessfully in The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe.

N our initial volume, the first three months of the war fell roughly, but naturally, into what we described as "The First Phase," which may be held to have ended while the great struggle of the Germans to reach Calais was still undecided. This ineffectual and costly movement of the enemy, which called up against him the whole weight of the British Army, magnificently supported by the gallant remnant of Belgium's much tried forces, has come to be known popularly as "The Great Coast Battle." But it was a battle the beginning of which it would be difficult clearly to indicate, and the end of which had come while evidence was still lacking that the German defensive had been decisively broken. It was a "battle" that lasted over many weeks, and included in its long course numerous subsidiary battles, many of which in times past would have been accounted worthy of a whole volume of history. Indeed, the struggle for the coast, so vital as it eventually appeared to the success of German arms, was in itself a war! This we must always bear in mind: that in thinking of the Great War we are thinking of no specific campaign, but of many distinct and individual wars raging in this stricken world of ours at the same time. It is a world at war, of which, in these crowded pages of photographic records, the camera enables us to catch many and curious glimpses "from China to Peru."

HE purpose of our work is frankly to subordinate the pen to the camera, and to use the powers of the descriptive writer and the historian in creating in the mind of the reader a clear idea of the general course of events, the better to appreciate the enduring value and high documentary importance of the work of the camera. In a way we have reversed the old order of things. The picture, formerly the hand-maiden of the story, here plays the principal part, while the pen fills a subsidiary but still important and admirably discharged role.

Y describing this second volume as "The Winter Campaign—1914-15" we have given it a title which even the historian of the future is likely to adopt, as the great feature of the fighting that took place after the opening stages of the battle for the coast was the extraordinary inclemency of the weather. In olden times it was the custom of armies to "go into winter quarters," and in this wonderful war, which has revived the most ancient weapons, such as the catapult and the sling, hand-grenades, as well as the very latest inventions of the scientific mind, the winter season in which the armies of the East and West were fighting seemed to be a revival of the rigorous past—it was more terrible in its severity than any experienced for many generations. From the beginning of November, 1914, until the middle of February, 1915, man was not only warring against man throughout the Continent of Europe, and in Asia and Africa, as well as on the great ocean highways, but the elements of Nature seemed to have declared war against all mankind.

ANY of the interesting photographs in the present volume place on record the wintry aspects of the battlefields from the Caucasus and Carpathians to the Belgian coast, and the extraordinary field of interest which this volume covers is also noteworthy, for the cameras of our correspondents have yielded scenes from every quarter of the world where the effects of the war have assumed material form. One could write at considerable length on the courage and resource of the men to whom these pictorial records are due, for many of the photographs have been taken at grave risk of the photographer's life, and among the direct contributors to The War Illustrated are included a large number of French and Belgian officers and soldiers, who, under great difficulties, have taken in the trenches and along the firing front many of the most interesting pictures reproduced in our pages.

ESPITE the elaborate plans of the British authorities for discouraging the adequate illustration of actual war scenes, our readers will probably agree with the writer in thinking that we have succeeded more thoroughly than might have been hoped in maintaining the high pitch of human interest in our actual war photographs, and our preparations in this respect have proved so adequate that we foresee no lessening of pictorial interest in the volumes that are to follow.

In this volume Mr. Arthur D. Innes, M.A., continues the narrative of the war, and it would be impossible to put into less space a better historical view of this strange pageant of warring nations than is contained in his account of the Winter Campaign. Mr. Innes is one of the most eminent of living British historians, and his contribution to The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe gives it a special literary distinction.

J. A. H.

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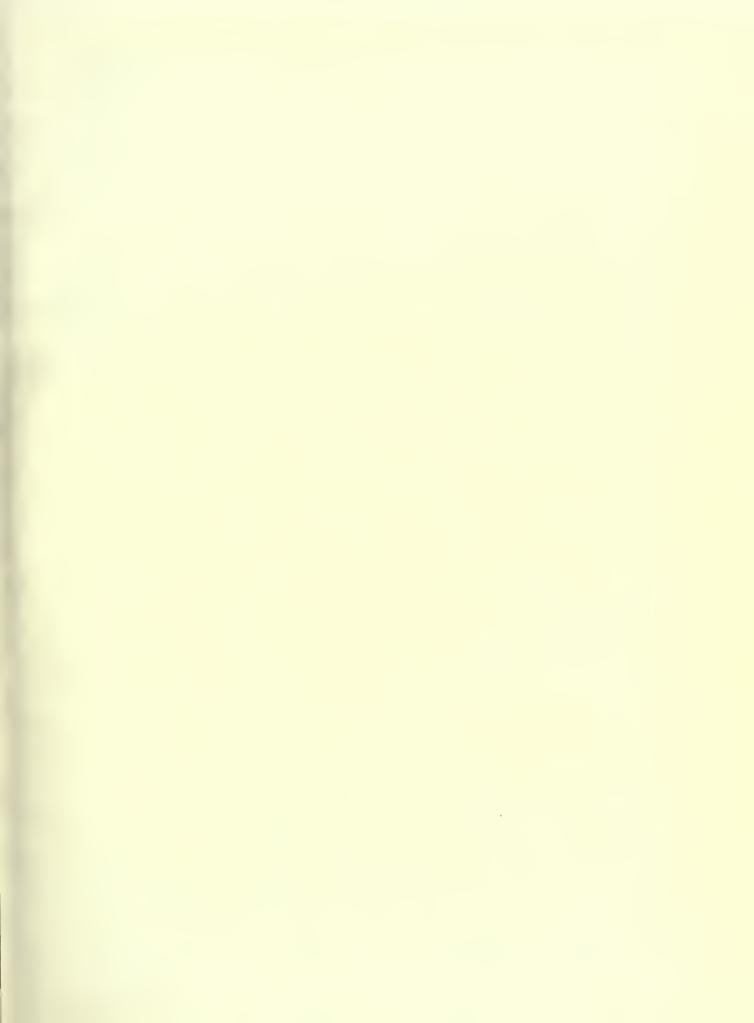






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One hour forty minutes after the firing of the first shot between the Emden and the Sydney off Coeos cruiser had sunk shipping valued at over £4,000,000. The British Admiralty sent the following Keeling Island, on November 9th, 1974, the German eruiser was a mass of serap-iron. Only one message to the commander of the Sydney and to the Australian Naval Board: "Warmest conhundred and forty-five of her crew were unwounded, and the dead numbered one hundred and nineteen. gratulations on the brilliant entry of the Australian Navy into the war, and the signal service rendered Four men of the Sydney were killed and sixteen wounded. It was estimated that this single German to the allied eause and to peaceful commerce by the destruction of the Emden." AUSTRALIAN NAVY'S FIRST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT: THE RAIDING EMDEN ROUNDED UP AND DESTROYED BY HALAS, SYDNEY

369

Toil in the trenches all day long,
Fending the pain with a smile and song;
Turned in at night under sheets of flame,
Resting assured you have played the game.
You that I think of night and day,
You that I name when I kneel and pray,
Steep and rough though the path you climb,
You shall come home—in God's good time.

-ARTHUR WAGHORNE.







THE "LITTLE FATHER'S" RIGHT-HAND MEN.—Many fistce battles took placs in Northarn Poland, where the Russlans, after retreating on Warsaw, "seumed fighting in mors favourable positions, and accounted for a tremendous numbs

to the splandid strategic genius of Russia's generals, was not irrsparable. This fine photograph, from 'semswhere in Poland', shows three Russian generale watching a burning village. Despite German accusations to the contrary, Russians only destroyed villages when absolutely necessary to the plan of campaign.

The Moving Drama of the Great War

II.—The Winter Campaign, 1914-15

The Progress of the World-wide Hostilities from the Great Coast Battle to the opening of the German Submarine "Blockade"

Written by

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.,

Author of "The History of the British Nation," etc.

ET us open our review of the winter campaign by recalling certain features of the first phase.

When the war began in the west, the Powers who at once became "the Allies" held the line of the eastern frontier of Belgium and France, the boundary between those two countries and Germany. We may think of this in the first instance as a line from Belfort, on the extreme south, to Verdun in France, and from

Verdun to Liège in Belgium.

The line from Belfort to Verdun was, in effect, a fast one. Between those two points it bent and shifted to a certain extent during the winter campaign, but that is all. The second line from Verdun to Liège was a swaying line. As the Germans, striking at once, pushed forward with all their power, the line became one from Verdun to Mons, from Verdun to Compiègne, from Verdun to Paris. Then the gate began to swing back. Again, the line became a line from Verdun to Compiègne about the middle of September. There, approximately, it remained during the winter, only with what may be called local modifications.

But from the middle of September there began a new movement of extension along a third line, almost due north; an apparently endless effort on the part of each of the opposing forces to outflank its opponent. The movement was, in fact, only stopped when both the Germans and the Allies had dragged out the everlengthening chain until it reached the sea-coast, the Germans holding Ostend. Neither side had succeeded in outflanking the other; and now neither side had a flank which could be turned, since neither could march either through Switzerland or through the North Sea. This third line, which may be called the Compiègne to Ostend line, was in effect completed with the German occupation of Ostend on October 17th, 1914. From Ostend to Belfort there was one complete line, in three sections—Belfort to Verdun; Verdun to Compiègne; Compiègne to Ostend.

All three sections remained fast; bending, writhing, rocking, now backward and now forward, but never breaking; always a line from German Ostend to French Compiègne, from French Compiègne to French Verdun, from French Verdun by French Nancy to French Belfort.

The Mighty German Effort

Assuredly one of the great crises of the war was in the second half of October, when the Germans concentrated on a mighty effort to crash through the northern section by sheer weight and force of numbers. To the British in particular this moment was especially critical. For it was in this section that Sir John French's army was stationed, and it was by the annihilation of the British that the Germans proposed to burst through the line. The Germans came, three to one, but they failed. The thin British line shivered, strained, all but snapped. But it did not snap. It held, and the Germans recoiled. Sir John French had taken a terrific risk—counting, as few commanders would have dared to count, upon the enormous tenacity of the men whom he commanded. Had their tenacity been a fraction less, they must have given way; but the field-marshal's audacious confidence was justified by the glorious event of the desperate Battle of Ypres.

This, then, at the beginning of November, was the position of the allied armies on the French and Belgian front.

The whole Ostend to Belfort line was established; the left section was held mainly by the Belgian troops on the extreme left, by Sir John French's army on the left centre, and by French armies along the whole of the rest of the line.

The States which lie on the south and east of Hungary are Serbia, on the south of the Danube, one of the Allies, and neutral Rumania, north of the Danube, between the Danube and the Pruth. From the Pruth to the Baltic the Russian boundary marches either with Austria or with Prussia. The small province of Cracow, touching Prussian Silesia, and the great province of Galicia, lying along the north of the Carpathian range, which separates it from Hungary, form the whole border region between Russia and Austria, being provinces of the Austrian Empire. This boundary runs roughly from east to west. From Cracow the boundary turns northward, parting Russia and Prussia. It preserves a northward direction till it reaches Thorn, then turns east, and finally northward again till it reaches the Baltic, embracing the province of East Prussia. Thus Russian Poland, with its capital at Warsaw, is a great block of territory, having East Prussia on the north between it and the Baltic, Prussian Poland and Silesia on the west, and Cracow and Galicia on the south.

The War on the Western Frontier

East Prussia, Poland, and Galicia (besides Serbia) were here the war area; in connection with which three rivers in particular frequently came into prominence—the Niemen, on the east of East Prussia, the Vistula, which flows by Warsaw into Prussia by Thorn, and furthest to the west the Warta, which flows from Poland through Prussia by Posen. Another geographical feature of strategical importance frequently mentioned is the Masurian Lakes, in East Prussia. The scarcity of roads, and still more of railways, throughout this area gives the fighting a totally different character from that of the west.

In the west we had two long lines facing each other; in each, as long as the numbers of troops were approximately equal, every transfer of troops from one point to another on one side could be countered almost simultaneously by an equivalent transfer on the other side. The lines, once formed, remained almost fixed. But in our survey of the campaign in the east, we see perpetually an invading rush on one part of the line, an opposition invading rush on another part of the line, and one invading rush after another followed by a more

or less precipitate retreat.

Thus in the first three months there was an Austrian invasion of Russia, which was swept back and turned into a Russian invasion of Galicia; a Russian invasion of East Prussia, which was hurled back and turned into a Prussian invasion of Russia, which was first blocked on the Niemen, and then pressed back again into East Prussia; a German rush upon Poland, with Warsaw as its objective, which, quite close to Warsaw, was arrested and hurled back again almost to the Prussian border. And, finally, the Russian successes in Galicia brought practically the whole of that province into Russian occupation as far west as Przcmysl. From the end of October, Russian forces strove hard to reduce Przemysl; but the fortress still held at the end of what may be called the winter campaign, although it was in dire straits and near its inevitable surrender.

THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

Broadly speaking, we may, from October, 1914, regard the Russian front as a curving line running from north to south, with the right wing resting on the Niemen, the centre on the west of Warsaw, and the left, between Cracow and Przemysl, reaching to the foot of the Carpathians. From this point the Russian forces extended eastward through Galicia along the mountains and passes of the Carpathians, which lie between that province and Hungary. The district called Bukovina is the extreme eastern portion of Galicia, where it marches with Rumania on its eastern side. This Russian front was a swaying line, sometimes pushed forward to the Prussian border, sometimes pushed back, but always covering Warsaw.

Serbia provided a separate and isolated sphere of

operations, detaining masses of Austrians in a vain hope of crushing the Serbian resistance, which effectively prevented them from throwing their full weight into the direct struggle between Austrians and Russians.

The war, however, was not confined to Europe. The process of eliminating Germany as a factor in Africa was progressing but slowly. In South Africa it was impeded by the treason of Maritz, followed up at the end of October by the spread of insurrection under the leadership of Beyers and Christian De Wet. In German East Africa, also, no effective operations were reported. But in the Far East, New Zealanders and Australians had annexed German islands, and Germany's one foot-hold in Asia, the fortress of Tsing-Tau, was already doomed. The Japanese, with the aid of a small British contingent, captured it and finally ejected the Germans on November 7th, 1914.

British Supremacy at Sea

On the seas, British supremacy asserted itself quite unmistakably from the first moment of the war. The German main fleet was out of action, bottled up in the Baltic and Wilhelmshaven. German oversea commerce had practically ceased to exist. In the seas round Great Britain, British shipping being practically undiminished, German mines or German submarines occasionally sent a ship to the bottom. But there were German cruisers at large before the North Sea was blocked; two in the Mediterranean which had taken shelter in

Turkish ports to be converted into integral members of the Turkish fleet. In the Indian ocean the Emden was living up to the motto "A short life but a merry one," and her commander was achieving the same sort of sporting admiration which had once attended the exploits of Christian De Wet during the South African War. But while in the North Sea the British Heligoland raid had shown effectively that the Fleet had little to fear from submarines and torpedo craft it had accomplished

little more. And in the Pacific, the German cruiser squadron had drawn the smaller British squadron into the engagement in which Admiral Cradock lost his life, and the Germans won a quite emphatic victory.

Such, then, was the position when Turkish breaches of a professed neutrality compelled the British Government to declare war upon Turkey on November 5th, 1914, thereby bringing another adversary into the open.

Turkey's Entry into the Conflict

The entry of Turkey into the arena created new war areas in Asia and in the Sinaitic region. For Egypt had been in some sort a dependency of the Turkish Empire, in spite of the fact that its government was effectively British. War between Great Britain and Turkey might conceivably mean troubles within Egypt itself; it was almost certain to mean some kind of attack upon Egypt by the Turks. Clearly, every effort was to be made to rouse in Mohammedan minds a belief that the war was a religious war of the Faithful against Infidel domination. No doubt there was the initial difficulty that the Sultan's ally, the German Kaiser, was not a professed Mohammedan, and that Great Britain was a Mohammedan Power whose Mohammedan subjects suffered nothing on account of their religion. Nevertheless, the Moslems of India and the Moslems of Egypt were to be roused against their Infidel rulers.

This particular attempt failed ignominiously. The secular and spiritual heads of the Mohammedans of India declared themselves in emphatic and practical fashion; in Egypt and the Soudan the Sultan's appeal fell flat. Incidentally, Great Britain annexed Cyprus, and, after an interval, declared Egypt a British Protectorate instead of a Turkish dependency. Egypt, from the military point of view, was quite ready for anything that Turkey might do. Of war within India or within

Egypt there was no sort of prospect.

But there might soon be a little fighting on the Egyptian border; and on the eastern limits of the Turkish Empire military operations began almost at once. Between the Black Sea and the Caspian, in the Caucasus, the Russian border marches partly with the Turkish and partly with the Persian border. A Turkish attack in this region would create a diversion—might

wanted.

Persia, too, was a handy equivalent for Belgium. Persia was neutral, without any concern in the European War, but upon the German hypothesis there was no more reason in the East than in the West to respect the neutrality of a Power whose military strength might be ignored.

draw off Russian troops from other

regions where they were badly



H.M.S. Bulwark, a 15-year-old battlsship of 15,000 tons, and a sieter-ship of the Venerable, that did such good work in shelling the German positions near Oatend during the Battle of the Coast, blew up in Shesrness Harbour on the morning of

November 26th, 1914. The cause was reported to be accidental, and not the work of an enemy. Of the complement of between 700 and 800 only fourteen were saved, and some of these were terribly wounded.

So the region, neutral or otherwise, between the Caspian and the Black Sea became a new war area.

The Persian Gulf, too, appeared promising for the Turco-Teutonic combinations. The Persian Gulf had always been the true objective of the Bagdad Railway. England had been paramount in the Gulf for ccnturies; an enemy in effective possession of Basra might stir up trouble in the Gulf, and trouble might spread from the Gulf to India. Besides, only a little way off lay Persian oilfields, in which the British Admiralty were intimately interested.

Here, however, the Briton anticipated the Turk. On November 8th, 1914, a British-Indian force was already at Fao, at the head of the Gulf, and a fortnight later Basra was occupied by British-Indian troops. The enemy's chance of getting at either the Gulf or the oilfields

was nipped in the bud.

On the day before the occupation of Basra, a raiding body of Turks and Arabs had been easily put to rout at some distance from Port Said, the Mediterranean terminus of the Suez Canal, by a detachment of the Bikanir Camel Corps, one of India's contributions to the British forces. The Turkish invasion of

Caucasia fared unhappily. In fact, from the very outset the normal Russian force in that region proved itself more than competent to deal with the would-be invader. The Russians pierced the snow-clad Caucasian passes, the Turkish army and Turkish supports were scattered in an engagement close to the frontier, and on November 11th a still more emphatic rout was inflicted upon them at Koeprikoei.

Meanwhile, the Japanese had not only captured Tsingtau, but had also sunk sundry of the enemy's warships in the port. The Japanese Fleet, hitherto detained by the siege, was now free to take its share in clearing the Pacific of the German cruisers which had been harrying the commerce of the Allies, and had struck so hard and fair at Admiral

Cradock's squadron.

Three days after the fall of Tsingtau came the announcement that the elusive Emden had ended her not inglorious career, and that her commander was a prisoner. The honours on this occasion fell to the Australians. The destruction of the Emden was capped

by the fate of the Königsberg, which was corked up in an East African creek, where the passage was blocked so that there was no chance of her again getting to sea. In South Africa, also, General Botha only just failed

In South Africa, also, General Botha only just failed to envelop and annihilate the rebel forces under De Wet,

on whom he inflicted a severe defeat.

By the end of October the Germans had found it necessary to explain that they had hurled themselves against Warsaw without any serious intention of attacking it, and that in reality withdrawal to their own frontier was an essential feature of the strategic plan. At the beginning of November they had, in fact, carried out this plan; north of the Warta there were not many of them left in Russian territory. During the next three days they had fallen back south of the Warta also. Then came another change. Once in Prussia, and resting upon their admirable railway system along their whole line, it was possible for them to concentrate great masses of troops with extreme rapidity at any point of their whole line. On the Russian side, however, there was no corresponding railway system; troops could not be rushed from point to point.

Very suddenly the Russians discovered that the German General Von Hindenburg was launching from Posen a great mass of troops against their centre. On November 10th it looked as though a Russian advance into Prussia, not only into East Prussia, was imminent. Ten days

later the whole Russian line had been thrust back again, and Berlin was jubilating over Von Hindenburg's latest triumph. There was, however, no corresponding sign of alarm on the part of the Russians. The position as prepared by the Russians secured a defensive line where they could say with confidence, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go." This swaying of the line between what we may call the Russian barrier porition and the German frontier always followed a set course—a massed Prussian onslaught on a Russian line in advance of the barrier position, a series of engagements while the Russians were falling back upon the barrier position, a halt, and again a solid Russian advance, before which the Prussians retreated again till they were once more resting on their strategic railways.

There was always the same hope before the Prussians, and the same hope before the Russians. If the Prussians could snap a link in the Russian chain and penetrate before it had swung back to the barrier position, one portion of the Russian army might have its flank turned and enveloped, the barrier position would never be recovered, and a Russian débacle might follow. But the



A Government on the move. Documents of the French Republic being taken into the officee of the Minieter of Finance, Parie, from Bordeaux, whence the French Government, with the exception of the War Office, returned on December 11th, 1914.

Russian hope was that their line, not snapping, but stretching into a loop, might become a noose to envelop, cut off, and annihilate a solid section of the Prussian army thrusting forward in its furious advance.

On each side the hope was more than once on the very verge of being fulfilled. On each side there was a popular tendency to premature jubilation, but with this very notable difference. No note of jubilation came from the Russian Headquarters Staff. There was no announcement of victory until the victory had been won, and its value accurately gauged. But in Germany officialdom itself raised the pæan, proclaimed the glorious triumph, and then found itself under the necessity of explaining that, the lesson having been duly administered, there was no sufficient reason why the German army should not go back to its old quarters, as it had always intended to do.

So it was on this occasion. The Russians swayed back before Von Hindenburg's onslaught, fighting stubbornly. The Prussians almost broke through and enveloped a portion of their lines. The Russians almost closed round and enveloped a substantial portion of Hindenburg's force. Neither cffort succeeded. The Russians reached the barrier position and confidently turned to bay, the Prussian tide surged back again, having no facilities for fresh concentration, while the Russians, advancing once more, gave them no pause till they were back on their own frontier.



The Kaiser's grand objective. From a drawing by a German professor, showing the importance of Calais as the point of attack against England.

It must, however, be borne in mind that Hindenburg's rushes always had more than one object in view. The primary purpose we may assume to be that of breaking through the Russian centre, if possible. But subsidiary to this was the intention of relieving the pressure either upon East Prussia or in Galicia. Before Hindenburg made his rush, it was anticipated with some confidence that Przemysl would soon fall and that Cracow would not be very long in following suit. The rush cost Hindenburg's army very dear; but it certainly had the effect of relieving the pressure on East Prussia, and may possibly have helped to account for the fact that three months afterwards Przemysl was still standing and Cracow was not even invested.

At the close of November, then, the German offensive in Poland had been held up and rolled back, and Northern Poland was once more nearly cleared of the invaders. But some students of the war were turning anxious eyes upon neglected Serbia. News from Serbia was always meagre; rumours reached us, but little that was official except from Austria; and anyone who derived information exclusively from Austrian official reports could only believe that the whole war had been an endless series of brilliant triumphs for the Austrian arms, with scarcely so much as a check to mar the magnificent picture.

But in Serbia it was, at least, certain that the Austrian hosts greatly outnumbered the Serbs; that the Serbs were engaged in a forlorn and desperate struggle with all the odds against them; and in some quarters doubts were felt as to the possibility of their maintaining a prolonged resistance until they should receive from the Allies reinforcements, which there was certainly no immediate prospect that the Allies would be able to send. The progress of events on the Russian line might be viewed without perturbation, though with confidence rather than exhilaration by the wise. But Serbia was certainly having a bad time.

We turn now to the western front, where the main British interest was always centred, since it was there that the main British army had its work to do, a work severe, dangerous, important, to a degree out of proportion to its length on the line from Belfort to Ostend, along which the Allies and the Germans lay facing each other.

Roughly speaking, the British section, the Ypres-Armentières-La Bassée section, was only about onetenth of the whole. But this section, with its extension to the coast, was the line that blocked the way to Calais and formed the left flank of the Allies. Consequently, it provided a perpetual attraction for concentrated German attack; and from the moment when each of the hostile forces had extended its chain to the coast, the British, at least, had felt that this was the supreme post of danger and of honour. Perhaps there is a temptation to forget that along the other five-sixths of the line there were other posts of danger and honour hardly second to this one. Moreover, between Ypres and the sea, while German operations had been to a great extent paralysed by the opening of the dykes and the consequent inundations, vital importance attached to the fighting on the Yser in which the British had no share, and to the fighting on the coast. In this last, however, they turned the enemy's right flank by means not of British regiments, but of the Monitor Squadron, the latest instruments for carrying out combined military and naval movements.

The occupying and securing of the British line in October came to be revealed as perhaps the most astonishing achievement in a war which abounded in astonishing achievements. While Antwerp stood, the northward extension of the Allies and of their enemies to the coast was incomplete. There was a great gap; and when Antwerp should fall, though not till then, German forces would be released to hurl themselves through the gap round the flank of the Allies. Antwerp was able to hold

out barely long enough to enable the situation to be saved. The Belgians from the coast, joined by General Rawlinson's column, strained their line as far southward as they could. The French strained their line as far northward as they could, bringing even their Territorials up to the fighting-line in order to do so; but still there was

a gap.

Barely in time the gap was filled by the British Army, swiftly, silently, secretly, transferred from the Aisne—a marvel of organising skill. It only began to arrive three days after Antwerp had fallen. By October 20th the new British line did actually extend from the neighbourhood of La Bassée, which was (and remained) in German hands, past Ypres till it was linked up with the Belgian defence on the Yser. It seemed as much as the British could possibly do to hold fast between La Bassée and Ypres; but as the fresh troops arrived, Sir John French took the enormous risk of sending them on to the Ypres-Yser line instead of strengthening the line between La Bassée and Ypres. That line would have to take care of itself somehow. The line was so thin, so strained, that it had, so to speak, no excuse for being able to resist a concentrated attack at any point. In effect, there were no reserves. If it snapped—

The First Battle of Ypres

It had to hold without snapping, and it did. The battle was a sort of ten days' Waterloo. The Germans battered upon the line, flung masses against it; finally, on October 31st, made the supreme effort at the vital spot, as Napoleon launched the Old Guard against Wellington's right at Waterloo. And the German effort, like Napoleon's Old Guard, was decisively hurled back. Only there was no Blücher this time to transform a repulse, however complete, however destructive to the attacking force, into a rout and a flight. The German effort had failed; the German opportunity would not recur. The British victory of Ypres was a magnificent feat of arms, and in one sense decisive. But it did not, like Waterloo, mean a débacle for the enemy.

The last day of October was the true crisis of the Battle of Ypres. Yet for another fortnight the hammering went on. The British line was growing a little stronger and a little stronger. The Bavarians had learnt that to meet with the "English just once" was not unqualified bliss, even for the valiant; yet they were not yet convinced that the British might not still be wiped out. But now

the line did not swing, it only vibrated. On the other hand, at this time the line in the eastern area was swinging, swinging violently, swinging back to the Prussian frontier. So yet another thunderbolt was launched. According to report the Kaiser personally had set his heart upon smashing the British at Ypres, crowning his capture of this old Flemish capital by declaring Flanders annexed, and then proceeding from Ypres to Calais.

The Kaiser's Supreme Effort

Ever sentimental, the Kaiser desired the triumph to be achieved by the Prussian Guard, the pick of the Prussian Army. In the middle of November he hurled his bolt. But in the interval the British line had been strengthened, and there were Frenchmen fighting along with British, shoulder to shoulder. The Prussian Guard crashed forward, till it seemed that by sheer numbers and weight it must burst its way through. The fire of the Allies moved their ranks down, but still they came on, and still they were moved down, until they were driven reeling backward. Again and again they rallied, hurled forward, and were hurled back with appalling carnage. The battle of November 15th confirmed the battle of October 31st. The later attack was no less fierce, perhaps ficrcer than the earlier one; but it never came so near to success, and the repulse was more complete and more disastrous.

There was no renewal of such terrific onslaughts during the rest of the month, though at different points in the line there were occasional fierce engagements which, in any previous war, would have been distinguished individually as battles. Thus at Bixschoote, in the Yser region, where the French and Belgians were fighting, and there was a three days' struggle for the possession of a particular wood, a decision was effected by a magnificent bayonet charge of French Zouaves. Or, again, we may mark down the stern struggle to the south of Ypres, where a heavy attack was made upon the 3rd British Division by artillery and infantry. Two battalions were shelled out of their trench, but recovered the position by a brilliant counter-attack.

But there was no appreciable change, no unmistakable progress on either side. And this statement applies equally to the rest of the long line. It must be observed that, from the Allies' point of view, this meant success. For the Allies had not prepared themselves for a war of



Women passengere on the Folkeetone boat tending wounded British heroes who fought so magnificently against the Germane.

On landing they were received by cheering crowds and conveyed to the hospital in motor-care.

THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

conquest, whereas a war of conquest was precisely what the Germans had aimed at. What the Allies had done was to stem and partly roll back the tide of invasion, to build up an inpenetrable barrier against the further advance of the Germans, a barrier which the Germans must endeavour to break before the Allies could bring their reserve forces into operation. If that barrier was strong enough, the German e deavours to break through must have a much more exhausting effect upon them than upon the Allies. And it was gradually becoming clear that the barrier was strong enough. But it was not the business of the Allies as yet to begin the great offensive which must come some day. That must wait until they could bring more men, and still more men, to bear with irresistible force upon selected points.

The Passing of Lord Roberts

Here let a brief episode be recalled, having indeed no direct bearing upon the war, yet most intimately connected with it. Fifty-seven years ago a young artilleryman had won the Victoria Cross in the great struggle of the Indian Mutiny. For forty-one years he served the Empire in India. Later still another great service had been demanded of the war-worn veteran in South Africa. But most of all his heart was always with his Indian troops. Now those troops had come to play their part for the Empire in Europe, Sikhs and Gurkhas, Punjabis, Hindustanis, and Madrasis; and "Bobs Bahadur" went to give kindly greeting to his children. In their midst, almost within sound of the guns, Death laid his hand on the gallant old soldier, mourned and honoured by all men of British blood-British in the largest and most inclusive sense; the soldier from whom Germany herself could not withhold the tribute of admiration.

Three other November incidents remain to be chronicled.

In the Black Sea a Russian squadron, under Admiral Everhardt, cruising along the Crimean coast, caught sight through a fog of the outline of the enemy cruisers which had evidently risked coming there to bombard Yalta. Chase was given; the Goeben was raked at short range by the Russian flagship, which crippled her big guns. The engagement had no other marked consequences; the Goeben and her

consorts escaped, but she was severely damaged at a time when her fighting value was sorely needed for the Islamic ally of the Central Empires.

By sea also a noteworthy performance was accomplished by a British ship belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. The Ortega, having on board Navigation Company. The Ortega, having on board three hundred French Reservists, was pursued off the South American coast by a German cruiser. The presumed speed of the German was twenty-one knots an hour, that of the Ortega was only fourteen. It was raised, however, to eighteen by the splendid energy of the stokers supplemented by a group of volunteers. Thus the Ortega just succeeded in reaching the Strait of Magellan, not without risk to the ship's boilers. Once in the Strait, the magnificent seamanship of the captain enabled him to drive his craft, though only with supreme daring and at enormous risk, by channels where the German could not venture to follow; and thus he effected his escape and crossed the Atlantic in safety. It was a feat of seamanship worthy of the finest British traditions.

Land and sea having played their part, an aerial exploit still claims attention. Airmen had done excellent service as the eyes of the Army. What more they might be able to do was entirely a matter of conjecture, although the sinking of the British Fleet and the devastation of London by Zeppelins were menaces by which it was supposed in Germany that frenzied alarm had been aroused in British bosoms. Bomb-dropping in Paris and elsewhere had done little to encourage such terrifying anticipations. But in December, British airmen of the Naval Service gave the Germans a hint of more effective and more creditable uses to which aircraft might be put.

The Air Raid on Friedrichshafen

Three aeroplanes crossed one hundred and fifty miles of German territory to Friedrichshafen, a great Zeppelin factory just outside Switzerland. One aeroplane and its occupant, Commander Briggs, were so badly hit that they came to the ground, and the commander was taken prisoner. The other two made good their escape back to France. But before they left it was quite clear that very considerable damage had been wrought in the Zeppelin sheds, though it was obviously impossible to ascertain its precise extent. The air raid was distinguished from German efforts by the manifest fact that its purpose was exclusively military, and was directed not to the assassination of innocent civilians or the damaging of churches and public buildings, but to the destruction of military stores and factories.

The beginning of Dccember was marked by another episode, not of a strictly military character, in connection Army in Flanders. His Majesty

paid a visit to his soldiers. the fact that he was even the fact that he had gone, was n o t published abroad until he was already in France. Having first visited the base hospitals, he went, in the company of the French President, M. Poincaré, to the British front. In the British lines their appearance was greeted with enthusiasm. A hundred and eighty years had passed since the last occasion when a British monarch was personally present among his troops at the front, the memorable occasion when his Majesty's ancestor George II. displayed distinguished personal valour at the Battle of Dettingen.



H.M.S. Formidable, which was sunk in the Channel on New Year's Day, 1915, with the loss of about 550 soule. Herolem characteristic of the highest traditions of the esa prevailed on the doomed ship, and afterwards when the captain and crew of the trawler Providence rescued seventy survivors of the wreck. Inset photographe show the crew of the trawler—left to right(back row): W. Carter, Captain Pillar, J. Clark; (front row) Dan Taylor, L. Pillar—and their craft in harbour.



The region of the coast battle and of the great German effort to "hack a way through" to Calais.



London Scottish after a night attack on the enemy. Their appearance forms a curious contrast to that of the day when, to the accompaniment of pipes, they set out for the front. The London Scottish covered themselves with glory, and not a little mud.

In the outlying regions the capture of De Wet and the death of General Beyers deprived the South African insurgents of their principal leaders. The loyalty of the population in general was manifested, but undeniably it had also been made clear that there was a remnant of the old irreconcilable sentiment, easy enough to understand. Not fifteen years before Boer and Briton had been fighting desperately. For the most part the sometime enemies had become united comrades, but there were still men who loved the old ideal of independence and resented incorporation. It was no easy matter for men who had once fought side by side with them against the British to condemn them now wholeheartedly as rebels.

General Botha's Difficult Task

General Botha had before him the singularly difficult task of suppressing the rebellion, emphasising the fact that the insurgents were rebels, inflicting due punishment, and at the same time endeavouring to reconcile rather than to crush the hostile element. Severity might, indeed, strengthen the overt display of loyalty and diminish the overt display of disaffection; but only by a judicious leniency could the recently-born sentiment of loyalty be confirmed and extended. On all counts it was clear that the existence of disaffection could neither on the one hand be ignored nor on the other be treated with any appearance of vindictiveness; and it followed that active operations against the Germans in German South-West Africa could not be immediately pushed forward.

On the Persian Gulf operations were limited to establishing the security of the area which might be threatened by the Turks.

In the region of the Caucasus the Russians proved themselves emphatically masters of the Turks, on whom severe defeats and heavy losses were inflicted. In this quarter, however, movements could only be regarded as minor operations in the war. They proved that so far the Turkish activities could be more than held in check without any diversion of Russian forces from the areas in which they were engaged, or for which they had been destined before the Turkish intervention.

Egypt remained in effect undisturbed. About the middle of the month that country was formally declared a British Protectorate with the approval of the Allies. The Khedive, who had chosen to range himself on the Turkish side, was formally deposed, and Prince Hussein

Kamel Pasha was formally raised to the dignity of Sultan of Egypt, which ceased to be a dependency of the Turkish Empire even in name.

The early days of December were critical for Serbia. When the month opened the Austrians occupied Belgrade, the Serbians were swept back to the hills, and the Austrians proceeded to their annihilation with much flourishing of trumpets. The time had come for the decisive infliction of chastisement. The failure of Serbia to recognise Austria as having been set in authority over her had been the occasion of the war in which Europe was embroiled; the well-deserved punishment was now to be meted out to her. To external observers it appeared only too probable that the programme would be carried out.

It was not carried out. The Austrians advanced, the

It was not carried out. The Austrians advanced, the Serbians turned at bay and surprised the world by inflicting a smashing defeat upon the Austrians, driving them back in rout and reoccupying Belgrade.

The great struggle along the vast Russian front was, as always, enveloped in mists. Hindenburg's great offensive in North Poland in the second half of November, which had undoubtedly driven the Russians back, had been in its turn held up, and had involved Hindenburg's own forces in a position so dangerous that in many quarters the annihilation or capture of a large part of his army under General Mackensen was anticipated with a confidence which was far from being encouraged by Russian military headquarters. As a matter of fact, Mackensen fought his way out of what had threatened to be a fatal trap with courage and skill, with heavy loss indeed, but with nothing like annihilation. The Germans in North Poland were driven back, and in the Cracow region there seemed to be promise that the Russian offensive was on the point of proving successful.

Russian Retiral on Warsaw

The hopes of the Allies, however, in this region were disappointed. The Germans on the southern half of their Poland line were not swept back, but held their ground. There was prolonged and stubborn fighting in the neighbourhood of Lodz. The Russian command apparently made up its mind that retirement to the barrier line was advisable. Lodz was deliberately evacuated, and was then occupied by the Germans. The German capture of Lodz was not what Berlin

understood it to be, the product of a brilliant German victory and a Russian rout; the Russian evacuation and retirement were effected almost without a fight. The movement was strategically sound, but it would not have been necessary if the Russians had not felt that in that region the Germans were, on the whole, proving themselves the stronger, and that Lodz, not itself a place of real strategical importance, could not be held without an effort too costly to be worth while.

These operations prevented the anticipated progress in the Cracow area, and a redistribution of the Russian forces in Galicia was necessitated by the development of a new Austrian offensive directed against the Carpathian passes, especially the Dukla Pass on the west. For some time to come both Russians and Austrians repeatedly claimed successes for themselves and checks to the enemy, but in effect it did not appear either that the Austrians would succeed in flinging themselves in force into Galicia, or that the Russians would succeed in flinging themselves in force into Hungary.

While the long battle-front in the west remained without conspicuous change, notable events were occurring at sea. German activities on the coast were, to a great extent, paralysed by the Monitor Squadron, to whose flank fire from the sea they were exposed, and from the same cause the works at Zeebrugge, from which great things had been hoped, were rendered ineffective. Their positions were, in fact, insecure, although it was never possible for the Allies to calculate with any accuracy the precise amount of damage wrought by periodical bombardments.

Popular Expectations of the Navy

To the onlooker, however, the operations of the Navy had not hitherto been very impressive. He was told that the British Fleet was mistress of the seas, and it appeared to him to follow that an occasional Trafalgar or Battle of the Nile, say once a month, was no more than he had a right to expect. The mere fact that the enemy battle fleet remained out of action, hidden in its ports because prudence forbade it to challenge the superior British Fleet, did not appeal to the imagination, and grumblers went on asking each other what the Fleet was doing. It did not strike them that Nelson tried in vain for two years to bring the enemy fleet to action before Trafalgar, and that there would have been no Trafalgar if Napoleon had not imposed upon his own admirals a course of action which they themselves unanimously condemned. Admiral Jellicoe, like Nelson, was not endeavouring to bottle up the German

fighting fleet in port; on the contrary, he gave it every opportunity to come out and fight if it dared. From his as from Nelson's point of view the annoying thing was that it did not dare.

The Heligoland operations might have been regarded as an attempt to goad it into action, but so far as that was their object they had failed, not through any fault of the British Navy. The plain fact was that the British naval position at the opening of the war was very much what it had been at any time during the Napoleonic wars after the Battle of the Nile and before the Battle of Trafalgar. The enemy fighting fleet was in a state of paralysis, his mercantile marine was swept off the seas, and his maritime activities were virtually confined to the operations of privateers in the Napoleonic wars and of submarines and minelayers in the present war, and the commerce raiding of the few cruisers which were at large—all of which taken together were accomplishing a good deal less than the privateers a century ago.

A Parallel with the days of Nelson

In another sense, too, the situation in 1914 had its resemblance to the situation in 1804. There was an uneasy feeling that Germany had a great invasion in preparation, that it was practicable for her to elude the British Fleet for the number of hours or days needed for the landing of a great expeditionary force. Then and now the Admiralty was unmoved, entirely confident that any such attempt would merely mean the annihilation of the enemy. But then and now this fulness of confidence was only half shared by the military men, and by no means as much as half shared by uninstructed purveyors of gossip.

And the croakers had one point in their favour. So far, only two naval operations had taken place which could be called engagements. One was the Heligoland raid, in which no very conspicuous amount of damage had been inflicted on the enemy. The other was the battle at the end of October between the British and German cruiser squadrons off Chili, in which the British ships were outnumbered, were altogether inferior in gun-firing capacity, and lost the two larger ships out of the four which were engaged, while very little damage was done to the five ships of the German squadron; from which an obvious inference was to be drawn. The composition of the German squadron enabled it to defy the efforts of the Allies to bring to bear upon it a superior naval force in the Pacific. This being so, what had become of the British dominion of the seas?

The answer was given suddenly, dramatically,



The fraternity of suffering. British and German coldiers, "broken in war," lying side by side in the Hippodrome at Frankfort.

THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

decisively. On December 8th the German squadron was trapped and annihilated. Four of their five ships were sent to the bottom; only one made good her escape, and the British losses were entirely insignificant.

In fact, what happened was this. Before the North Sea was closed up, the Germans were able to place in the Pacific a small squadron of fast ships, some of them with powerful armament. The British ships of corresponding speed, intended for the protection of those waters, were not of correspondingly powerful armament, and so could not compel the Germans to an engagement with an inferior force. The one ship with superior armament, the Canopus, was of inferior speed. One attempt to hunt down the Germans had



The exterior of the Pavilion, Brighton. At the command of King George, the building was transformed into a hospital for wounded indian soldiere.

consequently failed disastrously. When this defect in the distribution of the British forces was revealed by the Chili battle, the Admiralty, instantly and silently, proceeded to remedy it. Without a moment's delay, and without a word being said, a squadron was despatched to the west. But the hunt in the Pacific, especially since the release of the Japanese Fleet by the fall of Tsingtau, was becoming hot enough to render the position of the German squadron precarious. Precisely at the moment when the unsuspecting Germans turned out of the Pacific into the Atlantic, Admiral Sturdee's squadron was arriving at the Falkland Islands.

Everything fell out as the British admiral desired. On the morning of December 8th the enemy squadron

December 8th the enemy squadron was sighted. It consisted of the two battle-cruisers, the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and three light cruisers, the Leipzig, the Nürnberg, and the Dresden. Against these were, in effect, the Inflexible and the Invincible, and the slower moving Carnarvon, the Glasgow, the Cornwall, and the Kent; the Glasgow having played her part manfully in the previous engagement from which she had escaped. The Germans were apparently under the impression that their opportunity had come for finishing off the work of the October battle, the British battle-cruisers being concealed from their view. When these appeared, they saw that the odds were precisely reversed, and they ran. By 10.30 a general chase had begun; at one o'clock the Inflexible, which was leading, opened fire, immediately followed by the Invincible, at fifteen to sixteen thousand yards' range. The three light cruisers parted from the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau and were pursued by the Glasgow, followed by the Cornwall and Kent; the Invincible

and Inflexible engaged the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, and were supported by the Carnarvon.

By half-past four the Scharnhorst had gone down. The Gneisenau kept up her flag till six o'clock, when she also went down, though the victors were able to save some of her crew. The Glasgow got her revenge on the Leipzig, which went down after six hours' fighting; the Nürnberg was finished off by the Kent some time earlier; from both ships a few survivors were rescued. The Dresden was never brought into action on account of her superior speed, the Glasgow having been too long occupied with the Leipzig to have any chance of overtaking her.

This engagement, admirably conducted, left the Germans with nothing but an occasional stray light cruiser at large. Like the previous battle, it was an engagement between squadrons, one of which was outranged and outweighted by the other. It showed that the initial mistake had been made of miscalculating the enemy force in the Pacific; it showed also that the mistake could be remedied the moment it had been realised. Admiral Sturdee's squadron, having done all the work that it was required to do, returned home.

Three days later came a demonstration of the futility of the complaints that had been made about the relative efficacy of German and British submarines. With the British marine proceeding on its way practically undisturbed, the German submarines had innumerable targets, and now and then they managed to hit one. With the German shipping shut up, or lying low in its



The Pavilion, Brighton, fitted as a hospital for wounded Indiane.

ports, the British submarines had no targets and no achievements to show corresponding to those of the Germans. But now a British submarine—Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook—penetrated through the Dardanelles and blew up a Turkish battleship.

Admiral Sturdee's victory imposed upon the Germans the immediate necessity of showing that there was something which their fleet could do. German warships had slipped out of their port, raced across the North Sea, dropped some shells at Yarmouth, and bolted home again. Now they effected another raid. Again they raced across the North Sea, threw shells into Whitby, Scarborough, and the Hartlepools, and again raced home, saved by fog from the pursuit of an approaching British patrolling squadron.

The precise purpose of the raid is difficult to conjecture. It was hailed in Germany as a brilliant demonstration that the British Navy was cowering in its ports. Berlin

rejoiced at the destruction of these apparently celebrated fortresses which guard the eastern coasts of Great Britain. The islanders, it was understood, were shivering with terror in their cellars. Perhaps it was the real object of the raid to produce precisely this impression in Germany, to which decidedly credulous country it was strictly confined. None of the three places bombarded were fortified. The old abbey at Whitby was damaged; a score of soldiers, a good many women and children, and several harmless civilians were killed, and a great many more were wounded or injured. During the ensuing days the rate of recruiting doubled; it was being brought home to the British mind, more vividly than by any possible reports from Belgium and France, that the Germans were not playing the game according to the rules—that they were directing their warfare against women, children, and ordinary civilians, presumably with intent, but certainly without military excuse. Anger was aroused, but not alarm. At the same time this characteristic performance was

the subject of stinging comments from the Press of neutral countries.

The Purpose of the Scarborough Raid.

But besides affording consolation to the German mind for the destruction of the German fleet off the Falkland Islands, another explanation of the purposes of the raid may be put forward. It was an experiment intended to test what might be done by the fastest of the German ships under the most favourable conditions. And the naval authorities could draw the conclusion that such ships might get within gun fire of the British coast, remain there for a few hours, and, if favoured by weather conditions, might escape back to the German ports without being brought to an engagement. But it also pointed to the conclusion that there was such a chance only for a fast squadron of no large dimensions; certainly no chance for an armada convoying troops and military stores for debarkation, no chance of attacking anything except open, undefended towns.

The British grumbler, however, was given his opportunity, and he was not slow to declare that the British Fleet ought to patrol the whole coast-line with such completeness that it should be impossible for any German ships to race across the North Sea and race back again. It had, indeed, been proved that such experiments on the part of the enemy were exceedingly risky, that at the best they could accomplish very little, and that little only by ignoring the recognised ethics of warfare; and that an entirely disproportionate disaster to the raiders was, at any rate, a possibility to be taken into account. Still, this did not silence complaints.



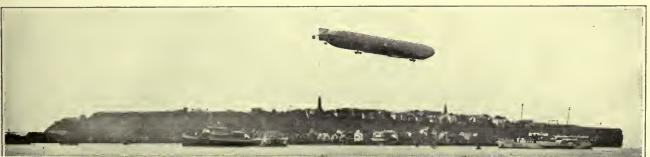
Pictorial proof of the Christmas Day truce, showing Briton and German friends between the trenches in Belgium. Phenomenal as it may appear that soldiers can fight to the death one day and fraternise the next, it is, after all, only strictly in accordance with human nature. Such incidents occurred in Napoleonio and Russo-Japansse campaigns.

One feature of the raid, however, was suggestive. When the squadron was sighted by a British patrol and took to its heels, the rearmost ship launched a number of mines in its own wake. There may have been an idea that by these Parthian shafts unsuspecting British warships might be sent to the bottom; or that reckless British commanders might be enticed to pursue the flying Germans into minefields where they would meet their doom.

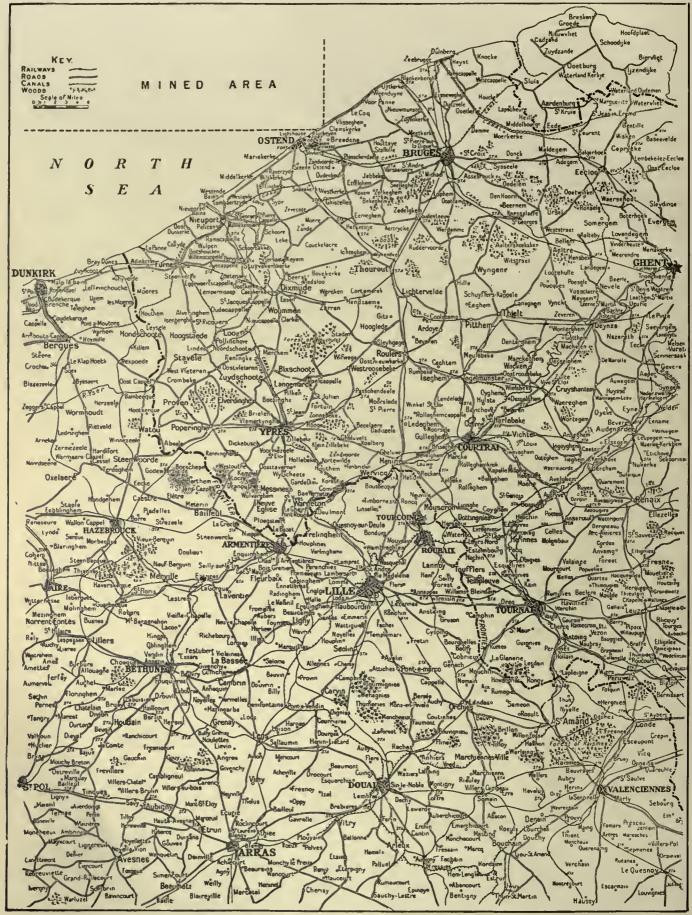
On Christmas Eve the first German aeroplane dropped a bomb on British soil, at Dover, without, however, doing material damage. On Christmas Day another German aeroplane appeared over Sheerness, but beat a speedy retreat when British aeroplanes rose to engage it. A more notable event on the same day was an attack upon Cuxhaven by British seaplanes, co-operating with a flotilla of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. As usual, it was impossible to gauge the amount of damage done by the airmen. They were seven in number; six of them got back to the flotilla in safety; and the pilot of the seventh, of whose death fears were entertained, fell into the sea, but was picked up by a Dutch boat.

The flotilla was attacked under water by submarines and from the air by Zeppelins, but on the sea itself there was no attempt to engage it. It suffered no damage either from the enemies above or from those beneath; the skilful manœuvring of the ships and the activity of the destroyers completely foiled the torpedoes; no damage was done by Zeppelin bombs, while one, at least, of the Zeppelins was seriously damaged by gun fire.

A sort of reply to the Cuxhaven raid was made by five German aeroplanes which visited Dunkirk on December 30th. The first appeared about eleven in



The tremendous proportions of Germany's gas-bag aircraft may be gathered from this photograph, which shows a Zeppelin's size in relation to the Island of Heligoland, the great naval base that Germany created off her North Sea Coast.



Detailed Map of the Western War Area In France and Belglum.

the forenoon, followed at ten minutes' intervals by three others, which circled over the centre of the town and dropped bombs in pairs. The fifth followed some distance away, ready, evidently, to meet any French or British airships, which, however, did not put in an appearance. As it was market day, and the streets were somewhat crowded, fifteen persons were killed and thirty-two wounded—mostly women and children. The raiders were subjected to a fusillade of rifles and quick-firers, but apparently neither they nor their pilots were injured.

On the long stretch of the allied line from Flanders to Alsace it was always extremely difficult to ascertain what actual progress had been made. From the time when the two lines became completely locked, we heard periodically from one point or another of fierce fighting, heavy bombardment, repeated attacks by the enemy successfully repulsed, a line of trenches captured, a line of trenches recovered, the loss of which two or three days before had not been brought home to our minds. Reports of trenches lost by the Allies had a tendency to be postponed until they could be coupled with reports

of the recovery of the same trenches.

A chain, we know, is no stronger than its weakest



An impression of the damage done to a North Sea steamer by the explosion of a mine. Fortunately it was possible to beach the ship to save her from foundering. The black mark of the censor obliterates her name. Inset: A member of the crew of a mine-sweeper wearing the special hatribbon issued by the Admiralty, with which he is evidently pleased.

link. But no weakest link had yet been discovered. The chain was not taut. Here and there a kink straightened out; here and there a new kink appeared. On the whole the straightening was generally in favour of the Allies; the new kinks were more often kinks forward than kinks backward. That summarises the situation throughout December. The total impression was of progress—almost infinitesimal, but still progress of the Allies along the whole line; but with no concentrated thrust forward at any point, no appearance of penetration anywhere, either by the Allies or by the Germans.

On the extreme left of the Allies hard fighting went on in the neighbourhood of Nieuport on the coast, with some progress on the part of the Allies. Dixmude was several times reported captured and recaptured, but was in effect to be regarded as a German post. From Ypres to Armentières the fury of the German attempt to batter through was checked, yet there were almost ceaseless attacks and counter-attacks; a day on which there was no fighting was a rarity. The Germans

kcpt their grip on La Bassée, near which the French pressed them hard at Vermelles, and the British on the other hand had a very critical time at Givenchy. On the Yser considerable importance was attached to the capture by the Allies of the point known as the Ferryman's House. Ypres formed one of the forward kinks in the chain. Great efforts were made to straighten up its backward curve where the enemy lay to the south of it, and here distinct progress was made during the third week of December.

During that week progress was also made in other parts of the section, the Fleet giving material assistance to the pressure of the Allies on the coast. The loop round Ypres was pushed farther to the eastward, and the allied line was also pushed eastwards both on the north and on the

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south of Arras. It might
be said on the analogy
of a Rugby football
match that the allied
"scrum" appeared
now to be pushing
the German pack
backwards inch by
inch, while neither
pack showed the
faintest sign of

breaking up.

The next section of the line, hitherto running from north to south, turned east by south

from what we have called the Compiègne corner to Verdun, along the line of the Aisne with the Argonne woods at the east end. Rheims lies about the centre. Along this line, again, there was a slight—a very slight—pressure forwards, especially on the eastern end and in the Argonne. This region was perhaps the scene of the most difficult fighting, where the calculation of losses and gains offered the most complex problem. It was clear, however, that the French offensive was here becoming more and more active, and that the German counter-offensive was weakening.

At some points of the line Christmas Day brought a very brief interlude of unauthorised truce, which met with little approval from the military authorities, but had after all its sentimental value. The men on each side called "pax," like schoolboys, so to speak, shook hands with each other, exchanged smokes, and for a few hours suppressed the consciousness that they were about to do their best to kill each other. We may ask in vain what the Germans found out about the British in the course of these friendly discussions; but the British discovered,

concerning the Germans, that they suffered from the persistent and ineradicable conviction that the Kaiser's legions were already in occupation of London, and that the enemy were very much puzzled to understand why, since this was notoriously true, the British troops were wasting their energies in Flanders. The truce, however, was of the briefest. Christmas Day sentiment was strictly confined to Christmas Day.

January brought no news of a striking character from South Africa, where the revolt, although it could never be regarded as really dangerous, was sufficiently widespread to be troublesome, and seemed to carry with it possibilities of minor outbreaks which could not be simply ignored. German East Africa found its port of Dar-es-Salaam subjected to the inevitable results of British maritime supremacy, but otherwise there was no information of definite progress in that quarter; and the same may be said of the operations in what was once known as Chaldea, the region of the Lower Euphrates and Tigris at the head of the Persian Gulf.

THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

On the other hand, the campaign in the Cancasian area was extremely active about the beginning of the year. In the first week the Turks, advancing in what may be called the region of Kars, met with overwhelming disaster. The movements took place among mountains and passes covered with snow, across extremely steep ridges, at a height of 10,000 feet. The Turks, with three army corps, estimated to be bodies numbering from 30,000 to 40,000 men, delivered a frontal attack from Sarykamysch and a flanking attack from Ardahan. The outcome of it was that two of the army corps were almost annihilated, and the third was enveloped. After hard fighting its position was found to be so hopeless that it surrendered almost en masse, the number of prisoners being so large as to cause serious embarrassment to the victors.

The fighting here was of an altogether exceptional character, very different from the trench warfare of the western front. The Russians often found themselves forcing their way knee-deep in snow up mountains to carry the Turkish positions. The Turkish invasion of the Caucasian regions, especially under winter conditions, was, from the Turkish point of view, an enormous

blunder, forced upon them apparently by the gencies of German strategy. German strategy was reck-less enough of the lives of the German soldiery, but treated the Turkish allies as food for indiscriminate and wholesale slaughter. In the calculation of wastage, the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands of Turks was a matter of no account, if some diversion of Russian forces might be thereby effected. After all, Germany was none the worse. She does not, however, appear to have been any the better, since the Russians did their fighting in this area entirely with that army of observation which they could not in any case safely withdraw, but which they found it unnecessary to reinforce, so that it did not draw off a single soldier from the other areas of conflict.

The result of these engagements was that the Russians were enabled to advance in the direction of Erzerum, though in that neighbourhood a sufficient Turkish army was concentrated to hold them in check. Towards the middle of the month, also, the Turks entered the north-western corner of Persia and occupied Tabriz.

At the end of December the Russians were again advancing upon the southern frontier of East Prussia, in the direction of Thorn. Early in January it was reported that they had inflicted heavy losses on the enemy near Mlawa. The advance, however, was not maintained, and the Russian front was pressed back to the line from Przasnysz to the Vistula, in the rear of Plock, though later in the month there was another partial advance in that quarter, and a slight withdrawal further to the south.

There were premature rumours of Russian troops forcing their way shrough the Carpathians and invading Hungary and Transylvania. As a matter of fact, the fighting along the passes bore a ding-dong character, Austrians or Russians gaining ground here, losing ground there, sometimes regaining and sometimes failing to regain ground that had been lost. Officially, of course, they always drew back to stronger positions when they retired, and always repulsed the enemy's attacks. But neither side was winning anything which could be called a mastery.

On the east of Galicia, however, considerable importance was attached to the extension of the Russians in the Bukovina; this district being looked upon as a base for the invasion of Transylvania. Its special importance, however, was connected with Rumania. A large portion of Transylvania is coveted by Rumania as having a Rumanian population and being, at least on nationalist principles, properly a portion, not of Hungary, but of Rumania. It was universally believed that Rumania was at this time strongly inclined to end its neutrality and take part in the war on the side of the Entente. This programme would unquestionably be facilitated by the Russian occupation of the Bukovina, where Rumanian forces would be able to co-operate with those of Russia. If, on the other hand, the Bukovina were held in force by Austro-Hungarian troops, these would be a wedge between Russians and Rumanians. Practically, in effect, the Bukovina in Russian hands would enable Rumania to join in under the most favourable conditions; but she would have the strongest inducement to maintain her neutrality while the province was occupied or likely to be occupied by Hungarian forces. The Russian occupation, however, was only of a

tentative character; the forces, that is to say, which Russia could spare for it while the passes farther to the west were not decisively in her possession, were extremely limited.

tremely limited.

Admiral Sturdee's victory off the Falklands had reduced to a minimum the capacity of the Germans for harassing the ocean com-merce of the Allies. To all intents and purposes German naval operations were confined to the North Sea and the immediate neighbourhood of the British Islands. And in those waters they were restricted to the activities of submarines and the possible activities of Germany's fastest shipsthose only which could count upon showing a clean pair of heels to any except the fastest British ships. For several weeks following the bombardment of East Coast

bombardment of East Coast watering-places it appeared that the narrow escape of the German squadron on this occasion had inspired caution rather than confidence on the part of the German naval authorities. But the only positive loss suffered in the course of that enterprise was the loss of a German ship, the Yorck, which ran over a German mine—a curiously literal instance of being "hoist with one's own petard." It was tolerably certain that another experiment of the same kind would be tried again on the chance of another "success" which would warrant Berlin in a liberal display of bunting.

The Kaiser's birthday was at hand. It was to be celebrated with solemnity rather than with festivity. Still, there was every probability that a sentimental effort would be made to convert it into something which could be regarded as a red-letter day. This was perhaps the reason why the German Admiralty selected the night of January 23rd for a fresh adventure—the despatch of another squadron to the English coast. Precisely what it intended to achieve or to attempt remains uncertain. Conceivably it hoped to effect a surprise attack on some quite important position. Probably it hoped to repeat the Scarborough performance, or something like it, perhaps on a larger scale, and thereby to develop the panic which Germans fondly believed to have been created by the previous raid. Presumably it was hoped that British warships might



Wounded soldiers in hospital enjoying a cigarette.



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Phot by Karrah Co

ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS

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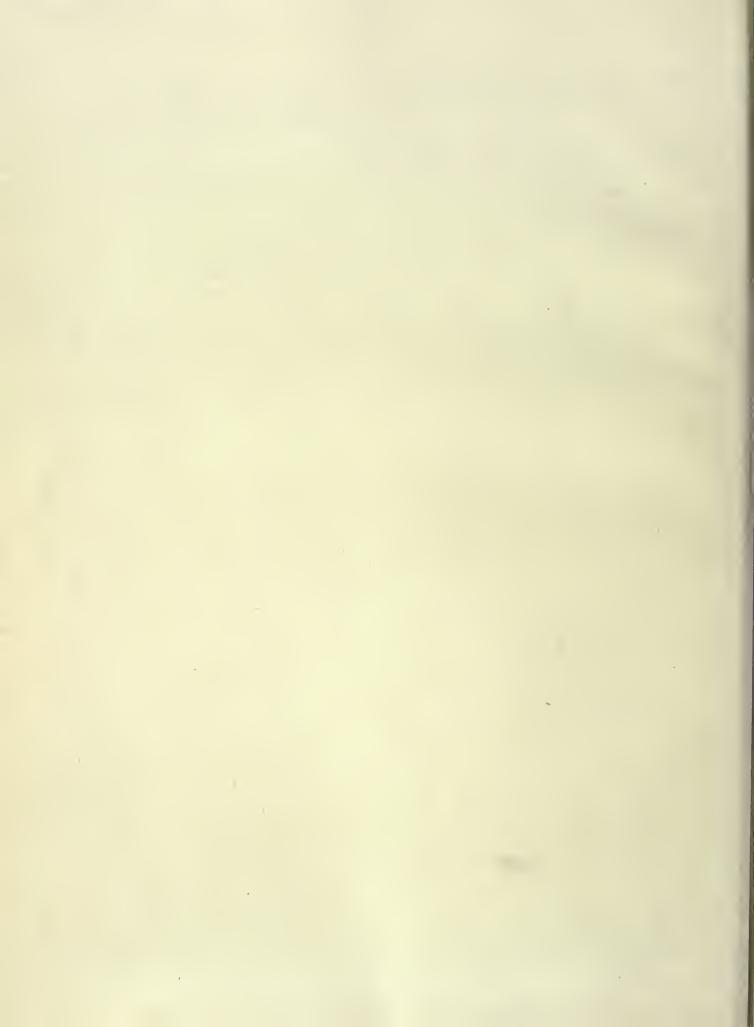
Wounded soldiers in hospital enjoying a digaret



By permission of George Pulman & Sons, Ltd.

Photo by Keturah Collings.

ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS.



THE WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1914-15

ultimately be enticed to their destruction into the area of the German minefields. But whatever the hopes of the Germans may have been they were doomed to disappointment.

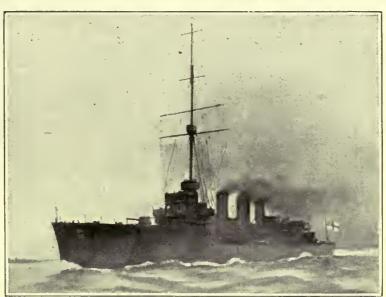
Early in the morning of the 24th the German squadron

was sighted by the British patrolling squadron under Admiral Beatty. The Germans turned and headed full speed for home as soon as they were aware that their presence had been detected. The fleet consisted of three battlecruisers, with the Blücher, an armoured cruiser of the same type as the Scharnhorst, which had been sunk off the Falklands. With these were six light cruisers and a complement of destrovers. The British Battle Cruiser Squadron included the Lion and the Tiger, the Princess Royal, the New Zealand, and the Indomitable, with half a dozen light cruisers and the des-

troyer flotilla. The pursuit opened instantly, and about nine o'clock battle was joined. The Lion was leading the British line, while the Blücher was the rear German ship. She was opened upon by the Lion shortly after nine o'clock, at a range of something under 20,000 yards. Presently the Lion was able to open fire on the third of the cruisers at 18,000 yards; the Tiger, followed a quarter of an hour later by the Princess Royal, opening upon the Blücher. Before long the Lion was attacking the leading cruiser, supported by the Tiger; the Princess Royal was dealing with number three; and the New Zealand with the Blücher, which also came in for the attentions of the Tiger when number one was obscured by the smoke. Three of the four enemy cruisers were seen to be on fire, and it was already evident that the Blücher had suffered badly. It appeared that the enemy designed an attack with their torpedo flotilla, but any such attempt was frustrated by the manœuvring of the British destroyer flotilla.

Before eleven o'elock the Blücher had fallen out of line, but immediately afterwards it became evident that the Lion was disabled for the purposes of the fight. As

this was going on at racing speed, the command necessar-ily passed to the rear-admiral, and by the time that Admiral Beatty was able to come up with the Princess Royal and again hoist his flag the battle was over. The Blücher had been sunk. but the rest of the battle-cruisers had escaped. Two of them had been so badly damaged that a very long time must pass before they eould be fit for service again.



The Cruiser Arethusa, which gave the final torpedo blow to the Biucher in the naval fight in the North Sea on January 24th, 1915.

From the beginning of the chase to the end some four hours elapsed, so that a distance of not much less than a hundred miles must have been covered. It is perhaps permissible to give the name of the Dogger Bank to the battle. How near an approach to the German minefields

was made we do not The British know. squadron, at any rate, was not tempted into that danger zone, although it must be regretted that the pursuit had to stop so soon, since a continuation of the fight, if not disorganised by mines, must have resulted in the annihilation of the German battle-cruisers.

The closing scene was near enough to the German coast to give aircraft an opportunity of taking part in it. No damage, however, was done by the bombs which were dropped; the principal effect was to force the British to cease their efforts to rescue the survivors of the Blücher, since their

humane attempts only made them a comparatively easy mark for the German airmen. Since German authorities persisted in declaring that a British battle-cruiser was sunk, it has been suggested that this very erroneous conviction explained the outrageous proceedings of the Zeppelins. If they imagined that the British crews were picking up the survivors of a British cruiser, the rules of war as avowedly interpreted in Germany (but not elsewhere) would have warranted them in making targets of the rescuers. But that even German rules of war sanction the deliberate destruction of encmy crews engaged in rescuing German sailors verges on the incredible. Whether it is more incredible than the alternative explanation we must leave to our readers.

The true lesson of the Scarborough raid was that the most which could be effected by such operations was the destruction of some property and the murder of a few civilians, followed by a precipitate flight. That lesson was confirmed by the Dogger Bank engagement; only the precipitate flight began before there was any opportunity for murder. The Blücher, which had taken part in the earlier raid, was now duly sent to her account.

Her fate alone, in one sense, more than balanced the injuries inflicted at Hartlepool and Scarborough, whether we reckon them in lives lost or in terms of cash. Admiral Beatty's victory had proved conclusively that even under quite favourable conditions the chances were altogether against raiders who should attempt to reach the British coast at all; much more, it proved that a raid with the intention of landing troops



General Ricciotti Garibaldi reviewing recruits of the Garibaldi Legion in Paris; The veteran, who also vieited London, is the son of the famous Liberator. On his right is one of his soldier sone who fought for France, Colonel Peppino Garibaldi.

was more likely to end at the bottom of the North

Sea than on the shores of England.

What it proved was of greater importance than what it actually effected, though that was by no means insignificant. The Lion had been put out of action, and would be laid up for a short time. The casualty list included only four officers and a proportionately small number of men. To balance this loss, the Germans lost the Blücher, while two battle-cruisers and one light cruiser at least were so severely damaged that at best they would not need to be reckoned with again for a long time. Survivors from the Blücher believed that the light cruiser had actually been sunk, though this was an error.

We do not all of us realise the difference between a modern sea fight and the sea fights of a hundred years ago. It may help us to do so when we consider

that in the Dogger Bank engagement the hostile squadrons were never less than eight miles apart, the distance which gives a full advantage to the longrange British guns.

The ocean activities of the Germans had been duly settled when Admiral Sturdee avenged the fate of Admiral Cradock. cruiser raiding in the North Sea was, in effect, disposed of when Admiral Beatty avenged Scarborough and Hartlepool. There remained one field in which Germany could at least claim the tricks, if not the honours. She had lost an occasional submarine, but her torpedoes had reaped an appreciable harvest at what must be counted a very small cost, and without any equivalent strokes by British submarines. The reason was obvious. The sea was covered with British ships, but there was hardly anything German above water except an occasional periscope. When there was one chance of aiming at a periscope as against some hundreds of chances of aiming at a and when the comparative sizes of the

targets as well as their numbers are taken into consideration, it is obvious that the odds in favour of German submarine successes were rather heavy.

Most noteworthy was the achievement of New Year's Day, when, in a rough sea, a German submarine succeeded in torpedoing a pre-Dreadnought battleship—the Formidable. The gallant commander of the doomed vessel warned other ships off; grim experience had taught the British that a ship which attempted to save life in such circumstances was merely courting her own destruction. Of the boats' crews that were lost some escaped, one reaching Lyme Regis, while another was picked up by a passing ship in circumstances which reflected immense credit upon the courage and seamanship of her captain. But the toll of gallant lives paid was terribly heavy.

After the lessons taught by Admirals Sturdee and Beatty, the Germans resolved to rely upon submarine warfare. This, however, had been proved to be of small avail where either single ships or squadrons were duly screened by destroyers. It was only a happy chance, from the German point of view, that had provided the opportunity of destroying the Formidable.

Non-combatants, however, though hitherto protected by the consensus of European public opinion from anything except capture, unless in quite abnormal circumstances, provided an easier prey. They might escape by running, but resistance was not to be anticipated—was, indeed, forbidden by the normal rules. As public opinion had been ignored by the bombardment of open coast towns, so it was now to be ignored by the sinking of non-combatants. The excuse was that since a submarine could not take a merchant vessel into a German port it was justifiable to sink her instead. Besides, there was no other way of interfering with British shipping. It was incredible in German eyes that the rules of the game which debarred Germany from effective interference with British shipping should be observed when they did not debar the British from interfering with

German shipping. So before the end of January the new German doctrine of sinking non-combatants at sight began to be put

into operation.

On the western front the main activities noted at the beginning of January were on the French right in Alsace, in the Argonne, and on the extreme left between Ypres and the sea, where there was a slight but persistent forward movement of the Allies. In Flanders, however, a vigorous offensive was rendered practically impossible, apart from all other considerations, by the appalling condition of the soil, subjected to perpetual deluges of rain. The bayonet charges, which had been one of the unexpected features of this war, become impracticable when the soldier sinks knee-deep in sticky mud. Speed in clearing even the narrowest space of open ground is essential; without it, the charging line is inevitably blown away before it can come to the modern equivalent of the old "push of pike." Shelling trenches, rifle fire, Shelling of sniping are the methods by

Composite Research Roston Astraknam Roston Astraknam Roston Astraknam Roston Astraknam Roston Stavropol Roston Stavropol Roston Stavropol Roston Rost

Copyright] The Turkish area of hostilities.

[Geographia, Ltd.

which alone fighting can be carried on, except at enormous cost—supplemented by sapping to undermine enemy trenches. Consequently, though here and there there was hard fighting at great cost to capture a position of advantage, even such struggles were, in the main, wasted efforts; more often proceeding from the enemy than from the Allies.

The point was effectively expressed by a soldier back from the front. "We are tired of local advances on the enemy's trenches. You can always drive the Germans back at any particular point if you are willing to pay the cost in lives, but when you have driven them in and occupied their position, you find it is of no use to you because it is commanded by the enemy on each side and in front. You cannot hold on, and so have to go back. It's the same when the Germans take one of our trenches. We can pepper them from three sides and retire they must." That summarises the situation, so long as the struggles are for the possession of a line or two of trenches on a narrow front; and it explains why we heard so often of the recovery of trenches, the loss of which had not been previously notified.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1914-15

It was in Flanders especially that the sticky mud was so effective a factor in rendering any vigorous forward movement abortive. There is no reason to suppose that the Germans abandoned the design of breaking through the Franco-British line with Calais as their objective.

