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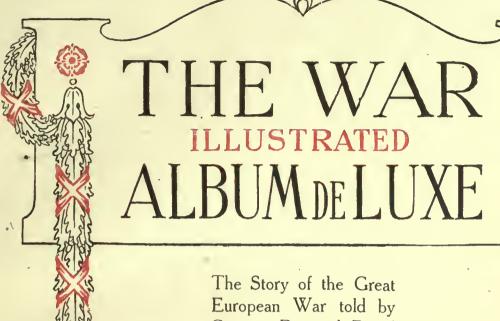
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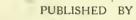
CHAPTERS BY

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1.200 ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME VIII. ENDING THE FIRST THREE YEARS



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## Editor's Note to Volume VXXX

TRONGER than ever in pictorial and literary impressiveness our present volume covers a most thrilling and, from the Allies' point of view, a most hopeful period of the Great War. Events by land, sea and air between the autumn of 1916 and the early days of August, 1917, were full of significance as to the future and replete with episodes that will live for ever in the history of the world. In the light afforded by the events referred to, and by the brilliantly written contributions of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Lovat Fraser, surveying the whole of the first three years of the conflict, we are enabled to see, even more clearly than in the seventh volume of The War Album, the deepening shadow of defeat enveloping the decivilised race whose rulers set the world ablaze.

N the main, the events on the western front recorded in the following pages may be described as the sequel to the "Great Push" on the Somme that formed a leading topic of Volume VII. After the dramatic victory of Beaumont-Hamel came the winter raids, which played no small part in undermining the moral of the enemy. Next occurred the capture of Bapaume and the taking of Péronne. Then followed the memorable Battle of Arras, which started on April 9th on a twelve-mile front between the vicinity of the old capital of Artois and the formidably fortified pit-head villages (or cités) of equally war-scarred Lens. Vimy, Monchy-le-Preux, Wancourt, Heninel, Gavrelle and Guémappe fell to the prowess of British arms, and the battle reached its epic consummation in the capture of Bullecourt on May 17th.

OLLOWING the victory at Messines Ridge on June 7th there opened, on July 31st, the Third Battle of Ypres, the history of which is carried down to August 3rd, when St. Julien was occupied by the British. Meanwhile our gallant French Allies, who shared the honours of the Ypres offensive, had occupied Roye, Noyon and Jussy. Their valour in the bitter fighting for Craonne Ridge and the Chemin des Dames, in Champagne and on the Aisne, is vividly reflected in our pages, in accord with the effort that has been made consistently throughout all the volumes of THE WAR ALBUM to set forth, in picture and story, as chronologically and as lucidly as possible, the sequence of events. Historically important and full of tragic human appeal as are the battles on the western front, the progress of the titanic struggle on other fronts was of only less dramatic significance. For example, British prestige in the East, which received so lamentable a blow by the fall of Kut-el-Amara, was more than restored by the brilliant victories of the Anglo-Indian army under Sir Stanley Maude.

OT only was Kut-el-Amara recaptured, but Bagdad was taken, and the Turks were pursued beyond the confines of that classic city of old romance. In the Sinai Peninsula also the enemy was driven back, and, with Sir Edmund Allenby in supreme command of the British forces in Egypt and the Holy

Land, it seemed, as the third year was ending, that highly important happenings might be looked for in that part of the world. One deplorable event is recorded in the military collapse which followed the revolution in Russia. This was not immediate. After the abdication of the Tsar, in March, there was a brilliant Russian offensive in East Galicia in the opening of July; but this was doomed to early failure.

HE chaos in Petrograd spread to the troops in the firing-line. Defection and mutiny led to inglorious retreat, and once more the Austrian command was allowed to taste the rare fruits of victory. Against the Russian débâcle, however, compensation came in the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which the United States, after they had thrown in their lot with the Allies in April, entered the field to champion the cause of liberty against the foes of civilisation. Furthermore, in the Balkans, though little alteration took place in the situation around Monastir, there came at last an end to the long-drawn-out triumph of Teutonic intrigue in Athens.

N June, King Constantine was compelled to abdicate, his second son, Prince Alexander, ascended the throne under the aegis of the Allies, a new Cabinet was formed by M. Venizelos, and Greece, no longer under thinly-disguised German vassalage, formally entered the war against the Central Powers, much as several of the South American States followed the example of their northern neighbours, while China also declared war on the universal enemy. In the south of Europe Britain's long arm was stretched out in aid to the great new effort made by the heroic Italian army. under General Cadorna, to capture Trieste. British guns echoed on the Isonzo and British monitors put in an appearance in the Gulf of Trieste. On the Italian front, as elsewhere, more and more importance began to be attached to the new arm—the aeroplane. Italy as well as France adopted the policy of air-reprisals. Great Britain, on the other hand, apart from strengthening her airmen in France and Flanders, confined her aerial offensive to attacking the enemy submarine base at Zeebrugge and his aerodromes and ammunition centres near the Belgian coast.

HERE was a renewal of the aerial invasion of England, raids taking place on Folkestone in May, and on London in June and July. Meanwhile enemy submarine activity continued to make serious inroads on British and allied shipping, but not to the extent anticipated by its instigators. The outstanding event at sea was the historic destroyer fight in the English Channel on the night of April 20-21, when the Swift and Broke, on patrol duty, defeated a German flotilla of six destroyers. It will be realised by every reader who has scanned these brief notes on a few of the special features of the epoch-making events described by pen and camera in our present volume that the claim made in our opening paragraph is amply justified. J. A. H.



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BEHIND THE LINES IN FRANCE. AN EVENING CONCERT IN THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES.

## The Moving Drama of the Great War

## VIII.—Ending the First Three Years

Progress of Events in all Battle Areas, from the Fall of Bukarest to the End of the Third Year of the War

Written by

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T the close of the first week of December, 1916, the prevailing feeling among the Allies was one of disappointment. Great things had been hoped for from the Battle of the Somme; high expectations had been built upon the accession of Rumania to the great Cause. Sober judges had in September considered it not improbable that the war would be practically over in twelve months; effervescent optimism looked for the collapse of the Central Powers in half or a quarter of that period.

In the next two months all such hopes had vanished. The allied offensive on the Somme had come to a stand-still—mainly, no doubt, in consequence of the adverse weather conditions, as was shown by the fact that no spell of improved weather, however brief, passed without being turned to account in the achievement of some successful stroke. But however satisfying such explanations might be in the abstract, the concrete fact remained

that the advance was suspended.

As for Rumania, the effect of her intervention had been the reverse of what had been looked for. Instead of either the occupation of Transylvania or the grinding of Bulgaria between the upper and nether millstones, her action had resulted in the successful invasion of her own territory, the occupation of the greater part of it by the enemy, the loss of oil-fields and a great grainproducing area, the emphatic demonstration that the organising skill of the Germans had been able to place in the new field troops which were the equal of those which had been added to the Entente Alliance, and munitions which were far superior. The Rumanian capital had fallen, and the Rumanian forces were beating a fighting retreat to the north of Wallachia. Bulgaria was still able to concentrate practically the whole of her forces on the Salonika front; King Constantine was still carrying on his game of obstruction, evasion, and hostility which was only just not overt in the technical sense. Public opinion in England would have given him short enough shrift; but the allied Governments would not apply stringent coercion to a small and technically neutral nationality. The forward burst of the Russians between the Pripet Marshes and Bukovina had been held up since the approaches to Halicz were reached, before the summer was over. No dramatic progress had been reported on the Italian front. And in addition to all this, the renewed submarine campaign of the autumn was showing no sign of following the normal course of declension.

#### Political Changes at Home

Patience' is perhaps the most difficult of the virtues to practise; in Britain, in France, and in Russia patience had been put to a very severe strain; the time had come when a reorganisation was necessary in England to steady the public nerves, and the change of Government which made Mr. Lloyd George Prime Minister, in place of Mr. Asquith, had the desired effect. It created no split, for the retiring Ministers indulged in no rccrimination, and gave a whole-hearted support to the new Government. Whatever its defects might be, the personality of its chief was a complete guarantee that hesitation or want of energy would not be among them, and this was what popular opinion above all demanded. The formation of a War Cabinet, having no more than five members, and the inclusion in the Ministry of Lord Milner and Sir Edward Carson, who had been prominent

in denouncing the hesitations of the Coalition, pointed in the same direction; while the retention of Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil did much to allay the apprehension felt in some quarters that the Prime Minister would be the puppet of the most vociferously aggressive of his adherents. A practically universal approval attended the immediate designation of a Food Controller whose appointment had already been decided upon, the selection, without regard to parliamentary precedent, of a Minister of Education and of a Director of National Service, and the announcement that a War Council of the whole Empire was to be summoned.

#### President Wilson's "Peace Note"

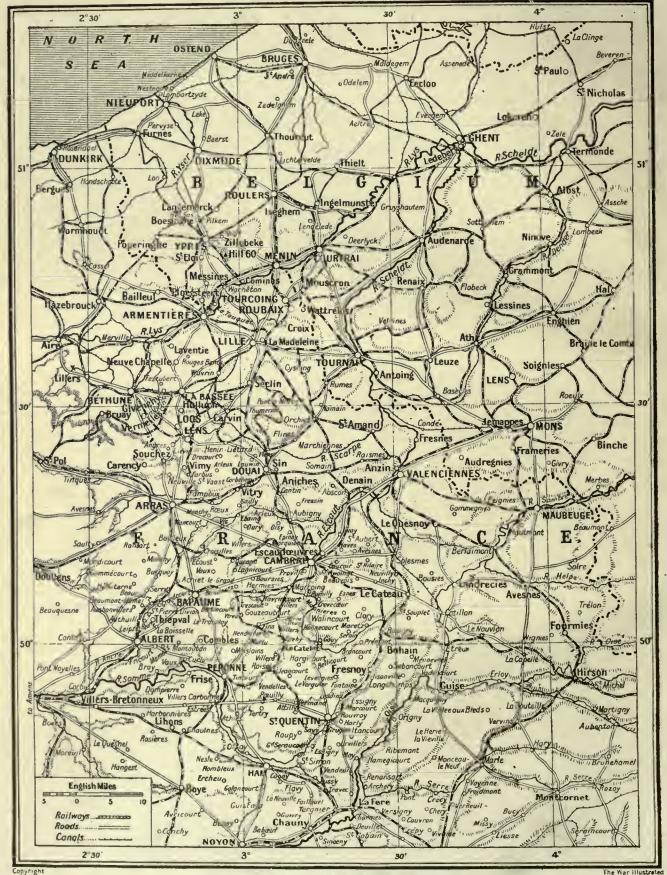
The change of Government cleared the political atmosphere in England. Oddly enough, it synchronised with one of those curious political demonstrations on the part of Germany which, though presumably intended to influence neutral opinion, have invariably failed to do so, while evoking only scornful indignation among the Allies. She informed the world at large that she was magnanimously anxious to end the world-war-on terms which assumed that she had already won it. The reply of the Allies, issued shortly afterwards, was emphatic and unanswerable.

On the other hand, not a little astonishment was created by President Wilson's publication of a "Peace Note," based on the identity of the aims avowed by each of the two belligerent groups. The Allies could point to the indisputable facts which proved that Germany's actual aims were hopelcssly irreconcilable with their or her professed objects. A Swiss declaration in support of President Wilson's suggestion was its only outcome. But it seemed to confirm the common impression prevalent in Europe that nothing would open the President's eyes to the issues at stake in the great conflict. That impression, however, was soon to be dispelled.

by General Nivelle before Verdun.

All these political occurrences were marks of atmospheric disturbance rather than definite signs of change. In fact, through the closing weeks of 1916, there was only one episode in the campaigns which carried with it direct encouragement to the Allies. There was no diminution in the activity of German submarines; no fresh blows were delivered on the British front; the Rumanian retirement continued. Significant movements were, in actual fact, in p. ogress from Egypt and on the Tigris; but these attracted little attention. The one dramatic event was the swift and telling blow struck

From the end of February to the end of June the struggle before Verdun had been the most anxious, the most thrilling of all the interests of the war—not excepting even the Trentino adventure. Since the opening of the Battle of the Somme, the position at Verdun had ceased to be critical. Not only had the Germans ceased to gain ground, they had been driven out of the Douaumont area, which had so long and so often been the scene of desperate struggles. The French had, in fact, recovered the line where they had first made their great The recapture of Douaumont had been the proof that the initiative in the Verdun region had passed to the French. General Nivelle's new stroke was the welcome demonstration that the apparent deadlock of the last weeks did not mean the exhaustion of striking



THE GREAT ARRAS BATTLE AREA.

Map of the western front, indicating the towns and villages involved in the great British offensive which began on April 9th, 1917, against the Vimy Ridge and the German defences east and couth-east of Arras. At the end of the first formight the enemy

still held Lens, but below Arras was steadily rstrsating to the socalled Hindenburg line—a series of prepared positions beginning at Queant and confronting the British troops as far as St. Quentin, beyond which point they were opposite to the French lines.

power. The blow went straight to its mark. A three days' bombardment along the front from the Meuse to Vaux changed suddenly into an infantry attack which in twenty-four hours had carried the French a full mile forward upon the whole of that front which now covered Vacherauville on the left, Pepper Hill and Louvemont on the left centre, and Bezonvaux on the right.

#### French Victory at Verdun

Thirty-six hours later, a German counter-attack developed which at one point, the farm of Chambrettes, reoccupied some of the lost ground during the night. But in the morning the French were in Chambrettes again. Just a week after the beginning of the bombardment the Germans had in effect been driven back to the positions from which they had opened the original attack in February. In the four days following the artillery preparation, the French had taken more than 10,000 unwounded prisoners and a number of guns, had inflicted on the enemy losses far greater than they themselves had suffered, and had learnt that they were fighting to win against a foe who was beginning to feel himself beaten. For the Verdun adventure had been trumpeted to the world as the overwhelming blow which was to shatter the almies of France and bring her to her knees. And it had failed. The German Command had staked its own credit with its own people upon the "capture of Verdun." No German had set foot in Verdun save as a prisoner, and after a ten months' struggle, all the ground cast of the Meuse that had been carried had been lost again.

The Rumanian campaign, in certain of its aspects, appeared to be the counterpart of the Russian campaign in 1915. The Rumanians retreated perpetually before a force very much their superior in munitionment, while the enemy never succeeded either in breaking through or in enveloping them, although he undoubtedly inflicted very heavy losses both in men and guns. By the end of December they had all but evacuated the whole of Wallachia and the Dobrudja, and were nearly upon the Sereth lines—the neck of Moldavia where the distance is least between the Danube (at the Galatz corner) and the Carpathians. As yet, however, they still stood in front of the granary of Braila, and Focsani. But the turning of their right flank was threatened on the north from the Oituz and Gyimes passes to which it extended. It had now become the business of the Rumanian force to hold those passes, and to keep its line intact from that point to the Danube. The columns sent by the Germans to the Oituz and the Gyimes failed to force their way onwards. But a long and severe action at Rimnicu in the Christmas week compelled, while it made secure, the retirement of the centre and left across the Screth. Braila consequently passed into German occupation in the first week of January, 1917; an event which was hailed with the usual jubilations in Berlin, but was of little material importance, since ample time had been secured for the withdrawal of the food-stores which the encmy had hoped to capture. A few days later, on January 8th, the Germans entered Focsani.

#### Quiet on all Fronts

But the moment had now come when the Rumanians and their Russian comrades must make their stand definitely. If they failed, the Germans would have achieved a decision. If they should succeed in holding their ground, they would either keep a substantial German force locked up or, if that force were withdrawn, would see the liberation of Rumanian territory. As it befel, the fighting of the next three weeks seemed to prove that, as in Poland, as at Verdun, as in the Trentino, so also in Rumania, the Central Powers had shot their bolt. At Verdun and in the Trentino they had in the event achieved nothing; in Poland and in Rumania they had achieved much, but they had failed to attain a decision, and had exhausted their power of intensifying the attack just when their antagonists had recovered their power of resisting it. Their effort at the Oituz had already failed; a minor effort on the other flank before Galatz was similarly unsuccessful; and a third

and fiercer effort on their right centre, directed chiefly against the Fundeni bridge-head, failed also in its turn. The bridge-head itself was taken, but no further progress followed. The Sereth line held, and continued to hold.

Upon the Rumanian front the situation remained unchanged, though there were some tentative movements in the northern region, and some heavy fighting with no conspicuous results in the Bukovina. No noteworthy news came from the Italian area or the lines in the southern Balkans. The pressure upon the Greek Government appeared to produce nothing more useful rhan snarling apologies and a shuffling of officials, with a merely superficial modification of their methods. You may take a mule to the water, but you cannot make him drink. No effective change was to be looked for without making a clean sweep of what may be called the Constantinocracy. The king played with the Allies exactly as the Porte had played with the European Concert for a century past. And the Allies were apparently as helpless as the Concert had been. And on the Western front, French and British, for weeks following the brilliant affair before Verdun, everything remained "quiet."

#### Trench Raids and Preparations

Quiet! That is to say that along three hundred miles of front there was a never-ending cannonade. Daily and nightly "alarms and excursions," skirmishes between airmen, bomb-droppings behind enemy lines, bombing raids on enemy trenches, here and there a sharp fight for an outpost, unrecorded deeds of daring, of endurance, of self-sacrifice. And behind the lines, endless piling up of munitions, ceaseless work of preparation for the approaching days when the storm should burst again—when the Germans would be in retreat, and all would depend upon the speed at which the Allies could maintain their pressure.

Meanwhile, the policy of harassing the enemy by sudden incursions, rarely having any immediate gain of ground in view, but inflicting appreciable damage and numerous casualties at small cost, was successfully maintained. The most notable of these episodes occurred in broad daylight at various points from St. Eloi to the Ancre, a prominent example being the rushing of Calonne by the Canadians; while the Kaiser's birthday was not allowed to pass without an appropriate "surprise party" at Transloy, where the attack was so unexpected that more than three hundred and fifty Germans found themselves prisoners almost before they knew that anything unusual was bappening.

#### The United States and Germany

President Wilson's Peace Note, issued in December, 1916, had filled the Allies with astonishment by its apparent assumption that the two belligerent parties were equally responsible for the war, equally to blame for the manner in which it was being conducted. They knew that this war of all wars was not the outcome of misunderstanding, but a struggle to preserve civilisation, the moral law, everything that makes life worth living, against the domination of brute force; it was incredible to them that this view should be treated as open to argument. But the President's attitude was misinterpreted. The supposed assumption was not present. The note was, in fact, a final effort to give Germany an opportunity of acting upon her professions. It was not the business of neutrals to judge between the belligerents; both parties declared that they had the same objects in view; if their declarations were true, it should be possible for the voice of the peacemaker to avail. From that attitude America ought not to depart until one of the belligerents should give conclusive proof to neutrals by anti-neutral action that its professions were false. What Germany had done hitherto was not absolutely conclusive; she had not unmistakably crossed the line.

Germany, however, made up her mind that there should be no misunderstanding—whether because she understood or because she misunderstood the attitude of the President. Either she felt certain that America





DISCOMFORTS OF A PIRATE'S LIFE.—These photographs, taken by an officer on a U-boat, show the crew effecting general repairs on deck after a spell of bad weather, and (right) the U-boat travelling on the surface in a high sea.

would not fight at any price, or she had resolved to force America into the war. At the close of January, 1917, she announced that hospital ships in the North Sea and the British Channel would no longer be regarded officially as immune, and informed neutrals that the restrictions hitherto recognised in naval warfare would no longer be observed. The promises made to the United States were pitched overboard. All sea traffic within huge zones—which neutral ships would enter at their own peril—would be prevented by every sort of weapon. In other words, neutral ships would be sunk at sight.

#### Germany's Violation of International Law

Now, whatever claims had hitherto been put forward to the right of stopping and searching neutral ships, no

one had ever pretended that to sink them would not be a gross violation of international law. This new declaration could have only one result-unless it was the fact that nothing would make President Wilson fight. On February 5th it was announced that diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States were severed, and the respective ambassadors were recalled. Unless Germany withdrew from the position she had taken up, war was certain, though its declaration might be postponed till the German threat materialised in an overt act. Nor was there any shadow of doubt, when the President expressed himself in this sense to Congress, that the country was ready, if war came, to throw its soul into the struggle.

It was certain that the spring would see the opening of a great offensive in the west. The great question was whether the Allies would be able to impose the character of the operations upon the enemy, or whether the enemy still had the power to make a concentrated attack as he had done at Verdun in the last week of the last February. That question was soon to have an answer, though not

an immediately decisive one. The first indications of the coming struggle might be called a renewal of the suspended Battle of the Somme, which began almost simultaneously with the breaking off of diplomatic relations between America and Germany.

#### Opening of Britain's 1917 Offensive

Let us recall the position. When the Battle of the Somme opened on July 1st, 1916, the Germans held the whole of their original line with little modification; a line lying first from north to south in front of Ypres, Armentières, Arras and Albert by Chaulnes, till it swept suddenly eastwards at a point between Compiègne and Noyon, passing in front of Soissons and Rheinis till it reached the Verdun area, where it had pushed a little

forward. Between Midsummer and Christmas the Germans lost the ground they had won before Verdun, and the Allies had thrust forward in one section of the line between the points of Gommecourt, southwest of Arras, and Chaulnesa distance of some five and twenty miles as the crow flies. From Gommecourt north, and from Chaulnes south, there had been no advance. The high ground known as the Bapaume Ridge, between Bapaume and Arras, was still behind the German line; so was Bapaume, so was Péronne; but between Bapaume and Péronne the Allies were astride of the Bapaume-Péronne high road, at Sailly.