Whether, from a strategic point of view, Calais very greatly matters, is an open question; but there can be no doubt at all that the moral effect of its capture would have been immense in Germany and serious among the Allies. The serious among the Allies. Kaiser's birthday-week was accordingly selected, doubtless on psychological rather than on strictly military grounds, for a more vigorous German offensive in the Ypres region. It was beaten back in the customary fashion. Especially severe was the fighting at Givenchy, in the neighbourhood of La Bassée. The enemy's rushes were made with such masses that in the desperate bayonet conflicts the British were at some points literally overwhelmed. More than once it seemed as if positions had been definitely carried by the enemy, which were, nevertheless, recovered by desperate rallies.

But this onslaught on the British line came after a period of comparative inaction, due to causes already explained. The Germans would seem to have thought that a vigorous offensive was more practicable at other points of the line;

and so, about the middle of the month, such an offensive had been developed in the neighbourhood of Soissons. It is not improbable that there was a reversion to the idea of trying for Paris instead of trying for Calais. There was less to hamper operations from Soissons to Rheims than operations from Ypres to La Bassée, and in an area where railways abound, rapid concentrations on a special point were easy to carry out and not always casy to detect even by the most skilful air-scouting.

The French, however, were thoroughly equal to the situation. Though the onslaught was unexpected and caused the line to rock a little, it was successfully held up and proved extremely costly to the attackers. The formation in mass in order to acquire weight doubtless offers the best—if not the only—chance of snapping a determined line. But if it fails, the loss of life among the mass is inevitably very much heavier than the loss of life among the line. The French had definitely proved their ability to hold fast in this region before what may be called the birthday attack was made upon the British.

Early in February the Turks upon the Suez Canal was delivered. It had been awaited with a cheerful confidence which was fully warranted by the event. It had been announced that Turkish troops were on the point of invading Egypt, and the answer had been that Turkish troops might very possibly enter Egypt, but that it would only be as prisoners of war. A Turkish force, accompanied by German officers, at last made its way across

dans as their objective. Some five files south

The evolution of the propeller. A modern military aeroplane passes over an ancient mill in Northern France.

the desert. After a skirmish near Ismailia, the central point of the Suez Canal, the enemy retreated, having succeeded in wounding only six of the British. At night they attempted to cross the canal at Toussoum, some five miles south of Ismailia. They were left undisturbed until they had

collected their bridging materials and set to work. They were then attacked and dispersed, leaving their materials behind. In the morning an attack was delivered by the enemy twenty miles north of Ismailia at El Kantara. Here also they were repulsed and dispersed. Subsequently it was ascertained that this singularly futile enterprise had cost the enemy much more dearly than was at first realised. Apart from unascertained numbers who were drowned in the canal, five hundred corpses were buried by the British, who took more than six hundred and fifty prisoners. It was presumed that this was merely a preliminary or experimental expedition for test purposes, the Germans, as already remarked, apparently regarding any possible loss of life among the Turks as entirely negligible. If it was hoped that the approach of the invader would produce an emeute at Cairo or elsewhere, the hope was cntirely disappointed. A score or so of British were killed or wounded, and since more than five hundred of the Turkish troops were killed, it may be confidently

assumed that, apart from prisoners taken, their casualties exceeded those of the British by about a hundred to one. Tolerably conclusive proof was given that no very substantial body of British troops need be deflected from other purposes in order to guard Egypt against Turkish invaders.

On the Persian Gulf news was confined to a report that a Turkish column had crossed, or was about to cross, the Persian border, in order to attack the oil-fields, the security of which was one of the principal objects of the British expedition to Basra. This enterprise was viewed with equanimity. On the other hand, the Turkish expedition to Tabriz had failed to achieve any intelligible advantage for them. Their withdrawal was not long delayed. In the first week of February the troops in occupation of Tabriz were not Turks, but Russians.

The last German thrust in the direction of Warsaw was now being held up on the Vistula, where a series of furious attacks was in progress. North of the Vistula the Russians were not only holding their own, but

wcre advancing, and were definitely pushing forward in East Prussia.

In the Carpathians heavy fighting was going on along the whole length of the line, and the Austrians were being held up in all the passes. At one point, where the troops engaged were Germans—it was reported in one day that more than 5,000 prisoners had been captured. At another point the Germans carried



Ths "fischette" is a small steel arrow used by Frsnch, Russian, and German aviators. When dropped from above on an unsuspecting soldier it could pierce hie body from head to foot.



Map showing relationship of Serbia to other Balkan States and Serbians under Austrian rule at the beginning of the war.

a position by sheer weight of numbers, advancing in ceaseless swarms, regardless of the slaughter to which they were subjected. Yet the position was recaptured by a furious counter-attack, accompanied, according to the Russian bulletin, by bayonet fighting "without precedent in history."

In the Bukovina, however, it was becoming clear that the Austrians were progressing, and that the much weaker Russian force was falling back. Czernowitz was a railway-head of much importance, and it appeared probable that this would soon be in possession of the Austrians. For the purposes of pressing forward the Austrian offensive against the Russians, Czernowitz was, in fact, of secondary importance. Its real value lay in the difference which it made to the prospects of early intervention by Rumania. With the Russians in occupation of Bukovina, that intervention was confidently expected at an early date. With the Austrians in occupation, interposing a wedge between the Russians and Rumania, Rumanian intervention was certain to be indefinitely postponed.

The Russian Front in the early Spring

As the middle of February approached, German comment on the position in the Carpathians showed unusual signs of discontent. But, according to custom, too much elation had been caused among British spectators by the progress of the Russian arms. The backward and forward swing was repeated with a regularity which ought to have taught the public that there was no need to be depressed when a Russian advance was followed by a Russian retreat, and no reason to expect an immediate triumphal march to Berlin when a Prussian blow had spent itself and the armies under Hindenburg's control were falling back again to their strategic railways. Russian armies swept into East Prussia. Prussian armies hurled themselves towards Warsaw. Presently the Russians were back on the Niemen, and with equal regularity the Germans were back in Prussia. As each

advance was brought to a standstill and rolled back again, there was enormous loss of life. Battalions, divisions, and army corps were periodically threatened with annihilation, and escaped by hard fighting. Then the tide turned, and it was the other side whose battalions, divisions, and army corps were threatened with annihilation; and they, in their turn, escaped by hard fighting. Because the Prussians behind their own frontier could mass for an onslaught with a rapidity and a secrecy impossible for the Russians, and because in each army transfer of troops from point to point was extremely difficult when a long advance had been made and relatively easy when it was back on its own ground, the moment when the greatest apparent success had been attained was also the moment when the greatest danger was immediately impending.

Hindenburg's Advance into Poland

So it was with the Russian advance into East Prussia in the first days of February. Once more Hindenburg eoncentrated a huge force with immense rapidity as soon as the German barrier had been reached, and hurled his new battering-ram against the Russians. This was the mightiest concentration that had hitherto been attempted; consequently the Russian retirement was exceptionally critical, with more suggestion about it of a drive than on any previous occasion. By the 16th of the month it was realised that the danger was greater than any that had yet been faced; and particularly in the Augustovo region a large section of the Russian Army seemed to be in imminent danger of annihilation. There is no doubt at all that in the earlier stages of the retirement, when there was desperate fighting in the region of the Masurian Lakes, very heavy losses had been suffered, and the Russian forces were greatly outnumbered. At the same time, the German elaim that 50,000 prisoners had been taken was far from convincing-like the claim in the Bukovina district, that 12,000 Russians had been killed in a fight

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from which the Russian force had retired in good order and only numbered 12,000 men at the outset.

On the western front the first days of the month brought information of a German attack on the British at Cuinchy, near La Bassée, which was repulsed.

and of the recovery of some lost trenches in the same neighbourhood. On the other hand, the Germans claimed a substantial success in the Argonne, where the French admitted a slight retirement of troops and their organisation on fresh lines behind those previously occupied. The French bulletins pointed out that in the recent fighting the Germans had made numerous attacks in force, but that in no case had commensurate results been achieved. It was observed, also, that while it remained essential for the Germans to strike their hardest and achieve success at the earliest possible moment, it was the business of the Allies to adopt the offensive only where that was the best defensive strategy; that their moment for striking their hardest would come while their own strength was at its maximum and that of the Germans was becoming exhausted; that the Germans kept their fighting strength on the front at its maximum, whereas the strength of the Allies was daily growing, increasing and accumulating, but was being held in reserve—that it was not and would not be concentrated at the front

until the conditions were favourable for a great forward

As might have been anticipated from these comments, the following days were consistently marked by stories of German attacks at various points in the line, usually repulsed, but occasionally successful. In the latter case, however, they were regularly followed by news that the ground lost had been recovered. News in effect seemed to consist in the announcement day by day that an important trench had been captured somewhere, and perhaps that another trench had been recovered. This was varied by occasional reports of bombardments at Soissons, Ypres, Furnes, or elsewhere. But perhaps the maximum of activity was attained in the Argonne, where there was prolonged and ding-dong fighting at Bagatelle, and neither side succeeded in making any substantial progress, the gains of one day being usually lost a day or two afterwards.

Another novelty of the fighting in this war accompanied a new German movement in Alsace, where more definitely than in any other region the French were making progress. In this quarter there has been much snow, and the unprecedented spectacle was presented of a French bayonet charge on skis—which have been usually regarded as implements of winter sport, without any suggestion of suitability for military purposes.

The most striking incidents, however, were two air raids on an entirely unprecedented scale. The first was announced on February 13th. A force consisting of thirty-four aeroplanes and seaplanes took part in an attack upon the German positions on the Belgian coast,

in what may be called the Bruges, Ostend, and Zeebrugge triangle. Railway stations, railway lines, and gun positions were attacked with bombs, as also were the power station and the mine-sinking vessels at Zeebrugge. least one Zeppelin shed was totally destroyed. As in all such cases, there was no means of ascertaining the actual amount of the damage done. That it was extensive cannot be doubted. But the importance of such ventures was experimental, enabling the fighting forces gradually to ascertain what it was going to be practicable for aircraft to do. The expedition was carried out without loss, though two machines were injured, and Flight-Commander Grahame-White fell into the sea, to be rescued by a French vessel.

On February 16th the experiment was repeated, with the same area as the objective. On this occasion forty British aeroplanes took part in the operations, supported by eight French aeroplanes, acting in effect as guards against the activities of the German airmen at

Ghistelles.



General French photographed with one of his staff officers at the Front.

Somewhat hasty inferences were drawn from the publication of a German order on February 1st, announcing that the consumption of bread was to be controlled and limited. To the ordinary British mind this appeared to be a measure which could only be explained by fear of the imminent starvation of the population of Germany. This was more than the occasion warranted. Germans are thoroughly accustomed to being told by the Government what they may or may not do lf the German Government anticipated not starvation, but merely some shortage, it was a perfectly natural course for it to put the country on an allowance which would ensure a continued sufficiency; precisely as a garrison undergoing a siege is placed on regular rations long before there is any reason to anticipate a serious deficiency. Germany was forbidden to waste food or to feed luxuriously. To a population like that of the British Islands, which intensely resents being subjected to regulation, such restrictions on the liberty of the subject appears so abnormal that they are regarded as proofs of a serious crisis. To the German mind they convey no such suggestions. They point to nothing more than the fact that the careful husbanding of food resources is a commonsense measure when the supplies which can be counted upon are not substantially in excess of the positive necessities



Rehearsing for the great drama of war in the weetern theatre of operations. Smart mounted corps of one of Lord Kitchener's new armies holding a field-day somewhere in the environs of London.

Nevertheless, the German Government appeared to have a divided mind on this question of food supply. It was unwilling that the German population should be conscious of any official admission that the war was causing any serious inconvenience. It was unwilling that the Allies should have any confirmation of such an idea. But, on the other hand, it was itself conscious of pressure, and was at the same time anxious to answer neutral reproaches for inhumanity by denunciation of the barbaric methods of the Allies. The Allies, having command of the sea, were in effect interfering with imports to Germany, whether contraband of war or not. The commandeering of all foodstuffs by the Government put an end to the distinction between foodstuffs imported for military purposes and foodstuffs imported for the civilian population. The doubt whether foodstuffs might legitimately be treated as contraband of war disappeared; and the German Government began to proclaim it upon the house-tops, for the edification of neutrals, that the wicked British, the tyrants of the seas, were using their ill-gotten powers without regard to international law for the starvation of women and children and innocent civilians.

Teuton Logic to Justify Outrage

Here, according to the special system of logic approved by the disciples of "Kultur," was full justification for the new doctrines of legitimate maritime warfare as laid down by the German Government. Since Great Britain waged war upon the civilian population of Germany by cutting off German' commerce—since she had declared her intention of treating even foodstuffs destined for the civilian population as contraband of war—Germany was obviously justified in using every means in her power to prevent foodstuffs or anything else from reaching the British Islands. As the means in Germany's power were restricted to the sinking of non-combatant vessels by submarines, any reasonable-minded neutral could see that the sinking of non-combatant vessels by submarines, though in flat defiance of all recognised conventions, was legitimate. Again, since at the same time the British, in accordance with the conventions hitherto recognised by everyone, including the Americans in the time of the Civil War, declared that in certain circumstances the use of neutral flags by belligerent ships was a legitimate ruse de guerre, Germany could no longer recognise a neutral flag as protecting the ship which was flying it. Neutral vessels, therefore, must see that it was only fair that if they entered British waters, or what the German Government was pleased to define as a war zone, they should do so at their own risk; they would have no ground of complaint if German submarines assumed that they were British ships and sank them at sight.

And so, on February 4th, the German Government gave warning to this effect. After February 18th German submarines would hold themselves at liberty to torpedo any vessels, whether they were flying neutral flags or not, without further inquiry or investigation, when found within the war zone.

Protest from the United States

At last America was roused. It was intimated in tolerably unmistakable language that if American ships were torpedoed, whether within the war zone or not, there would be trouble. As a matter of fact, it was an open question, in the view of many observers, whether it was not the precise object of Germany to make trouble. It was suggested that if America were goaded into joining the Allies, the German Government would, in the first place, be provided with an excuse for seeking peace which otherwise its professions to the German people made extremely difficult; and in the second place it would count, when the settlement came, upon the presence among the Allies of one Power which was not conspicuously interested in the destruction of German militarism. If the United States became a

belligerent, the terms of peace for Germany might well be more favourable than any which the existing group of Allies would be disposed to admit.

The presumption, however, was that the Germans really wished, not to attack neutral shipping, but to frighten it away from England. For Germany throughout suffered from the illusion that other nations are too mean-spirited to resent threats or violence, and could easily be cowed into yielding any demands which were put forward with sufficient truculence.

The German "Blockade" of Great Britain

The new programme was not to come into force until February 18th, and its actual effects do not come within our present purview. But in the interval the submarine warfare against British shipping was carried actively forward. Several vessels were actually sunk, usually, but not always, after being allowed five or ten minutes for the crews to take to their boats; and a fortunately unsuccessful attempt was made to sink a hospital ship.

The beginning of the so-called German "blockade" of the British coast marked a definite stage in the war. It may be said to have terminated the Winter Campaign, and to have begun the Spring effort on both sides. During the winter each side had been holding its own, sunk to the neck in the cold trenches; but with the coming of spring, hope for a speedy issue of the conflict, and keenness to be on the aggressive, became the predominant moral attitude of the Allies at least, and to a less degree of the enemy.

Turkey the Dupe of Germany

At this stage, Turkey alone, of the nations not engaged in the first phase of the war, had thrown in her lot on one belligerent side. Italy was being restrained by political considerations from yielding to the intense desire of the mass of her people to support Great Britain and her allies; but it seemed as if the sands of her patience were running out during the progress of "conversations" between her Ministers and Prince Bülow, the German ex-Chancellor, who had been sent to Rome as the Kaiser's chosen representative to persuade Italy to maintain neutrality. American feeling, in the main friendly to the Allies, but somewhat annoyed by the exercise of the British right of search, was reaching the point of intense irritation with German methods of warfare—an irritation that was intensified at a later period through German piracy against American ships and citizens in the waters of the Eastern Atlantic.

The Smaller Neutrals

Holland had been, perforce, constrained to submit to a good deal that might have been regarded as a casus belli, if the example of the awful fate of Belgium and the certainty of experiencing a similar treatment had not stared her in the face. The Scandinavian countries were leagued together in a defensive alliance, all being neutral, Denmark and Norway anti-German in sympathy, but Sweden, in the main, pro-German, under the misguided enthusiasm of her brilliant scientist and explorer, Sven Hedin, and influenced by fear of Russian aggrandisement on her eastern frontier.

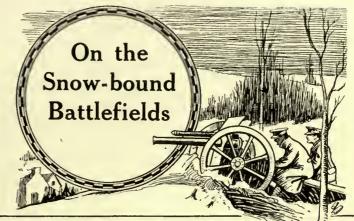
Two distinct currents of sentiment flowed in Greece. Her statesmen, under the brilliant leadership of Venizeles, saw passing gradually an excellent opportunity to join in a war where the interests of Greater Greece coincided with the interests of Germany's enemies; but her King, having for consort the sister of the German Kaiser, used his royal prerogative to thwart the popular desire to strike for the realisation of the nation's ideals. Meantime it looked as if Japan, recognising her opportunity in the European complications, was attempting to drive a bargain with China that would give her unquestioned dominance in Asia.

Such, in a few sentences, was the world-position at the opening of the Spring Campaign.

Till the hierophants of fear Cease, beneath the darkened sun, To boom out in Europe's ear The grim gospel of the gun.

So, to meet yon myriad host,
As we muster land by land,
Witness Heaven—no braggart boast—
That for righteousness we stand.

-JAMES RHOADES





The coming of winter on the battlefield.

Red War among the White Snowfields:



Thie British centry is standing guard in the snow-covsred slding at a railway-station in a French port, and this old Frenchwoman is warming her numbed fingers at his portable firs.

WHEN "winter reigneth o'er the land, freezing with its icy breath," the hardships of warfare are much aggravated in many respects. The trenches under frost are free from mud and water, which is a compensating advantage to some extent, but the cold is intense, and the reluctant fingers are chilled as they handle the stock and trigger of the rifles. When the ground is hard as granite, the scooping of new trenches is almost an impossible task. The work is blasting, not digging; and during the winter campaign we had to expect the fighting to assume a somewhat different aspect.

Seeing that new entrenchments were not the comparatively simple efforts of the summer and autumn, we found that existing trenches were grimly held at much higher cost of life than they would be if the digging of new trenches were a simple matter. And we also found that attempts at dislodgment from entrenched positions were not less determined. In fact, the successful dislodgment of an enemy from a trench in winter is a much greater reverse than in summer, and the effect may be far-reaching upon the progress of operations.

On this and on the page opposite appear photographs that will help us to realise what our fighting men went through under the conditions of winter warfare.







The Chaseeure Alpines formed a useful unit of the French Army trained for mountain work in the snow, and provided with snow-shoes and alpenetocks. On the right, an example of the esrviceable cloak and hood worn by some French officers in winter.

The Common Enemy-General Winter-arrives!

N Belgium and Northern France the weather is rather more severe than it is in Southern England, and it is not subject to the same rapidly fluctuating vicissitudes as it is in England. The greater part of the long battle-line from Nieuport to Switzerland had experience of the rigours of winter; and if it gave our soldiers and those of our allies increased hardship, we had what consolation lay in the knowledge that it affected the German enemy rather more, for two reasons-he was in a hostile country far from his base, and his was a war of attack, with every day precious, while ours was a war of defence, with every day depleting the enemy of life and resources far more than it weakened us.

In the Russian area of hostilities the winter weather favoured the Russians, who found the frostbound morasses of the Masurian Lakes region give them a firm foothold in an attack on Prussia.



A company of German soldlers in Belgium marching through a snow-covered village on their way to relieve some of their comrades in the winter trenches.



On the flat plaine of Flanders the snow lay deep, and the human moles who fought from their tunnels and trenches found protection against the blasts of winter in these trenches. This photograph shows German sentries seeking one of their underground "dug-out" trenches, where, free from direct exposure to weather and warmly clad, they contrived to be almost comfortable.



Within a German outpost defence in Beigium, where a heavy snowstorm has put the sand-bag rampart under a mantle of white.



A Bavarian sentry in the Argonne, where a carpet of snow covered many German corpses

Seeking Shelter and Comfort for Winter War



Winter dld not find the armiee in the field unprepared for its rigour. Warmer clothing and more shelter from the elements were the chief forms of preparation, and this is one of the hastily constructed but warm shelters made by French troops in Northern France.

WAR has enough discomforts of its own, and the man in the trenches or behind the guns may well be spared the added discomfort of rigorous weather if preventive measures can mitigate that discomfort. Attempts were made to combat the inevitable discomfort of a winter campaign by three means—improved shelter, warmer clothing, adaptation of food and drink to the severe weather conditions. A fourth aid to comfort may be included—tobacco in one or other of its forms, and in abundance for all who wanted it.

The appeal of the British War Office for blankets met with a generous response that ensured warmth to our fighting men in their sleeping quarters even if these were trenches. Two of the pictures on this page show shelters in the field for a winter war, and other two show the knitted headgear that meant so much for the comfort of the

much for the comfort of the men. The portrait below is not a Russian or a Prussian, but a British officer who has donned a woollen cap for the winter, and has not had a chance to shave for a few days.







German knitted heimets for use in the war. On the le non-regulation head-cover worn by a British officer. shave for a few days.

The severity of winter was felt on both sides of the firing-line, and both sides took precautionary measures against Generale Snow and Frost. This photograph, taken in the German lines near Verdun, shows shelters made for German Army horses, who were housed in these specially constructed sheds covered with straw litter.

The Blasts of War 'mid the Blasts of Winter



THE trench warfare of the winter months was a trying ordeal for the men behind the muskets — how trying could be appreciated only by the men who experienced it. Mud knee-deep and water waist-deep may sound exaggerated, but the words can be taken absolutely literally, and yet constitute but a modest statement of truth. When the men in the trenches came to be relieved, they were sometimes so firmly stuck in the mud of the trenches that they had to be dug out, and they frequently left their boots behind them.

Although the winter of 1914-1915 was an open one, and although mud was the chief cause of discomfort in the fighting zone, yet for a part of the time and over a large part of the area King Frost held sway, and while the discomfort of excessive mud was greater than of frost-bound ground, the lasting effect of excessive cold was more serious. Frost-bite is more than inconvenient; "mud-bite," if the

term be permitted, is less dangerous. The extent to which frost-bite afflicted the British fighting forces may be estimated from the statement made by Mr. Tennant in the House of Commons on February 17th, 1915. He informed the House that the total casualties from frost-bite came to 9,175. Of course, the figure does not mean deaths, and the majority of those afflicted were not even permanently disabled, but the high total of casualites from this cause is eloquent testimony of the rigour of the conditions under which the fighting men did their duty.

With it all the men maintained a cheerfulness that was a splendid augury for the time when the weather conditions would make strong aggression against the human enemy possible, and the winter campaign merged into the warfare of spring with the allied ranks physically fit and morally in

high courage for the work to come.

The Tide of Battle at Christmastide



German soldiers passing through a modern Pompeli, in East Pruesia, buried in a heavy fall of snow.



Landsturm Huns in action near Suwalki, East Pruesia. Tha etrongly constructed trench will be noted.



The latest news from the front via Berlin. German soldiers reading the censor's optimietic, if mialeading, versions of Prusaia's progress.



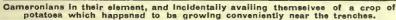
Making eure of a anowewept poeltion. Germans guarding with artillary a captured Belglan fort.



A study in black-and-white. Bavarian artillery posted near Ypree. On the left of thaphotograph will be seen the coverad entrance to a "dug-out," which served as a welcome shelter to the centinese, after hours of narve-racking duty and exposure to snow and sleet.

Nature's Snowy Pall on Europe's Battle Plains







French soldiers warming at a brazier preparatory to relieving their comrades in the firing-line.



Fast aslsep under a coid, stariit sky and the white counterpane of winter.



Some French markemen await the appearance of the ensmy's silhoustte against the rolling white fields. It looks as if he will receive a warm welcome.



Some French coldisrs in the Argonne examining the enemy's lines from behind barbed-wired entanglements. Real Christmas weather prevailed on the Continent, and Nature added a touch of picturesqueness and romance to campaigning. The battered pastures of autumn were shrouded with winter's snow, save where a recent conflict stained the virgin pail.

Strange "Winter Sports" in the "Playground of Europe"





On the left a Swies mountain battery moving through a snow-covered pass. On the right three typical Swiss soidlers anticipating life in the trench "dug-outs."



A Swies regiment on the march. The Swies Republic had no intention of joining in the fray, but was quite ready to defend its neutrality.



in the Aips the cold of winter is intense, and the special case seen in this photograph in process of transport was invented so as to keep army rations hot for two days.



Swiss eoidiers transporting enow for the purpose of constructing trenchee. There was small likelihood of Switzerland being compelled to enter the war through territorial violation, because her natural advantages for defence make her a difficult proposition for an enemy.



Swies cavairyman bringing his horse through the enow. The Swies Army is merely kept up to defend the neutrality of the Republic, but every Swise is liable for service.

The French Soldier Cheerful in the Winter War



WHEN Winter threw its white mantle over the long battlefield the war assumed another aspect. The struggle grew less intense. So much time and attention had to be given to combating the elements, that the conflict against

It would have been useless waste of life to press home attacks under such conditions. Initial advantage eould not have been followed up when advance would have had to be made through seas of mud or snow-covered fields, with every uniform silhouetted against the white landscape as

an easy mark for snipers. Thus the war assumed a new form—each side grimly holding on to its positions, throwing out a moderate quantity of big gun ammunition to show that its efforts were not quite relaxed.

The cheerfulness of the men in frozen and mud-filled trenches was amazing. It reflected the intensity of the fire of patriotism that kept their spirits warm if their limbs were numbed. In the war-artist sketch above we see a French soldier writing home while his comrades bivouac close by, forfeiting sleep to let his friends know how he fares.

Russia's Warm Campaign in Cold Regions



Russian infantry advance through the snow towards Cracow. "General Winter" offere no friendly cover to an attacking force.



Transports on the march through the snow. The similarity between Russian and British uniforms is distinctly noticeable.



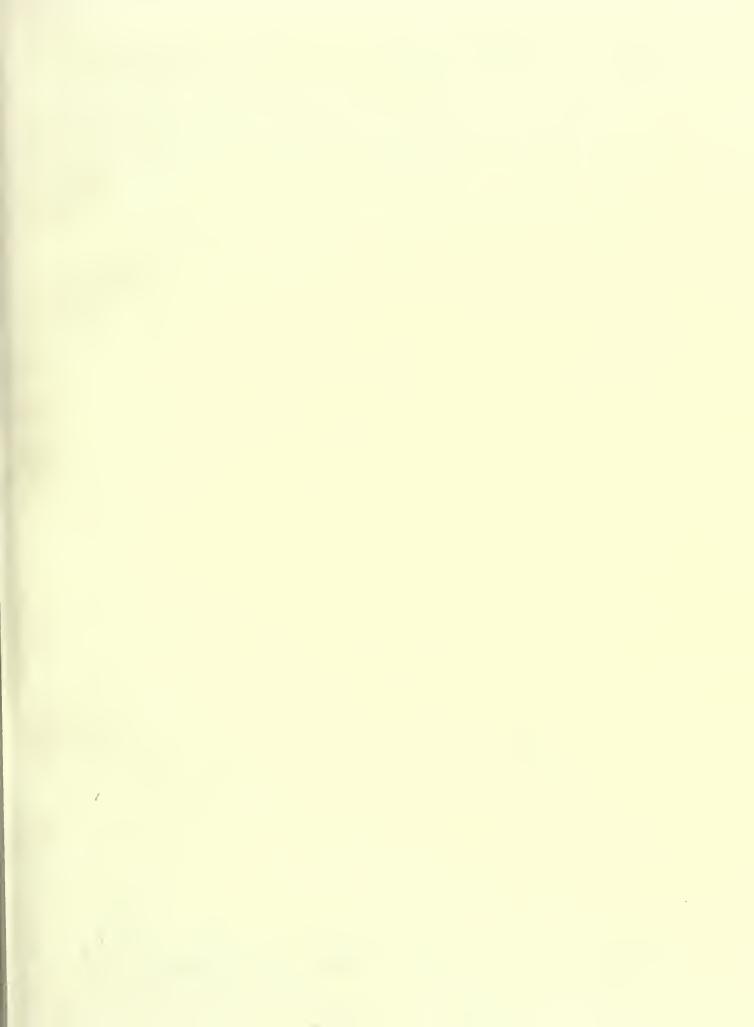
Rueeian artillery bombarding Cracow. The field-guns of the Tsar's forcee proved as efficient in the east as the British and French artillery in the west.



In the snowy Carpathians outposts are compelled to use skis as a means of progress.



Transport difficulties in East Poland were quite as great as in France and Flanders. In this prictograph a waggon has come to grief while passing through a forest near Lodz, and the soldiers await assistance to pull it out of the rut into which it has fallen.





PLOODED DITCHES AND BARE WOODS OF SOUTHERN BELGIUM. FRENCH TROOPS ADVANCING IN A SNOWSTORM THROUGH THE In this singularly moving and graphic picture, sent from the South Belgian battlefield in November, 1914, M. Paul Thiriat has portrayed with masterly pencil the severe conditions under which the French troops on the Allies' left wing were at that time operating. The country shown is a very monotonous fenland, open to the horizon on the one hand and to purple or dull woods on the other, scarred with

flooded dykes and gaunt, leafless willows and osiers, with here and there a brick-built village or farmhouse or a ruined mill. It was generally impossible to see half a mile ahead, and thus very difficult to discover where the enemy was. Altogether a picture to excite the deepest sympathy with the brave men who played so noble a part in the fight for freedom from German tyranny.

Martial Movements in Winter's Lovely Setting



Exercising cavairy horece in a pictureeque environment on the Yser. In view of the fact that fighting in the winter campaign wae principally confined to the trenches, horece were apt to get out of form through want of work, especially during the cold weather. In order, therefore, to keep the animale fit and ready, it was necessary to exercise them with regularity.



More cavalry horees keeping in trim. Photographe of war eo often portray the result of Prueeian "frightfuineee," the ehattered architectural gloriee, the peacante' devactated homesteade, that it is a relief to contemplate the studies on this page

ae lending a picture eque touch to the grim contest of the nations. It would eeem that Nature, ae if in protect against the uneightliness of war, had determined to accert hereelf above the roar of the cannon, the claen of steel, and the groans of broken humanity.

"Teddy Bear" Soldiers defy Huns & Weather



How a troop of British ecidiers appeared in the fur coate which they called "Teddy Bears." These filled a long-feit want at the front. It was quite cold enough there to wear them with comfort over the military greatcoat.



A coldier unharneceing his horse. The fighting men took great care of their faithful dumb friends both in action and behind the line of fire. The percentage of horsea loet was very small.



British pickets working through a wood. Their fur coats had the effect of making them appear rather conspicuous against the dark background of trees.



Soldiers, happy in their warm raiment and a welcome holiday from the muddy trenches, induige in a game of cards outside their tente, the weather for once being fine and sunny.



Making sure of his bacon. Fur-coated warrior procures half a sidefrom the store, where there was always pienty more when wanted.

Firing-line Fashions for Winter's Cold and Mud



Some members of the Rifie Brigade variously attired against the vagaries of January weather. Sheepekin coate proved very serviceable at the front. They certainly gave our soldiers a comfortable appearance, and helped to keep up the good epirits of those whom Rudyard Kipling discovered to be the only humorous soldiers on Sarth.



Muddled warriors at they appeared after leaving the trenches in Flanders. The strange diversity of active-service garb seems directly in contradiction to the rigoure of discipline, but the British soldier could be particular about appearances in the trenches, however meticulous he might be in this respect on returning to the rest camp.

With Friend and Foe on the Eastern Front



Hard labour for Landsturm men, whole regiments of whom were requisitioned to dig tranches in the winter-bound plains of East Prusela, in view of the possibility of a German retreat. The construction of earthworks in this district was a herculean task on account of the frozen condition of the ground which prevailed in East Prusela during the winter campaign.



Ruseian soldiers bringing in colours under an armed ascort to the Army headquarters.



The Siav is a friendly antagonist. Here he is providing a German prisoner with smokes, much to the interest of onlookers.



German infentry searching a village in Poland, which for once doss not show signe of that "Kultur" synonymous with devastation.



War a serious businsee? Not at all! fwo happy Russian artillerymen in a dug-out.

Herculean Feat of the Indomitable Slav



The Russians were a continual source of surprise to the command of the Teutonic allies by reason of their preparedness, resourcefulness, and enthusiasm. Conditione of weather and topography had no staying effect on the determined Muccovite. In order to dominate the valuable Dukia Pase, the soldiers

of the Tsar psrformed the almost superhuman feat of dragging their artillery up the sides of the Carpathians. No horse could keep a footing on these precipitous slopes. Russian soldiers, therefore, harnessed themselves to the guns, and achieved what was considered by military experts to be the impossible.

"Bayonet Fighting Without Precedent"—in Russia



ON the eastern field of war—where Von Hindenburg and the Grand Duke Nicholas were engaged in the great chess game of war, with armies for pieces and army corps for pawns—the condition of things was not quite the same as on the western front,

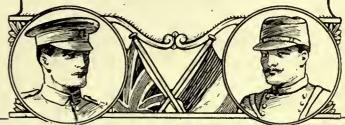
In the latter field of operations the lines were locked in stern opposition during the winter war; they did not sway, they scarcely even vibrated. But in the former sphere of combat big advances and big retirals were the chief features of the campaign. The Russian had the advantage on his own soil, and the German had the advantage on his. The Russian armics would press back the German invaders from their point of advance against Warsaw, and the latter, far from their railway system, would be compelled to yield and retire behind his frontier. Then the Russians would press forward into Prussia. But

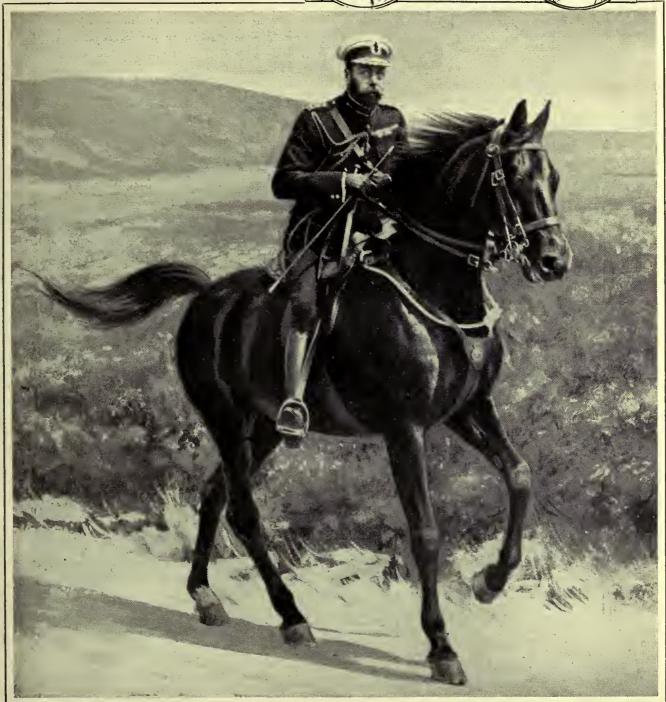
here the tables were turned, and the Germans, massing men quickly by using their strategic railways, would drive the soldiers of the Tsar back into Poland.

Thus the game of see-saw went on, both sides losing men, but neither side winning or losing a decisive battle. The warfare had as some of its features many deadly and sustained hand-to-land encounters. The cautious official despatches of Petrograd described one such as having been "bayonet fighting without precedent." The Russian soldier loves the hand-to-hand work; it gives him a chance to display his qualities of manhood and physical strength. He is a better animal than the German. An artillery duel is a war of war-engines—a scientifically directed employment of the scientific agencies of murder; the bayonet is a tool for sinew and muscle, and more welcome to the fighter of strong physical courage.

Enough! Our men are few, their hearts are great!
Redeem those ten long years of sloth wherein
You put your trust in football and Berlin,
And lulled no more by lies that underrate
Your foe, sling all your strength and all your hate
Against his forces, and, by God, you'll win!
—S. R. LYSAGHT

With the British in France and Flanders







The march-past of Belgian troops before King George and King Albert during the visit of the former to the field of hostilities in the first week of December. Next the Prince of Waies, who stands behind King George, is Sir Pertab Singh.

AN HISTORIC INTERLUDE IN THE WAR

King George's Visit of Honour to His Army

ENEATH the leafless boughs of a double file of trees, arching a Flemish road near the River Lys, a great host of war-worn cavalrymen had reined up. For a mile they and their horses formed a double fence of power on either side the long, straight, muddy highway. There they waited. At last, in the distance, a beloved figure appeared in the quiet, green-brown uniform of a British officer. Thunderous cheers of joy came from the ten thousand warriors. All their swords, waving in welcome, flashed in the light of the December sunset and twinkled amid the wintry trees in an endless vista down the guarded road. George the Fifth, King of all the Britons, Emperor of India, was passing through the ranks, ranged by the scene of the most glorious victory ever won by British arms.

It was four hundred years since an island-born king had moved amid his soldiers on the European continent. On the same road, in the summer of 1513, the young Tudor monarch Henry VIII. marched into Flanders behind his horsemen, who had just won, at Guinegate on the River Lys, the Battle of the Spurs. This, however, was only a brilliant cavalry charge in a brief, spectacular campaign. To find the last real historical parallel to the great event in the first week in December we must go back five hundred years, and then turn to the plain of Agincourt, close to the upper course of the same River Lys. There Henry of Monmouth, in the autumn of 1415, reviewed a few thousand English men-at-arms and archers after their wonderful victory over hostile forces three to four times as numerous.

"Our sons will remember Yprcs," said a wounded

soldier lying in hospital, smiling and content in his pain. "Yes, our sons will remember Ypres!" And the thrilled, happy peoples of the islands, they too were thinking of Ypres, and wondering what they could do to show their little army of heroes on the Continent their love, their gratitude, their joy, their pride. There was a million young men training for war and eager to help their comrades over sea. But they could not at once go in strong numbers to the veteran troops who were still keeping the road to Calais against an overwhelming horde of foes.

Then it was that King George set out on his historic voyage across the narrow seas where the enemy's submarines were still moving, stealthily and vainly, in search of prey. All that his peoples were feeling he felt in a deep, quiet, passionate way, and going back to the great precedents of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he landed in France, amid the British Expeditionary Force, on the last day in November. No pinchbeck War Lord was he, trying to keep up, in an era of intense military specialisation, a pretence of being the chief captain in war. He left the men who had given their whole lives to apprenticeship in the art of high command the full honour of their positions. He was a trained sailor, who could take a light cruiser into action, and with fine modesty he claimed no more knowledge of practical warfare than that. To him, his admirals and his generals, his captains and his colonels, were men to be listened to, as he would listen to men of science.

He came to his army as the general leader of all his Continued n page 410.)

Dashing Cavalry Leaders at the Front

In the wonderful war that progressed day and night, obscurely, mysteriously, "somewhere on the Continent," and in which battles that fifty years before would have thrilled the world as "decisive," took place almost daily, dismissed by a few words in the official communiqués, little or nothing was heard of the officers whose brains

were slowly but surely guiding the allied armies to victory. Special interest, therefore, attaches to these war portraits of famous leaders. The photographs are unique as showing distinguished officers at the front "somewhere in France"—officers whose names have been mentioned in terms of the highest praise in Sir John French's despatches.



Major SELIGMAN, member of the Headquartere' Staff, and attached to J Battery, R.H.A., which eo eignsin; dietinguished iteelf after the famoue Greys' charge.



Major-General ALLENBY (left), Commander of the Cavairy Expeditionary Force. He was mentioned in Sir John French's deepatchee on several occasions.



Brigadier-General GOUGH, one of the ablest cavalry leaders in the British Army, who, in addition to other notable actions, succeeded in clearing the enemy from the region of the Bethune Aire Canal.



Brigadier-General Sir PHILIP CHETWODE, D.S.O.—facing the camera—conversing with some of his staff. He commanded the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, which fought the brilliantly successful action at Binche in the early part of the

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE ARMY (Continued from page 408.)

peoples. By his presence on the field of battle he desired to show his incomparable soldiers what their country thought of their heroic achievements, from Mons and Le Cateau, from the Marne to the Aisne, and—greatest feat of all—the defence of Ypres. In days of peace he had paid visits of honour abroad to Emperors, Kings, and Presidents. Now he went on the Continent to pay a visit of honour to the British private soldier and the Indian private soldier. This memorable act of State began on Tuesday, December 1st, with a tour to the Indian troops and the new 4th Army Corps. Two boy gunners, neither twenty years of age, had the Victoria Cross pinned on their tunics by their King. Then the troops, lining the roads close to the German trenches, gave a fierce, long-sustained shout that must have startled the enemy and set them wondering. The King went walking down the lines, his eyes sparkling with interest, his face radiant with happy pride in the fighting men of his Empire. He inspected their trench kit of goatskins and strawbags, and decorated their luckiest heroes.

So tar-stretched was the British front that the next morning, Wednesday, King George had to motor seventy miles in order to visit his 3rd Army Corps. All branches of the service greeted him with loyal affection, and, keen on practical details, he inspected their rest-homes, their baths, and the place in which they made charcoal for use in warming braziers in the trenches.

On Thursday the gallant 1st and 2nd Army Corps, under Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, were visited by his Majesty. They were the veterans of the battlefield, having come into action at Mons on August 22nd, and fought for a month without a single day's rest till they entrenched on the Aisne. From the headquarters of the 2nd Corps King George went on to the battlefield.

On his right were the factory chimneys of Lille; on his left was the ruined Cloth Hall of Ypres, with German howitzer shells bursting in the town as he watched, and sending up their columns of black smoke. A British battery, close at hand, opened fire in turn on the enemy's trenches. The King now stood in the centre of the conflict. All through his visit the sound of the enemy's guns and the thunder of the British batteries had rung in his ears. Hostile aeroplanes, with bombs, had risen on the northern sky-line; but their pilots had not approached. Far over the head of our Imperial King circled for a week a guard of airmen. The British army knew how to defend its monarch against every form of attack. It had the lordship of the air as well as an invincible front.

When the Kaiser was reviewing his troops at Thielt, a little while before a grand assault on our lines at Ypres, he narrowly escaped from a British air attack. Less than thirty months before this happened, King George had gone to Farnborough to inspect the British Flying Corps. It then consisted of six officers with two inferior machines. Now, in spite of Zeppelins and German world-records for aeroplane flights, our men hold the practical command of the sky. Deep must have been King George's solemn pride in his troops when on Saturday, December 5th, he bade them, for a while, farewell. And well indeed will they fare after the deserved honour he has paid them—kindly, courteously, simply, like a true father of his people. He has touched the imagination of his troops, even as he touched, by visiting and decorating with the most noble Order of the Garter King Albert the Brave, fighting in the last corner of free Belgium, the imagination of the heroic Belgians. The British soldier feels at last the pulse of his Empire beating in time with his brave heart. This is no slight inspiration amid the strange loneliness, discomfort, and perils of the fire-swept winter trenches that bar the road to Calais.



From the pictorial point of view modern warfare lacks much which the battlefields of the past provided. Soldiers of to-day fight enemies whom they never see, and many of the wounded tamented that they had received their injuries without evergetting a gilmpse of those who inflicted them.

For this reason the great mass of photographe which reached

us from the front did not show actual hostilities in progress. But the above is vividly interesting, having been taken by a British officer at the moment when a sheil was passing over a high-road during the Battle of the Alsne. The alarm of the men and horses is very clearly depicted in their attitudes, and the scene conveys a remarkable impression of the reality of modern warfars.

Hiding from the Scouting Hornets of the Sky



WHEN the air wing of an army has attained an ascendency of the air, it follows that the commander is able to see all or most of the enemy's cards and "stack" his own. Secret massing of troops in order to attempt a great decisive blow then becomes an impossibility, because defensive measures can be taken in time before the blow falls. General French claimed that the British Flying Corps established an ascendency over the German air wing early in the war, and if evidence of the claim were required it would be found in the fact that more than once the British troops and guns were massed in force for a great effort without the enemy's knowledge. If the German airmen had been doing their duty, and had not been outclassed by the British airmen, such efforts could not have been attended with secrecy.

If the work of an aerial corps is to be successful, not only

must the airmen keep their own commanders informed of the movements and dispositions of the enemy, but they must also exercise a dominance over the enemy aircraft, so as to make counter-reconnoitring from above too dangerous and fruitless in result. It is, of course, the object of an army to make its movements hidden from sky spying, and there are a hundred devices by which this is sought. The higher the enemy airmen are compelled to fly, the less information are they able to glean, because observation becomes more difficult. And natural or artificial cover is taken whenever possible to give immunity from observation and from attack. In this photograph a troop of British lancers has taken cover by the side of a wood. The men and horses blend with the trees in spying from above, and the result is that the company either escapes observation altogether, or at least the airman is unable to tell its nature and strength.

The Hustle of Warfare near the Allied Front



Here we see British troops disembarking in France in their thousands. The measured tread on the cobbie atonea of the French base towns was inceasant. Very young and old France, incligible to take up arma, look on approvingly.



The eare of the army. British soldier laying the line of communications in Northern France.



Busy ecene in the markst aquare of a French town as the general staff of a division sets out on the work of the day.

Peaceful Homes as War-time Headquarters



The entrance to a charming chateau which, at one stage of the operations on the Franco-Belgian frontier, served as British Head-quarters. Situated in a pleasantly wooded district not far from the fighting-line, the mansion has a peculiarly unwarilke aspect.



In the course of many months of indecisive fighting, British Army Headquarters moved from placs to place according to the vaciliatione of the long battle-line. It was sometimes domiciled in a charming rural dietrict on a seigniorial estate,

eomstimes in a large industrial town, and eometimes at an ancient hamist. In this photograph some orderlies of the Staff of one of the cavairy divisione quartered at a picturesque French village are awaiting instructions.

The Royal Artillery Preparing for Action

THE Royal Artillery on the battlefields of France added lustre to their reputation and earned warm tributes from Sir John French, who, in one of his despatches, wrote:

On former occasions I have brought to your Lordship's notice the valuable services performed during this campaign by the Royal Artillery. Throughout the Battle of the Aisne they have displayed the same skill, endurance, and tenacity,

and I deeply appreciate the work they have done."

Not only by the accuracy of their fire did our artillery cover itself with glory, but also the intrepid daring of the individual men was outstanding, and many officers and men were "mentioned in despatches."



This photograph was taken in France as a battery of the British field artillery was proceeding to take up a position for action. F

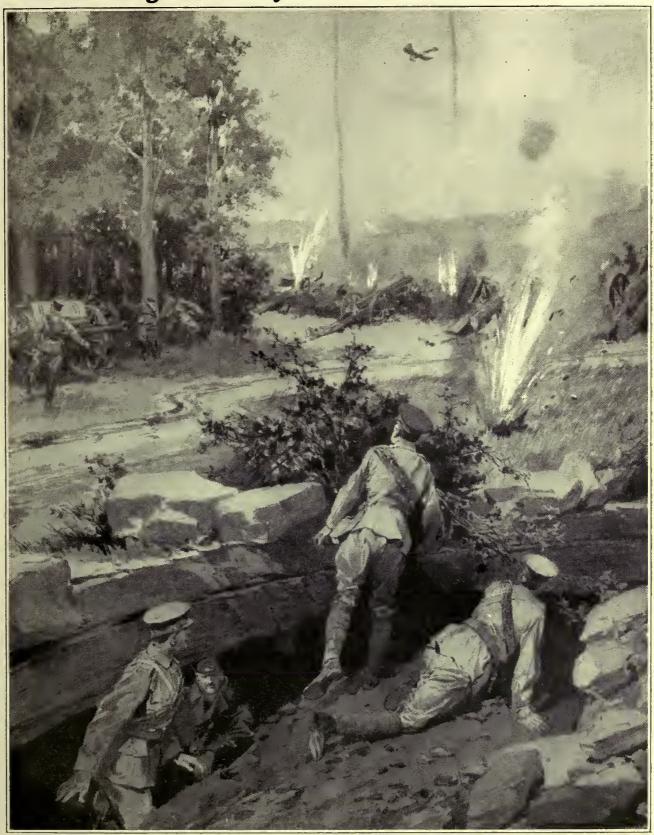


A British field piecs in action, showing its caisson or ammunition waggon. Field guns are fitted with shields to protect the men working them against builets from the enemy's rifles and shrapnel fire. The range of the guns varies from 5,500 yards to 9,000 yards.



A heavier type of artillery than the field gun or howitzer can be transported only with some difficulty over good roads or hard ground. A bettery of heavy artillery consists of four guns, each weighing 39 cwt., throwing 60 lb. shells, with a maximum range of 10,000 yards.

British Log-Artillery Draws the German Fire



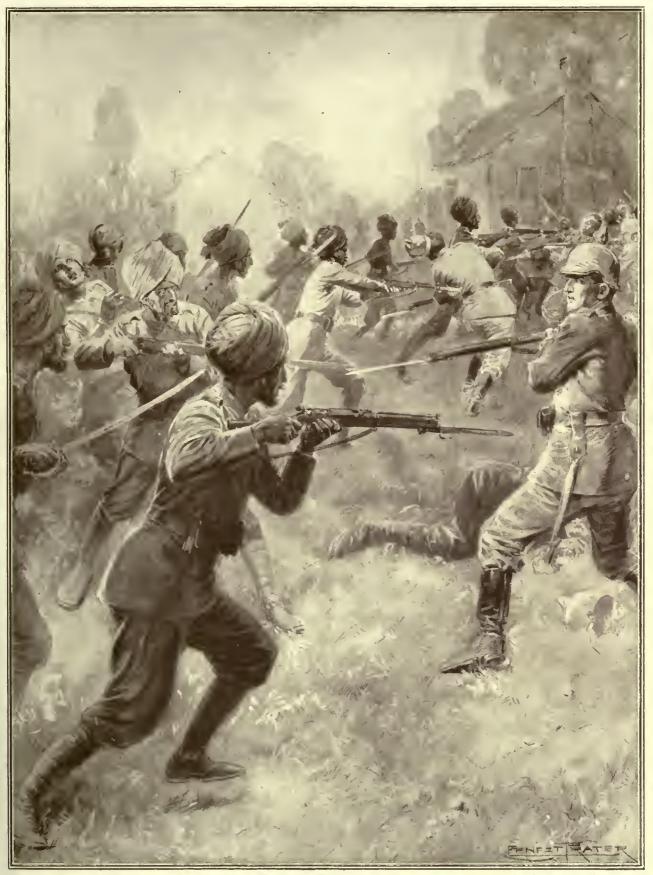
Whensver the German aeroplanes eaw a masked battery of allied artillery they dropped smoke bombs on it to indicate its position to their own guns. In this picture an aeroplane is seen flying away after dropping such bombs, the smoke from which is rising in two streaks. However, instead of being a real battery,

it is a dummy one, constructed of logs and wheels, screened among bushes. The enemy are waeting their shells upon it, while the genuine battery ie concealed in a wood and making ready to rsply. Immediately in the foreground is one of the Aisne quarries, from which our men watch the effect of their ruse.

Short Shrift for Spies When Detection Comes



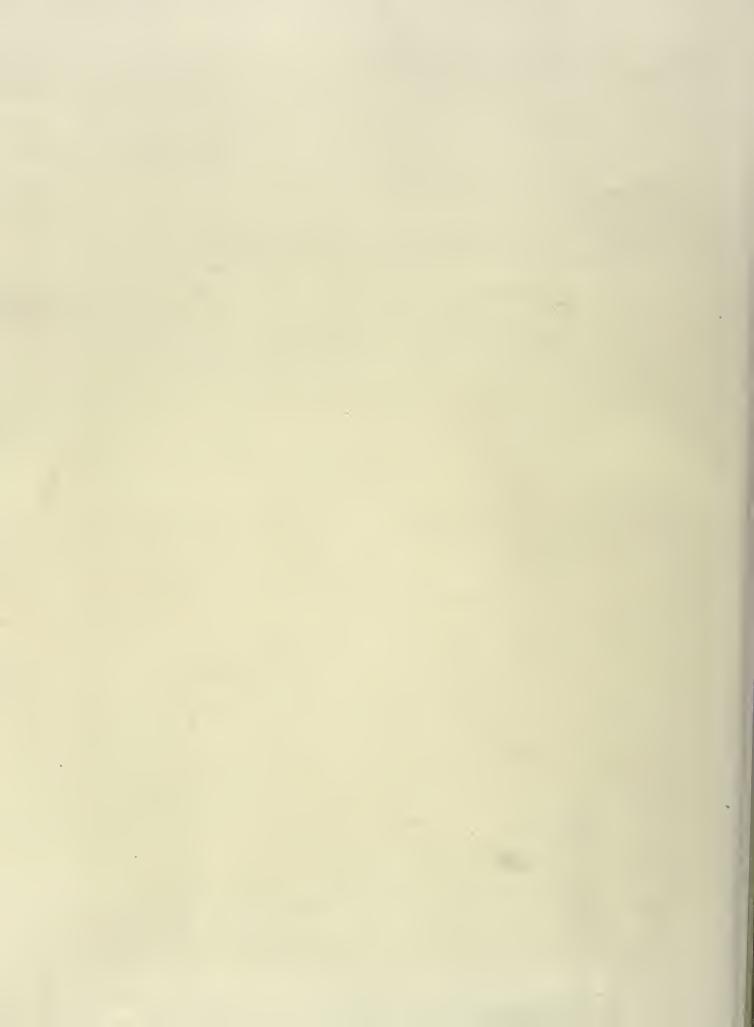
The Germane relied upon spice as much as their soldiers, This drawing was finished from a sketch made by a British officer at Sir John French's headquarters. Some British soldiers in a Rolle-Royce car were attracted by the suspicious movements of a Red Cross man and woman whom they met motoring near the British lines. The euspicious pair were stopped and examined. Their papers were unsatisfactory, and they were found to be Germans. Then the supposed woman proved to be a man, and, confronted with an accumulation of evidence, they confessed their real business—that of spice. The drawing shows their end.



INDIANS CARRYING A GERMAN POSITION: "IT WAS A GLORIOUS FIGHT."

Subadar Wasan Singh, of the 58th (Indian) Rifles, described to a Press representative how his regiment had its first encounter with the Germans early in November, 1914. "We had," he said, "been in the trenches all night, and at dawn we charged. Our men were

delighted to get into the fighting at last." The position to be attacked was on a farm, and the force occupying it was a strong one. "It was a glorious fight while it lasted," declared the subadar; "but soon there were no Germans left, and some of our men won Paradise."



LIFTING THE CURTAIN ON THE WAR

General French's Historic Despatch

Sir John French's despetch of November 20th is an historical document in the full sense of the word. It lifted the curtain for the first time since the war opened, and, as we read it, we were permitted to know what regiments had maintained the glorious traditions of British arms at the high points of seroism that quite equalited Agincourt, Quebec, Plaasey, and Waterloo. The sentences of the despatch glow with the eloquence of brave deeds of unmetched gallantry, and its publication on November 30th did more to cerry conviction to the minds of the British public as to the ultimate certain triumph of the arms of the Allies than any event since the fateful August 4th. The importance of the despatch justifies our inclusion of the following summary.

N November 29th Lord Kitchener authorised the publication of the latest despatch received from Field-Marshal Sir John French, commanding the British forces in the field. The despatch, dated November 20th, covers the operations of the British forces in the region of Ypres and Armentieres during October and part of November. It really constitutes a thrilling story of the magnificent defence against the most determined German effort, under the inspiration of the Kaiser himself, to obtain possession of the coast of Belgium and North-West France, so that the enemy might spend, as he vainly boasted he would, the approaching winter on the shores

of the English Channel with Calais as headquarters.
"Early in October," Sir John began by saying, "a study of the general situation strongly impressed me with the necessity of bringing the greatest possible force to bear in support of the northern flank of the Allies, in order effectively to outflank the enemy and compel him to evacuate his position. At the same time the position on the Aisne was such as to warrant the withdrawal of the British force there for transference to the Allies' northern General Joffre fully agreed with these views, and this delicate operation was successfully accomplished between October 3rd and 19th, "with the cordial and most effective co-operation of the French General Staff.'

The New Posit'one of the British Forces

After detailing the exact disposition of the different corps and divisions of the British force in Northern France and Flanders and of the French troops north of Noyon, which had been jointly arranged between the Field-Marshal and General Foch, then in chief command of that section of the French left flank, the despatch points out that the new line taken up by the British force extended from Bethune through La Bassée, Armentieres, and Hazebrouck, across the Belgian frontier to a point north of Ypres. It was an attempt to get astride the La Bassée-Lille road in the neighbourhood of Furnes, so as to threaten the right flank and rear of the enemy and capture by assault

his strongly entrenched position on the high ground south of La Bassée, that General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, with the 2nd British Corps. into contact came the enemy. with That position, however, admits Sir John French, throughout the battle defied all attempts to capture either by the French or the British."

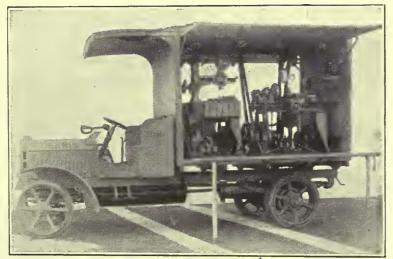
A special feature of the despatch is the Field-Marshal's description of a few of the more valiant deeds of particular regiments during these eventful operations, the reading of which ought to promote recruiting in the areas of the Territorial regi-ments. The "fine fight-ing of the Dorsets" is referred to. On one day that regiment suffered D 23 no fewer than four hundred casualties, one hundred and thirty of them, including their commanding officer, Major Roper, being killed; yet they held their own. The Lincolns and Royal Fusiliers carried the village of Herlies at the point of the bayonet long after dark, when the Germans had the superiority of two to one in numbers.

Regiments that Won Glory and Deserve Honour

The Royal Irish Regiment stormed and carried the village of Le Pilly, which they held and entrenched. A violent attack against the 7th Brigade was repulsed with tremendous losses to the enemy by the Wiltshires and the Royal West Kents, A determined attack on the 18th Infantry Brigade drove the Gordon Highlanders out of their trenches, which were, however, retaken brilliantly by the Middlesex Regiment.

While the 2nd Corps was being thus heavily pressed, and the 3rd Corps, under General Pulteney, on Sir H. Smith-Dorrien's right was barely holding its own, the 1st Army Corps, under Sir Douglas Haig, came up from the Aisne. Sir Henry Rawlinson's army, consisting of the 3rd Cavalry Division and the 7th Infantry Division, which had been operating in the neighbourhood of Ghent, covering the retirement of the Belgian army from Antwerp, was sent by by the Secretary for War to form the left column in the eastward advance. Then ensued the great fight for the road to Calais. Sir Douglas Haig held the line before Ypres against terrific odds until General Joffre was able to bring up masses of French troops in aid, and there can be no manner of doubt that he thereby saved Calais and the Channel ports. "All the enemy's desperate attempts to break through our line," says Sir John French, "were frustrated, and that was entirely due to the marvellous fighting power and the indomitable courage and tenacity of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. No more arduous task has ever been assigned to British soldiers; and in all their splendid history there is no instance of their having answered so magnificently to the desperate calls which of necessity were made upon them."

The Field-Marshal proceeds to narrate, sometimes in picturesque, always in glowing sentences, details of the operations in the different portions of the long line of this great battle, making particular men-tion of the services of the Queen's Regiment, the Northamptons, the Cameron Highlanders, and the King's Royal Rifles. Perhaps the most important and decisive attacks at this period were on October 30th and 31st, when the trenches at Gheluvelt were taken, but only held briefly and "re-taken with the bayonet, the 2nd Worcestershire Regiment being to the fore in this, supported by the 42nd Brigade, Royal Field Artillery.



MECHANICAL WORKSHOP ON WHEELS AT THE FRONT This is a travelling workshop as used in motor-cer and aeroplane repsir work at the front. Mobile workshope like this played an important role in renewing the efficiency of injured motor-cars and aircraft. Each had its own electric-light plant, and was equipped with a turning iathe, drilling machine, grinder, electric drill, forge, anvil, and other fixed and hand tools.



The horses must be kept fit and well shod. This photograph of a British Army smith and his mate forging horseshoes was taken by the rosdside in France.

GEN. FRENCH'S HISTORIC DESPATCH (Continued from pa je 417)

"I regard it as the most critical moment in the whole of this great battle. The rally of the 1st Division and the recapture of Gheluvelt at such a time was fraught with tremendous consequences. If any one unit can be singled out for especial praise it is the Worcesters. The staunchness of the King's Own Regiment and the Lancashire Fusiliers was most commendable. . . . A portion of the trenches of the Middlesex Regiment was gained by the enemy and held by him for some hours till recaptured with assistance from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The enemy in the trenches were all bayoneted or captured." In the later operations "the excellent behaviour of the East Lancashire Regiment, the Hampshires, and the Somersctshire Light Infantry" is noted.

Sir John gocs on to refer to the Indian divisions, stating that "since their arrival in France, and their occupation of the line allotted to them, I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops. Some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results, and have, doubtless, kept superior forces in front of them at bay." Among the Indian troops specially mentioned are the Ferozepore Brigade, the Secunderabad Cavalry Brigade, the Jodhpur Lancers, the 2nd and 8th Gurkha Rifles, and the Corps of Indian Sappers and Miners.

The Prussian Guard "by the Emperor's Special Commands"

On November 10th "a division of the Prussian Guard was moved up with great speed and secrecy to the town of Ypres," having received "the Emperor's special commands to break through and succeed where their comrades of the line had failed. They took a leading part in the vigorous attacks made against the centre on the 11th and 12th, but, like their comrades, were repulsed with enormous loss. Throughout this trying period Sir Douglas Haig, ably assisted by his divisional and brigade commanders, held the line with marvellous tenacity and undaunted courage." The Field-Marshal continues: "Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their

conduct, or my sense of the incalculable services they rendered. I venture to predict that their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters in the military history of our time."

Highest Hopes as to Value of Territorials

Sir John states that, during the period covered by his despatch, Territorial troops had been used for the first time. The units actually engaged were—The Northumberland, Northamptonshire, North Somerset, Leicestershire, and Oxfordshire Regiments of Yeomanry Cavalry; and the London Scottish, Hertfordshire, Hon. Artillery Company, and the Queen's Westminster Battalions of Territorial Infantry. "The conduct and bearing of these units under fire, and the efficient manner in which they carried out the various duties assigned to them, have imbued me with the highest hope as to the value and help of Territorial troops generally." Special mention is made in the closing passages of the despatch of the work of the Flying Corps, Cyclists, and Signallers, the Royal Engineers, and of the superiority of the Royal Artillery over that of the enemy. The concluding paragraph runs: "Our enemies elected

The concluding paragraph runs: "Our enemies elected at the commencement of the war to throw the weight of their forces against the armies in the west, and to detach only a comparatively weak force, composed of very few first-line troops, and several corps of the second and third lines, to stem the Russian advance till the western forces could be completely defeated and overwhelmed. Their strength enabled them from the outset to throw greatly superior forces against us in the west. This precluded the possibility of our taking a vigorous offensive, except when the miscalculations and mistakes made by their commanders opened up special opportunities for a successful attack and pursuit."

The value of the role fulfilled by the allied forces in the west lies in the fact that when the eastern provinces are in imminent danger of being overrun by the armies of Russia, nearly the whole of the active army of Germany is tied down to trenches extending from Verdun to Nicuport (a distance of 260 miles), where they are held, much reduced in numbers and morale, by successful action of our troops.

Reading and Writing Facilities at the Front

replies were transmitted promptly to the iriends to whom they were sent. Letters sent to the soldiers at the front carried the ordinary postage stamps necessary for an inland

THE perfection of the postal service of the British Expeditionary Force was a triumph of smooth-working organisation. The men got their letters regularly, and their the Continent, was in direct telephonic communication with the War Office in London and with Buckingham Palace.

There were no lending libraries in the trenches, but in hospital camps such facilities were at the service of the men.



Lending library at a British hospital camp in France, where recuperating soldiers could borrow the booke they wished to read.



British soldiers, who have captured the German motor eeen behind, writing to their friends at home telling them about it.

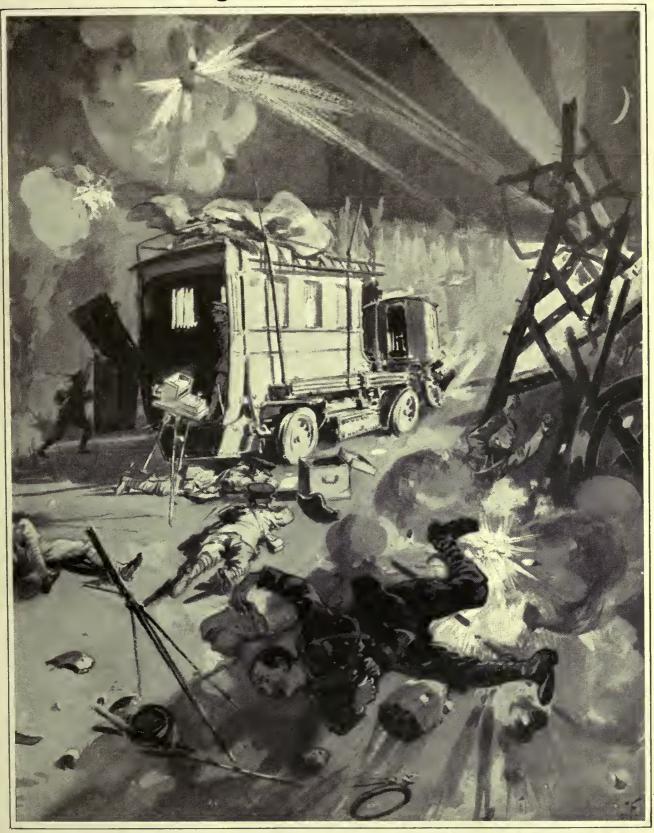


British Artillery wins Ascendancy over German



Royal Field Artillery crossing a ditch as the gun is pulled into the firing-line, illustrating the difficulties of cross-country srtillery work. The inest picture shows a British heavy field-gun being transported by means of a traction-engine.

Vivid Searchlight Precedes Violent Shrapnel



The dramatic incidents connected with the great battles in North France number hundreds, perhape thousands, and most of them will never be recorded. This picture shows a particularly hot corner near a broken steel bridge where a British party was cetting up a signal station. A battery of German searchlights

from the oppoeing hill swept the river bank in great beame of dazzling brightness. They revealed the British force at work, and told the enemy where to direct his fire In a few minutes the shells fell thick and fast, causing sad havoc among our ranks, but the purpose of our men was achieved and the station cetablished.

The Tidiness of Mr. Thomas Atkins



The open-air washing lacilities at hand near the firing-line were often rather primitive, but they were sufficient to snable the British "Tommy" to continue to deserve his reputation for smartness.



A member of the H.A.C. ahaving, with the aid of a rail truck as a dressing-table.



The man who could act ae barber wae a veritable hero, and waa kept busy accordingly. The shaving ealoon, often al freeco and primitive, was very popular.

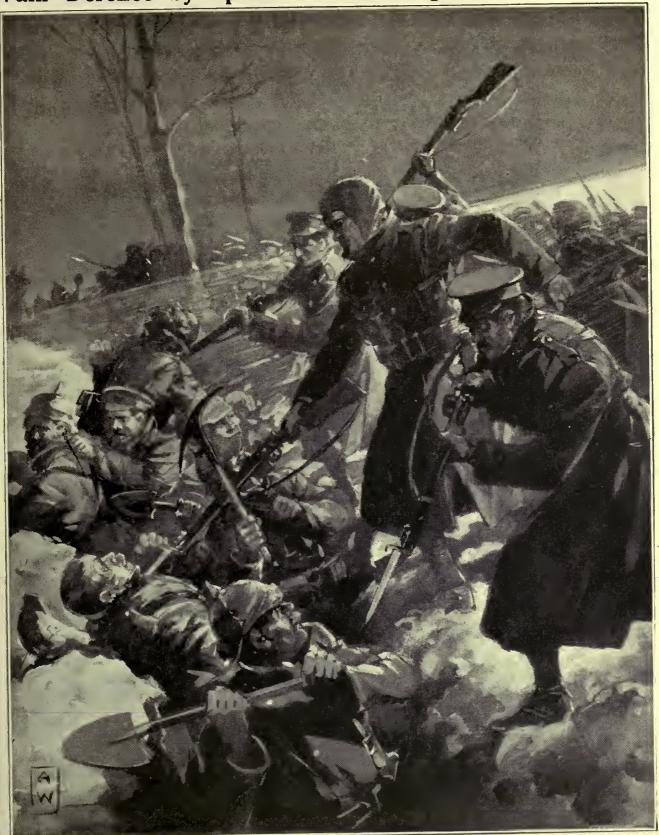


On returning to a reet camp from the trenchee the first concern of kilted "Scottles" was to remove the mud from their knees. "Piou-piou" regarded our addiers zeal in keeping clean under such difficulties as comething incomprehensible.



A British soldier shaving In graat earnest, while a bearded Belgian regards it as an unnecessary wasta of energy.

Vain Defence by Spade and Pick Against the Bayonet



When all the available incidents of the fighting have been recorded it will be found that many strange fights with strange weapons took place during the Great War. The above drawing vividly shows German soldiers vainly trying to defend themselves with spades and picks. Huns had been sapping to within twenty

yards of the British trenches. Under cover of darkness the defenders crawled out and advanced unobserved. At the critical moment a British searchlight played upon the enemy's position. The Germans, armed only with their sapping tools, were completely surprised and routed in confusion at the point of the bayonet.

Domesticities Near the Battle Line



Tent orderlies bring up a tasty stew to tickle the palates of their comrades in an encampment in Northern France. In the matter of food the British Army fares better than any other.



Mees-tine as saucepane in which soup is being heated on an improvised brazier.



The ruling passion with most of our soldiers at the front is to keep spruce and clean.



To keep up camp fires, wood is requisitioned from trees in the country surrounding the encempments.



Precautions against enteric. The science of hygiens in Britain's splendldly equipped Army. A traveiling filter to ensure pure drinking-water.

Monster British Guns in Action and Transport



Soms 60-pounder guns which proved of remarkable accuracy of aim and rapidity of firs in the hard fighting on the Continent. The two cylinders surmounting the barrel are technically known as "recoil chambers," and absorb the terrific concussion caused by the explosion of the charge. Without these the weapon might perform a somersault in the air and fall many yards in the rear of its position.



Same type of gun in action during Aisne-Marne fighting. The noise of its explosion is nerve-racking to a degree, and the gunnere are even stopping their sare. This weapon is a challenge to the most deadly machine made by Krupp, and certainly proved more mobils under fair conditione. Each gun of a battery fires in turn, and is supposed to be cisaned and loaded by the time its turn comes round.



Constant rains, floods, and the continual passing of heavy vehicles reduced many of the roads in France and Flanders to a puip. Transport of heavy gune was, therefore, rendered extremely difficult. In this photograph a big British weapon is

seen on its way through a village to take up a position in the firing-line. It will be noted that the barrel has been marked with crosses in order to break up the shining high light which would disclose the whersaboute of the gun to hostile aircraft.

New British Troops and Veterans in France:



Some idea of the state of highways in France and Fiandsre can be gathered from the fact that in many places soldiers had to put down carticads of bricke before a road became passable.



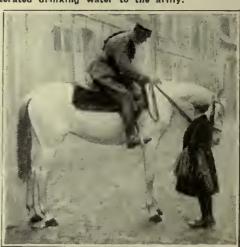
A strong, ready-made dug-out. Two British soldiers take oover in a well in Northern France.



One of the special filter water-carts which supplied pure unadulterated drinking water to the army.



After a reconnaiseance over the enemy's lines a British aeropians has come down at the base, and the pilot is hurrying off to report the result of his expedition.



British trooper inquires his way of the lost and youthful fugitive from a French village.