On February 3rd, 1917, British troops attacked the German front line between Serre and Grandcourt, thrusting a wedge between those two positions. During the next two days six counter-attacks were delivered for the recovery of the lost ground; all were beaten back, and the ground was held. Grandcourt had become untenable except at an excessive cost; part of the works were abandoned, and were occupied by the British on the 6th, and



Modern pirates need to be qu'ck to elude the vigilance of the guardians of civilieation—in the North Sea especially.

that night Grandcourt was evacuated, the Germans retiring to Miraumont. A few days later the British captured the dominant elevation called Hill 127, which imposed upon the enemy in this section the necessity of a general retirement of the whole front line, upon the Bapaume Ridge. On March 1st the British were in Gommecourt as well as in Serre on the west of this twelve-mile line, at the east end of which they were close in front of Bapaume. But the retirement had been carried out with skill and with no great losses, largely owing to the prevalence of fog and wet, which had prevented attack from being pressed. The Bapaume Ridge had now become the immediate objective.

#### The Germans' Successful Retirement

On the other side it was given out that the retreat had been not imposed, but voluntary, designed to draw the British on into positions from which they would not be able to make a concentrated attack for a long time. The obvious inference suggested was that the allied plans for an offensive had been anticipated and thwarted as a preliminary to some stroke planned by the German Command, which had, in fact, retained the initiative throughout. It was, in fact, probable that the retirement had been in contemplation, but that it was forced upon the enemy before his preparations were completed, though the adverse weather at the end of February enabled him to carry it through—successfully, indeed, but without disorganising the plans of the Allies.

During the past months no very close attention had been given to the operations in the Egyptian and Mesopotamian areas. There was a general impression that the Turks were trying to get into Egypt, only to be dispersed whenever they got into the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal, while Mesopotamia had been badly muddled. The defence and the fall of Kut had reflected nothing but credit upon the gallant officer who had been ordered to make a dash upon Bagdad with an unsupported force which, even if it had reached the ancient capital of the Califs, would not have been strong enough to hold it. The venture had ended in the loss of a division, and could have had no other termination: and

it had also made it appear that fighting on the Tigris was a hopeless business about which it was extremely inadvisable to form sanguine expectations.

inadvisable to form sanguine expectations.

But in actual fact there was a close connection between Egypt and Mesopotamia. It was true that General Townshend's division had been sacrificed through no fault of his; it was probable that with better management the sacrifice might have been avoided; but it had been worth making. The dash on Bagdad at that critical moment had averted the Turco-German scheme of a Pan-Islamic Jehad, a religious war of Mohammedanism under the Sultan's banner directed against the British and Russians. It had compelled the Turks to concentrate upon Mesopotamia instead of against Egypt, dispelling the constantly latent danger of a general Moslem rising in Egypt, and giving the Cherif his opportunity of repudiating the Turkish Califate. The moment of the Pan-Islamic danger in Asia and Africa had passed, and would not return. Egypt and Western Asia were not to be—as there would have been a real danger of their becoming but for the Bagdad diversion—enslaved to a vassal of Germany posing as the champion of Islam. It became the task of the Russians from the north, of the British from Mesopotamia and Egypt, to liberate Western Asia from the Turkish domination.

#### The Capture of Magdhaba

This was the real significance of the almost unnoticed movements which were taking place in the regions of the Sinaitic peninsula and of the Tigris. The forces in



VARIED WORK OF THE ENGINEERS.—Building bridges in Thessaly. (British official photograph.) Above: Taking a steamship stern-frame from the manufacturere to the port of shipment. The long keel portion projected over the eccond line of rails, which necessitated the journey being made on Sunday, when both lines could be occupied.

the Egyptian command were no longer engaged in repelling an invader; they were working up to the

invasion of Palestine and Syria.

On December 21st, 1916, they swooped upon El Arish, which is not close to the Suez Canal, but ninety miles east of it on the northern highway between Syria and Egypt. The speed of the advance took the Turks by surprise, and having no time to hurry up reinforcements, they beat a hasty retreat instead. A swift night march, in which twenty-five miles were covered in four hours, brought mounted Anzacs and Camel Corps in front of Magdhaba before dawn on the 23rd. Magdhaba was enveloped, the Territorial Horse Artillery rendering excellent support; and at the end of a hot engagement the column had two-thirds of the enemy prisoners. It was a brilliant performance, for which it would be difficult to apportion the honour between the Anzacs, the Camel Corps, the Scottish infantry, and the Territorial Horse Artillery. Although it did not lead up immediately to sensational developments, it was the first step in the coming advance.

#### Sir Stanley Maude's Campaign

A few days earlier Sir Stanley Maude had opened his attack upon the Turkish position at Kut-el-Amara. Now, a twelvemonth earlier a British force had been shut up in Kut, and starved into surrender in April. All the efforts of successive commanders had failed to force a way through the Turkish lines below Kut—lines which could not be turned on the left bank of the Tigris at Sanna-i-Yat, while progress on the right bank had also been impracticable. The design now in view was that of clearing the right, or south, bank of the Tigris to a point above Kut, forcing a passage of the river, turning the position, and so compelling an evacuation. The British public felt that British credit would not be comfortably restored till Kut had been recovered, but beyond that it looked for nothing, and was by no means inclined to anticipate even that limited degree of success. It was, however, satisfactory to learn that the clearing of the right bank of the Tigris was progressing, and—about January roth—that the Turks had been driven almost entirely out of their trencher in the loop of the river immediately below Kut. The whole loop was cleared a week later.

This news appeared at the same moment as the report of another very successful advance from El Arish upon Rafa, thirty miles to the east. As at Magdhaba, the blow was again effected through a night march of the Mounted Division, Camel Corps, and Horse Artillery, and again two-thirds of the garrison were taken prisoners after a hot engagement. In the two battles some 4,500 of the Turkish troops had taken part, of whom 3,000 were

now unwounded prisoners.

#### The Capture of Bagdad

Kut itself stands on the north of the Tigris, in one of a series of loops. The British having cleaned up the loop on the east, now had to work round the southern tip of the Kut loop and clear the loop on the west, called the Dahra Bend. Kut would then be surrounded on three sides, but with the river still between it and the British. The rounding of the tip was a stiff piece of work, the Turks being strongly entrenched at a point called the Liquorice Factory, while the defensive was strengthened by the Shatt-el-Hai, a tributary of the Tigris. When the Liquorice Factory had been definitely mastered on February 10th, the Turks were forced back in the Dahra Bend, and were driven over the river to its north side on February 15th.

During the next week the British made a heavy attack on Sanna-i-Yat, the main Turkish trenches north of the river below Kut, through which they had striven in vain to break in the effort to relieve General Townshend. But the attack on Sanna-i-Yat was intended to engage the Turks while the river was being bridged above Kut, west of the Dahra Bend, and it enabled this "Shanran" passage of the Tigris to be successfully completed on February 24th. The enemy's flank was thus turned, and

he was left no choice but a hasty evacuation of Kut and a rapid retreat up the Tigris to positions much harder to hold against a resolute advance—a retirement in which he was very severely handled by the force upon his flank. British self-respect had been grievously wounded by the failure to relieve General Townshend ten months earlier; British prestige had been seriously damaged by the capture of Knt; self-respect and prestige were both restored by General Maude's success. But was there more to follow?

Much was to follow. The Kut position, so strong that it had been held impregnable for a year, was in effect the one serious obstacle to an advance upon Bagdad by a force which could not be—like General Townshend's—overwhelmed numerically by the Turkish army. The gate was open and the advance began; moreover, it soon became clear that the advance was the pursuit of a foe on the run. There was no other position where a sustained defence could be established; every engagement was in the nature of a rearguard action to enable the main Turkish force to escape envelopment and annihilation.

By March 7th it had been rushed back past Ctesiphon, the furthest point reached by General Townshend in his dash on Bagdad. It was at the Diala, a few miles below Bagdad, that the Turk had hoped to make his last stand; but so close was the pursuit that he had no time, and the last stand before the city was no more than the last rearguard action of an army in continuous retreat. On March 10th the passage of the Diala had been carried, and on the 11th Sir Stanley Maude was in Bagdad. And

he was there to stay.

#### America Nearing War

So far President Wilson had not gone beyond a declaration of armed neutrality, but he was pressing forward measures in which the neutrality was less obvious than the arming. The Germanophil group in America was meeting him with obstructive tactics which, in fact, were stiffening the support of the nation at large. The sinking of the Cunard liner Laconia, and the consequent death, from shock and exposure, of three American ladies, was a caustic comment on the latest German profession that unrestricted U boat warfare was not intended to injure neutrals, and when the President pronounced it to be such an "overt act" as he had been awaiting, it was felt that America's entry into the war was appreciably nearer. The detection of official German intrigues, during the period of officially friendly relations, having as their object the embroilment of the United States in war with Mexico and Japan, exemplified in a manner which could not be mistaken by the most pacific that utter unscrupulousness of German diplomacy which was a primary feature of the Allies' case. Characteristically, the Germans discovered not that their own action had been treacherous to a friendly nation, but that legitimate measures of self-defence had been treacherously revealed.

#### Fall of Bapaume and Péronne

Meanwhile, the German retirement, whether imposed or voluntary, to the Bapaume Ridge continued. Incidentally it appeared that the British had taken over a further section of the French line on the Somme front now extending some miles south of the river. There was sharp fighting at Bouchavesnes between Bapaume and Péronne, and on the British right, as far away as Roye, in the first week of March. Before Verdun the Germans, who had recently made a fierce but vain thrust on the left bank of the Meuse at the Mort Homme position, tried another blow on the east side, only to be again beaten back. In the Ancre field the abandonment of Gommecourt and the Serre salient left the new German line running from just in front of Bapaume to just in front of Monchy. The whole Bapaume Ridge position was threatened when the British troops carried the elevation dominating its centre at Irles on March 11th; a week later the Germans evacuated not only the Bapaume Ridge, though still holding the pivot of

Monchy on the right, but Bapaume itself, the retirement extending far southward. On March 18th the British were in both Bapaume and Péronne.

#### Forward to the Hindenburg Line

In the meantime the French forces on the British right—that is, roughly, south of the dent in the German line produced by the first Somme battle—were also pushing forward. The inference from the movements is that the German Command had intended to hold the Bapaume Ridge and the line Bapaume-Péronne-Roye-Noyon-Berry-au-Bac, though very possibly with the further intention of withdrawing at their leisure to what was presumed to be the much-vaunted Hinden-burg line well in front of the great north-to-south road (and the attendant railways) which passes from Lille through Douai, Cambrai, St. Quentin, La Fère, and Laon, and across the Aisne to Rheims. But the pressure on the Bapaume Ridge and between Bapaume and Péronne forced a hastier retirement than had been looked for on those sectors, and the retreat there necessitated the retreat also, under pressure and not at leisure, on the sector south of Péronne, which would otherwise have been converted into a dangerous salient. On the day on which the British entered Bapaume and Péronne, the French entered Roye and Noyon.

local resistance from time to time in order to facilitate the withdrawal? No one could tell. But what did seem clear was this—that if the withdrawal was intentional it was attended by a continuous pressure on the part of the Allies much more severe than had been anticipated.

There was certainly no sign that French and British were being lured forward while a heavy offensive was in preparation at some other point, yet the thing was possible; that it had been designed was probable; audden German offensive would have caused no surprise, and the retreat was being conducted with no great loss of war material, though it was obvious that the





SOLDIERS OF THE LAND ARMY.—C2 men, released by the War Office for agricultural labour, at work on a farm near Guildford. Above: Volunteere merching off to dig the vegetable grounds of the Princese Christian Hoepital at Englefield Green. Below: The volunteers at work, watched by some of the patients.

Three days later they had passed Chauny and occupied the railway junction at Tegnier, close to La Fère.

The whole length of the German line then, from what had now become the Monchy salient, immediately south of Arras down to the neighbourhood of Berry-au-Bac on the Aisne between Soissons and Rheims, was being pushed back to the Hindenburg line, or what was supposed to be the Hindenburg line, and this process continued through the last week of March and the first week of April. Sometimes at one point or another on the French or the British front a marked advance was made, sometimes the advance was held up. Were the enemy being forced back willy-nilly, yielding each position only as it became untenable, or were they going back of set purpose, only putting up a more stubborn,

numerous counter-attacks were costly in lives. And in the week before Easter the line still stood in front of Monchy and in front of the road from Douai to the Aisne. The point of junction between the British right and the French left now lay immediately before St. Quentin, a position of vital importance to the German line as road and railway junction. The effort of the Allies in combination was apparently concentrating upon this point, though the French were also attacking vigorously to the south of La Fère, in the direction of Laon.

#### Events Following Capture of Bagdad

When the gateway of Kut was forced the Turks and the British in Mesopotamia knew that the occupation of Bagdad would immediately follow, though the British public at home were somewhat nervous still, remembering the disappointment which had followed General Townshend's victory at Ctesiphon. The skill and vigour of the pursuit had kept the Turks on the run and brought the British into Bagdad with unlooked-for rapidity; that was all. But the moment that the advance was assured it was realised that the Turkish column, still operating in Persia, and there holding up the Russian advance, must retire, or be trapped in the passes between

### THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

Kermanshah and the Diala and annihilated. A column was despatched from Bagdad to cut off the retirement, but the Turkish operations were completed just in time to effect the escape. Not that there was any failure in the organisation or the vigour of the British movements, but simply because the nature of the ground to be traversed imposed insurmountable delays. The Russians reoccupied Kermanshah because only a rearguard remained to hold them in check; the real force was over the Diala and on its way to effect a junction with the main army before the intercepting British force could arrive to cut it off.

#### The Campaign in Palestine

Meanwhile, Sir Archibald Murray was pushing on with his work in the south. All these operations in the east have a familiar character; they are of a kind to which we are accustomed, a warfare of movement, of swift marches of small bodies of troops, in which cavalry play their legitimate part—very unlike the warfare of the western front. Now that the Egyptian forces had assumed the offensive, there was something in their movements highly suggestive of the methods adopted by Lord Kitchener when it was his business to reconquer the Sudan. If Palestine was to be invaded, the desert between Egypt and Judæa must be made into a highway for troops—in other words, the progress of the British column must be accompanied by the

laying of a railway.

The advance to Rafa had brought it to the verge of the ancient land of the Philistines, where stands Gaza-that city whose gates, something more than three thousand years ago, were carried off by the Strong Man of Isracl. Five-and-twenty miles away is Beer-Man of Israel. Five-and-twenty miles away is Beersheba, from which the river of Gaza flows down to the sea. The next step after the British were established at Rafa was to secure the passage of the river of Gaza—held by the enemy—and a rail-head. This was the immediate object achieved when Sir Charles Dobell struck again on March 26th. The blow was deprived of its full force by heavy mists; the Turkish forceunder a German commander—numbering some 20,000 men, made no attempt to hold the passage, but stood covering Gaza itself. It was afternoon before the fog lifted and the British were able to engage the enemy, who were heavily defeated and retreated or fled to Gaza. The lateness of the hour and the want of water precluded the continuous advance upon Gaza; the British had to be content with entrenching themselves under the walls, and breaking up the attacks delivered next day by the Turks.

In the two days' fighting nearly 1,000 prisoners were

taken, including a Turkish General of Division and his Staff; the presumption was that these represented not more than one-eighth of the enemy's casualties; while of the British only four hundred were killed, though half that number were also reported missing. But for the fog and the want of water it seems probab'e that Gaza would have been carried and the whole Turkish force put out of action.

The fall of Bapaume and Péronne, the forcing of Kut, the capture of Bagdad, the clash of arms, crack of rifles, rattle of machine-guns where Samson smote opposing hosts single-handed with the jawbone of an ass-these doings all in their several ways appealed to the imagination, and all meant, perhaps, a progress more real than was immediately apparent, but they did not inspire such intensity of dramatic emotion as the great onslaught on Verdun, the fierce thrust in the Trentino, the forward plunge of the Russians, the first crash of the Somme Battle. It was outside the field of the actual fighting that the most significant events were taking place in the weeks before the Easter of 1917.

#### America at War with Germany

Daily it grew more apparent that Germany, whether from insensate blindness or with open-eyed deliberation, had filled up the cup as far as America was concerned. The American people had long been ready; when at last the President gave the call in words that rang over the world, they answered with one heart and soul. The day of neutrality was past; the United States recognised that what was at stake in the war was precisely what the Allies had always claimed, that the battle was between civilisation and organised barbarism, between human progress and the most reactionary force ever brought into play against progress in the whole history of mankind. The last shred of doubt had vanished, and on April 6th war was declared. The great democracy had spoken uncompromisingly, and all its energies were to be devoted to the furtherance of the supreme cause.

The material effects of the intervention of America could be reckoned up, or at least subjected to reasonable calculation. Immediately, it insured the replenishment of the war-chest of the Allies, and a rapid expansion of the means to thwart the undiminishing rigour of the submarine campaign; it developed sources of supply of all kinds, and secured ultimately a vast reserve of fighting men who would become available just when the strain upon the Allies would be becoming almost intolerable. At an earlier stage there might have been doubts of American whole-heartedness; there were none now, except possibly among Berlin psychologists.

QUININE PARADE IN THE BALKANS.-Prevention of disease is the chief aim of the Army Medical Service-injection against typhoid and against tetanus directly a wound is inflicted. As a preventive against malarial troubles quinine was served out to the froops at Salonika, and, as shown here, to the native labourers with them.



British soldiers dragging a captured German field-gun into a new position in order to use it against the enemy, an incident which occurred on many occasions, but never failed to arrest attention. Of all the defeated gun-team only one wounded man survived.

But it may well prove that the most tremendous event to which the war had yet given birth was the Revolution in Russia. If the moment of the Revolution could be fixed to an exact day, it might well be said that the Russian Tsardom fell and the Russian people were freed on the "Ides of March," the fifteenth of the month. As a matter of fact the Revolution broke out on the 9th; on the 14th a Provisional Government, set up by the Duma, was in being; on the 16th the abdication of Nicholas II. was published. In one week the Tsardom had been overthrown, though it was still uncertain whether the most autocratic government in the civilised world was to give place to a Republic or a Constitutional Monarchy. That remained to be settled when it should become possible to summon a Constituent Assembly to decide upon the new Constitution. The one thing certain was that the old Tsardom had gone, with no more cliance of returning than the old Bourbon monarchy in France. The Revolution was assured because the Army declared for it with practical unanimity. But what the Revolution itself would bring forth it would have been rash to prophesy, beyond declaring confidently that it would not take a pro-German shape.

#### Russia Becomes a Democracy

The Tsardom had fallen, with scarcely a struggle. Russia in a moment had become a Democracy, whatever particular form that democracy might assume. There had hitherto been a certain anomaly in the situation which had associated a nation which in theory at least was under the absolute control of an individual, with Republican France and the Constitutional democracies of the British Empire, of Italy, and of Belgium, and was about to join her with the democracy of the United States in the mighty struggle with the absolutist powers of Central Europe and the Oriental monarchy of Turkey. That anomaly had been wiped out in a moment. Hitherto

there had been at least a suspicion that the Tsardom was more in sympathy with the political conceptions of the enemy, the Central Powers, than with those of Russia's liberty-loving allies; that the Tsar and the Kaiser were but rival despots, who, if their antagonistic territorial ambitions could be reconciled, would soon be at peace; that the Russian Government was half-hearted in fighting for freedom.

#### Results of the Russian Revolution

The Tsardom had been overthrown by men who were whole-hearted in the cause, who would have endured the Tsardom if they had trusted its whole-heartedness. The immediate victory was the victory of the war party, and for the moment it seemed that the war party meant virtually the whole nation, when the fabric of the Tsardom collapsed as a bubble bursts. And the thing had been carried through with a skill, a resolution, and a moderation which augured well.

But it could not mean an immediate and decisive concentration upon the war of energies which had hitherto been held in check or deliberately dissipated. Revolution involved immense reorganisation, reconstruction of machinery, a new personnel for the most part untested. And there was at least a possibility that the new Government would have to deal with another kind of pacifism than that of the bureaucratic reactionaries, engendered not by fear of the enemy or sympathy with his ideals, but by an impracticable idealism out of touch with facts—a pacifism which believed in the German people as opposed to the rulers of Germany. Only time would show whether the statesmanship which had effected the Revolution at the cost of so little bloodshed would be equally successful in controlling and conciliating divergent or antagonistic elements in the suddenly emancipated Russian Democracy and uniting them in a mighty effort to shatter the European reaction.

## THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

We have seen how the first Battle of the Somme, in 1916, had given the first demonstration that the balance of superiority on the western front, and with it the main initiative, had passed from the Germans to the Allies. We have seen how the second battle, the fighting of February and March, imposed upon the enemy a movement which he had certainly been preparing to carry out (at least, in case of necessity) at his own time, presumably with a view to an offensive stroke in another quarter— the withdrawal to the "Hindenburg line." Farther we have seen that the enemy went when he did, not because he chose, but because he had no choice; and that the attack deprived him of the power of developing an offensive elsewhere, though he could make a plausible claim that the retreat was designed and had foiled an imaginary attempt on the part of the Allies to break

valley which leads from Arras to Douai. The southern end of the Vimy Ridge ends with the dip to the Scarpe, the northern with the dip to the Souchez, on which stands the village of the same name. Beyond the Souchez is the position of Notre Dame de Lorette, which figured so largely in the autumn battles of 1915, when it was wrested from the Germans by the French.

## Canadians Carry the Vimy Ridge

Impregnable as the German line had proved itself in this region heretofore, it is certain that a fresh line, the "Quéant-Drocourt" line, had been in preparation behind it, still covering Douai, in case a retreat should be imposed. It is equally clear that the retreat was imposed sooner than had been anticipated. Perhaps it was expected, as it was by the ordinary British public,

that St. Quentin would still be the point against which the maximum British effort would be directed; although the tremendous bombardment to which the Vimy Ridge was subjected at the close of the first week of April pointed to an intended

attack.

Now, the change which had come over the whole character of the fighting upon the western front was signalised by the fact that the thrust delivered upon Easter Monday, April oth, was directed not upon a single point, but upon the whole stretch of front from Souchez to St. Quentin, approximately fifty miles, though its greatest energy was concentrated upon the northern quarter. On that day the bombardment ceased at sunrise, and the infantry attack opened. In twenty-four hours the whole of the Vimy Ridge had been carried, mainly by the Canadians; every summit was in their hands, and they were already pushing down the slopes on its northcastern side; though one dominating point, known as Hill 145, defied the attack until the small hours of Tuesday morning. And meanwhile, on the right of the Canadians, Scottish and English troops had driven forward along the Scarpe valley, capturing the villages of Blangy and Feuchy, and outflanking Monchy. That advance on the Scarpe could not have been maintained had the Germans been able to hold their ground on the ridge, but as matters stood, the advance was carried still further on the Tuesday to Fampoux, where the establish-



THE CRUSADERS' GOAL.—Turkish troops at Jerucalem, showing the Citadel in the background. Such a ecene as thie was witnessed at the ancient city when the Turks eet out to meet the British forces at the Battle of Qaza, fifty milea away.

through. Further, the situation when April opened made it clear that the approximately straight line to which he had drawn in, the line from Monchy, just south-cast of Arras, to St. Quentin and so to the Aisne, a little above Soissons, was the line which he meant to hold intact-if he could. From Monchy he had not been driven, and north of Monchy no serious attempt had been made to force him back. The attention of British onlookers was therefore concentrated upon St. Quentin, where it was, perhaps, generally guessed that a decisive blow was intended; while the eyes of Frenchmen were turned rather to the southern angle on the Aisne, where the Germans occupied positions of an immense natural strength.

#### Opening of Great Battle of Arras

It was not, however, upon St. Quentin that the new British attack was launched on Easter Monday, April 9th, 1917, but from Monchy north, on the line which runs on the east of Arras to the west of Lens, the lines against which the French had flung themselves in vain in the autumn offensive of 1915—the Vimy Ridge, between which and Monchy passes the valley of the Scarpe, the ment of the British secured the capture of Monchy on Wednesday morning.

#### Fierce German Counter-Attacks

A very heavy counter-attack, delivered on the same day, for the recovery of Monchy, was completely repulsed, and the positions at Wancourt and Heninel immediately to the south, which now formed a small salient, were carried as a consequence on the next day. A forward push on either side of the Souchez was followed on Friday by the occupation of what once had been Givenchy at the north end of the Vimy Ridge, and of the line of villages beyond it. making a salient of Lens, the suburbs of which were being evacuated on Saturday. The feature of Sunday, the seventh day, was the delivery by the Germans of a furious and concentrated counterattack south of Quéant, an attack which opened with temporary success but ended in being completely smashed. This was in the central section of the advance, which during the week had extended the whole way between Lens and St. Quentin, cach of which remained as a projection surrounded on three sides.

But whereas south of the Scarpe the progress made had been a continuation of the pressure which had

imposed the retirement from the Bapaume Ridge and the Péronne-Noyon line, north of the Scarpe it meant that the strongest entrenchments which the fiercest attacks had formerly failed to penetrate had been completely carried in three days, and thoroughly consolidated within the week. That the German retirement here was by no means "in accordance with plan," that it was imposed by the British initiative, was demonstrated by the imprecedented captures of men (nearly all Bavarians) and guns in the attack, and by the extent and costliness of the defeated counterattacks which proved the high importance attached by the enemy to the lost positions. Again, the length of the line of pressure—over fifty miles-showed that the object in view was not a break through at one point, but a general crumbling of

the enemy line and a compulsory reinforcement which should render it impossible for him to recover an initiative by a concentration in any area chosen by himself.

#### Australian Victory at Lagnicourt

It seems clear that the attack in the northern sector on Easter Monday had the effect of a surprise. Considering the character of the defences, in spite of the terrific fire to which they had been subjected, the resistance offered on the Vimy Ridge was for the most part small as compared with that upon other points, the Bavarians crying "Kamerad" and surrendering in big batches. But this applied only in the initial onslaught. It accounted both for the large number of German prisoners and the relatively small number of British casualties.

But on and after the Wednesday, the masses which were flung forward in counter-attacks showed no yielding disposition on the part of the enemy. When we quote the normally true statement that the losses of the attacking party are bound to be heavier than those of the defence, we have to bear in mind that

the same thing is true of the counter-attack. When, as in this case, it is in counter-attacks that the heaviest fighting takes place, the presumption is (apart from positive evidence) that the enemy suffers the heavier loss even when the counter-attack succeeds. When it fails it is doubly expensive.

Of this there was a not-able example at Lagnicourt in the great counter-attack of April 15th. In the small hours of that Sunday morning, masses of the Prussian Guard—so often decimated in the course of the warwere launehed from their own wire-protected lines against the Australians, by whom they were faced at this point. By sheer weight of numbers the men from down under" were forced to relinquish their position. Three hours later the Prussians had been driven out again; caught in flank by



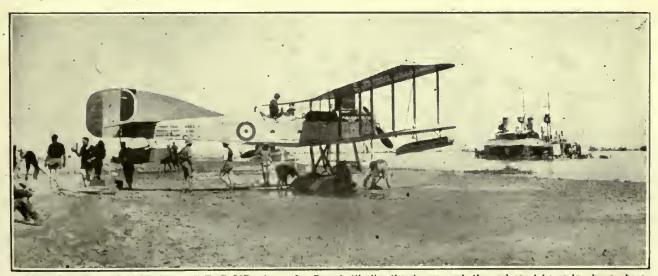
[Canadian official photograph

WITH THE CANADIAN ARTILLERY.—A heavy howitzer in action on the Somme, where, notably at Courcelette, the men of the Western Dominion won Imperishable laurels.

a cross-fire they lost direction, and rushing for their own trenches became hopelessly and horribly entangled in their own barbed wire, where they were annihilated by the rifle fire of the victorious Australians.

#### British Mastery of the Air

Throughout the week's operations the superior weight and precision of the British gun fire was marked; the "tanks" repeatedly rendered invaluable service where the infantry advance was temporarily held up by machine-guns; and it would be impossible to praise too highly the conduct of the infantry themselves, whether they had come across the ocean or only across the Channel. But most noteworthy of all, perhaps, was the service of the airmen—"every man of them a boy, and every boy of them a man," as someone has remarked. In the first months of the year the Germans had brought into the air a machine which, like the Fokker at an earlier stage, was superior to our own; the odds in air-combats had been all on their side, except when



MAINTAINING THE MASTERY OF THE AIR.—In our far-flung battle-line the airman made themselves at home in places where the aeroplane had probably never been eeen until wafted thithar by war. In one of the battle-areas outside Europe monitors of that senior Service were used to guard the seaplanee belonging to the youngest of all the services.

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counterbalanced by sheer superiority in resourcefulness and audacity. But in the Battle of Arras the "eyes" of the British artillery were better than the eyes of the German artillery; and, plane for plane, the British had the mastery, whether because an equality of machines had been restored or simply because their airmen outdared the daring of the Germans.

#### The New Battle of the Aisne

Meanwhile the efforts of the French had been mainly directed against the sector upon their left, where they linked up with the British in the neighbourhood of St. Quentin, forbidding the Germans to relax the stubbornness of their resistance. Now their turn had come for a blow corresponding to that dealt by their Allies on the Vimy Ridge. The north to south line of the enemy took a sharp turn to the east just where it reached the valley of the Aisne at Missy. It occupied the whole of the great natural battlement of the Craonne plateau on the north bank of the Aisne, then bent south-eastward across the river beyond Berry-au-Bac, past Brimont, whence Rheims had so often been bombarded, thence to Auberive, and so on east to the Verdun region. It was upon the western section of this, the limestone wall of the Craonne plateau and the basin of the Aisne at its east end, that the French attack opened on April 16th, precisely a week after the British assault on the Vimy Ridge.

Throughout the Battle of Arras the artillery preparation in this region had warned the enemy of an approaching attack, and compelled the concentration necessary to resist it. When it was launched its effects bore com-

parison with the blow on Vimy Ridge.

#### Fight for the Craonne Ridge

The first day's fighting brought in 10,000 prisoners. In the course of the week the greater part of the Craonne plateau, though not the whole of it—not Craonne itself—had been carried; the French had thrust forward between the end of the ridge and Brimont, and in front of Auberive further east they had taken Moronvilliers heights. In the centre, however, the attack had not been pressed. And whereas a whole system of defences had been mastered by the British, the same thing could not be said of the French advance so long as any portion of the Craonne Ridge remained in the enemy's hands. But one of the novel features of the whole movement so far was that French and British between them had taken over three hundred guns, and one hundred prisoners for every gun; while curiously the captures of the former by the British and of the latter by the French were considerably the greater, in the two fields there was no correspondence between the number of prisoners and the number of guns taken.

By these two blows the British on the north and the French on the south had thrust back the hitherto immovable extremities of the line which, between them, had already been pushed out of positions of great strength, but only into new positions, which if less strong were still very far from being weak. The Hindenburg line was still unbroken, the Craonne Ridge was not yet mastered, while north of Drocourt and along the Drocourt-Quéant front there was a hot struggle for the British to face. In neither region was there any element of voluntary retirement; every foot of ground was to be won or held only by sheer hard fighting. In the Scarpe basin, Gavrelle and Guémappe were carried on April 23rd (just when the French advance on the Craonne plateau was halted), on the north and south of Roeux.

#### Battles of Oppy and Bullecourt

Five days later the Canadian victors of Vimy had broken into Arleux and the line of defences known as the Oppy system. Furious fighting followed at Fresnoy, north of Oppy, and Chérisy, south of Guémappe, and again further south round Bullecourt; for a time the winning and losing of positions seemed to alternate so persistently that from day to day no one knew whether this or that village was for the moment in British or in German occupation. While this struggle was raging, the French renewed the onslaught on the Craonne Ridge, which was finally carried, and held against desperate counter-attacks, in the first week of May. And upon this success followed, on May 12th, the victory of the British over the defenders of Roeux and Bullecourt.

Then ensued upon the Franco-British front one of those pauses which, quite unreasonably, try the patience of the spectator, simply because they are not filled up with dramatic events—men are sitting comparatively still, though the guns are portentously active. It gave the Kaiser, however, the opportunity of flattering his troops with Hindenburg's boast that the spring offensive of the Allies had now been brought definitely to a standstill. Was not Lens still standing and the line from Quéant to Drocourt, St. Quentin and the line in front of Laon? And nervous folk in England were asking whether the All-Highest was not for once in a way speaking the truth.

As a matter of fact, the ordinary public were not in a position to form a judgment. The appreciable mastery of a fresh belt of country, the capture of some positions of which the name has long been familiar, appeal at once as successes. The hammering of endless attacks and counter-attacks in which the ground gained to-day is lost again to-morrow, and again won and lost and won within a few days—does this mean success or failure? When the object in view is not a break-through, the





READY FOR ANYTHING.—British soldiers road-making in Thessaly. Right: Bringing up trestle for a bridge. Its alacrity to turn its hand to anything was as remarkable as the fighting quality of the New British Army. (British official photographs.)



French troops marching to the cheering drum-tap through Jonchery-sur-Vesis, a town in the district of Champagne.

question can only be answered by those who are in a position to gauge with something like accuracy the losses suffered on both sides.

But there were indications. Wherever fresh ground

was gained, it was the Allies who gained it. Attacks were not so often repulsed as counter-attacks, and repeatedly it appeared that the attack itself had been made primarily in order to provoke a series of more costly counter-attacks. On the Souchez by Lens, all along the Drocourt-Quéant line, at Fresnoy and Oppy, at Roeux, at Bullecourt—Canadians, home troops or Australians battered forward, were battered back, and won forward again, at last securing their ground. The Germans piled division upon division into the fightingline; one after another went back—what was left of it.

#### Opening Attack on the Isonzo

Yet always the vital fact remained that at no point upon any front at all were the Germans and their Allies able to develop an offensive of their own. The organisation of the Russian Army had been so shaken by the Revolution that for a moment there scemed a prospect of all the most distinguished generals resigning. crisis passed; but the Germans had not been able to turn it to account, for the plain reason that the needs of their line in the west compelled the reduction of their strength in the cast to the minimum necessary for the occupation of the ground held, without raising their western strength above the defensive standard. Whereas even the western offensive in the summer and autumn of 1916 had not prevented the German offensive in Rumania, in the winter.

Now it was quite probably true that the German rctirement during March had been planned as a deliberate movement to be carried out at the moment chosen by themselves, by their own Higher Command, though it was not probable, but certain, that they had not been allowed to choose their own moment. But the operations since Easter had a different character. Quite clearly, whatever the line on which they meant to retire, the two ends-the Vimy Ridge on the north, and the Craonne battlement on the south-were intended to hold fast. Superior artillery, superior airmanship, and superior infantry smashed the Bosch out of positions on which he was intensely anxious to keep his grip, though the completion of the work at Craonne had there made a double job, and a second task had been provided for the British from Oppy to Bullccourt. Because British and French paused to set their guns to work on a new line, the Kaiser was able to say that the spring offensive had been held up.
As a matter of fact, the "quiet" which prevailed

for a time on the western front was the normal accompaniment to the opening of attack in another quarter, the Isonzo. The Italian operations are the most difficult to follow, the nature of the task before our southern allies the most difficult to realisc. Since the capture of Gorizia they had made no progress appreciable to the eye of the spectator with the biggest scale maps before him. But in the middle of May the Italians had their turn. On a front of some thirty miles from Tolmino to the Carso the attack began, preceded by the invariable artillery preparation. In the northern sector the Isonzo gorge ran between the Italians and their objective, the heights which stand upon its eastern side. This struggle among mountains is a very different thing from that on which the British were engaged, where a hill means no more than a rising ground which it would be absurd to talk of "scaling"—the only term applicable on the Isonzo. South of Gorizia the main objective was Faiti, the dominating height on the Carso plateau.

Before midday on May 14th bridges had been thrown over the Isonzo, and the Italians were assailing the slopes of Kuk, whose peaks are some 1,800 feet above the river. In the course of the day the Austrian posi-tions on the slopes were carried. Early next morning the passage of the Isonzo had been effected along a line further to the north, in order to draw an Austrian attack. During the day the Florentine troops mastered the Kuk summits, and held them against determined counter-attacks.

#### Victory on the Southern Carso

On the Carso, Faiti had been carried and lost repeatedly, but finally remained in the hands of the Italians. Monte Santo, the dominating point above Gorizia, had been reached but not captured. But in effect, north of Monte Santo the positions which commanded the passage of the Isonzo liad all been mastered, and the ensuing days were occupied not in the endeavour to make a further advance, but in repelling the efforts of the Austrians to recover the ground from which they had been driven. It was noted with considerable satisfaction that ten British batteries had played a very effective part in the operations.

The passage of the Isonzo above Gorizia, the storming of the Kuk heights, the carrying of Faiti on the northern Carso, were a sufficiently striking achievement. On the ninth day a fresh and apparently unexpected blow was delivered against the Carso's southern position, which had not hitherto been subjected to direct attack, having behind it the Hermada position, which rendered operations in that area particularly dangerous. The guns had, of course, been at work; but so little was the



The aeropiane wae an important fighting arm in the campaign in the West, and to attain mastery of the air the Britieh fought enemy machines in the air and adopted defensive measures on land. This photograph shows Britieh anti-aircraft guns in action.

direct assault anticipated that on this first day some 10,000 prisoners were taken, and the whole system of front-line defences was broken through from Kostanjevica to the sea; and in the following days the Italian line was advanced to the Hermada slopes.

#### Italians Nearing Trieste

It was noted with interest that British monitors in the Adriatic aided the operations by shelling the Hermada. The ground won could not always be held, because digging-in is, for the most part, impracticable, and the field is exposed to the Hermada gunfire. Yet, by degrees, the new positions were firmly established. Heavy as were the losses involved, they were much less than those suffered by the enemy, both in the first direct attack and in the long and obstinately-repeated series of counter-attacks delivered day after day throughout the operations, both on the Carso and on the lost heights above Gorizia. In the first days of June the Italians were appreciably nearer to Trieste, and the initiative rested with them, not with the enemy.

In other areas of the war on land it was long since any notable events had taken place. The advance from Egypt halted before Gaza; the moment had not come for an advance in force from Mesopotamia, which presumably awaited Russian co-operation. And nothing demanding aggressive movements by Russian troops could be looked for till Russian equilibrium should be recovered after the political upheaval. In East Africa what remained of the German forces had not yet been completely cornered. No blow had been delivered on the Salonika front, and the Greek deadlock was certain to last as long at least as King Constantine retained his crown. The United States were at war, and sundry minor American States had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany; but American troops were not and would not be for some months ready to take their stand shoulder to shoulder with their European allies. What of the air, then, and of the sea?

#### Great Air Raid on Folkestone

In the air, the lesson of the Zeppelin raids of the last autumn had gone home. The game had proved not to be worth the candle. But if, as raiders at least, the gas-bags had been driven out of their element, there was still the possibility that their place would be taken by aeroplanes, less destructive indeed individually, but also less destructible. British and French air attacks upon Zeebrugge and other places where there was no lack of defences against such raids showed that such a danger would not be easy to combat; though when

raids were actually attempted in the opening month of the year upon the east coast of England they did no great damage-until a destructive attack upon Folkestone at the end of May, in which sixteen aircraft took part. Fifty women and children were reported killed, and sixty injured, as compared with twenty-six men killed and over a hundred injured. This was followed a few days later by a raid on the Medway, which, however, caused very few casualties, and resulted in the destruction of half the enemy aircraft engaged in it. The general character of the air-fighting, however, may perhaps be best realised by remarking that some 370 German aeroplanes were reported as having been brought down by French or British airmen during April, and a nearly equal number of those of the Allies.

By sea, fighting above water had taken place only between small destroyer flotillas, the greater damage

being inflicted upon the Germans.

#### The Submarine Menace

The most notable of these engagements took place in May, when four British destroyers put eleven Germans to flight, and during the fight two of the boats joined battle quite in traditional style, and boarders were repelled in a hand-to-hand fight. But the really serious feature of the naval phase was the continuous and generally-increasing success of the submarine campaign, in which, since the beginning of the year, the Germans had thrown off the last rags with which they pretended to cover their sufficiently shameless disregard of the practices of civilised warfare. No one could complain, indeed, when transports carrying troops were struck in the Mediterranean; but the deliberate sinking of hospital ships proceeded apace, a foul accompaniment to the destruction of commerce "by all methods."

In plain terms, the British, from the autumn of 1916 onwards, had failed to counteract the submarine. Week by week the toll of torpcdoed vessels increased; the loss of tonnage was greater than the pace of replacement. Though the boast of the Germans that the war upon commerce would soon literally bring England to starvation was in little danger of being actually justified, the prospect was grave enough to demand the strictest economy of food and the most energetic efforts to increase the home-grown supplies. The best that could be said was that after April there appeared to be no actual increase in the weekly toll of victims.

The public were left to choose between two alternative explanations of this mild check to the German depredations-either the British Admiralty had done something towards solving the problem, or the navy of the United

States was already beginning to provide additional protection. But the total results could not be called satisfying. Fortunately, however, there was now no one who was prepared to attribute the ill-success of the Government to criminal negligence. It had found a particularly hard nut to crack, and had not yet succeeded in cracking it. That was all. Apart from a curiously injudicious protest by a few Parliamentary doctrinaires on the emergency methods proposed by Ministers for the increase of the production of food-stuffs, necessitated mainly by the submarine campaign, signs of domestic unrest were now to be found only in certain labour sections, whose attitude did not appear to command the general sympathy of their fellows.

#### Capture of the Messines Ridge

Nevertheless, as the war drew nearer and nearer to the end of that third year—which Lord Kitchener had from the first foreseen as its possible minimum duration—it grew more and more difficult for nerves to keep steady under the strain. Every pause excited apprehensions; and now the pause before Quéant-Drocourt and before Laon was followed by a pause on the Isonzo.

But in the small hours before the dawn of June 7th those who were awake in London heard a sound. How many guessed that the sound had rolled across plains and seas from Belgium? It meant that if the spring offensive of the Allies had been "brought to a standstill," their summer offensive had begun. In the most literal sense, the British had fired the train.

That distant thunder-roll was the crash of twenty mines fired at a single instant along a nine-mile line, the vastest explosion ever designed by the brain and wrought by the hand of man.

More than two and a-half years ago the British had fought and won the Battle of Ypres, and ever since they had held the Ypres salient, but at heavy cost, because it was, in a sense, dominated by the Wytschaete (Whitesheet) or Messines Ridge, which had defied every attack, and had been fortified by the Germans with every device known or learnt in the course of modern trench warfare. To complete the work of the Albert, Bapaume, and

Vimy ridges, the Germans must be smashed out of the Messines Ridge.

For long months the vast preparation had been progressing in the bowels of the earth. The moment had come at last, and far in the rear the ground rocked and shook as those twenty volcanocs roared to heaven in pillars of débris and smoke and flame. On the instant, from the British guns, there burst upon the ridge such a tornado as mortal eyes had never seen before, though the opening of the Somme battle had surpassed all previous records, only to pass into insignificance in comparison with the Vimy bombardment. And behind the artillery storm the infantry swept forward, and high above the aeroplanes rose and hovered and darted. Before night fell the whole ridge was won, with losses to the British which could not have been more than one-third of those certainly suffered by the enemy. It was a perfect piece of workmanship, perfectly carried out in every detail, in which every man, every battalion, every unit, every branch of the service performed the task allotted flawlessly, and where there had been an arc three miles deep on a nine-mile front, there now lay a straight line, a line commanding the whole of the flats eastward to Lille.