"Entente Cordialities" somewhere in France

In spite of Germany's childish attempts to cause dissension among the Allies by representing Great Britain as the cause of the war, and as the Fatherland's only enemy, the British entente, or, rather, alliance, with France grew stronger as each day of the war passed. King Edward, who laid the foundations of Franco-British friendship, was well aware long ago of the essential value to civilisation of an alliance with La Patrie when the European war-cloud was but the size of a man's hand on the horizon. Gradually the alliance grew into a tower of strength, against which both the mental and physical efforts of Kaiserism proved fruitless. M. Millerand, the French War Minister, visited England in January, 1915, to see the new British armies in training, and he went back to Paris to reassure his compatriots that France, with Britain's help, must ultimately drive the Hun over the French frontiers and beyond the Rhine.

The entents on the quayeids. British and French centine alternately arrayed on the landing-stage of a French port. In the background a troopehip is moored alongside. Inset British officers, including chaplaine, with a French companion.



British and French soldiers cheerfully fraternising before going into the firing-line. The Allies' mutual regard was intense, although their inability to converse with each other was often embarrassing, especially to the self-conscious British temperament.

Columns of Khaki on the Highways of War



Men of the Transport Section exercising the powerful British draught horses at a camp in Northern France. These animals were so useful in transport work, where bad roads negative auto-power, that every care was taken to keep them fit.



A column of eoldiers swinging through an oid-world Beigian town to the accompaniment of their favourite tunes. Having detrained at the nearest point to their objective, they are on their way to the battle area in the best of possible spirits.



Common ecene in Northern France, where refugeee watched the never-ending etream of British coldiers who passed to assist in the liberation of France and Belgium.

British Horse and Foot Moving to the Firing Line.



Division of British Lancers, about to take up a position near the firing-line, paea eome of their Belgian confreres on the road. In the great war cavairymen had to be versatile, sometimee aseleting infantry in the trenches.



British flanking party enapped marching leleurely through a deserted village in Northern France ahead of their column.



Before entering the trenches British acidisrs were subjected to a rigorous kit and rifle inspection.



Every man in fure. The ceremony of fitting out British soldiers with the warm coats, which were christened "Teddy Bears," in progress at a rest camp. This innovation proved invaluable during the intensely cold weather of the winter months.

A Periscope for Subterranean Warfare



Soldier manipulating a new military periscope. This invention was used extensively at the front, and proved very serviceable as means of watching the enemy's positions from within the trenches.



View reflected in the military periecope used by unseen observer.



Another photograph ehowing how a British eoldier, safely hidden in the trenches, was able to observe the movements of an enemy, which are reflected by means of glasses in the periscope.



Novel way of looking through a window. The periecope resembles a metal box, and can be folded and carried flat on the back.



Peeping Tom looke over the wall.

Another demonstration of the value of the new periscope.



The periscope can be used horizontally. How an enemy is observed by an operator in hiding behind a tree.

British Cold Steel for Germans at La Bassée



DURING the fighting of the late autumn and winter one of the most fiercely-contested points of the western front was at La Bassée, and the strife there culminated in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle on February 5th and 6th. The report of the British official "Eye-Witness" makes clear the intensity of the struggle. He wrote:

The effect of the lyddite shells was terrific, one house

the effect of the lyddite shells was terrine, one house being blown bodily into the air, and as they burst among the brick-stacks they created great havoc among the enemy."

"At 2.15 p.m. an assault was launched against a strong position or keep among the stocks of bricks held by the Germans. Our storming columns rushed the work from three sides at once, and captured it with very little loss,

for-as prisoners afterwards stated-the noise of bursting shells was so great and the cloud of dust with which the defenders were surrounded was so thick, that they did not

observe our men advancing until too late."

"At the same time the trenches to the north of this point, between it and the canal, were stormed by another party. By seizing these points we were enabled to occupy a continuous line southwards from our forward positions on the canal, which formed an advantageous position in front of the brickfields. We captured nineteen unwounded prisoners, in addition to many wounded, a trench mortar, and a machine-gun. The Germans left seventy dead on the ground, while our casualties were insignificant.'

The Deadly Hand-to-Hand Fighting at Givenchy

GIVENCHY, which lies near La Bassée and not far from Lille, was one of the points on the German-British battle-line where stern work took place on many occasions. The fighting around here had for its British objective the city of Lille, which was in German hands. The German command was alive to the importance of keeping his grip on Lille tight, and submitted to sanguinary losses rather than let the strong British aggressive make headway in this part of the line.

On January 27th, 1915, the British official "Eye-Witness" reported and described the deadly struggle at Givenchy in his despatch, which included these sentences: "The Germans showed the utmost determination in this quarter, delivering no less than five attacks on the north-east corner of Givenchy. In these their losses were very heavy, several

scattered bodies which had succeeded in penetrating our line being killed practically to a man. Our casualties in this part of the fight were comparatively light.

"A great part of the area where this fighting took place consists of brickfields, where both sides fought hand-to-hand. During the day we took 53 prisoners, including two officers. The total casualties of the Germans are reported to have amounted to considerably over 1,000 in their effort against our line.

our line.

"In Givenchy village the fighting was of a most desperate nature. Our men in many cases fought with bayonets in their hands, and even knocked out many Germans with their fists. A story is told of one man who broke into a house held by eight Germans, bayoneted four, and captured the rest, while he continued to suck a clay pipe."



Briton and Teuton at death grips.



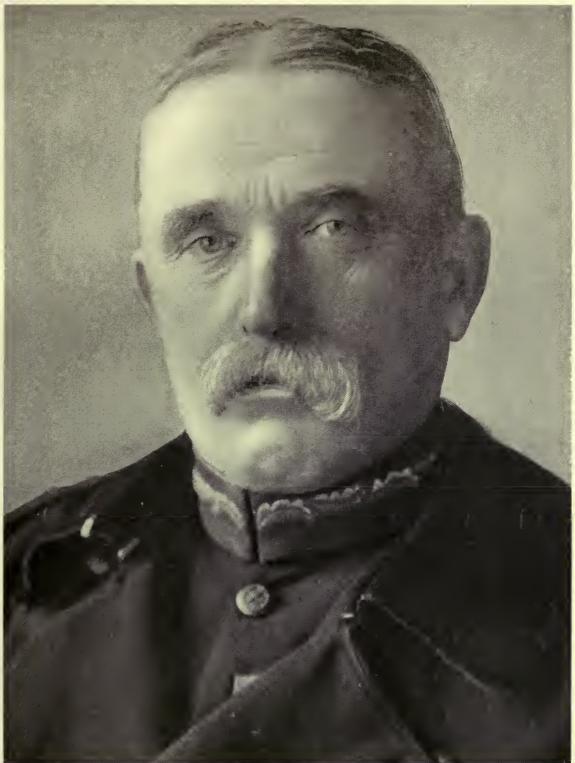


The merdent so vividly depicted in the above spirited drawing took place at Lassigny, a village on the high road between Montvidier and Noyon, in the heart of the cider country. Here, when General Joffre began his great effort to turn the enemy's right flank above the Aisne, the Germans strongly

entrenched themselves; but when the French guns had silenced the German batteries, the enemy were surprised by a dashing charge on the part of the French Light Cavalry. The details of the above picture are vouched for by a correspondent who supplied the artist with the facts from which he worked.

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THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Haines

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN DENTON PINKSTONE FRENCH,

K.C.M.G., G.C.B., K.C.B., G.C.V.O., A.D.C., Commanding-in-Chief the British Army in the Field.



PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH

"FRENCH! A predestined name. The glorious soldier, the most eminent and most popular of English leaders of armies, was placed, as everybody in England foresaw, and everybody in the Army wished, at the head of the admirable troops which were to co-operate in the cause of Right."

Thus wrote a contributor to the Paris" Figaro" on the eve of the arrival of the British Expeditionary Force in France in the fateful August of 1914. It is not too much to say that after those words were penned Sir John French more than justified the highest hopes of those

who knew him.

The Sailor who Would be a Soldier

Born at Ripple Vale, Ripple, a parish of about two and a half miles from Deal, in Kent, on September 28th, 1852, John Denton Pinkstone French was the only son of the late Captain John Tracey French, R.N., a member of an old and well-known Irish family, and Margaret, daughter of William Eccles. Left an orphan at an early age, he went first to a small school at Harrow, whence he was drafted to an academy at Portsmouth, where he was prepared for the entrance examination on board the Britannia in 1866. He served as a naval cadet and midshipman for four years, being on H.M.S. Warrior, our first ironclad, and one of the squadron to which the Captain was attached when she went down in a gale in the Bay of Biscay, off Finisterre, with 481 men, on September 7th, 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian War.

It had been his boyish wish to become a soldier; and eventually he joined the Militia, obtaining, on February 28th, 1874, a lieutenancy in the 8th Hussars, and being transferred to the 19th Hussars on the 11th of the month following. Promoted captain and adjutant in 1880, in which year he married Eleanora, daughter of Mr. R. W. Selby-Lowndes, of Bletchley, Bucks, the young officer was offered a post as adjutant of the Northumberland Yeomanry. In this capacity he spent four years at Newcastle, and then he rejoined the 19th Hussars as major in September, 1884, when that regiment was in Egypt under the command of Colonel Percy Barrow, C.B.

His Work against the Dervishes

Major French was attached to the picked force sent across the Bayuda Desert under Sir Herbert Stewart in the futile attempt to relieve General Gordon. At Abu Klea he took part in the most savage action ever fought in the Soudan by British troops. The small British force met with an overwhelming number of the enemy. It was hurriedly formed into a square near to the wells. One side of the square was broken by the Dervishes, and but for the fact that the inside of the formation was packed solid with horses, camels, baggage-mules, and stores, the whole would have been exterminated. As it was, over a hundred British officers and men were killed outright, while about the same number were wounded. Major French escaped without a scratch, and similar good fortune attended him during the fierce fighting at Metammeh (where Sir Herbert Stewart was mortally wounded), and at Gubat. In the masterly retreat from Gubat, between February and March, 1885, Major French had a foretaste of his later experiences at Mons.

After the death of Sir Herbert Stewart, this gallant officer was succeeded in the command of the Desert Column, first by Sir Charles Wilson and then by Sir Redvers Buller. The last-named, in one of his despatches, wrote: "I wish expressly to remark on the excellent work that has been done by a small detachment of the 19th Hussars, both during our occupation of Abu Klea and during our retirement. And it is not too much to say that the force owes much to Major French and his thirteen troopers." A few days after the publication of this despatch Major French was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. In 1889, following the death of Colonel Barrow, he succeeded to the command and the rank of

full colonel.

As Chief of Staff to that brilliant cavalry leader, General Sir George Luck, in India, Colonel French added materially to his professional reputation. The year 1893 found him A.A.G. of Cavalry on the Staff, and from 1894 to 1895 he was A.A.G at Headquarters, when he was given the command of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. Transferred as temporary Major-General to the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot in 1899, he was in the same year appointed Major-General in command of the Cavalry Division in Natal, at the insistent request of Sir Redvers Buller.

His Brilliant Leadership in South Africa

The story of General French's work in the Boer War would fill many pages. Its chapter headings might be marked: Elandslaagte, Reitfontein, Lombard's Kop, Colesberg, Kimberley, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and Barberton. The despatches of the time are punctuated with his name. In fact, he was one of the few men who may be said to have gained, not lost, a reputation in South Africa. By flank attacks and masterly ruses he proved more than a match for Cronje, Delarey, and De Wet. The circumstances attending his daring advance to the greatest cavalry leaders living, and won the admiration of the foe. Christian De Wet described him as "the one

Boer General in the British Army."

He was beloved by the men in the ranks. Here is one of the stories they told of him. After an exhausting day in Cape Colony, he reached a deserted farmhouse, where, he had been informed, a bed had been reserved for him. Two sleepy-eyed troopers were outside. "What's up?" he inquired. "Oh, nothing much," replied one of them, not recognising the General in the darkness; "only they've been and turned us out of our beds to make room for Mr. Bloomin' French." "Oh, have they?" was the rejoinder. "Well, they had no business to. Go and turn in again. 'Mr. Bloomin' French' deesn't care where he sleeps." And, kicking off his boots and rolling a horserug round him, he stretched himself on the ground by the porch, where he remained until the morning. In South Africa he was popularly known as "the shirt-sleeved General."

. The Rewards of Great Military Merit

Made a K.C.B. in 1900, K.C.M.G. in 1902, G.C.V.O. in 1905, and G.C.B. in 1909, he was promoted General in 1907, and Field-Marshal in 1913. From 1907 to 1911 he was Inspector-General of the Forces, with what result is to be seen in the records of British heroism and British military efficiency in the hard-fought fields of Flanders and Northern France, where the serviceable alphabet of his training was turned into epic deeds, the memory of which will live while British history is read. In 1911 he became Chief of the Imperial General Staff and First Military Member of the Army Council.

Military Member of the Army Council.

Much might be written of this great soldier without reference to his services in the field. For these only cover part of the story. We have seen how Buller appreciated him. Lord Roberts retained his confidence in and warm regard for him till his death. Field-Marshal French went out to France as the superior in rank to General Joffre, but General Joffre was Field-Marshal French's superior in command. The fact that the two men from the onset worked together in such splendid harmony is a remarkable tribute to both, but if the British general had been a man of lesser character the result might well have been disastrous.

The Strong Confidence of the Nation

Without public school or Staff College training, the honoured Chief of the British Expeditionary Force had not even the influence of wealth to aid his progress. It is a fact that he was retired on half-pay as long ago as 1893. And in his brilliant conduct of the British Army in the field, in a war on a scale never seen before, he retained the whole-hearted confidence of two allied nations, and the loyal devotion of every man under him, from the humblest unit of the British Army to the Chief of Staff.

O God, before Thee now With humble faith we bow, And grateful heart. Grant that until the last, As in its glorious past, This British Empire vast Play well its part.

Not with a selfish aim,
Not to desire acclaim
Throughout the world,
But that its ensign bright
May ever in Thy sight
Speak freedom, truth, and right
Where'er unfurled.

-Hon. W. S. FIELDING.





The Modern Empire ralities in the shadow of the ancient Sphinx.

Brave Britons from Oversea in the Field of War



A section of the British Colonial Horse, who went to the plains of Belgium to do their shars in the work of defending the Empire of which they were such worthy citizens. The men paid their own passage to Belgium.



Some of the British Coloniale rushing a farmhouse near Dixmude believed to be held by a force of Germans. They had to advance across the open without cover, always a manœuvre attended with risk of meeting a deadly fire



Lurking Germans are suspected within the farm buildings, and caution is necessary for two reasons—not to sacrifice life in the attacking force unnecessarily, and not to allow the Germans to escape to safety. Hence the circumspection with which these Colonials are approaching, ready to shoot quickly, if necessary, but reserving their fire while they watch every avenue of possible escape.

Canada's Christmas-Box to the Motherland



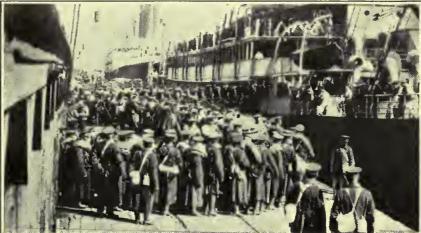
Col. Sam Hughee (left), Minieter of Militia, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught reviewing the Canadian troops before their departure for England.



Good-bye to Young Canada from a soldier setting out to fight on behalf of the Old Country.



Holeting a quick-firer aboard a transport at Montreal, about to sail for England.



A contingent of Canadian coldiere about to embark on the transporte alongelde the landing-stage at Montreal, all keen as mustard to fight for the Empire.



A unit of the Second Field Battery, Ottawa, crossing a pontoon bridge. The Mother Country was justly proud of Canada's prompt rally round the flag. No fewer than 108,000 sone of the Dominion got busy preparing to engage in the task they had so loyally undertaken, not only on behalf of the Empire, but in support of civilication.

The Arms of Empire in the New Protectorate



Australian officers in Egypt taking observations in the neighbourhood of the Pyramide.



British and native officers of the army of occupation congregate in Cairo on the occasion of the appointment of Prince Hussein as Suitan of Egypt.

THE measure of German hate of Great Britain was the measure of her desire to strike in a place where a blow would be keenly felt—the Snez Canal, the narrow channel that carried the floating wealth of commerce that was ever on the move. But a few thousand German officers, a good many millions of German marks, and prolific German promises of favours to come (in other words German "Scraps of paper") did not give the Turks the power to launch their promised assault on Egypt. The Russians kept them busy in Armenia and Asia Minor, the British Indian army pressed up the Euphrates Valley, and Egypt was ready.





British troops, including Australian and Indian contingents, await the "terrible" Turk with squanimity. These photographs show the encampment on the east side of the Suez Canal, and some Indian soldiers crossing the famous waterway.

From Golden Orient to Sodden French Battlefields



Indian troops passing through a village in Northern France in their native mule carte, brought from India.



More Indian warriors who struck terror into the German enemy by reason of their ingenious and fatalistic courage and daring.



Weird music of the East always fascinates the Galilo temperament, ever susceptible to Orientalism. A body of Sikhs slouch at ease through a French town to the accompaniment of their pipes and tom-toms on their way to the firing-line.

War's Lurid Light in the Dark Continent



General view of Dar-ee-Salaam, tha chief port of German East Africa, which was bombarded by H.M.S. Fox and Goliath. All the enemy's chipe in the harbour were disabled and tha town suffered considerable damage from bombardment.



H.M.S. Fox, which attacked Dar-es-Salaam, the port of German East Africa, photographed at Zanzibar.



The black element in "Kultur's" cause. Native troops of German East Africa marching through Dar-ee-Salaam.



H.M.S. Gollath, which assisted in the bombardment of Dar-ee-Salaam, photographed at Zanzibar.

AS in Europe so in Africa, the muddlesome German plans miscarried. The South African Rebellion, on which the Huns counted, ignominiously flickered out with the death of Beyers, the capture of De Wet, and the flight of Maritz. In British East Africa things went well. The colony responded vigorously to the call to amrs. The Germans missed their opportunity here at the beginning of the war to occupy Voi and Mombasa, and destroy the Uganda railway with their superior force of men and artillery.

Sea-power made its influence felt off Dar-es-Salaam, the port of German East Africa, the Fox and Goliath having bombarded the port and ships with great success.

German East Africa, however, was fortified with the Huns' usual thoroughness, and promised to offer a strong resistance before ceasing to be a German Colony.



Treacheroue Boer and tricky Hun. Colonel Maritz, the rebel leader etill et large, with etaff of German and Boer officere in the background.



Commando of loyal burghers return triumpnant to Pretoria after rounding up rebele in the neighbourhood. Thanks to the promptitude of General Botha, the South African Rebellion was soon equashed.

Picturesque Indians in a Drab Environment



Mulee belonging to the indian contingente. These animals were very useful in transport work, especially where the roads were in bad repair owing to heavy raine, which were exceptionally severe during December, 1914, and January, 1915.



'indians pase with their belongings from eomewhere in France to somewhere else. The intenee loyalty of the Indian was a eevere blow to the creduloue German, whose reliance on the disintegration of the Empire proved as fruitless as it was fatuous.

Among the Brave Canadians on Salisbury Plain



"Plecedilly," the terrier maccot of the Cenadien Expeditionery Force.

General view of the corrugated-iron huta erected by the Canadiana when weather conditione rendered camping under canvas impossible.



Membera of the Canadian Expeditionary Force working on an invisible trench, the roofing of which coneisted of turf layers aupported by logs.



Another view of the same trench, illustrating its depth, and showing how the grass-plot roof hid it from view.



Canadians at Buiford etanding on a platform put down to facilitate progress over the mud.

Sons of the Dominion prepare to meet the Foe



Signalling Section of the 12th Battalion 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force. Capt. H. How newspapers were taken to Bulford Camp.

H. Van Wart, eignailing officer, is seen on the extreme right, scanning the horizon through the telescope on Salisbury Plain.



Membere of the Canadian Contingent at work in the signalises' hut on Salisbury Plain.



Happy though muddy. Canadians waitzing outside their hute on Salisbury Plain. They are all keenly awaiting the day of departure to the front.



Officers of the 12th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force. Reading from left to right: Capt. Oglivie, Capt. Sutherland, Lieut. Adams, Capt. Fraser, Capt. Van Wart. The day when the bulk of the Canadian troops were drafted to the firing-line was a great one on the muddy plain. As the boys from the Dominion said, "We've got the goods," and the Huns found them "come quality."

Boer and Briton unite against the Teuton:

IN spite of the close proximity of British and German East Africa, the Germans failed to achieve any notable success in this sphere of action. British and German interests in East Africa have always threatened conflict. On the declaration of war Germany had the opportunity of causing considerable trouble in the Protectorate, where the only troops available were a little band of the King's African Rifles, East African Police, and volunteers.

The colony had an anxious time, therefore, until the arrival of Colonel J. M. Stewart from Burma with a body of 20th Punjubis.

From that time the number of volunteers increased with rapidity. Under Captain Wessel, a commando of Boers served in the Empire's cause, and an active offensive campaign was undertaken, but the wild nature of the country made operations a matter of great difficulty.



A Squadron of the Dutch Contingent passing along the Goot Road, Nairobi, British East Africa. The Boers responded with great loyalty to the call to arms against the menacs of Kaleerlam.

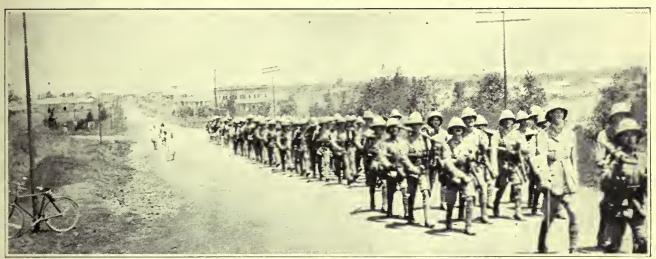


Animated ecene outside Nairobi House, Goot Road, showing the headquarters of volunteer recruiting, the trysting-place of Briton, Boer, and native. whose patriotism and devotion brought them together to defend the colony against German East Africa.

Contesting Germany's Place in Africa's Sun



Back of the refreehment rooms, Vol Station, ahowing fortifications, and Saghalia Hill in the background. Vol is situated near the German East African boundary-line, and on the Uganda Railway, which connects Uganda with British East Africa.



A contingent of North Lancashires arriving at Nairobi, British East Africa. This was the first European regiment to arrive in the Protectorate. This tropical, sun-baked sphere of operations makes an interesting contrast to that of their commades fighting under the same flag on the icy, mud-soaked plains of France and Flanders.



Red Cross waggon coming into camp drawn by a span of sixteen oxen, which are mostly used for draught purposes hereabouts.

Though an aggressive campaign was undertaken by the British, natural conditions made operations somewhat difficult.

Frontiersmen off for their Greatest Adventure



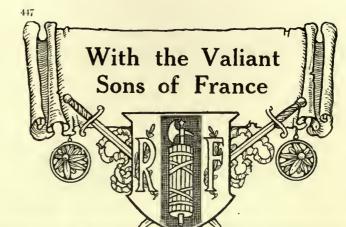
From left to right our photographe show: Trumpeter-Sergeant of the Legion; changing the guard on the roof of the Grand Hotel, Leigh-on-Sea; Mr. C. J. Pursiow, one of the organising officers; Trooper W. Brewer, a first-rate ecout; and an inspection of Frontiersmen by Staff-Captein Dinemead, V.C., at Chalkwell Park.

Because for once the sword broke in her hand,
The words she spoke seemed perished for a space;
All wrong was brazen, and in every land
The tyrants walked abroad with naked face.

And she seemed broken, and they thought her dead.
The Over-Men, so brave against the weak
Has your last word of sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves? Then it is hers to speak.

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes. As slow mists parted over Valmy felt, And once again her hands in high surprise Take hold upon the oattlements of hell

-CECIL CHESTERTON





Three famous French leaders-Generals de Casteinau, Joffre, and Pau-"snapped" in cheery counsel at headquarters.

The Gate of France held firm against the Hun



French battery of heavy artillery shelling the German lines near the Forest of Argonne. The great German offensive in this district was strong but futile.



as near as seven yards has been the lot of indefatigable "Piou-piou" and his ingenious commanders. Verdun, which is the German objective in this district, is unquestionably one of the strongest positions of the long French line. It is a veritable gate to the land of France, and the Huns are trying to batter it down with a force of about 250,000 men flung round the bastion in a semicircle of sixty-five miles extent. After continued endeavour they have not been able to advance nearer than to within ten niles of the fortress, although with typical optimism the Germans claim to be "besieging" the town.

vague idea of the great work that has been done by our French allies on their eastern front. Several weeks of strenuous fighting in places where opposing forces in the trenches have been



Some German artillery moving to take up position in the Forest of Argonne. The Hune made etrenuoue efforts to penetrate into France via the Argonne, but the valiant work of the French in this dietrict, assisted by the powerful Meuse fortrees of Verdun, kept 250,000 of the enemy under the Crown Prince well in check during many monthe of vigoroue assault.





HIS BEST TURCO WAS THE WAR-WHERE IN THE GREAT THE GUERILLA ELEMENT

Frequent mention appeared in official communiques of house-to-house fighting in Flanders and Northern France. Our drawing supplies a vivid idea of the ferocity of such warfare when the Turcos were taking part in it. The scene of the struggle above illustrated was the east bank of the Ypres

Canal, between Elverdinghe and Pilkum. Here the Prussian infantry were surprised and annihilated by the redoubtable Turcos, whose active and sanguine temperament made them more than a match for their more phlegmatic and less alert adversaries.

German Cavalry Wiped Out to the Last Man



The official "Eye-Witnese" at the front reported a sangulary encounter between an attacking force of German cavalry and a French force defending the trenches attacked, resulting in the German force being exterminated. Our war artist, in this sketch, has given graphic expression to the incident. The prosaio D 18

language of the official report stated: "On November 4th some of the enemy's cavalry at dusk charged a trench held by the French. Every single horse was killed; but those riders who were not hit continued the charge on foot, the last survivors being slain on the very parapet of the trench."

Heralding the Deliverance of Alsace-Lorraine



Some French infantry entrenched on the eastern frontier of France in sight of the lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. France fought fully confident of regaining this rich and beautiful territory.



How the Germans covered their rstreat. Some French soldiere guarding the viaduct of Dannemarie (Alsace), blown up by the enemy before giving way to the French advance.

French Alpine soldiers;
Aghting in the Voeges.

FOR forty years and more before war broke out the pride of France had a rankling sore in the possession of the lost provinces—Alsace and Lorraine—by the Germans. She would never have made war to regain them, but when war was forced upon her their recovery became a fixed objective to achieve which France was prepared to go through oceans of blood and volcanoes of fire.

A touching ceremony took place in that part of Alsace first regained by the French troops, when General Joffre received some prominent citizens. After thanking them for their loyalty to the Republic, the French Commander - in - Chief said: "We have come back for good. I bring you the kiss of France." The meeting broke up with cries of "Long live France! Long live French Alsace!"



On the lookout for the unspeakable "Bosche." Some French soldiers watching the horizon from an Improved earthwork. In this retreat they were well sheltered from the weather and stray bullets.

The European campaign was aptly termed a war of "dug-outs."

A typical trench on the French eastern frontier. There were three hundred miles of similar trenches in this district.

With the French Where Danger Lurked



A French machine-gun, or mitrailleuse, being carried into action near Roye, where some of the stiflest fighting in the war has taken place. A great advantage of this gun is its extreme mobility, which enables its rapid fire to be directed quickly from

any desired point. The mitrailleuse form of machine-gun is not a substitute for field artillery, against which it can never stand unprotected, but as an auxillary to infantry and cavairy, acting independently in positions where rifle-fire is most efficacious.



This company of French infantry was photographed as it marched through the Forest of Argonne with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed, thus to be prepared for any surprise attack from Germans concealed in the thickly-massed trees.

The Avalanche of Bayonets on German Trenches

DURING the months of winter warfare the Chasseurs Alpins did valuable work against the Germans in Alsace and in the Vosges. These French soldiers were as daring in attack as they were skilled in the use of their skis, those long, cumbrous-looking snow-shoes that enabled them to advance on the surface of soft snow in a manner that was the terror and despair of enemy soldiers with ordinary boots in the-trenches Also, their precision in marksmanship was extraordinary, and the Germans were compelled to abandon the initiative of attack, and to act solely on the defensive during the time that the weather conditions gave those Alpine troops such an advantage against them.

An official French account described a daring bayonet charge by a troop of these men, and our artist has translated the incident into pictorial expression. From the cover of snow-laden pine woods, the Chasseurs Alpins came down upon the German lines like an avalanche of cold steel upon the surprised and numbed occupants of the German trenches. The latter used their rifles as best they could; but the advance, favoured by the descent of the ground and the expert skill of the Frenchmen, was so rapid that there was not time to do much execution with rifle fire before the enemy was upon them. Then it was a question of bayonet to breast, and in the deadly hand-to-hand encounter the dash and impetus of the French carried their arms into and through the German lines, leaving a terrible tale of dead and wounded to make the Huns remember the encounter.



Wonderful bayonet charge on skis by the French Alpine troops in the snowy Vosges.

France's Christmas Greetings to the Hateful Hun

"IT is a beautiful weapon," said a French officer in alluding to a French "75." This famous gun, which fires the deadly melinite shells, proved itself the most valuable in France's very efficient artillery. Along the heights of the Meuse, in the Argonne and Aisne districts, the nervebreaking screech and wonderful precision of the "75" proved demoralising to the enemy. Everywhere the gun was superior to the Huns' artillery. This is only one of the surprises that General Joffre had for "MM. Les Bosches." On this page will be found some more "beautiful weapons," all of which were useful in convincing the loathsome "blonde beast" that France was neither too decadent nor in any sense unready to defend the cause of liberty. Our allies' siege-gun, seen in the second illustration, looks capable of doing as good work in the demolishing of Metz and Strassburg as Krupp's mortars did at Liége, Namur, and Antwerp.





Loading the famous 75 mm. gun, France's greatest artillery assst. The melinite ehell ie comparatively small, but it explodes eix inches from the ground, and devastates an area of 6 by 25 yards.



A French howitzer, built by Creusot, epscially designed for elege work. French artillery was described by the Hune as "brutal."



A photograph of a big French gun taken at the actual moment of firing. Inset is a French challenge to "Jack Johnson." Cne of the powerful French elege-guns, built to make an impression on the other side of the Rhine.

French Vigilance against German Treachery



A suspected spy in charge of a mounted escort being taken before the French general at Baccarat, Eastern France, for court-martial. Espionage is one of the most dangerous and ingiorious crafte in warfare, but though the spy's statue in peace time seems beneath contempt, his courage on the battlefield has often been proved beyond dispute. The Germans' comprehensive system

of espionage is one of the greatest surprisee of the war. Evidence of their amazing thoroughness is gathered from the inset photograph showing the remains of one of their own concrete gun-platforms constructed in peace time for use in the war on which they had determined. To all intents the building was a harmises frontier vilia, but it took twenty-four charges of dynamite to destroy it.

High Spirits in Deep Trenches: Fooling the Huns



A delicious practical joke was played upon the Hune in the neighbourhood of Ypree, where our French allies and the Germane were entrenched as near as forty yards apart. One irrepressible French wit called across to the Germane: "Hola, Boches i How brave is your Kaiser i He has an Iron Crose, but he never comes

Co your trenchea. To-morrow we are expecting Precident Poincare. He is not afraid; but then he hasn't an Iron Cross." The next day a ellk hat came bowing along the French trenches to the accompaniment of "Vive, Poincare!" The Germans were completely taken in, and riddled the "topper" with bullets.

The Epic of Soissons: How the Ga



For many days General von Kluck, aided by enormous reinforcements and the moral support of the Kaiser's presence, attempted to break through at this important point of the French line. The German offensive was successful to some extent. The capture of Missy and

Bucy le Long opened the way to a violent G attack on Crouy. By breaking the dam over a tril of the Aisne, the Germans flooded the French tre which had to be evacuated, and Crouy was abane A stand, however, between a solid factory buildin

French held Firm the Paris Road



ringe of St. Paul was determined upon. Machîne-guns aced in position, and the stone building was transe into a fort. Here a small body of Frenchmen held hordes of Germans for a whole day in order to the the general retreat of thousands of their comrades.

An unfailing supply of ammunition was kept up by corporals, who faced certain death in bringing it up. Though the Germans gained some hundreds of yards in this onslaught, the object of their attack—the gateway to Soissons and the road to Paris—was still held resolutely by the French.

Rapid Reconstruction after Strategic Demolition



In order to teet the etrength of a new structure a locomotive and trucke laden with ballast are driven over it.

Another view of the train moving over the bridge. The debris of the original construction will be noted in the photograph.



Early morning ecene on the Marne, when the only dieturbance was the hammering of French engineers. The above photographe are exceptionally interesting as showing the ingenious and rapid work of the French engineers, and were taken by a soldier in the 7th Company of Engineers. Most of the bridges blown up in this district were speedily replaced with temporary structures.

German Flags to decorate Napoleon's Tomb



The Hospital dee Invalides is the home of old soldiers in Parls, and behind it is the Chapelle dee Invalides, and the tomb of Napoleon, where the bones of France's greatest military genius lie encased in the most magnificent mausoleum in Europe. This photograph shows the parade of captured German flags before they were deposited, with other trophise of French valour, in the chapel.



Here hang the flage captured from the German invadere. Nothing could inepire a Frenchman more than the thought that these trophies repose near all that remains of his greatest military hero. It is as if the valiant living carried a message to

the illustrious dead, and eald, "Here, take and guard these. We have not forgotten thes. We fight in thy example, and eesk to be worthy of thee in our love for France and honour." Eritleh regimental coloure are not now carried on the battlefield.

With the Valiant Leaders of Modern France



General Arlabosee, a noted French leader, standing in front of a dug-out near the French lines on the eastern frontier.

General Maud'huy (on right), who worked In close association with General French.

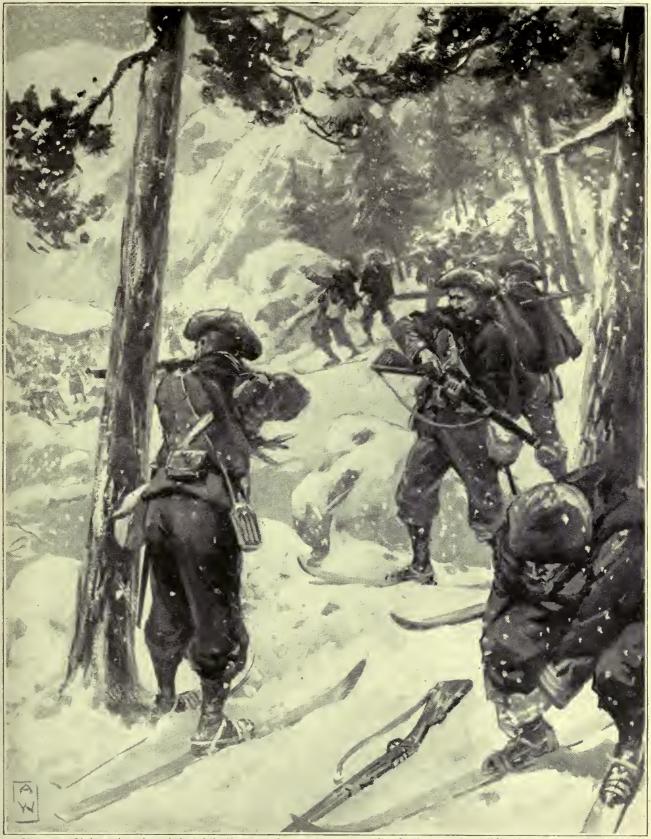


General de Langle Cary (left), one of General Joffre's right-hand men, with his Chief of Staff, Col. Paquette, photographed at his headquarters.



General Ditty (centre), Governor of Calais, and some of his staff. According to the Kalser's revised arrangements, the altered date for the fall of Calais was January 27th, his birthday, but even that event failed to yis

Brilliant French Strategy in Vosges Passes



Chaeseurs Alpins, whose knowledge of the Voegee and general skill in mountain warfare showed great ingenuity during the French advance into Alsace. By means of heavy artillery fire, they led the Germans to believe that they intended to concentrate their attack in the neighbourhood of Col St. Marie, instead of which the chasseurs proceeded through an opening

eeven miles farther eouth. While the enemy waited for an infantry attack to follow up the artillery fire, a ecouting party of sharpshooters on skis advanced over the snow-covered hills. Coming down under shelter of pine-trees, they opened a deadly fire at two hundred yards on the Germans, who were taken unawares and endeavoured to retreat, suffering heavy loes.



TERRIBLE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE STRUGGLE FOR STEINBACH, IN UPPER ALSACE.—One of the flercest of many fights at close quarters during the winter campaign was the contest for Steinbach. After everal days, continuous fighting this Alsatian village, which is twelve miles over the Garman frontier, fell into the hands of the Franch troope. This Germans had decided to defend the position to the less man, and literally honeycombed the houses and gardens with machine-guns and ambuecades. After the famous French

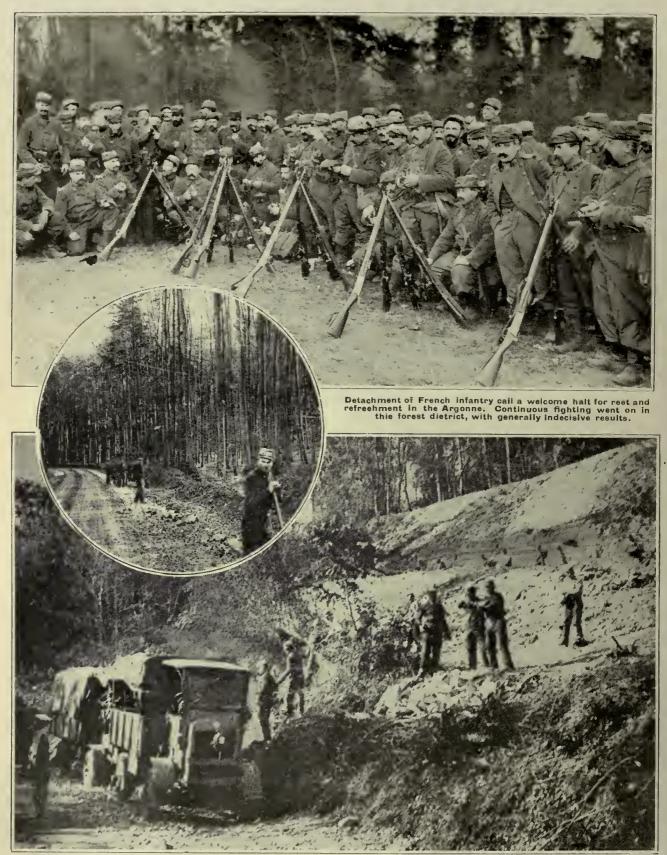


HOW THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE ROUTED THE DRAGOONS OF PRUSSIA,—Some Chasseurs d'Afrique, France's crack colonial corps, welcomed the opportunity of displaying that brilliant dash and invincible ardour for which they are renowned. The neighbourhood of Albert had been subjected to a violent bombardment by the enemy, and, in order to displace them, a vigorous counter-attack was decided upon. A large body of Pruesian Dragoons of the Quard were threatening the French line of communication with Aveluy. The

dis
French Staff, wishing to clear the ground for the infantry, sent a regiment of Chasseure to meet disdisthe Imperial Dragoons. The enthusiastic Chasseurs bore down on the confident Prussiane. Bigh.
A frightful melee ensued. Horses neighed, awords clashed, men were forn from their addless.

Arightful melee ensued. Horses neighed, awords clashed, men were from their addless, riderless steeds ran amok increasing the panic and impeding the combatante. The Imperial Dragoons were no match for the Chaseeurs. Those among them who were not the killed or wounded broke up and fled in disorder, leaving the African cavalry triumphant.

War Scenes in the Forest of Argonne



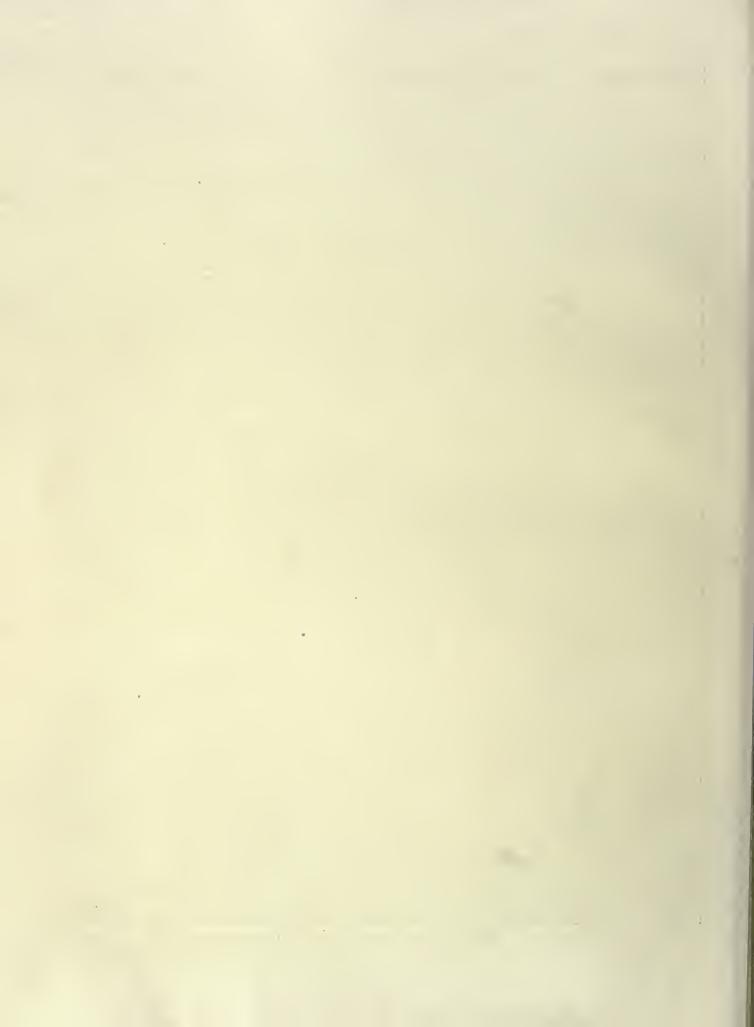
Diaging a three-decker entrenchment typical of many in the Argonne, where undulating ground lends itself particularly to this form of trench construction, which is considered to be impregnable. Inset: French engineers at work by the wayside in the beautiful forest.



A HASTY WAYSIDE BREAKFAST WITH GENERAL JOFFRE, G.C.B., AT THE FRONT.

The French Commander-in-Chief, General Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre, is seen on the right of the pieture, which represents an early morning breakfast during one of the long motor rides taken by General Joffre to various points of the great operations controlled by him. The meal

referred to must have been quite a chance affair, and the camera suggests that the famous general was the first to finish. When King George was in France (December 1st-5th, 1914) he conferred on General Joffre the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.



Scouting on the Highways of War-riven France



Some French chasseurs engaged in ecouting work in the North of France being directed across country by passing peasants, whose local knowledge they have invited to assist them in their work of reconnoitring.



Photograph taken on one of the highways in the Valley of the Somme, where some French chaeseurs were passing to join their headquarters after a reconnoitring expedition.



A field in the neighbourhood of Soiseons, where some French dragoons have a machine-gun hidden behind some straw while they keep watch for a party of German scoute, whom they have reason to believe are in the neighbourhood on the quest for information.

D 74

Where the Might of the Allies met the Germans-



Group of French artillerymen about to load an ammunition waggon with some of the 95 mm. shells, which caused such consternation among the War Lord's "cannon fodder."



Lonely English cemetery on the banks of the Alsne, roughly marked out by stones, with here and there the crude wooden symbol of Christianity. In the background is seen a deserted factory. The French people are very reverent in their attitude towards the departed, and where possible the graves of British soldiers are tended regularly by the peasants.



The kitchen of an encampment of French artillery on the Aisne. Two Frenchmen are hard at work washing linen and chopping wood, while a third, evidently concerned as to how "he will come out," is assiduously brushing the mud from his uniform.

-On the Battlefields of the Aisne and Marne



An improvised chapsi and altar in the neighbourhood of Fiemes (Marne), where service was held every Sunday by a soldier priest.



When Cruesot has silenced Krupp. French artilierymen playing cards during a luli in the fighting.



French engineers erecting gabions or shrapnelproof hurdles in a wood near the Alsne.



Avenue Rimailho, a winding country route in the Department of the Aisne, christened after the column of artillery which encamped on either eide.



Bridge over a canal of the Aisne destroyed by the Germans, obviously without any other desire than to commit wanton damage, as they did not trouble to render it altogether impaesable.

Soldiers' Two Journeys: To the Battle-and After



A vivid idea of the grimnese of war is provided by these photographs. A body of French Colonial Infantry is seen hurrying into the firing-line during an attack at Beaumont. The men's eagerness is portrayed in their attitudes, as they advance under cover.



Then the tragic aftermath! The attack is over. Warrior gives place to healer. Along the same road by which they ran eagerly to the battis-line the wounded are being conveyed to hospital. One infantryman walks slowly and painfully, alded by a comrade. Now his rifle acts as a crutch.



Behind the same point of attack. French cooke, sheltered by the wall of a high house, prepare hot soup to hearten the fighters.

French carry Meuse town at Bayonet's point



One of the most violent of many winter bayonet battles was the capture by our French allies of Vaesincourt, on the Heighte of the Meues, which fell after two preliminary actions and four successive coid-steel charges. The Germans met the French onslaught in heavy force, and their tsn machine-gune raked the French lines with deadiy effect. But to the muelo of the

"Marseilialse" and cries of "Vive La France!" they re-formed and charged again. Part of the enemy were posted on the roofs with quick-firing gune, and kept up a fire, not only of lead but of brioke and chimneys. Another French charge took place at one in the morning. No troops could resist this final onelaught, and the inevitable German retreat degenerated into a rout.

Peaceful Glimpses of War-time Paris



Paul Poiret, the celebrated Paris dressmaker, as a elmple soldier, shows his sympathy for the entente by indulging the English habit of smoking a pipe in the Champs Elysees.



Countess Oncieu de la Batie, who was refused a passport by the Germans in Brussels, and escaped to Holland in a peasant's cart.

She then took up the cause of Belgian refugees in Paris.



Paper-seller near the Opera tries to Interest a French soldler in "La Liberte." Members of the fair sex took the places of the newsboys who were called to the colours.

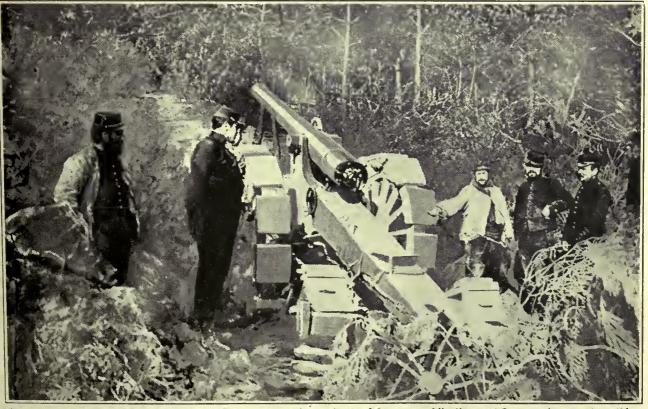


"Voila, Messieurs!" A fascinating midinstts, in passing the Elysee Palace Hotel, Parls, hands a bouqust with charming grace to some wounded soldiers taking the air on the balcony.

Bugle Call and Roar of Guns in the Argonne



An incident in the winter fighting in the Argonne. A French bugier is seen calling together advanced scouting parties distributed throughout the Forest of Argonne, who were sent out daily to find out the strength and movements of the enemy.



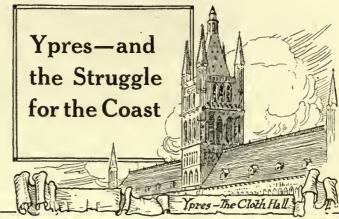
French gunners about to fire one of the large French cannons in the Forest of Argonne. Like the great German siege-mortars, this weapon is fitted with whesi-pads to assist in ite transport, the sternal problem with heavy machines.



FRENCH PEASANTS JOIN IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AGAINST THE the INVADDERS.—The frightful trapedy of invasion suffered by Belgium and Eastern France toll is brought homs to us again by the above graphic lilustration. Many of ths outlying hamlets in the Alsne district were caught between the French and German lines. French passants the fear of being struck by shells. When the Germans entered some of these villages—when average of the passants and the general section of the passants of the general section and the passants of the general section and the passants of the general section are passants.

Fance tollers surged up, and a ferocious hate impelied them to come out to assist thair French hamlets compade-in-arms to defeat the barbarian. Did he not also isy waste the fair meadows of sesants the Aisne-shatter the homestade, and tear up their happy civilisation by the roots ? Was it surprising that these simple patriots should retailable with such barbarism.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path.
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!
—RUDYARD KIPLING.





General Gough at his headquartere in France.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Incomparable Defence of Ypres

THERE are many fine things in the annals of the British Army, but none finer than those in the chapter that is being written. If the road to Calais were forced by the Germans to-morrow, the stand made by our troops at Ypres would still remain one of the highest military achievements of our race. For wellnigh six weeks our countrymen have fought under conditions that make even the sleepless, battling retreat from Mons

seem, in retrospect, a summer adventure.

Unwashed for weeks, plastered with mud, and wet, now frozen, and generally dog-tired always, our troops have lived in burrows like primitive cave-men. Besides snow, rain, chilling sea-fog, and other natural rigours of a winter campaign near the coast, they have had to endure an incessant bombardment of high-explosive shells and bulletladen shrapnel. Continual night attacks by hostile hordes of infantry have robbed them of sleep, and called for sudden exertions of an extraordinary nature. Yet, tested to the very edge of human endurance, our mea have exulted In the terrible ordeal and conquered.

The Proof of Britaln's Hero Breed

We are a people with fourteen hundred years of culture behind us, In the last century we have created a new industrial civilisation—the grandest instrument of power In the world. To develop it we have had to crowd millions into mine, factory, workshop, mill, and office, and live in the smoky, stifling air of great cities. It was supposed to be very weakening for the nation. But the grand test has come, at Ypres, against half a million German soldiers picked from agricultural districts, Less than two hundred thousand of our troops have held, driven back, shattered, and worn out more than double their number of enemies. Our stock is as virile as ever it was, and far more numerous. We have peopled continents, and, in spite of our new industrial life, we can still produce men eminent in endurance and fighting ability.

Towards the middle of October the British army was railed from the Aisne valley to the critical point in the battle front near Lille. There, British, French, and Indian cavalry, fighting against German, Austrian, and Hungarian horsemen, beat the enemy back from the road to Calais. By October 14th the German commander's right wing was. turned so that the whole of his line was endangered. save himself, he drew in and uncovered the country to the north, and our army pressed forward and occupied Ypres. Then, with our glorious allies, the French, we reached out towards Ghent, and helped the brave Belgian army retreating from Antwerp to escape being encircled.

A Daring Challenge to the German Commander

The British advance was stubbornly coatested. Village after village occupied by the Germans had to be blown to ruins by our howitzers before we could make headway. Some handets were taken and retaken three times before they were finally secured. At last, however, the British force, with its allies on either side, entreached in the woods north and east of the quiet, lovely old Gothic city of Ypres,

on the sandy Flemish plain.

Our position was a daring challenge to the German commander-in-chief. It formed a thick, blunt wedge between the Duke of Würtemburg's eastern army operating near the coast and the three western armies commanded by the Crown Prince of Bavaria, General Fabech, and General Daimling, operating from Douai to Tourcoing. A wedge position—known in military language as a salient—is the most difficult of all to defend. It can be assailed on both sides and subjected to a cross-fire bombardment.

Moreover, by attacking a salient at either of its basesthat is to say, near either of the two points at which it connects with the general battle front—it is possible to cut off and surround the forces holding it. Altogether, the British salient at Ypres fascinated the Kaiser and his General Military Staff—as, no doubt, it was intended to do. From the point of view of good strategy, their chief point of attack was the La Bassee Canal, miles to the south, where the British left wing connected with the Freach army under General de Mandliny. Here, if they could break through, they would win the direct road to Calais, and have the Belgian, French, and British forces in the north at their mercy. Also, the entire French line would be turned.

But though the Germans, with three-quarters of a million troops crowded between Ostend and Donai, hammered dutifully at the La Bassée trenches, it was the challenging, andacious British salient that, raising their furious hopes, engaged their chief attention. Against Ypres they continually concentrated. Day after day the Kaiser held parades behind the fighting-lines, and, by vehement speeches to his troops, excited their ardour of combat. One of the men of the army of the Crown Prince of Bavaria wrote at bivouac the notorious "Poem of Hate" against whole at Brothac the hotolions From of Hate against the English, which was circulated among the soldiers. Much of the heavy siege artillery used at Antwerp was moved from before the Belgian lines to points opposite our position at Ypres. Vast new armies of reserves needed against Russia were railed to Belgiam to help in exterminating the British force. Then in a pulveying homminating the British force. Then, in a pulverising bombardment of the strengtheaed artillery, the attack began.

Our Men Cool but Conscious of their Danger

At one point on our front a single division had been thrown forward on Sunday, October 18th, to hold some difficult intersected ground, eight miles long from flank to flank. In all, there were 12,000 bayonets to defend a position needing at least 60,000 infantrymen. At a frugal estimate, 5,000 men were required to the mile. There were only 15,000 in all. The troops were well aware of the peril they ran, but they faced their job coolly.

For every man in the British Expeditionary Force was

then doing more than any ordinary soldier ever dreamed of doing. Cavalrymen, after winning a beetroot field by a charge, dismounted, found some shelter for their horses, scraped out a trench, and held it against guns and infantry. Gunners, at times, pulled their guns within 600 yards of the German lines, and blazed away at the grey masses charging down, night and day, on our troops, hastily dug in a few feet in front of their supporting artillery. Men in the advanced trenches went without food or water for a couple of days, because the enemy's gun fire so continually swept them, front, flank, and rear, that nothing could be brought to them. A spirit of fierce, high, transfiguring heroism invaded the souls of the British soldiers,

Our Indian troops, fighting by their sides or outspread behind them as supports, felt the stress of this great mood. They were all mea of the warrior class-Rajputs, Sikhs, Pathans of the border, Gurkhas, scions of the Mahrattas and the Moguls. Men of fine fighting tradition, glorying in death on the battlefield, they might well have been moved by a generous desire to outrival, if possible, their British comrades. But when, with stiell, shrapnel, and anachine-gnn fire sweeping them, they relieved the soaked, mnd-caked, weary, nadaunted figures in the front trenches, their only wish was to prove themselves worthy of a companionship in heroism. This they did, not only by some superb charges, but by the tenacity, skill, and endurance with which they, too, held the ditches.

The Supreme Height of Human Effort

But the division that kept the eight-mile front without succour for nineteen days, touched the supreme height of human effort. From Sunday, October 18th, to Friday, November 6th, these 12,000 infantrymen, with perhaps thirty-seven guns in pits behind them, fought off, first 75,000 Germans, and then 200,000. In light and darkness the strangely unequal struggle went on. The guns alone The guns alone at times must have been outnumbered by eight to one,

(Continued on page 477.)

Flood and Fire Annihilate the Wurtembergers



A Dutch contoonist shows a German soldier writing home, and saying: "Our mivance continues; our graves now stretch to the sen." It is a grim truth expressed in a cartoon, and in an part of Belgium are German graves thicker than around Ypres and in the valley of the Yeer. In the latter a brigade of Wurtembergers met its end. It was enticed to the attack by a row of enemy cape

eklifully pinced, with their owners in ambush elsewhere. The Wurtembergers advanced to their doom. After a deadly firs upon the onps they rushed forward to find that they had no hende in them, and to sustain a murderque cross-fire from the Allies' gune, in the middle of which the chices were opened, and in a swirl of water the Wurtembergers were shot, drowned, or cantured.



HOW THE BRITISH, IN FLANDERS ROUTED THE PRUSSIAN It was at the Battle of Ypres. Word was brought to the officer commanding that the enemy were advancing to attack, and the allied troops who were to repel them took up positions on the Plan of Zomebeke. An aeroplane with a searchlight was sent up to recompare. It showed up a force of the Prussian Guard in an unexpected direction—they had been informed that the British were prepared for them in the north, so they had changed their plan and attacked irou the south. The British force got the command, "Right about

turn!" and fire was opened on the advancing Prussians thrown up by the searchlight. The close formation of the Germans was an easy rifle target, and their loss was enormous. Then their ranks opened and their machine-cuans spoke. Then team the command from the Britsh commander to charge across the plain. There was a clarge and a re-charge, and the Prussian Guards recled under the cold steel, broke, and died. The rout was complete, and what would have been a great battle in the old days was won.



SHELL HAVOC AMONG ARTILLERY HORSES.—One of the saddest features of war is the slaughter of man's noblest friend, the horse. The destruction of oavairy and artillery horses was only less appalling than the human slaughter. This photograph, taken at the front, shows a team killed by a German shell which also accounted for the two drivers.

GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR - Continued.

and the men, in the last grand mass assault, by something like sixteen to one.

How, between night attacks, dawn surprises, and the unending bombardment, they found time to snatch in shifts sleep enough to keep them alert and uncrazed, is a marvel. A captured German officer said that his General Staff was certain that this part of the British lines was held by at least two army corps. Such would be the garrison that any German commander would use to defend eight miles of difficult ground. Less than a fourth of this number held a great host at bay and saved Ypres from being taken. Probably half the 12,000 were out of action—killed, wounded, or sick—in the last fights. In the history of no race is there a finer example of heroic endurance. The names of the battalions composing the Incomparable Division are not known at the time of writing. But soon they will ring through the world, and then echo down the ages. Oh, the fight, the fight for nineteen nights and nineteen days of the Twelve Thousand at Ypres 1 By the God of Battles, we do breed men 1

The part played by the Indians and Territorials

Even our Territorial troops, young men pursuing a civil career and learning soldiering in their spare time, helped gallantly to make Ypres a name to thrill the blood of those of our race who shall come after us. South of the town, by the village of Messines, was a beet-field rising to a ridge. On the ridge, on the last day of October, 2,000 of our cavalry, dismounted, had held for days five miles of country. The Germans at last, by a strong attack, drove them back to their Indian supports, and the next day the London Scottish were sent up to help to defend the second line of trenches: There were 20,000 Bavarians attacking, but the Territorials fought like tigers, took Messines with the bayonet, and with their aid and a counter-attack on the German right made by a French division, the situation was for the time saved.

The Kaiser was beside himself with disappointment. A wireless message was tapped from him to the Duke of Würtemburg, declaring that "Ypres must be taken by November 1st, otherwise we must withdraw to the Rhine." Practically every German regiment of the line with a warlike reputation was railed up and hurled at the semi-

circle of trenches at Ypres—the Brandenburg troops, the Bavarian corps, the Saxons, even a dismounted Hungarian cavalry corps, containing the flower of the Magyar nobility.

A subtler mode of attack was also tried. Multitudes of half-trained, new recruits and men of the militia class, were brigaded together and launched, in close-packed storming parties, at our positions. On they came chanting "Die Wacht am Rhein," badly led by new officers, who did not know their work, but full of admirable courage. Boys or oldish men many of them were, and the slaughter of them was dreadful, pitiable. Our troops waited till they approached to very close range, and brought them down with almost point-blank magazine rifle fire—twenty rounds a minute sometimes.

It seemed cruel of the German commander-in-chief to employ troops such as these against British soldiers. But there was something of a plan in this apparently insane waste of food for powder. On Wednesday, November 11th, when it was expected that our men were at least somewhat worn out through night and daybreak attacks by the numerous troops of poorish quality and masses of regulars of the first line, the grand attempt was made to pierce our front. Some 15,000 men of the Prussian Guard, brought up on purpose to carry out the crowning effort to capture Ypres, advanced against our First Army Corps and its supports.

The Defeat of the Vaunted Prussian Guard

The First Army Corps rested on the road running from Ypres towards Menin, with a wood between it and the town. The Prussian Guard was smitten by a frontal fire, and taken on the flank by artillery, rifles, and Maxims. In spite of heavy losses, they charged onward with their traditional bravery, and broke through our line in three places. Still onward they swept into the wood, and there the British supports trapped them, according to the usual custom in such cases. For our army makes a speciality of having its first line broken, and then breaking the breakers against the second defence. The Prussian Guards were counter-attacked and swept with enfilading fire from machine-guns. Most of the scattered bodies who penetrated into the wood were either killed or captured. With the failure of this great attack by the Guards Corps, the first phase of the defence of Ypres was rounded off. Altogether, it probably cost the Germans 100,000 men

Incidents in the Terrible Battle of the Coast:

The German soldiery were in occupation of this Beigian town, and they have posted a company of soldiers on the roof of the town-hall to watch for the appearance of British troops expected to come to the attack

THE Kaiser's war-lords, undismayed by the most terrible losses in all the history of armed conflict, kept battering on the iron wall of British and Belgian determination that barred the roads to Calais by and near the Belgian coast.

Germany is estimated to have lost one hundred thousand men during four days' fighting, her only reward being the heap of ruins that once was Dixmude. The Prussian Guard, the very flower of the Germany Army, was hurled against the British trenches—only to be beaten back with shattered pride and a death-roll which defeat only makes the more awful to contemplate.

The world looked on aghast at a war-lust that poured out blood and made widows and orphans in this purposeless fashion. This military madness could only mean the suicide of an army.



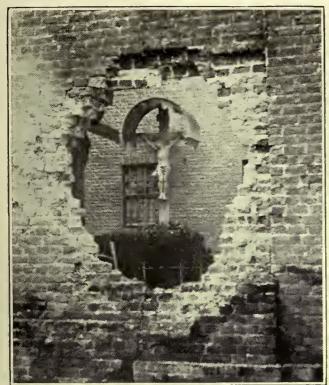
Some of the most violent fighting in the war took place round the town of Dixmude, near which these German motor-care were capelzed into a ditch. The photograph on the right ehows a Beigian outpost on the roof of an outhouse at a farm in the vicinity.





Against the sky the aeropiane furnishes a clear, though uncertain, mark. On the left, French Marines, beside the ruined church at Dixmude, are siming at a German Taube overhead; and, on the right, the anti-aircraft high-angle gun on a British-Belgian train is attempting to bring to earth one of these hornets of the sky.

The Frantic Effort to Hack a Way to Calais





Room in a privats house in Nieuport where the destruction caused by a German shell during the battle was complete.



This was formerly the beautiful church of St. Nicholas at Pervyse, near Dixmude. Now it is—what you see in the photograph. Inset Ruined tombs in the churchyard at Ramscapelle, near Dixmude, where the priest regards the havoo made by war in "God's acre."

"To Calais!"-the Kaiser's Fevered Dream



These German soldiers on the beach at Oatend, looking longingly towards England, ahare the Kaiser's fevered dream of "The Day," when they hope to act foot upon the soli of Britain as conquering inveders! On the right, the smaller figure is General von Daimling, who made his officers swear to dis rather than fall to take Ypres from the Britiah.



Photographed behind the German linea in the Battle of the Coast
—a screened German howitzer ehelling the Alliea' trenchea.



This photograph, taken from a dead German officer at Yprea, shows a village street where German officere are about to dine.



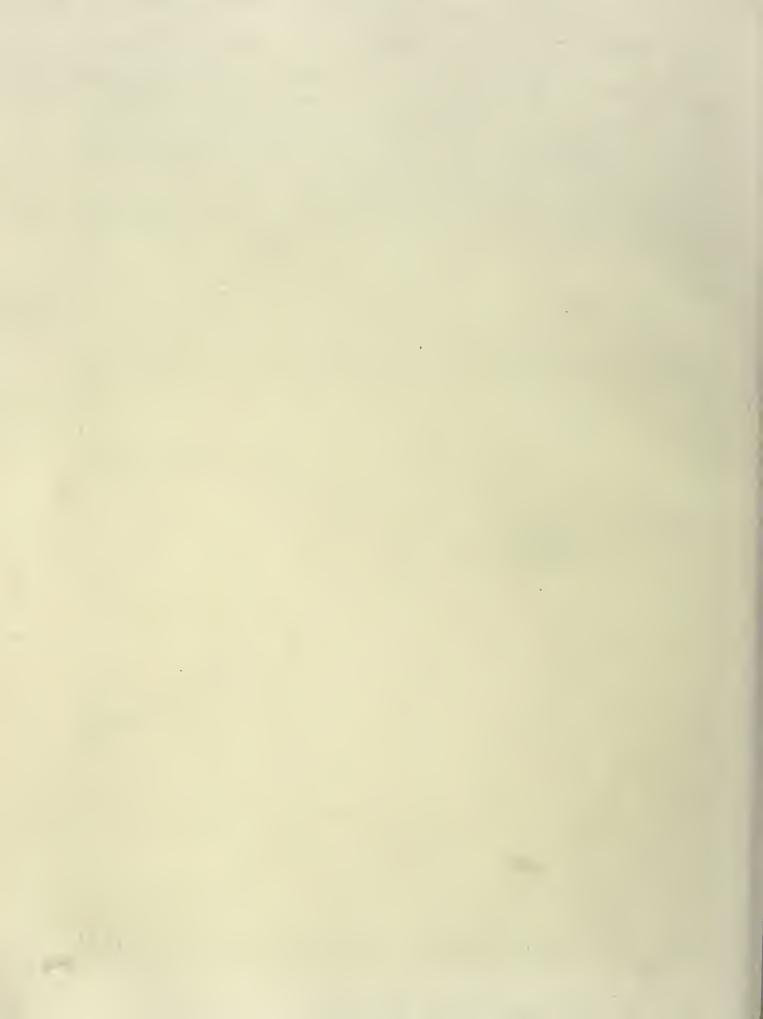
A picture received from a German acurce, showing a company of the German telephone field force running a telephone wire over an improvised footbridge near Nieuport during the course of the weeks'-long struggle for the road to Caiais.



HOW THE BRITISH MONITORS EVADED THE GERMAN FIRE OFF THE BELGIAN COAST.

The Germans tried to beat the British monitors off by bringing up their 6 in, howitzers and placing them in concealed positions along the dunes. But the ships steamed out of the reach of the shore batteries, and replied with a terrible and devastating fire. With sides and guns protected, each monitor was armed with two 6 in, guns, two howitzers,

four 3-pounders, and six rifle-calibre guns, and was capable of discharging a ton and a half of metal a minute. The monitors zigzagged about the sea at high speed, their gunners directed by aerial scouts and observation officers in tethered balloons. Later H.M.S. Venerable came up and bombarded the Germans further inland.



With the Germans in the Belgian Sand Dunes



One of the guns which the Germans brought to the Beigian coast to reply to the attack made by the mighty cannon of the British fleet operating from the North Sea.



German Marines with a gun amid the sand-dunes of the Ostend littorai.
The smaller picture on the right shows a group of German soldiers near Ostend who have thrown themselves down "dog tired."



A German outpoet on the eand-dunes of Flanders, where they made ineffectual efforts to reply to the bombardment of the British navai gune. The photograph gives a graphic idea of the nature of the country by the sea where the stupendous battle was waged.

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Interludes in the Fierce Contest of the West



Two Zouaves advancing cautiously across a field in the sternlycontested district of Western Belgium during the fierce fighting of the strenuous weeks.



A company of German soldlers captured at Dixmude bsing taken to Nieuport under a guard of Moroccan troops.



Bsiglan cavalry exercising their horses among the sand-dunes near Nieuport during a lull in the battis for the coast.



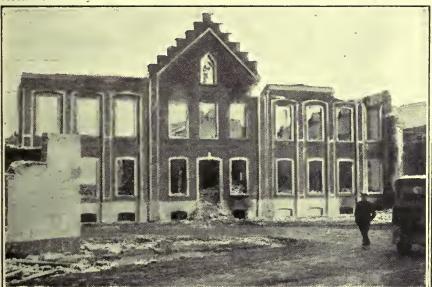
This picture looks oriental in its figures and its setting. The sand is not the sand of the Sahara but the sea-coast of Belgium and the horsemen are Aigerian soldiers of the French Army riding along by the shore when the tide is at ebb.

War's Wreck and Ruin along the Road to Calais

NIEUPORT, Ypres, Dixmude—these names will live in history as the points of contact between one of the most determined attacks and one of the most stubborn resistances in the annals of war. Amid all the records of these memorable days one great feat stands out supreme-that the Germans threw away human life with a prodigal lavishness that has never been known since civilised nations challenged each other to combat by arms. Every other consideration was subordinate to success-the bloodiest price was not too much in the eyes of the German supreme command to pay for Calais. And they paid the price—but they did not win Calais. They made plunge after plunge, in the war-gambler's game, hoping that by raising the stakes they might yet achieve their objective. But the resistance became stronger than everthe other side called up reinforcements, and, while the attacking force was being bled to death, the defending force was becoming stronger in defence and more certain of victory.



Nuns whom the Gsrman guns had driven from the esclusion of their convent and their circumscribed life of charity are being transported to safety out of the zone of fire, but the only vehicle available was the market-cart seen above.



The convent at Pervyse, near Dixmuds, transformed into a battsred shell by the bombardment of opposing artillery during the Battle of the Coast. Pervyse came between the contending armles during the most violent stage of the fighting.



Members of the French Red Cross attending a wounded coldier in the rulned church of the town of Nieuport.



The ruine of Ramscapells. The windmill at the back, occupied by a German machine-gun, was taken by a French Tunisian regiment after hard fighting at the point of the bayonet.



The battered Church of St. Nicholas standing up amid the ruins of Pervyse, one of the most fiercely-contested points and one of the most sorely-battsred towns in the coastal battls-front.

The Struggle for the Coast by Fire and Flood



German Marines mounting guns on the sea-front at Ostend, a measure that was void of result, for, after the defences had been finished, a few hours' bombardment by British naval guns silenced them effectually and shattered the positions.



A trench that was doggedly held by British soldiers in the beetfleids of East Flanders, whence its occupants kept a look-out for German snipers, and did excellent execution upon them.



The outlook from the trench on the left, showing how the spaces between the growing beets permit observation and riffs-fire, while the occupants of the trench are screened from the enemy.



The flooded area at Ramscapelie, near the coast, showing how the fleids were submerged by the inrushing tide which the Allies let loose upon the attacking Germsns, submerging their trenches, making them flee and leave their heavy artillery stuck in the mire.

Why the Coast Road to Calais was Impassable



The Germans had more than one "surprise" for their enemies, but the Allies also presented a few surprises to them. Among the most interesting of the latter, as we have already seen, were the chailow-draught war vessels known as monitors, with the aid of which Great Britain pronounced a very decisive negative to the Kaiser's impotent command that his army of the weet

should march to Calais. By steaming rapidly in a circular route near to the Belgian coast they could discharge their heavy guns at the land positione of the snamy with the most devastating effect. They continually made damaging attacks on the Germane along the coast as far north as Zeebrugge, with the result of making their positions untenable.

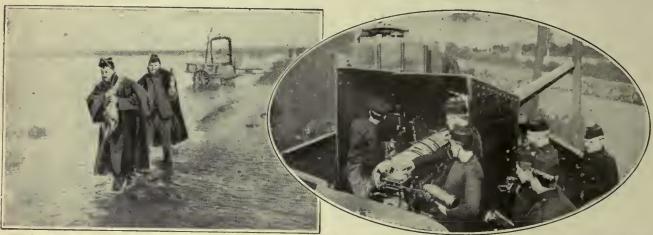
Activities in the Graveyard of the Kaiser's Hopes



Hsiping to checkmate the Kaiser's move on Calaie. A British outpost in action during the coast battle. The British Army proved to be the stone wall against the Kaiser's Calais ambitions. "No more arduous task has been assigned to British soldiers," said Sir John French.



Well-concsaled Bsigians sngaging the ensmy. The Allies taught the Germans the value of ambush and open fighting, and the latter gradually gave up the wastags of close formation.