#### German Efforts in Champagne

The blow was so terrific—and, strangely enough, at the actual moment apparently so unexpected, at least, in its range—that the inevitable counter-blow could not be immediately delivered. When it did come, it was shattered. No scrap of the ground that had been won was lost again. The advance was consolidated and extended, and in the weeks following corresponding progress was made in the northward line.

Though the Germans struck and struck again, it must have been with little hope of making a material recovery. Their efforts were rather concentrated upon attempts by the army of the Crown Prince to regain its hold upon the Craonne plateau and the Chemin des Dames, or to hammer the French back on the old battlefield of the Meuse. Here the fighting was much more of the dingdong order; but here, too, the balance of success lay



Epiaode in the capture of Bullecourt, when our men found themselves held up by a "fortified house bristling with machine-guna"—teen in the background in the middle of the picture. This was defended by a party of "Potsdam Giants" of the Prussian Guard. The British brought up a small trench-mortar—seen firing in the left corner—and finally stormed the ruins of the fortified building.

#### THE DRAMA OF THE WAR

with the French. A moment's anxicty was awakened in the west when the Germans, in July, made an attack in overwhelming force upon the extreme left of the allied line in the Dunes by the North Sea—lines very recently taken over by the British, who were compelled to give ground. It was presently seen, however, that the leverse was insignificant, though the enemy claimed to have taken over 1,200 prisoners.

Perturbation was caused in some quarters by a couple of German aeroplane raids, which attacked London on June 13th and July 7th. Both could fairly be claimed as enemy successes, as they seemed to prove the necessity for diverting a portion of the effective air establishment to the protection of the English capital, which was presumably the end the Germans had in view.

#### Disruptive Forces in Russia

The main political events of the closing period of the war's third year were the abdication of King Constantine—at last enforced by the Allies—ensuring the establishment of a Venizelist Government in Greece (June 12th), and the fall of the German Chancellor, apparently to make way for a more whole-hearted terrorist, on July 16th.

Meanwhile, it appeared that the disruptive forces in Russia and the Russian Army were coming under control. The commanders in Galicia, at the beginning of July, struck, and struck hard. Halicz was enveloped and captured by a turning movement on the south, while the enemy were led to believe that the main attack was further north, about Brzezany. Once again the army chiefs had shown what they could do. But bitter disappointment followed.

The disintegrating factors were doing their fatal work among some of the regiments, which began not only to refuse obedience to their officers, but actually to abandon positions and leave gaps in the lines, leaving no alternative

to their comrades but to fall back in hasty retreat. Instead of sweeping forward, the Russians, by the end of July, were clean out of Galicia, having suffered heavy losses in prisoners and guns; and no man knew whether the rot would be stayed by the passionate efforts of the men who knew what unspeakable disaster it might portend.

In the rearguard actions of the retreat some of their troops continued to fight magnificently, but the crisis

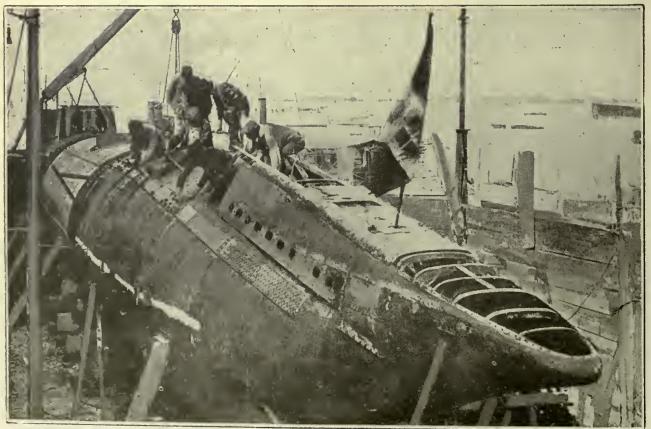
was still at its height when August opened.

In the west, however, as the last week of the war's third year began, the Germans were redoubling the fury of their attack on the Chemin des Dames, determined, apparently, to recover their footing at all costs, but only here and there succeeding for a time, to be again driven out in almost every case. And northward, while there was great raiding activity, the bombardment had reached a height of unprecedented violence, preluding, as all might know, a new attack.

#### Allied Offensive at Ypres

That attack opened on the last day of July. There was in it one element of surprise: French troops were now on the British left when French and British broke forward on the northern side of Ypres, the former carrying Bixschoote, the latter capturing Pilkem and St. Julien, while the advance extended along the whole recently-captured Messines Ridge front. The attack had been expected, and at points the counter-attack was immediately developed—St. Julien, among others of the captured points, being lost again. Torrents of rain grievously interfered with the continuation of the attack.

Nevertheless, on August 3rd, the last day of the third year, the French and British had made good the whole of the ground upon which they had advanced, and St. Julien was once more in the hands of the Allies.



THE IRONY OF FATE.—Not all the submarines lost to the enemy were destroyed. Some were captured by the Alliee, and, like this Austrian submarine UC 12, which now forms part of the Italian Fleet, were repaired, and by an irony of fate put into commission to contribute to the undoing of their former owners.





To fare page 2545

These pictorial pages have a high historical interest. They furnish a wonderful panorama of incidents on the British Western Front during the third winter of the Great War, 1916-1917, when our gallant soldiers bravely endured the trials and miseries of an exceptionally severe season, and through it all maintained undimmed their native courage, raided the enemy's trenches, and prepared for the great days of action the Spring of 1917 was to inaugurate.



RETURN OF THE AIR-SCOUT.—Air ascendancy of the Ailiee on the Weetern front was markedly secured. Here an aviator le eeen on his return from a reconnoitring trip over the German lines. How the enow-bound country above which he is passing was ploughed into desolation by shelle is vividly shown in the above striking photograph.

# Drawing Lots for Leave at Christmas Time



In the perilous days of the first Christmas of the war it is doubtful whether any of the "Old Contemptibles" were able to enjoy Christmas leave at home. With the growing host of Britain in France and Flanders the third Christmas found thousands of

fightsrs whose Isave was due to take place during the season of goodwill. So many, in fact, were anxious to get their furlough at Christmas that lots were drawn, and sach man's luck tested under the supervision of an officer and sergeant in a dug-out.

### THE MARVEL OF THREE YEARS



#### A Backward Glance at Britain's Great Achievement and a Confident Look-forward



By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

In this Volume of The War Album de Luxe, which carries the record of events down to the end of the Third Year of the War, the Editor deems it a privilege to be able to publish so heartening a review of the Empire's titanic effort in the cause of international liberty as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, unrivalled among men of letters as military critic and historian, presents to his readers in the following important contribution, expressly written for this Volume.

S loyal Allies we pool our sorrows and our joys, our victories and our defeats, with those of our friends. Together we stand or fall. It would indeed be invidious if we were to exclaim: "Here we have done well. There you have done ill." What has occurred may be no particular subject for self-adulation or for reproach, since geography has had much to do with the results. But none the less it cannot be denied as a positive obvious fact that whilst the general allied campaign against the Central Powers remains in a condition of equilibrium, the war as between Germany and her confederates on the one side, and the British Empire upon the other, has resulted up to date in the complete victory of the latter. Having accomplished this, and done our own proper task, we are now throwing out our whole strength in order to do all we can to help our friends that they also may share our victory.

IT will nerve us in accomplishing this huge extra achievement if we bear in mind how complete has been our own individual success. Not one square yard of our huge

Empire is trodden by a hostile foot. We, upon the other hand, hold all the oceans of the world, nearly the whole of the great German Colonial Empire, Mesopotamia from north of Bagdad to the sea, and the borders of Palestine, besides freeing ourselves from that tribute which we paid to the Turkish Government for our occupation of Cyprus and of Egypt. When it is added to this that we hold two prisoners for each man whom the enemy holds of ours, and four guns for each one that he has captured, it may well be questioned whether any three years of warfare since the days of Marlborough have been more completely successful. Our only serious setback, that of Gallipoli, was a victory not of the Germans but of the Turks.

THAT the total result has not crushed the enemy is due to the fact that our Allies have had to face difficulties which have handicapped all their efforts, and that these unavoidable setbacks have to be set against our great successes. All that we ever Coppright in U.S.A.

Hoppe

contemplated doing we have already done. In order to appreciate this we have to cast our minds back to the days before the war, and try to live again the hopes and fears of that period when we saw the danger creeping upon us and conjectured what part France and Russia would play, and what would be the extent of our activities should we be forced to join. That we should destroy or neutralise the German fleet was the first obvious task for our arms. We have not destroyed it, for it is inaccessible, but we have neutralised it up to date in a very thorough fashion.

OUR second obvious task was to conquer the oversea German Empire. This also we have accomplished with the trivial exception of some outlying and unhealthy regions in East Africa. We have, of course, received some French and Belgian co-operation in these operations, and Japan's help was decisive in Asia, but the main part of the work has fallen upon our shoulders.

The third task was the blockade of Germany. This has been completely done so far as the navy is concerned, and

only fails in entirely closing those neutral doors which are held partly open by international law. We could never have counted upon the work being done more completely than it has been done.

Finally it was contemplated as a possibility, though by no means a certainty, that we should land an expeditionary force to help to succour Belgium in case she were attacked. The outside figure which we ever imagined that such a force could reach was 160,000 men.

THESE four undertakings covered all that we could reasonably be expected to do, and each of them has been successfully accomplished. We have every right, therefore, to claim that if we regard the war as merely a contest between the German and the British Empires our victory has been complete.

But apart from those tasks which we might reasonably expect that we should have to do, others far greater have been laid upon our shoulders, and the method in which we have carried this unexpected burden has saved Europe from [Continued on page 2548]

Arthur Eman Doyle,

#### THE MARVEL OF THREE YEARS (Continued from page 2547)

being under the rod of the Prussian taskmaster. It had been supposed in all previous calculations that France and Russia combined would be able to hold the German and Austrian power upon the land. When put to the test, however, it proved that our Allies had not fully understood the conditions of modern warfare, and that they were behind the Germans in nearly everything except bravery.

Russia from the beginning was grievously handicapped by her wretched railway system, her limited munitions, and her faulty constitution, which prevented cordial and assured co-operation between all classes. How far she was the victim of treason and how far of a manufacturing breakdown it is too early to say, but after a year of war she would have been absolutely at the mercy of her enemics but for the supplies from Japan, America, and especially Great Britain, with British money paying freely for all.

#### "The Army never Strikes without Victory"

This was an unforeseen result; but still more surprising was the case of France, which must, one would have thought, have had every possible warning which could induce her to have her armies ready for the inevitable struggle. In manhood they could not be surpassed, and their field artillery was the best in Europe; but in some singular way they had failed to learn all those military lessons of modern warfare which we, an unmilitary nation, had long understood. That this should be so presents an extraordinary problem to the critic, but there seems to be no doubt about the fact.

HEAVY artillery in the field, which the Boer War had shown to be most necessary, and which appeared as a battery of sixty-pounders in every British division, was apparently unused by the French at the opening of the war. Invisibility was another great modern lesson, but the French infantry were in vivid blues and scarlets. The cavalry wore the helmets and cuirasses of the Middle Ages, which had long been discarded on account of their weight and uselessness by our troopers. But these defects of equipment were small matters compared to the evil chance, be it bad luck or bad strategy, by which they began the war by losing not only their valuable iron fields at the Luxembourg frontier, but also the precious coal fields of French Flanders. Those were the two absolutely vital points of Northern France, and both were lost in the first three months of the war.

After that it is a mere truism to say that without Great Britain, which has always hung like a self-adjusting weight to control the balance of Europe, the Prussian scale would

surely have weighed down that of France. All the chivalry and endurance of a land of heroes would have been powerless before the coal-fed metal forges of the Rhincland. So vast was the discrepancy between the forces of the Central Powers and those of our Continental Allies, that a miracle had to be effected in order to make the scale even. That miracle, a result never for an instant contemplated by anyone who had speculated upon the chances of the war in the days of peace, was the creation of an army which has in truth made Great Britain for the moment the strongest upon land of all the opponents of Germany. It is true that she holds a line which is only a quarter of that of France, but it is not the distance held, it is the number of the enemy engaged and the effect of such engagements which is the test of efficiency. It is like some fantastic dream to think that in nearly every department of the art of war, from Staff work down to bayonet fighting, our Army has at present an easy predominance over that of the Germans. The Army never strikes without victory.

A STUDENT of the Battle of the Somme will find that it really consisted of a dozen well-defined battles, that of July 1st, of Contalmaison, of Mametz Wood, of Trones Wood, of Guillemont, of Longueval, of Flers, of Pozières, of Thiepval, of Morval, every one of which ended in a British victory. Since then there have been the great victories of Beaumont Hamel (November 13th, 1916), of Arras and Vimy Ridge upon April 9th, 1917, and of Messines.

#### Mastery Won in all Branches-except Hiding

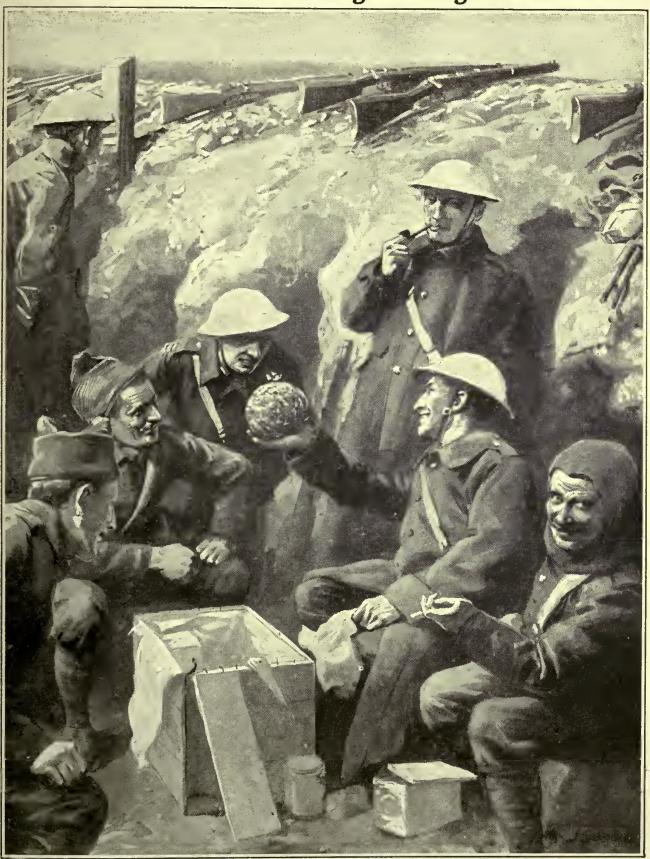
In each single case British valour led by British brains has driven the enemy, with loss of prisoners by the thousand, out of his selected defensive positions. Only in spade work are the Germans our superiors—and the art of hiding oneself more deeply than anyone else in the bowels of the earth, useful as it is, is a strange merit for the arrogant Prussian soldier, and one which would have surprised "der alte Fritz." In aeroplane work, in heavy artillery, in our bombs, in our trench mortars, in our rifle grenades, in our "tanks," in our gas apparatus, in our musketry, and in our bayonet work we are the masters.

Above all, in our Staff work, in our knowledge of how to cover our infantry, how to use the barrage, how to screen operations in smoke—in every finesse which helps the attacker to beat the defence, we are now the first in Europe. It is not I, a civilian, who say so, but it is, I believe, the considered opinion of the most experienced soldiers. Sursum corda, then, if dark days should come, and the last struggle be fierce, for we have already made such a record that we need not be ashamed to hand it down to our children!



QUEEN MARY AT A BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL IN FRANCE.—On July 14th, 1917, the day on which their visit to the weetern front terminated, the King and Queen visited one of the most notable of the British hospitale, where the patients, mostly soldiers wounded in the arm or leg, are treated by the Carrei system, one of the most beneficent remedial measures discovered in the war.

## Home Stirred and Stirring Thoughts of Home



"Home-made, my lads!" Apart from its symbolism as a British institution, Christmas plum-pudding is mighty good stuff, and was hailed with delight in the trenchee. It is good to know that arrangements were made whereby every man on active service received his share of pudding on Christmas Day, 1916.

### Across the Snowclad Fields of Western France:

British Official Photographs



Camp of "Nisesn" huts comewhere on the western front. These huts, built well off the ground, were more rapidly crected than wooden once. To the right is a cross marking a soldier's burial-place. Above: Artillerymen have a cold task handling shells in the snow.

## Where Winter Whitened all the Ways to War

British Official Photographs



Where snow lies thick over the war-scarred ground the men are fortunate who can happen upon so well-defined a track as this railway through the desolate scene which lies between their job and their rest place. Above: A heavy British howitzer in position.

## Germany Ripe for Peace: Look on This Picture



A German prisoner captured at the end of 1916. Dejection written in every line of hie figure, he is good explanation of Germany's desire for peace. With the Pruseian Guard beaten by hastily-trained British Territorials, the Kalesr's hopes rested in etsadily falling hands.

### And on This: Young England Ripe for Anything



Health, buoyant spirits, good temper, and gay gallantry—all that make up "moral"—is stamped upon this English Tommy's face, with its laughing eyes and row of spiendid teeth. The endurance, determination, and invincible courage of our troops are unprecedented in history.

## Smiling in the Face of Winter in the West



Entente Cordiale st a pump. French and British coldiere fraternicing at the cource of their common water supply. Esch is ready to take his spell at turning the wheel which brings up the water to the capacious spout of the pump.

## Quagmires of Mud that Cling Like Quicksands



To the rescue! While all the wintry ground on the Somms front offered bad going, it was at its worst where heavy rains eited mud into eheli-holes. These became treacherous, tenacious trape for the unfortunate men who elipped into them, and found themselves held as with the clinging grip of a quick-

eand. Hers a man has slipped into such a spot, and soms of his comrades hold him up by means of a rifle across their shoulders, while others dig into the mud that they may push down planks to ease him out. It is a terribly trying experience for the victim, who is often exhausted when at length brought to terra firma.



BRITISH SOLDIERS' GREAT TRENCH RAID IN THE SNOW.—Our soldiers in a German trench, where they "trapped" a number of Wurtembergers by the desling suddennees of the intervariate on the western front as revested in the daily official deepatches was the frequency of the trench raids with which our men kept the enemy in a nervous and "jumpy" condition. These raids, however, frequently served more immediately valuable purposes than that, sometimes resulting in

the capture of many prisoners. In the case illustrated, at half-paet five in ths morning, our guns broke into a terrific crash of firing, which the Germane regarded as "just a morning strafe," and so sought the supposed eccurity of their dug-outs. In about four minutes—says Mr. Philip Gibbs in his graphlo account of the exploit—our troops were over the hundred yards of frozen No Man's Land and in the trench, capturing "Kamerads" from every dug-out. And, what is more, they continued to hold the trench.

### Work, Play and Rest Amid Snow in the West



These warmly-clad Tommies of a working-party are not carrying Brobdingnaglan cigarettes, but stove-pipes for use in hute, shelters, and workshops behind the lines, where fires were much needed in such wintry weather. They are just passing one of their big guns.



Anti-alroraft gunnere off duty enjoying the wintry spell. They are having a lively game of enowballing to keep their hande and eyee in form for their sterner work. The man on the left appears to be firmly determined not to mise with his next shot.



Peaceful hospital scene behind the western front after a neavy fall of snow. In these well-built hospital hute the wounded were kept enug while being nursed back to health despite the inclemency of the weather and the consequent anowy surroundings.

### Winter Quarters on the Somme

By BASIL CLARKE

"ESAR then led his army into winter quarters."
This sentence, or something like it, occurred so frequently in one's school Latin that as a youth I often paused in plodding through it (more laboriously than through Somme mud) to wonder what winter quarters could be like. For if anywhere in those writings of Cæsar's an explanation of the term is given I must have skipped it—as I did much other, no doubt, excellent prose written by

that worthy Roman.

The thought occurred to me in the winter of 1916 on the Somme front, when I wakened one morning to find the water in my bath ewer coated with half an inch of ice, and looked out of the windows to see the trees and the ground white with frost. How much more comfortable war would be if modern generals, British and Hun, could lead off their respective armies into "winter quarters"—whatever they are—as the generals of Cæsar's day seem so regularly to have done! Nice snug winter quarters—for so I always pictured them—how our poor lads now plugging away so resolutely on the Somme would relish a month or two's slack time in snug billets!

#### Clothes and the Man

But modern war does not admit of that, and cruel as winter fighting is they must nevertheless "carry on." Still, there is no reason why the hardiest fighter should not make himself as comfortable as possible in whatever circumstances he is placed, and this our fellows are pretty good at doing. They can move into no special winter billets, of course, nor can they get much specially winter provision, apart from a few extra clothes. But by ingenuity and nimbleness of wit they contrive somehow to dull the sharper edge of winter's tooth. Suffer they must, and badly, but without that ingenuity they would fare even more badly still.

The first winter measure, of course, is to get the right clothes; for without these no ingenuity would resist the freezing bite of Somme air. In the matter of clothes, Tommy does not "grouse" much, for the Army is pretty generous. In the old days of the war the first thing was to get hold of a goat-skin coat with the fur on, and cloaked in one of these grey skins Thomas considered himself something of a "nut." But with the risk of contact with Somme mud—of which an ordinary topcoat, if thoroughly immersed in it, will pick up thirty or more pounds' weight—any long-haired garment became impracticable, and, in place of goat-skin coats, sleeved waistcoats of yellow leather are being issued. These are worn under the tunic. Leather is really the only thing that will resist effectually the cold, wet winds and fogs of the Somme. Another garment that one sees worn a good deal at the front at these times is a leather jerkin without sleeves to fit over the tunic.

#### Waders and "Palm Cloth3"

Working-parties, who want their arms free, are often equipped with this garment. It is both warm and rain-proof. Rubber trench boots and waders (a much longer kind of footwear) are also in great demand for all districts in which the mud does not actually pull things off your legs. But they seem harder to get this year for some reason. Tommy says there are not enough, while the storekeepers say Tommy does not look after them as he should, and that careless use has made them scarce. Which is the right end of the story I cannot judge, but it would seem possible to establish some means of issuing rubbers and waders to such troops as are going into trenches—just as lamps are issued to miners entering a pit—to be returned to the issuing store and cleaned up and dried in time for reissue. You would need double sets, of course, but the method would be an economical one in the long run.

Mittens, gloves, comforters, and wool caps—these may be rated among the luxuries of equipment, but it is to be noticed this winter that most Tommies have managed to get hold of them from somewhere. But not all. I was watching some lads unloading shells one frosty December morning—a morning on which any metal thing such as a shell-case took to itself a temperature that made it like a hot thing to touch—and these lads had made for themselves queer palm cloths out of layers of sacking cut to fit the palm of the hand and the fingers, and looped with string round the wrist and round each finger. Thus the backs of the hands and fingers were exposed, but the palms and insides of the fingers which came in contact with the shells were protected.

#### Cold Drink and "Iron Rations"

In the trenches themselves the difficulty of keeping warm is well-nigh insuperable. For fires are not allowed. It was found that whenever a waft of smoke rose from a trench fire the Germans promptly sent over mortars or shells or hand-grenades—feeling pretty sure, of course, that wherever there was a fire there also would be a little knot of Tommies gathered round it. And generally unfortunately, they were right. So, after several little disasters due to trench fires, they were forbidden. If hot rations could always be carried up to the trenches things, though bad, would not be so very bad. But hot rations are not always practicable. For no rations could possibly be kept hot over some of the difficult and slow journeys that have to be made between front trenches and support trenches. When it takes your food-party six or seven hours to get to the rear to fetch rations, you could not expect them in really cold weather to arrive back with anything even lukewarm. Cold drink and "iron rations" (tinned food) are common fare in the trenches, and precious cold comfort they must be. Rum is served out in many divisions, and very welcome it is. But not in all, for here and there is a general who forbids the rum ration.

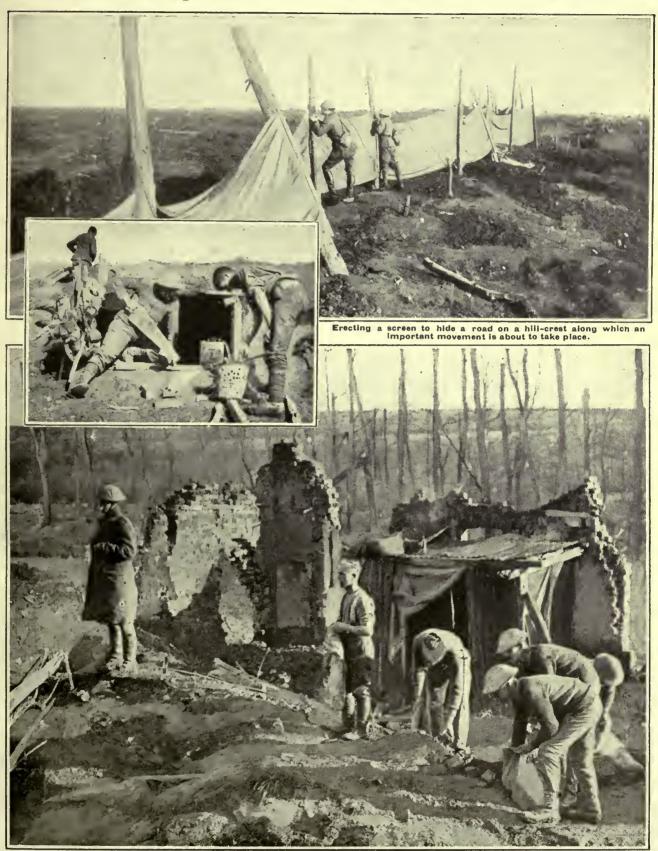
#### Trench Fires without Smoke

For your three or four days' spell in the trenches, then, you can generally count on a chilling time. You may suffer perishing cold that seems to defy all the leather and all the wool that you can pile on to your poor anatomy. One excellent little idea is gaining ground among the men, and it is one which I think the authorities might look upon with a fatherly eye. It is the "Primus stove club" custom, which is spreading, especially among the rieher regiments. It is simply that three or four of you, pals of a company, club together to buy a Primus stove. It has an oil reservoir, a little hand-pump, and a burner. You heat up the burner with some oil to pump up the pressure, prod the burner holes with a pin to clear them of burnt oil, and away goes the stove-burner into a circle of blue flame, which, roars with a pleasing little drone of its own that is quite companionable—and not loud enough to be overheard by Fritz in the enemy's trench. There is no smoke at all—just a little ring of roaring, blue flame. Very "devilish" it looks, down in the blackness of a trench on a dark night.

As these stoves and the fuel for them are not an Army "issue," the trouble is to get your oil fuel up to the trenches. You may carry up a small supply, begged, borrowed, bought, or stolen, from someone down at your rest billets; but there is nothing like regularity of supply, and private supplies tugged up to the trenches with infinite labour soon give out. Paraffin is the right fuel, but it is not easy to get, and you find daring young campaigners using petrol begged, borrowed, bought, or stolen from a friendly motor-driver "away behind." The Primus in a trench is invaluable, not because you can warm yourself on a cold day by its modest heat, but because you can prepare on it warm drink, and can warm up "iron rations" so that they in their turn warm you.

One little Primus club that I came across warmed up all their tinned food before they opened it. The method is to put the food tins into water boiling on the Primus.

## Winter Dug-outs for Britons on the Somme



Everyone will recall Captain Bairnsfather's humorous drawing, "We are now staying at a farmhouse." This photograph boasts a farmhouse even more disapidated than the artist's fanciful creation. Inset: Building their winter dug-out.

#### WINTER QUARTERS ON THE SOMME Contd. from page 2558)

Bully beef, Maconochie stew, salmon and the rest were all served hot in this "club." One genius of the party heated even a tin of jam, vowing that no other food was really so hot and so warming as hot jam. They dipped their spoons into the tin and ate it so hot that the tears ran down their eyes. Still you can stand heat in quantities out on the Somme.

In billets and dug-outs the "winter quarters" problems of the soldier are less difficult, if still difficult enough. The chimney of the cellar under a ruin in which you live may rebel utterly at even the ghost of a fire. Smoke may refuse utterly to find its way up that chimney, and you may be confronted with this alternative—either to freeze or to choke. Which would you choose? You would probably do as Tommy does and choose a little of each by turns. But if human ingenuity can make that chimney "draw," enough human ingenuity will generally be found among the occupants of the average cellar billet. You will see chimney-pipes made out of petrol-cans cut up and shaped and fitted. One cellar I visited had had an entirely new ventilating and chimney-shaft cut out of the solid brick and stone. Another had an old iron stove with a new flue-pipe made of empty tins, with the lids off and the bottom cut out. This pipe was rather loose jointed, and would have fallen down with a push, but it took away most of the smoke.

#### Brown Paper Blankets

Sometimes your billet has no fireplace, and then you have a fire in a brazier or an old bucket punctured at intervals—always provided you can beg, borrow, or steal a bucket or brazier. This open fire is not so bad if your billet is an old barn which lets out the smoke—and lets in the wind—at a thousand draught holes, but if the billet is a dug-out or a cellar you may go through heroic sufferings from smoke in return for warmth. Stout brown paper, sacking, and old blankets are in great request just now for patching up leaky billet windows. Brown paper, it has also been found by cold soldiers, makes a very good and

warm lining to a waistcoat, or put between blankets has almost the warmth of an extra blanket. Newspapers are used for this purpose also. "There is a good deal of crackling and rustling among a billetful of sleepers using these extra blankets of paper," said my informant, "especially if they are fidgety sleepers; but you don't mind a bit o extra row in the night if only you are warm."

#### Making Friends with the Cook

Winter diet is not much different from summer diet at the front. Tea and "bully," "Maconochie" and the rest are the same as usual, but there is a bigger preference for taking them hot. It is noticed that our men will eat more fat in winter; and fat is, of course, the best thing for keeping out the cold, as any Russian soldier will tell you. When the bacon is grilled or fried on a winter's morning (this is not possible, of course, in front trenches), there are a greater number of men, it is to be noticed, who creep along to the cook with a slice of bread and ask him to fry it in the fat of the bacon. You have to be very good friends with the cook or the cook's mate to get this privilege. Failing that, you must be content to have your bread merely dipped in the liquid fat of the bacon.

The fuel difficulty is not always easy to overcome. If your quarters are in the neighbourhood of a coal "dump," supplies of coal may come up regularly enough, but otherwise it means foraging for fuel. You go out and beg it, or you "win" it—which is the Army euphemism for stealing it. I know one officer who used to have a little office near headquarters. He was allowed two sacks of coal a week, after October. It was a small office, and he was a man who would not have a fire unless it was bitterly cold.

The coalman came along in the second week, and the occupier said: "It's all right. You need not leave any coal this week. I have not used up my last supply." "That can't be helped, sir," said the man. "My orders are to leave two sacks of coal here every week, and two sacks you'll have to have, sir." It was a small office, I said. Before winter had thoroughly arrived you could not pick your way about it for coal-sacks.



MAVAL GUNS IN ACTION ASHORE.—Long-range naval guns were used with affect on the Somma. Owing to their length of barrel they can only be fired on the axis of the truck, and to lay the gun the truck is moved backwards and forwards along raile laid in a curve



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Photo by Elliott & Fry.

GENERAL SIR HENRY S. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. Commanding the Fourth Army.

To take fage 2500,



## Soldiers' Brush-Up Before Entering Their Billet



The British soldier was hard put to it during the winter months to keep up hie reputation for being emart and clean. After a spell in the tranches his uniform and equipment became coated thick with mud, but he could not dream of entering his French

billet without making himself as presentable as posaible. a scene as that depicted above, showing British soldiers scraping the mud from their greatcoata and putteea, was an everyday incident behind the lines on the Somme front.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### Alarums and Excursions During a Night Watch

By MAX PEMBERTON

T is the very witching time of night. The man who is "standing to" adds without hesitation that hell itself breathes out contagion on the world.

Silence how dead and darkness how profound! In that silence what dreams may come! They will be of Blighty, to be sure—of faces unforgotten and homes in which there is no darkness. Let it be also the New Year watch, and the dreamer will pluck the holly from the wall. The wassail-bowl is steaming, and he hears the music of the dance.

Let us consider what kind of a night it is for the sub.

and the sergeants who have the job in hand.

There was a little fall of rain about sunset, and after that a raw wind blowing and a sky which began to clear. It fell exceedingly dark about nine, and later on the relief came up from the rest billets. There was no silence then. An army, as Captain Bairnsfather has said wittily, moves upon its stomach. These fellows, who are just in, marched through a wood and what was left of a village; turned a dangerous corner of a lane and crossed a boggy common, where they fell flat as any clown a policeman has trodden upon. The crawl covered a good quarter of a mile. There were shells bursting away upon the road they had not taken—crimson flashes as of forked lightning in the air; a far-away booming of cannon, and the nearer crack of the shrapnel. But not much mischief was done, and the relief got through and entered the labyrinth—we will not say cheerfully.

#### What the Mist May Hide

So here they are—a few of them, very few, in the dangerous first-line trench; a larger number some two hundred yards away; and the bulk in Number 3 at the rear. They have vigilant days and nights before them, but their mood is optimistic. Fritz is "no bon,"

anyway.

They are men of the New Army, but they know their duty, and will do it with courage. They have returned upon no balmy night of spring, and there is no nightingale to serenade them. The trenches show pools of water here and there, despite the pumps. The dug-outs are full of damp, and the cold strikes to the very marrow. A sentry, looking out over No Man's Land, sees the dank mist rising like a pestilence from the sodden plain to cloak the peril beyond and to school the mind to fears. What is hidden by that chilling curtain? Anything may be is hidden by that chilling curtain? Anything may be there—the Boche crceping like an Indian, a grenade in there—the Boche creeping like an Indian, a grenade in his hand; raiders advancing with bomb and bayonet; or merely the unburied dead who no longer stare blindly at the stars. The sentry listens with ears which would prick at the snapping of a twig. He sees ghosts in the mist. If he be a very young soldier, no one knows what he may not do. Rifles go off by accident at these times, and the "Stand to" will bring a full round oath from the dug-out. Nevertheless, it is all in the game, and better to "stand to" for a bogey than to be spitted through in what courtesy calls your bed.

#### Exploring in No Man's Land

Be it said that this is a rolling down-like country, and that the town lies yonder five miles behind you. It is still a town with streets and shops, and a church wherein the white-headed old priest yet calls upon God to bless France—the very pink of towns, our fellows think it, and wish to heaven they were within its ancient walls to-night. Before them there are other towns, but they are a very long way off, and all sorts of horrible things are being done by the Huns therein. You say "X—— is over there," and you point to the sky-line you cannot see, and think of the be-cloaked Hun cracking his whip in those gloomy streets, and hear the cries of woe. The night watch permits all this kind of thing when a man rolls himself permits all this kind of thing, when a man rolls himself

up on his shelf and the other man tells him in music that

he is the only girl in the world.

Now, in this particular front-line trench there are very few of us—only eight to the half a mile on this occasion. All are very vigilant, for though it is the hour of mists, it should be the hour of moonlight later on, and there is work to be done. The sub.—that cheery little fellow about five foot one, with the moustache which you can identify when the light is good, and the air of a d'Artagnan area of the best to have in about to cross our wire and -one of the best we have, is about to cross our wire and see what is doing where the Hun is at home. No Red Indian stalking a camp of white men could enjoy himself more than our lieutenant will on this occasion. Let the fog lift but a suspicion, and he and his will be over the top and away. That is a curious sensation, verily. Behind is the trench wherein is security; before is the great unknown—the horrid field of the dead, the bog where the water lies in a hundred pools, and at every step you may touch the water of war. may touch the waste of war.

#### Something May Be Doing at Dawn

The lieutenant is used to it, and crawls with the skill which should play bears of genius in a nursery later on. He puts his hand upon the face of a dead man, and thinks nothing of it. His knees squelch in the mud, his face is splashed by it. He hurts himself upon a broken buckle or a helmct embedded, even upon upon a broken buckle or a helmct embedded, even upon the jagged fragment of a shell. But all this is in the night's work. Foot by foot he crawls, but the fog, the dreadful silence, is all about him. Where is he? The luminous compass shows him his direction. He discovers now that he has crawled beyond the bank of mist to a lonely ridge of the higher ground; he hears the low buzzing of voices. There are Germans talking in the very bowels of the earth below him. Our gallant featherweight listens, and then falls flat as a codfish. Above him a star-shell has burst like a flame of silver in the sky. In its aureole the wilderness is revealed in all its ghastly desolation. The watcher fears to lift a finger; he hardly dares to breathe. But he has to lift a finger; he hardly dares to breathe. But he has learned what he wants to know—that the German first line is well held to-night, and that something may be

So he turns back. It is always pleasant to have your eyes upon home, but the pleasure is enhanced when you know just where that home is. To-night the darkness and the fog together make the latchkey a problem. Our little party crawls as it went, but anon takes courage and stands up—a fatal move. The mists have drifted away hereabouts, and a second star-shell bursts high above them.

#### "Weary Willies" and "Rum Jars"

Instantly there is the blowing of a whistle in the depths behind them. A machine-gun rattles like a boy's stick against a paling. Our fcatherweight hears the bullets singing about his ears, and runs like a good 'un. He has only the barbed-wire of his own trench to surmount now. But who shall blame him if the gap is not where it should be? Give him five minutes and he would find his way into the warren with the skill of a trained scout. But out here in the dark, with the bullets rattling, who shall wonder if the seat of his trousers suffers? "Five pairs in a month!" he says ruefully, when at last he rolls down into the trench—which means to say that incidentally he sat upon the

Here it may be said that bad things have happened in his absence. That very good fellow, the captain of the company, was knocked out in the sap with the scrgeant-major and his subaltern—all through one of those cursed "Weary Willies" which a trench-mortar flings. You would not think that such ugly little devils—just like little torpedoes with feathers to direct their flight—could work such a mischief. Yet here are three good men carried away on

[Continued on page 2564

## Good Cheer and Cheeriness in Cold Conditions

British Official Photographs



These thirteen merry gentlemen whom nothing could dismay hed their Christmae dinner in a shell-hole on the western front. Indifferent to discomfort as to superstition, three of them sat on a roll of wire—not barbed—and with a good appetite all enjoyed the feast.

#### ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS (Omtinued from page 2562)

stretchers because of one of them. They were talking in the sap about to-morrow's doings when the thing came over and burst at their feet. One poor fellow got it in the stomach and fell dead without a cry; the sergeant-major was struck in the leg; the good captain in the chest. This will be a bad night for him. They must earry him as they can down the communication-trench, round corners innumerable, and always with the chance of a great shell coming in as they go. At the first of the dressing-stations they will do what is possible; but he has to be hurried on from one surgeon to another, until in the middle of the night he is on a stretcher and the men are trotting across the boggy common. "For God's sake don't run!" he cries. They tell him that that is the most dangerous road in France to-night, and their pace is uncheeked.

Meanwhile, our featherweight has patched himself up and taken a new survey of the situation. It is more comfortable here in the trench, to be sure, but not without its excitements. The fog has lifted now and the stars are shining. There is a soft glimmer of light over No Man's Land, and it is something to know that the dead alone people it. For all that the Hun himself is not inactive, A whistle blows, and our gay lieutenant dives again



Water-filled shell-holes along the front proved horrible traps for man and beast. These Poilus have dragged out a mule too exhausted to move after vain efforts to extricate itself. (British official photograph.)

beneath the ground. A "rum jar" is coming this time. A weird fellow is the "rum jar," a great can of high explosives which turns over and over in the air like a badly-kieked football, falls with a terrible thud, and will destroy everything in the particular traverse it strikes. You can dodge it, though, and for that the whistle is blown—so many blasts for you to get to the right, so many to the left, but into shelter by all means—for this fellow will destroy every living thing in the particular traverse it enters. Not three days ago it blew a gallant Highlander sixty yards out of his own trench into the second lines behind him, and although he was unscratched, not a bone of his body remained whole

The "rum jar," happily, is a rara avis. The night will give you whiz-bangs, and these you cannot dodge. The words describe them exactly—whiz, and then bang!—it is all over before you can hold your breath. You pineh yourself

and say "That's all right!"—just an incident of the night watch; and, after all, the dawn must come, and the sun, and the welcome hours when you may really sleep.

So does hope rise expectant in the human breast, and so does the night belie us. We are at the still hour before the dawn when the mist is again like a white sea rolling over a rocky shore; when not a sound is to be heard, not a funeral note; when war and the voice of war might have been a thought to have passed into the records of the dead; when thought drones in a man's brain and he perceives nothing clearly. All this is for a brief hour, and then the crash of awakening. Neither "Weary Willies" nor "rum jars" are the matter this time. It is just daylight, and the first of the great shells comes hurtling over from the distant German batteries. It bursts with a crash of tropical thunder. High into the air go mud and wire and the parapet of your sheltered trench. Another shell falls, and another. The men in the dug-out hear the terrible thudding above them, and wonder if it is to be the end. The watchers nail their flags to the pillars of destiny and cry "Kismet." An "intensive bombardment"—then the Hun is coming over. There will be no breakfast until he is dead or we are taken.

#### Huns Bolt for their Warrens

So to the "stand to." The light reveals everything clearly. The sun is eoming up; the mist has rolled away. Again you see No Man's Land and the low hills beyond it and the wan trees, and the broken spires of the distant villages. It is a lifeless plain, but war is about to conjure the enemies of life from the eaverns beneath it. The bombardment has ceased for an instant, and yonder the first of the steel helmets is to be seen. It is the helmet of a Hun, and hundreds will be after it before a man can count twenty. Now is our featherweight at his best, and now are his men truly splendid. The regiment is up; the machineguns are busy. They sweep that plain with a hail of lead in which no living thing can move. Away back, our own artillery, warned by the telephone and by those great silver bees in the sky above, rains its barrage upon that fearful waste. No hope for the Hun here. If he were not such a devil you would pity him, for he goes down like corn before the sickle—man after man, watch them staggering, their arms outstretched, reeling, falling. In less than a minute the few who live have turned tail and are bolting wildly for their warrens. The attack has failed; the sun is shining. We can get to breakfast now!



Men of the Entente to the rescue. A couple of mules badly bogged in a shell-hole pond, having been pulled safely to the bank, are being helped to find their feet on terra firma by two French soldiers and a British comrade.

#British official photograph.)

## Stoic Warriors in the Deep December Gloom

British Official Photographs



Cheerleee ecene on a elip-road in the fighting zone—deep mud, treee etripped to bars poles, and farm buildings reduced to ehattered ruins. Ineet: Two corporals poeing for their photograph againet a background of tangled ecrub covered with hoar-froet.

## Weather for Waterproofs on the Somme Front



Working party starting off, wearing waterproof sheets and trench-wad Right: The smiling man on the left had just been extricated from the mud.





Some notion of what was meant by the official report that operations were impeded or suspended in consequence of rain may gathered from this photograph of the Valley of the Ancre when in flood.