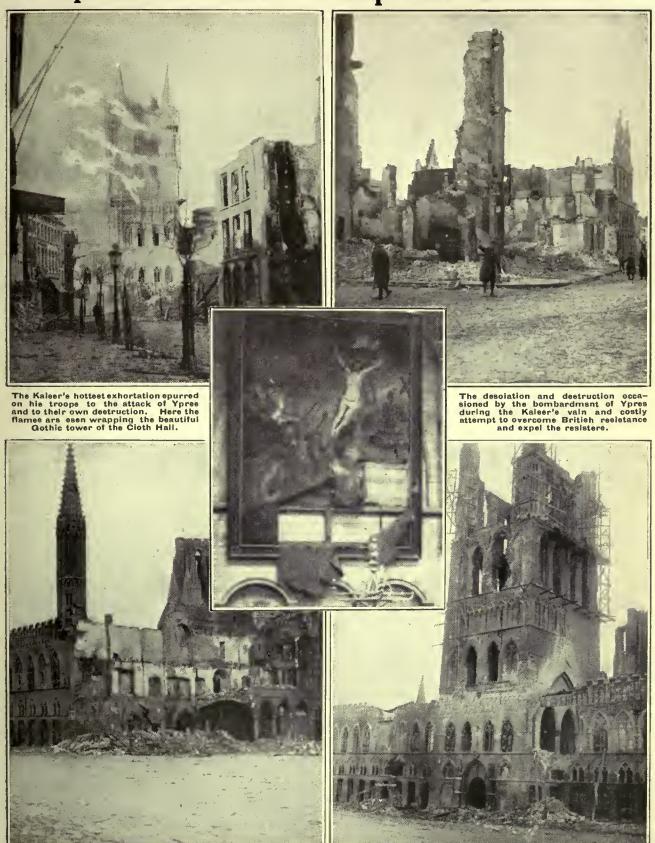
Beigian soldiers keeping the beaten track under difficulties. In opening the dykes the Aliles literally turned the tide on the Germans. The unexpected inrush of water compelled the enemy to abandon their trenches and some heavy artillery.

Finding the range on an armoured-train. Our photograph shows some Belgian and British gunners operating a gun which, by its facility of movement possessed an effective value Immeasurably higher than the Qerman "surprise" guns, which were good only for sisges.



German attachee inspecting a line constructed for the transport of the 16-inch guns in Bsigium. These monsters, deadly as they are in some conditione, are very difficult of mobility, requiring either perfect roads or specially laid rail tracks.

Ypres-the Kaiser's Supreme Endeavour



On the left ie a picture of the ruins of the Hotel de Ville, now merely a heap of stonee. It stood hard up against the western end of the Cloth Hall, which became exposed when the Hotel de Ville was demollahed. On the right is the ruined tower of the Cloth Hall, and the centre picture shows the tattered remains of a famous painting destroyed in the ruin of the cathedral.



A GERMAN NIGHT ATTACK AMONG THE FLOODS OF FLANDERS.—The Belgian lines Bubbind the Roaded area, where the salt idea lay shallow on the water-logged fields towards the the coast, were attired to ager listening by the throb of a motor-boat. The Germana were about be to attack from improvised floating armaments. The Belgian gune apoke, and the fre was Be returned from the three armed motor-boats and the raffs that the Germana guided across the up flood. Then the motor-boats aboved powerful searchlights that gave the mark for their gurs, the

the the German esacrilights was put out of action by a lucky shot, and in the confusion the raft bout behind had its living load of men tipped into the waters. The others attempted a landing. The was Belgians ruehed waist-deep into the water to resist them, and a hand-to-hand fight took place upon the insecure footing of the flooded land. Then a French 75 mm. gune entered the battle, and the Germans took off their sady damaged boats and rafts. Another German attack had failed,

The Ebb and Flow of Flood and War



Prussian ecout in the flooded area of Belgium, where the German hosts were drowned by the liberated tide and devastated by the shell fire of the Allies.



Qerman motor—boat, armsd with a machine-gun, scouting in Belgium, where the loosing of the floods converted the low-lying fields near the coast into a shallow sea.

THE action of the Belgians in letting the North Sea cover the farm lands of Western Flanders was a self-sacrifice in harmony with what had gone before, when Belgium voluntarily destroyed millions of pounds worth of bridges, railways, roads, and buildings to impede the advance of the enemy. These sacrifices were very bitter for Belgium, but the favourable position of the allied armies was due in no small measure to this heroic policy. The history of the Low Countries, which comprise Holland and Belgium, contains many instances of their apparent immolation on the altar of national liberty, but they have always emerged stronger in spirit and have built again the fabric of their industrial and social life.

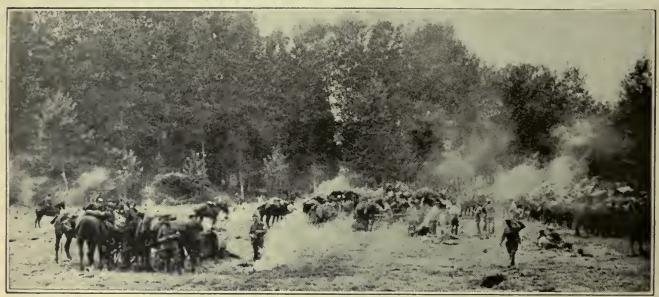


Group of Belgian soldiers constructing a dam so as to divert the flowing water that rushed with every flood-tide into the trenches of the German enemy. Their manipulation of the gateways of the waters worked great havo

British-Belgian Activities in France and Flanders



A troop of Belgian cavalry passes a detachment of infantry, including some French comrades, resting by the wayside in Fianders. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has so jucidly expiained, cavalry came to be exceedingly versatile in warfars. Not infrequently British mounted soldiers took their places as infantrymen when operations on horseback were out of the question.



Cavairy at a British bivouac in a sequestered French field enjoy a brief interlude from etrenuous work at the front. Here they are able to indulge in that essentially British luxury, a wash and brush up, without any rude interference from the Hun.



A Scottish regiment on the march in Flanders transforms a quiet village into a busy military centre, the bitthe spirite of the men cheering the few remaining peasants in the district.

The Reckless Courage of Six Naval Fusiliers

THE whole neighbourhood of St. Georges, the fiercely-contested hamlet near Ostend, was inundated by the floods of the North Sea, which the Belgians let loose upon the Germans, with the exception of a small strip of rising ground that the Belgians succeeded in capturing under cover of the Royal Naval guns. The Germans retired to the shelter of some houses, but after receiving reinforcements they re-formed and counter-attacked. The Belgians were in jeopardy. In face of great odds, and to relieve them, six Naval fusiliers volunteered to convey to them a 75 mm. gun by wherry along a canal, the only means of transport available. The Germans, observing the

manœuvre, shot down the volunteers one by one, but not before the sixth had brought the gun to within reach of the sorely-pressed Belgians on the bank. The latter secured the "75" and promptly mounted it for action. They opened a deadly fire, which put the Germans to flight. Shortly afterwards the Allies succeeded in gaining possession of St. Georges; but it is not too much to assert that the indomitable bravery of the Belgians in the episode illustrated here was the factor that made its capture possible. If the full story of Belgian heroism could only be known it would increase the world's already high admiration for the brave soldiers of the bravest of kings.



Belgium's Army as a Lion in Prussia's Path:



Helping to bar the Calais way. Beiglan artillery linsd up on the eand-dunee of Northern France. Their etrenuous work in this region of hoetilities proved yet another etumbling-block to the Kaiser'e designs on Calais.



Another photograph of our Belgian Allies on the dunes with their efficient guns, at the Channel end of the Allies' long line. The other end is on the bordere of neutral Switzerland, where the French Alpine soldiers carried on the fighting near the Vosgee.



Belgian lancers on their way to meet the Germans near the sand-dunce of Northern France. Practically the whole of Belgium has passed into the hands of the Germans, who regard it as Greater Germany. The heroic Belgian Army, with King Albert at its head, has always been confident of regaining their territory. The greater the eacrifice for liberty and honour, the greater will be the enemy's price on the day of reckoning.

How it held Dune and Dyke against the Hun



Hard on the motor-"blke." Belgian scout on the dunes, carrying out reconnaissance work under novel conditions.

In a sandy burrow. Another Belgian scout on the look-out for Germans unobserved except by the ublquitous "snapshotter."



More Belgian soldiers move out of a ocast resort to help fruetrate the pathetically continuous efforts of the Germans towards Calais. No doubt the War Lord realised that it was a long, long way to his Channel base, although picture-postcards were distributed broadcast in the Fatherland showing German gune bombarding Dover from the neighbourhood of the historic seaport.



SANGUINARY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING DURING SECOND LA BASSEE BATTLE.—
During the last days of January, 1915, the Germans concentrated heavy forces in the neighborhood of Auchy les la Basses in preparation for ons of their massed onslaughts, so consistently disastrous both from the point of view of losses and prestige. Early one morning British advance posts observed a great cloud of grey uniforms loom up in the distance. They immediately poured a withsring fire into the oncoming Hune, who, however, were only momentally arrested. In the course of this battle a frightful hand-to-hand fight ensued, in

which members of two Scottish regiments, though greatly outnumbered, fought with dogged heroism. "Jack Johnsons." fell fast among the combatants, but this superior bursting-power of British shells, and timely reinforcements, eventually checked the enemy. British propers the impetus of this Germans, were retaken. In spite of heavy sacrificas the snemy's attempt to plerce the Allies' line at this important point was a complete failure. The second Battle of La Bassee lested about thres and a half hours before the German hordes were finally dispersed. A large number were killed, and many gave themselves up.

It was you, O Emperor, who broke your plighted word and laid waste the land. In the lust for victory you violated even the laws of war which men contrive so that when the sword is sheathed they may dare again face their Maker. Your way to Him is lighted now by smouldering spires and ashes that were once fair academic groves. And you shall seek Him over roads cobbled with the moans of innocents.

-SIR J. M. BARRIE.





German soldiers moving a giant howitzer to its concrete bed.

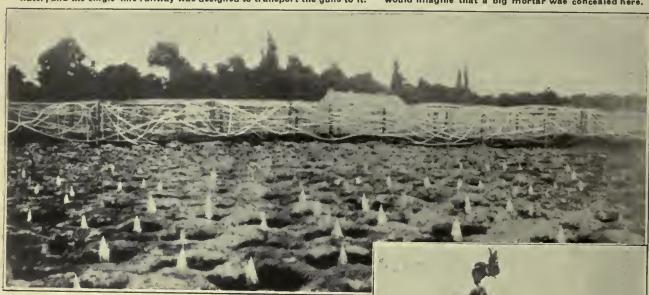
The Treachery and Trickery of the Teutons



A concrete bed on the French frontier escretly prepared by Germans in time of peace for their big gune to bombard French positions. It is hidden under water, and the single-line railway was designed to transport the guns to it.



An empty barrel mounted on a wheelbarrow, and placed in position eo that a reconnoitring airman would imagine that a big mortar was concealed here.



An ingenioue field defence prepared by Austriane. Behind the barb-wire entanglemente the ground was scooped into holes, each of which held a spike. The result to a body of cavairy charging through this can be easily imagined.



A German imperial motor-car, fitted with a device whereby the car can ride under or over any wires placed across the road to obstruct its passage.



Effigy of a Beigian, on which the Germane practiced shooting — to improve their wretched markemanship.

Ill-spent Industry of the Ingenious Germans



German engineere beginning to repair telegraph and telephone cables left, as shown, when the Charleville Bridge was blown up.

The small inset picture shows Germane re-erecting an iron bridge in France which they had themselves destroyed.

K 1

Behind the Fighting Front of the German Enemy



A group of German officers waiting behind their firing-line to know the result of one of the flerce infantry attacks that their regiments tried hard to prese home against the strongly-held trenches of the British Army in the disputed corner of Belgium.



This photograph shows a German infantry attack upon the British lines in process of development. These attacks were hot while they lasted, but the resistance they encountered was hotter, and they died away because they could not be sustained long.

enough. The determined resistance opposed to these German attacke inepired Sir John French to write of his men, "Their deeds during these days of strese and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters in the military history of our time."

During the Hottest Weeks in the Western War





A German officer having a haety meal at a wayside field kitchen in Belgium.



A German field gun being pushed into position. The protecting shield and the hole through which the gun-layer sees the objective will be noticed.



Jarring French Notes in a German Band



An amusing story is told of General von Strauts, commanding the German army of Metz. Having placed his band at the disposal of his staff, a concert took place every Thursday at Woel, the General himself attending. French eoldiers 1,200 yards away, hearing the strains of Wagner and Straues, decided to vary

the programme with some artillery fire. Guns were ranged about nine miles away. On the fourth Thursday, when the band commenced, French shells fell with deadly precision among the musicians and audience. General von Strauts beat a hasty retreat in an ambulance, and the melody was somewhat broken.

Destructive Power of Germany's Siege-Guns



The ruins of Wavre St. Catherine Fort, at Antwerp, reduced by ehelie from the great German elege-gune during the bombardment.

UNLIKE the armed conflicts of the past, the Great War of the nations was a war of big guns, and the effect of the huge artillery which Germany had prepared in secret, and which her armies used for reducing fortresses, caused a revision of accepted theories regarding the impregnability of fortified places. Fortunately, the ponderous weight and the size of these big siege-guns made them useless for field work and for rapid transport; but they proved that no fortress could resist demolition when they cast their great shells.



Destruction by big German shelle in the town of Maubeuge, one of France's northern fortresees attacked after the fall of Namur.



Empty baskets, each of which formerly contained one of the ehelis used by the deadly 16.4 in. German siege-gune.



One of the forts of Maubeuge, showing the steel cupola top, which was considered before the war capable of resisting the heaviest shell, the most destructive explosives, and the biggest artillery ever manufactured, but which was shattered and broken by the gisnt shells from the great German surprise—her giant siege artillery.

German Heavy Siege-Howitzers in Action THESE three pictures, reproduced from a German paper, show the actual firing of a shot from one of the great German siege-guns that reduced the forts of Liege, Maubeuge, and Antwerp to ruins. The guns

The great projectile leaving the muzzie of the howitzer before the smoke of the discharge has been able to issue. Note the massive foundations upon which the gun is mounted.



The projectile has just issued, and is followed by the great expanding smoke discharge which effectually hides it from view.



are mounted on large concrete foundations, and it is well-known that in many places in France and Belgium—and perhaps also in Great Britain—Germany had, by a policy of unprecedented treachery in times of peace, prepared cement foundations at points of vantage so that these guns could be mounted for immediate action. Placed deep behind a great sloping wall, or sunk in a huge pit, such guns are entirely hidden unless from air-

The emoke has partly cleared, and the huge projectile has almost reached the highest point in its trajectory as it travels.

Snapshots from Within the German Firing-Line





On the isft, foreign military attaches inspecting German trenches near Antwerp.
On the right, a German bomb-proof shelter in the Argonne, the approaches to which are concealed by brushwood and vegetation.



Dietinctly rough and ready. German soldiers dining under none too appetieing conditions.



Scene from an East Pruesian battlefield, showing some German soldiere fast asleep in a trench while their comrades keep a look-out for the ensmy.



A snowdrift as a natural trench and some Austrian infantry "fairly up to their nacks in it." As a rule the trenches of the snemy, especially in East Prussia, were strongly constructed and timbered, but the Hun and his Austrian ally were not able generally to adapt themselves to the discomforts of underground warfare with that good humour which was so characteristic of the Allies.

Hapsburg Stronghold crumbling before the Slav





On the left a general view of Przemysl, the Galician stronghold which was invested by the Russians. On the right Field-Marshal von Kusmansk.

who commanded the Austro-Hungarian garrison.



Artiliery officere in a redoubt of the fortress of Przemysi directing the fire of the gunnere, vainly endeavouring to etay the overwhelming onslaught of the Rueslans.



A battery of Austrian artillery at work on the outskirte of the fortrees. Before the war Przemysi was considered impregnable, by reason not only of its wonderful defences, but also of ite natural situation.



The Austrian encampment outside Przemysi. This fortress might be described as a gate to the Empire of the Duai Monarchy, just as Verdun le a gate of France. The dogged defence of the stronghold was a feature of the war, but the Russiane gradually

closed in on the city. Sorties made by the garrison were invariably beaten back with heavy losess. The fail of Przemysi was bound to have a far-reaching effect on the course of the eastern campaign, and to increase the Austrian demoralisation.

German Efforts to Stay the Russian Avalanche



German outposts searching the horizon for Cossack legions. Prussia etaksd her all on the stupendous contasts in the East. The whole world followed the movements of the Grand Duke Nicholas and Fisld-Marshal von Hindenburg with breathless interest and anxiety,



An Austrian gun and team, torn up by shrapnsi, on an East Prussian battlefield. The ensmies' horses were ridden and driven to death with reckless brutality and indifference.





Uhlan prisoners under a guard of Coseacke. The German losees in prisoners were enormous, no fewer than ten thousand having been registered at one point alone on the Russian front.



How the Germans entrenched themselvss in East Prussia. The thoroughness of their earthworks was a feature of their resistance, and may be judged from the photograph above. Inset is a portrait of Field-Marshal von Hindsnburg and some of

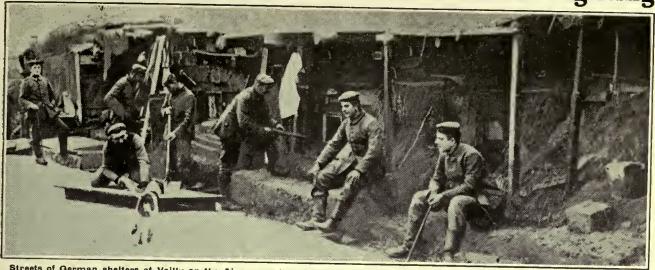
his staff. The would-be Napoleon may be said to have had the future of the Hohsnzollerns in his keeping. His endeavour to break through the Russian centre all but met with disaster, and his escape from annihilation cost him unparalleled lossee.

How German Gunners were made to face the 75's



Evidence of the failing epirit of the German coldler and the brutality of his officer was recorded by a French commander fighting in the neighbourhood of Rheime, and graphically illustrated in the drawing on thie page. After French artillery had effectively choiled the German trenches, the infantry charged them with the irrecletible dash characteristic of our Allies. All the Germans fled in disorder, with the exception of the gunners, who were unable to move, being chalmed to their guna. It appears that the famous French "75's "os ecared German gunners that their officers chained them to their guns in order to hold them in the firing-line.

War at Close Quarters · House-to-House Fighting



Streets of German shelters at Vailly on the Aisne, constructed with wood taken from the debris of the bombarded town. It was christened Barrack Street. Some of the Aisne villages were taken and retaken several times, and the streets therefore bristled with ambuscades and fortifications. Positions were won and lost hereabouts veritably inch by inch.



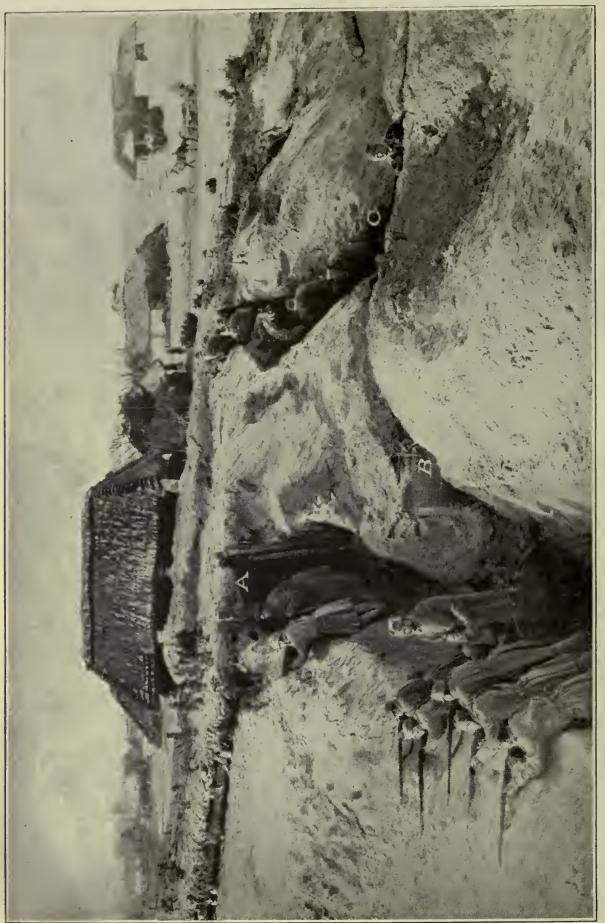
German soldisrs partially entrenched in a house garden sheltered by a wall in which loopholes were made for sniping the Alliss and observing their movements.



Not taking any risks. German cavalrymen entering what they believe to be a deserted French village with rifle and pletol cocked in the event of attack from the Allies or inhabitants.



An entrenchment in a village of the Vosges, showing some French soldiers at work making it secure near the cottage in the background. Some of the most stubborn fighting of the war occurred in this district. The district of the Vosges is adjacent to the lost French provinces of Aleace and Lorraine.



TRENCH WARFARE TAKEN AT THE FRONT. A MOST REMARKABLE CAMERA-PICTURE OF THE SYSTEM OF

Unique photograph of an Auetro-German trench nesr Jasionna, which gives, perhaps, better than any other illustration published, an ides of the conditions under which "mols" warfars is waged. The spot marked A is the entrance to the refuge from bombe and

the, shells. B—C is the passage of communication between one trench and another. A file of is, soldiers is seen shout to take up a position in the eccond trench. The enemy's front in and the eastern area was literally a maxe of similar etrong, complete trenches.

The Huns in one of France's Fairest Cities



The etreete of Lille, one of the fairest cities of La Beile France, are being trod by the Huns. In this photograph the Crown Prince of Bavaria (x) is seen saluting the Crown Prince of Saxony (xx) in the Place de la Republique.



Biatant parades were held periodically in order to imprese the invader with a renewed sense of his own importance. The Crown Prince of Bavaria at the head of his troops in the Grande Place after the parade in honour of the King of Bavaria's birthday.

The Petticoat Disguises of Prussian Soldiers



GERMAN devices in spy work and warfare were ingenious.

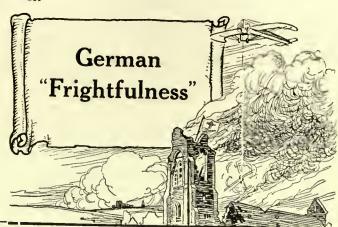
Often they were despicable, constituting an outrage on the elementary humanity that is supposed to be followed even by belligerents. Occasionally their ingenuity was free from the blemish of being unfair, and sometimes even it exhibited an element of humour, as in the incident illustrated by one of our war artists on this page.

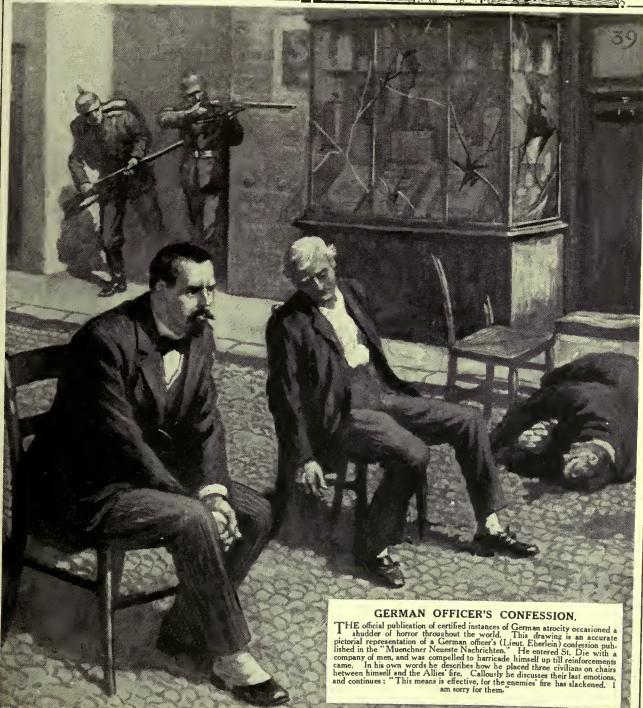
A French official statement gave particulars of a German

A French official statement gave particulars of a German ruse that almost succeeded—but just failed to succeed. A group of what looked like French peasant women was seen gathering potatoes in a field at Senones, heedless of the movements of soldiers in their vicinity. But experience of German devices of war had taught the French to be

careful, and a critical inspection through powerful field-glasses from a distance left no doubt of the fact that the potato-gatherers were enemy soldiers in disguise. So the French opened fire, and the wearers of women's garb displayed an agility in skipping off that confirmed the verdict of the wary French. As the Germans fled precipitately their lifted skirts revealed the military boots of Prussian Grenadiers, and the grotesqueness of the spectacle made the French forget to fire in the laughter they could not suppress. Thus ingenuity had its reward, for the Germans got home to their comrades and out of the line of French fire unscathed and free to give such ingenuity scope upon a future occasion.

Kaiser, when soon or late your hour shall come,
And at God's throne you, suppliant, bend the knee,
Think you those prattling voices shall be dumb
Which now are silenced by your dread decree?
When boastful pride is turned to abject dread,
What bid for mercy will you make the plea,
Facing the righteous wrath of Him Who said:
"Suffer the little ones to come to Me"?
—A. R. HAMILTON.





THE GERMAN GOSPEL & ITS APOSTLE

The pernicious teachings of Treitschke, and how they fostered Prussian Militarism, clearly explained

By JOSEPH McCABE

Author of "Treitschke and the Great War," etc.

WHEN the clouds of war have passed, and the nations engaged in the grim struggle are arraigned before the jury of civilised nations, there will be a prompt and unhesitating verdict. The wonder will then be expressed that we had paid so little attention to the most obvious fact of recent European life—the fact that for forty years Germany has been meditating and arming for an aggressive and expansive war. We have, with British generosity, admired the German school and the German merchant, we have translated learned German treatises, and suffered with chivalrous appreciation German victories in the field of trade, but when we heard of writers who were poisoning the German nation against England, and directing its colossal military expenditure against us and France, we took little notice. They were cranks, pedants, or dyspeptics, we said. Now we know that they were the spokesmen of the modern German Gospel, and that for forty years they had traced the lines of the present campaign, as the Germans intended it to run.

"Blood and Iron" for the new generation

Few are now unaware that Heinrich von Treitschke, professor of history and political science at Berlin University from 1874 to 1895, was the chief apostle of this barbarous gospel, but probably many still fail to see how an academic teacher could inoculate a nation with so fateful—and, as it will prove, so fatal—a theory. As is usual in such cases, the message of the prophet coincided with the mood of the people and the conditions of the country, yet Treitschke's personal share in creating the great illusion has been immense. The most popular professor in the largest German university, he had his class-room thronged by young men of the middle class; and a whole generation of officers, journalists, teachers, and historical and military writers,

went out over Germany with his dream of medieval carnage and annexation. Bismarck had astutely recognised the value of the fiery Saxon teacher, who united an admiration of Machiavelli with a worship of Prussia, and had set him on the academic throne at Berlin. In this way, and in more stately language, the Chancellor's "blood-and-iron" policy was carried to the new generation, and directed to a new and even greater expansion of Germany.

Since he began to teach at Berlin, in 1874, Treitschke openly preached the gospel which we find on the point of the Prussian bayonet to-day. His university lectures have been published by his students under the title of "Politik" (Politics), and in these and his many public lectures we find the inspiration of the Bernhardis of a later date, and of the Kaiser and German officers of to-day. His chief work is not history, though he has written the history of Germany in a romantic and heroic vein which intoxicated young men. His main purpose was to build up an ideal of a State, and in his ideal State he demanded especially two

characteristics—it must be very powerful, and it must be very big. Of small nations like Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland, he always spoke with contempt. A little nation, he contended, never did anything "great." It is a pity he did not live to see the greatness of the Belgian spirit contrasted with the pettiness, meanness, and childishness of the Prussian spirit. He openly drew the inference that the small nations must be absorbed in the larger, and as Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark were "Germanic" in origin, he plainly sketched the programme of bringing them back into the German family under the lead of Prussia. In the case of Holland he advocated only commercial union, but other pages of his work show that this was not sincere.

Holland and Belgium to be annexed

He maintained that the geographical position of Germany was insufferable. She *must* have the mouths of her great rivers (especially the Rhine) and an extensive sea front of the German Ocean; in this respect he plainly implied the annexation of Holland and Belgium.

That this programme involved a great war, Treitschke did not merely admit; he seemed to regard it as an advantage. The essence of a State, he repeated constantly, was military power, and he went beyond any writer of modern times in glorifying war. His fiercest scorn was reserved for the advocates of disarmament. These "pipe-of-peace-smokers," he said, would ruin the human race. War, he said, in revolting terms, was a Godsent agency for purifying the moral nature of a community, and all the sacrifices it imposed on men, women, and children were a normal part of their duty to his Moloch of a State. He had the most profound contempt for the modern idea of a State as a social institution for the protection and the prosperity of the men and women who

compose it. This was "materialism." True "idealism" was to regard the State as something greater than the men and women who compose it; something that can impose on them whatever sacrifices it wills, and may be quite indifferent to their will. So he supported the despotism and the bloody ambitions of Prussia.

In his discussion of treaties and moral principles we find Treitschke even more flagrantly laying down the maxims which have disgraced modern Germany. Belgium, Holland, and Switzer-land, for instance, were pro-tected by treaties, and there were in addition a number of international "conventions" which might hamper Germany in its next expansion. The admirer of Machiavelli-it is at times difficult to realise that he is speaking from the chief professorial chair of Germany-makes short work of these. Nothing on earth, he says, is higher than a State; there is no such thing as absolute international law, and can be no such thing as an international tribunal. A treaty or convention is, therefore, only a voluntary limitation of its (Continued on page 514.)

Statue erected in Bsriin in honour of Heinrich von Treitschke, the apostie of the "might-is-right" creed. His detestation for Great Britain amounted to a mania, and hie lecturee and writinge did more to bring about the world's greatest tragedy than any other individual effort.





CAUGHT BETWEEN FIRE AND WATER: THE GERMAN ROUT BETWEEN DIXMUDE AND BINSCHOOTE,

horses, and human corpses. The Wittembergers were engulfed with all their debris. Their guns stuck in the soft ground, and as they fled the allied artillery poured salvos of shrapnel over them. An allied infantry force with an armoured car and a machine-gun added to their discomfiture, A brigade of Würtemberg infantry, responding to a personal appeal by the Kaiser, crossed the Yser on planks and advanced on the Belgian trenches, to be caught by the rising water let in from the dykes. After the long, ghastly struggles for the river, it was choked with broken boats, trees, carcasses of

To face page 213

Barbarians Burn French Composer in His Home



In deepair because he had been rejected from the Army on grounds of health, Alberic Magnard, the French composer, remarked to a friend: "I have five bullete—four for the Germane; then one for me." True to his words, when the Germans approached his home at Baron he fired on them, killing one. In accordance with German traditions, it was not long before the

manelon wae a blazing Inferno. M. Robert, the deputy-mayor of the village, wae arrested and interrogated, and M. Creton, who had assumed the diegules of a gardener, was lashed to a tree. When the flames had reached the first floor a shot rung out. Some time afterwards the charred remains of M. Magnard and he revolver were recovered. MM. Creton and Robert were liberated.



A British battery coming into action under supervision of some members of the Headquartere' Staff, somewhere on the Continent.
It will be noticed that the position is partially acreened by a heap of etones and a haystack.

THE GERMAN GOSPEL AND ITS APOSTLE (Continued from page 512.

action on the part of a particular State, and the State can withdraw it whenever its interests require. In fact, he says, every treaty is signed with the mental reservation—
"As long as things remain as they are." This is the famous "scrap of paper" theory of the German Chancellor, advocated in Berlin University forty years ago. On the subject of broad, moral restrictions, not expressed in treaties, Treitschke is not less plain. After a long and hypocritical discussion of the question whether the end justifies the means, he concluded that "the highest moral duty of a State is to maintain its power"; that "moral means" are to be preferred if they are possible, and that "morality must be political (Prussian) if politics is to be moral." And he expressly defends lying, spying, bribery, and deceit for a nation's purposes. As to the behaviour of soldiers in the field, Treitschke says it is precisely "the moral grandeur of war" that the soldier must "crush his natural feelings of humanity." I have heard from Belgian officers that the troops who blasted Louvain were largely university students. No doubt they were pupils of the pupils of Treitschke.

The next step in the professor's programme, in so far as it bears on the present war, is to inflame the German against England, and he loses no opportunity. England was the great obstacle to this dream of Imperial expansion. France, he thought, was decadent and powerless, and of the greatness of little Belgium he had no suspicion. England was the rival. Germany wanted, and must have,

colonies, and England already possessed the best territories beyond the sea. Germany must have command of the sea, and she would have to wrest it from England. So Treitschke entered upon a systematic vilification of England, and created the German legend about England's "perfidy" and "cunning." The language he uses about England is at times perfectly ludicrous in its childish spite. In the mouth of a professor of history it is grotesquely inaccurate.

This gospel Treitschke carried far beyond the confines of a crowded class-room. As a distinguished professor and the official historian of Prussia, he had a position of great weight with the general public, and he addressed fiery orations to large, popular audiences. In these he sometimes developed the idea which we find on the lips of the Kaiser to-day—the notion that God has especially selected the German nation, through the Hohenzollerns, to impose a new and higher civilisation on the world. He defends this with all his learning and eloquence in a public lecture entitled "Luther and the German Church," and at the close of another lecture, addressed to a large body of university students, he exclaims that "some day the whole world may recover its health in the German character.' So he contrived to fill an infatuated people with its silly dream of a mission of German "Kultur," and, under this high-sounding name, kept alive in Germany the most brutal medieval ideals of aggressive war. No wonder that neutral nations know where to place the blame of this war. For forty years Germany has been preaching and preparing for a ruthless, aggressive campaign, while no other great nation in Europe desired aggression, or armed for any other purpose than defence.



The battery opens fire, and the emoke of the guns can clearly be seen recoiling in space. In the foreground a gunnery officer records the result of the shelle. This photograph, together with the one at the top of the page, is exclusive to "The War Illustrated," and was taken by one of our special photographere at great personal rick.

"Blonde Bestiality" and some of its Exponents



Bavarian infantry undergoing inspection by Prince Leopoid in Northern France. According to the French official Black Book of German atrocities, the 2nd and 4th Regiments of Bavarian Infantry are those charged with unspeakable vilialny at Nomeny.



Hun caught committing atrocities. Criminal tendencies are obvious in his features.

German officers piliaging chests in a French chateau. Responsibility for "frightfulness" devolves upon heads of State and German officers in turn, whose theory is that non-combatants must be terrorised into imploring their country to relinquish hostilities at all costs.

German Red Cross doctor court – martialled by the French for "frightfulness."



French citizen prisoners in the hands of the infamous Bavarians. Old men and women, they are dragged from their homsland, from everything they hold dear, to suffer who knows what trials and humiliations.

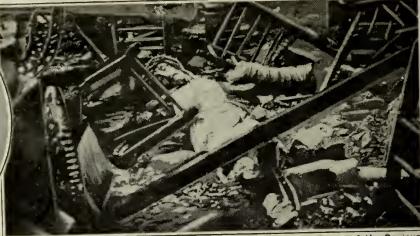


Two more shining exponents of "Kultur" who have been sentenced by French court-martial in the South of France for barbarous conduct.

The Arch-Hun's Xmas Present to Civilisation



William the Ruthless, the blasphemous enemy of Civilication and Christianity.



"Kultur" destroys the symbol of Christianity. The shattered figure of the Saviour in the midst of the ruin caused by the German bombardment of Ypres.



Debrie-strewn corner of Lille. One of the many French towns sorrow-clouded through German ruthleesness.



Face downward on the field of battle. A whole platoon of French Zouaves completely wiped out by German high—explosive shells.



The tottering remnants of a priceless mediæval beauty. The ruined Halles Tower at Ypres.



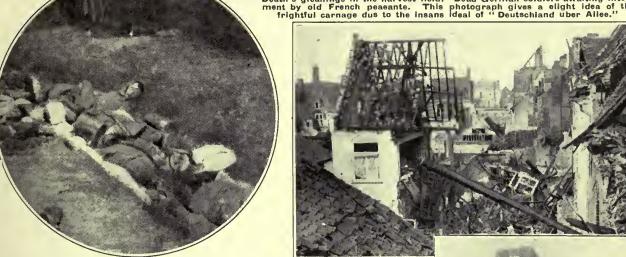


On the left the gruesome toll exacted by German chelle in the etreets of St. Laurent. On the right peasants at Morin etanding before what was once their homes. The scenes on this page speak eloquently for themselves. They represent the War Lord's Christmas gift to humanity, in exchange for which the world could only offer him the undying execuation of poeterity.

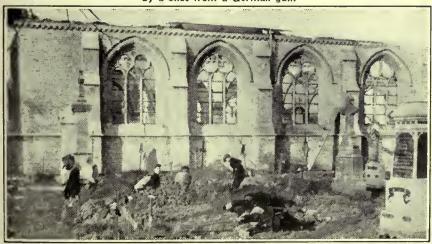
Horrors that will Ring Down the Ages of Time



Death's gleanings in the harvest-field. Dead German coldiere awaiting inter-ment by old French peacante. This photograph gives a clight idea of ths frightful carnage dus to the insans ideal of "Deutschiand uber Allee."



On the left the ghastly contente of a French trench after being shelled by Gsrmsn artillery. On the right the house of a Red Cross doctor at Ypres literally cut in two by a shot from a German gun.



Belgian soldisrs who feli in retaking Pervyse from the Germans bsing buried in the churchysrd by civilians. The ruinsd church will be seen in the background.



German patrol inspecting the handlwork of their brother– Huns in East Prussia.

Belgium Starving under the German Jackboot



Poor Antwerp women receiving bread at the German barracks.
A genial Hun is eeen impressing on these Beiglans the advantages of being under the Eagle's wing.



Every precaution was taken against the leakage of military information. Idiers were eummarily dealt with. Unemployed were not allowed to look for work near the Antwerp quays.



A queue congregated daily outside the temporary barracks at Bruges to receive broken food discarded by the Kaiser's Huns.



A refugee brought back to Antwerp to be questioned by the military authorities and to have his belongings examined.



A German soldier distributing surplus bread to starving Belgians outside the Antwerp barracks. Yuletide in King Albert's country was, in 1914, synonymous with anguish the like of which has never been surpassed throughout the ages. Humiliation, devastation, starvation—these were the sesence of that "Kultur" which, according to the Prussian ideal, the world was so much in need.

Dastard Fighting-A Machine-gun Funeral

THE British regiments lost very many men in the battles of France because they fought fair and gave the German enemy the credit of fighting fair—until bitter experience taught them that to gain an advantage the Germans were prepared to outrage every moral code and every human sentiment. The accepted immunity of the Red Cross from attack, the recognised restriction against the use of the Red Cross by combatants, the white flag—all these were often abused by the unscrupulous spoilers of Louvain and the murderers of women and children.

a British trench, a priest reading the prayers, and weeping mourners behind. The British officer, with the respect of his class for the dead, ordered his men to stand at the salute as the procession passed—and then, suddenly, the pall was thrown off, a machine-gun disclosed, and the British trench was raked by a fire that killed or wounded every man in it.



"Kultur's" Foul Mark on Fair Land of France



The Place de la Gare, Arras, as it appeared after bombardment by the German guns. Arras lies between Lille and Amiens.



All that remained of an establishment in a French town after being struckby a German shell. The notice on the signboard informs us of the "removal" of the occupant to Rue Rougemaille.

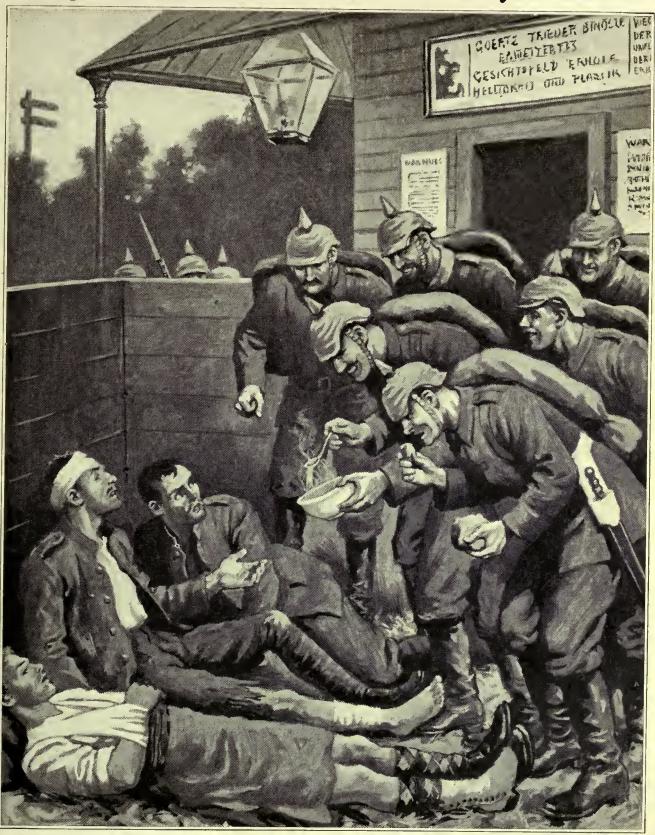


A remarkable photograph of a house failing in Lills during a violent artillery attack. Many historic buildings in this town shared the fate of Louvain, Termonde, and Rheims.



In the overwhelming dieaeter which the Huns inflicted on heroic Beigium, one is apt to overlook the fact that France, too, suffered heavily from the exponente of "higher civilisation." This photograph gives an idea of the destruction prevailing in the once beautiful and prosperous town of Lille. From such horrors of "higher civilisation" the people of Great Britain were only spared by the crushing euperiority of the British Navy over that of the enemy safe in hiding at Kiel.

Dying British Soldiers Tortured by Germans



A Dutch war correspondent, who had been moving behind the German lines, swore on oath that he saw three wounded British soldiers tortured by Germane at Landen Station on October 9th. Bowle of hot soup were held before the wounded men. "You want food," said the Germane. "We will beat you to death.

That is all you will get from us." Two, after looking ravenously at the soup, shut their eyes, while the third moaned, and rolled his head. The Germans spat in their faces, though the look in their eyes foreshadowed approaching death. The Dutch correspondent's protests against such inhumanity were unavailing.

What the Horrors of Invasion really mean



Immediately a village was retaken by the French from the Germane, our allies vigorously set about repairing the damage done by the "Bosches." In this photograph some military engineers are seen at work on the root of a shell-shattered cottage in St. Genevieve, which had not been abandoned by the brave inhabitants, who may be seen at work within the house.



The appailing tragedy of invasion as enacted in Lille, which was subjected to continuous bombardment by the Germans. Lilie is situated near the Franco-Belgian frontier, and was, so to speak, in the vanguard of the battle. This camera record of the frightful desciation in a once bautiful and prosperous French town brings home to us very vividly the horrors of Prussian aggression.

God, the All-terrible King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarion, the lightning Thy sword,
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-wise, by the fire of Thy chastening Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored. Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening, Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So shall Thy children in thoughtful devotion

Laud Him Who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

—Russian National Anthem, translation by
REV. JOHN ELLERTON.





Russia crushes Turkey in the snow-bound Caucasus.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Tremendous Battles of the Vistula

FEW years ago the famous German cavalry leader, General von Bernhardi, proved to the satisfaction of the German War Staff that Russia was a secondrate military power, which could never put into the field more than three million men. On this estimate was arranged the German-Austrian invasion of Russia in October, 1914.

Knowing that Russia had detached large forces to guard the Caucasus from the Turks, and to hold other positions on the frontier where trouble might occur, the Crown Prince and his adviser, General Hindenberg, reckoned that by deploying two million men from the Niemen River in the north to the great bend of the Vistula in the centre, and to the San River in the south, they would have a marked

advantage in numbers.

The Teutonic host was divided into five main armies. The first army operated round the East Prussian frontier and menaced Warsaw from the north. The second army marched across Poland to within seven and a half miles of Warsaw. The third army also marched across Poland to the fortress town of Ivangorod, farther up the Vistula. Then a fourth army worked up from Cracow, intending to cross to the south, with the help of the Austrians and Hungarians.

In the meantime, however, our allies had got themselves in a position of some difficulty. As originally concentrated, before the plan of the enemy was divined, they were weaker at Ivangorod—the critical point—than they were at Warsaw. Some of the Warsaw troops at once set out on a long, rapid, arduous march to strengthen the Russian centre at Ivangorod, and while this preparatory movement was going forward, the Grand Duke Nicholas had a happy, daring, brilliant idea.

He desired to attract the Germans in great force to Warsaw, where his own army was strongest. Giving orders that all German spies should be allowed every facility to ply their craft, he withdrew most of his troops, and telegraphed for the main Warsaw army behind the town to retire some ten miles away into the forests. A panic arose in Warsaw; the officials left and people began to flee in great multitudes. Informed of all this, the German commander, Hindenberg, communicated with the Kaiser. Naturally, the prospect of the easy capture of Warsaw, the capital of Poland, was calculated to please

the theatrical mind of Wilhelm II. His neurotic temperament was so strangely excited by the bait dangled before him thatso he proclaimed to the Poleshe had a vision in which the mother of Christ appeared to him and acclaimed him the

saviour of Poland.

On a small scale the Russian ruse at Warsaw would not have been remarkable. An ambush of a few thousand men is easy to arrange. But to hide six hundred thousand men in a flat, populous, agri-cultural country, infested with spies, was an extraordinary piece of work. For the spies had to be encouraged instead of being suppressed, and cradled in their tragic delusions. So it will be understood that the Secret Service police of Russia played an important role in the organisation of the great victory of the Slav over the Teuton. They also kept from the enemy the knowledge of the enormous forces of Russian troops collected on the eastern bank of the Vistula. Vast as the Teutonic hosts

were, they were outnumbered,

but they did not know it. Misled, outmanœuvred, and clean outplayed, they confidently went forward to suffer a most tremendous defeat.

The battle opened, as the Russian commander had arranged, round Warsaw on Thursday, October 15th. The German cavalry was then almost within sight of the Polish capital, and the advancing infantry pushed the Russian advanced posts back with alluring ease. But the next day the terrible Russian counter-stroke fell. Through the half-empty streets of Warsaw there poured Russian troops of all arms, and wild, warlike tribesmen from the Caucasian Highlands, who had insisted on serving the Caucasian Highlands, who had insisted on serving the Great White Tsar. The Caucasians were Mohammedan warriors, resembling the Afridis of our Khyber country. The Russian gunners blew a path for them, and formed a shrapnel cover in front of their advance, as they swept down on the right wing of the German army. They draw this wine is the treatment of the right wing of the German army. They drove this wing back twenty-five miles. (Continued on page 526.)

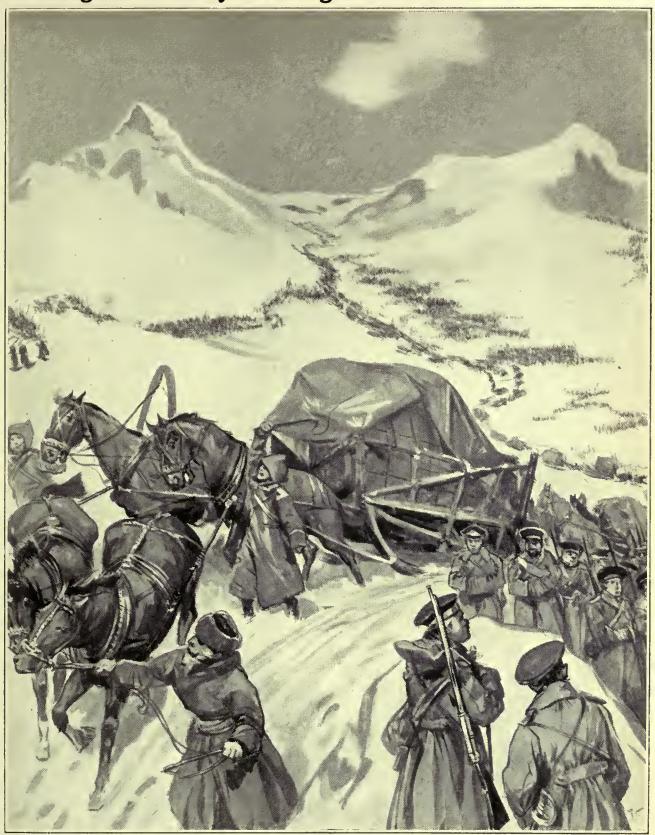
Kravchenko, Russia's famous war artist, making a sketch of a German spy captured by a Cossack patroi.

the river and attack Lublin, while the fifth army, coming over the passes of the Carpathians, swept towards Lemberg.

The problem for the Russian commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas, was to divine which of these five armies was the grand attacking force. His spies and scouts informed him of the composition of the invading armies, but this was not sufficient to go on. The two chief German armies—that attacking Warsaw and that attacking Ivangorod—were so linked together that a very large number of troops could be transferred from one to the other. Which army would strike to create a diversion? Which army would suddenly increase its force for the blow meant to shatter Russia?

The Russian commander decided rightly that the attack on Warsaw from north and west was a feint, and that Ivangorod was the real objective of the enemy. By forcing the passage of the Vistula at or near Ivangorod, the Germans would divide the Russian forces, and get in a position to encircle a million Russians in the country

Taking an Army through snow-blocked Passes



Hannibal crossed the Alps and invaded the heart of the Roman Empire; Alexander surmounted the passes of the Hindu Kush, and took his Macedonian legione to India; Napoleon imitated Hannibal, and croesed the Alps to Italy. The modern Russian Army performed a similar feat of army transport. A Russian

column, composed of all three arme, surmounted the mountain passes of the Caucasus, which were thickly covered with snow, in their advance against the Turks towards Erzerum, where their front against the enemy extended over one hundred miles. The Russian transport organisation was excellent and efficient.

Then, in the night, like our Gurkhas, they crawled into the German camp and knifed the sentries, and thus prepared the way for a general surprise attack in the darkness. In the meantime the Russian regular troops, brought up on the doctrine that "the bullet is a fool and the bayonet is a hero," delivered a frontal attack on the centre of the German army before Warsaw. The thing was done in spurts, after an artillery duel in which the Russian guns won the mastery. All arms were pushed forward to support the grey masses of foot soldiers, who advanced in extended order, creeping from cover to cover. Then suddenly they closed, gave a rapid fire, and charged with the bayonet, while their gunners "watered" the ground in front of them with concentrated shrapnel gusts.

Breaking the

German Lines The entrenched Germans stood their ground for a while, but shot wildly, and when the Russians were fifty yards away they broke and flew. The victorious infantrymen got among them, while the Cossack horsemen rode ahead at the German guns. For more than a week the pursuit continued. At one place—Gombin—about half way to the German frontier, the Cossacks rode along the north bank of the Vistula, and, getting ahead of the Germans on the south bank, swam the stream and got full on their rear. One Cossack squadron then rode to the frontier, destroying the stores, the railway, and the bridges in front of the retreating Germans. By this daring feat by a handful of horsemen the strong line of entrenchments prepared by the Germans on the River Warta was turned, and the path to Berlin opened, between Thorn and Posen.

Swift and overwhelming as was the defeat of the German left-centre before Warsaw, it did not bring about the retirement of the whole German front. The stronger army massed against Ivangorod still hoped to retrieve the situation by forcing the passage of the Vistula and wedging itself between the Russian lines.

General Russky, the victor of Lemberg, commanded the Russian troops in this part of the field. His army held more than one hundred and fifty miles of the winding course of the Vistula, from the point where the Pilica falls into it, half way to Warsaw, to the point where the Kimienna flows into the great river. These geographical details are of vital importance. For the distance from Russky's right to the battlefield of Warsaw was equal to a week's hard marching. That is to say, the German General Hindenberg had a week's grace in which to force the Vistula, with no fear of any attack on his rear from the conquering Russians at Warsaw.

If Hindenberg won, the withdrawal of his left-centre would be an affair of no importance. He would be the master of the whole of Russian Poland, Warsaw being his to take when he liked to concentrate on it. And the Russians between the Vistula and San Rivers would be

at his mercy.

With no opposition, beyond that of the usual cavalry screen of Cossacks, the Germans advanced in large force to the boggy banks of the Vistula. With the exception of a small Russian force entrenched a few miles in front of Ivangorod, the Russians were on the other side of the river. The Prussian Guards tried to take the small advanced force, but failed. For the Russians were holding a site chosen by General Russky for throwing her army across the river. They had sworn to die to the last man rather than yield.

Germans in an Artillery Trap

In larger and larger numbers the Germans attacked. and, as their columns deployed, the guns of Ivangorod, the artillery hidden on the islands and opposite shores of the river, caught them in both flanks. For seven hours this slaughter went on, the German guns being placed at a disadvantage, as the ground by the river was too marshy for them to be brought near enough to the Russian lines. Keen was Russky's eye for a good defensive position to fight on, and keener his vision for the possibilities of attacking his foes.

Under cover of the Russian guns, pontoon bridges were flung across the Vistula at the point held by the heroic little advanced guard, and also farther up the stream. Including Ivangorod bridge, Russky then had three crossing

points, and towards evening his infantry attacked in front and on both flanks, driving the Germans from the trenches and on both hanks, driving the definants from the declines at the bayonet point. Meanwhile, a strong reinforcing column, sent from Warsaw towards Ivangorod some days before, got into touch with Russky's Staff. So close had the Germans advanced, that the Russian column was marching in their rear. Naturally, it was at once deployed and flung against the staggering enemy. It toppled him over, and on Thursday, October 22nd, the Battle of Ivangorod was practically won.

It was then a race for life to the fortified line of the Warta, fifty miles from the Vistula. South of Ivangorod, however, was a great stretch of rough, wooded country, and here the Germans and Austrians made a rearguard stand, while the Crown Prince fled by train to his own land. The forest fighting was slow and terrible. It was mainly sniping and bayonet rushes, with machine-guns as support. One wood, however, the Russians fired, finding

it full of entrenched Austrians.

A Harassed German Retreat

The curious thing about the whole affair was that the Austrians were always found fighting the rearguard actions. The German Military Staff would not sacrifice any of its The Austrians and Hungarians were left behind, and the German troops were marched away to the incessant order of "Quicker! Quicker!" Town after town was taken by the Russians at the point of the bayonet, while the Cossacks swerved from these stronglyheld places and kept harassing the marching Germans. By the beginning of November it looked as though the Germans were not moving quick enough to save their frontier from attack. Part of their line of defences on the Warta, in Russian territory, was turned at Kolo, and Russian scouts entered Germany. Cavalry had hurriedly to be railwayed from Belgium to Posen to fill the gap between that city and Thorn. As full half of this cavalry had been put out of action by British, Indian, and French horsemen, there was not much of it left to trouble the daring, skilful Cossack. So the great frontier battle opened

under happy prospects for the Russians.

Meanwhile, the extreme left wing of the Teuton host in
Prussia and its extreme left wing of Austrian troops in Galicia were suffering from the defeat of the centre. In Prussia, General Rennenkampf, with extraordinary coolness, repeated his old trick-attack against his old enemy. With one force he held the Prussians on their own Eastern frontier, while with another force he struck first westward and then northward, and got behind the Masurian Lake defences in the rear of the Prussians. How it was that the German Military Staff allowed him to repeat this simple and terribly effective method of outflanking is a mystery. It seemed as though so many Germans were wanted in the West to continue the attempt to force a path to Calais that none could be spared to defend Prussia itself.

Certainly no German troops could be sent to the help of the Austrian left wing. Cut off from the support of their broken centre, the Austrians fought with the desperation of brave troops that have already been beaten by their attackers. For a short period they flamed out in the madness of despair, and the Russians were hard put to it to maintain themselves on the Upper Vistula and the San. In both bayonet work and steady firing the Austrian showed himself-according to the experience of the Russian soldier—a better man than the German. But when refugees began to arrive from the broken, scattered centre, the Austrian's fierce, desperate courage gave way to fatalistic apathy, and at Kielce on Tuesday, November 3rd, the great battle, beginning over a front of four hundred miles, ended in a complete Russian victory at every point.

Far-Reaching Effect of the Victory

It was the most important event in the great conflict of nations. It at once relieved the pressure against the British, French, and Belgian troops on the Western front of war, and at the same time it made the Germans desperate, and led them again to fling themselves vainly in hundreds of thousands against our trenches round Ypres. increased the process of rapid attrition on both fronts, and inspired such fear in the Kaiser himself that he opened negotiations for peace with Russia, but was refused a hearing,

With the Huns in Prussia and the Carpathians



The Carpathian heights 'neath their mantie of enow. These elopes were frequently strewn with dead; but this wonderful scene le reminiecent of jolly winter eporte rather than of war. It illustrates the difficulties in transport with which the Austriane had to contend.



A land abandoned by humanity to the Inhuman. With the Huns in the bleak, treeless, and trench-torn countryeide of East Prussia. Germans entrenched in the snow-clad district of the Maeurian Lakes. In the distance can be seen long rows of vicious barbsd-wire entanglements. These formed the only relief to the monotonous landscaps.

With the Germans in the Eastern Field of War



German encampment in East Prussia near the Russian frontier, whence the residents fied westwards in fear of the threatened Russian advance.

THE war on Germany's eastern frontier progressed with more of advance and retreat than the war in Belgium and North France. Grand Duke Nicholas's successful tactics resembled those of General Joffre when he let himself be pushed back to the walls of Paris.

Similarly, the Russian generalissimo drew the armies of General von Hindenburg into Poland away from their standard-gauge railways right up to the walls of Warsaw, then fell on them with deadly effect, and drove them out of Russian Poland. Then the process seems to have been repeated with similar disastrous results for the Kaiser's arms. Thus the war of attrition went on, and Germany was bleeding to death, losing her manhood by the million, and building up in the ledger of the Allies a bill for repairs that will take her generations to pay.



Ruesian prisoners, with their German guard, after they had been captured in one of the great batties in Ruesian Poland.



German Landwehr officer examining passports near the Ruseian frontier to ensure that no Ruseian epies were allowed to page.



A town in East Prueeia that came in the way of Rueeian artiliery during one of the battiee against Hindenburg'e army. Germany here received a sample of the puniehment she meted out to innocent Belgium, but without the atrocitiee committed in Flanders.

German Flight before the Russian Advance



The Russian advance through Poland Into East Prusela gave Germany a slight taste of the experience to which the population of Belglum had been subjected, although the Russian Army committed none of the excesses of which the Germans were guilty. This photograph shows a procession of refugees, with their hand baggage, as they fied from their homes in East Prussia.



Germans at refugee reception quarters. The young people are smiling, but the old women look tragic to the point of tears.



Refugee children from East Prussia were sent by rail and taken to epscial homes until their parents arrived.



Berlin received dally more and more refugees, many of them arriving in brekee, as seen here, and they were at once taken to quarters on the west elde of the city so as not to make the presence of refugees too obvious.



German refugee family who had left home with what belonginge each member was able to carry on the pligrimage westward from the Russian menace.

MI

Slav and Teuton Fight and Fraternise in Galicia





On the left: Setting out for the front. Russian addiers about to entrain at Lemberg to asalst in the Siege of Przemyal. Nots the winter kit and deadly bayonet. On the right: Wounded soldiers of the Taar returning by train from the fighting-line.





On the left. A Russian battery working under the direction of a gunner who is locating the enemy's position from a field-ladder. On the right: Austrian prisoners and Russian captors "aettle the affair" by means of a friendly wreetling match.



Alleged "Irreconcliable enemies "fraternising near Lemberg over a meal. The Russian armiss recorded auccesses all along the lins in Gallcla. In the first half of December (old etyls) as many as 50,000 Austrian prisoners were taken by the Russians.

Hay Waggons Conceal Prussian Machine-Guns



The Germans in Bsiglum sxacted a tsrrible revengs when civillans fired at them. But in East Prussia they did exactly what they considered so objectionable. The civil population nearths Russian frontisr adopted many russs to take the Russiane at a disadvantage, and an instance of this is shown in the picture.

It happened at Tilsit on a market day when the town was full of peasents. Russian soldiers were buying hay when a number of hay and straw carts halted in the square. The peasants hurried round them, seizing hidden rifles, and machine-guns concealed in the straw were uncovered and began to play upon the Ruseiane.

Where Russian met Hun amid Poland's Snows



A prize for Hindenburg. Coile of barbed-wire which were left behind by the Russians during a retreat.



A Russian Rsd Cross van fittsd with sisighs to enable it to follow the troops expeditiously over the frozen roads and fields of war.



Tea in place of vodka. A Russian soldier regaling himself at an improvised cafe in a Wareawstreet. He looks as if he could well do with the "cup that cheers."



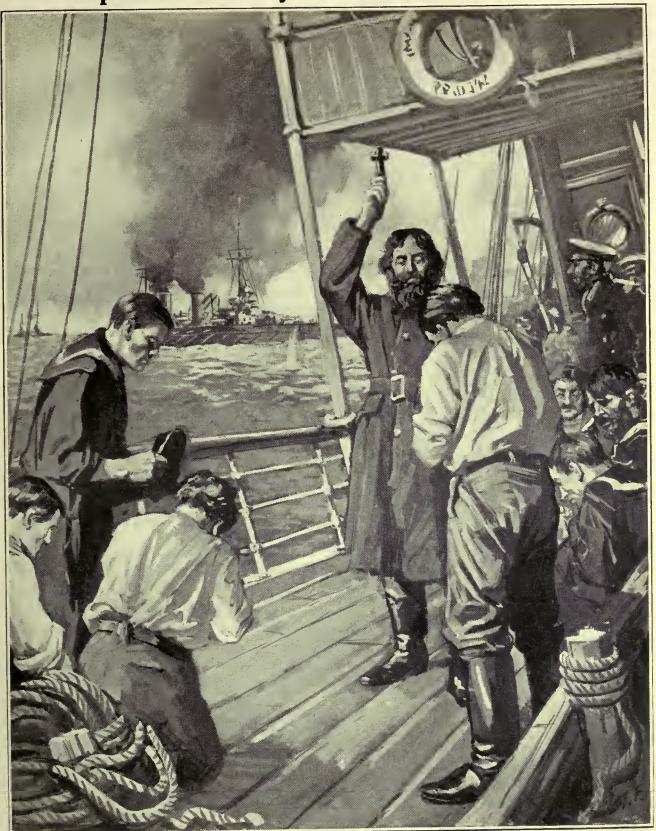
Trenches which were abandoned by the Russians in the Lodz district for strategic reasons.



Troops of the great Army of the "Little Father" marching through a city in Poland, well equipped for the winter struggle with the Kaiser's hordes. The sleighs on the enow-covered highway give an impression of the climatic conditions which assisted in

the decision of the greatest contest in history, only fugitive details of which, except the evacuation of Lodz, were allowed to come through the official filter. The hardy Muscovite was more hardened to the rigours of winter campaigning than the Hun.

The Impressive Piety of the Fearless Russian



The Russian transport Pruth, laden with a cargo of armaments and stores for the Black Sea fleet, was approaching Sebastopol when it was attacked by the Qoebsn. Rather than allow the valuable cargo to be taken by the German cruiser, Lieut. Ragusski, the commander, mined the hold of the Pruth and

advised hie men to jump for life. Not a soul stirrsd. The chapiain, Hieromonach Anthony, then gave absolution to the crew, who knelt down and crossed themselves devoutly. Lieut. Ragusski applied the fuse. A huge column of water and flying debrie announced the doom of the Pruth's gallant captain and some forty members of the crew.

With the Valiant Sons of the Great White Tsar



Bridge destroyed by the Germane before Lodz. The Hune made terrific but futile efforts to intercept the Russians' railway communications hereabouts. Hindenburg's initial plan in striking at Warsaw was to hold the lines and cut off Russian reinforcements.



A mess of pottage a la Ruese. Some Russian soldiers dine more or lese wisely on a Galician plain.



A Cossack reports the result of a reconnaissance to his stat-major, who is sssn taking down the information in a notebook.



Russiane with captive Austrians at Keitsch. The Slav made a triumphant progress through Galicia. Austrian resistance grew weaker every day, and it needed only the intervention of Rumania, on the side of Russia, to drive the Dual-Monarchy into submission.

Germans vainly strive to cross Vistula Bridge



The progress and prowess of the Russian ermiss increased week by wask. The rout of the Austrian forces in Galicia, the destruction of the Turks at Sarykamysh, and the checkmate of the Germans on the Vistula emphasised the limitiess activities and strength of the Slav in the war of nations. The freezing of

ths vistula compsiled the Germans to svacuate the island above Piock and abandon pontoons of ammunition. In their retreat the Huns endsavoured to force a passage over the bridge at Dobrzin, near Wroclavek, but shattered themselves against a solid mass of Russians who advanced to meet them.

Scenes from the Battlefields of the Polish Rivers



Gensrais of the Tsar are here eeen adapting themseives to circumetances, and lunching frugally by the wayside.

Actual photograph of Russian Red Cross workers removing wounded Austrian soldiers from a battisfield in Galicia.



Mounted Ruesian engineers, whose services were invaluable on the eastern front—where the country offered unlimited soops for ingenuity in making assmingly impaasable ways paasable—building bridges, solidifying trenches, and generally furthering the cause of Slavdom in the most difficult theatre of the war.

Incidents in the Stern Struggle for Warsaw



Scene outside a Galician church, showing a large body of the never-victorious Austrian Army on the way to serve in the Tsar's Moecow concentration camp.



Rueelan general and member of hie etaff making observations in Galicia.



War by wire. Ruselan outposts telephoning the result of reconnaissancs work to headquarters.



Interiude for domesticities on the battls-front. Cheery Slav soldiers preparing potatoes in the trenches.



Coseacks examining barrsis abandoned by Germans during a recent evacuation of a Polish village, to find them empty. The Hun was not in the habit of leaving anything of value behind, except when he beat a haety retreat and transport was impossible.

On the snowbound battle-grounds of Galicia:





Rueeian outposts in action in Galicia.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas and his grand army in the Carpathians punished the Austrians severely, inflicting on them tremendous losses and capturing thousands of men and rumerous guns. These exclusive photographs, direct from the snow-covered plains of Galicia, provide interesting glimpses of the soldiers of the Tsar in their campaign against the common enemy. The work of the outposts, seen above, was increased by reason of the difficulty of moving unobserved against the white background of snow. The "scarecrow" erected behind the advance guard in the photograph below has been rigged-up in order to act as a decoy for distracting the enemy's attention from the main body of troops. Also, by firing at this dummy figure they betray their exact position to the advance guard, who thus obtain valuable information.



The centre photograph shows rifle ammunition being conveyed to the firing-line. Even the acclimatised Siberian ponies found the "going" extremely difficult, and were not at all sure of their foothold on the rough ground. Below, a Russian advance guard firing from the scanty cover afforded by a ditch. Behind them is a "scarscrow" rigged up as a decoy.

Slavdom defies "might is right" with "blood & iron"



Cossacks in action taking cover behind their horses' bodies. From sarliest boyhood the Cossacks become familiar with horses, and they are among the most daring horsemen in the world. Their steeds are trained to lend all possible aid in warfare, and when required to act as cover, remain absolutely immovable under fire.



The Ruseo-Austrian campaign in Galicia. Russian infantrymen entrenched on the edge of a wood. The Austrian trenches were only between two and three hundred yards away from this point. Their faint outline can be eeen between the trees. A hot engagement was in progress when this photograph was taken.

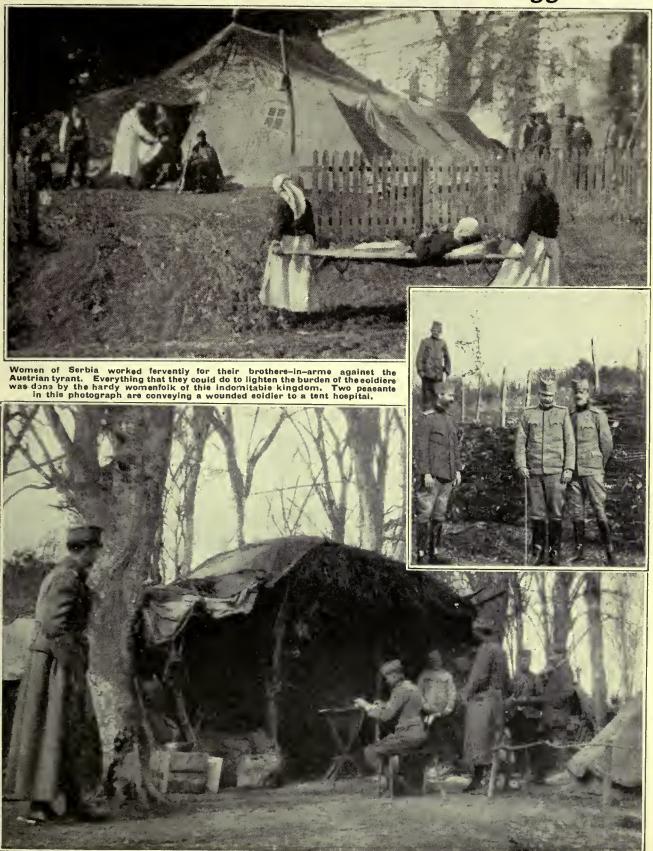
The Russian Bayonet brings the Hun to Book



Generally, the German private le a poor coldier when it comes to a hand-to-hand contest. Never having been allowed to use his initiative, the mercet pawn in the Hohenzollern game and the slave of his officers, he can only fight as part of a machine. The German army under General Mackensen was currounded by the

Ruesiane. After eeveral attempts to break through, Gsnsral Mackensen flung the remainder of his force on Bresin. Here the slaughtsr wae fearful beyond imagination. To sscape the terrible Russian, many Germans took refuge in some of the housse, only to be caught in a trap and exterminated at the point of the bayonet.

Serb Men & Women Resist Austrian Aggression



Serbian regimental headquarters in the field, from which operations against the Austrians were directed with such success. Inset: A group of Serbian officers standing in front of shrapnel-proof screens. The latter were constructed on the principle of a hurdle, and proved most effective against spreading shrapnel in the Near Eastern area of hostilities.

Tragedy & Triumph in Serbia's Fight for Freedom

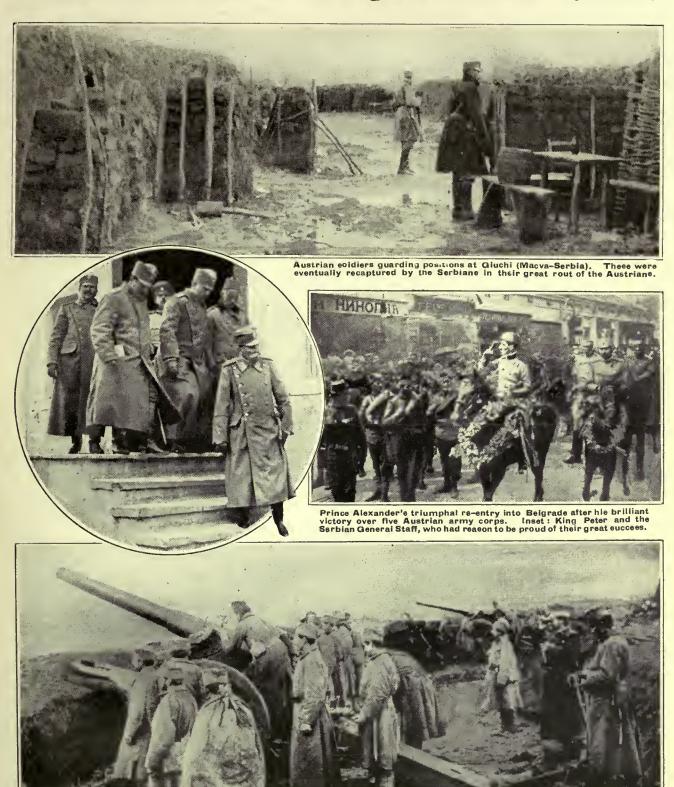


Dead at their poet. A remarkebly realistic photograph showing hapless Serbian gunners killed at their gun by Austrian shells prior to the latter's precipitate retreat. In the far background an impression of camp followers of the battle may be seen.



The great trek of the lesser Siavs to victory. Heroic Serbians, who, of course, are an offshoot of the great Siav race, page through a village in pureuit of the retreating Austrians. There is no chapter in history more glorious than Serbia's successful campaign against superior odds in defence of her national ideals of liberty and progress.

Little Serbia's Great War against Teuton Tyranny



Heavy Serbian artiliery in action. Serbian coldiers individually are among the finest fightere in the world. Lord Kitchener alluded to the recovery and subsequent victory of the Serbians over the Austriane ac one of the brightest spote in the military operations.

The Balkan Mountaineers who Fought Austria



Women of Montenegro arriving at an advance post in their native hille with provisions for the defenders of their country.

IT is a well-established ethnological fact that the character of a people is influenced greatly by the nature of the country which is its home. The Montenegrins, like the Highland Scots, Welsh, Cossacks, and Abyssinians, are independent, brave, and restive under any attempt at compulsion. They are devoted to the rocky corner of the Balkan Peninsula, which, they claim, is the oldest independent country in Europe. It is only half the size of Wales, and they wrest from its reluctant soil a meagre and hard livelihood, but they are ready to defend its integrity to the last man.