A British Tommy leads a pack-horse towards the trenchss ladsn with capes of waterproof shesting and trench-waders for the men. Right: Autumn and winter fashions for British officers in Francs. Trench-waders were indispensable and tin hate the correct style. Perfection of fit was diersgarded if the material was of first-rate quality.

## 'Hot Stuff' Though lcicles Hang by the Wall





The winning apirit is clearly revealed in every one of these laughing faces caught by the camera on their way along a wintry road to the front trenches. Right: Weather-proof tempers and water-proof waders in a muddy part of the Somme battlefield.



British troops going up to the trenches. Another photograph which gives some idsa of the extraordinary physical endurance developed in the men of our New Army, so many of whom had hardly known discomfort until they joined the Colours.





Scraping the worst of it off a donkey that had got bogged in the mud. Right: A youthful Briton, in a "British warm," with a cigarette between his fingers and victory in his heart, among the icicies that adorn his dug-out, and doesn't care if it snows.

#### PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

### GENERAL SIR EDMUND ALLENBY

NERAL SIR EDMUND HENRY HYNMAN ALLENBY, K.C.B., one of the distinguished cavalry leaders of his time, was born on April 23rd, 1861. Son of Mr. Hynman Allenby, of Felixstowe House, Felixstowe, he was educated at Haileybury and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Gazetted a lieutenant in the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons on May 10th, 1882, his first experience of active service was gained as a subaltern in the Bechuaraland Expedition of 1884-5 under Colonel (later Sir Charles) Warren.

Promoted captain January 10th, 1888, he took part in the operations which resulted in the crushing of the Dinizulu rebellion and the annexation of Zululand. Appointed adjutant of his regiment March 27th, 1889, and holding that post till March 26th, 1893, he became major on May 19th, 1897; and was Cavalry Brigade adjutant from March 4th, 1898, to October 27th, 1899, by which time his qualifications as a cavalry leader had made a deep impression at the War Office. The result was that when the South African War of 1899-1902 broke out, he was given his first considerable chance of winning distinction in the field.

#### Distinguished Service in South Africa

Taking part in the operations in South Africa from start to finish, he was with General (Viscount) French's gallant force of Hussars, Dragoons and Lancers, in that famous hundred-miles ride across the dusty veldt to the relief of Kimberley. He was with the cavalry again at Diamond Hill and Colesberg, and also fought at Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, Dreifontein, Karee Siding, Zand River, Reit Vlei and Belfast. In the terrible conditions of cavalry work in that campaign lessons were learned that were to yield great results years later on the bitterly contested battleground between Mons and the Marne.

For his services in South Africa Major Allenby was twice mentioned in despatches. He was awarded the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel (November 29th, 1900); a step followed on August 22nd, 1902, by his appointment as brevet-colonel in command of another distinguished Irish regiment, the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, of which he became colonel on February 3rd, 1912. He received the Queen's Medal with six clasps, the King's Medal with two clasps,

and was created a Companion of the Bath.

With the substantive rank of colonel, on October 19th, 1905, he took over the command of the 4th Cavalry Brigade, Eastern Command. This he held until October 18th, 1909. Promoted major-general September 10th, 1909, for over four years from April 25th, 1910, he fulfilled the onerous duties of Inspector of Cavalry. Here it may be mentioned that he has the right to add the magic letters p.s.c. after his name, signifying that he has passed the Staff College at Camberley, where he carried all before him, coming out in advance of all the men of his year.

#### With the Cavalry Division at Mons

In 1914, Major-General Allenby went out to France in command of the Cavalry Division of the British Expeditionary Force, and quickly justified Lord Kitchener's choice. During October and November he was twice mentioned in despatches. In those never-to-be-forgotten rearguard actions between Mons and the Marne it fell to the lot of the cavalry not only to "screen" the infantry, but to make good just as difficult a retreat for themselves afterwards. The Cavalry Division was made up of four brigades: the First, under Brigadier-Gencral Briggs, including the 2nd and 5th Dragoon Guards and the 11th Hussars; the Second, under Brigadier-General De Lisle, the 4th Dragoons, 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars; the Third, under Brigadier-General Hubert Gough, the 5th and 16th Lancers and 4th Hussars; and the Fourth, under Brigadier-General the Hon. Cecil Bingham, the 3rd Hussars, 6th Dragoons, and a composite force of Household Cavalry. In co-operation was the Fifth Cavalry Brigade under Sir Philip Chetwode.

On more occasions than one General Allenby's horsemen saved the day. To them the heroic Fifth (Fergusson's) Division largely owed its escape from annihilation in one of the most awful experiences of that critical time, when the "contemptible little army," outclassed in guns, all but overwhelmed by superior numbers, inferior to the foe in

all save sheer courage, stemmed the oncoming blue-grey tide of the legions of the Rhine and, though cruelly smitten, exacted from the enemy a price for his advance far in excess of any the war-lords of the Wilhelmstrasse had ever dreamt of in their most meticulous philosophy.

#### Brilliant Work on the Aisne

To the daring and deadly effectiveness of the British cavalry charges involuntary tribute was paid by German prisoners. "Allenby's men" charged everything, even barbed-wire entanglements. They went through the massed ranks of the foe "like a knife through brown paper." then, when the main army had effected its retreat, the cavalry, gathered together by a master hand, executed a night ride across country which remains one of the most remarkable exploits in the annals of war. To follow in the direct line of the retiring infantry was to court disaster. Bridges had been destroyed. Roads were blocked by transport. To the German view the British cavalry at least were doomed. The German view, however, did not allow for that initiative which has so often bewildered the most mathematical of military tacticians. General Allenby abandoned the high road, and, though the enemy was in close pursuit, headed across country, made a wide turning movement, and brought his men, almost dropping with physical fatigue, but elated with success, once more into touch with the main British force just as dawn was breaking.

When the tables were turned and the enemy had to retreat, there was more brilliant work by the British cavalry, which cleared the heights between the Vesle and the Aisne, and swept the foe from Braine. It was in the same spirit that, when the war of manœuvre gave place to the long drawn-out period of trench warfare, the cavalry took up work in the trenches.

#### Honours Won at Ypres, Loos and Arras

On October 10th, 1914, three months after the outbreak of war, General Allenby was gazetted a temporary lieutenantgeneral, and the cavalry being organised into a corps, he was given the supreme command of it, with the rank of temporary general. He was commended for a fine reconnaissance during the Ypres-Armentières battle. On November 14th, 1914, the whole Cavalry Corps under his command secured the high ground above Berthen, overcoming considerable opposition. The reconnaissance of the River Lys (October 15th-19th) was, in the words of the Commander-in-Chief, "most skilfully and energetically carried out," valuable information being gained. General Allenby, it may be noted, was the first British general to photograph the whole sector of the German trenches.

In March, 1915, the French Government marked their appreciation of General Allenby's services by conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. In May he was created a K.C.B., and succeeded General Plumer in command of the Fifth Army Corps. In June he directed a successful attack on the Bellewaarde Ridge, near Ypres; and in September did good work at Loos. In October, when Sir Charles Monro was despatched to the Dardanelles, General Allenby took over the command of the Third Army Corps, and was gazetted lieutenant-general "for distinguished services in the field."

By this time the British had taken over the greater part of the line from Arras to the Somme, and the months immediately succeeding were devoted to preparations for the offensive which opened in July, 1916. To General Allenby was allotted one of the most difficult areas of the Arras sector, and the conduct of the subsidiary attack at Gommecourt. In the following April he shared with Generals Gough and Horne the working out of the successful advance associated with the Battle of Arras, and on June 3rd, 1917, was gazetted a full general, again "for distinguished services in the field." Shortly afterwards he took over from Sir Archibald Murray the command of the army on the Palestine front.

In 1896 General Allenby married Adelaide Mabel, daughter of Mr. H. E. Chapman, of Donhead House, Salisbury, a niece of Sir Lancelot Aubrey-Fletcher, 5th Bart. Their son, Sec.-Lt. M. Allenby, R.H.A., M.C., was fatally wounded in July, 1917.

## THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



II W. Barnet

GENERAL SIR EDMUND HENRY H. ALLENBY, K.C.B.

Commanded the Third Army on the Western Front

## Winter's Icy Grip on the Western Front



Scene at a supply depot in France where the first winter snows have fallen, concealing some of the ravages of war but adding to the hardships of the campaign. Our Army, well supplied and fed, faced the winter of 1916-17 with higher confidence than ever.

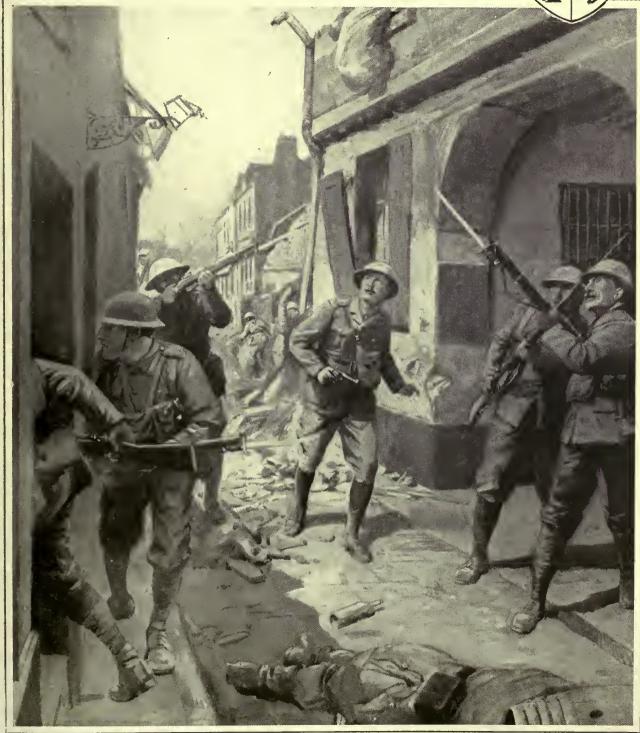


Numbers of Msjor Richardson's fsmous Airedaiss were on active service with the Army, and, as shown in this photograph of a dog on sentry duty by the graves of two soldiers, were provided with gas-masks. Right: An Airedais on duty in a church destroyed by the Gsrmans.

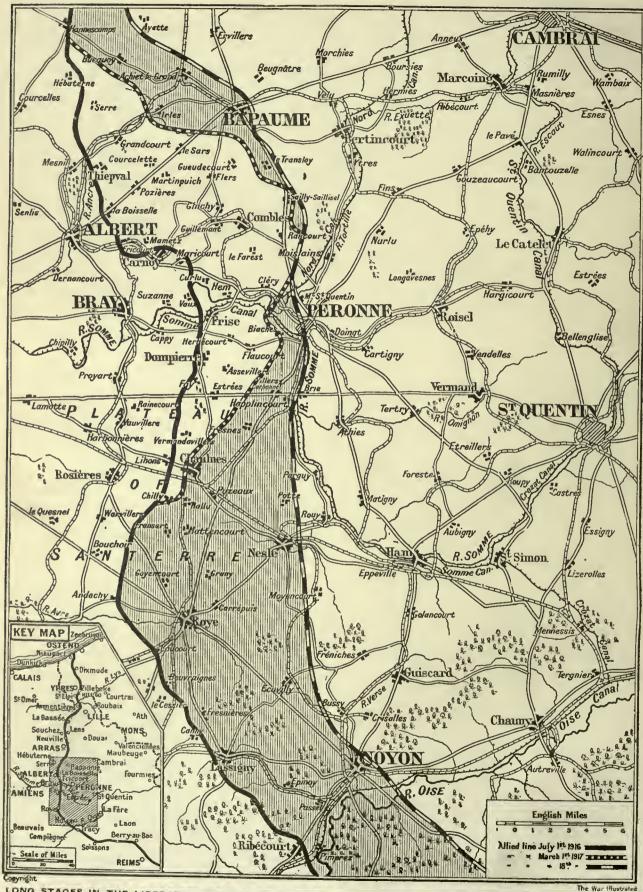
# (1) 12 the Heels of Hindenbus

THE GREAT GERMAN RETREAT ON THE ANCRE

During February and March of 1917 Hindenburg withdrew his forces from the Ancre and Somme, unable any longer to face the continued British pressure, and fell back to the famous Hindenburg line. The British were now able, in a series of brilliant moves, long prepared, to capture points of real strategic importance, such as Bapaume and Péronne.



STREET FIGHTING IN BEAUMETZ .- The village of Beaumetz, five or six miles east of Bapaume, ie one of the places to which the enemy returned after retiring. On March 23rd, 1917, the British entered the village, and there was a short, sharp passage of handto-hand strest fighting, during which a good deal of eniping was carried on from the houses, but the snipers were tracked down.



LONG STAGES IN THE LIBERATION OF FRANCE.—The Alliee' line on July 1st, 1916, ran from Albert to Ribecourt. The chequered line from Chilly to Hannescampe via Bapaume marks the Alliee' advance up to March 1et, 1917. The shaded portion shows the area vacated by the retreating Germane up to March 18th, 1917.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### The Patrol's Work in the German Retreat

By MAX PEMBERTON

"THE enemy is in full retreat!"
They are words which have come down to us from centuries of war. Again they are spoken in the supreme hour of Armageddon.
"The enemy is in full retreat!" But not as he went

There is no sauve qui peut to be looked for nowadays; no scattering of the broken squares, no wild eries of death and fury, no loosing of the Hussars-at least, not yet. This and fury, no loosing of the Hussars—at least, not yet. This is no war of panoply, and the flashing sabre plays but little part in it. When our enemy retreats he goes stealthily, like a thief in the night. His guns and his baggage have preceded him. He "shoots the moon," and the astonished landlord upon the other side may not discover the fact

until dawn has come.

Something of this kind has been going on upon the western front latterly, and though it has lacked panoply, it has not wanted excitement. Ask "the Patrol" what he thinks. He will tell you that no gallop in Leicestershire is more stimulating; no child's game of bogy more exciting; no football scrum a finer tonic. It is the game of ing; no lootball scrum a finer tonic. It is the game of games, and only the daring should embark upon it. Let a man have something of the "Deerslayer" in him, the spirit of those who singed the Spanish king's beard, and the daring of the old "sea-rovers," and he will do well at the job. But let him be self-conscious, prudent and thinking of consequences, and surely he is better at home. For this is a man's work, and there is little like it in the war. Consider the circumstance.

Men turned in last night as upon any common day of the winter. Before them was the parapet of the trench, and beyond the parapet that dangerous No Man's Land—that Tom Tiddler's ground in which death stalked in anything but majesty. The witching hours brought the usual happenings. A few high explosives thumped upon the roofs of the dug-outs and asked the soldiers if they were there. Star-shells burst on high and revealed the wretchedness of the wilderness. But it was all in the business, and only in the hour before the dawn did anything unusual happen.

Then came revelations.

Men prieked their ears at arresting sounds. Why, in the name of Krupp, were the Huns loosing off so many rifles? Whole volleys seemed to be fired from some of the trenches over yonder. And the big guns apparently were pegging away blindly, shell after shell, and with no thought to the clock. Rumour got upon her legs at this and stalked about our lines. The whisper of it became loud talk, and loud talk was lost in jubilation. The enemy had retired during

#### Released from the Trenches

Officers made no "bones" about it, but shared the secret with the men. All those positions we had coveted for so many weary months—it looked as though they were ours for the asking. The Hun had gone! Planes droning in the sky above brought in the glad tidings with all the despatch excitement could afford. He was gone all right—old Hindenburg had "padded the hoof" at last.

So now the Patrol goes out. Chosen batches of men, platenes with a resolution from hoster forth to say out the

platoons with a resolute officer, hasten forth to spy out the land. It is a dangerous job—yet what man will speak of danger? The Hun has gone, but the Hun remains. Men think less of themselves than of the strange feeling of exaltation which comes to them when they climb out of the trench and stand upon the parapet. It would have been death yesterday to have done this-to-day it is victory and freedom.

With joyous shouts they hurry across the stricken fields. The vast shell-holes, into which they used to crawl at night as Indians upon a trail, are now but little lakes which they

skirt fearlessly. No sound of firing greets their ears—not a funeral note. They see far away the smoke of burning stores, and as they go an ammunition dump blows up and the roar of the explosion drums upon their ears. But of the Boche himself there is no evidence yet, and seeking it, they draw near the first of the trenehes, and down they go

as one man when the volley rings out.

"A rearguard," thinks the lieutenant, and gives his orders accordingly. Just as Wellington said to Campbell that the Old Guard would not stand at Waterloo, so now does our splendid Reginald tell his men that all is well.

#### Rushing a Rearguard

"We will rush them!" he says. And rush them they do, with a wild whoop, bayonet and revolver in hand, and an élan which is irresistible. The Hun does not stand; he never meant to. It is true that his officers left him there, to the number of twenty, with instructions to die where he stood; but dying is not in his programme. He rattles off a drum according to instructions, and then up go his hands. "Kamerad!" he eries, and, like Oliver Twist, he asks for more—bread and meat and the billets of

It is the first goal in the game, and the ball is kicked off again-but now upon a more dangerous journey. For the dug-outs are in the depths of the trench, and into the dugouts our Patrol must go. Are there men there, or are there not? Who can depict the excitement of it? The officer stands at the narrow doorway and peers into the black hole beyond. He calls to the Boche to come out. His pistol is poised—it is life or death for him. Often humble voices will answer him and cries for merey be heard. At other times there will be a dead silence, and going down, that brave fellow will return no more.

#### Death in the Labyrinths

"Our officer went in," says a trooper in a recent affair, "and immediately cried back, 'They have done for mc, sergeant.'" His groans were heard by the others; he had a bayonet through his heart. Who can depict the rage of those who followed him? "The bombs—in with them—blow the place to blazes. They have killed our officer!"

Many a devilish fight has been the Patrol's lot in the blackness of these labyrinths. Consider the task of men who must wander alone in fearsome tunnels; through caves and cellars, at any turn of which the enemy may be waiting. It is a task to set the hair a-bristling, the heart beating wildly with the excitement of it. Yet men go to it gladly, and when the prisoners are seized and dragged out to the light of day, rich is the reward of the adventurers. Now they may pass on through the rain or the sunlight to the wood and the village, the open fields and that Elysium which still boasts of trees.

We speak of new money where the War Loan is concerned, and in like manner there is virgin ground for the soldier. For months—nay years—he has looked upon the wilderness which has no match in all the story of desolation; has seen nothing but vast shell-holes and the dead lying about them, and the dust of villages and the tangle of matted wire. Now he comes suddenly upon El Dorado. Here are meadows and pastures, a village eccentric enough to possess houses and a street, a church wherein the living may pray for the

True, the tower of the ehurch has gone, but it stood yesterday when, from our own lines, the glass showed us the time by the ancient clock. This very morning the Germans blew it up as they passed by, and now there will be none in the village but those they have left behind to check us. Dangerous as were the dug-outs the Patrol has just searched, the peril of this village street will be more real. Every wall may harbour a machine-gun and

[Continued on page 2574

#### THE PATROL'S WORK (Continued from page 2573)

its party. There will be riflemen at the windows of the ruined house, rude barriers of waggons flung across the street, snipers innumerable whom we approach in extended order.

Mcn crouch, rifle in hand, stealing from house to house, here beating down a door and rushing wildly to the heights—there going for a low wall with a cheer and leaping it to bayonet the enemy beyond.

Death will be busy, of course, and many will fall—we lift our hats—but the Patrol has no time to think of aught but his task. "Forward!" is his cry. "The enemy is in full retreat!"

The village is won at last, and all kinds of strange discoveries are reported. Here, for instance, in the depths of a cellar is an old Frenchwoman who has lived there since the war broke out. God knows why the Huns left her in the place; but perhaps she could cook. They may have regarded her as a standing jest—but here she is, and out she comes with her cheeks still rosy, while she cries "Vive la France!" regardless of the nationality of the intruders. "Vive la France!" they answer her, and go on to other houses.

Evidently the Hun had gone out in a hurry, for here is the officer's breakfast still ready upon the table, and yonder is part of the officer's kit; and downstairs in the back room lies all that the men could not carry when the order came to march.

#### Testimony of the Guns

More encouraging is the relic of a great gun set on the little height at the end of the village street, and blown to pieces by young Hollweg Hindenburg before he flitted. Of ammunition for the gun there is little, for clearly he blazed it all away before setting out for Tipperary. But the gun, and others later on, are facts to set the Patrol shouting; and now he knows that this is assuredly a retreat indeed.

"Get in touch with the enemy," were the orders of the C.O. We must leave the village, the bottles upon the table, the rank bread which was uneaten, the sausages and the coffee, and the portraits of the Kaiser in forty-two hats,

and get upon our way. Beyond the village hes the wood, and the wood is the abode of terrors. Here you fight from tree to tree, for it is a respectable wood and knows its business.

Every kind of obstacle will meet you in these once sylvan glades. Pits have been dug, and if you tread in them you fire mines below. Helmets lie scattered on the grass—beware of them, for each shelters a bomb, and if you lift it there is another obituary in the "Times."

They call them "booby traps," and the Patrol must meet many by the way. A case of wine bottles—let him drink at his peril! A valiee tossed into the straw—look out, it is fooling thee. Even bombs lie in the vicinity of the dead, so that he who goes to discover life may fall among the corpses.

#### Sighting the Enemy

The Patrol knows all this, for his officer is wise. His concern is wholly with the living—the sniper who is in both senses "up a tree," the machine-gun in the thicket, the groups of Huns, hidden like the Babes by garlands of leaves. We fight from tree to tree here, and enjoy the luman battue.

Let a head be shown and a man is down. The rush is often the only remedy—all together with a dash which is irresistible; the charge of the forwards who know how to pass; the domination of the brave fellows who fear nothing on God's earth and the Hun least of all. He in turn knows it, and at the psychological moment his hands will go up. Die for the Fatherland—not much when there is sausage over yonder!

We emerge from the wood, and away over the wide green plain the Patrol sights the enemy at last. He is there, on that high ridge of ground we had seen hitherto but on the maps. You can even espy him at work upon the new trenches. The smoke of his fires goes up; his great guns are beginning to belch the barrage which should forbid pursuit.

Here the Patrol will end his day—not as the chanticleer who crows proudly upon the eminence, but with the satisfaction of the man who knows, and who will return at his leisure to tell a familiar story.



PURSUING THEIR LAWFUL OCCASIONS.—Members of the National Sallora' and Firemen's Union placed on record that no threats of whatever nature would deter them in their determination to carry on their duties as seamen, and that such threats would only make them more determined to uphold the glorious records of the British Mercantile Marine.

## Vandal Passion and British Phlegm Under Fire

British Official and Exclusive Photographs





Ruins of the Law Courts and bank at Chauny. A German inscription over the Law Courts was promptly obliterated by the French.



British cyclist orderlies under fire during the great advance in the west. The men were repairing their machines when a shell fell uncomfortably close, but the tric carried on with what they were doing unperturbed. The man hammering did not even look round.

### Prussia's Ruthless Havoc in the Somme Valley

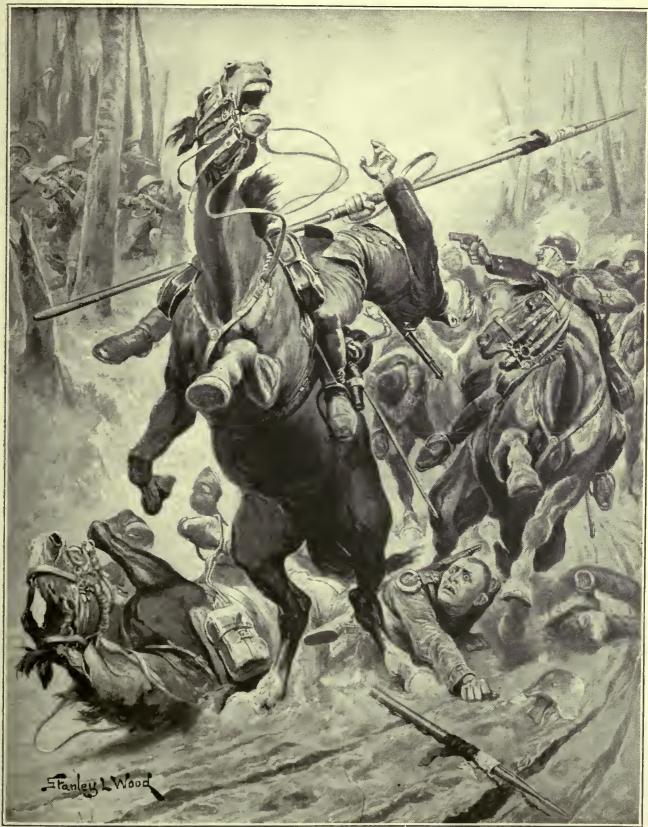


Tergnier Station, on the line between Noyon and St. Quentin, as left by the Germans in their retreat. The destruction of railways and bridges is legitimate in war, and so provoked no protest from France, who, neverthelese, resolved to exact full reparation later.



Altogether illegitimats, on the other hand, is such destruction as this wantonly wrought by the defeated enemy. This scrap-heap was once the beautiful Chateau of Caulaincourt, between Peronne and St. Quentin, which the Germans bisw into the river, damming it so completely that British soldiera had to clear a passage for the water. Though the task was a formidable one it was sturdily faced.

## Ambushed Highlanders Scatter a Uhlan Patrol



Following upon the evacuation of Bapaume and the Germans' compulsory retreat to positione generally termed the "Hindenburg line," cavairy of both armies reappeared on the western front. In this animated drawing is depicted an incident when a Uhian patrol rode through the shattered remains of a small wood wherein

a party of Highlanders were lying in ambush. At the right moment volley after volley rang out, and the etartied horses reared and stampeded, several of their ridere biting the dust, while the reet emptled their revolvers on the ambuscade and then spurred forward to overtake their friends.

## Before and Behind the Hindenburg Line



British armoursd cars moving forward on the western front. These care proved most serviceable weapons in pushing back the enemy, and their passing through battered villages, then well behind the British front line, was halled with enthusiasm by the villagers.



Somswhere behind the boasted Hindenburg line, on which the British pressure was being felt ever more and more, to the disquist of the Hun. It looks here as though the Germans were hurrying away from some threatened point in the crowded trucks of their light railway.

## Tricks in the Trench and Fair Fight in the Field

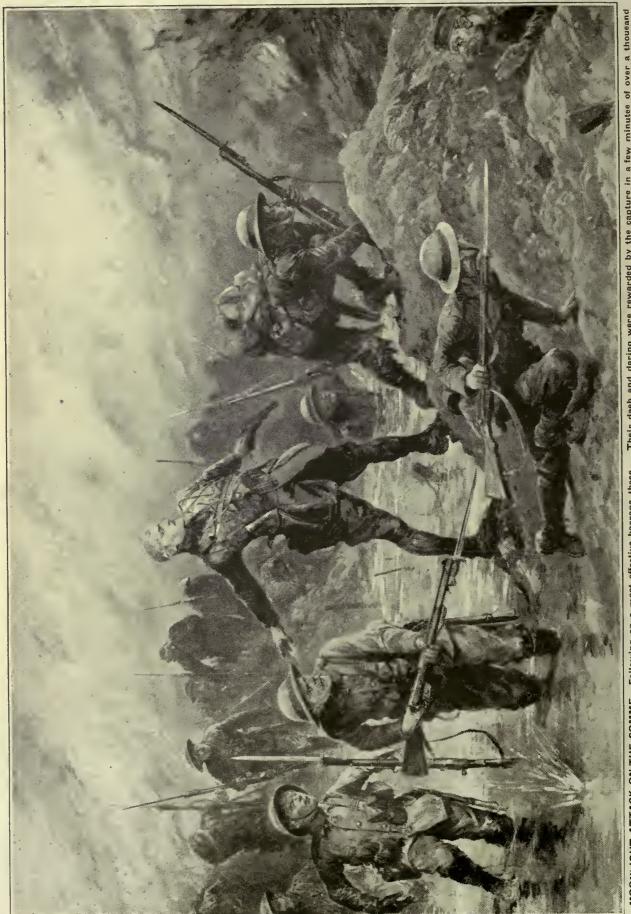


In the Battles of the Somme and Ancre the Germane left men behind to attack the British from the rear when they had passed a trench.

The British employed "mopping-up" parties to follow close on the attack and bomb all lurking Germane out of captured positions.



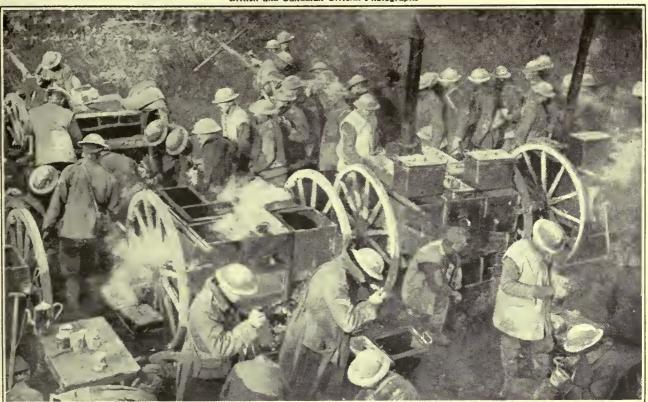
Sikh cavalry on the western front had one of the rare opportunities that occurred of making a cavalry charge. It becoming known that a certain village was held by a German rearguard, a regiment of Sikhe approached under cover of a hill and succeeded in making a curprise attack, driving such Huns as escaped their onrush to a sheltering railway embankment.



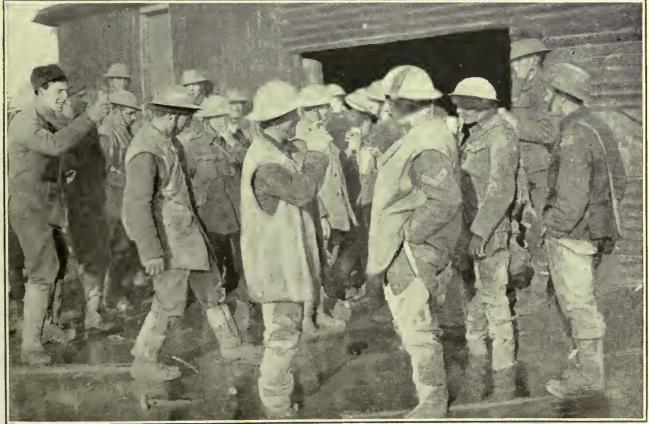
MOONLIGHT ATTACK ON THE SOMME.—Following on a most effective barrage these Their men dashed to the attack in brilliant moonlight, chequered with drifting smoke, and over yarde rain-sodden ground which gave way to water-filled trenches as they got to the German lines. said of

Their daeh and daring were rewarded by the capture in a few minutee of over a thousand yarde of the enemy trench and a goodly number of prisonere. Mr. Beach Thomas neatly said of Fritz on this occasion that "when he curle up he curls up completely."

# Grateful & Comforting: Refreshing on the Ancre



Good food is well, but good hot food was better in the chill, flooded Valley of the Ancre. No more grateful vapour was heaven than the savoury steam of soup supplied to the men who were fighting for right in France.



Hot coffee was provided for the men without charge at many points along the line. How cheering the warmth of it may be is suggested by the expressions on the faces of the men standing ankle-deep in the mire and of the smiling soldier on the left.

### 'Chess Moves' at Grandcourt: Check to Germany



As a result of continuous pressure on both banks of the River Ancre the Germans were forced to evacuate the village of Grand-court and adjoining defensive works, February 7th, 1917. The dug-outs were cleared and destroyed, and a number of prisoners taken. When nearly a week had passed one German journal,

permitted to break the newe unofficially, warmiy congratulated the German troope on getting away eo quietly that the Britleh did not notice their departure! It described the evacuation as "deliberate," and as a "brilliant chess move" on the part of the Germans. The night'e move was certainly a check to their king.

## Hidden Huns Harassed by British Bayonets



Capturing ruined houses in the neighbourhood of Irles. A memorable episode of one of the stimulating Ancre advances of 1917 ie here graphically depicted. The Germane, after having been effectually cleared out of Nightingale Wood, had resorted to "ecratch defencee" farther back. One of these was a group

of half-ruined houses, in the upper part of which the enemy arranged sandbaggsd machins-gun emplacements from which he made himself dietinctly unpleasant to our troope. Small bodies of the Britleh advanced in the dark of night, surprised the seemingly eccurs Hune, and cleared the place of them.

# In Hot Pursuit of the Retreating Prussians



Crossing a rapidly-made bridge in the wake of the retreating Germane. Though the enemy was careful, by destroying bridges and damaging highwaye, to impede their pureuers, the advancing British lost no time in making the bridges usable again.



Auetralian patrol passing through the wreckage of the Rue de Peronne, in Bapaume. How the pestilent Hun had satiated hie lust of destruction may be seen in the debrie-filled roadway and the fire-blackened ruins of the housee.

# Passing Through Ruined Peronne and Bapaume



Bridge over the mill-stream on the outskirts of Peronne after the retreating enemy had carried out hie deliberate work of destruction.

The destruction did not prevent—and did not even long delay—the energetic pursuit of the retreating foe.



The Germans systematically felled the wayelde trees so that they lay acrose the road. The in which they went. The British troops as soon as they reached the town began clearing the way. Removing obstructions at Peronne. The Germans systematic half-cut trees suggest the hurry in which they went.

# Deceptive Trench-Forestry on the Ancre



Well-planned and carefully-contrived British trench used during the 1917 advance on the western front. It was so arranged as to seem a bit of woodland, the tree-trunks forming not only supports for the parapets but serving to shelter the men from observation.



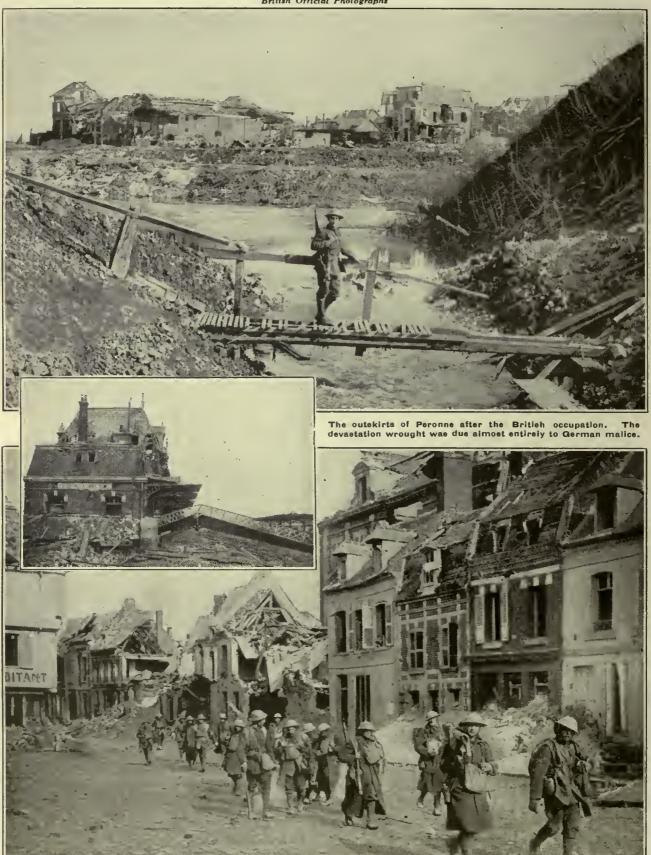
What had been a German trench until the British guns knocked it out of shape. When the British soldiers advanced they took it, and then passed so far beyond it that it could be treated as a mere inequality in the ground, over which a simply designed but serviceably strong trench bridge could be thrown to facilitate the further forward movement.

### Deadly British Mortar that Balked the Hun



British soldiera on the Ancre fixing fuses on Stokes' mortare—weapons that are regarded as among the notable munition discoveries of the war. Above: Remaine of a German trench near Gommecourt, at the northern end of the Ancre advance. The concrete arch probably gave entrance to a dug-out system. The water-filled shell-hols to the right marke an accurate British "hit."

## British Advancing on the Heels of the Enemy:



British troops entering Peronne found it the most thorough example of the deliberate brutality of German destructiveness yet seen. Inset: The Peronne-Flamicourt station, of course, had been destroyed, the bridge being blown up over the permanent way.

### The Victors Enter the Ruined Town of Peronne



The heart of the town was a mere shell, many buildings having utterly vanished. Charred remains of their pillaged contents littered the ruins in svery direction.



The Grande Place was framed with the wreck of houses, some of which dated back to the Middle Ages. The historic Town Hall was reduced to the pitiful ruin seen above.



The elation with which the victorious British entered the town was changed into hot indignation as they noted each fresh plecs of wanton destruction. On the ruined Town Hall the Germans, with the coarseness that passes for humour among them, had stuck a notice bearing the words: "Nicht argern, nur wundern!" "Don't be vexed; just admire!"

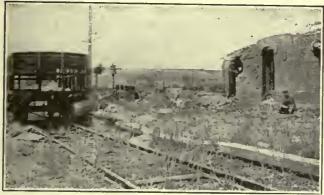
# British Cavalry Speed the Spurring Uhlan



Atter the long months of static warfare British cavalry rejoiced at getting into the eaddle again. With the resumption of open-field campaigning cavalry patrols puehed on, and skirmished with small parties of Uhlans, and drove the enemy rearguards in vsry close upon their main forces. Uhlans

have a sinister reputation, but British cavalry are among the finest in the world, and welcomed an opportunity of measuring their fighting quality. There is no doubt that the Germans were dieagreeably surprised by the speed with which the allied forces followed on their hesis.

# Huns' Little Gibraltar Taken by the British



Ruins of Bapaume railway station during the German occupation of that town, from which they were driven March 17, 1917.



German band in Bapaume, a town they claimed to have made impregnable. Major Moraht called it a "Little Gibraltar."



Entrance to the cemetery at recaptured Bapaume. Before leaving the Huns committed much wanton destruction.



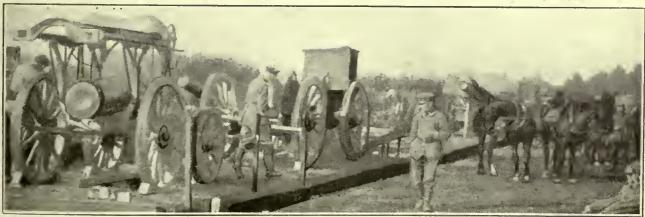
Twin windmills near Bapaume. Before their hurried retirement the Huns destroyed the trees as well as the houses.



German troops in Bapaume. The type of trench helmets worn in the ranke suggests that they were reinforcements.



Main street of Bapaume while in the occupation of the Germans, showing the result of a shell hit during the "great push" of 1916.



Arrival and unloading of munitions at the Bapaume railway etation while the Germans etill felt secure in the town. This was before , the Franco-British "preseure" that followed the "push" was felt, and the Huns had to start on their long-line retreat.

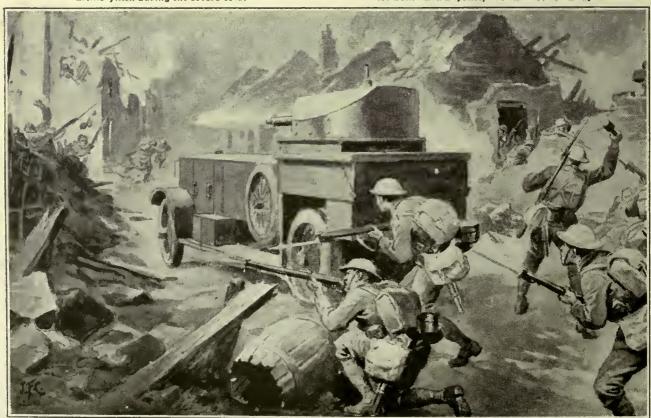
# Hustling the Hun on the Hindenburg Line



Fusing shells in wintry weather on the western front. This work called for coneidsrable cars, and was particularly trying to the artilie-ymen during the severs cold.



During the advance in the west the British on reaching the German trenches frequently found that the enemy had not waited for bomb and bayonet, but had "stolen away."



British armoured-car in Roisel. On March 26th, 1917, after having retired, the Germane sent back a body of troops to reoccupy the ruins, but sums British cavalry swept round the village, and the infantry, preceded by armoured-cars, advanced and cleared the place.





AMMUNITION FORWARD! RUSHING UP SHELLS FOR THE HEAVY HOWITZERS DURING A HOT ENGAGEMENT ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

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# Ruin and Restoration in the Track of the Foe



First of the British to cross the Somme near Peronne. The men were advancing over the shattered ruine of what had once been a house, those who had been wounded being helped along by their comrades. One had secured a Boche helmet as trophy.



French engineers repairing the Rue de Parie in reoccupied Noyon. The retreating Germane mined large holes in the etreets to hinder their pursuers, but when the French reached the town they promptly eaw to the levelling up of the craters.

# Getting the Guns Forward Towards St. Quentin

British and Australian Official Photographs



Devastated etreet in the village of Vilisrs Carbonnel, which was taken by the British on their way to the capture of Peronne.



Taking forward bomb ammunition by light railway to the Bapaume front. The dietant hill le the Butte de Warlsnoourt.



Bringing back wounded from Bapaume on the day of its capture. It will be noted that the roads were immediately remade.



Artillery officer going forward on the road to St. Quentin to find new positions for his guns in the territory from which the enemy had been compelled to retire. The tress, planted at regular intervals, so familiar on French highways, have been destroyed.

# Historic Towns Britain Rewon for France



Quaint old Citadel of Peronne—one of the chief towns retaken by the British during the early stages of the German retreat.



[Inttith official photograph Flamicourt Station, Peronne, on March 18th, 1917, when the British entered the town whence they had "pressed" the enemy.



On the way to the taking of Bapaume. Repairing rolling-etock which the enemy had abandoned near Le Sars.



And the next place is——? British officere in Peronne studying their maps in preparation for the continuance of the advance.



British prisoners at Peronne Station. Time brought its revenges, for in 1917 the prisoners there were Germans.



Market Place and Town Hall at Peronne as they were before the retreating Hune destroyed them with bomb and fire.

## City of Naked Ruins and Rubbish Heaps



Nearing Peronne. How a German truck was helped to its destination at Clery by a British shell. Right: Peronne Fort after bombardment.



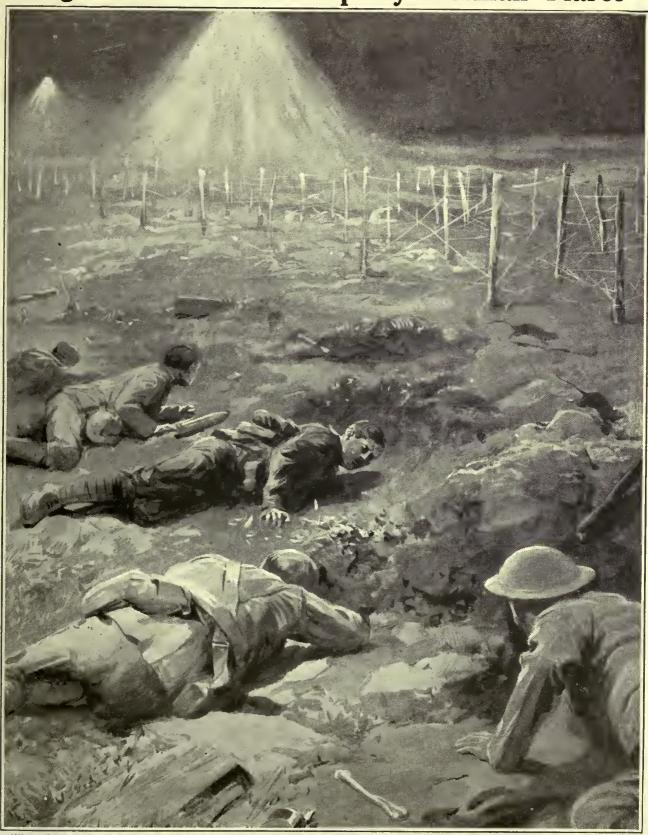


Desolate street in recaptured Peronne, showing something of the way in which the retreating enemy savagely destroyed that on which they were compelled to release their hold.