Montenegro's assistance could not have a great effect upon the main campaigns of the war. She was too small and ill-equipped for that. But in the individual bravery of her soldiers she yielded first place to no other nation in Europe, and she played her part gallantly in the great cause, keeping active many thousands of the Austrian soldiers who would otherwise have been free to reinforce the Germanic armies pressing on Serbia, and to help in the defence against the weight of the Russian advance upon the heart of the central empires.



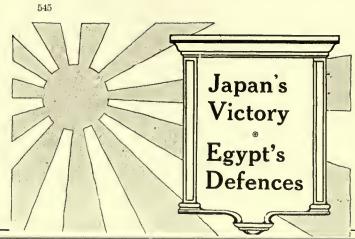
A camp of the unconquered coldiers of Montenegro on the Austrian frontier, where the small but brave Army of King Nicholas maceed in support of their Serbian ailies and defended their own mountain factnesses against Germanic aggression.



HOW THE RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET PUTS TO SEA IN WINTER.

During the winter months, when most of Russia's Baltic ports are ice-bound, the Russian Flect is enabled to put to sea by the aid of the ice-breaker Ermack, shown in the above picture. The vessel was built in England by the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., to designs by Admiral Makaroff, and is able to clear a passage through ice over twenty feet thick.

England! we never knew—
We in far places under sapphire skies—
That we should yearn to thy o'erclouded blue
As yearns a lover for his mistress' eyes.
We never guessed that one day we should be
Thus, soul and body, drawn and knit to thee.
—A. J. A. W.





Defeat of the Turks near Toussoum on the Suez Canal, February 2nd, 1915.

Scenes of Japan's Activity in the World War-



A train of the heavy siege-mortare used by the Japanese at the bombardment of Tsing-tau, the German stronghold in China, which they besieged for nearly three months, and finally captured on November 7th, 1914.



Japanese field-gune being pushed into action during the final operations that terminated in the capture of Teing-tau, the home of German culture in Aela.



Japaness artillery in action against the fortifications of the great Chinese port upon which Germany spent many million pounds in a few short yeare.



Japanese artillery being landed at the wharf of Tsing-tau after the fortress had been captured by the assault of Japanese coldiers acting with the co-operation of a British contingent under the command of Brigadier-General Barnardiston.

-Taken at the actual Capture of Tsing-tau

THE capture of Tsing-tau, the capital of Kiao-chau, the German possession in China which had been a beam in the eye of Japan since the Kaiser took it in 1897, was achieved on November 7th, 1914, when the German dream of a centre in the Far East, whence she could disseminate her much-vaunted culture for the benefit of the nations of Asia, vanished for ever.

The ships sunk in the harbour during the bombardment were the Kaiserin Elizabeth and the Cormoran, the former an Austrian light cruiser and the latter a German; four gunboats, namely, the Juguar, Iltis, Luchs, and Tiger; the destroyer Taku and the mine-layer Ruchin.

The photographs on these two pages were the first to reach England after the success of the operations against the fortress and the triumph of the allied arms.



Laoshan-wan Bay, in the harbour of Teing-tau, chowing the warchipe of Japan and Britain and the landing of Japanese and Britich forces by means of boats after the city and fort had been taken.



A number of Japanese coldiers enjoying a meal in their camp at Teing-tau during the last days of German occupancy.



Some of the British coldiers who co-operated with our Japanese allies in their investment of Germany's outpost in the Far East.



Japanese infantry advancing through a rapid but shallow river during the operations against the Garman headquarters in China.

Kiao-chau torn from the Grasp of the Mailed Fist



Captain Meyer Waldeck, German Governor of Klaochau.



Tsing-tau, the port of Kiao-chau, Germany's Chinese possession, captured by the ailied Japanese and British forces on November 7th, after a siege of aimost three monthe.



General Karnio, the "French" of Japan, who captured Tsing-tau.



Japanese infantry eterming a hili position before Tsing-tau in one of the charges that, oft repeated, finally captured the heavily-fortified stronghold. The Germans surrendered the place when its fall was imminent, and thereby eaved much needless sacrifice of human life.



A Japanese sentry looking out on Tsing-tau, his sentry-box being a curious erection made of matting.



One of the German trenches bsfors Teing - tau just captured by the Japanese coldlere who are seen occupying it.



A photograph taken from a Japansse battleship, showing the attacking fleet bsfors Tsing-tau. The German and Austrian ships sunk in the harbour comprised two cruisers, four gunboats, a destroyer, and a mine-layer. Thus fell Germany's treasured possession, on which she had spent twenty millions since she seized it in the year 1897.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Memorable Desert Battle for Egypt

LVEN the Plain of Armageddon, a hundred miles from its northern edge, is scarcely so memorable a battle-field as the ancient Desert of Sin, where Turk and Briton met at last in their struggle for Egypt. Grey and uncanny, the immense waste of sand undulates under the moonlit sky. It is the ghostliest wilderness on earth, this neck of barrenness linking Africa to Asia. For, despite its terrible sterility, it has been for five thousand years the chief road to empire. Now, when the eddying dust lifts and dances in the night air, the wraiths of all the great warrior races on earth seem to rise up and to contend still in spectral combat. For into that dust have crumbled the bones of many warring peoples, from the troops of the early Chaldeans to the French soldiers of the Revolution, marching under Napoleon to the conquest of the Orient.

Ottomans Take the Old Road of Conquest

The western outskirt of the wilderness has altered greatly since Moses, with the freed tribes of Israel, overthrew the hosts of Pharaoh by the Bitter Lakes. A mighty canal now cuts through the desert. A railway runs by the great dyke where liner and battleship steam from sea to sea. Picturesque and busy towns have been built by the canal, with a channel of fresh water for men to live by. The desert here has been abolished by the marvellous work of man.

But the blank tract beyond, stretching upward to the barren plateau of Judea, is as it was. The lapse of thousands of years has only made it more sterile and waterless, emptier of nomad tribes, and more perilous to an invading army from Asia. Yet, towards the end of January, 1915, the Ottoman Turk, the last historic conquering race to enter Egypt by the desert road, came again over the sand and rock to make one more effort at conquest. This time the Turk was attempting the impossible, and he knew it. But he had a new foreign taskmaster to urge him on, and his curious, passive fatalism to keep him obedient to orders. He was led by the most romantic soul in Turkey. was Djemal Pasha, a dreamer lapped in glowing thoughts of the old warlike glories of his race, and careless of the realities of the coming battle. Such uninteresting details he left to the giaours—German generals, officers, and engineers, who had their own reasons for encouraging the expedition. Djemal was the only man in Turkey who thought that the conquest of Egypt was practicable. When affairs had hung in the balance between the war party and the neutral party in the Ottoman Empire, it was Djemal who had turned the balance to the war, with the idea of being able himself to equal the achievements of Sultan Selim, the first Ottoman conqueror of Egypt.

Stone-wall Maxwell and the Ape of Saladin

When, after much delay and trouble, he had got an army corps of Turks, Anatolians, and Syrians well into the desert, with the Bedouins of Arabia gathered about him, intent in sharing in the spoil of modern Egypt, Djemal took to sending challenges to General Maxwell, commanding the British, Australasian, and Indian troops entrenched along the Suez Canal. The romantic pasha had the innocence to propose that our army should leave its defences and march into the desert and offer battle on equal terms. This was Djemal's idea of modern warfare. He wanted a dashing, picturesque affair, like the combats between Saladin of Egypt and Richard the First of England. He was quite disappointed when General Maxwell, a scientific soldier of the Kitchener school, refused to fight in the romantic manner. He seems then to have lost interest in the whole affair, and to have let the Germans manage the business.

They managed it as well as could be expected. There were about thirty thousand men collected round the central oases of the desert. For weeks all their dispositions were studied by our aviators, while the defences of the canal

were being improved. The ancient path of invasion by El Kantara was unkindly blocked by the British general, who flooded the bed of a great dried-up lake between Port Said and El Kantara, and left the old bridge town jutting like a fortified promontory into the flood. In the level waste between the Bitter Lakes and Suez British battleships, with their great guns, served as mobile, impregnable forts. Only the centre of the canal, between the blue waters of Lake Tinsah and the green stretch of the old Bitter Lakes, was left open to attack. Having thus guided the enemy to the destined place of slaughter, General Maxwell waited, and continued drilling his troops to the highest possible standard of fighting efficiency.

Turkish Advance Hidden by a Sandstorm

Some of the men became very discontented, especially the Australasians and the Territorials. All the time they were hearing tales of the great deeds of the Immortal Division at Ypres, and of stirring fights with the Prussian Guards. It seemed as though the Russians in the Caucasus were going to have all the luck of a scrap with the Turks. If bribery could have induced Djemal Pasha to attack, the Australasians and Territorials would have given him six

months of their pay.

But the happy day at last arrived. On Tuesday, February 2nd, there was a sandstorm which prevented our aviators from making their daily reconnoitring flights. Profiting by this escape from continual observation, the Ottoman generalissimo made his final dispositions for the conquest of Egypt. He detached a column some three thousand strong to march northward and make a strong demonstration against El Kantara. Another column of four thousand men was despatched to make a feint attack upon the Ismailia Ferry post. Then the main army was lined up behind some barren heights about seven miles eastward of the small village of Toussoum and the rocky barrier of the Serapeum. At Toussoum was the railway to Cairo and Suez, and, what was of more immediate importance to the thirsty Turks, the small canal of fresh water. By reaching and holding the fresh-water canal, they would overcome the chief difficulty of their terrible desert campaign.

Battling in Darkness with the Pontoon Squads

General Maxwell did all he could to coax them onward into the trap which he had prepared for them. Our troops, holding the Asiatic side of the canal between the Toussoum post and the Serapeum post, were retired to the farther bank. This left the enemy a long, clear, uncontested stretch of water to bridge with his pontoons. The main Turkish forces began to advance in the evening, and when the night fell, dark and cloudy, everything seemed to favour their enterprise. One of their divisions concealed itself in a rocky depression about a mile from the Suez Canal, while a brigade of infantry moved down and entrenched in the low scrub between the Toussoum and Serapeum posts. They pushed out sharpshooters, with machine-guns, to sweep the canal with their fire. Then twenty-four squads of men toiled laboriously in the darkness over the sand and gravel to the canal bank. Each squad carried a large, heavy boat of zinc made by German engineers and dragged over the desert by bullock-teams. The design was to construct a pontoon of the zinc boats, with planks fastened on the top forming a bridge, by which the Ottoman host could cross the canal.

It was about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, February 3rd, that the pontoon squads of Anatolians reached the canal side. Some of them tried to row across the water in their zinc boats and establish a bridge-head on the farther bank. But along the high wooded ground on the opposite side of the water our silent but watchful troops were entrenched, with powerful artillery batteries supporting them. The British force opened rifle fire in the darkness at twenty minutes past three when the canal

was covered with the enemy's boats. At the same time a double enfilading fire was poured on the ambushed Turks from the Toussoum and Serapenm posts on the Asiatic side of the water. Three of the Turco-German boats were at once sunk. Two others managed to reach the shore. One crew was killed trying to clamber up the high bank, while the second crew was captured with their boat.

The entire Turkish brigade then attacked. Under cover of their fire the bridging parties once more advanced down to the waterside. They were again met by rifle and Maxim fire from our troops, yet all through the remaining hours of darkness the Anatolians continued their desperate attempts to bridge the canal. Meanwhile, the Turco-German artillery in the hollows behind the distant ridges continually searched our position with explosive shell and shrapnel. Our batteries did not reply, leaving it to our riflemen and Maxim-gun officers to hold the bridging party in check. This they did until the sky whitened in the east, and the light of dawn revealed the enemy's positions.

The Turkish attack was then blown away. The pontoon-carriers fell dead beneath their riddled zinc

boats; the Turkish trenches in the scrub were raked by gun fire, and even their distant infantry supports were bombarded. A British officer, perched the evening before in a tree near the Turkish position, directed the batteries. Eighteen out of the twenty-four pontoons were sunk or captured, and as the bridging parties retreated, a British counter attack was launched from the Serapeum post.

The defending troops, rushing over the sandy flat, reached a ridge commanding the hollows where the enemy was massed. There they shot down the Turks as these fled to the distant eastern hills. It was one of the most surprising routs in military listory. For the Turks still had some twelve thousand bayonets in reserve in the next depression in the desert.

Whatever may be thought of his intelligence and skill, the ordinary Turkish soldier is at least no coward. He can usually die as bravely and stubbornly as the men of any race.

Yet Djemal's main force, amounting to a full division, made no attempt whatever to retrieve the disaster. They did not come into the fight, and the battle abruptly ended, when little more than a skirmishing reconnaissance in force

had been undertaken by a single brigade.

Perhaps the explanation is that the romantic pasha suddenly awakened to a sense of realities, and, seeing the destruction of his foremost troops, concluded that the apparently open position along the canal was a trap. This, as we have seen, was the case. But, for the honour of the ordinary Turkish soldier, the main division might have tried to strike one blow, instead of giving up their enterprise at the first slight reverse.

The entire affair was an historic bubble-burst. It had taken months to get the invading army across the desert. Great sums had been spent in buying transport animals, and in providing drinking water and munitions of war. Yet, after little more than a vain, preliminary skirmish, Turk, Syrian, and Anatolian went back the way they had

come, without having seriously menaced the position of the defending

troops.

In fact, they retreated so rapidly on Wednesday evening that the men occupying their nearest trenches by the canal were left behind. On Thursday, February 4th, these hapless enemies, after being shelled by our warships, were surrounded by our infantry and taken prisoners. Thus ended prisoners. Djemal's dream of the Ottoman reconquest of Egypt. A good many of the Bedouins, frightened by our flying machines, deserted him before the battle, stealing off at night with their camels, and any other animals they could take. The broken army of invasion retreated towards Beersheba. British losses in dead and wounded were only one hundred and ten!



When the German-led Turks made their raid on Egypt they dragged across the desert a number of galvanized-iron pontoons, which were intended to serve a double purpose—to carry water for consumption on their thirsty pligrimage and to ferry them across the Suez Canal. The photograph shows one of these pontoons badly holed by shell from the defending force.



Recruite from Anatolia just arrived at Haldar Pasha prior to the Turkieh flaeco which was intended as a serious invasion of the British Protectorate of Egypt.

Promise of War on Battlefields of the Holy Land

NOT since the days of Saladin and the Crusaders had there been warfare in the sacred fields of the Holy Land. But Turkey took the plunge into the great world war, and gave the nations of progress the chance to settle the long un-solved Near Eastern problem.

Our photographs illustrate the

active preparations for war in the

Eastern Levant.

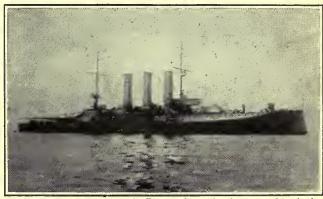
The Italian Consul in Jaffa asked his Government to send protection for the subjects of the entente Powers, and the Italian Govern-ment despatched warships, which was thought to be the first move towards involving Italy in the war.



Scene during the mobilisation of the Turkish Army. The photo-graph was taken at Jerusalem by a member of the American Colony there.



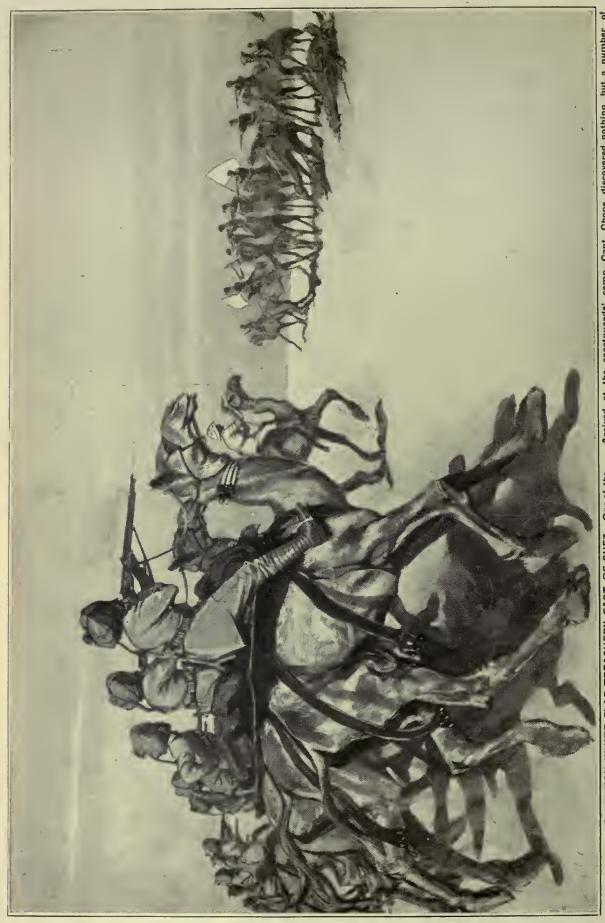
Concentration of Turkish troops at Jerusalem preparatory to the Invasion of Egypt to attack the British occupation there.



The Italian warship Vittorio Emanuele, which became of topical interest in view of the departure of italian ships to Jaffa.



British Territorials on foreign service—part of B Company of the 6th Battailon of the Manchester Regiment at Mustapha Egypt, where they made ready for operations against the Turks who invaded Egypt from Palestins.



THE CULT OF GERMAN WHITE FLAG TREACHERY EAST OF SUEZ.—One of the Huns' infamous practices, which was such a prominent feature of the European campaign, infected the Orient. On November 20th, 1914, Captain Chope and a number of the Biksnir Camelry were all but victimized by the cowardly white flag trick. Patrolling early in the morning between Bir-e-Inues and Katis, situated north-east of Suez, Capt. Chope and his Biksnirs advanced in order to join forcee with some twenty members of the coaetguard cameiry, who were encamped half a mile or so ahead of him.

Arrived at the cosstguarde, csmp, Capt. Chops discovered nothing but a number of tracks. An hour later, while pureuing an easteriy course, the Bitanirs perceived in the distance aforce of about twenty men mounted on white camele. Capt. Chops, under the imperession that they were the Camel Corps, let them approach. The imagined Camel Corpe came up, waving white flags. At thirty yarde distance the enemy raised their rifles. Capt. Chops immediately ordered his men to firs, and the greater part of the opposing force were killed. Some more of the enemy then attacked, but were beaten off with heavy lose.

Infidel Hun & Faithful Turk join in "Holy War"



"Allah be with ua." The Sultan of Turkey holding a prayer in front of the Sublime Fanning Islam into flame on behalf of "Kultur."

Porte for victory, in company with Turkish and German "Infidel" officers. They A Turkiah priest proclaiming the "Holy War" at
ars seen in one of the many devotional attitudes enjoined by the Koran.

the Mosque of Faith, Constantinople.





Frisnde of the Kaiser. Picturesque Orisntal recruits from Anatolia on tha way to Stamboul, whers they took up arms in the ehaky Hohenzoliarn causs.

The raw material of Turkey about to be trained to support the barbarous Hun. Turkish recruits leaving the steamer at Stamboul. They form an intersating contrast to the finished article as it appears below.



Tha Turklah recruit, after training, on the march. The decision of the unprogressive Ottoman Empire to fight for the exponents of "higher civiliaation" in the west waa tantamount to aulcide while temporarily insane. Turksy suffered heavily at the hands of the Balkan States. and the risks she ran in her belligsrent actions of October, 1914, were apparent to all but the Kalssr's dupes.

War Clouds Roll o'er the Land of the Pharaohs



Ex-Khediye Abbae Hilml, who, having thrown in his lot with Hun and Turk, was deposed.

A regiment of Egyptian Lancere, moving out of Cairo to operate against the Turk. Inset above le a portrait of Col. Sir Arthur Henry McMahon, who was appointed High Commissioner for Egypt.

Members of the Auetralian and New Zealand contingents who were landed in Egypt. With the deposition of Khedive Abbas Hilmi, Osman euzerainty vanished from the Land of the Pharaohe as it had almost done from Eastern Europe, and esemed likely

to do even from Asia. The army of the new British Protectorate comprised some of the original force of occupation, a large number of new Territorial and other troops, and about 17,000 loyal native coldiers.

Turkey follows the Goose-step of Kaiserism



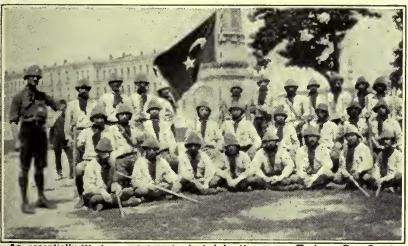
Left: Eldest son of the Sultan of Turkey, finest revolver shot in the Turkish Army. Right: Col. Halil Bey, garrison commander, Constantinople, at Stefano.



Col. Ismasi Hakki, Chist of Hsadquartsrs' Staff (left), with his aide-de-camp. Hakki Bey was hero of Tchataidja during the Baikan War, and recently married the Sultan's niccs.



Officer of the Mitrallisuse Corps wearing the Kabalask hat introduced by Enver Pasha after the Tripoli War with Italy.



An essentially Western movement adopted by the young Turks. Boy Scouts from Adena on the occasion of their visit to the War Office, Stamboul, presumably to express indirect loyalty to the Hun. After 16 they are embodied in a training corps.



Scouts drilling at Stamboul in the War Office grounds with Bulgarian cavalry carbines captured during the Balkan War.



Youthful Turks target-shooting in front of the War Office in the Place Sultan Bayazit, Stamboul. They are also wearing the new military helmst, more adaptable to warfare than the religious fez or turban, which it resembles, thus overcoming Mussulman scrupies.

Turkey's Half-Hearted Efforts in Kultur's Cause



Talaat Bey, the chief conepirator in dragging
Turkish artillery entrenched in a formidable position, and an officer of the Sultan'e
Army superintending operations.



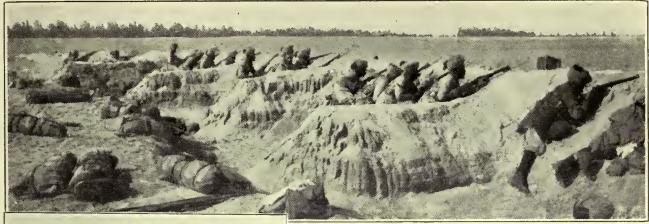
Turkish troope fixing wire entanglemente. They are eeen wearing the new military headgear, which is half fez and half helmet.

This was adopted after the Turco-Italian campaign in Tripoli, and occasioned much criticism at the time from fanatics who regard the fez as the only wearable headgear in accordance with their religion.



Turkish soldiere dig trenchse in readiness for the Russians. Disaffection prevailed in Constantinople over the war, which had been brought about only by a small minority in power, subsidiesd by German gold. Prussian supervision did not improve Ottoman military conditions, and the Turk had no heart to go through another inevitably disastrous struggle.

Egypt's Sphinx-like Calm at Turkish Threats



Sikhe hold an entrenched position in the Egyptian desert without difficulty, as the Turkish invasion of the Protectorate continued to be only a threat. The curious sand entrenchments are noteworthy.



Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, reviews the Colonial troops near the Pyramids. Inset: Colonial officer finds the isleurely camel a strange contrast to the restive broncho of the ranch.



British soldlere from the Antipodee and Egyptian nativo guldee at the Sphinx and Pyramids. Difficuitles of transport and the bad organization of the Turkieh Army made things fairly easy for the British forces in Egypt.

Teutons Urge Turks to Suez and Suicide



The German-driven Turks had their first encounter with the Empire's troops at Ei Kantara, between Port Said and Suez, and lost several thousand men. This photograph shows indian troops marching out to meet the Turks in the desert.

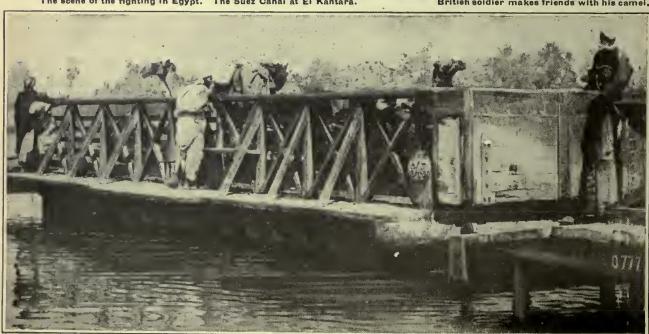


Impression of the Australian camp in Egypt. The man from "Down Under" came out on top with the Turks near the Suez Canai.



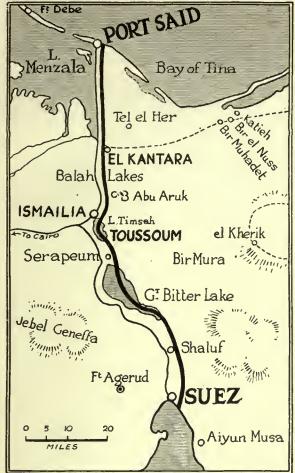
The scene of the fighting in Egypt. The Suez Canai at El Kantara.





The camel ferry at El Kantara. Egyptian natives conveying the "ship of the desert" from one side of the Suez Canal to the other preparatory to the encounter with the Turks. The camel to a great extent forms the cavairy of the East.

Defending the Great Waterway to the East





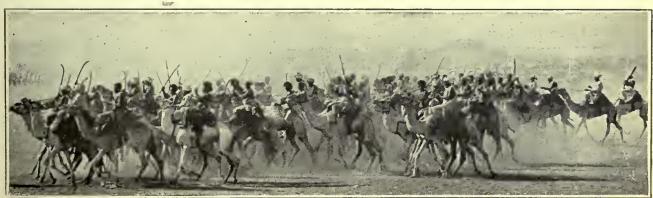
Germanised Turkish soldiers in Arabia. The curious blending of the East and West is noticeable in their equipment. The band instruments are distinctly of the variety made in Germany.



Indian Maxim-gun section waiting to engage Turke in the desert near Suez Canal. Inset on left: Map illustrating area of hostilities.



Where the duty of fighting is a pleasure to them. Troop of Gurkhas resting in the Egyptian sands after a forced march.



Egyptian Carnel Corpe at a gallop in the desert. The misguided Turks found these native warriors splendid fighters.

Turks rush to Disaster at Germany's Behest



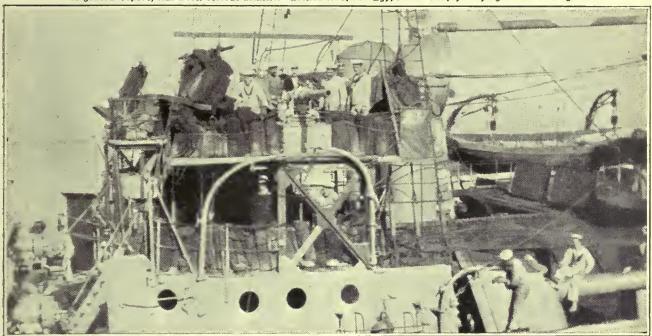
One of the most important events in the beginning of 1915 was the overwhelming disaster to the Turkish Army in the Caucasus, near Sarykamisch, early in January. Hurled across these snowy heights by their ruthiess German exploiters against the Russians, the misguided and hapless

soldiers of the dacrepit Sultan suffered complete disaster. Though at first greatly outnumbered, the Russians courage-ously held their ground until reinforced, and then routed the Turks, who suffered appallingly amid the snow-bound passes, innumerable wounded being quickly frozen to death.

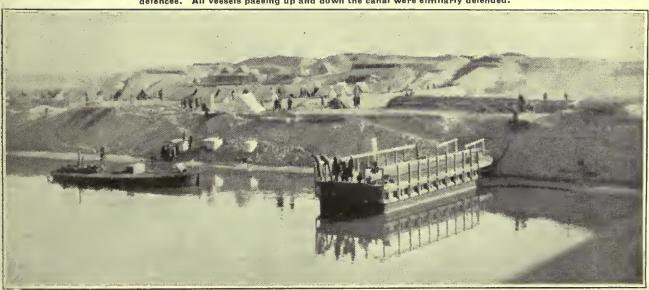
The Turkish Debacle on the Suez Canal



Entrenchmente on the banke of the Suez Canal. Everything poseible was done by the army in Egypt to ensure the Teutonieed Turke a eccond warm reception should Djemal Paeha and his army be tempted to come again. All that the defendere wanted, according to general report, was a few serious attacke. British troops in Egypt were simply "dying" for a real fight.



British battleehlp in the Suez Canal cleared for action. It will be eeen that her crew are protected from etray shots by sand-bag defences. All vessels passing up and down the canal were similarly defended.



An encampment along the banke of the Suez Canal. The monotony of the yellow sand of Egypt was relieved here and there by the white canvae tents of the Britleh forces defending the Protectorate.

Turkish Artillery Company wiped out by Irresistible Cossack Charge



Fierce fighting raged in Armenia, and the badly-equipped, seldom-paid soldlery of Turkey, even under German officers, could not be expected to make headway against the Tsar's armiss, which were straining at the leash before the Turks began war, eager to strike

urkey, at the traditional enemy and wipe off many old scores. One of our war artists here since it the an episode in Armenia, when a Goesack squadron charged up a hill upon Turkish artilled to a plant Turk in the defending party was left alive after the onelaught.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



From the painting by Angelo.

EARL KITCHENER OF KHARTUM, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., G.C.B., BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

EARL KITCHENER

ORATIO HERBERT, first Earl Kitchener, who in 1914 fulfilled the forecasts of the prophets by taking over the control of the War Office after forty years of strenuous work mainly in Egypt and India, was born at Gunsborough Lodge, Co. Kerry, on June 24th, 1850, the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Horatio Kitchener, of the 9th Foot (now the Norfolk Regiment), and Frances, daughter of the Rev. John Chevallier, D.D., of Aspall Hall, Suffolk. The Kitcheners came from Hampshire and the Chevalliers from Jersey to Suffolk in the seventeenth century; and a few years before the subject of this brief sketch was born his parents had removed to Ireland, where his father had bought two small estates, and had settled down to the life of a landed proprietor.

The Kitchener Family

Four years after the birth of Horatio (a name recalling a kinsman who was Nelson's flag-captain at the Battle of the Nile) the family moved to Crotter, near Ballylongford, and here, with three brothers and one sister, he spent his earlier years. His eldest brother, Colonel Henry Elliott Chevallier Kitchener, heir-presumptive to the Earldom, gained honours in Burma, and was Chief Transport officer of the Manipur Field Force; a younger brother, Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Walter Kitchener, after a distinguished career in Africa and the East, was Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Bermuda when he died in 1912. Lord Kitchener's mother died in 1864; his father in 1894.

Educated privately in Switzerland, France, and Germany, so that he might early become acquainted with foreign languages, the future Secretary of State for War entered the Royal Academy, Woolwich, in 1868. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out he volunteered for service in the Second Army of the Loire, under General Antoine Chanzy, one of the few French officers of the time who came through the war defeated but not disgraced. The unreadiness and the political confusion which contributed to the French débacle made a lasting impression on the young volunteer, who, as the result of a balloon adventure, contracted pleurisy and had a critical illness.

Kitchener's Professional Career

Returning to England, and taking up field telegraphy, photography, railroad construction, and surveying as his special subjects, Kitchener finished his course at Woolwich, where his progress was materially assisted by his fondness for and proficiency in mathematics. He then obtained a commission as lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, spending three years between Chatham and Aldershot. In 1874-7 he was associated in the work of surveying Western Palestine, providing Biblical students with a mass of valuable data, and incidentally surviving some exciting adventures and attacks of fever and snow blindness.

After spending a short time with Baker Pasha in the Balkans, Kitchener made a survey of Cyprus, and organised the Land Courts of that island, a labour which was interrupted for a time during which he was Vice-Consul in Anatolia, and controlled the refugees from Bulgaria and the Caucasus. All this time he was gaining a mastery of Turkish and Arabic, studies which stood him in good stead when, in 1882, he responded to Sir Evelyn Wood's call for officers to aid him in building up the remnants of the Egyptian Army into a cohesive and manageable whole. He served through the campaign of 1882 as major of Egyptian cavalry. Then, with Colonel Taylor, of the 19th Hussars, he was commissioned to bring the fellaheen cavalry into military existence. Engaged in negotiating with the tribes at Dongola and at Debbeh, while Gordon was in Khartum, he travelled disguised as an Arab, carrying a phial of poison for his personal use in emergency. He had witnessed the death of a spy at the hands of the dervishes, and resolved that suicide would be preferable. Gordon wrote in November, 1884, that if Kitchener would take the place he should be appointed Governor-Generai.

Kitchener's next work was that of Boundary Commissioner in Zanzibar, but he was soon again in Egypt, being from August, 1886, to September, 1888, Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral and Commandant of Suakin, when he gave Osman Digna and the Khalifa some impression of the fate that was in store for them. At Handoub he narrowly escaped death from a bullet which wounded him in the jaw. Soon afterwards, however, he was well enough to head the first Soudanese Brigade against Osman Digna's trenches at Gemaizeh, and he led the mounted troops at the Battle of Toski. Breveted a colonel in 1888, he became Inspector-General of Police and Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army. In 1892, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general, he succeeded Sir Francis (later Lord) Grenfell as Sirdar. There followed in due and deliberate course the occupation of Dongola, the Battle of the Atbara, and the final rout of Mahdism at Omdurman, all prepared for and carried through with a masterly patience and a resourcefulness which won for Kitchener the popular cognomen of "the Soudan machine," the thanks of Parliament, the G.C.B., a peerage, and a grant of £30,000. In addition to liberating the Soudan, Lord Kitchener, by his tact at the meeting with Major Marchand at Fashoda, happily averted a war between Britain and The Atbara Bridge and the Gordon Memorial College at Khartum are also witnesses to his untiring zeal.

Great Services in South Africa and India

Lord Kitchener's services in South Africa, in 1900-2, first as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts, and then as Commander-in-Chief, were rewarded by a grant of £50,000 and an advancement in the peerage to the rank of viscount. He took the title of Viscount Kitchener of Khartum, of the Vaal in the Colony of the Transvaal, and of Aspall in the County of Suffolk. In 1902 he was gazetted a general.

the County of Suffolk. In 1902 he was gazetted a general. From 1902 to 1909 Lord Kitchener was Commander-in-Chief in India. He succeeded not only in reorganising the Indian Army, but in abolishing the old system of mixed civil and military control, and in establishing a Staff College at Quetta. Created a field-marshal in 1909, he came back from India via China, Japan, Australia and New Zealand (where he was consulted on Colonial defence), and the United States. In 1911 he was appointed British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, a post which was being kept open for him till the completion of his task of "organising victory" in the Great War. He was created an Earl in 1914.

His Appointment as Minister of State for War

Referring to Lord Kitchener's appointment, Mr. Asquith used these memorable words: "He has at a great public emergency responded to a great public call, and I am certain he will have with him in the discharge of one of the most arduous tasks that has ever fallen upon a Minister the complete confidence of all parties and of all opinions." To which may be added a few passages from Lord Kitchener's first speech in the House of Lords. "The terms of my service," he said, "are the same as those under which some of the finest portions of our manhood, now so willingly stepping forward to join the Colours, are engaging—that is to say, for the war; or if it lasts longer than three years, then for three years. It has been asked why the latter limit has been fixed. It is because, should this disastrous war be prolonged—and no man can foretell with any certainty its duration—then, after three years' war, there will be others fresh and fully prepared to take our places and see this matter through."

Earl Kitchener has been made the subject of many comparisons, the most apposite of which, perhaps, is that which brings his wonderful qualities into line with those of Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, to whom Augustus owed the empire of the world, a man who played many parts, who was a soldier, an administrator, a writer, a collector of works of art—in all, one of the wisest captains of his age, and of whom the historian Ferrero says: "Destiny had been unwilling to make him Cæsar's equal by granting him time for the conquest of Germania."

Sailor, what of the debt we owe you?

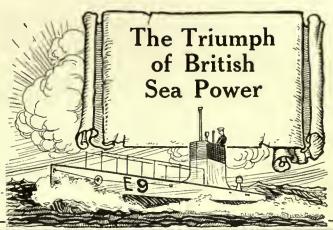
Day or night is the peril more?

Who so dull that he fails to know you,

Sleepless guard of our island shore?

Saje the corn to the farmyard taken; Grain-ships saje upon all the seas; Homes in peace, and a faith unshaken— Sailor, what do we owe for these?

-A. S.





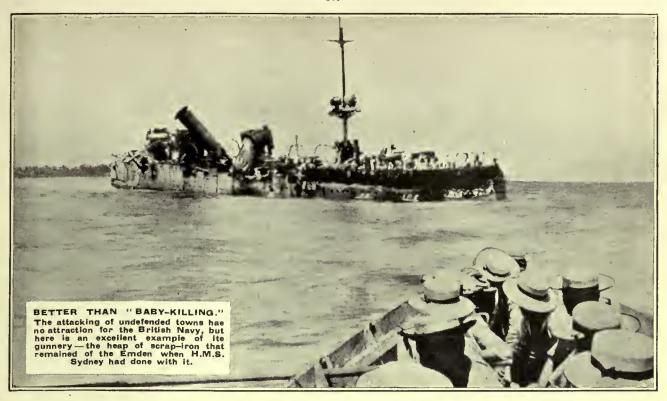
"Well done, Beatty!"-The Hero of the Dogger Bank Battle.

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP



H.M.S. IRON DUKE

One of the most powerful of British Dreadnoughte. Built in 1912, she has a length of 620 feet over all, displacement with full load, 26,400 tone, and is armed with ten 13.5 in. guns in addition to sixteen smaller guns and four torpsdo-tubes.



WHAT WAS THE BRITISH NAVY DOING?

A reply to the querulous arm-chair critic. By the famous naval expert FRED T. JANE

Author of "Jane's Fighting Ships," "Your Navy as a Fighting Machine," etc.

"HAT is the Navy doing?" This question is being asked with daily increasing insistence by "the man in the street." More often than not he answers it by expressing doubt as to the efficiency of the Fleet, or the capabilities of Admiral Jellicoe—and especially since the East Coast raid has this frame of mind been uppermost.

The question and the attitude are both characteristically British. It is a curious thing that we have never had a big war but that the public has profoundly mistrusted the Navy.

In 1759 Hawke was burned in effigy for "incompetence" just at the time that he was winning the Battle of Quiberon, which had as its ultimate result the adding of Canada to the British Empire. He had to fight an enemy as elusive as those Germans which Jellicoe has to fight to-day. Consequently, he was apparently doing nothing. He had to await his chance. When the chance came he took it with the results recorded.

The Eternal Grumbler's Effect on History

This, however, had no lasting effect on "the man in the street" of those days. When the next war came along, there was exactly the same grumbling about our "inefficient Navy"—and here, curiously enough, the grumbling did us a good turn.

The news of the dissatisfaction got over to France, where an old British admiral named Rodney chanced to be living in retirement in order to escape from his creditors. Chaffed on the "failure" of the British Navy, he one night, after dinner, bragged that were it not for his debts he would get back to England and prove our Navy's efficiency in his own person. A sporting French nobleman took him on, paid his debts; and Rodney came home to win a great battle in the hour of Britain's deepest need.

He, too, was called an incompetent before he accomplished it.

What is the Navy doing to-day? It would take far less space to answer if the public asked "What is the Navy not doing?"

That second question could be answered with a single word, or, at any rate, a single sentence. The single word, if demanded, would be "Nothing."

A Few Words to the Sceptics

The trouble is that the British public seems incapable of believing any such word. It has seen or heard of our coasts being bombarded; it has seen or heard of the enemy escaping. And along these lines it has concluded that "the British Navy is not up to scratch."

First of all, it is to be pointed out that there has never been a war yet in which the enemy did not do, more or less, what he did off Scarborough and other places which were attacked in the famous "raid."

This is one of the things to be remembered. We have invariably suffered in every big war in which we have been engaged exactly as we have now suffered on the East Coast. The conditions have, it is true, been a trifle different. Our past enemies—Dutch, French, or Spanish—were invariably after value for money. They never descended to the depths of slaughtering helpless women and children for the mere love of slaughter.

What the public has got to understand in this matter is that though every town right round our coasts were bombarded the German Navy could not secure any gain thereby. Perhaps it will serve to make this fact clearer if I resort to an analogy or two. There is, let us say, a football match. One team, at half-time, starts hammering the spectators who have bet against it. It is rough on the spectators, but it is not going to affect the progress of the

(Continued on page 563.)

WHAT WAS THE NAVY DOING? (Continued from page 567)

match so far as winning is concerned.' And you-the reader of this—would never be ass enough to consider the other team "inefficient" because of the outrage. Of course you would not! But if you blame the British Navy for being "unable to prevent" the East Coast raid you are more or less doing something of the same sort and kind. The other team was out to win a game of footballthe idea of having to protect the spectators naturally never occurred to them.

And so the Germans pulled off their East Coast raid. They call it a "great victory." Apply the football analogy and you will get a very exact realisation of the actual facts.

Another time—— Well, would you chuck the team you

Another timehad originally bet on because the other side had hammered the spectators? Of course not.

I have put things in a somewhat elementary way, but it is of the utmost importance that the British public shall realise the condition of affairs, and understand exactly why the British Navy cannot possibly prevent senseless outrages.

Let us now return to other and more serious aspects of the war. The bulk of our food, the bulk of our trade is a matter of oversea supply. Were our oversea trade knocked out, we should all be starving within a week or two.

What the Navy Has Done

We are not starving—we are pegging along pretty much as usual. Why? Why, because the British Navy, in face of terrific difficulties—with an enemy prepared to cheat in any and every possible way, stooping to every conceivable or inconceivable dirty trick - has kept in harbour those corsairs who would have preyed on and destroyed our trade, and gradually eliminated those who got a-hunting before war was declared. The task was one of immense magnitude. But the Navy came up to scratch.

We have been at war for some months now and there has

been no "Trafalgar." Of course not. Reader of this, you go to the theatre now and again. You see the limelight turned on to the hero what time he finally disposes of the villain. But you would not hiss the hero if, when the limelight came on, the villain wasn't there!

The Essential Policy of "Wait"

Well, that is a fairly exact analogy of the naval situation to-day. The enemy keeps off the stage, and our Navy has to keep out of the limelight accordingly.

Theatrically considered, this naval war is the dullest of all the dull pieces that ever have been. Now and again the villain throws something at the hero from the wings. There is no material result from it all, and the play meanders on, getting more and more inexpressibly dull.

But "the man in the street" has got to realise that this

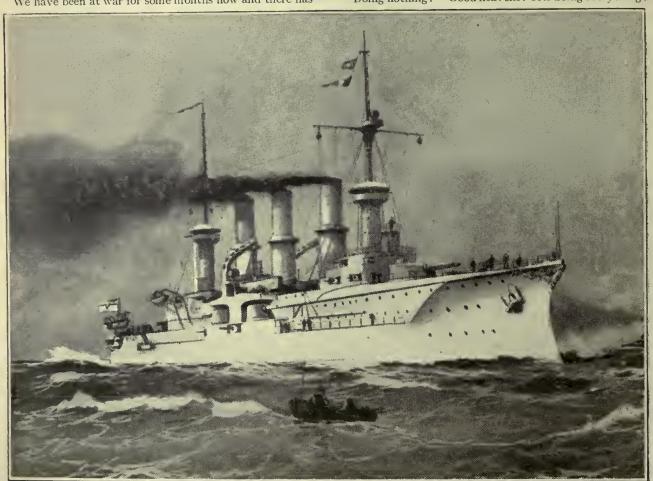
Great War is not a set piece got up for his entertainment. It is a deadly conflict for existence. The actors in it have no time to spare for spectacular drama.

Those on our side have to wait and wait for the appearance of the villain. The audience may find it dull; but they cannot expedite matters by saying so, or by cursing for inactivity our favourite actors who are on the stage with the limelight turned off. They have to wait till "enter the villain." Then—well, maybe all the dull delay will be made up for.

Sooner or later the life-or-death battle will probably be fought. But till then we must wait. It is a "long, long way to Tipperary." It is probably a far longer way still to the final battle of the North Sea.

Since the British Navy has secured our existence during the time of waiting, we may well trust it to be ready for the enemy when he comes. And every wise man will keep on thanking God till then that our Navy is apparently doing nothing.

"Doing nothing!" Good heavens! It is doing everything!

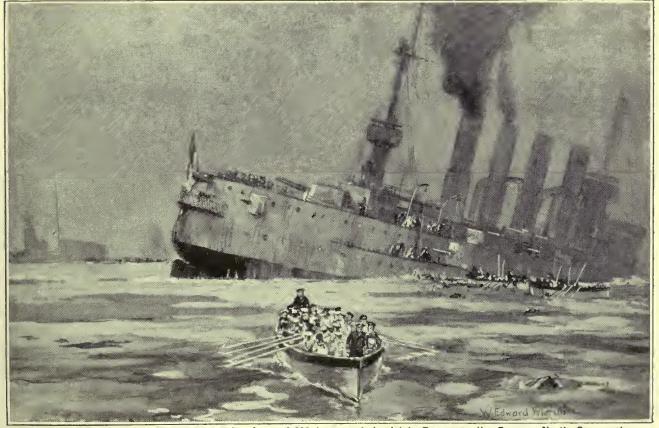


THE BALTIC BY THE RUSSIANS—THE FRIEDRICH KARL, GERMANY'S 9,000-TON FIRST-CLASS CRUISER. The loss of which was a great blow to the German Navy, the result of the brilliant work of Russian coast defences.

How Two German Cruisers Met their Fate



After three months of wildly destructive cruising and brilliant service for his country, Captain von Muller, the commander of the Emden, was rounded up at Cocos Island, on November 9th, by the Australian protected cruiser Sydney, and had his ship battered to pieces and driven ashore in flames.



The German armoured cruieer Yorck, a ship of over 9,000 tone, eank in Jahde Bay, near the German North Sea coast, on November 4th, perhaps as the result of striking a mine, or perhaps a victim of attack by a British submarine.

The Commerce Raiders of the Indian Ocean:



The 3,600-ton German cruieer Emden, the famoue raider of British commerce in Eastern Seas, deetroyed on November 9th.

DURING the three months of her hostile activity the German cruiser Emden captured twenty-one British trading ships, and sunk seventeen of them, releasing the others so as to save the lives of the crews, whom she could not afford to take captive. The value of the ships and cargoes lost is estimated at about £2,000,000, and it may be mentioned as a matter of personal interest that the publishers of The War Illustrated had on board one of the lost ships a £90 consignment of books on the way to Calcutta.

The captain of the Emden was a forman whose daring excited the

The captain of the Emden was a foeman whose daring excited the The captain of the Efficien was a forman whose daring excited the admiration of the entire world, and his reputation is untarnished by any act of barbarity such as his countrymen have perpetrated, in their battles on land. He acted the part of a sportsman and a gentleman in his conduct of war, and the British attitude towards him shows that, while we object to barbarism in warfare, we pay tribute to gallarty. tribute to gallantry.

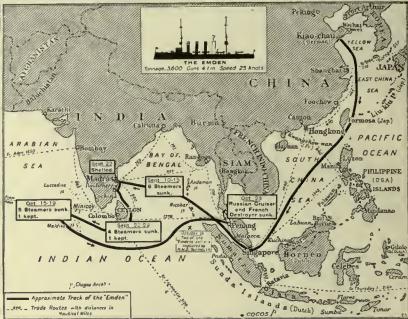
"The Times" voiced the opinion of the people when it said: "We rejoice that the cruiser Emden has been destroyed at last, but we salute Captain von Miller as a brave and chivalrous foe. He has never taken a single life unnecessarily, except by accident, has committed no outrage, and, so far as we know, has strictly observed the dictates of International law."

The British Admiralty gave instructions that all the honours of

The British Admiralty gave instructions that all the honours of war should be accorded to the survivors, and that the captain and officers should not be deprived of their swords.

One of the officers of the Emden made prisoner was Lieutenant Prince Joseph of Hohenzollern, who is related to half the ruling houses





Captain von Mulier, the daring and chivairous commander of the Emden, admired by his enemies as much as by his own countrymen.

When the fate of his ship was known in Britain, the unanimous hope was expressed, "I trust the captain has been saved." The map shows his field of operations. The British Admiralty allowed him to retain his sword.

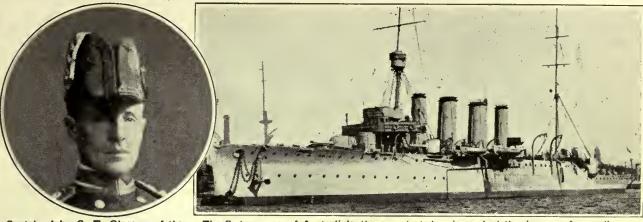


The burning oil-tanke at Madrae, set on fire by the Emden's gune on September 22nd, entailing a loss of £50,000.



A drawing reproduced from a German magazine illustrating the Emden sinking a British merchant—ship in the Bay of Bengal.

Rounding up the Emden and the Koenigsberg



Captain John C. T. Glossop, Australian cruiser Sydney.

The Sydney, one of Australia's three protected cruisers, had the honour of rounding up and destroying the cruiser Emden, the German "De Wet of the Sea."



Some of the crew of the German cruiser, Koenigsberg photographed while standing by one of Sir Percy Scott's 4.7 in. gune at Whale Island.

THE German 3,400-ton cruiser Koenigsberg did not compare with the hrilliantly-handled Emden in her activity and the service she rendered to her country. While the latter ship huilt up a record for daring and clever aggression, the former had only two modest achievements to her credit when she went into the tropical river that was to he her grave.

Two days after war was declared she sank the merchant-ship City of Winchester, and on September 20th she went into Zanzihar, where the small British cruiser Pegasus was lying with her fires drawn and her hoilers in process of heing cleaned. The Pegasus fell an easy victim.

Then the Koenigsberg merely tried to elude pursuit, but did no further damage. The British light cruiser Chatham was fortunate enough to find her in a general clear-up of the ocean, and on October 30th she was discovered hiding in shoal water six miles up the Rufigi River, in German East Africa. The Chatham could not follow up the river on account of her draught, but after homharding the trapped raider she sunk some colliers in the entrance, thereby putting the cork into the bottle that held the Koenigsberg. Some of the crew of the imprisoned ship entrenched themselves on land, and the British naval commanders proceeded to take steps to capture or sink her.

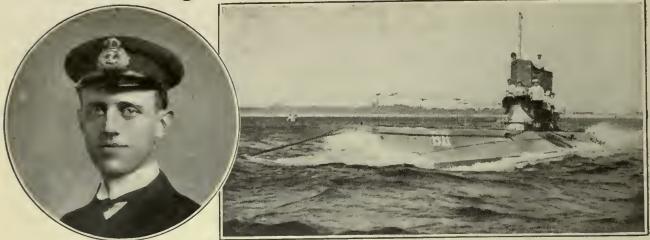


The Kosnigsberg was one of Germany's sea-raiders, but she eunk only the merchant-ship City of Winchester, and the British cruieer Pagaeus.



The British light cruiser Chatham and her commander, Captain Sydney R. Drury-Lowe. In the hunt for the German commerce raiders, Captain Drury-Lowe had the good fortune to locate the Koenigsberg six miles up the Rufigi River, in German East Africa.

The Daring Exploit of Submarine B 11



Lt.-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, of the B11.

Submarine B11 full epeed awash in home waters.

THE daring exploit of Lieutenant-Commander Norman D. Holbrook in penetrating what were considered to be the impregnable confines of the Dardanelles once more demonstrates the value of the underseas craft. By wonderful skill and sterling courage the BII was navigated through the powerful current of the strait, cluded five rows of mines, sunk the old Turkish battleship Messudiyeh, and evaded the enemy's guns by a record submersion of nine hours. A truly glorious feat, worthy of the greatest traditions of the greatest of sea Powers.

At the outbreak of the war opinion as to the possibilities of the "mechanical fish" was much divided. Some experts regarded the submarine as the "deadliest thing that keeps the seas." Others considered the Dreadnought the supreme factor in naval conflict. The submarine proved to be a terrible weapon to stationary surface ships or those proceeding at a slow speed. On the other hand, by skilful manœuvring and a special hull protected with a 4 in. steel plating, fast battle-ships can do much to guard against the invisible peril of the torpedo. That our ships of war were able successfully to bombard the Belgian coast, exposed all the time to submarine attack, without meeting the fate of the Hogue, Cressy, and Aboukir, is unquestionably a great tribute to British seamanship.



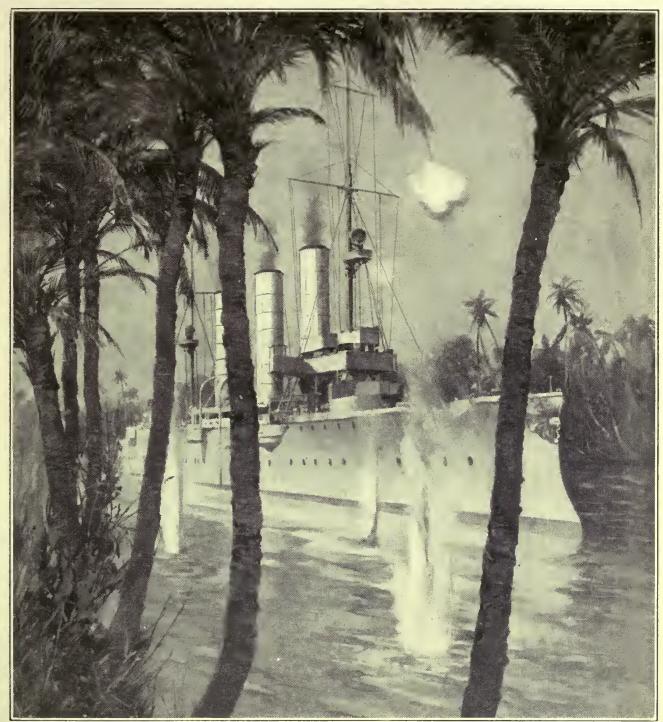
A photograph of the B11 taken in the Dardanelies, showing the submarine approaching a British destroyer for orders.



The old Turkish battleship Messudiyeh, which was torpedoed by the B11 in the Dardaneliee with great skill and daring on the part of, Lleut.-Commander Holbrook. The Dardaneliee is the swift-running strait which eeparatee Europe from Aela, con-

necting the Sea of Marmora and the Ægean Sea. It was guarded by two sete of defencee and heavily mined. Believed by our Oriental enemiee to be impassable, their eurprise at Lieutenant Holbrook'e feat can better be imagined than described.

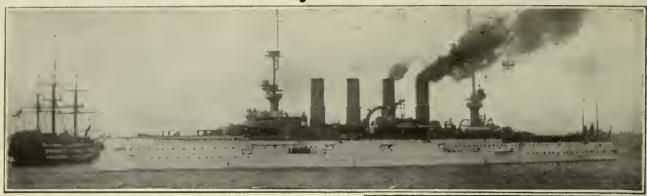
A German Warship Caught in a Tropical Forest



THE story of the end of the German cruiser Koenigsberg reads like a chapter from the romances of Kingston and Henty. This was the German warship that sank the City of Winchester on September 6th, and that attacked and disabled H.M.S. Pegasus in Zanzibar Harbour on September 20th, 1914, while the latter had her fires drawn and was having her boilers cleaned and her engines overlooked. These were the only achievements of the Koenigsberg, which disappeared from the outer oceans after the latter exploit, although the seas were being scoured by British, French, and Japanese warships for the few German commerce-raiders that were still dealing blows at the stream of ocean traffic.

For almost two months her place of hiding was unknown, but at last the keen search of the allied warships was rewarded, and she was tracked down by H.M.S. Chatham. She was discovered hiding in the midst of a tropical forest six miles up the Rufigi River, in German East Africa. The water did not afford sufficient depth for the heavier British ship to follow, but the German vessel was shelled from the sea and the channel was blocked by sinking several hulks in midstream so as to prevent egress. The German crew took to the shore and offered resistance from land, but they had no chance of success, and the Koenigsberg ceased to be a unit of the German Navy.

British Naval Victory in the South Atlantic



The German armoured cruiser, Scharnhoret, the flagship of Admiral Graf von Spee, photographed in Portsmouth Harbour with Nelson's old flagehlp Victory. The portrait on the right is the victor of the Falkland Islands Battle, Vice-Admiral Sir FREDERICK STURDEE.

ON December 9th the British Admiralty issued the following statement:

"At 7,30 a.m. on December 8th the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Nurnberg,
Leipzig, and Dresden were sighted near the Falkland Islands by a British
squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee. An action followed,
in the course of which the Scharnhorst, flying the flag of Admiral Graf von Spee,
the Gneisenau, and the Leipzig were sunk. (The Dresden and the Nurnberg
made, off during the action, and on the following day news was received
that the Nurnberg was sunk.) Two colliers were also eaptured. The viceadmiral reports that the British casualties are very few. Some survivors have
been reseued from the Gneisenau and the Leipzig."

These few sentences conveyed to the world news of the important British
victory, which, in the words of "The Times," constituted "a dramatic act
of retribution." It was Admiral von Spee who won for Germany the battle off
the Chilian coast on November 1st, when Admiral Cradock went down.

The Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau were 11,600 ton battle-cruisers, each
carrying eight 8'2 guns and 765 men, and the Leipzig was a small cruiser of 3,250
tons, earrying ten 4'1 in. guns and 286 men.

Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Charles Doveton Sturdee, who sent his name
echoing round the world with the news of his glorious victory, was Chief of the
War Staff at the Admiralty, and it surprised both friend and foe to know
that he was in the South Atlantic and not in a Whitehall office.



The 3,250-ton German light cruiser Leipzig, sent to the bottom of the South Atlantic.





Admiral GRAF VON SPEE, the commander of the German squadron. German armoured cruiser Gneisenau, the elster ship of the Scharnhorst, which she went down under the gune of the British equadron.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Glorious Sea Fight off the Falklands

Some two hundred and fifty miles east of the end of the American continent is a group of hilly islands lying in the limit of the Antarctic drift-ice. Here a couple of thousand British settlers, mainly Scotsmen, rear sheep on the chill, windy pastures, and keep at Port Stanley a store of coal for the ocean tramps that ply round Cape Horn and through the Straits of Magellan. The Falklands are the southernmost outpost of our Empire, and besides their high value as a coaling and provisioning place of call, their wireless station forms an important link between the British dominions.

After his victory over the Good Hope and the Monmouth off the Pacific coast, the German Admiral Count von Spee resolved to open his naval campaign in the Atlantic by the capture of the Falkland Islands. The destruction of the wireless station would make it easier for him to prey on our merchant-ships, the coal would replenish his bunkers, and enable his collier steamers to load up and extend the

fighting range of his cruisers.

Pacific Dangers for Admiral von Spee

The fact that an important British Crown Colony had been captured and plundered by German warships would be another severe blow to the naval prestige of the British Empire. It was also known that the old, slow British battleship the Canopus and the light cruiser the Glasgow, which had escaped from the disaster that overtook Admiral Cradock off Chili, had gone to the Falklands.

Everything thus conspired to lead Admiral von Spee to follow the Canopus and attack Port Stanley. For the Pacific Ocean was becoming too perilous a cruising place for even the powerful Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and their lighter consorts the Leipzig, Nürnberg, and Dresden. A great Japanese fleet, acting with a strong Australian squadron, were sweeping the Pacific in search of Spee's ships. The Southern Atlantic, on the other hand, was a safe field for new operations against both the warships and the mercantile marine of Britain.

In the early days of December the German commander rounded Cape Horn, and on the morning of Tuesday, December 8th, his look-out sighted the hills of the Falklands on the eastern sky-line. Spee ordered his squadron to slow down, and detached a cruiser to explore the islands and discover if any British ships were sheltering there. The cruiser steamed up to Port Stanley, in the great landlocked, hill-girdled bay on East Island, and saw only two

hostile warships guarding the entrance.

Admiral Sturdee's Foregone Victory

This was what the admiral expected. Orders were at once given to the German squadron to steam up and engage the enemy. As the five warships approached the entrance to the bay, with their men at the loaded guns and the fire-control officers in their stations, the Canopus and Glasgow came still farther out, to lure Spee into the trap prepared for him. For the battle had practically been won in the board-room of the British Admiralty in Whitehall a month before it was being fought out—some seven thousand miles away—at the Falklands. The Chief of Staff, Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee, who owed his position to his talent for strategy, worked out the victory over Spee early in November, when news came of the German admiral's victory over Cradock's flagship and the Monmouth.

We had to defeat Spee as soon as possible to restore our naval prestige abroad and safeguard our menaced commerce. The first thing necessary was a force superior to that of Spee's. This was easily obtained. The latest and most powerful battle-cruisers, such as the Lion, could not be spared from the Grand Fleet. But there were available two older vessels, the Invincible and the Inflexible, each with eight 12 in. guns and a nominal speed of thirty knots an hour. With their ordnance, and the four $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. guns of the Carnarvon, and the 6 in. guns of the Kent,

Cornwall, Bristol, and Glasgow, there could be no doubt of

victory.

The real problem was to calculate exactly where Spee would make for, after his victory over Cradock. This was where Sir Frederick Sturdee showed his high gift of strategy. By correctly fixing on the Falklands as the next objective of the German admiral, he won the battle in advance. He then selected his ships with regard to their speed and their coal-carrying capacity, as well as their gun-power, in order to accomplish the next important part of his programme. He was well aware of the efficiency and range of the German naval intelligence department. He had to take his squadron to the Falklands in four weeks, without his departure being observed or his ships being seen on their voyage. The thing had to be done with extraordinary secrecy, by leading the squadron away from the trade routes and keeping out of sight of land until the hills of the Falkland Islands were made. For if Spee had the least suspicion of what reception was being arranged for him at Port Stanley, he would evade the battle.

By using up all his coal Sir Frederick Sturdee arrived

By using up all his coal Sir Frederick Sturdee arrived just in time at the Falkland Islands, without being discovered on his month's voyage. He dropped anchor in Port Stanley on Monday, December 7th, and began to coal in extreme haste. His ships were hidden behind the hills of the bay, with the Canopus on guard duty outside. The old battleship and perhaps the Glasgow light cruiser, which had escaped from the battle off Chili, were probably the two vessels seen by the reconnoitring ship that Admiral von Spee cautiously but vainly detached to explore the

islands on Tuesday morning.

Boats Burned for Engine Fuel

When the Canopus reported the presence of an enemy, Sir Frederick Sturdee's men were grimy from their coaling labours in the early morning, and some of the ships are said to have been only beginning to coal. It is rumoured that in the pursuit they had to burn their boats and everything inflammable to keep their engines going. The British admiral gave the signal to get up steam, and while this was being done the crews calmly sat down to their breakfast. Outside the bay the Canopus and Glasgow prepared for action as the German squadron steamed forward in battle array. The Scharnhorst, flying the admiral's flag, and the Gneisenau came on side by side, far in advance of the Nürnberg, Leipzic, and Dresden. These light cruisers had to keep well out of range of the British battleships' guns, to which they could not reply at the distance at which the battle was first intended to be fought. Their task was to tackle the Glasgow when she tried again to escape, and protect the two German colliers and the armed liner Prince Eitel Fritz, lying still farther out to sea.

Meanwhile, the two heavy-gunned German ships arranged to mass their fire on the Canopus. But, as they were drawing up to give the first double salvo, the Carnarvon and the other British light cruisers came out of the bay. This did not alter the plan of the German admiral. He still manœuvred his two principal ships so as to concentrate their guns on the Canopus, but apparently he ordered the Leipzig to come up and help to keep off any British light cruiser that might risk destruction for the sake of getting

near enough to launch a torpedo.

The Germans opened fire when seven miles away, and the Canopus and Carnarvon answered. Then as the battle became furious and seemingly evenly contested, Admiral von Spee suddenly signalled his light cruisers to scatter and make with all speed for the nearest neutral port. At the same time the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau swung round and tore out to sea.

The crews of the Invincible and the Inflexible had finished their breakfast, and were working their ships out of the hill-sheltered harbour to join in the battle. Seeing them, the Germans knew they were trapped.

The Falklands are a rainy, misty place. But on this tragic wintry day the sky was clear and the sea calm, and the fire-control officers in their stations above the smoking funnels had an unusually wide view over the ocean. Only mist and stormy weather could have given the enemy a chance of escape. As it was, the flying chasing battle was fought by the British with everything in their favour. There was a long pursuit before the two principal German vessels were brought within range.

The slow old Canopus fell out of the running fight, and the two battle-cruisers forged through their lighter consorts and trained their guns on the Schainhorst and Gneisenau. The Invincible led, and the crack gunners of the German flagship justified their reputation by landing some 8 in.



Part of the Falkland Islands, nearest land to the scene of the British naval victory. This little known corner of the Empire has formed succeedively settlement for French, Spanish, and British. The islands have been a British Colony eince 1833.

shells on the deck of the foremost pursuing ship and wrecking the wardroom. But all the British crew were under cover in their battle stations and no one was hurt. Meanwhile, the more terrible 12 in. British shells were raking the German armoured cruisers aft and fore.

A ship presents the easiest target when only its stern or bows are seen. For the chief fire-control officer who

directs the guns has the long length of the enemy's deck on which to pitch his shell. A slight mistake in elevation merely lands a shell aimed at the stern on to the bows It is when a ship turns and shows all her length to the enemy that, paradoxically, she makes the smallest possible target. There is then only the narrow breadth of the deck on which shells can be dropped. With the least error in elevation they splash harmlessly in front or behind the target.

As all the German ships were fleeing stern-on to our battle-cruisers, the whole length of their decks formed a mark that could be struck continually at a range of seven miles or more. Our ships being the speedier, the German vessels could not get out of range. So at last, at one o'clock, they turned broadside-on and fought to the inevitable end. Every half a minute a salvo of big high-explosive shells hurtled through the sky and burst above their decks, shattering the turrets, putting the guns out of action and killing the crews. As the acrid fumes of the terrible lyddite blew away, flames began to shoot up from the flagship. Soon the Gneisenau was also on fire.

Sir Frederick Sturdee signalled to Admiral von Spee to surrender. But the German commander and his officers were brave men. With their remaining guns still blazing defiance, they kept the German ensign flying. Then the Scharnhorst went down by the stern, with Count von Spee's flag at the main truck and the crew in the bows. The Gneisenau, battered into a helpless wreck after a desperate effort to escape, also foundered. It was not a battle, but a scientific annihilation

The scattered fights between the light cruisers had more of the old romance of naval warfare. The captain of the Glasgow was especially eager to fight a duel with one of the cruisers of his class, from which he had been forced to flee when his more powerful consorts were flaming ruins off Coronel. As the new British squadron scattered in pursuit of the German China Squadron and its two colliers and armed merchantmen, the captain of the Glasgow singled out the Leipzig and engaged in a rinning fight with her. It is said that the Kent came up to help but that the Glasgow signalled "Stand off! I can manage this by myself."

The Glasgow had two 6 in. guns and ten 4 in guns against the ten 4 in. guns of the Leipzig, and having an account to settle with the German ship, she worked her two superior guns and the rest of her armament so that at the end of a two-hours' action the Leipzig was sinking and aflame. Some German officer hoisted the white flag, and the Glasgow came up and stood by, and lowered her boats to save the remnant of the crew.

But as the first boat started on its work of rescue, some German gun officer, in a frenzy of bitter hatred, sent a shell on to the Glasgow's deck, killing some four men and wounding nine—the largest casualties in the entire British squadron. The amazed and angry British gunners then swiftly manned their guns, and with a broadside at close range sank their treacherous enemy. Probably in the disorder of the fire, the German captain may have lost control over the baser sort of his men, and they, eager to hurt as they died, gave an example of the practical influence of German "kultur," which the

of German "kultur," which the "baby-killers" at Scarborough afterwards followed.

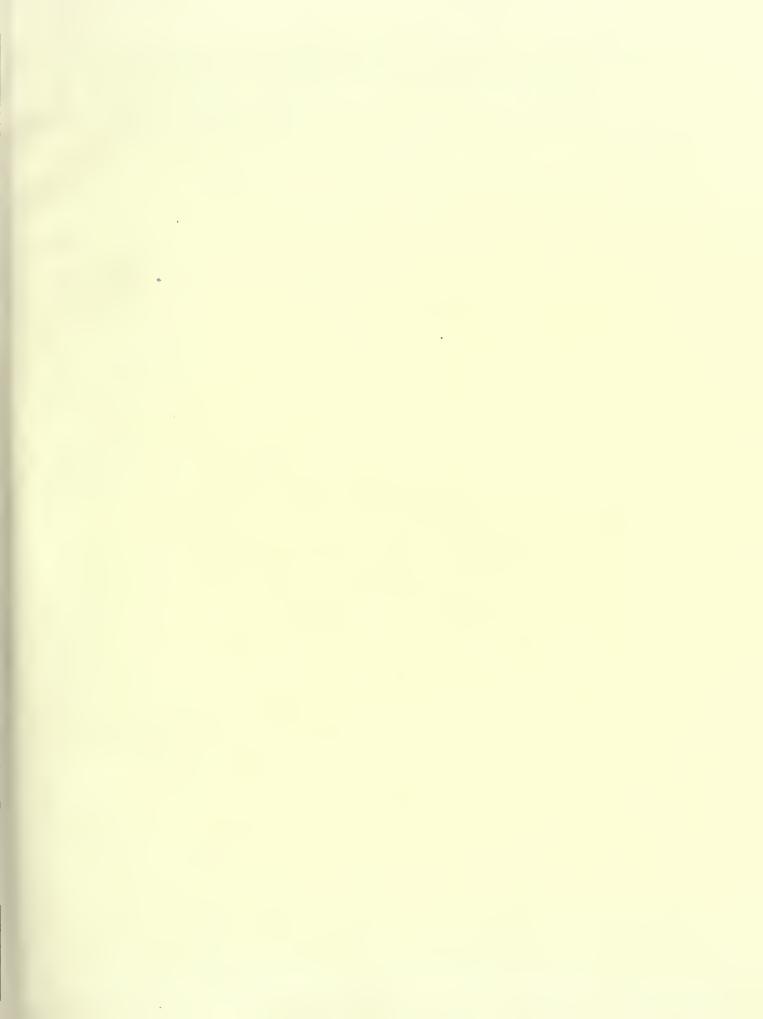
A little later, other British cruisers came up with the Nürnberg, and sank her by a concentrated fire. Holding by the spirit of Nelson's prayer before Trafalgar, in which he prayed that humanity after victory might always be the predominant feature of the British sailors, the victorious



Admirs! von Spee's squadron in herbour at Valparaiso prior to its ill-fetsd voyags to destruction by the British flest. The Schernhorst, Gnelsensu, snd Leipzig are discernible in the distance. The ships in the forsground form part of the Chillan Navy. Inest: Admirs! von Spee smbsrks from Valparaiso.

cruisers nearest the sinking ship stopped to pick up the Nürnberg's survivors. The brief delay, it is reported, was sufficient to enable the Dresden to escape with the armed merchantman the Prince Eitel Fritz. The colliers were sunk, after a refusal to surrender, and their crews rescued. Altogether, some one hundred and fifty men of the German squadron were saved by the victors in this important fight.

Vice-Admiral Doveton Sturdee has restored our naval prestige in South America, avenged the men of the Good Hope and the Monmouth, and removed at one blow from the trade routes of the Atlantic a terrible menace to our food supplies and sea-fed industries and commerce.





THE GREAT BRITISH VICTORY OFF THE FALKLANDS: GERMAN ADMIRAL GOES DOWN WITH HIS FLAGSHIP.

were sunk. The Scharnhörst, an annoured cruiser of 11,600 tons, with a complement of seven hundred and sixty-five men, caught fire, but her flag remained flying to the last, when, a few minutes after she was seen suddenly to list heavily to port, she lay on her beam ends and disappeared. The great naval action which ended in the memorable victory for Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdec took place on December 8th, 1914, and lasted for five hours, in the course of which the Scharmhorst, flying the flag of Admiral Count von Spee, the Gueisenau, the Leipzig, and the Nümberg

Ships that Swept the Germans from the High Seas



The British light cruiser Carnarvon, which with the light cruisers Kent and Cornwall chased and sunk the German cruiesrs Lelpsig and Nurnberg, of Admiral von Spee's squadron, in the Falkland Islande Battls.



The battle cruiser inflexible, which, like her sister-ship the invincible, was one of Admiral Sturdee's squadron that gained the signal victory off the Falkiand Iclands on December 8th, 1914.



The light cruissr Glasgow, 4,800 tons, which escaped from the British naval defeat in the Pacific on November 1st, 1914, and helped in the Falkland leisands victory of December 8th, and in the sinking of the Dresden.

The British light truiser Kent, 9,800 tons, fourtsen 6 in. guns, that took part in the Falkland Islands Battle, and afterwarde, with the Glasgow, helped to sink the German cruiser Dresden on March 14th, 1915.

Jellicoe and his Fleet in readiness for "Der Tag"



On the qui vive. Admiral Jallicoe going up to the forebridge of his flagehip.

Rough weather with the Grand Fleet. Another view of the deck of the flagship taken in a winter gale.



Part of the Grand North Sea Battle Fleet in line. The photographs on this page were taken during the Christmas holidays of 1914.

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP

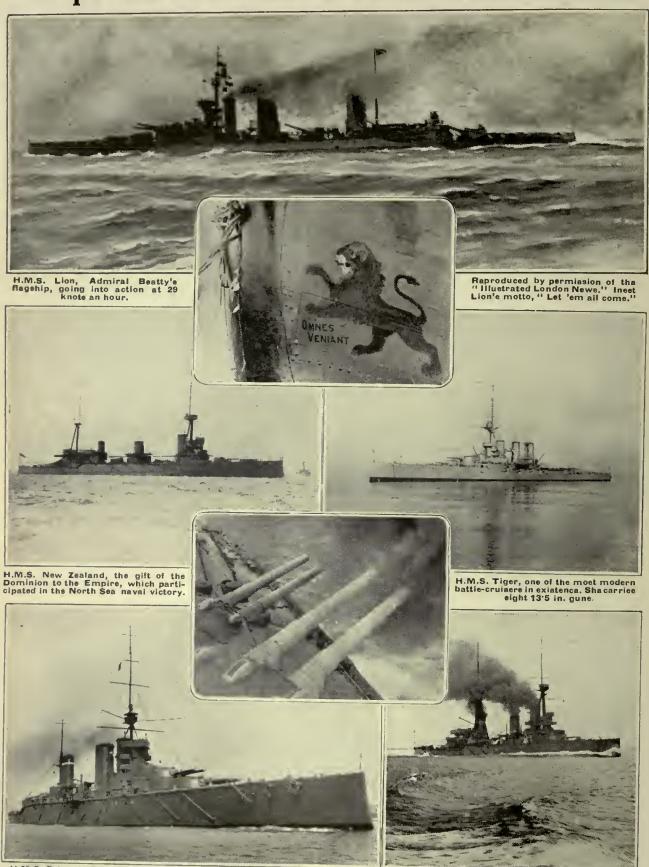


AN HELLE HELLE

H.M.S. LION

A British battle-cruiser that took part in the great Dogger Bank fight. She was completed in 1912, hae a length, over all, of 680 feet, and a dieplacement, full load, of 30,415 tons. She is armed with eight 13.5 in. guns, elxteen 4 in. guns, and three submerged torpedo-tubes.

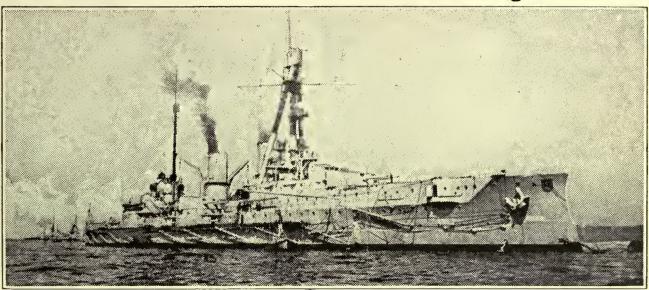
Ships and Guns that made the Germans Flee



H.M.S. Princeee Royal, eleter ship of the Lion. She had a speed of about 32 knots. Inset: An impression of the giant 13.5 in. weapone in action.

H.M.S. Indomitable at full epeed. Thie was the ehip diracted, with the Arethuea, to finish off the Blucher.

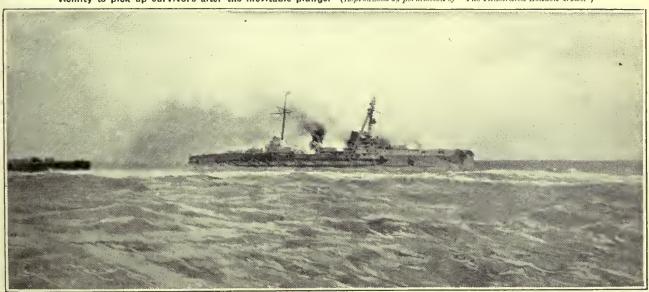
The Blücher before and after meeting the Lion



The powerful German cruiser, the Blucher, before her fight with the victorious British ships in the North Ssa battie. In this photograph she is seen carrying the tripod mast, like British Dreadnoughts, this having been fitted at the outbreak of war.



The shell-swept Blucher is in its death grips, but fighting game to the last. A British torpedo-boat destroyer hovers in the vicinity to pick up survivors after the inevitable plunge. (Reproduced by permission of "The Illustrated London News.")



Another visw of the dying leviathan, which gives an idea or the destructive power of the Lion and Tiger's 13.5 in. guns. The fore-turret has cone by the board, the funnels are battered out of place, and the hull is holed from stem to stern. (Reproduced by permission of "The Illustrated London News.")



THE BLUCHER GOING TO HER DOOM.—Thie unique photograph ehows the pride of the Garman Navy, at the moment of capsizing, in the very instant when hundreds of human souls are passing into the bayond. The bow of the hapless leviathan is on the right of the picture. Owing to brilliant British gunnery, she is a raging furnace in a limitises waste of eas. The remnant of her ill-fated crew are seen clustered astern awaiting the final

plunge, while many, unable to keep their equilibrium, are sliding down the ship's side in the hope of being rescued by their invincible but humane fose. Some have stripped, and are wasring only cork jackets. The shaftsred tripod mast is visible on the right. Four 8-2 in, and two 6 in, weapons, now for ever silent, are pointing helplessly skywards. The foreshortened mainmast appears abaft two of the 8-2 in, guns, but both funnels have disappeared.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Decisive Cruiser Action in the North Sea

destroyer flotilla rayed out in fan formation in the Bight of Heligoland. As twilight fell, a line of long, narrow shapes—six light cruisers—manœuvred out to support the destroyers. They hunted for some sign of a British submarine, but none was visible. So, as the early winter night drew on, the submarine defences of Wilhelmshaven opened, and four vast, grey, fighting ships, with the sharp, graceful bows of ocean racers, put out to sea at a speed of twenty-five knots an hour.

Something more important than baby-killing in English seaside resorts was intended. The German situation was growing intolerable, and the Government had been compelled to commandeer all the most important stores of food, and to prepare to put the people on siege rations. was urgent to make the British populace suffer. This had to be done quickly and at any cost. So the Teutons practically sacrificed the fighting power of their High Seas Fleet by detaching its swift and powerful battle-cruiser wing for commerce-raiding operations in the Atlantic.

Jellicoe Realises German Intentions

Rear-Admiral Hipper, commanding the German raiding squadron, did not intend to fight an action in the North Sea. At the most, he wanted to create a diversion, during which one or more of his fastest battle-cruisers could slip

out northward, and get on the trade routes.

But Sir John Jellicoe was well acquainted with the German scheme. His submarines, with wireless apparatus, were hiding and watching off the German coast; and a few minutes after the German battle squadron put to sea, a more powerful British battle squadron, under Sir David Beatty, the victor of the Battle of Heligoland Bight, steamed forth to meet the enemy.

The Germans were caught by surprise about half-past seven o'clock on Sunday morning, north of the Dogger Bank. Sir John Jellicoe had done everything he could within reason to induce Hipper to put up a brave fight. Instead of massing against him in overwhelming strength, our admiral had given him a fighting chance, by sending

only five battle-cruisers against his four.

Gun Power Two to One Against Germany

Immediately the two destroyer flotillas became engaged, the ten light and heavy German cruisers turned and fled. Hipper was taking no risks. Though in numbers the British had only the advantage of five to four, yet in long-range, heavy gun-power the odds were at least two to one against the Germans. The composition of the German battle squadron was as follows:

Derfflinger, 28,000 tons, eight 12 in. guns, and 13 in. armour. Seydlitz, 25,000 tons, ten 11 in. guns, and 11 in. armour. Moltke, 23,000 tons, ten 11 in. guns, and 11 in. armour. Blücher, 15,000 tons, twelve $8\frac{1}{4}$ in.

guns, 6 in. armour.

In everything but armour the British squadron was superior. Sir David Beatty's flagship, the Lion, was a 26,350-ton ship, with eight 13½ in. guns, and 9 in. armour. The Tiger was a little heavier, with the same armament and armour. The Princess Royal was sister ship to the Lion. The New Zealand—a gift from the Colony—was an 18,750-ton ship with eight 12 in. guns, and 8 in. armour. The Indomitable had the same gun-power, with only 7 in. armour. The first three super-Dreadnought cruisers Lion, Tiger, and Princess Royal—were superior in fighting power to the German squadron. Their guns carried farther, shot straighter, hit with double the force, and the ships that bore them moved quicker.

For this reason Sir David Beatty adopted a daring plan of battle. He fought the four German cruisers with two British ships. The enemy were sighted at a distance of fourteen miles. Sir David ordered his squadron in line, leading it himself in the Lion, with the Tiger following him, and turned south-east with a view to cutting the enemy off from the German coast. Another advantage of this

N the afternoon of Saturday, January 23rd, a German manœuvre was that the wind was blowing towards the south-east, and would clear the smoke from our guns and funnels, while the enemy's smoke would be blown towards his line of fire. Sir David Beatty put his ship to its utmost speed, and apparently only the Tiger, a newer vessel, was able to keep up with him. These two leading cruisers gradually overhauled the German squadron, and when they were a little over ten miles from the Blücher, the terrible 13.5 in. British guns broke the Sabbath stillness of the North Sea, and alarmed the fishermen on the Dogger

> Just a few hundred yards under ten miles the dreadful high-explosive shells, nearly four-fifths of a ton in weight, struck the German ships. There was a blue flame, where they alighted on the hardened steel, then a shattering explosion that nothing made by mortal man could withstand. Besides the explosion, innumerable metal splinters hurtled through the air, rending steel and flesh as they

Crippling the Blucher With the 13.5's

It was extraordinary gunnery. The principal German ships were about 600 to 650 feet long, and about 95 feet wide. On the skyline, at a distance of ten miles, they made a mark which could be covered by a large pin's point. Hold a lead pencil one and a half feet from the eye, and the small black centre of it will more than cover the mark presented by the German battle-cruiser squadron. Had the fight taken place in mid-ocean, our navigating commanders would have kept their ships well out of the range of the German 12 in. guns, and the Germans would have been sunk, without a single chance of hitting back. But as the German base was only a hundred and twenty miles away when the action opened, and the Germans were racing for it with the speed of a railway train, Sir David Beatty ordered his flagship and the Tiger to engage as close as possible. His idea was to turn the sixteen big guns. of the two leading ships against each German ship in turn with a view to crippling it in its flight, and then leaving it to be dealt with by the rest of the British squadron.

The Blücher was quickly wounded in this manner, and then hammered by the Indomitable and torpedoed. In the meantime the Lion and Tiger were pounding away at the Moltke and the Seydlitz, both of which were set on fire and terribly battered. They would have certainly been sunk if a lucky shot from one of the stern guns of the German ships had not struck the Lion and damaged

a feed-tank, thus stopping the port engine.

Callous Intervention of German Aircraft

By eleven o'clock in the morning the fleeing Germans had reached one of their outlying mine-fields, where both their submarines and naval Zeppelins from Heligoland were able to take part in the action. The Zeppelins merely succeeded in killing some of the drowning sailors of the Blücher, whom our destroyers were rescuing. But the menace of the submarine attack on the wounded Lion caused our other battle-cruisers to break off the action.

In all, the enemy had one armoured cruiser and one light cruiser, probably the Kolberg, sunk by the Arethusa. two of her finest battle-cruisers put out of action for months at least, and possibly a submarine and several destroyers sent to the bottom. The damage done to our ships, the Lion and the Tiger, was so slight that it could be repaired in about a week. The running fight was so decisive that it became very unlikely that the German High Seas Fleet would ever engage in a general fleet action. Its swift, strong battle-cruiser wing, on which fleet manœuvring largely depends, was permanently crippled. There was a mystery about the other available German battle-cruiser, the Von der Tann. Did she slip through by another path, during the action, or was she unavailable because she had already been damaged or sunk by a mine? A report from South America that she had been sunk by one of Admiral Sturdee's squadron was denied by the Admiralty.

The Naval Victory in the North Sea-7



On Sunday, January 24th, 1915, a most important naval engagement took place between the latest British Dreadnoughts and contemporary German ships. The latter—consisting of the Blücher, Moltke, Seydlitz, and Derfflinger—were surprised on a projected raiding expedition by Admiral Beatty's squadron—composed of the Lion, Tiger, Princess Royal, New Zealand, and Indomitable

The German ships immediately turned tail and fled back to j t And then began a memorable and terrible fight. Adia Beatty's victory was the triumph of speed and guns. The corponend at a speed of 29 knots over a distance of 9½ miles, lact that the Lion and the Tiger were slightly faster than opponents enabled them to pull success almost out of the jay of

nph of British Gunnery and Seamanship

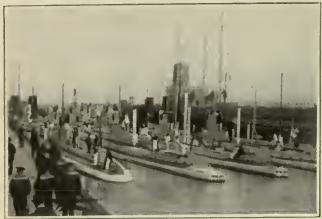


Heligoland mine-fields, whither the enemy squadron was flying shelter. A hit at 9½ miles is a wonderful tribute to British gunners if the 13.5 weapon that makes such a feat possible. After ee and a half hours' fight the end of the Blücher was near, and en the Arethusa, which is seen in the centre of the drawing ning up between the destroyer and Indomitable, had fired a salvo

of 6 in. guns and two torpedoes into her, the shell-raked hulk heeled over and disappeared. The Arethusa succeeded in saving 8 officers and 117 men.

At this point the fight was discontinued, partly owing to the menace of enemy submarines and partly because of the proximity of mine-fields and hostile aircraft.

The Submarine Savagery of the Sea Huns

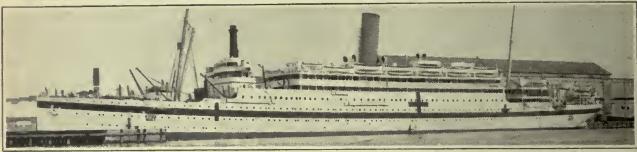


A flotilla of powerful enemy submarines lying snugly behind the fastnesses of Wilhelmshaven, the Portsmouth of Germany.

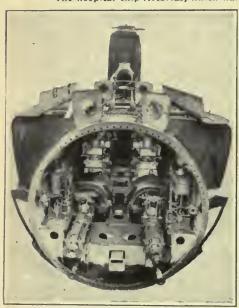
THE success of the German submarine was unquestionably one of the features of the war by water. The British Admiralty did not shut its eyes to the fact. There were no finer submarines in existence than the latest type which the German Navy used so effectively as commerce destroyers. They were worthy of sterner work, and it is a pity that the bravery of their crews should have had so poor an issue.

To attempt to torpedo a hospital vessel plumbs the depths of "frightfulness," and the German submarine attack on the Red Cross ship Asturias when on its way from France to England was merely a shameful addition to "Kultur's" erown of infamy.

It has to be borne in mind that while the German submarines proved their destructive power, British submarines were, in a way, still an unknown quantity, lacking targets to put them to the proof. The seas teemed with shipping for German attack, but no German vessels sailed within reach of British submarines, and the wonder was, perhaps, not that the enemy accomplished so much, but that with so many opportunities they achieved so little.



The hospital ship Asturias, which narrowly sscaped destruction by a German submarine torpedo off Havrs.



Section of a modern submarine, giving some idea of its compileated mechanism.



Every man his Cross of Iron. Personnel of the notorious U9, which sunk the Hogus, Crassy, and Aboukir.



U19, one of Germany's largest submarines, similar to the U21. This type has a radius of about 3,000 miles, can cruiss for a fortnight, and carries several torpedoes. Cuxhaven and other North Sea engagements, as well as the secaps of the steamer Graphic, did much to discredit the "deadliness" of underseas craft in relation to swift-moving surface ships.

Watching for the Hornets of the Deep



WHEN the German boast of the intention and ability to put a stop to the stream of ocean commerce entering and leaving British ports is remembered, her "paper blockade," which became operative on February 18th, 1915, may properly be regarded as a fiasco.

The British watchdogs of the sea were on the alert, and

The British watchdogs of the sea were on the alert, and the Germans made the mistake they made so often—they failed to reckon what the other side would do. The artist has depicted a British merchant ship with her officers keeping a keen look-out for enemy periscopes, prepared to flee or attempt to ram, as may seem the better policy.

on February 15th Mr. Churchill, in the course of a restrained speech in, the House of Commons, made an admirable statement of German intentions in these words:

"The tasks which lie before us are anxious and grave. We are, it now appears, to be the object of a kind of warfare which has never before been practised by a civilised State. The scuttling and sinking at sight, without search or parley, of merchant ships by submarine agency is a wholly novel and unprecedented departure. It is a state of things which no one had ever contemplated before this war, and which would have been universally reprobated and repudiated before the war. But it must not be supposed, because the attack is extraordinary, that a good defence and a good reply cannot be made. The statutes of ancient Rome contained no provision for the punishment of parricides, but when the first offender appeared it was found that satisfactory arrangements could be made to deal with him "

The Submarine "Blockade" of Great Britain



ON February 4th, 1915, the German Admiralty declared a blockade of Great Britain, to take effect on February 18th. This alleged blockade is what has been generally called "the paper blockade." That is to say, it was a blockade that had no real existence in fact. It was simply a device by an enemy in extremis, whereby he could, by the unscrupulous use of submarines, do wanton damage on the high seas to merchant ships, both belligerent and neutral.

A blockade, to be a blockade recognised by neutrals, must be reasonably effective. But the fact that less than one per cent. of the ships entering and leaving British ports were the victims of German submarine attack showed to what a miserable extent any blockade of which Germany was capable could be effective.

This map shows the area to which the German claim of blockade applied. Her submarines issued from their bases of Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven, and Emden, and their main line of action was by the English Channel and the West of England to the stream of merchant shipping entering Liverpool. The map indicates the victims of this sea "frightfulness" during the first week of the "blockade" policy.

In the course of modern warfare it has always been accepted as axiomatic, and it has come to be regarded as one of the laws of war, that no merchant ship, even if belonging to an enemy, should be summarily sunk or cummarily appropriated. Provision must be made for the safety of the crew, and the ship must be taken before a prize court in the home country of the capturer, and the hull and cargo disposed of as the verdict of the court may decide.

Germany ignored these reasonable provisions of the laws of war. She considered that her plea of necessity justified "Hunnishness" by land and sea. Such extreme policy was only an indication of the breakdown of her ability to obtain victory by legitimate warfare, and constituted a caustic comment on the value of the much-vaunted German "kultur" when it was put to the test of practice in warfare.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O.
IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST CRUISER SQUADRON



PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

THE name of Beatty is imperishably associated with that of England's greatest admiral. There was a Beatty at Trafalgar—Nelson's surgeon, Sir William Beatty. In our own time another Beatty has been carrying on the Nelson tradition in a way that Nelson himself would have

David Beatty was the hero of the Battle of Heligoland Bight, in which the first blow against the enemy was delivered at sea, and the Mainz, Koeln, and Ariadne were sent to the bottom. Five menths later, by his victory off the Dogger Bank, in which the Blücher was sunk and two other German battle-cruisers were severely damaged, he avenged the brutal German raid on defenceless Scarborough, Whitby, and the Hartlepools. The son of Captain David L. Beatty, he was born at Borodale, a little place in County Wexford, on January 17th, 1871.

Stiff Work in Egypt

Entering the Navy in 1884, he was promoted to a sublieutenancy in 1890, and became a lieutenant two years later. He obtained his first chance of distinction in the arduous Egyptian-Soudan campaign under Sir Herbert (afterwards Earl) Kitchener in 1896. In this affair everyone engaged, including the Sirdar, got to work in his shirtsleeves. Floods and storms, railway breakdowns, and a terrible visitation of cholcra fought, if not all on the side of the Dervishes, at least against the progress of the British forces. Lieutenant Beatty was engaged under Commander Colville (later Vicc-Admiral the Hon. Stanley Cecil James Colville, C.B.) in getting the gunboats over the cataracts and then in bombarding the Dervish positions. During the attack on Hafir, Commander Colville was severely wounded, and the command of the flotilla fell to Lieutenant Beatty in the Abu Klea. The despatches of the time and the D.S.O. which was awarded to him for his services testify to the resourcefulness and courage he showed in the handling of his little craft. Lieutenant Beatty gained new laurels during the Soudan operations in 1897-1898, displaying conspicuous dash at the battles of the Atbara and Omdurman. His name was again prominent in the despatches of the Sirdar. At the close of the campaign he was promoted to the rank of commander, and awarded the Fourth Class of the Medjidie.

A Gallant Adventure in China

When the secret anti-foreign movement in China, associated with the names of the "Boxers" and "Big Swords," came to a head in 1900, Commander Beatty was on the China station in H.M.S. Barfleur. In the heavy fighting that took place at Tientsin in June the naval force under his command rendered notable service. At the head of some two hundred British seamen and marines, all volunteers in what looked like a forlorn hope, Commander Beatty attempted the capture of two of the enemy's guns which, placed in a strongly entrenched position, had been severely punishing the Allies. He was twice wounded, but the survivors of his little force, when they bore him back to safety, also brought back the guns. For this act of gallantry under fire he was promoted to a captaincy—at the age of twenty-nine. He was then the youngest captain in the British Navy.

"Record" Climb in the Scale of Promotion

In succeeding years promotion followed with marked rapidity, and Captain Beatty came to be known in the senior Service as "Lucky Beatty." In 1904-5 he served first in the Diana, then in the Suffolk, in the Mediterranean, receiving the M.V.O. in 1905. Appointed Naval Adviser to the Army Council in 1906, he became an A.D.C. to King Edward VII. in 1908. On New Year's Day, 1906, his special promotion to the rapk of Bear Day, 1910, his special promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral made him the youngest Flag officer in the Navy. Admiral made him the youngest Fiag onices in the Navy. At the Coronation of King George V. in June, 1911, Rear-Admiral Beatty received the C.B. From January, 1912, to February, 1913, he acted as Naval Secretary to Mr. Reginald M'Kenna and Mr. Winston Churchill at the Admiralty, being relieved of his secretarial duties for a short time in the summer of 1912, when he commanded the Sixth

Crulser Squadron. He flew his flag in the Aboukir, and thus had a special incentive to avenge the loss of that vessel and her sister cruisers, the Hogue and Cressy, when they were torpedoed by the Germans in September, 1914.

Britain's Youngest Admiral

On March 1st, 1913, Rear-Admiral Beatty was given the command of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron of the Home Fleet, and he was in command of the vessels which visited Russian waters in June, 1914, in which month he received the K.C.B. On August 6th, 1914, he was given the acting rank of Vice-Admiral. Immediately after her husband had left for his post on H.M.S. Lion in the North Sea, Lady Beatty (who before her marriage in 1901 was Miss Edith Marshall Field, daughter and heiress of Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago) fitted out the admiral's yacht, the Sheila, as a hospital ship, and helped

personally in tending the wounded.

Sir David Beatty's "luck," where Service promotion is concerned, was but the result of hard and unswerving devotion to work. He was more lucky in the possession of a great share of that personal magnetism which has distinguished all leaders of men. One who knows him has well written of him: "The extraordinarily forceful and clear-cut features, the compact, well-knit frame, the quick, almost bird-like movements, and yet with it all the curious, restrained, contained, and most ponderable energy, produce an effect at once distinguished and formidable. In general society he never talks shop or about himself, but chatters the ordinary tune of our trivial world. If the gods give him a chance, he will fight until either he or his enemy is finished." His men worshipped him; and his courage and dash have been the cause of these qualities in all serving under him. Between what is called the "Fisher touch" and the "Beatty touch" in tactics there is little to choose. Sir David Beatty has proved his mastery in the handling of fast and powerful ships, and in the bringing to bear upon the enemy the most powerful stroke possible at the right place and at the right time.

Nelson was only forty-seven when he won Trafalgar. As Sidonia, in Disraeli's novel, "Coningsby," remarks: "Genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times conquered Italy at five-and-Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five. Had it not been for the jealousy of Philip I. next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania." Lepanto, fought on October 7th, 1571, resulted in the defeat of the Turkish Fleet and the liberation of 15,000 Christian galley-slaves.

The Heart Behind the Uniform

Numerous stories are told of Sir David Beatty's affection for children. Some little time after the outbreak of the Great War a blind girl knitted a scarf, which she forwarded for his acceptance. He sent a characteristic reply through his secretary. He said he would wear the scarf whenever he felt cold, "and it is sometimes very cold in the North Sea." The letter concluded with these words: "The admiral loves little girls very much, and he has four little daughters of his own."

In another case the admiral wrote with his own hand a letter to a little girl who had sent him a scarf, with the request that he would give it to one of his sailors to keep him warm in the winter nights in the cold North Sea. "Dear Miss Audrey," ran the admiral's acknowledgment, "it is very clever of you to have made such a nice scarf. The is very clever of you to have made such a nice scarf. The sailor who wears it will be kept beautifully warm. With many thanks, and wishing you a Happy New Year,—Yours faithfully, David Beatty."

The deep affection felt for the admiral by his men was concentrated in the rousing cheer that went up from a party of stokers on his return from the Dogger Bank battle: "Well done, David!" These men echoed the thought of the nation as a whole, and of sympathetic thousands in the United States.

Above the soldier and the slain, An armoured bird, you hang on high, Directed by a human brain, A human eye.

Thus, man, who reasons and invents.

Has inconsistently designed

The conquest of the elements

To kill his kind.

-JESSIE POPE





British naval aviator rescued by submarine after the Christmas air-raid on Cuxhaven.



ILITARY aeroplanes were, at the outbreak of the Great War, efficient in two only of the five uses tor which they are destined in future warfare. They were able, firstly, to act as scouts; and, secondly, to direct the

fire of artillery; but there were no fighting, armoured aeroplanes worthy of the name, and no machines suitable for attacking successfully a strongly-fortified position, nor were there aircraft capable of the rapid transport of troops. From the point of view of a perfected aeroplane—of machines which should carry out all these tasks—the war came five years too soon.

The scouting aeroplane, on which designers had concentrated their attention, was the most practical of flying craft. It braved wind and fog, rain, and even snow, and ran the gauntlet of hostile gun fire. From the severest test, under most arduous conditions, it emerged triumphant. It is possible for an aviator, using a high-speed machine, to reach an enemy's position that is three days' march away, observe the disposition of his forces, and then return to headquarters—all within a space of three hours. More than once, when rapidity in scouting was essential, the aeroplane performed work of supreme importance.

The Aeroplane's Immense Value in Reconnaissance

The best instance occurred at Mons. Sir John French, hearing from General Joffre on the evening of August 23rd that the British position was threatened by three German army corps on its front, with another seeking to turn its flank, needed to confirm this news before dark, so that he might decide what should be done next day at dawn. Considerable distances had to be traversed in such a reconnaissance, and only an hour or so of daylight remained. No other instrument of war could, in the time, have done what the British aircraft did. A number of them flew out, each following a specified route, and in an hour, thanks to their speed and to the fact that no land obstructions caused them deviation or delay, they had collected news which it might have taken cavalry scouts a day to glean. The enemy were seen, their strength estimated; "the fog of war" was pierced and swept aside. And that night, in his headquarters, making ready for the coming day, Sir John French was able to plan the fighting retreat.

Aircraft enables a commander-in-chief to see, as Wellington always longed to see, what is occurring "on the other side of the hill." War ceases to be haphazard, with those who control it making fumbling moves, vaguely aware only of what an adversary is doing. As Major-General Henderson has said: "Throughout a campaign, where both sides are sufficiently equipped with aircraft, the game must be played with the cards on the table." Secrecy in operations, the striking of an unseen blow, becomes enormously difficult now

Specially written for "The War Illustrated"

Ву

CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

and

HARRY HARPER

Authors of "The Aeroplane in War"

there are these scouts in the air. And for this reason, as the war has shown, the use of aircraft has had a marked influence on strategy. It has rendered extraordinarily important the factors of time and distance. A commander-in-chief, if he hopes for success, must try to adapt the tactics of Napoleon, the originator of modern war, to these new conditions that

prevail. He must aim at his enemy so swift and powerful a blow, at a point where this enemy's line is weakest, and least able to call up support, that even if the stroke is seen by the air scouts before it is struck, it possesses such rapidity, such irresistible force, that it will succeed in the face of detection.

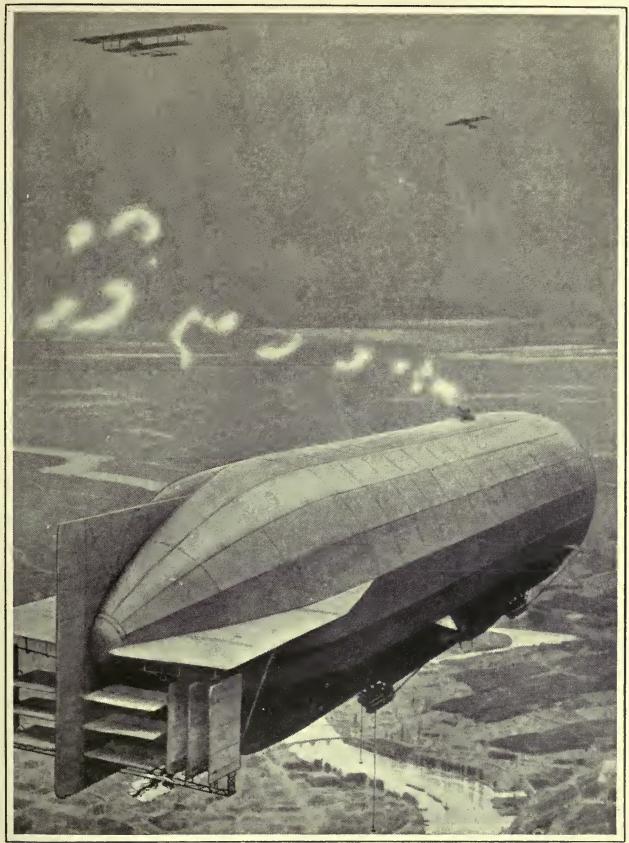
Mathematics for Anti-Aircraft Gunners

Anti-aircraft artillery, semi-automatic in its action and throwing shells to a height greater than that at which an aviator will fly if he is to do practical work as a scout, has been used vigorously against the aeroplane. But the latter, thanks to its speed and manœuvring power and to the small target it offers, has rarely been hit, and its work is impeded by gun fire to no serious extent. One of the fastest single-seated scouts, when at its highest speed, will travel more than one hundred and seventy feet in a second; and as a shell may take two or three seconds to rise to the altitude at which a machine is flying, this means that, between the moment at which the gun is fired and the bursting of the shell at the height for which it is timed, the aeroplane that is the target may have travelled several hundred feet. This entails for the gunner an intricate calculation in which, basing his aim on an estimate of the speed of the aircraft, he points his weapon at the moment of discharge at some point in the air which may be eight or ten lengths in advance of the machine. And there is, in addition to calculating the speed of the aeroplane, the difficulty of estimating its height, which will change constantly as the pilot manœuvres his machine. It is not surprising, therefore, that while many aircraft run this gauntlet of fire, few are brought to the ground.

Aeroplane as Range-finder for Artillery

In directing long-range artillery, which may be bombarding some position its gunners cannot see, the aeroplane succeeded beyond all hope. A pilot ascends, watched by the officers of the battery with which he is co-operating. He flies over the enemy, observing their positions. When he sees concealed trenches or hidden guns, which it would be impossible to detect save from his bird's-eye view, he drops a smoke-bomb, which marks the spot, whereupon the officers who are watching his flight, working out the range by means of a telemeter or some other sighting instrument, proceed to drop their shells just over the area that has been indicated. In one instance, which shows the accuracy that can be obtained, an aviator was passing above a village in the enemy's territory when he observed in the garden of a lonely cottage a gathering of figures, which, having regard to the military motor-cars he saw drawn up near by, suggested to him that this might be a meeting of the Headquarters Staff. Such, indeed, it was. The airman dropped his marking bomb. It was seen through their field-glasses by the artillery officers for whom he was range-finding, and who were lying among some bushes on a

How a Zeppelin Fights Attack from Above



Zeppeline are capable of carrying, in addition to their crews, bombe weighing in the aggregate about a ton and a half. The chief menace to a Zeppelin leattack by aeroplanes, which are much ewifter and capable of rieing much higher.

D 18

circle round a Zeppelin and drop bombs on it. So Zeppelins are frequently mounted with gune of high-angle range to repei attacking aeroplanes. To discharge euch a gun ie fraught with danger to the Zeppelin, but that danger must be faced.

R 1

hill-top three miles away. Of course they could not see what the airman saw. They had to take it for granted that what he had observed below was worth expending ammunition upon. The range was worked out, and one of the guns which was standing on the hillside just below them, shielded by a screen of bushes, was trained so as to throw a shell at this target that was invisible. The gun roared, and the shell sped away with a whine that rose quickly to a shriek.

Accurate Aim at Unseen Target

Those in the garden of the cottage heard the shell coming towards them, rending the air with its harsh, grim note. It took them by surprise, because no bombardment was in progress in this corner of the battlefield. But there was no time to move to safety; there was, in fact, no shelter for which to run. The frail cottage, were it struck, would prove a death-trap. So the generals and their staff stood silent by the map-strewn table, waiting the arrival of this messenger of death. The shell swept down at them, struck, and burst; the earth splashed up in a fountain, and there arose an inky, sluggish cloud of smoke. But instead of landing in the garden, as it should have done, the shell dropped twenty-five yards too short. It tore a gap through the garden hedge, and dug a pit on the other side, besides covering the officers and their maps with a fine spray of mould. But for this trifling error of yards they were devoutly thankful; it was just enough to save their lives. Such shooting is wonderful, none the less. Remember that the gunners who fired could obtain no glimpse of their target. Yet at a distance of three miles, and at their first shot, they were so near their unseen target that they sprinkled it with earth by the bursting of their shell.

Of fighting aeroplanes, when the war began, there were a few craft which had been fitted with machine-guns; but these were experimental and slow-flying, and had technical defects. Yet there was aerial fighting, none the less. British and French aviators, triumphing

less. British and French aviators, triumphing over the limitations of their craft, attacked the German airmen with rifles and revolvers, making up in personal gallantry what they lacked in armament. Apart from the skill required to bring an adversary to combat in the air and impose your tactics on his, the courage of the airman needs to be exceptional. His machine, as he steers for his foe, is moving through the air at a very high speed; and to handle this craft, apart from any question of manœuvring for a conflict, requires much dexterity.

Rapid Manœuvring and Aerial Conflict

The evolutions of two machines as they draw together in combat are so rapid that an observer from the ground can scarcely follow them. The positions of the antagonists change constantly in regard to each other. A pilot is above his enemy's head one moment, then suddenly he may dive below him, and the next instant, by a turn at a critical moment, he may avoid a conflict and dart away. The difficulty of accurate firing is extreme. From a machine passing through the air at eighty or a hundred miles an hour the marksman has to aim at another craft which is also in rapid flight, and follows no given course or altitude, but is altering its position eeaselessly both as regards elevation and range. And in the airman's brain, though it may be sub-conscious, lies the thought that a shot from his enemy, if it strikes him or hits a vital part of his machine, may send him earthward in a fall which spells death, and from which there is no escape.

The bold tactics of the allied airmen, who forecd a combat whenever possible, had a distinctly weakening effect on the German initiative. But, remembering this, and granting also the use, as the war progressed, of a more perfect type of gun-carrying craft, there was no chance of so interfering with the enemy that he lost the services of his flying scouts. It is the keynote

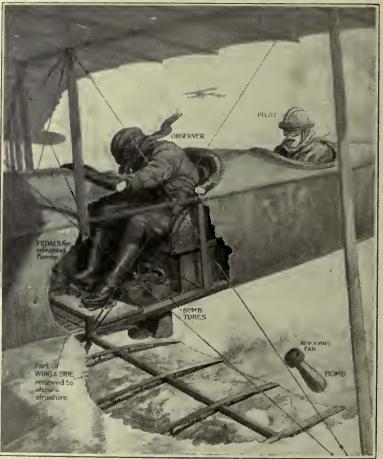
of aerial strategy that, immediately war is declared, you should seek to bring your foe to combat, and so cripple him that, in subsequent stages of the campaign, his flying scouts may be beaten back when they attempt to penerate your lines and observe your dispositions. In this way, while blindfolding your enemy, you are still able to see yourself. Your adversary will fight, so to say, in twilight, while you are in the light of day. But in this campaign, cwing to a laek of machines, and through the inadequacy of weapons, none of the contending air corps have been able to inflict a crushing blow, and the result has been that both by the Germans and the Allies a constant use of aircraft has been possible.

Human Element and the Mechanical

Surprising results were obtained during the war by the use of aeroplanes in destructive raids. Airship stations were attacked with conspicuous success; they offered large and vulnerable targets. Ammunition and supply depots were raided with great effect; while in attacks on troops in bivouac, or on the march, which should be judged more by their demoralising influence than by the actual damage done, airmen harassed the enemy and prevented him from resting, even when in camps behind the battle-front. But here again the triumph of the air corps was more human than mechanical. By flying low and risking their lives every second, as did British naval airmen at Düsseldorf and Cuxhaven, the bomb-droppers managed to hit the targets at which they aimed. Only in this way-by descending deliberately into the dangerzone, and launching their missiles from heights of a few hundred feet—could they have overcome the difficulties that exist in dropping bombs with accuracy from an aeroplane in flight.

But the aerial history of the war, when it is written, will show that it is as scouts and as range-finders for artillery

that the flying corps did their really vital work.



Bomb-dropping from a German biplane of the Arrow type. The bombs are carried in cylinders in front of the observer's seat, and the pressure of a pedal releases one on its errand of destruction.

Shooting Down the "Torpedo Craft of the Air"



A German photograph showing a German anti-aircraft gun company prepared for action against a hostile asroplane approaching in the distance.



A British Army biplane that collapsed and fell with its nose in the earth in the position shown within the Allies' lines at Villebrek, near Ypres, during the violent battle at that much-bombarded town.



A British field-gun, tilted at high-angle range, and firing at a German Taube aeropiane over the Allies' linee in Francs.



An Austrian mitrailieuss, or machine-gun, specially mounted for use against Russian air-scouts near Przemysi.



German Taubs that killed two women and a child before being brought down by the gun of a British armoured motor—car.



The German Taube, shown on the left, as food for a bonfire after the sngine had been removed by its British captore.

Daring Airmen of the Friedrichshafen Raid



THE "record" feat of aerial daring was the work of three Englishmen—Squadron-Commander R. F. Briggs, of the Royal Naval Air Service, Flight-Commander J. IT. Babington, and Flight-Lieutenant S. V. Sippe—who, on November 23rd, penetrated one hundred and twenty miles into German territory, across mountainous country in difficult weather conditions, and made a bomb attack on the Zeppelin workshops at Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance. These workshops were a source of great pride to the German nation, because they were erected by national subscription to enable Count Zeppelin to pursue his work in airship construction when disaster scenned to be pursuing his efforts with disheartening persistency.

The Germans had been informed by telegraph of the approaching airmen and be mbarded them with guns, machine-guns and rifles, but, not-withstanding this, they flew down to striking distance and launched their deadly missiles.

Squadron-Commander Briggs was a victim of this German fire. His petrol tank was pierced, and he was thus forced to volplane down to earth, but as he passed over the objective building he continued to drop bombs. He was wounded, but not seriously, and captured on landing. His two companion adventurers succeeded in flying back

to their base, and asserted positively that they achieved their purpose—the destruction of the Zeppelin and the Zeppelin shed. Officially, the Germans denied that this result attended the raid, but non-officially the British daily was confirmed. the British claim was confirmed.

At the request of General Joffre all three airmen were awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

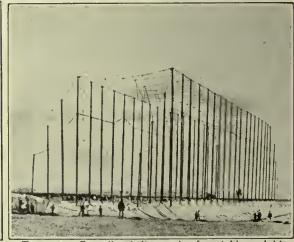


The great Zeppelin ehede and workehope at Friedrichshafen, where two Zeppelins can be housed under one roof. The Zeppelin is about to come to earth, and a email army of workmen is rushed to the point of expected landing to assist in anchoring the aerial leviathan.





A nearer view of the great hangar at Friedrichshafen, showing ons of the Zeppeline etabled under the roof attacked by the bombs of the Britieh aircraft. This shed snd workshope were the gift of the Geramn nation to Count Zeppelin, the money being raised by popular subscription.



Temporary Zeppelin shelter made of portable uprighte, and covered with a fabric covering. The Germans proposed to erect these in Belgium to threaten the English coast in the air raid that was one of their pet projecte.

Winged Aircraft Awheel on Terra-Firma

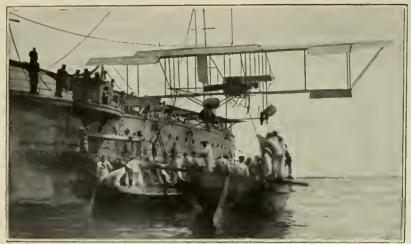


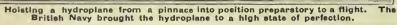
Slightly out of its element. An aeropiane being transported on a lorry to the French base in North-Eastern France. On arrival the machine was fitted up and commenced reconnoitring over the enemy's lines within three hours—a record feat.



A German aeropiane off to the front by road. It will be noticed that the machine is run on its wheels, being attached to a motorcar after the fashion of a "trailer." It is decorated with the German Crose, but the Germans were capable of substituting the Union Jack, the tricolour, or the Beigian colours as might suit their purpose, just as they used the Red Crose for their ammunition trains.

British Aerial Activities in many Quarters







How the eeaplane appeared over fortified Cux-haven on Christmas Day.



A British naval hydroplane alighting on the water at Weymouth after a trial flight round the harbour.



Troopers endeavouring to follow an air duel between a British aeroplane and a German Taube somewhere on the Continent.



Flight-Com. Grahame-White chate with a British soldier and French alrman in France.



Sub-Lieut. Travere in flight on a "Borel" waterplane over the Government troopehips lying off Netley, Hante.

Britain's Surprise for "Wideawake" Cuxhaven

IT would be interesting to know how Admiral von Tirpitz felt on learning of the intrepid British seaplane raid on Cuxhaven. The gallant admiral had just considered their trump card—the Zeppelins. Two of been giving expression to some delightful braggadocio schemes of waging a really ruthless war and torpedoing Britain into starvation. As if in answer to his fatuous threats seven naval airmen, assisted by the light cruisers Undanned and Arethusa destroyers and submarines attacked. While Tirpitz was trying to make the flesh of his foes daunted and Arethusa, destroyers, and submarines, attacked the Huns' torpedo station on Christmas Day, dropping bombs with deadly precision on ships at the Elbe estuary.

While Tirpitz was trying to make the flesh of his foes creep by bombastic talk, daring British airmen acted, not however on an undefended seaside resort, but on a centre bristling with every danger from land, sea, and sky.



Flight-Commander Kilner, R.N. H.M.S. Undaunted, which, worked in conjunction with the Arethuea and the ecapiance in their raid on Cuxhaven.

Flight-Commander C. H. K. Edmonde, R.N.

Epoch-Making Air, Sea, and Under-Sea Cor



IN the annals of war there is little to compare in wonder with the British naval and aerial attack on the German naval base at Cuxhaven on December 25th, 1914. Unimportant though this raid may have been as to immediate material loss or gain, it must be regarded as up to that time the most remarkable of the battles fought, either by land or sea. It placed beyond doubt several questions which had been causing much anxiety and heart-searching on the part of the naval administrators on both sides of the North Sea. If the British warships and aeroplanes did not occasion

vast destruction, they did something more far-reaching shattering certain of the hopes on which the Germans been counting for success.

The attacking flotillas of torpedo-boats and submare accompanied by the two oil cruisers Arethusa in Undaunted, and attended by seven hydroplanes, in not merely make a dash of half an hour into the energy waters, but maintained a battle of some hours' cration in the very mouth of the River Elbe, away be not the fortress guard of Heligoland, and amid the race

The Superb Raid on Fortified Cuxhaven



Ids so abundantly sown by the Germans in these waters. The British were attacked by enemy submarines and by the Zeppelins, but none of the German surface ships had be pluck to engage the invaders even in their own waters. The strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the strange battle in the air, on the sea, and under the strange battle in the sea, and under the sea, and under the strange battle in the sea, and under the sea, a

practically useless when subjected to high-angle fire from the guns of a warship; and (4) that the British hydroplanes are capable of flying over German naval bases and bombing skulking vessels at anchor there.

Our special war artist gives an impression of the extraordinary scene as it might have been witnessed from the foredeck of the Undaunted, when its guns and those of the Arethusa, seen in the centre of the picture, were making the Zeppelins hasten back to Heligoland by the rapidity and accuracy of their fire.

Battle of Cold Steel around the Aeroplane of dead French Senator



Sanator Raymond, of the French Flying Corpe, died for his country, and his death was the occasion for a fisrcs engagement that carried his countrymen in a mad rush sweeping the Garmans thres miles back from the position they formerly held. Senator Raymond's asroplans fall between the French and the German lines. One of its occupants lay dead

h was and the other dying, so the Germans, enticed by the prospect of capturing two prisones and the seroplane, smerged from the shelter of their burrows to attack. The French re ond's forward to dispute the attempt, and after a bloody meies the Germans were hurled back confusion, not to their former positions only, but to a point a league behind tham.

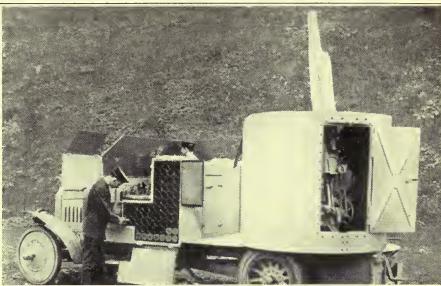
Effective Measures against Marauding Air-Hawks



Detachment of the Flying Corps firing at a German aeropiane hovering over the headquarters of the British air eervice. The hostlis scout was forced to retreat. A squad of riflemen was found to be a most effective meene of dealing with the air-hawk.



An Ingenious French machine-gun which was used with success against aircraft in Northern France.



One of the siaborats inventions of the Krupp factory—an armoured motor-vehicle containing ammunition cart and a high-angle gun for shooting explosive shells at aeroplanes and airships. The difficulty is to time the explosion against a swift flying machine.

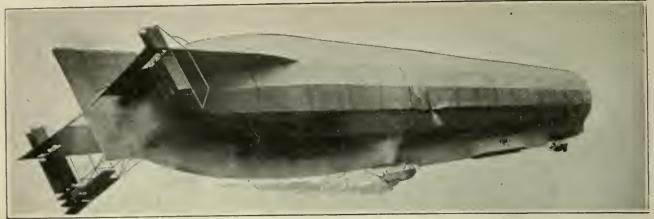


A buil's-eye or not? The "Jack Johnson" of anti-aircraft gune has just been fired by the noted Chaessure Aipine in the Argonne district. This is a particularly deadly, if generally less mobile weapon.



Another type of French anti-aircraft gun in action against a Taube which had been reconnoitring over the Ailies' lines.

The Work of the Aerial "Baby-killers"





The Zeppeline braved three hundred miles of the North Sea to do—this! The ruined house at St. Peter'e Plain, Yarmouth, and ite wounded owner, Mr. Ellie.

A thrill—not of horror or dismay, but of disgust—went through all Britain, on the morning of January 20th, with the news that on the previous night, between the hours of eight o'clock and midnight, Yarmouth, King's Lynn, and two or three smaller towns in the north-east of Norfolk, had been visited by German airships and subjected to a cowardy bombardment.

The amount of damage done was small—no more than has happened often in a gas explosion—the loss of life slight; but the loathsome blood-hand fiends who could do this foul work and rejoice stirred every Briton's heart to sterner resolve to erush that degraded nation whose war methods are more savage than those of the lowest races known to anthropolory.

Demented Germany gloated over the proof that their Zeppelins could cross the North Sea and kill English children of four years old and English women of seventy. But British airmen, ten times more daring, had flown in daylight over long leagues of terman soil and hovered over thickly-peopled German eities, and still dropped no bombs on civilians. The British Admiralty warned Germany, however, that it could "take reprisals to any extent."



Workmen removing what was left whole of the furniture from the house of Mr. Ellie at Yarmouth.

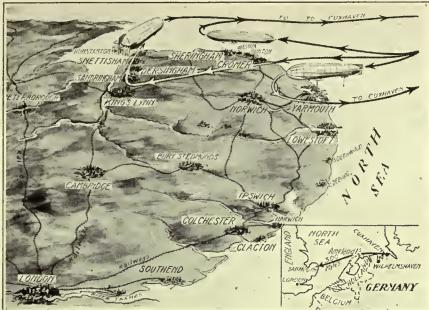


Where the shoemaker Samuel Smith was killed. An improf the wrecked houses in St. Peter's Plain, Yarmouth.



was a 'famoue' victory!" Desolation in King'e Lynn, over which the German nation went mad with joy.

Futile Zeppelin Savagery on Norfolk Coast



Diagrams showing relative positions of the attacked towns and probable routs taken by the Zeppeline acrose the North Sea. Regarded from a military point of visw, the raid was not worth the waste of petrol involved.



Ons of the Zsppelin bombe which failed to explods in Yarmouth, in charge of the military.



Another infernal machine which turned out to be harmisss.

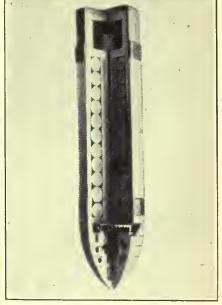


Mre. Gazsley, killed by a Zeppelin bomb, and husband who died fighting at the front.



Emblems of Garmany's war on noncombatants. Deadly Zeppsiin shalls.





Two photographs illustrating the interior and nose-fuee of a granads which is thrown or launched by tubs from a Zeppelin.



King's Lynn inhabitant eeverely injured in the face by bomb tragment.

British and Prussian "Eagles" fight over Dunkirk



One of the most apectacular contests of the war was the aerial fight between British and German aeroplanes above Dunkirk. About a dezen German machines, flying very high, approached the town. A single-seater British machine on patrol duty immediately accorded and opened fire on the vanguard of the German fleet.

Two other British aeroplanes then rose to the assistance of the single-seater, and then enaued a thrilling, if unevenly matched air-fight, in the course of which one of the German machinea was brought down by a builet through its cylindera. The others flew back to the German lines. Little damage was done by the raiders.

There are peasants' sons in their rough homespuns,
There are lads from the ducal halls, boys.
But rank or name, they are all the same,
When" To arms!" their country calls, boys.
As they learn to fight for God and right
They are comrades and compeers.
And they are proud to belong to the Guards, boys,
The Scots and the Irish Guards, boys,
The slashing Coldstream Guards, boys,
And the dashing Grenadiers.

-MICHAEL HURL.







WILL THE WAR CHANGE ENGLAND? BY H. G. WELLS

No English writer of our times has achieved such universal fame as Mr. H. Q. Weils by his bold forecasts of the future. Both in the realma of philosophic apsculation and imaginative fiction he stands foremost as a modern prophet. His large vision and clear reading of national tendencies make his opinions as to the future peculiarly valuable. The Editor is happy in baing able to present his readers with an important contribution specially written for "The War Illustrated," in which Mr. Weils applies his weil-known method of critical analysis to answering the above question. Of course, "The War Illustrated" accepts no responsibility for Mr. Weils's opinions.

CO far as superficialities go there is no answer to this question but Yes. There will be the widest modification of fashions and appearance all over the world as the outcome of this world convulsion. There will be, moreover, at least a temporary and conceivably even a permanent impoverishment that will leave its mark upon the arts, upon the way of living, upon the social progress of several generations. All sorts of little things that were already on the wane will vanish for ever, and their disappearance will give a character to books and pictures and photographs. If presently one sees a picture with men in silk hats or British soldiers in busbies and redcoats or servants in livery, or if one comes upon a spiked helmet, or a piece of Morris furniture, or a cricket-bat, or a coachman with a cockade, one will be reminded pleasantly of the good old times. And we shall develop a superstition that all men wore silk hats in town, or carried cricket-bats in the country before 1914. But these are the mere outward shows of life. What we would speculate upon now is the probability of deeper changes in the national attitude and the general way of taking life in Britain, and more especially in England, which is—so to speak—the writer's field of observation.

The Briton as a "Quadruple Abstraction"

In such changes what is called national character necessarily plays a large part, and what may happen to the English soul may differ in several respects from the reaction of the Irish, who are so much more closely akin to the Russians; of the Welsh, who have touches that make them resemble the Indian and the Ruthenian; or of the Scotch, who are so peculiarly northern and Protestant, to the same influences.

No doubt all over our islands there will be much of our experiences in common, but it is quite impossible to generalise accurately of so quadruple an abstraction as a Briton. So let an Englishman deal with the English, with the confession that the East Anglian and the Kentish and Wessex men and Cockney are chiefly in his thoughts. Such an England has a very definite character of its own, and is likely to react as a whole to the tremendous impact of this war.

Now, first, it has to be remarked that our English mind and soul has not been hit hard by any general human fact since the late cholera epidemics, which won it over to sanitation. It has not been pressed upon the keen edge of urgency since that time. Before that little crisis there was nothing after the economic stresses that followed the

Napoleonic wars, and ended in the adjustments of the Reform Bill and Free Trade. The rest of British experience was an experience of irresponsible immunity. And neither of these realities I have cited, neither the pestilence nor the economic stress, can be described as supreme human stresses. One must go much further back than these things to find England profoundly stirred—stirred, that is, to the extent of regeneration.

It was really not so deeply stirred by the Napoleonic wars as many people imagine. Read for that the tranquillities of Jane Austen, and remember that these were tales of the days of Trafalgar and Waterloo. The Napoleonic wars simply continued the older French wars "away there," that had become almost a habit with the English. Taxes were rather heavy. Occasional young men went off soldiering, and came back or did not come back. Sometimes the church bells rang. That was the sum of it in the national consciousness. The Jacobite revolt, that made a great epoch for Scotland, was a mere little raid in English experience.

Indeed, the last fundamental system of convulsions in English life was the system of disturbances that began with the Reformation, and ended with the establishment of aristocratic parliamentarianism, and the rule of our influential families under our present German monarchy. Then it was that the England of to-day—or rather, let us say the England of 1914—was made and settled. Since then there has been nothing fundamental. People talk and write about an Industrial Revolution, meaning the coming of coal, factories, railways and the great towns, but these changes were not a revolution; they were a growth.

The War as a Welding Force on Social England

They changed England only as fatness, or cancer, or, if you will, the enlargement of a limb, might change the character of a man. They added something perhaps, but they reconstructed nothing. The monarchy, the aristocracy, the Church, the universities and education, the well-adapted literature, the ruling conceptions of social relationship went on essentially unchanged. They have an air of going on now—as a house seems still to stand when it is brightly afire. Because now less swiftly than it is brightly afire. Because now less swiftly than it France or Belgium, but as steadily, as thoroughly, as profoundly, this war burns its way through all the substance of England. It is touching everything, it is seizing upon everything. It is our fact. All our talk, all our living, all our judgments, though they may resist for a time, swing round at last and orient themselves to it. And

England Entrenched-Ready for the Germans!



One of the tranches on the East Coast, which were dug in view of possible invasion.



Another coast trench constructed by Britain's "army in the making," in view of a possible landing on her shores.





Further preparations against the chances of William the Hun trying to emulate William the Conqueror. On the left the exterior, and on the right the interior, of trenches on the East Coast.



Military guarding the cable station at Cunard Bay, isle of Wight. The East Coast raid naturally raised the pertinent question as to what was being done to repel the invader should be succeed in getting a footing on Britain's shores. Such photographs as those D 34

published above helped to reaseurs nervous Britone that precautiona were adequats to cope with such a contingency, however remote it might appear to the pacifists who had always ridiculed the idea of invasion as they did the possibility of Armageddon.

we are still far from the climax of the war. The Empire is only at the beginning of its effort; the greater burthen and heat of this tremendous task is still to be felt. The bulk of our Army, for example, is

still training at home.

Now the psychology of England is not to be understood until this great period of unstimulating security of which this war is the end, has been apprehended. We have been going by inertia for two centuries. Generation after generation of English people have been born with the persuasion that, whatever realities tore the rest of the world, Britain was safe and established for ever, and that here at least things would go on as they were going—interminably. War, famine, earthquake were the exciting but dubious privileges of foreigners. So it has been for two hundred years in England and Wales, for a century and a half in Scotland, for half a century in Ireland—as it is and has been now for fifty years in the United States of America—and necessarily this has involved a spectacular attitude towards life, a certain unreality, a levity, and a detachment.

The Attitude of the Onlooker

We were the happy people in the boxes; if we went down into the arena we did it for fun and some added advantage, not of necessity, and always with the possibility of coming back to our box when we had had enough of it. And it is still true, after six months of world-wide and fundamental warfare, that the English are mentally still half spectators. Every third man is in khaki, London is in darkness of a night, and the papers are filled with inconceivable photographs of smashed houses and bodies in Scarborough—Scarborough of all places—and Yarmouth, English homes and people blown to pieces by German shells and air bombs; and yet we are still far short of realising that this is ourselves.

When people talk of the apathy of the English they must grasp this peculiar aloofness and unreality of English life for the last ten generations or so. For all that time England has been to the English like home to a child-a place from which one went out upon adventures; a place in which one sat in absolute security, reading of romance, tragedies, martyrdoms, wild beasts, and stellar distances. The Channel, and the wasting of the strength and honour of France by the two Napoleons, gave us through all that time a detachment from the struggle for life such as no other people but the Chinese before the Manchurian conquest, and the citizens of the United States of America since their Civil War, have ever enjoyed. Now, upon this long-secure people comes beating a gigantic hate and the call for our help of those who have trusted us. "Fight!" cries destiny. "Use your utmost effort. Vae victis! Save your friends who have trusted you, and yourselves, or such ignominy, such hardship, such shame shall fall upon you as will make the lot of an Englishman too bitter for life." Englishmen and Englishwomen and children are killed by the shot and shell of their enemies in the streets of quiet English towns. What will be the effect upon our nation? Will it be found that two hundred years of safety have been two hundred years of wasted opportunity, degeneration, or have we, beneath much superficial ineffectiveness, reserved and even gathered force? Has peace husbanded or destroyed us? Are we a people softened, or only a people unprepared?

Are we a people

England's Real Triumph in the Boer War

Now, there was some ground for doubting whether England was capable of rising to any supreme call such as this German challenge. The Germans certainly did not believe she could. Very many considerable observers in Britain and America were troubled by these doubts. There were many signs that her two hundred years of security had made her indolent; it was a question whether she had not also softened and decayed morally and intellectually. The Boer War displayed her at the outset slovenly, ill-prepared, ignorant, wanting in foresight, but she roused herself to an effort; she displayed a toughness, an obstinacy that in that issue at least atoned for her general shortcomings. The ending of the Boer War was a creditable effort, and she emerged not merely triumphant in a

military sense but successful politically. She did not merely conquer; she did what is more difficult—she won back. And then—then she lapsed again. It seemed at first as though a national renascence might follow the searchings of heart that followed the strains and shames of the South African struggle. But for the most part the "Wake up, England!" movement seemed to fade out again. National vanity had been chastened; the loud, aggressive and threatening "Anglo-Saxonism" that was so closely akin to "Pan-Germanism," the "professor's Imperialism" of Froude and Freeman, became sensibly less offensive, and has never recovered such ascendency as it formerly had over the British imagination. That much was to the good.

Renascence and Wrangling in England

There was a real modernisation of the Army, a new determination of officers and gentlemen to be good professional soldiers; there was an increase in the seriousness of popular literature, and a greater keenness in the younger generation. But there was no vigorous fresh development of educational organisation such as many had hoped to see, and the tone of political life mended not at all. Reconstruction decayed into wrangling. The forces making for renascence seemed to be unable to take hold at any point of the social and legislative organisation. The Court remained a damp discouragement to reconstructive initiative, as indeed since the coming of the alien Hanoverians, with the exception of the brief phase of the Prince Consort's influence, it has always been. The schools and universities compromised by accepting cadet corps and resisting science and modern thought. mercantile class continued to fall behind the advances in technical and industrial science and organisation made by the Germans and Americans. After a spurt of social constructiveness, the great political parties settled down to their old discreditable exploitation of the two aspects of Irish disloyalty, and the ignorance and prejudice of Larkinism on the one hand and Ulsterism on the other were stirred up and pitted against each other until Ireland was within a measurable distance of civil war. shameless sale of peerages and honours by the Party machines continued—a rottenness only equalled in all history by the sale by the venial Polish nobility of their national crown and honour.

How the Great War found England

It seemed as manifest in 1914 as it was in 1899 that to do anything well, to serve one's country faithfully, to give one's life to art or literature or research, was the way to live in Great Britain without respect or influence, while to the toady, the self-advertising impostor, the Party hack and the financial adventurer, whether alien or British, were given honour, influence, and the control of the Empire. True there were some strident voices in protest, but they seemed of small effect. Whatever new vigour had come from the Boer War into British life was certainly no longer upon the surface of things in the spring of 1914. A new generation was growing up which had been too young to be chastened by the long-drawn humiliations of South Africa It danced an indecent dance called the Tango to express itself. "Tangoism" was not a chance phenomenon in British life; it was allied to a movement of irrational extravagance in art, to such phenomena as the diseased growth of night clubs in London, and to the violent last hysteria of the feminist movement. The secure young people had rebelled against a movement towards gravity and discipline that had neither power nor authority. What was the good of it? What did it matter? England in the beginning of 1914 was like Russia after 1906. It had an extraordinary appearance of spent forces and intellectual despair; its life seemed to be divided between dense stupidity on the side of authority, venal muddleheadedness in politics, and an almost insane personal irresponsibility. Every idiot in the country was professing to be a "Rebel," and trying to do something more conspicuously mischievous and silly than the others. And then with the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm came



British Lancers going into action. A stirring impression which shows some of the valiant cavelry st its best.

There were intimations of the coming cataclysm. One of the most notable incidents before the black crisis of the first days of August was the King's effort to settle the Irish squabble, to persuade Sir Edward Carson and his opponents to cease from distressing Ireland. Things were very near us then, and there was a certain knowledge of their nearness. But these men were the creatures of the time, professionals playing at the lawyers' game of politics, men who would still gamble for a party advantage if they were starving upon a raft, and Sir Edward remained "firm" and to this day he is "firm"; the thunder burst upon us, the lightnings lit the heavens, the German millions poured down through Belgium upon Paris, but to anyone who cares to listen, this disgruntled mischief-maker is still ready to declare his irreconcilable obstructiveness to peace in Ireland and between English and Irish. He passes dwarfed but unchanged through a world catastrophe.

We Must Beat the Enemy to His Knees, or—

Bccause now Britain is up against things. No partial victory will save her. She has to beat her enemy to his knees and disarm him, she has not only to recover the freedom of Belgium, she has to reinstate and enlarge Belgium, she has to do her loyal utmost for her every ally, or quite plainly she has to prepare for the destruction of her Empire and a dwindling and dishonourable future. It is no defeat at the ends of the earth that we shall suffer if we are defeated, a defeat that can be lied about and forgotten at the tennis-net; it will be defeat that will sit at table with us, that will shame us in the streets, that will darken us in our homes and persecute us by day and night. And the issue is so plainly before the British that they cannot fail to see it; the situation is elementary and direct. And our country is rising to it; she was not dead but inattentive, and this time she is setting herself in order upon a scale that justifies us in believing that what the Boer War was insufficient to teach us is now to be exhaustively learnt. She rises and she must rise; that is the tragic excellence of this situation.

Only by learning her lesson can she prevail. If she slackens after some partial success, if presently her century-long habits of indolence turn her thoughts to a premature peace, then the pressure will lift only to recur. That Song of Hate which is being taught to little children in the schools of Berlin is the ultimate guarantee that the long lethargy of easy-going England is for ever at an end.

Now what are the chief changes that are necessitated by the great struggle in which we are involved? The essential change, the change that involves all the others, is the abandonment of that spectacular attitude into

which our long age of immunity has lured us. The Englishman will cease to be a looker-on, not only at cricket matches and football matches, but at military reviews, at the political "arena," at the life of art and literature, at the pageant of royalty. That idea of modest and respectable detachment and irresponsibility must vanish from our lives. So, too, will the feeling that Government is something to be resisted, avoided, and neglected; that some clever fellow round the corner can be trusted to keep research going and everything straight, and that it is rather wise and kind to under-educate our children and be amiably fatuous in speech and thought. Such sections of the population as may still cling to these will ultimately be dragged in by the effects of taxes, requisitions, and the approach of conscription. The average Englishman of 1913 was conspicuously out of the great game of human life; he was in the Empire but not of the Empire, his ideal was to drum along in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him, to be "left alone" by the Government and to escape public service and taxation; the average Englishman of 1916 will be consciously in the process of humanity, he will be a conscious part of the Empire, he will be as much in the game as a half-back at football and as keen that the goalkeeper and forwards should play their keenest and best.

The New Englishman after the War Will Want to go on "Doing Things"

He will, to the number of two million or more, have recently put off khaki and come back to a civil life that will be calling imperatively for able organisation, or he will still be in khaki while the economic life of the country reorganises. If he has not actually been a soldier, he will have been working under emergency conditions because of the war; he will be none the less dislocated. All the old pre-war time habits will have gone. He will, as chemists say, be "nascent," unsubmissive, critical. He will want to know the good of this and that. And about a great number of things; about his relations to Indians and Irishmen and all sorts of alien people, about how the State may control finance and railways, and how, when the greed of "private enterprise" is a little in suspense, men may be very well fed and clothed and shod by the million, he will have had illuminating experiences.

He will be impatient with a Government that "fools about"; he will want it to go on doing things. So that I do not see that the old forensic party game is likely to return to British political life with the ending of the war. There will be too much to do and too much will that it should be done. And it is not beyond the wit of man to improve our methods of representation so as to prevent altogether

(Continued on page 613)

Liverpool Scots to follow London's Glorious Lead



who trained hard at Blackpool during the winter months. This photograph shows many of them drawn up on the sands recently for inspection.



Some more members of the Liverpool Scottish at rifle-practice on the Fair Ground, South Shore, Blackpool.





The South Shore of Blackpool, the summer rendezvous of trippers and pleasure-seekers, was full of keen soldier patriots. This photograph shows Liverpool Scottish training in the eand. The Big Wheel and House of Nonsense, looking rather forlorn, are seen in the background. The battalion was sntertained by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool.

that relapse of Parliamentary Government into a party struggle which is inevitable under our present electoral system.

And this return of reality will not be a change of mind simply in the mass of the English people. The slow process of Anglicising our Hanoverian Kings must be completed. The Court must cease to think and speak with a German accent. Unless the King is henceforth certain to be an active and disinterested Englishman, it would be better for the Empire to become a republic. The present indecent Teutonic restriction upon the marriages of the Royal family, which kept the British Court an alien deadening influence at the head of our national life for two enervating centuries, must be abolished. An English Court in touch with English thought and character, and inter-marrying freely with British and American families, is the only conceivable monarchy for the coming days. Few people realise the deep obstructive mischief this head of clay has worked in the past with the thought and vigour of our people.

The True English Patriotism of King George a Portent of the Future

But the present occupant of the throne has shown throughout a strongly patriotic and Anglicising disposition, and it is not too much to hope that the British Court will presently be playing its part vigorously in the general renascence. Presumptuous Teutonic royalty with semi-divine claims and preposterous etiquette is inconceivable in the England of the coming days, but an energetic, able, apologetic *English* King is probably the very best conceivable head of our great Empire under existing conditions.

But where the movement towards reality and participation is most likely to be evident is in our educational life. This war has already been a liberal education for the whole Empire. It has indeed gone further than that, for it has aroused America to the importance of international politics. But it has also brought out into a glaring light the defects and deficiencies of British technical and higher education. No doubt this war has been altogether glorious for the British fighting man as a fighting man. It has brought to light our tremendous resources of cheerful pluck and unassuming devotion. All the more is it necessary to point to the many evidences of dullness, clumsiness, and want of imaginative foresight in the conduct of the war. The record of the War Office, in relation to recruiting and to the general helpful willingness of the country, has been one almost of unmitigated stupidity.

The deficiency of military supplies in the country and the unsuitable nature of these supplies, has and will cost the Empire and Europe months of avoidable fighting and hundreds of thousands of lives. The British Admiralty went into the war not only short of mines, but without any adequate schemes or apparatus for sweeping up and destroying minefields—although for ten years and more the only probable war has been war with Germany. There were, and still are, no special shallow-water gun-platforms for counter-attacks upon the German ships in port.

Important Educational Changes in the Coming Years

The aviators' equipment was as insufficient as the aviators themselves were admirable. The Army was equally unprepared, either with guns or with a proper machinery for turning out a sufficiency of rifles. The showing of the influential and intellectual classes in Britain has, in fact, been as poor as the response of the common people has been admirable. The elementary schools have produced pluck, cheerfulness, willing patriotism in unlimited abundance; they have swamped the recruiting offices and all our resources of weapons and equipment; the public schools, though they have been patriotic enough, have produced no equivalent leadership and mental vigour. We must have schools that will fill our children's minds with the habitual veracities of science, with a knowledge and understanding of France, India, and Russia, and of the great world outside genteel British life. We want schools alive with criticism and intolerant of cant. The thing is so patent, it continues so conspicuously obvious, that no class conceit, no vested interests, no "social" influence can now stand in the way of a vigorous overhauling of our universities and higher

A Great Renascence of National Temperament

From these considerations one may deduce that the Englishman of the future will be a keener, abler, better educated, and more responsible type than the Englishman of the immediate past. He will have learnt the danger and absurdity of giving respect to position rather than capacity; he will be more jealously alive to the national honour in politics, and with a quite new hostility to that venal ennoblement of financiers and contractors and suchlike stuff, which he has hitherto been disposed to regard as part of the jest of life. He will be more alert about the monarchy and more helpfully critical of it.

He will be more impatient of humdrum and cant. He will feel that he owns his country as he has never felt that ownership before; he will have bought it in the trenches of Flanders and the battlefields of Prussia. He will have come into his own. And being alive and awake, he will no longer read for slack amusement, but to inform and fine his mind, which will be a good thing for literature; and having a quickened mind he will no longer tolerate sham and pretentiousness in art. Even now he changes visibly to this new strength and dignity. can imagine no conceivable sort of success in this war, no sort of event, that would give rise to the rowdy follies of Mafeking night now. It is Berlin that will maffick, they will wave flags and decorate and sing of being "over all," and of the splendours of their hate - until the chill of what is happening touches the Berliners to their bones and their shouts die away. England has come back to reality at last; she carries her life in her hand.



To terrorise Britannia and violate the rights of neutrals? Striking drawing by a well-known German artist of a German submarine full speed awash. In the picture it looks particularly sinister, but then so did "Pirate"-Admiral von Pohl's blockade threats—on paper.

Footballers to Play the Greater Game



Members of the Footballers' Battallon training hard in the grounds of the White City for their forthcoming match with the Hune. On account of their fitness for their favourite game, they were already men of fine physique.



Doubling after the trainer in the Exhibition grounds, a form of exercise at which the footballers were fairly adept.



More mambere of the Footballere' Battalion at drill at the eretwhile pleasure recort, Shepherd's Bush.



Footballers as professional soldiers. Prominent players attending at the headquartere of their battalion to receive Army pay.

By the table on the right are Mr. F. J. Wall, accretary of the Football Association, Colonel Grantham, and Captain Elphinstone.

Germans Attack "the Englishman's Home" at Last





The ruined roof of a house in Gladetone Road, Scarborough, giving an idea of the destruction caused by the German shell.



What caused the damage to the harmlees coast town. Pieces of a German shell fired from a 10'11 in. gun.



Daetard destruction. Wrecked house Commercial Street, Scarborough.



The house in Wyksham Street, Scarborough, where Mrs. Barnett and two children were killed. The work of Germany's coward cruleere.

Bombardment of Scarborough: Germany is



On Wednesday forenoon, December 16th, the British public was startled, but not dismayed, by the news that German cruisers were bombarding the towns of Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby. It was hoped this might be the beginning of "the big thing," and news of a decisive battle between the British and German High Seas Fleets was hopefully expected. But it turned out to be merely an audacious and futile raid on unprotected towns.

While three cruisers bombarded Hartlepool between 8 o'clock in the morning, and did a large amount of m damage, killing fifty-five civilians and seven soldiers, and wor about a hundred more in the streets and houses, a battle-cand an armoured cruiser attacked defenceless Scarbo damaging many dwellings, hotels, and two churches, seventeen persons, and wounding many more. At Whith

esperation Attacks Defenceless Coast Towns



ttle-cruisers inflicted some slight damage on the ancient abbey,

lling two persons and wounding two others.

Immediately the raiders came into touch with one of our trolling squadrons they "retired at full speed," and were able escape in the mist which enveloped the North Sea at the time. hat, on the face of it, seemed a senseless and childish attack, as, no doubt, part of a German naval scheme to draw away

some of our capital ships from their positions, in the hope of weakening the blockade of the German coasts, but in this they signally failed. The most noteworthy feature of the whole affair was an entire absence of panic throughout the region of the East Coast which suffered from the insensate attack, and the whole country, so that Germany may be said again to have broken the laws of civilised warfare in vain.

After the Sea Huns' Visit to the East Coast





Two of the private dwelling houses at Hartlepool which were shattered by German shells.

Hartlepool suffered most damage and the heaviest death-roll.

TICKET. No.

You and your Children

belong to Cart No. Driver

Station No. As foon, therefore, as the Alarm is given, do you pack up your Blankets, and a Change of Cloaths for yourfelf and Children, in the Coverlid of your Bed, and fix upon the Bundle this Direction—

No. Cart No. Driver
Station No. of the Township of

in the Pariff of

Carry also what Meal and Meat, and Potatoes (not exceeding one Peck) you may have in the House at the Time; but on no Account will any Article of Furniture, or heavy Baggage, be allowed to be pur into the Carts.—One Hour only will be allowed for Preparation, and then to set out.

On the left the lighthouse at Scarborough, pierced by a German shell. On the right a document of peculiar interest at the moment, being the ticket of instructions issued to inhabitants of North Shielde and district when Napoleon's attack on the coast was imminent.



British cavairy patrolling the sands at Scarborough after the raid. The East Coast bombardment resulted in the deaths of about one hundred and thirty civiliane, about elxty of whom were woman and children, and seven soldiers. The coward's blow

wae hard and desperate. But while Berlin made merry over this cold-blooded murder, the outrage only made the Allies firmer in their determination to destroy utterly the mad mill-tariem that dominated German policy.



RAMP! Tramp! Tramp! Through the roar of London you hear the rhythmic tramping of men. You hear it as you pass. It is everywhere. Tramp! Tramp! Sometimes it goes to the sound of music and song. The voices of the men

goes to the sound of interest rise up as they go along, marching.

They are marching forth They are soldiers for the war. They are marching to change the world. They are the men of destiny.

Through the whole of the day you will hear them going. You will hear them even through the darkness of the long night. Many of them are going forth never to return.

See their faces as they pass you with their swinging, rhythmical steps. They are singing, but in their singing is a curious quality, as if behind it were Fate. It is not as the singing of soldiers on an ordinary march. Beneath it is an undernote, deep and grave. It is not to say that these men are conscious of it. Indeed, there is joy in their hearts. But it is a joy serious and stern. The joy of men whose

longing to go forth to the battle is being fulfilled.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! They march along as marched the soldiers of hundreds and thousands of years ago. They march as marched the soldiers of civilisations now forgotten and buried under the dust. Not for them is the thought of the coming back from the battle. Heedless

are they of the face of death.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! . The soldiers of the world arc marching. From over the waters, and over the lands, there comes to the inner ear the sound of their distant steps. It is plain to you as the sound that you now hear through the roar of London. Soldiers are marching over the wide plains of Russia. They are marching through Germany, through France—through Europe. Soldiers are marching through far, burning India. They are marching through the lands of the north, south, east, and west.

For the world is at war.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Aye, the world is at war. The dread steel is dimmed with blood. Sullen guns are thundering, shells are bursting, the air is filled with the leaden rain of death. Destruction reigns through the hours of the day and the hours of the night. Burning are homesteads, burning are towns. The heavens are filled with a redness as of blood. Yea, the blood of men is reflected in the dreadful burnings. The cries of women and children go up to God.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Go forth, soldiers of Britain. Go forth to join your brothers-in-arms of France, of Belgium, of Russia. For Attila has again come into the world. He wears an Imperial crown. He is enthroned high in Berlin. He wars on man; he wars on woman; he wars on the child. He spares neither age, nor sex, nor defencelessness. He spares not the glorious monuments of Art. He slays and destroys all. And as he slays and destroys his mouth is filled with blasphemous words.

Aye, this German is Attila, girded with a hundredfold the might of the Attila of old. From his long sleep through the centuries he has risen. He towers, a gigantic figure of evil. He has loosed his millions of ravaging Huns. He

has laid Belgium bare and desolate. The wail of the child and the cry of the woman have been as music to his ears. He has broken his plighted word. He has robbed and slaughtered and blasphemed. He has committed acts unnamable. His god is Odin. The god of blood.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Glorious is the sound of the marching. It echoes from city to city. It echoes from land to land. It echoes over the seas, over the wide oceans. It fills the world. As if a myriad tocsins were blending into one vast, spreading, enveloping sound. Liberty lives in it. Humanity lives in it. These marching soldiers are going forth to fight so that the light of freedom may not be quenched for us and for the generations to come. They are going forth to fight for the sanctity of the home.

For the sword is the only logic to which the millions of the Huns of Wilhelm will give heed. They recognise but the force of one argument—Death.

And so it is that these men are marching. So it is that they are going forth to battle. They are going so that the glorious light of liberty shall shine

They are marching to meet the hosts of darkness.

And be not afraid.

These Huns will be conquered. The new Attila will be overthrown and broken. His hordes will be silenced with

the invincible logic of the sword.

Already the signs of their doom are glowing upon the Chair destruction is coming. They have wall of Fate. Their destruction is coming. They have broken the laws of God and the laws of man. of a dread destiny are for them being woven. These hosts of darkness are to be hurled into darkness. Perished will be their gigantic might. The world will be freed from their evil power. They will be broken and scattered and lost,

even as the old Huns of the centuries gone. Be not afraid.

For the black thunder-clouds that now obscure the sun will be riven and resolved into nothing. The world will be cleared of this frightful menace. These Huns will be rolled back and crushed, and crushed again into the very dust.

And they will live in the annals of the world but as an evil memory.

Power of the sword!

It may be that the time will come when man will not have to invoke it. It may be that there will come into the world an era of peace.

But man lives not in the future. He lives in the present now. Double-edged though the power of the sword be, he must invoke it. There is no other course.

Should he not do this, he must become a slave. He must become a thing whose life is not worth the living.

So let him grasp it joyously, whatever the cost may be. And let him not forget that, though it is double of edge, it has still won for him all that is worth having.

Power of the sword!

Let us boldly face the fact. It is the present arbiter of human destiny.

With the Camera Among the Sportsmen:



Thursday at Hornchurch was looked forward to keenly, for it was the day when the ever-popular "War Illustrated" arrived. Inset in the above photograph are Major Richey, D.S.O. (left), and Lieut.-Col. Gibbons (right), of the Sportsmen's Battalion.

Some Scenes at Hornchurch Training Camp



Sportemen seated on a tree that fell, emaehing a hut, but, fortunately, without injuring any occupante

The huts at Hornchurch, each of which accommodated fifty men. fneet: Lieut.
Philip Suckling, first recruit to the battalion, who eaw service in Zululand.

Old Boys who went to Fight with New Armies



Members of the University and Public Schools Battailon practising with the rifle in the trenches at Epsom during their period of training before going to the front.



Fun with the water-cart. Soldier members of our great Public Schools in a merry mood dragging in a water supply.



Types of University and Public School men who voluntsered for the fighting in France and Flanders.



Preliminary efforts sgainst "General Winter." University and Public School men bringing in large beies of blankets.



Erecting sleeping huts. New recruits to the Public Schools Battalion picking a foundation for their sleeping apartments at Epsom.

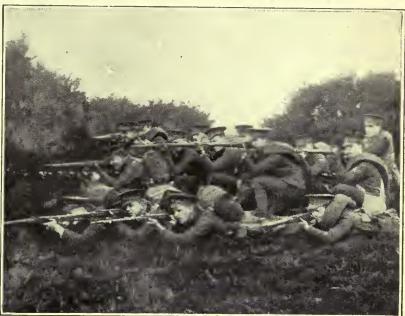
Queen's Westminsters Getting Fit for the Front



Members of the 2nd Battalion Queen'e Westminsters at rifle practice in preparation for their departure to the front.



Col. Gordon Clark, who worked strenuously to get the second battalion of this famous Territorial regiment ready for the fighting-line.



Another impression of the Queen's Westminsters searching for buil's-eyes. Skill in marksmanship is, after all, a deciding factor of war, and in this respect the Allies have certainly proved themselves superior to the enemy.



The new British armies destined for the front are shown being trained in the art of cover shooting, neglected by the Kalser's legione before the war with such disastrous results. Thanks to the skill of the officers and enthusiasm of the men, the 2nd Battalion Queen's Westminster Rifles rendered itself fit to take ite place, with the 1et, in the firing-line.

Britain's Christmas Visitors from the Fatherland



Types of German prisoners who arrived at Southend a few days before Christmae with what looked suspiciously like Christmas hampers in their possession! As a rule they were not sorry to escaps from the firing line.



Longing to ses the white cliffs of "hated" England. Captursd Huns who, like their brothers at Kiel, had not found their eea-legs.



Some of the one thousand German prisoners, among them many of the imperial Guard, marching through Southend on their way to detention ehipe at the mouth of the Themas, where they were given "a place in the eun."

This is the German greeting
When men their fellows meet,
The merchants in the market-place,
The beggars in the street—
A pledge of bitter enmity
Thus runs the wingèd word:
"God punish England, brother!
Yea, punish her, O Lord!"
—Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate,"
translated by

G. VALENTINE WILLIAMS.

Wartime Life in Germany

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The noon that never struck. A foolish cartoon from a German paper, illustrating the German habit of working to time-table.

Faces of Foes Prominent in War and Politics



Professor Heiferrich, Germany's Minister of Finance, to whom feli the burden of financing the war.



Count Tisza, the strong man of Hungary, regarded as responsible for the cohesion of Austria and Hungary under defeats by Serbia and Russia.



Princs of submarins darkness—Commander of the U15, Princs Christian of Hssss-Philippstahl.



Sir Rudolf von Slatin, formerly British Inspector-General of Angio-Egyptian Soudan, who joined the Austrian service.



Congressman Bartholdt, head of the German organisation to propagate anti-British feeling in the States.



inventor of the eternal gae-bag, Count Zeppelin, and Engineer Eschener, who inetalled machineguns in Zeppelin airships, leaving Hamburg.



Krupp von Bohisn und Halbach, Germany's armament king, was "Iron-Crossed" by the Kaiser.



Baron Burian (left), temporary Auetrian Minieter for Foreign Affaire, who succeeded Count Berchtold.



Royal commander of German cavalry regiment in France, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe.



Smiling heritor of a crumbling Empire, Archduke Kari Franz Joseph, heir to the Austrian throne, walks in Berlin.

In the Kaiser's Country while the War Waged



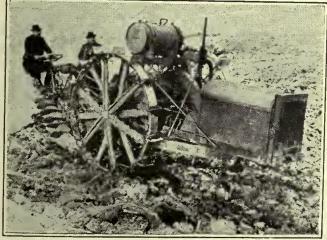
All the horses in the Fatherland were commandeered by the State. Here is a temporary open-air stable near the Reichstag, Berlin.



Searching for the missing. Women, employed in the War Department Office, Berlin, owing to the shortage of men, compiling lists of German prisoners captured by the Allies.



Cured, but "Incurable" in the cause of "Kultur." A cheery send-off. German soldier, having recovered from his wounds, leaves a Berlin hospital for the front again.



Not a new weapon of "frightfulness," merely a steam-plough, which is converting the Tempelhofer field, once the Berlin review ground of goose-stepping legions, into a potato field.



Wool hunts on the Spree. Owing to a shortage of this indiapensable fabrio, parties of youths were sent round Berlin to collect wool from private individuals on behalf of the Government.

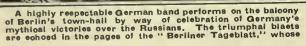
Discreet Peeps at Berlin in War Time





More "cannon-fodder" for the War Lord. German non-com. training Berlin's new recruite in the use of the rifle.







office is seen on the right of the photograph. Insst: Some 500 nurses in the German parliament house—the Reichstag—not legislating however, but merely listsning to a lecture. The Suffragette movement never caught on in "Kulturland."

Life was "quite normal" in Berlin?



These British subjects in Berlin seem to be enjoying the joke of prospective internment in one of Germany's numerous concentration camps, but perhaps their galety is assumed for the benefit of German spectators, and does not reflect their real feelings.

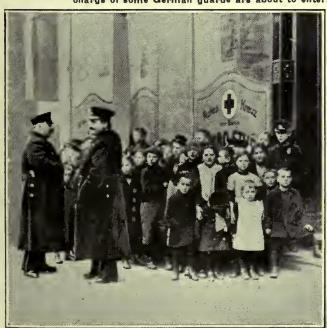
WE often heard it urged from the German side that life in the German eapital was normal, but that was only one of Germany's official lies. Economic pressure was felt, and it was progressive, in-ereasing as winter lengthened, and as the war drained the accumulated reserves. German bread contained twenty-five per cent. of potatoes, and after the Government had commandeered all the flour, the people were put on limited bread rations. Petrol was sold only by Government for approved purposes; it was illegal to buy or sell rubber tyres; spent ammunition was collected for reeharging; and the uniforms of the dead were sent back to Germany to be repaired for the use of new recruits. There was abundance of evidence that conditions in Germany were far from normal.



The entrance to one of Berlin's Internment campe, which some Englishmen under charge of some German guards are about to enter.



Wounded German soldier with two iron crosses being wheeled in Berlin by a wounded comrade,



Hungry children in Berlin waiting outside one of the depote where food was distributed daily to those in need.



In winter oil fuel is a necessity of the German poor. The sale was regulated, and these people are seen waiting for their supply.

Scenes amid a Misplaced Patriotism



(These men of the German Landeturm about to leave for the war are the recipients of gifte of ciothing and other comforts.



Half a dozen German soldiers, recuperating in Berlin after having been wounded, are posing in front of the camera.



Sacrifices for the Fatheriand. These German civilians are giving up their gold rings to a Government official to be melted for coins, and are receiving instead iron ringe engraved with the German equivalent of the worde "For our country."



Dogs were enlieted in the cause of collecting for the Red Croes fund in Berlin, and this buildog was one of them.



War having depleted Berlin of ite men, women took charge of the street cars.



All the public buildings in Berlin were utilised as hospitals, and packed with the injured in war. The photograph above is of a large echool in the capital fitted up as a hospital.

Berlin Tries Hard not to be Downhearted



Artillery captured from the Russians is displayed before a hero-worshipping audience outside the Royal Palace, Berlin. The capture of these guns is of no great importance. Inset: A Russian quick-firing gun being examined by Qerman soldiers in a Berlin street.

The War as seen Through German Eyes:



A stirring pictorisi conception, by a well-known German lilue-trator, Richard Asemann, of the fall of Tsing-tau, the port of Kiao-Chau, Germany's colony in the Far East, which was captured by the ailied Japanees and British forces on November 7th, 1914.



A vigoroue, if somewhat old-fashioned, impression of a hand-tohand encounter between Germans and Russians by Arno Grimm. The prevalence of close fighting in the present campaign has come as a curprice to many experts who regarded it as out-dated.



A German idea of the deadly havoc caused by the explosion of a land mine. The scene of the disaster is the neighbourhood of Przemysi, the Galician fortrese, which was besieged by the Ruesians. In addition to great natural strength, Przemysi was

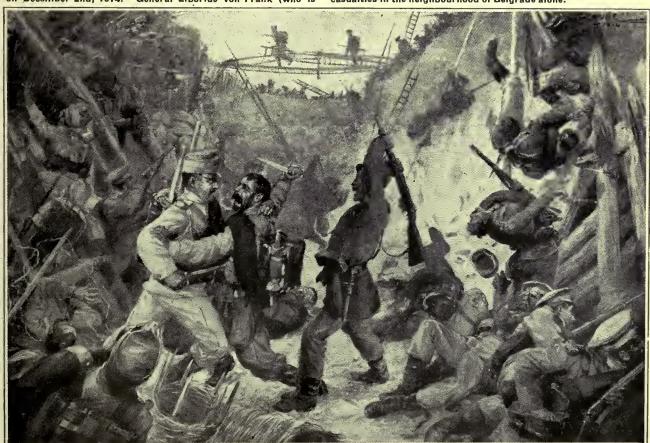
fortified to the last degree with outworks, land mines, etc. Every defensive measure was taken to hold it against the troops of the Tsar, but their numbers were so great, and the Austrian armies eo demoralised, that its capture was only a question of time.

Pictures from the Portfolios of Teutonic Artists



A Leipzic artist'e impression of the 5th Austrian Army'e entry into Belgrade. The Auetrians bombarded the Serbian capital at the beginning of the war, and were at last able to occupy it on December 2nd, 1914. General Liberius von Frank (who is

eeen riding in front of the etandard-bearer) had a short-lived triumph, for the Serbians soon recovered, and inflicted a smashing blow on their snemies, who lost no fewer than 60,000 casualties in the neighbourhood of Belgrade alone.



One of the most realistic pictures of the war, from the brush of a celebrated Leipzio artiet. It illustrates an incident in the Slege of Przemysl. A deep trench on the outskirts of the fortrees le being stormed by the Russians, and a violent

hand-to-hand struggle ensues. The Austrians, who failed in their descent from the Carpathians, left the fortress to its fate, and the defenders who had been holding out so bravely were reduced to the point of famine, the food supply having failed.

German Deceitfulness-Pictures with a Purpose

IT was part of the German policy to make war with all the brutality that ingenuity could devise in order to terrorise the civil population into a desire for peace at any price. But German philosophy misread human nature, and the German higher command learned by experience a lesson they might have read in a thousand pages of history—that oppression evokes hostility which becomes more bitter the greater the oppression. Hence the intensity of hate their conduct evoked.

reater the oppression. Hence the intensity of mate their entire intensity of mate the intensity of mate their entire intensity of mate the intensity of mate their entire intensity of mat

German soldiers at Ghent, where they are posing before the camera in the act of feeding Belgian children, to prove to the people of Germany the mildness of German manners towards the unfortunate people of Belgium.

Also the Germans found that their cruelties in Belgium roused against them the ire of neutral countries and threw the sympathies of those whose friendship they valued on the side of their opponents. Then came a reversal of the policy of cruelty, and then there were laboured but transparent attempts to paint the German army in invaded Belgium as a band of mild humanitarians that would do credit to a Sunday-school. The pretentions were hollow and transparent.



Another photograph intended to show the fatherly instincts and sympathetic hearts of the men who murdered women and children in Belgium. These are wounded German soldiers in Solingen sitting for a picture to be circulated in Germany.



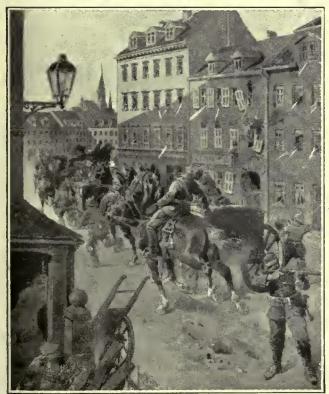
A sketch by a German artist intended to show Teutonic Tars dangling the babies of a grateful people in the Beigian coast villages.

The pictures by which the German papers and authorities tried to impress upon the German people the claim that their fighting men were archangele without wings would be most amusing if the actual truth were not so pitiful and heartrending.

The War-fired Imagination of Berlin



This flight of fancy is the work of a German artist, whose imagination does him credit. The picture represents what the Germans thought would happen "when we reach the coast of Kent." The credulous people of Germany liked to be fed on such fancies, and if they pleased them, they also amused the British—sepecially when it is noted that not one solitary Briton disputes the German landing.



Another Berlin fancy—nay, a pictorial ile—showing the supposed progress of a German troop through a Belgian town, when every window flashed fire from the riflee of franc-tireure. The object was to justify murder and are



The Germans hugged the dream of an airehip invasion of the land of their deepeet hate—England, and in thie picture, published in Beriln, a German artist shows the advance guard of the Zeppelin fleet over London, dropping bombs on the city.

German Artists Stumble into Truthfulness



it is a shameful fact that the German nation as a whole gloried and gloated over the monetrous brutality of its soldlere in their war on women and children in Beiglum. Proof of this appears in the above picture, reproduced direct from a German magazine, where German soldlers are seen prodding Beiglan women

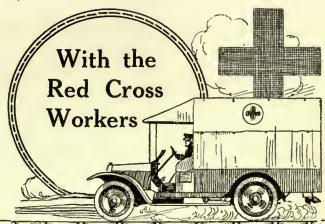
with the bayonet, while areon and murder are proceeding close by. Let us remember this was no war of a military caste against the forces of civilisation—it was the bestial outpouring of the concentrated hate of a whole people for all who barred the progress of their conscienceless way to world-power.



This picture appeared in a Leipzig paper. It is the work of a German artist, and it shows German refugees from East Prussia camping out in the streets of Berlin. Their appearance in the capital impressed Germany at its centre with the reality of war, and terrified her into the dread of approaching retribution.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

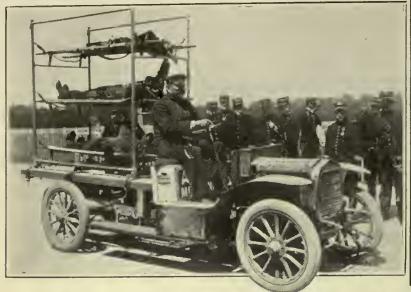
-SIR WALTER SCOTT





The Red Cross heroine in the field of danger.

Modern Science to the Rescue of Stricken Soldiers

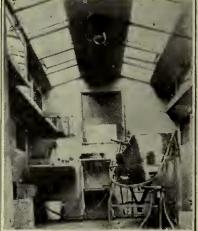


The allies' eimple but ingenious method of quickly conveying wounded soldiers from one place to another. The idea proved invaluable in practice.



Science is required in carrying wounded, a lack of which would often have fatal results.





On the left, the arrival at a French base of X-ray apparatus, Indispensable in dealing with complicated wounds and locating bullets. On the right, a fairly complete operating cabin, late a Paris auto-'bue, which used to ply between the Madeleine and the Place de la Baetille. Its quick adaptation is another tribute to the Ingenuity of our French allies.



Science played a greater part in the war than ever before, as well in the breaking as in the mending of participante. Everything that modern invention and advanced thought could do on behalf of the wounded was done. The last photograph on this page shows the interior of a Calais hospital, and a French eurgeon at work, assisted by some of the staff. Many English and French society ladies devoted themselves to the care of the wounded.

Wounded Getting Ready to Fight Again



This photograph was taken in one of the wards of St. Thomae's Hospital, London, and showe wounded soldiers sufficiently recovered to be able to enjoy games of cards and draughte, and almost fit for another bout of war with the Kaleer's best.



The solace of a cigarette was one of the moet prized comforte of our fightingmen, both amid the discomforts of the French and Belgian trenches and on their backs in the hospitals for the wounded when they resched convaies cance.



The great chanteuee, Madame Patti, vieiting wounded soldiers in the Patti Ward of the Swansea Hospital, where she exercised a personal supervision over their comfort.



These wounded soldiers from the Battle of the Rivers have reached the convalencent stage in the private hospital established by Princess Marie Louise of Schieswig-Holstein in Jamaica Road, Bermondsey. Their only disturbing thought was that battles were proceeding and they were not in them. Their esgernese to return to the fighting made them want to go back before their condition warranted it.

From Muddy Trench to Luxurious Hotel



Two impressions of British soldiers at Boulogne listening to the entertainment specially arranged by Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mias Ellaline Terriss, and Mies Gladys Cooper. Thia variety-show tour proved immensely popular at the front. Ten motor-cars

two pianoe, and other limited "propa," twenty-two performera, one amall value for each member of the company, unlimited talent, an appreciative audience—and there you have the moat interesting and aucceasful venture in the history of theatrical enterprise.





"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE": KING WINTER STRIKES BOTH FRIEND AND FOE.

Many men became so stiff that they had to be lifted out on relief, and some had to be admitted to hospital with frost-bite. Our artist has chosen for illustration the conditions under which a number of German prisoners taken by the British were escorted to the base. Winter came suddenly in Flanders in November, 1914. Snow fell heavily and froze hard on the ground. The men in the firing-line no longer suffered the misery of living up to their necks in mud and slush. But the alternative was even more deadly, especially at night, in the open trenches.

To Jace 1 age 641

Indian Heroes from Trench to Breezy Brighton

WHEN the history of Armageddon is written for posterity one of the most interesting chapters will concern the almost imbecile credulity of the German race. For years they had been misled by their rulers and professors. For years they had been taught to regard this war as essential to their preservation. The Crown Prince, who so enjoyed British hospitality in India, was convinced that the races would revolt on the outbreak of the European War. German agents in Egypt prophesied its secession. The whole Empire would, in fact, crumble at the

Empire would, in fact, crumble at the bark of Prussia's war-dogs.

"We are fighting because the Raj desires us" was the remark of wounded Indians at Brighton to the King on the occasion on his visit. "We will die for our Emperor" was the general spirit. By the end of 1914 a second contingent of 130,000 Indians had been sent to the battlefields of France. Could anything be more eloquent of the loyalty of India. be more eloquent of the loyalty of India to the Mother Country, and the utter fatuity of German pre-war convictions?



One of the first photographs published showing the Indian coldiers in their trenchss.

They are seen defending a French frontier viilage.



Their Majectice the King and Queen leaving the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, after visiting the wounded indians.



Types of Indiane who have bied for the great British Raj. Several were wounded in the left hand through grabbing German bayonets.



Wounded Indiane await the arrival of the King and Queen at the Hoyal Pavilion, Brighton. All of them were overjoyed to see the D 32 King-Emperor. "The emile of the Queen makes us well" they declared in Hindustani.

Harmless Diversions of Wounded Warriors



Humoure of caricature after the horrore of war. Wounded soldier at the Manchester Military Hospital draws his friends on the blackboard, and apparently the "Ail Highest War Lord" himself, who is represented as some sort of animal with an Iron Cross.



A comb-and-paper quartette of wounded coldiers give a celection from their repertoire at the Princese Christian Convalescent Home, Bieley, for the benefit of our photographer. The central figure is conducting with a crutch.



Almost as elucive as a German eniper. A private in convalencence at St. George's Hospital tries to get the better of a jig-saw puzzle.



Lance-Corporal F. Ruesen, Queen's West Surreye, measuring a sweater, knitted by himself, on one of his comrades in St. George's Hospital.



A popular game on the way back to England. British wounded soldiers take a hand at nap on board ship. The player on the extreme right has produced the ace at the psychological moment.

With the Devoted Workers of the R.A.M.C.

CURAGE is a subtle quality, and its expressions are as varied as human nature itself. There is the bold-reckless heroism of the man who laughs death to scorn in a bayonet charge, the sneaking valour of the spy whose end is swift if caught, and the silent humanitarian courage of the man who offers himself to save a wounded comrade on the field of battle. The latter is nearest to the scriptural ideal of "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for another." The photographs on this page are of the Royal Army Medical Corps, as valiant a body of men as ever existed. The number of casualties in the R.A.M.C. ranks bore adequate testimony to their unflinching devotion to the wounded. No praise can be too great for these unarmed Christian soldiers who go daily to the fightingline to rescue and allay the suffering of those who have fallen in the cause of liberty. Many of the doctors of this corps gave up valuable practices at home in order to carry out the work of tending the wounded on the battlefield and in the various hospitals behind the fighting-line.



Transferring wounded British soldiers to a Red Crose hospital ship. The R.A.M.C. at work in a French port.



A happy injured warrior is assisted to a Red Cross ship by two members of the heroic corps.

A case for the eurgeon. Wounded soldier under chloroform receives treatment in an R.A.M.C. field hospital behind the fighting-line.



Types of the men who daily risk their lives for stricken comrades-in-arms. Members of the British R.A.M.C. on their way to the front from a base in France where they have just arrived by train. The Red Cross on the French rolling-stock will be noted.

Fresh Air & Sea Breezes for Wounded Warriors



Interior of a well-ventilated cabin on a hospital ship, showing the means of transporting British wounded from France to England. Conceive the infamy of torpedoing a ship laden with wounded, yet that is what the loathsome Germans attempted on the Red Cross vessel Asturias.



Some convalescents taking the air and sun somewhere behind the fighting-line in France.



Wounded British soidiers standing with Red Cross doctors outside one of the special tent infirmaries in France.



One of the special military tents for the treatment of British wounded. Light and air are, of course, essential factors in the successful doctoring of a patient, and this photograph shows the advantages such an infirmary poesesses in this respect.

Pathos and Devotion in the Wake of War



Funeral of Commandant de Braun, one of the officers on the Headquarters Staff of the Beigian Army, who died from shrapnsi wounds.



The interior of a Belgian Red Cross hoepital, showing wounded and some of the nursing staff.



Two sisters of the British Red Cross Society who did splendid work in the cause of the wounded at Calaie.



Ward of a Beigian Red Cross hospital and some of the convalencent patients. They are waiting to be transported to England, so as to make room for more, and still more, wounded men who were brought in continually from the battlefields of Flanders.

Famous Soldier's Palace for Wounded Patriots



Wounded soldiers in the grounde of the Duke of Marlborough's historic ssat, Blenhelm Palace, which was placed at their disposal.



Some of the convaiescent soldier-gueste of the Duke of Mariborough amusing themssives by fishing in the lake of the Bienheim grounds.



Wounded soldier being assisted down the steps of the famous general's palace.





On the left: A cheerful scene in one of the rooms of Blenheim, converted into a hospital. It seems fitting that these soldiers, returned from Flanders, should have been enterteined in the palace of the Duke of Marlborough, whose military

genius in Flanders during the 17th and 18th centuries helped to make Great Britain the first Power in Europe. On the right: Some injured patriots playing the national game on the lawn in front of the palace in spite of their honourable scars.

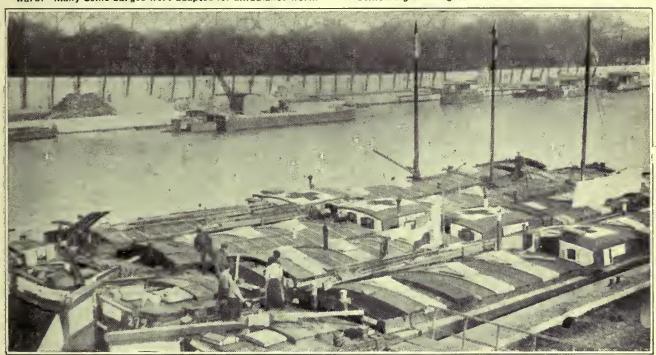
Bargetown-on-Seine: New Refuge for War's Victims



After the Paris motor 'bus operating room, the barge hospital ward. Many Seins barges were adapted for ambulance work.



Plenty of fresh air was a featurs of life in the Paris Ssine barges. Soms Bsigian refugees are seen at rest with the roof off.



Wounded men found the Seine barges distinctly comfortable. Little noise penetrated their cabins, and the motion of the water was imperceptible. The idea of turning these pictures que French "peniches" into hospitals and temporary homes was that of the Union of Women of France. This photograph shows four barge hospitals moored alongside the Seine bank near the Alexander III. Bridge.



Safe from the fury of the Huns. A Belgian refugee in her temporary home, e little cabin at Bargetown-on-Seine.



How the wounded are admitted to Bargetown. A patient being lowered on a stretcher through the roof for treatment.

Women of the Warring Nations at Work



A noted Parislan rendezvous of galety becomes serious in the cause of the wounded. Scene at the Abbaye de Theleme, Montmartre, where French women are shown making bandages.



Pruesian Royalty remembere the younger generation. Six hundred children of German reserviste have the honour of being personally fed by the Duchess of Brunswick, the Kaiser's daughter.



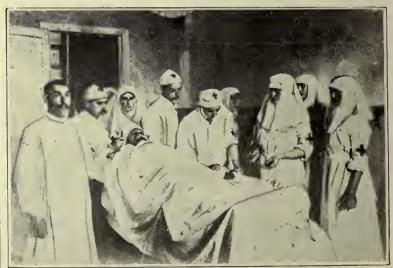
Geleha girle of the Yanagibashi quarter in Tokyo, Japan, preparing "consolation bage" for Japan'e fighting eons, who bore their charc of the burden of war by capturing Germany's Far Eastern stronghold.



Belgian by birth, Auetrian by marriage. Countess Lonyay, leader of the Red Croes movement in Vienna.



Thousande of games and pastimes for our soldiers being eent to the front through the agency of Mre. Also Tweedle, 12, Ruseell Square, London, W.C.



The Tsaritza and her two daughters Princeseee Olga and Tatiana (on the right) accisting in the care of wounded Rueslan soldiers at Petrograd. Thus the most aristocratic royaltlee became democratic on behalf of the brave.

Manly Courage rewarded by Womanly Devotion



Well on the way to recovery, thanks to the care of the nurses. Injured soldiers at the Prince of Walse's Hoapital, Tottenham, enjoying a peaceful interiude prior to returning to the fighting-line.



The tender alde of war. A fair French nurse helps a wounded Algerian coldier to the indispensable cigarette. The amoke of the guns has not affected his partiality for the amoke of the wasd



Two leaders of Parisian society who daily assisted in the removal of the wounded from the Gare du Nord to the Paris hospitals.



Lady Lethbridge (with Rsd Croaa) rendared valuable assistance to the wounded at Calais. Above she is seen attending to a badly injured Belgian at the Hospital Sophie Berthelot.



Not too heavy if you are firad with pity for those who have auffared in the cause of liberty. Two nurses aupporting a wounded Belgian soldier.

The Worthy Care of Man's Dumb Allies



Three members of the R.S.P.C.A., serving with the Army Veterinary Corps on the Continent, attending a wounded horse.



A dumb patient receiving treatment at the head-quarters of the Blue Cross Society, Serqueux.



Daily acene at the veterinary hospital, Serqusux where wounded horses were doctored.



A prescription in the making for man'e faithful friend. Members of the Army Veterinary Corps at work behind the fighting-lins.



Fit horses returning to the front from a veterinary base. The work of the Army Veterinary Corpe and the Blue Cross Society was admirable, both from a humane and economic etandpoint. The greatest possible care, too, was taken of the quadruped by the acidiers.

Blue Cross Workers Tending Wounded Horses



A British cavairy scout, showing the care taken of his horse, which, although slightly wounded, is bandaged and looked after as well as if he were a human comrade.



The first field contingent sent to the front by the promoters of the Blue Crossmovement, which founded ten horse hospitals, all supported by the voluntary contributions of lovers of animals.



British solicitude for Army horees was the admiration of our allies. Here an Army veterinary eurgeon is sewing up a slight wound.



Some members of the Biue Cross Corps busy in their work of humanity tending the horses which served our soldiers so well.



The Canadian Army Vsterinary Corps, which numbers 230 men, was recruited in Canada, all its members being thoroughly familiar with the management and care of horses. They constituted a fighting unit, but their principal duty was to try to save the lives of as many of the horses as possible after an engagement when there had often been a useless and expensive waste of horse life.

Battlefield Comforts for Christmas Weather





On the left will be seen a group of French eoldiers outside a row of etraw hute specially erected in view of the winter campaign. On the right is the lion in eheep's clothing—otherwise, some British eoldiers equipped in sheepskin costs.



Members of the Hamburg Landeturm as they appeared in their new winter fashiona.



A German officer's hut in the Alane region, which looks rather more picturesque than comfortable. It is adorned with a horse-shoe as a symbol of good luck.



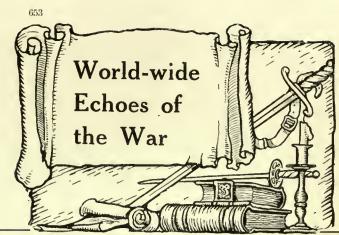
Not a native habitation in the tropice, but a coionei'a etraw hut, buit by French soldiera behind the trenchea at Solasons.



Bath-room and every convenience, more or less, in a French trench near Solasona, a hundred yarda from the German linea.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace! With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

—A. E.





A company of Germans with two machine-guns facing the Russians in the snows of Poland.

Human Moles in the Fields of War-



Kitchener's army was well drilled in trench-making and in boring tunnels like this, which connected the trenches and made entrance and exit possible in face of the heaviest artillery fire.



A German trench, captured after a etiff fight, near Villere-Cotterets, showing mangoid-wurzel left behind. There was no trace of any other food-stuff, so that their commissariat had evidently broken down when this trench was held.

THE skill of the mole enters into the modern art of war. A war of defence is a war from the protection of deep trenches and earthworks, where the soldiers may have to live, sleep, and eat for days and weeks together. And a war of attack is a war where the enemy has to be hunted from his burrows with the bayonet after having had his numbers reduced and his morale shattered by the destructive shells of heavy artillery. Under such conditions, it is not surprising that the Great War was awful beyond all precedent. These photographs show some battlefield burrows.

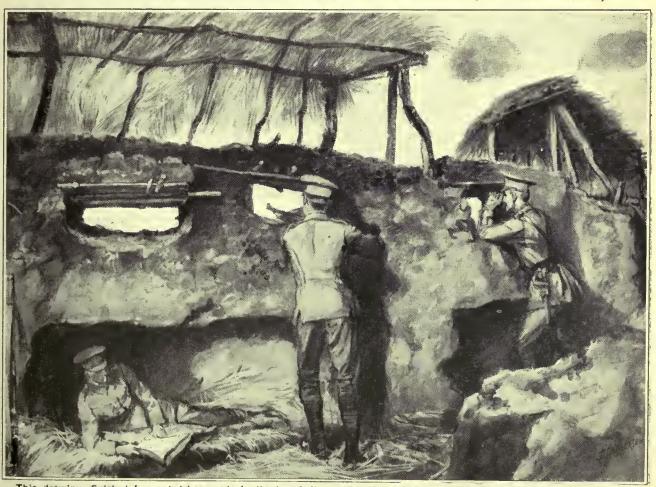


A deep trench in England, where the Royal Engineers of Kitchener's army rapidly became adepts in trench-making, with the purpose of transporting their skill to the field of war when their training was complete.

-Burrows from which Battles were Waged



A system of trenches before Maubsugs constructed by British soldiers, abandoned in the great retreat, and containing a number of field guns from which the breech-blocks were removed before they were left, thus rendering them useless to the enemy.



This drawing, finished from sketches made in the trench it represents, makes clear the wonderful British defences at the Battle of the Aisne. The surface sheds and roofe of straw make for concealment, and the loopholes at which the defenders are

postsd give a clear view of the approaches and show the barb wire fences erected to prevent a sudden rush attack. The straw with which the floors of the trenches were littered rendered them comfortable unless the weather conditions flooded them.

British Lions in a German Cage—



British soldiers arriving as prisoners at a German concentration camp. Germany claimed to hold over eight thousand British prisoners, most of them captured during the stubborn retreat in August. At the concentration camps British prisoners were reasonably well treated, cases of insuit and cruelty being the actions of irresponsible Germans and not the policy of the military command. But the people and the soldiery did not hide the fact that the British were the most hated of the Allies.





A British priconsr helps to carry the loavee of black bread into the camp at Doberitz.

One look at the faces of the four msn telle which is the Briton.



Scottish prisoners help to enlarge the internment camp by erecting new fences. They worked a specified number of hours for their food, and received "overtime" at the rate of about one penny per hour. Officers received their regulation pay and did no work.

-German Eagles with Clipped Wings

AN extraordinary number of prisoners was taken by both contending parties. In the early days of the war Germany captured allied soldiers by the thousand; later we returned the compliment. An official statement places the number of prisoners taken by the French during the third week of October as 7,683, exclusive of wounded. Many of them were mere boys, rushed from the schoolrooms to the battlefield without training. The Kaiser's vaunted Bavarians, whom he wished to meet the

British "just once," suffered in an alarming fashion, fifteen hundred throwing down their arms at Ypres. From one of the trenches in the coast battle a German advanced with a white flag and asked for a guarantee that his comrades would not be fired upon if they came and surrendered. The assurance was given. Four hundred Germans approached, but suddenly a volley came from their own side, and the would-be prisoners were purposely shot down by their compatriots. Only 230 reached the allied lines.



German soldiers captured by the British during the fighting in Northern France arrive at a French port to be shipped to England. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but a party of about five hundred German prisoners was sent to that Irish county for internment.



During the desperate etruggie on the Belgian coast, thousande of outfought German eoldiers thought it best to eurrender. This photograph, taken at Furnes, shows some of the eighty-seven men, who were seld to be all that remained of a German regiment of 1,500 who attacked Dixmude flercely, but who were driven back time after time by the Belgiane, and finally had their remnant captured.

D 34

How Holland Preserved her Neutrality



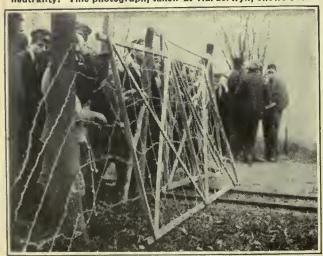
German soldiere, seen in this photograph, as well as Belgian and British fighting men, were interned in Holiand.



British nsval men, prisoners under international law in Holland for the period of the war, playing football against a Dutch team at Groningen.



While the sympathies of the Dutch were with Great Britain and her allies in the war, national policy dictated the maintenance of strict neutrality. This photograph, taken at Harderwyk, shows one of the great camps where Britans and Belgians were well cared for.





Holland guarded her frontier to see that no belligerente used her territory and to ensure that any combatants crossing into Holland might be detained there. These two camera records show a railway and a roadway on the frontier effectively barred against trespass.

All Big Guns used in the War were not German

HEAVY artillery played a great part in the war, and the Germans produced some artillery surprises. Had their rifle practice been as good as their big-gun practice, the difficulties of the Allies' task would have been greatly increased

greatly increased.

Sir John French, in his despatch of October 8, 1914, reported that the Germans were using in the field 8 in seigeguns with a range of 10,000 yards. He also stated that, on September 25th, he received the four 6 in. howitzer batteries for which he had asked, and that they were brought into action on the following day with yery good results.

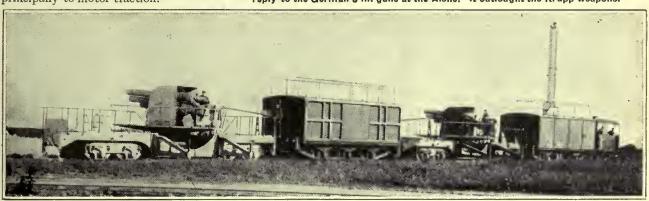
the following day with very good results.

The picture on the right shows a 6 in.
howitzer of the Royal Garrison Artillery,
which throws a shell of 100 lb. weight.

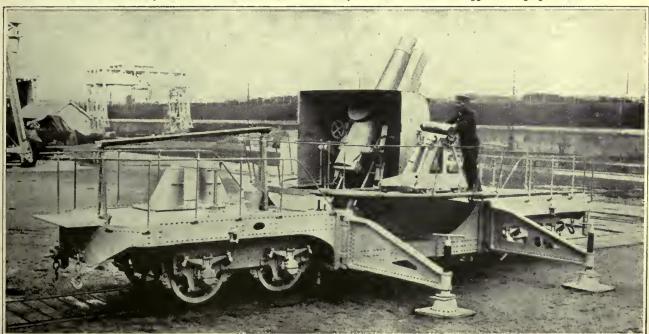
Very heavy guns are difficult to use for field work, as they lack the necessary mobility required in a swaying battle-line that may advance or retire from day to day, but in the Great European War the difficulties of transport were overcome as never before, thanks principally to motor traction.



Ons of the British 6 In. fleid howitzers sent to Sir John French to snable him to reply to the German 8 in. guns at the Alens. It outfought the Krupp weapons.



One of the transportable Franch batteries that require a railway track on which to move. The photograph shows the special observation tower, the two howitzers on their turn-tables, and the ammunition waggon belonging to each.



A nearer view of one of the French howitzers illustrated in the picture above. It fires at a high angle if necessary, and the gunners are protected by an armour shield. The arms seen extended at the elde widen the base and give greater stability.

Civilian Curiosity in the Evidences of War



Children near Ostend collecting spent cartridge-casee, bullets, and other objects as playthings and souvenirs of the fighting.



A photograph taken during the Battle of the Coast. The children of the village are interested in the operation of a field telephone.



People of Seniis contemplating the awful ruin of their town. In the left picture two members of a British cavairy regiment are objects of keen interest.



Civilians of the district of Seniis hunting in the grass where the Battle of Seniis was hottest, looking for German bullete and other souvenirs of the fight. Souvenir-hunting has become quite an industry where the fire of battle has raged. The traffic in war souvenire always flourishes in the years succeeding hostilities, when the battlefielde become the haunt of summer touriete.

Woman's Diverse Activities in War-time



Students of the Vere Street Ambulance College learning the art of signalling, which proved of euch service to women engaged at the front.



The wives of Pretoria citizens on their way to deliver up fire-arme to the authorities, in compliance with the decree of martial law.



Princeee Shakhovekaya, who held the unique position of aerial ecout in the Tear's north-weetern army.



"An Army marches on its Stomach"-



An improvised quick-lunch rectaurant near the battle-front. Some members of a British infantry regiment are preparing a meal during a juli in the fighting. The excellence of our commissariat was beyond all praise.

ON these two pages will be found a selection of photographs of Allies and enemies preparing and enjoying their well-earned "bite" in various places and under divers conditions.

Never in the history of armed conflict have so many different ways of food preparation and consumption been in vogue. Special interest attaches to the Indians' manner of bread-making, which is carried out in accordance with the requirements of their religion. Their cooking and eating were always the objects of interested wonder by both civilians and soldiers who chanced to see them. The primitive ovens seen in the last photograph on this page contrast strangely with the modern field kitchens of the European forces,



French soldiere take every occasion to enjoy the pleasures of the table with their customary comfort even in times of war.



Bengal soldiers examining sheep, a week's meat rations for a company, with critical judgment.



Daughters of France giving refreehment to French soldiers about to join the firing-line at Arrae.



The ritual of Indian baking. British coldiers were keenly interested in the Indian method of making bread, which is carefully prescribed for them under their creed.

Napoleon's Axiom applied in the War

Napoleon is credited with many epigrams, one of his best known being that an army marches on its stomach. While the excellent British commissariat called forth admiration, the German proved notoriously inefficient, Prussian officers and men having surrendered on several occasions in a starving condition. The German soldiery made it a rule to commandeer food supplies of invaded territory. When food was scarce the pilfering Hun was compelled to go short for days, suffering thereby privations far harder than those of actual fighting. Near Ypres a force of eight hundred Germans, who had been without food for days and were reduced to chewing leaves, gave themselves up gratefully to a troop of French cavalry.



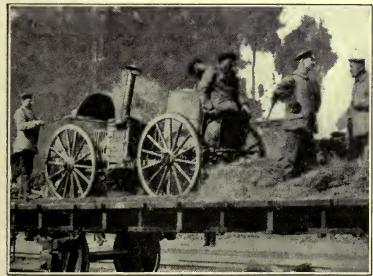
German Huns snjoying a good lunch in the rear of the fighting-lins.



A prisoner that can expect no mercy. German bluejackets and marines making sure of their rations for a time at any rate.



A German field bakery hard at work near Ypree in a vain endeavour to keep up the stamina and spirit of the legione that stormed the British lines during the great Battie of the Coast.



The restaurant-car of a war train. A German field kitchen preparing hot food for some of the Kaiser's soldiers on a moving troop train.



Generous Belgian captore sharing a modest meal with a Uhlan prisoner at a rallway-station in Belgium.

The Fighting Value of Warriors on Wheels



Corporal Frank Cody, son of the late Colonel Cody, in charge of a field artillery motor-cycle. The gunner is alming the machine-gun from behind the bullet-proof shield with which the machine is fitted.

DURING the Boer War the practical value of cyclist corps did not rise to expectation, and Sir Redvers Buller raised all the hornets of the Cycle Press about his ears by

saying so, politely, but very frankly.

In the Great War, however, the value of the cyclist was very great indeed. So much so that, in his despatch of November 20th, published on November 30th, Sir John French wrote:

November 30th, Sir John French wrote:

"I am anxious in this despatch to bring to your Lordship's special notice the splendid work which has been done throughout the campaign by the Cyclists of the Signal Corps.

"Carrying despatches and messages at all hours of the day and night in every kind of weather, and often traversing bad roads blocked with transport, they have been conspicuously successful in maintaining an extraordinary degree of efficiency in the service of communications.

"Many casualties have occurred in their ranks, but no amount of difficulty or danger has ever checked the energy and ardour which has distinguished this corps."

The divergence of these two verdiets is not

The divergence of these two verdicts is not difficult to explain. In South Africa the trackless yeldt is not ideal for the operation of cycle wheels, whereas in the thickly-roaded districts of France and Flanders eyelists found the ground eminently suited for their wheels. Also since the South African War the motor-cycle had become a practical and reliable vehicle, and the motor claimed the lion's share of the credit accorded to the wheeled sections of the army.



British motor-cycle ecoute delivering despatches. It was of these men that General French wrote: "No amount of difficulty or danger has ever checked their energy and ardour."



"In the name of the King!" A motor-cyclist despatch-bearer whose machine has gone out of commission holds up a civilian cyclist at the revolver-point and commandeers his machine.



A Belgian cycle corps passing through a village in the dune country of East Flanders. The mobility of thess cyclist fighters gave them immense value as scouts, and their reckiese bravery increased that value.

Peeps Within Far-spread Trenches of the Allies



Franch soldiers in the trenches, somswhere in Francs, waiting for the wlly "Boche" to make an appearance. These French soldiers have been in their "dug-oute" for some days.



Facing the firs of the camera. Chesriui British soldiers, well entrenched, being enapshotted somewhere on the Continent.



Domestic scene in the underworld. Red Cross officers enjoying a snack and a few moments' well-earned repose. Their "dugout" looke distinctly homely.



Some French soldiers carrying a mat from one trench to another along one of the routss of communication. No pains were spared to make life in the Allies' trenches as comfortable as possible.



A corner of a British trench. The photograph gives some idea of the conditions under which fighting was carried on, and also shows the entrance to the dug-out shelters from German shells. Thanks to a supply of hot food from the kitchens actually installed in the trenches, and straw taken from etacks in the fighting area, it was found possible to mitigate some of the hardships of our soldiers.

The Spartan Spirit of the Younger Generation



Gunther Paulae, the youngest possessor of the Iron Cross. He has fought in five battles.



Otto Stephen (aged 13)), who fought with the Belgian Infantry throughout the war. King Albert complimented him on hie bravery.



Bugler Quin (aged 14), of the Herts Reserves, who volunteered twice for active service.





A 14-year-old German boy who fought for the Fatherland.

A youthin Belgian prisoner, taken during one of the coast battles under a German guard in his native town of Antwerp.



A Parislan Boy Scout soldiering in the French Army.

Queer Comradeships made in War-time



A brave man is the first to pay tribute to bravery in othera, and the British soldier acknowledges frankly the aterling qualities of France's foreign legions. In this photograph a British soldier appears in a group of these picturesque fighting men.



All the care and attention accorded to the Britieh-born coldier wounded on the field ie bectowed upon the loyal Indian who meete a cimilar fate. Here Britieh Red Cross members are taking a wounded Indian away in a motor-ambulance.



Colour caste le forgotten in the comradeehip of arms, and in this photograph a Britieh naval officer le giving a cordial greeting to the commander of one of the French African regimente.



A French doctor attending a group of wounded Belglan, French, and German soldiere made friends by the common bond of euffering.

Field Communications—Cut off and Otherwise



officers directing the fire of a battery by telephone from an observation post in Galicia.



The Huns made every use of the telephone in warfare, and laid cables extensively throughout Belgium. Sometimes a shell shattered one of these, but it was promptly repaired, as also broken overhead wiree, as seen in the ineet.



German officer getting on to headquarters in the neighbourhood of Verdun, the famous French fortress on the Meuse.

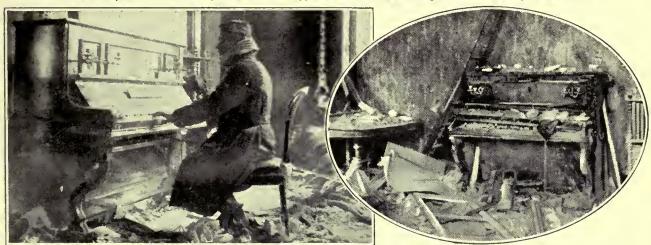


Outpost patrol taking a message which, judging by expressions, does not seem of great "military significance."

Musical Interludes amid the Clash of Arms



Music hath charms, more or less, to soothe the savage Hun. German soldiers sing in parts on the Belgian sand-dunes, while a comrade keeps a look-out for any violent form of applause from the enemies' guns inconveniently near at hand.



Music amid the debrie of bombardment. A brave Belgian soldisr smulates Nsro's feat, and plays, though in a different spirit, while the city burns.

The broken melody. Scene in the room of a houss at Pervyse after being struck by German shells.



"Deutechland uber Alles" underground. German eoldlere sing round Christmas-tree in E. Prussia.



Dssperate measures to be popular. German band, guarded by armed escort, paradee Antwerp, and gives estections to generally indifferent audiences.

Affairs of Outposts on Frontiers Far and Wide



French cyclist patrol cautiously peers found the bend of a lonely road to make sure that no "Bosches" are in the vicinity.



German outposts, together with Dutch soldiers, avail themselved



Enemy ecouting party in Belgium take cover in the enow, while two of them eweep the horizon for signs of the Allies.



Prussian patrol engaged in scouting Argonne woods discover some of the Allies, and taks aim from cover



On the track of a meal. Prucelan cavalry patrol about to sample some retreshment at a stall in a Polish village. The stall-keeper and boy in the toreground are typical natives of Poland, some of whom had relations fighting on both German and Russian sides.

The Lonely Vigil of the Courageous Scout



A ecout informs a British sentry, posted behind a haystack, of the near approach of an enemy patrol, during the fighting in Northern France.



British sharpshootsr patrol posted to guard ditch of considerable militery importance.



"En garde pour la Patris." Picturssqus French sentinel by the roadside in France holde the way inviolate against the Hun.



From a ploughsd field, sodden by rain and ssersd by powder, a British scout has discovered a German patrol behind a hedge in the distance. Note the novel way of carrying a bandolisr round the horse's neck.



British scout leaves his hiding-place hurriedly to give warning of the approach of the snamy. The work of the estituel and soout, posted for hours in deserted village and by lonely road, requires infinitely more nerve than fighting in tranches with the observ companionship of fellow-men. The leolated vigil with its innumerable perils and awful responsibility is surely the severest test of courage.

Religious Duties amid the Din of War



The imploue Hun in a religioue mood.

Garman troops attend a short service amid the ruins caused by their gune in the central equare of a Polish town.

The priest is seen standing in an improvised pulpit between two guns.



A Mass celebration in the open air. Impressive French service in the beautiful Argonne Forest. The bared heads and general reverent attitude of our allies form a striking contrast to the Huns' stiff military form of supplication seen in the first picture.



The coldier clept in peace while the civiliane watched and prayed in Qod's house. A moving scene at an early Mass in a Beigian church. Inset: The Austrian Bishop Biclik conducte a Sunday cervice for soldiers on the battlefield. Note the absence of military uniforms, which demonstrates how hard preced Austria was to replanish her ranks shattered in the Kaicer's cause.

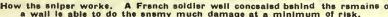




story told by the wounded man it appeared that he and his companions were trying to mend a burst tyre when they were suddenly attacked by a German squad. Entering the car they gave battle. The heroic struggle continued for an hour. His three comrades having fallen, the survivor fired at the remaining German and then fainted from loss of blood, to regret when help at length arrived that it came too late to save his gallant companions and left him alone to tell the tale. Few stories of the Great War are more moving than that told by the war artist M. Thiriat, and illustrated by him in the above picture. The scene was a desolate tract of Northern France. During a recomnaissance the party of which M. Thiriat was one came across a wrecked armoured motor-car, which appeared to be abandoned. Dead bodies of Germans were lying all round, and when the car was approached it was found to contain three dead French soldiers and one wounded. From the

Elusive Snipers Snapped by the Camera







British Marins gunners snips the Germans from a window in a Belgian town.



German lisutenant who, having persistently eniped at allied officers, was killed by a fragment of shell.



Ingenious hiding-place of a French eniper in Northern France, consisting of the hollow of a shell-ruined oak-tree.



German officer hidden by a haystack trying to pick off any British soldiers indiscreet snough to show themselves for a second above the trenches.

Y 1

How the War Horse Travels to "Do His Bit"



THERE is one thing that excited the admiration of Britain's allies over and above even the ex-cellence of her fighting men, and that was the wonderful quality of British horseflesh. Man's taithful friend "did his bit" silently for the Empire, and deserved his share of the glory thereby. The embarkment and disembarkment of horses was earried on with skill, and the journey aeross the water made as comfortable as possible. In the field the soldiers took infinite care of their mounts, and with the aid of those admirable societies—the Blue Cross and Our Dumb Friends' League-who established veterinary headquarters in France for the surgical treatment of wounded horses, only 13 per cent. of valuable horseslesh was lost in the war, as compared with 50 per cent, in the South African campaign.





Men of the Transport Section of the British Army who had charge of horses shipped to the Continent. This special branch of work was carried out with skill and consideration for man's dumb servitor. In fact, he was so well looked after in all phases of the war that only 13 per cent. of horsefiesh was lost, compared with 50 per cent. lost during the Boer War.

The Tramp of Armed Men in Sunshine and in Snow



New Zealanders marching in the hot eands of Egypt. The legend goes that one can hear the tramp and drume of phantom armies in the desert. But the far-away music became reality. Men of the old country, men of the new world, men of India and Egypt, arrayed themselves against the decadent Ottoman, led by the "kultured" twentieth-century Hun.



The long line of British Infantry stretched through France and Flanders. Regiment after regiment passed the ancient hamlete by. Small French boys on the way to echool tried to keep pace with the martial step, regarding with admiration and affection the allies who helped their own brothers-in-arms in the sacred cause of liberty.



And yet again the dietant tramp of armed msn wae audible, thie time in the enowy Voeges. Chaeseure Alpine, holding the passes at the southern end of the Allies' line, are here seen moving to take up a position in the mountains.

Fresh Fighters for the War of Nations



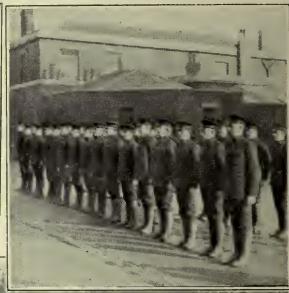
Newly-joined French reserviste learning to use the rifle at one of the ranges of a training camp in France.



French naval men being drilled in the use of the bayonet, with a view to making themselves handy on land. French sailors, like the British Roysi Naval Reserve, rendered effective help in land operations.



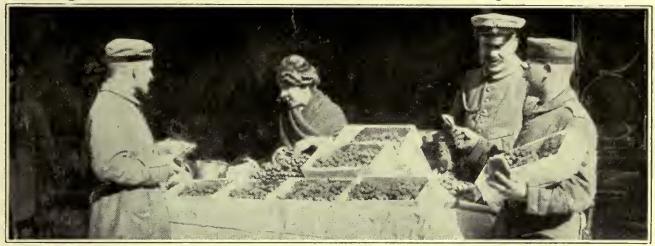
A few members of Germany's new army, claimed to be two million strong, going through a course of musketry in the Fatherland. Inset: Royal Irish Constabulary, still in their police uniforms, who have joined the Irish Guards—and the Germans imagined that Pat would rebel!





All Belgian subjects from 16 to 24 to the reecue of their Fatherland. Part of King Albert's new forces, raised during the winter of 1914-15, at rifle practice on the Continent.

Belligerent Soldiers trade with Enemy and Friend



German soldiers procuring and actually paying for fruit at a stall of a Belgian woman in Brussels. One ie, however, inclined to think that this intense sagerness to deal "fair and square" le merely to keep up appearances, the camera-man being so near at hand.



The French soldier goes to market. A number of infantrymen make purchases from a countrywoman in Northern France.



British soldiers, at a camp somewhere in Northern France purchase fruit from peasant market women.



Wounded Austrian prieonere being treated to a meal at a stall in the streets of Lemberg by generous Russian captors.



German coldiers dins al fresco at a stall in the market-square of a Polish town—it is to be hoped at their own expense.

There is no Colour-Line in the Battle-Line



A pictureeque Senegaleee encampment in Northern France, showing how the dark soldiere from the French African colony eccommodated themselvee in peculiar dwarfed tents. British soldiers took great interest in these coloured auxillaries of the French Army and their quaint native mannere and customs. The Senegalese are a particularly hardy race and fond of fighting.



Cheery sone of Africa who helped to shoulder the Allies' burden. Senegalese soldiers preparing a meal within sound of the guns.



British acidiere photographed with a negro from the Belgian Congo adorned with a "bionde beast's" heimet.

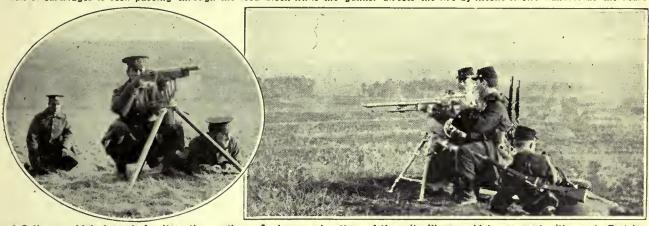


A French Turco, with Arab eteed, has drawn up to a village pump for water, to be greeted by three British soldiers. The way in which white and coloured races fraternised freely was an interesting feature of the war. The menace of "Kultur" united the army of civilisation in a bond of sympathy and affection irrespective of colour, race, and religion.

Diverse Machine-Guns in use in the War



Sikhe working a Maxim gun. This is one of the moet generally used guns, and cspable of firing about 450 rounds a minute. The belt of cartridges is seen passing through the feed-block while the gunner directs the fire by mesne of two handles at the rear.



A Colt gun, which depends for its action on the escape of gases generated in the explosion.

An Improved pattern of the mitrailleuse, which was used with great effect by the French Army in the fisid. A very delicate but deadly weapon.



Members of the First London Machine-gun Battery practising with the Lewie patent gun, one of the most rapid in use, firing 750 rounds a minute.



German ehield-protected machine-gun, elmilar to the Maxim in action, in East Pruesian trenches

Strange Adventures of 'Bus and Car in War-time



A heavy motor-waggon is being lifted with ease from the transport to the quay at Rousn by means of a powerful crans. Rarely was a machine damaged in transport.



Dropping a private car over the side. The chauffeur is seen guiding it into place.



A mile and a quarter of military care come to a standstill on a French road. One i the distance is on fire. Possibly it has been struck by a shall

THE war was essentially a machinemade war, and the greatest achievements of the mechanical mind were the deciding factors. In the prominence given to the use of the acroplane as a means of aggression, the great service of its precursor—the automobile—was apt to be overlooked. At the outbreak of the war thousands of cars and motor-cycles were requisitioned by the British Government for service on the Continent. In transport work the homely motor-'bus (adapted as in the photograph on this page) proved itself invaluable, and the motor-cycle for the quick conveyance of despatches was unequalled. The casualties, however, in the ranks of motor-vchicles were very heavy. A stray shell, hard going on bad roads which were frequently quagmires owing to heavy rains—and generally reckless driving, transformed many hundreds of sumptuous autos into heaps of twisted iron, rusting by the wayside. These derclicts could be seen on the roads of France and Flanders, where they were left exposed for wind and weather to complete their destruction.



How a London motor-'bue is adapted for active service. The top is removed bodily. A little sawing, some strong rope, and a hefty pull, and the "General" is quite resdy to do its bit for the country.



Hundreds of valuable cars are meeting the fate of the "Sunbeam" depicted in this photograph. Necessary reckless driving or a shell accounted for thousands of pounds' worth of mechanism.

Lynx-eyes look out for possible Spies



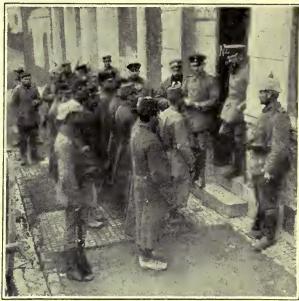
Every precaution against treachery was taken by French sentries. Here a Red Cross car is overhauled for inspection of papers.



A Ruseian euepect between two German coldiere at Lodz on hie way to undergo the ordeal of cross-examination.



German epies were in the habit of masquerading in French uniform. The French authorities were therefore particularly careful to scrutinies all vehicles passing certain points, though occupants might appear French.



French and Algerian prieonere being interrogated by German officers. There was no mercy for a spy if oaught.

He was rarely given the benefit of the doubt.



Dramatic trial scene of Franc-tireur. He is being queetioned by a German officer. With humility he anxiously explaine hie poeition. On the right some other French captives are seen awaiting their turn to come to judgment.

Americans in the War Zone in France and Germany



The American ambulance at Neuilly, near Paris, did excellent work for the wounded coldiers. Many of the nurses were well-known society ladies. This photograph shows some of them with doctors and patients on the balcony of the hospital.

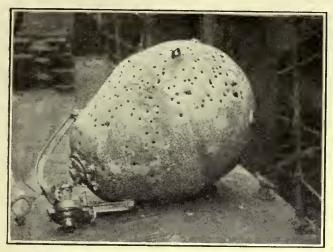


Interior of the bandage-room at the American hospital in Parie. The eurgical department was organised by Mise Grace Gassette, the artist, who is eeen standing with her hands behind her, against a chair. Other members of the staff were well-known society leaders.



The American military attache and hie etaff at Berlin. Americans, being citizens of a nation with which the Germane were not at war, were represented in the field of operations.

Some Film Fragments of the Great War



A cea-mine that was washed up by the waves on the East Coast, and found in the condition shown, with all these bullet-holes in it. It is presumed that attempte to explode it by rifle-fire when it was seen at sea drifting loose, failed.



The British soldier who was original owner of this service rifle was killed by the high-explosive shell that shattered the stock of the weapon, as seen in the photograph, and rendered it utterly useless for further work.



The Kaiser acquired the £4,000,000 Castle of Achilleion, in the island of Corfu, originally built for the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, but, fearing that Greece might enter the war against him and confiscate the property without giving any compensation, he tried to negotiate its sale at a low price to a Swiss hotel syndicate.



A curious photograph of a German shrapnsi shell which has smbedded itself deeply in the trunk of this tree without exploding, as it ought to have done.



As the Belgians retired under Qsrman pressure they blacked out the wording of the sign-posts on the public roads of their country, and the Qermane re-inserted the obliterated directione in their own language.



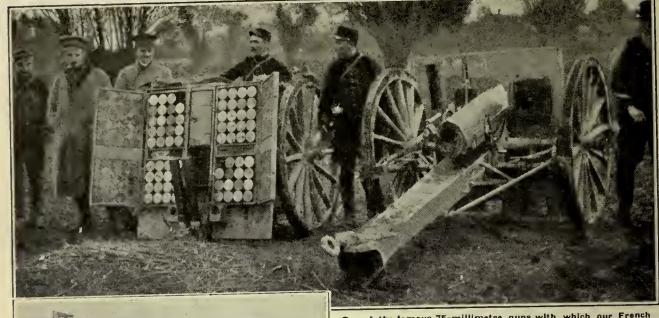
This postcard cold freely in Austria. The translation of the wording on it is: OUR KAISER AT PRAYER,

OUR RAISER AT PRAYER.
Father in Heaven, Ruler of the
Universe, have pity for him who bows
before Thee. I did not start the
strife or strew the earth with blood.
Surrounded with foes and envy, I
called my people to the defence of
arms. Let Thy mercy surround our
lines! Ours will be the victory and
Thine the honour.



Comrades in arms and in wounds. The tallest and the chortest wounded soldiers in a French hospital. A short man may still be a good soldier, and our minimum standard robs ue of many good fighting men.

The Guns that decide the Issue of War



One of the famous 75-millimetre guns with which our French allies have made such good practice during the war.

IT may be taken as axiomatic that weight and mobility are conflicting qualities in artillery. Germany has shown us what is possible with heavy guns. But she has also shown us what is impossible. Effective as they may be where there is time to place them and hard beds of cement or stone on which to mount them, they have proved worse than useless when rapid movement was essential. For instance, the Germans brought up some heavy mortars—which are really short guns of great weight, throwing large projectiles a limited distance. But the floods let into the low-lying beet-fields forced the Germans to retire rapidly, and these mortars had to be abandoned.

Again, the renowned "Soixante-quinze" or 75-millimetre (about 3 in.) gun of the French Army is a remarkably effective small-calibro gun of extreme mobility, that made it far more deadly and decisive than more cumbrous and less mobile gurs.



Two of the large German mortare brought up to help in blacting a way through to Calais, and abandoned when the floods were let loose by the Allies. They were recovered by the British, and were at Pervyse, near Dixmude, when photographed. The inset photograph above shows what a French gun did to a German gun after firing filteen minutes.

The David and Goliath in Gun Power



A battery of British 60-pounder guns preparing to shell the German lines from a well-ecreened position in Northern France.



Hiding the terrible "75." Belgian artillerymen erect a wooden shed round their gun, completely masking it from all points of view. Only the extreme etability of the "75" in action makes each complete cover possible.



The supreme effort in heavy armament. Covered Austrian howitzer, drawn by a traction engine, on the way to the front in Galicia. These gigantic weapone are an interesting contrast to the much lighter "75." They are less effective, except in elege warfare, by reason of their immobility. Where roads are in disrepair, special rail tracks have to be laid to transport them.

King Albert's New Army in the Making



Interior of the camp kitchen, showing cooks getting dinner ready for the new Belgian srmy in training somewhere on the Continent.



Belgian soldiers hard at work in the neighbourhood of the camp preparing cabbage and other vegetables for their comrades' dinner.



Young Beigian recruit who is anxious to serve under his herolo king.



New soldiers of the Beigian army in training bringing up rations to the camp.

The undaunted Beigians were determined to fight to a finish.



The call to the coloure of all young Belgians of military age was responded to with enthusiasm. The photograph shows a number of new recruits who went into training so as to be able to assist in the smancipation of their country.

Warlike Preparations in Peaceful Holland



The Dutch were not unmindful of Belgium's fate, and are here seen preparing against the possibility of territorial violation. Dutch artillery is seen in this photograph negotiating the sand-dunes during recent manœuvres.



Dutch infantry defending their territory on the occasion of the ermy manœuvree, which were reviewed by the Queen of Holland.

Locked and barred against the Angel of Peace. The gates of the Peace Palace at The Hague, presented by the War Lord himself.



The Queen of Holland has been making sure that her country is ready to defend its independence. Her Majesty is even arriving at Maeetricht to review the troops. A rupture between Germany and Holland was always a possibility.



Dutch officers at manœuvres, it will be remarked that their uniforms closely resemble those of the Germans.

Their Last Sleep after the Turmoil of War



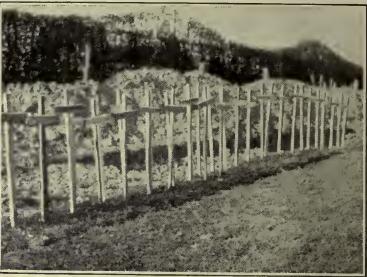


The grave in which Major-General The resting-place of the gallant Prince Maurice of The body of Captain the Hon. Hubert Hamilton was laid in La Battenberg, whose reckless bravery costs a valued life and Edward Mulholland, of the 1st Couture churchyard. Irish Guards, lies here.





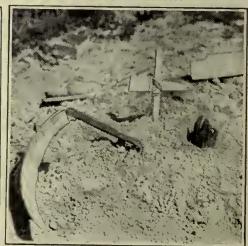
A German grave at Charlerol, with a row of helmets on the sod to give the departed military honour.



This long line of rude crosses marks the last reating-place of a number of British soldiera who fell on the field of honour.



The grave of a German aviator at Pave, in France, buried amid the debria of battle on the spot where his aeropiane came to earth.



Where Germans threw the body of a Belgian franc-tireur, leaving his dead hand projecting.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



ADMIRAL LORD FISHER, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., O.M. FIRST SEA LORD OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

ADMIRAL LORD FISHER

THREE Englishmen in particular compelled the grudging respect, even the fear, of the leaders of pre-war Germany: Sir Edward Grey, Earl Kitchener, and Baron Fisher of Kilverstone. And, from more than one point of view, the greatest of these was Fisher. When, in 1911, on reaching the age-limit of three score and ten, this passionately patriotic sailor hauled down his flag on the Victory, a well-known figure in our public life declared, "It is almost as if Nelson had stepped down from his monument in Trafalgar Square." When, on October 30th, 1914, on the retirement of Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lord Fisher returned to the Admiralty, his countrymen at home felt that, to use his own words of 1907, they could once again "sleep quietly in their beds."

Lord Fisher's Link with Nelson

Lord Fisher's life-story is full of romance and stirring interest. He was born in Ceylon on January 25th, 1841. His father, Captain William Fisher, of the 78th Highlanders, on retiring from the Army, had taken up the life of a coffee planter. Lord Fisher's mother was Sophia, daughter of Mr. A. Lamb, of New Bond Street, and a granddaughter of one of the City Fathers, Alderman Boydell. John Arbuthnot Fisher entered his teens and the Royal Navy at the same time, being the last midshipman to be received into the Senior Service by Admiral Sir William Parker, the last of Nelson's sea-captains. He had the good fortune to be nominated for this distinction by a niece of the greatest of England's naval heroes. The introduction took place on board the famous Victory, at Portsmouth, thus marking a link between the Nelson tradition and our own time, which link has been strengthened throughout Lord Fisher's career. The Nelson tradition is at the root of Lord Fisher's so-called "revolutionary" policy. Mahan's dictum to the effect that "Nelson's far-distant, storm-beaten ships, oupon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world," was one of his favourite quotations; and his homes in East Anglia and Surrey were also, in a way, a further link with lis great predecessor.

Lord Fisher's early days in the Navy were passed in the Baltic and the Black Sea during the Crimean War. In 1851-1860, when he became lieutenant, he took part in the China War, being present at the capture of Canton and the Peiho Forts. Six years later he married Frances Katharine Josepha, daughter of the late Rev. T. Delves Broughton; and it may be remarked parenthetically that all his children (one son and three daughters) have married. The son entered the Indian Civil Service; the daughters all married officers in the Royal Navy. Promoted commander in 1869, Lord Fisher joined the Ocean, on the China station. Becoming post-captain in 1874, he was two years later appointed to the Hercules in the Mediterranean, and in 1877, also in the Hercules, served as commander-in-chief of a Particular Service Squadron.

Mounting the Ladder of Promotion

There followed a period of service on the Bellerophon as flag-captain to Sir A. Cooper-Key on the North America and West Indies station, as commander of the Pallas, and as flag-captain to Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, of Franklin Expedition fame. He served on the Valorous, the Northampton, and the Excellent, on the last-named vessel making a special study of torpedo work. He was with the Inflexible in 1882 at the bombardment of Alexandria, having a share in planning the armoured train, serving as pro tem. governor of Alexandria, and receiving the C.B. A year later we find him captain of the Gunnery School at Portsmouth, when his staff included Admiral Sir J. R. Jellicoe. From 1886 to 1891 he was Director of Naval Ordnance, receiving in 1890 his appointment as rearadmiral. His next post was as Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, when his flag was loisted on the Asia. In 1892, on the eve of the public agitation regarding the strength of the Navy, he went to Whitehall as Third Naval Lord. In 1894 he was made K.C.B. Two years later he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral. In

1897-99 he was commander-in-chief on the North America and West Indies station.

The Highest Prizes in his Profession

At the Hague Conference, in 1899, he was our naval representative, and he went thence as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. It was to the state of high efficiency into which he brought our Mediterranean Fleet that the world very largely owed the preservation of European peace during the progress of the South African War. Promotion followed very rapidly on Lord Fisher's service in the Middle Sea. Becoming full admiral in 1901, he was in the following year Second Naval Lord and a G.C.B., in 1903 Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and in 1904, with Lord Esher and Sir George Clarke, on the Committee of Three appointed to reorganise the War Office.

On Trafalgar Day, 1904, when an Order in Council was issued materially increasing the duties of that office, Lord Fisher entered the Admiralty as First Sea Lord, becoming Admiral of the Fleet in 1905, and being awarded the Order of Merit. These distinctions were followed in 1908 by the

G.C.V.O., and in 1909 by a peerage.

The year 1909 was associated with another incident in Lord Fisher's career. There was a naval crisis, and it was an open secret that Mr. Reginald M'Kenna and all his colleagues on the Board of Admiralty—including Lord Fisher, Sir William May, and Sir John Jellicoe—resigned to secure eight Dreadnoughts for the nation. He retired on January 25th, 1911, but acted as chairman of the Royal Commission on Oil Fuel, and continued to sit on the Council of Imperial Defence.

In September, 1914, he was appointed honorary colonel of the First Royal Naval Brigade, of the new Royal Naval Division. He sent on this occasion the following characteristically breezy telegram to Commodore Wilfred Henderson, the commander: "Tell the First Royal Naval Brigade how very deeply I appreciate the privilege of being their honorary colonel. I am coming to see them immediately. Tell them to look forward to splendid duty both by sea and land. Our island history is full of glorious deeds of sailors' brigades in every war. Let us beat the record. A fight to the finish.—Fisher."

First and Principal Naval A.D.C. to King Edward VII. and King George V., Lord Fisher was awarded the Grand Cordons of the Orders of the Legion of Honour, Osmanieh, St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, and Charles III. of Spain; and the Universities of Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Glasgow conferred honorary degrees upon him.

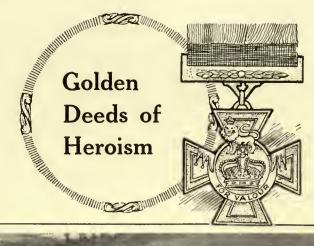
His Supreme Services to his Country

Lord Fisher will go down to history as the creator of the modern British Navy. He was the "father" of the Dreadnought and super-Dreadnought, and the big battle-cruisers. He brought the study of four things—strategy, tactics, speed, and gunnery—up to a standard never before reached in the British Fleet. From the early days of his career a devoted student of all things affecting his profession—until his own time one of the most conservative professions in the world—within two months of his appointment as First Sea Lord he revolutionised the whole distribution of the British Fleet. During the Boer War he installed wireless in "the imperial conning-tower" at Whitehall, and perfected a system of intelligence by which the Lords of the Admiralty were kcpt constantly in touch with the movements of every warship in the world. A bare list of his reforms would more than fill this page, but they may be summarised as reforms of naval education, terms of entry to the Navy, naval distribution, so planned as to render practicable the delivery of the hardest blow possible at any place and time, development of big-gun power in big ships, increase of speed, the development of the submarine, the use of oil fuel, and the elimination of "lame ducks."

A man of breezy optimism, he united with the spirit of iron discipline brilliant conversational ability, unique social charm, a gift for the turning of memorable apothegms, an ardent patriotism, and not a little of the simple faith which characterised the hero of Trafalgar.

Hail to the man whose noble deed
Brings him his title, his cross, his band!
Well has he won his simple meed,
Token of thanks from a grateful hand.
Long may we wear it, and long may we
Strive to become such a one as he.

-A. W. B.







The Dangers of Reconnoitring in the Darkness



THE man who goes out from the battle-line to find what the enemy is about is exposed to a double danger. He may be seen by the enemy, and may be captured or shot. Again, in attempting to return to his own lines, he may be mistaken for an enemy by his friends, and a bullet from his own side is as likely to be deadly as one from an enemy rifle.

The danger of injury from his own side is accentuated

The danger of injury from his own side is accentuated during the hours of darkness, when the ear and not the eye is the chief organ of observation. Our artist portrays in this picture an incident that illustrates the hazards of reconnoitring when the curtain of night has fallen on the fighting-line.

An officer in an Indian regiment, in order to find out if a

certain German trench was held at night or not, was compelled to crawl five hundred yards through a ploughed field during an action between the opposing lines. He approached to within twenty yards of the enemy's trench to discover it occupied. Hearing on his left some faint whispering which sounded like Pushtu, and thinking, therefore, that some of his men had crawled out to look for him, the officer quietly approached in the direction of the voices.

The imagined Indians turned out to be two Germans creeting, barbed-wire entanglements, and speaking their

The imagined Indians turned out to be two Germanserecting barbed-wire entanglements, and speaking their own language. The scout finally regained his trench, not, however, without being mistaken for the enemy by a British sentry and fired at twice.

Supreme Self-Sacrifice for "La Patrie"



WHEN Germany flung down the gage of battle in front of France, the French nation saw rising on the horizon of possibility the chance of regaining her two lost provinces. Her determination that, given victory, she would insist upon the cession of Alsace-Lorraine became a source of inspiration that lent stern determination to the resistance and intrepid daring in the attacks on the German Huns.

and intrepid daring in the attacks on the German Huns.

The fighting in Alsace was particularly severe, and at first, by faults of command, France suffered great, but not irreparable, loss. Those responsible were superseded by men of General Joffre's own choosing, and the campaign was resumed with a new French aggressive.

At one point of the battle-line the contending forces were very close. The densely-wooded nature of the country made aerial reconnaisance useless.

Anxious to ascertain the German strength and the position of their trenches, a French colonel sent out a sergeant and three men purposely to draw their fire. The four men knew well the dangers of the task set them. But they held that the greater the danger the greater the honour, and they proceeded on their perilous mission.

The little party reached a farmhouse in full view of a wood, within whose protection a considerable force of the enemy was suspected to be hidden, and began firing among the trees from the red-tiled roof. A furious volley was the answer, plainly telling the watching colonel what he wished to know. German artillery was then directed upon the farmhouse, and the three brave soldiers were killed, and only the sergeant reached the French lines alive. He was promoted for his gallantry.

Garibaldi Brothers Die in Freedom's Cause



THE name Garibaldi stands high on the roll of the world's patriots. It ranks with Wallace and Washington, Bolivar and Gustavus Adolphus. Its most illustrious holder made Italy a nation and gave Victor Emanuel a crown.

The high idealism and valour of his descendants constitute convincing testimony of the inspiring influence of a great name and a glorious example. The spirit of freedom burned so brightly in the Garibaldi family, that they could not be restrained from putting their swords at the service of France when Kaiserism threatened the world. The Garibaldi Legion was formed. Its heroism during the

winter campaign of 1914-1915 was the admiration of the Allies and the dread of the German soldiers.

The family paid the price of reckless bravery in the blood of its sons. Two of the six Garibaldi brothers, Bruno and Constante, who were in a regiment of some 2,000 Italian volunteers, fell in the Argonne when fighting the Germans.
On the first day of their entry into the firing-line, Bruno

dashed into the fight at the head of his company, to fall, shot down by the deadly German fire. Calling to a comrade, he embraced him, murmuring "For my brothers!" and expired. Constante died while bravely rallying his men.

Lieut. N. D. HOLBROOK, of the B11.
First Naval V.C.,
who received the honour in recognition of his Dardanelles exploit.



Pte. S. F GODLEY,
4th Batt. Royal Fusiliers,
who bravery worked a machine-gun
after being wounded at Mons.

Some Valiant V.C.'s



Lieut. W. L. BRODIE, 2nd Batt. Highland Light Infantry, headed a brilliant bayonet charge and retook the British trenches.



Pte. GEORGE WILSON.
Highland Light Infantry,
the newsboy V.C., who captured a
German gun with great courage.



Drummer SPENSER J. BENT,
1st Batt. East Lanes,
held the position after officer and
section commander were struck down.



Driver FREDERICK LUKE, 37th Battery, R.F.A. He helped to save the guns at Le Cateau under heavy fire.



Capt. Lord ALASTAIR INNES-KER,
Royal Horse Gnards,
showed great courage in relieving the
pressure of a determined attack



Capt. NORMAN A. ORR-EWING, Scots Guards (attached Irish Guards) Made a D.S.O in recognition of his excellent example lu rallying the spirit and steadiness of his battation

Awarded the D.S.O.



Capt. F. L. PARDOE,
1st Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps,
received the D.S.O. for carrying
messages under heavy shell fire.



Capt. Hon. E. S. WYNDHAM, 1st Life Guards, who, though wounded, retook a posi-tion and trenehes at Messines.



Major A. B. E. CATOR.
Scots Guards.
His cheerfuiness helped materially to pull the 20th Brigade together after being in action five days.



Capt. CHARLES V. FOX, Scots Guards. In an action at Krulselk, Capt. Fox was successful in taking two hun-dred and five prisoners Photos by Central Press, Heath, Speaight, Lajayette, Barnett.



Major Hon. A. F. STANLEY, 1st Life Guards, led his regiment to support 4th Guards' Brigade with skill and daring



Sec.-Lieut. D. R. TURNBULL
Gordon Highlanders.
He continued to work his Maxim gun
when the gunners were all wounded
till struck himself.

A Gallant Grandson of Queen Victoria



Prince Maurice of Battsnberg, like his father Prince Henry, the husband of our beloved Princess Beatrice, laid down his life for his country. His bravery was unquestioned, and he met dath like a hero. A corporal at the front tells of Prince Maurice's conspicuous gallantry at Charly-sur-Marne on September 7th, when the King's Royal Rifles saw the Germans making blockages of carts, furniture, wire, glass, stc., on a bridge preparatory

to blowing It up. The order was given to take the bridge and Prince Maurice was the first man over. He led the way over the barricades, and was first into the houses on the other side searching for Gsrmans who had, however, fled without firing a shot. Prince Maurice was mentioned in one of Sir John French's despatches, probably for this incident. Within a week he was wounded and died.



If one were asked to name the bravest deed of the war, the answer might be tha act of bravery here depicted. The heroism that can rise to the height of giving one's own life to eave that of an ensmy under five resches a pitch of moral courage higher than the rush of a bayonet charge or the assault upon an enemy position. Some Germans attacked a British trench, and were replied with many dead. They had to relie, and took with them all their wounded sxcept one, whom they overlooked. A comrade came into the open to rescue him, but fell dead, plerced by a score of British bullete. The British officer gave the order "Cease fire."

Then he himself advanced to the rescue of the wounded German, but was etruck by several German builets. Then the German officer each his purpose, when he in turn gave the order Casse fire,. The British officer was able to reach the object of his effort. He lifted him, and carried him to the German trenches, where he saluted and handed him to hie friends. The German officer saluted, aprang from the trench, took off hie own Iron Gross sand pinned it on his brave enemy. Then the British officer gainsd his own lines, wounded to death, which took place before he could receive the Victoria Cross for which he was recommended.



GERMANS ROUTED BY IRISH STALWARTS UNDER THE OLD GREEN FLAG.—There are momented in the hard-preced battle when the spirits flag and the arms weaken under the continued physical etrain. Then suddenly soms incident takes place that fire the blood, lighte the sye, gives a new etrength to the arm, and causes the renewal of an effort that provee irresistible. Such an incident occurred when some Irish brigades were being pressed by overwhelming masses of germans constantly renewed. There were

Irish Guarde, Munstare, Leinsters, and Connaught Rangers in the battle, and it looked as if defeat or retirement were unavoidable. Then suddenly the fall figure of an Irish guardsman rose from the firing-line, waved the old flag of Ireland with enthusiastic ardour, and ahouted excitedly: "Erin go bragh." That was the match that set the ranke aflarne. With a other that astonished both themselves and the enemy, they rushed at them with the bayonet, bore through them, and there was a German rout in that part of the field.

Men Whose Bravery Won Official Recognition

SERGEANT ROWLAND SHUBOTHAM, of the Cheshire Regiment, was awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery in rescuing a wounded officer from the firing-line.
Captain C. V. Beresford was mentioned in Sir John
French's despatches. He was wounded at Mons, and was

taken as a prisoner to Mainz, Germany.

Bandsman Thomas Edward Rendle, of the 1st Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, received the Victoria

Cross for courageously tending wounded under heavy fire.
Able-Seamen H. D. Lowe, G. Ripley, and T. Machen were decorated by the King with the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry at Antwerp.
They are members of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Corporal J. Smith, B Company, 2nd Batt. South Staffs Regiment, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal in recognition of his devotion to duty and gallantry.

Corporal H. E. Hodder, Royal Engineers, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry on the field. Prior to the outbreak of war he was a Cambridge undergraduate, but volunteered as a despatch-rider.

Corporal E. Dickinson, 1st Royal Dragcons, received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for consistent gallantry in carrying messages under very heavy fire from German guns and snipers. He says with characteristic modesty: "It wasn't much—merely my duty, and I didn't fancy the job at the time, but someone had to do it."



Sergt. ROWLAND SHUBOTHAM Cheshire Regiment.



Capt. C. V. BERESFORD, 3rd Batt. Worceeterehire Regiment.



Sergt. H. DUNGAY. 1st Norfolks.



Seaman CREMER Submarine hero.



Seamen H. D. LOWE, G. RIPLEY, and T. MACHEN Naval Brigade.



Bandsman T. E. RENDLE Duke of Cornwall's L.1.



Corporal J. SMITH South Staffe Regiment.



Corporal E. DICKINSON, 1et Royal Dragoons.



Corporal H. E. HODDER, Royal Engineere.



Private E. HAMMOND, 2nd West Riding Regiment.

How a French Sergeant Saved a Town



When the Germans attacked the little town of Montreux Visux they got as far as the canal. But no farther. Before they reached the movable bridge across it, a sergeant who was on guard in the bridge-house close by rushed out under heavy fire and coolly turned the handle of the whest by which the bascule is raised and lowered until the roadway of the bridge stood vertical on the

town eide of the canal. That gallant act, under circumetancee of peculiar danger, was practically the end of the assault. The Germans did not care to attempt the srection of a temporary bridge to enable them to make the crossing under the heavy fire directed by the French artillery, so they abandoned the attempt and beat a hasty retreat.

The Conspicuous Bravery of a French Private

JEAN BERGER, a volunteer private in the 2nd French Infantry, found his colonel lying wounded after a hot battle, and carried him to the rear. As he did so, a wounded British officer called out. Jean returned to the officer with a flask of wine. As he put the latter to the wounded man's lips, one bullet removed three of his own fingers and another went through his body. fingers and another went through his body.

The two wounded men lay together, and after some time a thirst-tortured wounded German who lay near them

begged for drink. They dragged themselves to him, poured some water and wine between his lips—then both fainted.

Next morning the battle began again, and as a body of Uhlans rode past, Berger appealed to their officer for a drink. The latter saw the body of his dead countryman with the empty French flask beside it. He read the whole story, and gave the two survivors food and drink, saluting them as he left. Later in the dear Dearman them as he left. Later in the day Berger managed to drag the now-delirious British officer to the allied lines.



General French in the Thin Khaki Line



DURING the great Battle of Ypres, when Britain's little army was a line, slender but of indomitable courage—strained almost to breaking point, battling desperately against overwhelming numerical superiority, but nevertheless a band of steel resistance to all the efforts to break a way through—it was in those days that Sir John French, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Field, revealed a greatness of heart and spirit that made him a hero to all his men. It is worthy of note that he was in the field—not on a hill in the distance.

With utter disregard for his own safety, he motored from

With utter disregard for his own safety, he motored from point to point of the line of conflict, encouraging the soldiers by his presence, heartening them when the hordes of the enemy seemed inexhaustible and the struggle unavailing, partaking in their dangers, and risking his life as they risked theirs.

At one point, during a particularly fierce engagement, he left his car and ran on foot to a wood where his men were being forced to withdraw, step by step. As he hurried towards the fight, a man staggered, wounded, right in his path. Sir John caught him in his arms as he was falling, laid him down gently, and then continued rallying his soldiers, talking to them, cheering them, and so inspiring them with his own unfailing courage and dauntless spirit that they held on, and kept the position, despite the persistent hacking of the tremendous opposing forces.

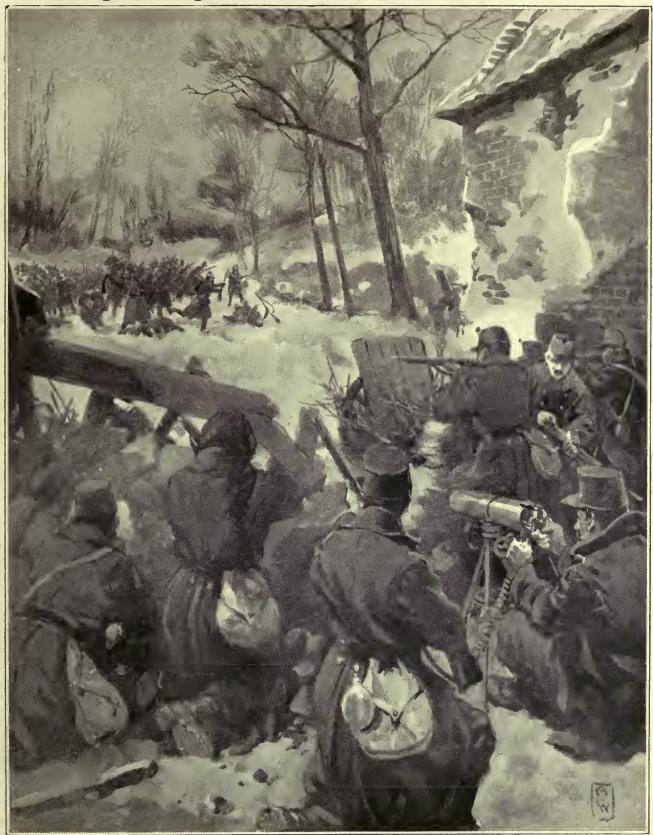
Three Unnamed Heroes of an Unnamed Corps



Gallant stand by British during the terrific fighting south-east of Ypres. In one of our trenches, which had become practically isolated, forty British soldiers continued to hold firm until every one of them was either killed or wounded. Eventually three only were left who were capable of firing. Still undaunted, these

thrss continued to hold the charging Germans at bay. Fearful lest the three defenders' ammunition should be exhausted, a volunteer relief force of seven men est out. When they succeeded in reaching the trench the three heroic survivors were still standing amid their dead and disabled comrades and firing steadily.

How Eight Belgian Heroes Preserved Allies' Line



Germane prepared to attack in force at a weak point in the Belgian line. A party of outposte discovered the manœuvre, and hastily barricading themselves in the chelter of a farmhouse decided to keep the uneuspecting enemy at bay with the aid of a machine-gun. When the Hune were within two hundred yards the

deadly machine-gun spluttered death and destruction in their closely-formed ranks. After two hours' fighting the farmhouse fort was reduced by Garman shelle, but Belgian reinforcements came up in time to turn the tables. Three of the eight Belgians were killed and all the others wounded.

A A 1

Drummer's Dexterous Gallantry Under Fire



An heroic figure of the war—Drummer Speneer J. Bent. He received the V.C. for holding a position when all his officers had been struck down. On another occasion he rescued a wounded comrade under heavy fire. Private McNulty ventured from the trench, and was etruck by a German bullet. He collapsed; but the

Huns continued firing at him. Realising the eltuation, Drummer Bent went to the rescue. No sooner had he attempted to lift the wounded man than he slipped and fell. Drummsr Bent, tsrefore, dexterously hooked his feet under McNuity's arms, and, using his elbows, managed to drag the wounded man to safety.

Cossack to the Rescue of a Red Cross Nurse



The incident depicted above is vouched for as having taken place in the fighting near the Polish frontier. Russian wounded were being collected by two Red Cross nursee and some unarmed orderlies with an ambulance waggon. Suddenly from the wood close by a German officer and some men appeared. The

officer strapped the wrists of one of the nuress and carried her to his horss. Then he rode off with her, bruised from her struggle and in dsspair of her fate. But a Cossack appeared, took in the eituation, and gave chase. In horsemanship the German had no chance. He was spitted on the Cossack epear, and hie victim rescued.

Son of Ind wins Britain's most Coveted Honour



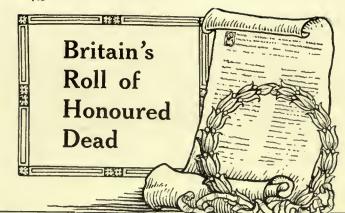
The second Indian soldier to gain the V.C. was Nalk Darwan Sing Negl, of the First Battalion 39th Garhwells. Part of the British trenches had been taken by the enemy, and violent attacks to recover it were made. The final assault was delivered by the First 39th Garhwalls. A murderous fire was poured on

the Indians by the Germane, but Darwan Sing, beyonet in hand, led the attack again and again. Haif a dozen trench esotione were soon cleared of the enemy, and there remained but three traversee to take when the heroic Indian was wounded by bomb. He continued fighting until the last position fell.

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children, England mourns for her dead across the sea. Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit, Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death, august and royal, Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres. There is music in the midst of desolation, And a glory that shines upon our tears.

—Laurence Binyon.











A. HERBERT-STEPNEY, Major Irish Guards.



THOMSON, P. Major E. P. THOMSO! Royal Munster Fusiliers.



Capt. CHARLES CARUS MAUD, D.S.O., Somerset Light Infantry



Capt. the Hoa. R. MORGAN-GRENVILLE (Master of Kinloss), Rifle Brigade.



Capt. ALAN G. TRITTON, Capt. A. GERALD WORDSWORTH, 3rd Batt, Coldstream Gnards. 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regt.





Capt J. P. WHELAN, Royal Irish Rifles.



Capt. A. G. M. GRAHAM, Worcestershire Regt.



Capt. H. M. POWELL, South Staffordshire Regt.



Capt. R. J. BROWNFIELD, Royai Warwickshire Regt.

Capt. the Hon. Richard Morgan-Grenville (Master of Kinloss) served with distinction in the Western campaign. He joined the Rille Brigade in 1906, and obtained his company in August, 1914. His mother was the eldest daughter of the third Duke of Buckingham and Chandos and tenth Lord Kiuloss, on whose death she succeeded to the barony. Capt. A. Gerald Wordsworth was gazetted from the Militia in 1902 to the 2nd Batt. Milddlesex Regt., and first saw active service during the last few months of the South African War. Capt. Wordsworth was the son of the Rev. J. Wordsworth, of Ali Hallows, Cumberland, who himself had been a captain in the Milddlesex Regt. before taking orders.

Capt. Sir Montague Aubrey Rowley Cholmeley, Bart., was formerly lieutenant in the 4th Batt. Lincolashire Regt., and a great sportsman, being Master of the well-known Burton Hunt.

4th Batt. Lincolashire Regt., and a great sportsman, being master of the workshold Burton Hunt.

Lieut. the Hon. Edward Charles Hardinge, D.S.O., died from wounds received in action. Son of a distinguished father, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, ex-Viceroy of India, he served the Empire with great ability, being mentioned in Sir John French's despatches, and subsequently received the D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry.

Major Edmund Peel Thomson, Royal Munster Fusiliers, entered the Army in 1893. After brilllant service in the South African campaign, he was appointed Staff-Captain of Pretoria sub-district, and was made Brigade-Major, Middlesex Infantry Brigade, in 1912.



Capt. the Hon. C. H. M. ST. CLAIR, Seaforth Highlanders.



Capt. Sir MONTAGUE CHOL-MELEY, Grenadier Gnards.



Capt. G. H. SMART, West Yorkshire Regi





Capt. GEOFFREY STEWART, 2nd Batt, Coldstream Guards.



Lient. C. F. VERRALL, Royal Sussex Regt.



Lient. G. R. PARR, Somerset Light Infantry.



Lt. Hon. EDWARD HARDINGE, D.S.O., The King's Hussars,



Lient. I. M. MACANDREW, Seaforth Highlanders.



Sec.-Lieut. J. H. G. NEVILL, Grenadier Gnards.

(Photos by Vandyk, Ernest Brocks, Lafayette, Barnett, Chancellor, Heath, Russell & Sons, Barrett, Hills & Saunders, Bassano.)



Lient.-Col. M. C. A. GREEN, S. Lanes. Regiment.



Coi. R. J. MARKER, D.S.O., Coidstream Guards.



Major J. F. LODER SYMONDS, S. Staffs, Regiment.



Major J. CHRYSTIE, Royal Garrison Artillery,



Lt. Lord H. B. F. CONGLETON, Granadiar Guards.



Maj. the Hon. H. DAWNAY, 2nd Life Gnards.



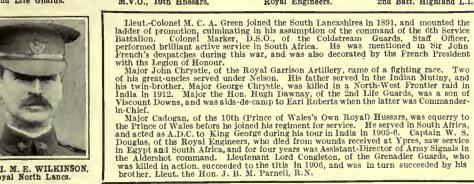
Maj. the Hon. W. G. S. CADOGAN, M.V.O., 10th Hnssars.



Capt. W. S. DOUGLAS, Royal Engineers.



Lient. C. L. CORNISH, 2nd Batt. Highland L.I.





Lient. H. M. WARNER, East Lancs Regiment.



Lleut. I. M. E. WILKINSON, Loyal North Lancs.



Lient. N. G. S. McGRATH, 2nd Dragoon Gds. (Queen's Bays).



Lient. W. A. F. SANDEMAN. Gordon Highlandsrs.



Lient. E. D. BAKER, King's Liverpool Regt.



Lient. R. R. EGERTON, Royal Engineers.



Sec.-Lisht, I. R. MACRAE. King's Own Scottish Bord









Lisht, I. R. MACRAE. Lieht, R. C. GRAVES-SAWLE Sec.-Lieht, J. DENNIS SHINE, Sec.-Lieht, R. C. L. PILLINER, Sec.-Lt. R. G. KER GULLAND, Photographs by Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Elliott & Fry, Russell & Sons, Swaine, Speaight, Vandyk, Gale & Polden, Heath, Hills & Saunders, Bassano. Chancellor, Carturight.



Lieut.-Coi. R. ALEXANDER. Riffe Brigade.



Capt. A. NOEL LOXLEY. H.M.S Formidable.





Capt. HUGH TAYLOR. Scots Guards



Capt. A. M. RANDALL, 4th Gurkhas



Capt. COCHRANE NEWTON. Princess "Pat's."



Lieut. Lord WORSLEY, Royal Horse Guards.



Lleut. W. E. MAITLAND, Seaforth Highlanders.



Lient, JAMES CASEY, 1st Batt. King's Royal Rifles

Lleutenant-Colonei Reginaid Alexander, Rifle Brlgade, died of wounds received in action. He had a distinguished career in the South African War, being mentioned twice in despatches.

Lleutenant Lord Worsley, of the Royal Horse Guards, was the eldest son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, and was killed in the action at Zandvoorde on October 30th.

Captain Loxiey, R.N., commander of the ili-fated Formidable, entered the Navy in 1888. He served on the punitive naval expedition against the King of Benin, in which action he was awarded the general African medal and the Benin clasp. Captain Loxiey was appointed to the Formidable on September 2nd, 1914.

Captain D. Onslow Cochrane Newton was the first officer of the Canadian Contingent to dle in action. He served with distinction in the Boer War and was afterwards aidede-camp to the Eari of Dundonald and to Eari Grey. Though retired from the Army at the outbreak of the war, he earnestly desired to serve with the men of the Canadian Contingent, among whom he was very popular.



Lt. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS, King's Royal Rifle Corps.



Lieut F. E. OAKLEY. Royal Navy.



Sec.-Lieut. PIRIE, 1st Gordons.



Sec.-Lieut, R. A. PERSSE, 2nd Batt, King's Royal Rifles.



Lieut. L. C. NICHOLSON, D.S.O., 3rd Batt Royal Berks



Lieut. P. VAN NECK. 1st Batt Grenadiers.



G. CRONK. The Buffs.



Sec.-Lient. R., GRAHAM Cameronians.



Sec.-Lt. T. W. QUARTLEY. King's Own Royal Lancs.



Sec.-Lieut. H. C. CHADS, North Staffordshire Regt. Photes by Speaight, Lambert Weston, Barnett, Lajayette, Heath, Russell,



Lient, R. E. ORLEBAR, 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regt.



Maj. H. B. W. SMITH-REWSE, Royal Field Artillery



Capt. T. P. DORINGTON, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.



Capt. EVERARD J. LAMB, 1st Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers



Capt. H. WHITAKER. Rifle Brigade.



Capt. C. B. CHICHESTER, The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)



Capt. C. SYMES-THOMPSON, Grenadier Guards.



Capt. MILES RADCLIFFE Border Regt.



Lieut. S. K. R. GORE, Royal West Kent.



Lieut. K. P. HENSTOCK, Middlesex Regt.



Capt. the Hon. A. ANNESLEY, 10th Hussars.

Major H. B. W. Smith-Rewse joined the Royal Field Artillery in 1807. He was with the West African Frontier Force for several years, and held appointments at Woolwich, first as instructor, and later as officer of a company of gentlemen cadets. Captain the Hon. A. Annesley was the eldest son of the eleventh Lord Valentia. He joined the 10th Hussars from the militia, and served in the South African War. Lord Annesley met his death while flying over Ostend on November 5th, 1914. He was a sub-lleutenant in the R.N.Y.R., and left Eastchnrich with Flight-Lleutenant Beevor, but the machine was shot down by Germans, and both airmen were killed. Lleutenant S. A. Goldsmid, who was killed in battle, received his first commission in 1912.

In 1912.

Major T. P. Dorington, of the 1st (Royal) Dragoons, had a varied and brilliant military career. He saw service in South Africa, being engaged at the Relief of Ladysmith, Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaal Kranz, and in Natul, the Transvaul, Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony. For a short while he was adjutant in the Imperial Yeomanry, and, subsequently, adjutant in the Territorial force.

Captain Symes-Thompson joined the 1st Batt. Grenadler Guards in 1901, and saw service in South Africa. At the outbreak of the war he was transferred to the 2nd Batt. Sec.-Lieutenant R. W. Fletcher, of the Royal Field Artillery, was a well-known Blue. He rowed bow in last year's Oxford crew.



Sub-Lieut. Earl ANNESLEY, R.N.V.R.



Lieut. SIDNEY A. GOLDSMID, Worcester Regt.



Lient. H. W. NICHOLSON, Cheshire Regt.





Sec.-Lieut, H. P. HARTNOLL, Worcester Regt



Sec.-Lient. P. McDONAGH, Royal West Kents.



Sec.-Lieut. R. W. FLETCHER, Royal Field Artillery. Photos by Lambert Weston, Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Heath, Brooke Hughes, Swaine.



Lient. A. P. F. LYON, Gordon Highlanders.



Sec.-Lieut. M. A. HEPBURN, Sec.-Lt. J. H. G. LEE-STEERE, Seaforth Highlanders. Grenadier Guards.





Major G. HEBDEN RALEIGH, Royal Flying Corps.



Capt. H. J. A. ROCHE, Royal Mnnster Fusiliers.



Capt. R. E. M. PAKENHAM, Royal Munster Fusiliers.



Capt. MAURICE HELYAR. Rifle Brigade.



Capt. C. J. SPENCER (missing), Devonshire Regt.



Capt. H. C. RICHMOND, Gioncester Regt.



Capt. C. H. WICKHAM, Royal Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. G. E. BURDEKIN, Sherwood Foresters.



Lient. R. H. WILLIAMSON. R.G.A.

Major George Hebden Raieigh, Essex Regiment and Royal Flying Corps, received his commmission in 1899, and was gazetted captain in 1908. He saw much service in South Africa, being dangerously wounded at Dreifontein. Major Raieigh met his death through a fall with his aeroplane in France.

Captain Hyacinth Joseph Aibert Roche, Royal Mnnster Fusiliers and Royal Flying Corps (killed in action) entered the Munsters in 1908, and was promoted lieutenant in 1910, when he joined the Royal Flying Corps. He was made a flight officer in April, 1914.

Captain Robert Edward Michael Pakenham entered the Royal Munster Fusiliers in 1897, and saw active service in South Africa. He retired from the Army in 1912, but rejoined his regiment on the outbreak of the war.



Lient. J. R. MYLLES, Highland Light Infantry



Lieut, L. C. MOOR-RADFORD, 1st South Staffs Regt.



Lient. CUTHBERT BOWEN, East African Police.



Lient. C. PATTERSON, Lancashire Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lient. E. W. WILSON. 1st West Yorks.



Lommander E. O. BALLANTYNE, H.M.S. Viknor



Capt. C. G. TAYLOR, M.V.O., H.M.S. Tiger.



Warrant-Officer R. J. PAGE. H.M.S. Good Hope. (Photos by Central Press, Lafayette, Swaine, Speaight, Heath, Bonns, Russell.)



Lient.-Com. H. L. SHEPHARD, H.M.S. Viknor.



Brig.-Gen. N. R. McMAHGN, D.S.G.



Major E. CRAWLEY. 12th Lancers.



Captain P. G. Barrett, Royal Munster Fusiliers.



Major J. H. ST. A. WAKE, 8th Gnrkha Rifles.





Major W. L. LAWRENCE, South Wales Borderers.



Capt. C. F. HAWLEY, King's Royal Rifles.



Capt. E. E. CGVENTRY, East Lancs Regt.



Capt. R. W. HARLAND, Hampshire Regt.



Capt. B. H. SELBY, Northumberland Fusiliers.



Capt. J. F. VALLENTIN, 1st South Staffs Regt.

Brigadler-General N. R. McMahon, D.S.O., formerly Lieut.-Colonel commanding the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers (the City of London Regiment) served in the Burmese Expedition of 1886-87, and in South Africa.

Expedition of 1886-87, and in South Africa.

Captain Phillip Godfrey Barrett entered the Royal Munster Fusiliers from the Milita in 1900, when he was serving in South Africa. Major Hugh St. Anbyn Wake, M.V.O., a son of Admiral Charles Wake, was formerly in the Northumberland Fusiliers, but was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps in 1895, and was appointed to the Sth Gurkha Rifles in 1902. Major William Lyttleton Lawrence, of the South Wales Borderers, had seen service in India, Gibraltar, Egypt, and South Africa.

Captain Beauchamp Henry Selby, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, saw active service on the North-West Frontier of India, and Captain John Franks Vallentin was formerly in the Royal Garrison Artillery, and joined the South Staffordshires in 1905.

Captain John Alexander Hailiday, 11th Hussars, was well known in the hunting field, and also as an all-round sportsman and athlete. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and joined the 11th Hussars in 1898, and after serving in India and South Africa, was adjutant to the Leicestershire Yeomanry for three years, Capt. Robert Neal King, of the Liucolns, took part in the Nile Expedition, and in the South African War.



Capt. J. A. HALLIDAY, 11th Hussars.



Capt. W. J. CORCGRAN. Middlesex Regt.



Capt. B. O. DUFF 1st Gurkhas.



Capt. R. N. KING, Lincolnshire Regt.



Lient. P. S. DGDGSGN, Royal Garrison Artillery



Lieut.-Coi. H. L. ANDERSGN, 9th Bhopal Infantry.



Lient. M. G. STGCKS. Grenadier Guards



Lieut, R. P. D. NOLAN The Black Watch.



Lieut. A. S. BANNING, Royal Mnnster Fusiliers.



Lt.-Coi. E. B. CGGK, M.V.O., 1st Life Gnards.



Lient. G. PAUL, 2nd Dragoon Gnards.

Photographs by Lajayette, Lambert Weston, Elliott & Fry, Russell & Sons, Swaine, Speaight, Vandyk, Gale & Polden, Heath, H. Walter Barnett.



DIARY OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN-1914-15

Chronology of World-wide Hostilities from the Great Coast Battle to opening of German Submarine "Blockade"

1914 Nov. 6.—British male subjects between the ages of 17 and 55 arrested in Germany and sent to concentration camps.

Belgium declares war on Turkey.

Russian troops capture Turkish position at Kuprukeni, on the road to Erzerum.

on the road to Erzerum.

German spy Karl Lody shot at the Tower of London.

Nov. 7.—Four Turkish transports sunk by Russian fleet.

Capture of Tsing-tau by the Japanese; 2,300 prisoners taken.

Formation of Army Cyclist Corps authorised.

Nov. 8.—British Indian force occupies Fao, on Persian Gulf.

German cruiser Geier interned at Honolulu by U.S.A.

Electrical burganester proclaims that all vessels except Flushing burgomaster proclaims that all vessels, except mail-boats, entering the Scheldt at night will run risk of being fired upon.

being fired upon.

German aeroplane drops two bombs on Dunkirk.

De Wet's son Daniel killed in engagement with Cronje.

Nov. 9.—German crulser Emden driven ashore at Keeling (Cocos)

Island and burnt by H.M.A.S. Sydney. Captain von Müller and Prince Francis Joseph of Hohenzollern prisoners. unwounded. Estimated value of ships and cargoes destroyed by the Emden: £4,000,000.

Reciprocal arrangement for exchange of non-military subjects between Austria and Great Britain announced.

Pension Scale increased.

Nigerian Emirs place £38,000 at disposal of Governor-General.

Nov. 10.—D.S.O. awarded to sixteen British officers.

Germans take Dixmude.

German stake Dikindue.

German Steamer Konigsberg found hiding in a river in German East Africa; channel is blocked to bottle her in.

Nov. 11.—The 100th day of the War. King opens Parliament.

Parliamentary Recruiting Committee scheme announced.

H.M.S. Niger torpedoed by a submarine off Deal. Repulse with enormous loss of the Prussian Guard near

Ypres (Nov. 11 and 12).

Nov. 12.—Spy peril debate in Commons.

Defeat of De Wet by Botha.

Nov. 13.—Prime Minister states British casualties up to October 31st to be 57,000, all ranks. Supplementary Estimate for additional 1,000,000 men for British Army.

Keel Fract entered to seven weer' forml servitude for

Karl Ernst sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for espionage.

Nov. 14.-Lord Roberts dies of pneumonla ln France.

Italian Cabinet agrees to military grant of £16,000,000. Nov. 16.—Five officers and four N.C.O.s awarded the Victoria

Vote of Credit for £225,000,000 for war purposes passed by House of Commons nem. con. British war expenditure stated to be almost £1,000,000 per day.

Fourteen thousand five hundred alien enemies now in concentration camps in Great Britain; twenty-nine thousand still at large.

Capture of Turkish forts at Sheik Seyd by H.M.S. Edinburgh and Indian troops.

Use of carrier pigeons by the British Government announced.

Nov. 17 .- War Budget Introduced In British House of Commons. Chancellor of the Exchequer announces War Loan of £350,000,000. Extra duties on tea and beer, and increase of income-tax.

Prince of Wales appointed aide-de-camp to Sir John

Bombardment of Rheims continued.

British-Indian success against the Turks on the Shat-el-

Arab River, in the Persian Gulf.

Nov. 18.—Glasgow captain's account of naval battle off Chili published.

Russian Black Sea Fleet engages Goeben and Breslau.

German squadron shells Libau. British naval losses to date in killed, wounded, and missing: 3,884 (exclusive of R.N. Division and crew of Good Hope).

Nov. 19.—Funeral of Lord Roberts at St. Paul's Cathedral. Admiralty reports escape of Ortega in Strait of Magellan. Riot in the Aliens' Detention Camp in the Isle of Man; five aliens killed and fifteen wounded.

Nov. 20.—British casualty list during the defence of Antwcrp published. British Admiralty announces the extension of the mine defences of the North Sea and makes pilotage compulsory.

Defeat of Turks 30 miles from Port Said by Bikanir

Camel Corps.

Nov. 21.—British-Indian force occupies Basra, on Persian Gult. British air-raid on Friedrichshafen workshops; Commander

Briggs captured.

Nov. 23.—Ypres in flames; cathedral and belfry damaged.

British bombardment of Zeebrugge.

German submarine U18 rammed by British patrolling vessel off the coast of Scotland.

Press Bureau debate in the Commons.

British steamer Malachite sunk near Havre by U21. Nov. 24.—Portuguese Parliament authorises Government to

supply Great Britain in the war as and when it may deem expedient. Royal warrant increasing Army officers' pay.

Nov. 25.—Allies reported to have retaken Dixmude.

German request for armistice near Verdun refused by the French.

Press Bureau issues special note on gallantry of Indian troops in Flanders.

The names of four British officers and six men recommended for the Victoria Cross published.

M. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, reaffirms Bulgaria's neutrality.

Lord Mayor of London presides at Guildhall meeting to promote Volunteer Training Corps.

American "Santa Claus" ship, the Jason, arrives at Plymouth with gifts for European children made orphans through the war. through the war.

Nov. 26.-H.M.S. Bulwark blown up in Sheerness Harbour; of the officers and crew only 12 men saved.

A message from the King read in the House of Commons announces that the proposal for a national memorial to Lord Roberts will be carried out. Arras bombarded.

Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords reports progress. Bristol steamer Primo sunk near Havre by U21.

Nov. 27.—Rheims Cathedral again shelled. British War Loan over-subscribed.

Turks said to be marching towards Suez Canal. Mr. Churchill announces that by end of 1915 Great Britain would have 15 new Dreadnoughts against three possible new ones by Germany. House of Commons adjourns till Feb. 2, 1915.

DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

Nov. 28.—Kaiser makes General von Hindenburg a Field-Marshal.

Nov. 29.—King George leaves London for France. Nov. 30.—Sir John French's Fourth Despatch (Ypres - Armentieres) issued.

French carry Chateau and Park of Vermelles. Publication of French Yellow Book.

DEC. 1.—King George visits base hospitals containing British, Indian, and German wounded; invests General Joffre with Grand Cross of the Bath.

Allies advance between Bethune and Lens and on the

Argonne.

Fifty-eight British officers awarded the D.S.O.

King George visits the British Field Headquarters and the fighting-line.

Death of Rear-Admiral Mahan, U.S.N., the writer on Sea

DEC. 2.—Belgrade occupied by the Austrians.

The German Chancellor in Reichstag eharges Great Britain with responsibility for the war.

DEC. 3.—King invests Sir John French with the Order of Merit. National Relief Fund £4,000,000. Signor Salandra, the Italian Premier, announces the

adhesion of his Government to the policy of neutrality.

Expeditionary Forces from Australia and New Zealand announced as having landed in Egypt to complete training, and to assist in defence of Egypt, it necessary.

DEC. 4.—Capture of Ferryman's House by the French.

Publication of General French's despatch, covering a

despatch from Major-General A. Paris, in command of the British Marine and Naval Brigade that assisted in the defence of Antwerp.

King George eonfers the Order of the Garter upon King

Albert.

Dec. 5.—King George inspects Royal Flying Corps and returns to London.

Portuguese Cabinet resigns.

British Government prohibits exports of tinned meats and tinplates to Sweden, Denmark, and Holland; of tea to all European ports, except those of Francc, Russia, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal; and of tanning extracts to all destinations.

DEC. 5-9.—British success in the Persian Gulf region: The expeditionary force there gains complete control of the country from the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris to

DEC. 6.—Kaiser suffering from bronehial eatarrh.

French airmen raid aeroplane sheds of Freiburg, in Alsace.

British Foreign Office publishes answer to Germany's allegation that Great Britain intended to violate Belgian neutrality.

Dec. 7.—Publication of "Eye-Witness's" aeeount of the King's visit to France.

General Beyers shot while trying to cross the Vaal River. DEC. 8.—Official Petrograd statement admits the loss of Lodz, which was evacuated without the loss of a man.

Furnes shelled by the Germans.

British naval victory off the Falkland Islands.
British naval squadron under Sir Frederick Sturdee (Invincible, Inflexible, Cornwall, Carnarvon, Kent, Glasgow, Bristol, Canopus, and Maeedonia) attacks a German squadron under Admiral Graf von Spee, and sinks the Scharnhorst, Gneiscnau, Leipzig, and Nürnberg, and captures two colliers. President Wilson's message to United States Congress

foreshadows a scheme of military and naval defence.

Publication by the Press Bureau of the various proclamations issued by the German military authorities in Belgium.

After defeating three Austrian army eorps and taking 10,000 prisoners and many guns and storcs, the Serbians retake Valievo.

Collapse of the South African rebellion. Five additional awards of V.C. (two to Indian soldiers) and twenty fresh awards of D.S.O.

Lord Moulton aunounces Government scheme for ereation of British aniline dye industry.

9.—Reported that German airmen dropped bombs on Warsaw and damaged the American Consulate. M. Poincaré returns from Bordeaux to Paris.

DEC. 10.—Progress of Allies near Quesnoy in the Argonne and in the Bois de Pretre in the extreme north-east.

Report of Secretary of State for India, that on the eapture of Kurna, 1,100 prisoners, exclusive of wounded, and nine guns were taken by the Indian troops.

1914

DEC. 10.—Publication of despatches from Sir Louis Mallet, late British Ambassador at Constantinople.

DEC. 11.—French capture railway-station of Aspach, south of

Thann, in Alsaee,

Publication of Vice-Admiral Sturdce's report that British easualties in the Battle of the Falkland Islands were only seven killed and four wounded.

Turkish gendarmes force their way into Italian Consulate and seize the British Consul. Italian Government demands reparation.

Russians in the Caucasus drive Turks beyond the

Euphrates. Dec. 12.—West bank of Yser Canal, north of Ferryman's House,

evacuated by Germans. DEC. 13.-Montenegrins eapture Vishnigrad and throw the

Austrians beyond the Drina.

DEC. 14.—Turkish battleship torpedoed by British submarine. Submarine B11, under Lieut.-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, enters Dardanelles and torpedoes Turkish battleship Messudiyeh.

DEC. 15.—Report of Court of Inquiry into the loss of H.M.S. Bulwark states that explosion was due to aeeidental ignition

of ammunition.

Serbians re-enter Belgrade.

DEC. 16.—German ships shell English coast towns. Bombardment of Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby by German warships; 671 killed and wounded.

Dec. 17.—British flect, from a position off Nieuport, subjects German positions to a severe bombardment.

German first-class eruiser Friedrich Karl sunk by Russians during sortie in Baltic.

Distinguished Conduct Medals awarded to 187 N.C.O.s and men.

M. Giuseppe Motte elected President of Swiss Confederation.

Egypt becomes a British Protectorate, and suzerainty of Turkey terminated. Lieut.-Col. Sir A. H. McMahon, G.C.V.O., appointed High Commissioner.

DEC. 18.—Prinee Hussein Kamel Pasha deelared Sultan of

Egypt. Conference of Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark

at Malmo.

DEC. 19.—Announced that vigorous offensive in the Arras district make Allies masters of several trenches in front of Auchy-les-La Bassée, Loos, St. Laurent, and Blangy. Bombs from Allies' aircraft dropped on airship sheds in Brussels.

DEC. 20.—Lieut. Holbrook awarded the V.C.

DEC. 21.—Petrograd official statement says Russians, who arc holding line of the Bzura and Rawka Rivers, thirty to forty miles west and south-west of Warsaw, eut up German forces which had erossed the Bzura at Dachowa.

King George sends message to new Sultan of Egypt eonveying expression of his Majesty's most sineere friendship, and assurance of his unfailing support in safeguarding

integrity of Egypt.

Announced from South Africa that Captain Fourie, one of the ringleaders of S.A. rebels, has been shot after courtmartial.

DEC. 22.—Officially reported that in Galieia an Austrian advance had been finally stopped by Russian troops.

Germans, driven back from Mlawa, retire behind East

Prussian frontier.

British destroyers keeping constant watch on Zeebrugge for submarines, observe suspicious movements, and bombard Belgian coast between Zeebrugge and Heyst.

Germans man guns on the dunes, but British squadron

sails out of range

Sir G. A. Callaghan appointed Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

DEC. 23.—M. Viviani, French Premier, declares that the only policy for the Allies is merciless war until Europe is liberated.

DEC. 24.—Bomb thrown on Dover by German aviator, without effecting damage.

Commander R. R. Davies drops bombs on Brussels air-

Petrograd announces that in fighting in Western Galieia the 26th Division of the Austrian Landwehr was ambushed when advancing to south of Tonkhovo. Austrians decimated, 1,500 dead.

Admiral von Tirpitz, in interview, threatens to torpedo

British and allied shipping.

DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

DEC. 25.—Allies seize part of village of Boisselle, north-east of Albert; also make progress north of Roye, at Libu, near

l'utile German air-raid over Sheerness.

British air raid on Cuxhaven. Seven British Naval airmen, assisted by the Arethusa and Undaunted and submarines, attack enemy warships off Cuxhaven; no British casualties. Zeppelin over Nancy.

Dec. 26.—French airmen drop bombs on Frascati, near Metz.
Portuguese Government confirms reports of attack by

Germans on Naulila (Angola).

Report of Sir E. Hatch's committee states that about one million refugees have abandoned Belgian soil, of whom about 110,000 are in England, 500,000 or more in Holland,

and the rest in France.

DEC. 27.—National Theatre Company, under direction of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and including Miss Ellaline Terriss, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Ben Davies, and others, give entertainment to troops in field and wounded in hospitals.

Dec. 29.—U.S. Note to Great Britain on treatment of American

commerce.

DEC. 30.—Allies take village of St. Georges, near Nleuport.

Russia takes offensive in Western Galicia, having successfully dealt with German efforts to divert advance on Cracow. German air-raid on Dunkirk; 15 killed, 32 wounded. War Office scheme for six new armies.

DEC. 31.—German vantage point on road from Becelaere to Passchendaele seized.

Announced that Princess Patricia's Light Infantry from Canada now at the front.

Bougainville (Solomon Islands) taken by Australian

New decoration (the Military Cross) instituted.

German consent to exchange incapacitated prisoners of war

1915

JAN. I.—H.M.S. Formidable torpedoed in Channel; loss of nearly 600 lives; 2 officers and 68 men rescued by the Brixham fishing smack Providence.

New Year Honours List contains many rewards to naval and military heroes of war; C.B. for captain and commander of Carmania, and captain of Sydney; D.S.O. for Flight-Lieutenant Sippe, Squadron-Commander Briggs, Flight-Commander Babington.

An Army Order defines the new organisation of armies,

each consisting of three army corps.

JAN. 2.—King George's New Year message to President Poincaré
published, in which his Majesty says he is certain the New
Year will see great strengthening of Franco-British friendship and alliance. Cheery reply sent by President.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, made a prisoner in his palace by the Germans for issuing a pastoral on

Patriotism and Endurance."

Successful operations at Dar-es-Salaam by H.M.S. Fox and Goliath reported from Nairobi.

IAN.

3.—French bombard German train in railway-station at Altkirch.

This Sunday observed as Day of Intercession in all the churches, and Red Cross collections taken.

Turkish transport sunk by mine in the Bosphorus.

Jan. 4.—Reopening of Stock Exchange.

New German move in Poland reported. Every endeavour to cross to north of the Vistula, there to join hands with forces from East Prussia, and descend upon Warsaw from the north. Bavarian regiments hurried to support of Austrians round Cracow.

French take Stelnbach in Upper Alsace after violent fighting. JAN. 5.—Russians reported to be holding the strategic railway connecting the Bukovina with Western Galicia and Hun-

gary. Signor Giolitti's disclosures in Italian Chamber regarding

Austrian policy.

A grandson of Garibaldi killed while fighting for France. First auction of five prize steamers in the Baltic Exchange yields £130,725, which is placed to credit of a poundage fund for the Fleet.

Turkish transport sunk in Black Sea.

JAN. 6.—Russian victory in Caucasus announced. At Sary-kamyseh, near Kars, two Turkish army corps (80,000 to 90,000 men) enveloped and annihilated.

Russians reported to be in Transylvania, where several

towns occupied.

Albania in revolt against Essad Pasha.

JAN. 6.—On reassembling of House of Lords, Earl Kitchener states that over 218,000 names have been registered under the household canvass of those willing to serve

German supply ship sunk by H.M.A.S. Australia in Pacific. Through the intermediary of the United States, arrangements made for exchange of British and German prisoners of war who are physically incapacitated for further service.

JAN. 7.—President Poincaré signs decree making permanent the

prohibition of the sale of absinthe.

JAN. 8 .- Lord Haldane states that in national emergency this country might find it necessary to resort to compulsory service. Lords adjourn till Feb. 2.

French report on German atrocities in Northern France published in " Journal Officiel."

British Government appeals for further hospitality for Belgian refugees.

Cancellation of interdict against export of tea; prohibition

of export of coffee.

JAN. 9.—Lord Methuen appointed Governor and Commanderin-Chief of Malta, in succession to General Sir Leslie Rundle.
King George and Queen Mary visit Indian troops in

hospital in Brighton.

JAN. 10.—Sixteen German aeroplanes attempt to cross English Channel, but return without reaching England. Later they drop bombs on Dunkirk.

Battle by searchlight between Germans and Russians. JAN. 11.—French successes won near Soissons and Perthes maintained. Burnhaupt-le-Haut reoccupied by enemy.

In Caucasus Turks assuming vigorous offensive in neighbourhood of Karaugan to cover retreat of Tenth Army Corps.

JAN. 12.—Sir E. Grey's reply to United States Note on subject of contraband favourably received in America.

Meeting of French Parliament.

JAN. 13.—Indian Viceroy, at Delhi, states India has despatched, or is despatching, nearly 200,000 men to fight overseas. Redoubt north of Beauséjour Farm the scene of a desperate

struggle.

Great carthquake in Italy; death-roll of 30,000. Sir Douglas Haig and Sir H. Smith-Dorrien made Grand Officers of the Legion of Honour.

JAN. 14.—Tabriz, capital of Persian province of Azerbaijan, occupied by a Turkish force.

Resignation of Count Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs: Succeeded by Baron Stephan Burian.

French report loss of eastern side of spur of Hill 132, north-east of Soissons. After stubborn fight French succeed in establishing themselves between Crouy and Missy. Flooded state of River Aisne, which destroys bridges, renders this step necessary in view of threatened French communications

South African force occupies Swakopmund (German South-West Africa).

JAN. 15 .- North of Arras, Zouaves brilliantly carry German position.

German bridges across the Meuse at St. Mihiel destroyed

by French, and in the Vosges enemy thrown back.

Transfer of German ship Dacia to American ownership discussed by London and Washington.

JAN. 16.—Price of wheat in Great Britain increases considerably.

JAN. 17.—French retake foundry at Blangy, near Arras, which had been saized by Cormans.

had been seized by Germans.
Paris follows London in darkening its streets as a

precautionary measure against air attack.

18.—Sub-Lieutenant Boot, of Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, reaches home with three brother officers, having escaped from internment camp in Holland.

German losses to date estimated at 21 millions.

Baron Burian accepts Kaiser's invitation to an interview.

JAN. 19.—Important British financial step announced. No company can invite fresh capital, and no fresh company can be formed unless the State approves. No capital can go abroad except under Government control.

German air attack on English coast towns. Zeppelin night

raid on Yarmouth, Sheringham, Hunstanton, King's Lynn, and Sandringham. Thirteen victims in all, two killed and one injured at Yarmouth, two killed at King's Lynn and eight injured, including three children.

Jan. 19-20.—Twenty-six Turkish supply ships sunk by Russian torpedo-boats between Batum and Trebizond.

JAN. 20.—Loss announced of French submarine Saphir, engaged

in patrol work in Dardanelles.

Official communiqué issued in Cairo states that "the only way Turkish troops are likely to enter Egypt is as prisoners of war."

DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

1915

JAN. 21.—British steamer Durward sunk by U18 in North Sea. JAN. 22.—British airmen drop 27 bombs on German submarlne base at Zeebrugge.

German airmen drop 66 bombs on Dunkirk; one of the aeroplanes brought down by British. Russians reported to have occupied Skempe, 34 miles from Thorn.

Jan. 22-23.—M. Millerand, French Minister of War, visits London and Aldershot, and is received by King George.

Jan. 23.—Native outbreak in Nyasaland.

Jan. 24.—British Naval victory in North Sea. Blücher sunk and

other German warships seriously damaged by squadron under Vice-Admiral Beatty. British casualties: 14 killed, 29 wounded. H.M.S. Lion and Meteor slightly damaged. Prince Yussupoff, A.D.C. to Tsar, in London on mission to the King.

to the King.

New Portuguese Cabinet under General Pimenta de Castro. British outposts in Egypt in touch with Turks at El

JAN. 25.—German cruiser Gazelle damaged by Russian sub-

marine in the Baltic.

Zeppelin brought down at Libau.

German Chancellor, in interview published in New York, essays explanation of his "scrap of paper" allusion. (Sir E. Grey promptly replies.)

Mr. Bryan issues statement proving that United States had not broken the spirit of neutrality in favour of Germany's

JAN. 25-27.—In fighting at La Bassée, Craonne, the Argonne, the Woevre, and the Vosges, the Germans lose 20,000 men.
 JAN. 26.—King George decorates the first Indian soldier to receive the Victoria Cross.

Turks advance on Egypt.

JAN. 26-27.—M. Augagneur, French Minister of Marine, visits London and Portsmouth.

Jan. 27.—British loan of £5,000,000 to Rumania.

Kaiser 56 to-day; Berlin beflagged.

Jan. 29.—Loss of H.M.S. Viknor reported.

Jan. 30.—German submarine U21 sinks Ben Cruachan, Linda Blanche, and Kilcoan, off Fleetwood.

Takomaru (with New Zealand supplies for suffering Belgians) and Ikaria torpedoed in English Channel, and toward into root by French torpedo-boats. towed into port by French torpedo-boats. Slight French reverse in Argonne.

Japanese sword of honour presented to King Albert.

-Dacia leaves Galveston for Rotterdam. National

Relief Fund, £4,500,000.

FEB. I.—German force, battalion strong, attacks trenches to north of La Bassée-Bethune, but repulsed with terrible loss. Attack south-east of Ypres repulsed.

Announced that Germany to be put on siege rations of

bread.

Colonial Office reports suppression of native rising in

Nyasaland.

Dastardly attempt by German submarine to torpedo British hospital ship Asturias off Havre.

Russia decides to regard as piratical any bombardment

of unfortified towns.

FEB. 2.—German Admiralty warns neutral shipping to avoid the Channel, as it intends shortly to act against British transports by submarines.

Attack on British post near Cuinchy at first successful; but after series of counter-attacks, the British regain lost ground and make progress beyond it. German attack near Bagatelle in the Argonne repulsed.

Fighting of fiercest character reported along the Warsaw front. Von Hindenburg's repeated and violent attacks near Sokachev driven back with "colossal casualties," owing to German dense formation. Russian cavalry penetrate German front north of Serpedz, and force back beyond Vlochavek.

British forces defeat Turkish advance body near Ismalia. Attempt to cross Suez Canal by night, between Ismalia and

Toussoum, at head of Bitter Lakes, frustrated.

British Parliament reassembles.

Authorities of the State of Maine arrest a German officer for bomb outrage on Canadian Pacific Railway bridge over St. Croix River.

Feb. 3.—Turks deliver attack on the El Kantara front, but repulsed. Sixteen killed and wounded and 40 prisoners. Defenders' casualties, 3 wounded.

Germans send fire-boats down River Ancre above Aveluy

(north of Albert), but these contrivances stopped by French before they explode. Slight French progress to the west of Hill 200, near Perthes.

1915

Kemp, one of rebel leaders in South Africa, surrenders

with his commando.

Announced that Mr. F. D. Acland, M.P., new Financial Secretary to Treasury, and Mr. E. S. Montagu, M.P., new Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster.

Feb. 4.—Kaiser inspects fleet at Wilhelmshaven, and hands

Iron Crosses to crew of submarine U21, which torpedoed British merchant ships in Irish Sea.

German Admiralty declare blockade of whole of Great Britain and Ireland from Feb. 18.

British Foreign Office issues warning of importance that Great Britain may have to consider the adoption of retaliatory measures against German trade should Germany persist in her apparent intention to sink merchantmen by

submarines, regardless of loss of civilian lives.

Owing to German Government's new control of all grain and flour, British Foreign Office gives notice that if the destination of the Wilhelmina (United States ship) and her cargo are as supposed (Bremen), "the cargo will, if the vessel is intercepted, be submitted to a Prize Court in order that the new situation created by the German decree may be examined and a decision reached. There is no question of taking any proceedings against the vessel."

Private Lonsdale, prisoner of war in Germany, has sentence of death reduced to 20 years' imprisonment.

Fierce battle for Warsaw still raging; 40,000 Germans attack Russian lines between Borjimov and Bolimov.

Feb. 5.—Russians take offensive to cross the Bzura, capturing part of enemy's position near Dakoro. In the Carpathians, north-west of Ujok, Russian offensive continuing, 3,000 prisoners taken. Tsar arrives at the front.

Capture of German trenches in the neighbourhood of Lille. British Army Estimates issued, in which noted that number of men which Parliament will be asked to vote for the Army, Home, and Colonial establishments, exclusive of those

serving in India, is 3,000,000.

News from Suez Canal that H.M.S. Hardinge, converted transport, twice hit by shells during Turkish attack on the canal. British losses estimated at 2 officers and 13 men killed and 58 wounded; nearly 300 prisoners taken from Turks.

FEB. 6.—British capture brickfield east of Cuinchy.

Announced that struggle for Warsaw reaching its climax. Germans concentrate 80,000 men and 600 guns in narrow front of 7 miles near Borjimov, and for two days keep up furious bombardment. Advance on Russian lines in dense formation; some of the Prussian Guard brought up, with orders from the Kaiser to break through at all costs.
Lifebelts marked "s.s. Oriole" picked up near Rye, lead-

ing to the supposition that the vessel had been torpedoed. FEB. 7.—Press Bureau issues official statement from Cairo.

stating no further fighting taking place on the Stez Canal. Besides Arabs, a number of Anatolian Turkish soldiers are deserting and giving themselves up to British.

Foreign Office issues statement, regarding German

reference in connection with the blockade declaration that "secret British orders" have been given to merchantmen to fly a neutral flag, that "the use of the neutral flag is, with certain limitations, well-established in practice as a 'ruse de guerre.

Russians holding important point north of Vitkovitza, on the extreme German left, and capture whole series of trenches near Borjimov, with six machine-guns.

Slight Austrian advance in the Bukovina.

Allied compact regarding finance: British Chancellor of the Exchequer returns from Paris, from a conference with M. Ribot and M. Bark, the Finance Ministers of France and Important agreement concluded, by which they pool their financial resources, and will float a loan jointly, at the same time providing for advances by the three Powers in equal shares to such countries as have taken, or may take up, arms for the common cause.

8.—Violent infantry battle at Bagatelle, in the Argonne;

French holding nearly all their ground.

M. Delcassé, French Foreign Minister, received by King George at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Asquith announces in Parliament British casualties

up to Feb. 4 are 104,000. Navy Estimates presented to Parliament give power to raise strength of the Navy in men from 218,000 to 250,000.

Admiralty announces grave reason to fear British steamship Oriole victim of German submarine which torpedoed Takomaru and Ikaria.

German cruiser Breslau bombards Yalta, and Russian cruisers in reply bombard Trebizond.

THE GREAT WAR DIARY OF

Feb. 9.—Enemy bombard Ypres and Furnes and pour incendiary shells on Soissons. Near La Bassée a mill wrested from Germans. Indecisive battle continued at Bagatelle.

The Wilhelmina, the United States ship laden with food

for Germany, arrives at Falmouth.

Reported from Pretoria that rebel leader Maritz executed Austrian official report issued in Vienna admits break-down of their offensive in Carpathians.

King George receives M. Bark, Russian Minister of Finance, at Buckingham Palace.

FEB. 10.—Russian official communiqué reports capture of 23 officers and 1,500 rank and file, several machine-guns, and a mortar in the Carpathians.

FEB. 11.—Russian retreat in East Prussia in consequence of

great German advance.

Nieuport violently bombarded by Germans.

In the Argonne, struggle around the Marie Therese work results in considerable German losses, and French lose

Feb. 12.—In the Vosgcs French Chasseurs carry Hill 937, in region north of Hartmannsweilerkopf, in violent snow-

First Great Air Rald in History. Admiralty announces that during the last 24 hours, combined aeroplane and sea-plane operations carried out by the Naval Wing against German submarine bases in Zeebrugge, Blankenberghe, and Ostend districts. Thirty-four aircraft took part, under command of Wing-Commander Samson, assisted by Wing-Commander Longmore and Squadron-Commanders Porte, Courtney, and Rathborne, Flight-Commander Grahame-White fell into sea off Nieuport, and was rescued by French

Feb. 13. — In Carpathians Russian troops occupy fortified heights in region of Szvidnik (south-west of Dukla Pass).

French heavy artillery reach is railway-station of Noyon.

Violent German bombardment in Nieuport and the dune

United States Note to Germany regarding blockade published. It warns Germany that if German vessels destroy an American ship and lives of American citizens on high seas, the German Government will be held to "strict accountability for such acts." The Note to Great Britain states American Government will view with auxious solicitude any general use of the United States flag by British vessels in the zone of operations.

Official account of fighting between British and Turks

issued at Cairo, from which it appears that in January, at Tor, a small seaport on Gulf of Suez, enemy's force was annihilated, over a hundred prisoners taken and twenty camels. British losses, one Gurkha killed and one

wounded.

FEB. 14.—Rheims again bombarded by Germans. In Alsace Germans take the offensive along the valley of the Lauch, but

their march delayed and hampered by French ski patrols.

Russian Retreat in East Prussia. In the Lyck-RajgrodGra evo region of East Prussia (the latter two places on the Russian side of the frontier) fierce fight in progress. Farther to north, Russian troops fall back to fortified line of River Niemen, under pressure of great German forces.

In Carpathians, Russian success at Smolnik, east of Lupkow, eighteen officers, more than a thousand rank and file, and three machine-guns captured.

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FEB. 15.—Allies carry 250 yards of trench on road between Bethune and La Bassée. In Argonne, in direction of Bagatelle and Marie Therése, struggle continuing very stubbornly from trench to trench. In Lorraine, enemy having pushed back French main guard, succeed in occupying height of Xon Beacon and hamlet of Norroy, but repulsed as far as slopes north of the Beacon. In the Vosges French Chasseurs Alpins, on skis, deliver very brilliant counter-attack on slopes of Langenfeldkopf. In

Northern Poland Germans occupy Raciaz, east of Serpedz, and claim to be making rapid progress on East Prussian

Important speech by Mr. Churchill in House of Commons, in which stated that British reply to German "system of piracy and murder" at sea would be an increase in restrictions now placed on German trade, pointing to a blockade of German coast. Other points are: During last three months 8,000 British merchantmen had been on the seas months 8,000 British merchantmen had been on the seas and only 19 sunk—only 4 by surface craft. Losses during six months were only 63 ships. We can meet any new German development by resources infinitely superior to those in August. Navy transport has moved 1,000,000 men without loss. Navy sound as a bell.

Important speech by Mr. Lloyd George in House of Commons, chief points of which: Allies will spend for year ending December 31 next, not far short of £2,000,000,000. British Empire will spend about £100,000,000 or £150,000,000 more than highest figure spent by France or Russia. We can pay the war for five years out of our investments abroad

can pay the war for five years out of our investments abroad, and France for at least three years. Russia is to get a loan of £50,000,000 in equal amounts from London and Paris.

Count Bernstorff, German Ambassador to United States, presents Note to its Government, to effect that Germany is ready to consider abandonment of policy of attacking British merchantmen if Great Britain will cease her efforts to prevent foodstuffs from being conveyed to civilians in

Feb. 16.—Second great air raid by Allies on German positions on Belgian coast. Forty British and French aeroplanes and waterplanes drop 240 bombs on Ostend, Middlekerke,

Ghistelles, and Zeebrugge, with good results.

First of communiques, which Sir John French is henceforward to issue twice a week, appears. Records capture
by British of trenches near La Bassée, lost by them on Feb 14.

British steamer Dulwich (3,289 tons) blown up twenty miles off Cape Antifer (Havre), whether by mines or torpedoes not clear. French steamer Ville de Lille sunk off Barfleur by German submarine.

In Champagne, over a front extending from north-west of Perthes to north of Beausejour, French carry two miles of trenches and make several hundred prisoners.

Russian official message announces Germans advancing from East Prussia, attempting to envelop Russian forces in neighbourhood of Augustovo on either wing.

Despatch from Sir John French describing gallantry of troops in battles fought in December at Festubert, and at

the end of January before Bethune.

British Naval losses since commencement of war published: Killed, 348 officers, 5,812 men; wounded, 45 officers, 352 mcn; missing, 8 officers, 5 men. In Royal Naval Division: Killed, 5 officers, 36 men; wounded, 4 officers, 184 men; missing, 7 officers, 968 men; interned, 39 officers, 1,524 men.
FEB. 17.—French success in Champagne and to the north of

Arras.

Germans claim to have taken 50,000 Russian prisoners, after driving Russians over East Prussian frontier.

Sir Edward Grey, in his Note to United States, replying to complaint regarding British interference with neutral shipping, points out that complaint founded on a misconception.

Zeppelin L4 destroyed on Danish island of Fanoe, and

another German airship lost on Danish coast.

Long list issued containing names of officers and men recommended for gallant and distinguished service in the

-German "Official" Blockade of Great Britain begins. Victoria Crosses awarded to 11 officers and men, and a clasp to the Victoria Cross to Lieut. A. M. Leake, R.A.M.C.

End of Volume 11.