Burning houses in Peronne. The hurriedly retiring Hune satisfied their lust for destruction and dirt by setting fire to undamaged houses and fouling everything they could not remove.

# Night Raiders Held Up by German Flares



When there is a lull in operations due to weather conditions there are many duties which fall to the lot of the enterprising soldier. The most perilous of these is perhape the night raid. The men have to crawl over the gruesome neutral ground, and at every few yards they must lie still as the dead, for the enemy,

expecting euch raids, sends up flaree. Any aign of life would draw a deadly fueillade from the German trenches. The raidere reach the wire at a enail's-pace, force their way through, and are disappointed if they do not account for a number of the enemy and bring back a prisoner or two.

# Barrage Control During a Somme Advance



As the Infantry battallone advance in an attack, "lialeon," or linking, officere pueh after them, with eignaliere carrying reele of telephone-wire, and report the progrees of the attack to the battery commanders, enabling them to keep lifting the barrage fire continuously. M. Frederio de Haenen here depicts such a scene on

the western front. An officer rune forward with the telephone-box; when he stops to report, the men attach the wire, which they have been paying out as they advance, to the Instrument, and a message goes off. Another man carries a spare telephone instrument and reserve supplies of wire in case connection should be severed.

### Fantastic Contrasts of the Battlefield



Writing from Iriss after its capture by the British, Mr. Philip Gibbs gave a description of the ghastly battlefisid over which monstrous shells were still howling as our men went marching on to fresh conquests, and he painted a grim picture of the scene of war as it is, fantastic in its contrasts and in its stage properties.

Bang in the middle of the battlefield was a coffse-stall, and there stood a crowd of British soldiers, wetter and muddler than the night-birds of the London slums, and more in need of warmth for body and soul. Not far away, well under shell fire, was a London omnibus, and close to that a "tank."

# Wanton Destruction by the Defeated Teutons



Ruine of the church at Bapaume, one of the oldest, most picturesque little towns in Northern France. This was the second time the Germans had been discomfited at Bapaume, having been defeated there on January 2nd and 3rd, 1871, by General Faldherbe.



In Bapaume immediately after its compulsory evacuation by the Germans. Australian troops were the first to enter the recovered town, and found proof that the enemy had worked for days to ensure ite obliteration after they should have been evicted from it.

## Bapaume Burning and Battered but Free



Smouldering rulns all down one street. The retreating enemy were determined on the destruction of the town from which they were driven. Their rearguard lighted fires in almost every house, and their retiring batteries psused in their flight to shell it viciously.



Ruine of the church in the square. Dating back to the time of Julius Cæsar, Bapaume's hietory has been a varied one. It suffered slege in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, and twelve times previously it had been consigned to the flames. Once more it will rise from the ashes.

#### PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

### GENERAL SIR HUBERT GOUGH

the youngest field officer of his rank serving on the western front in 1914-1917, sharing with General Allenby the distinction of being one of the most dashing cavalry leaders in the British Army, was born at Innislonagh, Clonmel, on August 12th, 1870. The elder son of General Sir Charles John Stanley Gough, V.C., G.C.B., and Harriette Anastasia, sister of the first Count de la Poer, and nephew of General Sir Hugh Henry Gough, V.C., G.C.B., he belongs to a family the members of which have inscribed their names indelibly on Britain's roll of honour, especially in connection with India. His father and uncle, both cavalry officers, won the V.C. during the Mutiny, and his brother, Brigadier-General John Edmond Gough, C.M.G., who died of wounds received at Neuve Chapelle in 1915, was awarded the coveted Cross for gallantry in Somaliland in 1903, fought with distinction in South Africa, and was posthumously awarded the K.C.B.

#### Early Services on the North-West Frontier

Educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Hubert Gough entered the Army as a second-lieutenant in the 16th (the Queen's) Lancers on March 6th, 1889, gaining his first step in rank on July 23rd, 1890, and his captaincy on December 22nd, 1894. Three years later broke out the tribal troubles all along the North-West Frontier of India, and there, in the Tirah Expedition, under Sir William Lockhart, against the warlike Afridis and Orakzais, he had his baptism of fire, taking part in the arduous fighting which led to the capture of the Sampagha and Arhanga Passes, the operations against the Khani Khel Chamkanis, and the work in the Bazar Valley, and receiving the medal and two clasps.

From 1899 to 1902 he was in South Africa, first as a special service officer and later on the Staff. He commanded a mounted infantry regiment, was severely wounded at the relief of Ladysmith, and fought at Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaal Kranz, the Tugela Heights, Pieters Hill, and Laing's Nek. He was gazetted brevet lieutenant-colonel almost simultaneously with his majority, and awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps. His appointment as colonel of his regiment followed in December, 1906.

From September 24th, 1902, to January 28th, 1904, he was brigade-major 1st Cavalry Brigade; from January 29th, 1904, to December 18th, 1906, he was D.A.A.G. at the Staff College, Camberley, which, by the way, he passed through with distinction. From January 1st, 1911, to August 4th, 1914, with the rank of temporary brigadier general, he was in command of the 3rd Cavalry Brigade at the Curragh. In 1912 he was created a Companion of the Bath, on the rolls of which most honourable Order the names of so many of his relatives have prominence.

#### With the 3rd Cavalry Brigade at Mons

When the 3rd Cavalry Brigade went out to France in 1914, Gencral Gough went out in command of it. His rise thereafter was rapid, and fully warranted by distinguished service in the field. One of his first encounters was with the redoubtable Uhlans of the Guard, during the fighting retreat from Mons. The engagement took place south of the Somme, and heavy punishment was inflicted on the enemy. In September, in the daybreak advance of the British up to the line of the Oureq, which was opposed by strong German rearguards of all arms, his brigade played a leading part in driving the foe northward. At Soissons the instinct he had gained in the hunting field enabled him, in a quiek personal reconnaissance at a critical moment, to stay what would have been a hopeless charge on a wired and hidden German gun position.

On September 16th General Gough was made commander of the 2nd Cavalry Division, with the temporary rank of major-general, substantive promotion following in October, on the 8th of which month Field-Marshal French wrote in his third despatch: "Major-General E. H. H. Allenby and Major-General H. de la Pocr Gough have proved themselves to be cavalry leaders of a high order, and I

am deeply indebted to them. The undoubted moral superiority which our cavalry has obtained over that of the enemy has been due to the skill with which they have turned to the best account the qualities inherent in the splendid troops they command."

#### In the Thick of the Fighting at Ypres

In the Ypres-Armentières Battle of the closing months of 1914 General Gough was again in the thick of the fighting. On the first day of the battle—October 11th—he inflicted a crushing blow on a body of the enemy's cavalry who were holding some woods to the north of the Bethune-Aire Canal, clearing the woods and then pushing the foe back through Flètre and Le Coq de Paille, taking Mont des Cats after a stiff engagement. No one can read without a thrill of the magnificent stand which was made by his division at Klein Zillebeke, and how, with the 3rd Cavalry Division, they held the long line of trenches from the Zandvoorde Ridge to south of Messines till they were compelled by the overpowering weight of the forces massed against them to fall back on St. Eloi. It was at this time that the Germans created the Ypres salient, which remained in their hands until they were driven from it in the famous "earthquake" battle of June, 1917.

After holding command of the 7th Division, which

After holding command of the 7th Division, which evoked such warm praise from General Joffre on the occasion of that great soldier's visit to the British lines in May, 1915, General Gough was promoted temporary lieutenant-general and given the command of the First Corps, which soon after greatly distinguished itself at Loos. In January, 1916, he was created a K.C.B., and with Sir Henry Rawlinson was one of Sir Douglas Haig's principal subordinate commanders in the great Battle of the Somme, during which—after the assault of July 1st—he commanded the Fifth Army with conspicuous distinction, his appointment as temporary general taking place in the beginning of August, 1916.

#### Commander of the Fifth Army

The task allotted to the Fifth Army was to maintain a steady pressure on the foe from La Boisselle to the Serre Road, and to act as a pivot on which the British line could swing as its attacks on the right of the Fifth Army made progress towards the north. As an example of the "pressure" exercised may be cited the brilliant assault, carried out simultaneously with the advance of Sir Henry Rawlinson's Fourth Army from Guillemont to near Pozières, on July 23rd, and resulting in the capture of Pozières by the morning of the 25th.

"For five months," wrote Sir Douglas Haig, in his memorable despatch on the Somme Battle, "Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Hubert Gough controlled the operations of very large forces in one of the greatest if not absolutely the greatest struggle that has ever taken place. It is impossible to speak too highly of the great qualities displayed by these commanders throughout the battle. Their thorough knowledge of the profession and their cool and sound judgment, tact and determination proved fully equal to every call on them. They entirely justified their selection for such responsible commands."

Sir Douglas Haig's despatch was dated December, 1916. On January 1st, 1917, Sir Hubert Gough was gazetted lieutenant-general. In February he achieved a brilliant success, which gave the British observation over and the command of an important area in the Miraumont direction, and in April-May shared with Generals Allenby, Horne and Rawlinson the control of those trenendous attacks on the Somme and Ancre fronts which, known to history as the Battle of Arras, precipitated the German retirement and led to the smashing victory achieved by General Plumer at Messines in June. Further honours now fell to Sir Hubert Gough, the French Government conferring upon him the distinction of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour and the Russian Government that of the Order of the White Eagle (with swords).

In 1898 Sir Hubert Gough married Louisa Nora, daughter of Major-General Henry Colebrooke Lewes, R.A. They

have four daughters.

# THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



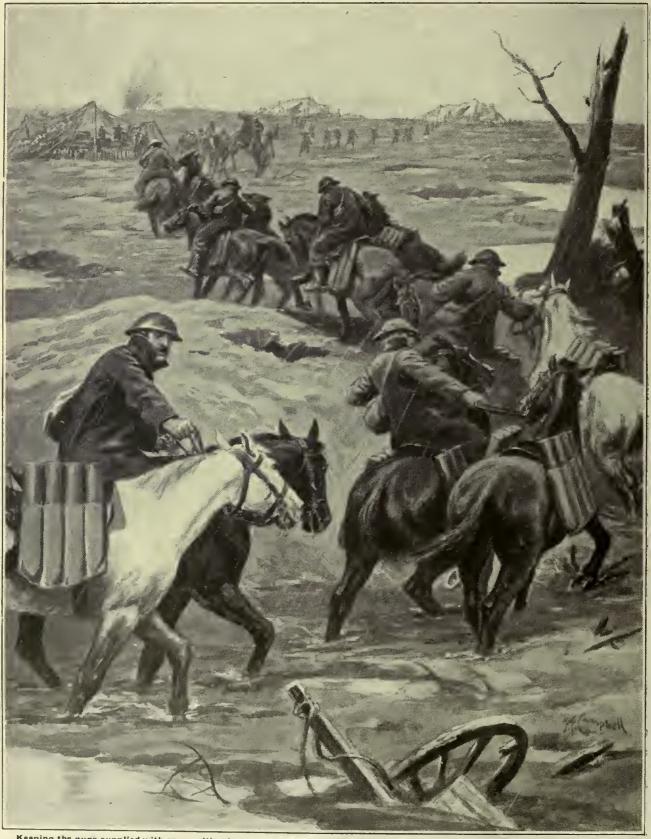
Gale & Polder

LT.-GEN. SIR HUBERT DE LA POER GOUGH, K.C.B.

In Command of the Fifth Army on the Western Front



### Four-Footed Allies that Kept the Guns Supplied



Keeping the guns eupplied with ammunition by horee transport over bad ground. As the guns moved forward much of the shell-battered, rain-sodden ground that was won was found to be quite impassable to waggons for conveying freeh supplies of munitions, and then the shelle had to be fastened pannier-wiee on

horses' backs and taken up to the guns. The considerable weight of the shells may be gauged by the fact that where a led horee bears eight shells, four on each side, the ridden animal has only six of them, so that it may be taken that two of these shells are estimated as being about equal in weight to one man.

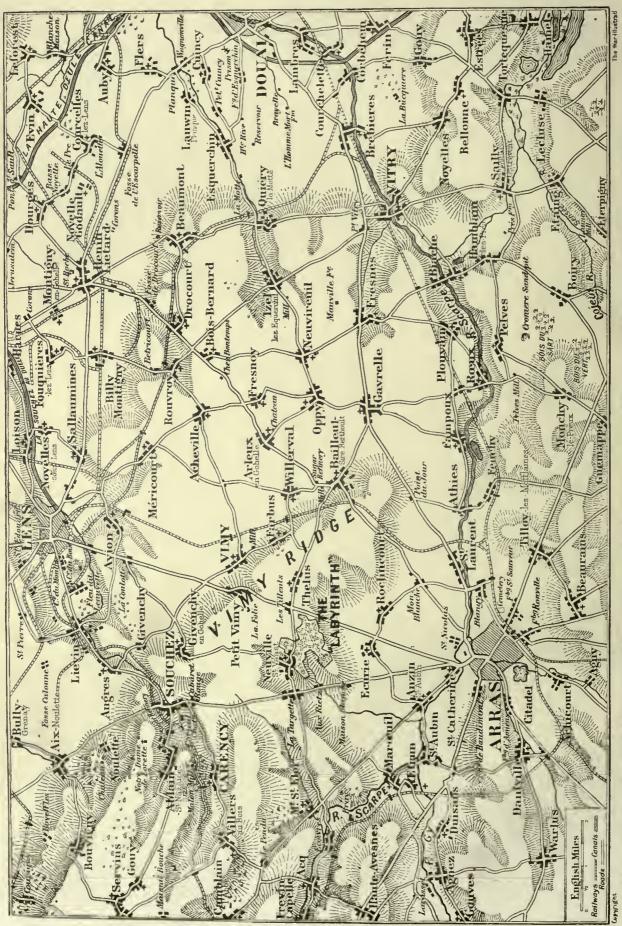
# The Great Battle of Art

VICTORY OF MESSINES-BATTLE OF NIEUPORT DUNES

On April 9, 1917, Sir Douglas Haig launched his great offensive from Lens to Arras, a front of 12 miles. The famous Vimy Ridge was captured on the first day of the battle, and thousands of prisoners taken. Monchy-le-Preux fell on April 11. The phases of the offensive dealt with in this section end with the Battle of Nieuport Dunes.



"OVER THE TOP" WITH THE "TANKS."-During the British attack in the Battle of Arrae some Scottish troops went forward with a couple of "tanke." A French eye-witness declared: "Never have I beheld faces eo lit up with enthuelasm as were those of the Scottish at the tragic moment when, in the dawn of the battle, they leaped from their trenchee."



DETAILED MAP OF THE ARRAS FIGHTING AREA.—On this map may be eeen the villagee and other places associated with successive stages of the great Battle of Arras from Quemappe, south-east of the city from which the battle takes its name, to Lens, nine miles to

the the north-east of it. To the east of Vimy Ridge, around Gavrelle and Oppy, the fighting was om particularly severe. The British had by May 7th, 1917, carried the fighting to a line running s to south from Freency, which will be seen almost in the centre of the map.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### Britain's Initial Victory in the Arras Offensive of 1917

By MAX PEMBERTON

HERE began on the morning of Easter Monday, April 9th, 1917, a battle about Arras which has justly been described as the greatest the world has ever seen.

This is old ground, and of dominant importance. Here, and upon the heights of La Bassée to the north, the Germans established themselves in 1914. was great fighting for the famous Vimy Ridge, which lies to the north-east of Arras, during December, 1914, and again a violent French offensive during the month of May, 1915. General Foch was then in command, with General D'Urbal at the head of the Tenth French Army. The splendid endeavour then made by our French allies to break the line at this dangerous sector succeeded in capturing 3,000 prisoners and several guns. The French fought their way to the foot of the famous Vimy Ridge, captured the Lorette Fort and Chapel, and took Carency and Ablain St. Nazaire, where 2,000 prisoners were taken. Throughout the summer of the year our allies continued to gain ground, and, as the "Times" correspondent has said, "certainly did much to dishearten the Germans and to relieve the strain upon Ypres, where the situation between April 23rd and May 15th had been distinctly dangerous."

Those who would follow this mo-mentous Battle of Arras to their profit should first master the strategy which was at the back of all that General Haig and General Nivelle were doing.

#### A Fateful Morning

Looking down our front from a little above Souchez in the north to the district about St. Quentin in the south, it is perfectly clear that if the Germans could maintain themselves upon the Vimy heights, and generally upon a line which maintained the safety of Douai and Cambrai, the hope of getting them out of Flanders could not be entertained. On the other hand, should their hold of the line north of Arras be broken, then they might be driven wholly out of Flanders, and the dangerous seacoast about Zeebrugge be recovered for us. The city of Lille, the greatest railway centre of France, has been the heart of all these manœuvres. "For Lille," says an observer, "Sir John French made his great movement into Flanders in the autumn of 1914; for Lille he fought Neuve Chapelle; for Lille he made the great offensive at Loos." Thus it is apparent that even in the early stages of the war the situation which developed subsequently was understood by both the British and the French Command, and to its mastery all our colossal efforts upon the western front had been directed for a long time.

We had known in London for many days that some great affair was con-templated about Arras. Rumours came of a concentration of guns, munitions and men like to nothing we had accom-plished hitherto. Those who read the communiqués carefully noticed the intensity of the artillery bombardment and drew their conclusions. All leave was stopped, and the air was electric with the currents of expectation. Late on the evening of Easter Monday the

newspaper offices obtained the first of the good tidings. It then proved that we had begun our attack at 5.30 on the morning of April 9th, and had continued it through the day, while the morrow promised no abatement of its intensity.
The night had been one of a fierce and terrifying bombardment. Right away from Givenchy-en-Gohelle on the north to Henin-sur-Cojeul on the south the guns were blazing. The day broke in a mist of rain which anon was to become a whirlwind of snow. Fortunately this bitter wind blew upon the backs of our men and not in their faces, and after a final hour of renewed and terrible shelling, the whistles were sounded for the long-expected attack.
"Then in an instant," says the "Times" correspondent, "hundreds of guns broke on the silence of dawn at once—the rattle of the field-guns, like the clattering of machine-guns, being punctuated by the rhythmical roar of the heavier pieces. The whole of the enemy lines seemed then to break into flame.

#### Line of the Attack

Brilliantly visible in the half-light, and amid the flash and whirl of our bursting shells, the enemy's rockets calling for help rose from the whole circuit of the horizonred and white and green, and tall orangecoloured fountains of golden rain.

Here the strength of the enemy's positions we were about to assault should be observed. His front line was strong enough in all conscience; but behind that front-line system there was a network of trenches and strongholds which he has not surpassed in the west. A new and vastly formidable Hindenburg line runs from Drocourt, which is four miles and a half south-east of Lens, to Queant, which is eleven miles and a half south-east of Arras, the distance between the two places being nearly fifteen miles, and the direction south by east. Vimy Ridge itself and its taking have already been described in a previous page, but we may well recall the fact that this ridge in the north and Moronvilliers before the French in the south have been considered the two most formidable heights before our armies and those of our Allies, and that many did not hesitate to call them impregnable. Tunnelled and pocketed in an indescribable manner, Vimy Ridge was a master fortress indeed. Yet there were terrible traps and difficulties due east of Arras and about the valley of the little River Scarpe.

#### The Harp Redoubt

Here was the famous village of Monchyle-Preux, to be taken a few days later by an assault which was magnificent-Monchy and the famous Harp Redoubt, that system of German trenches which had been notorious for many months. Nor should we forget the railway triangle which Mr. Beach Thomas declares to consist of an embalance things. consist of an embankment thirty to forty feet high, with a deep trench inside and emplacements bristling with machine-guns.

These posts, however, were not to fall to us on the memorable Easter Monday. Our achievements then were the capture by the Canadians of the best part of the famous Vimy Ridge and of the fortified localities of Feuchy Chapel, Feuchy, the Hyderabad Redoubt, Athies, and Thelus.

Nor were we idle in the south, where we stormed the villages Hermies and Boursies, eight miles east of Bapaume, and penetrated into Havrincourt Wood, south of these two villages; while in the direction of St. Quentin we captured Fresnoy-le-Petit and advanced our line south-east of Le Verguier, which is six miles north-west.

The fighting itself appears to have been of varying intensity. It was violent at times in the suburbs of Arras, where at the outset there were in one place but a few yards between the German and the British trenches. Vimy was taken upon a tremendous onset by the brave Canadians; but immediately east of Arras there were the more deadly traps, the intricacies of which had previously defied all observation. Here man fought man with the bayonet. There were pits innumerable, and some battalions had to cross as much as 800 yards in the open on ground that was spiny with wire and almost invariably mined. Opposite the town itself a switch of Hindenburg's line joined the old front, and this, as Mr. Beach Thomas has written, was trobly armed with such a tangle of trenches, posts, and pits that they could not be marked even on the biggest map. Indeed, the whole of the twelve-mile front on which this first day's battle was fought has been declared to be stronger than Beaumont-Hamel, which leaves nothing more to be said.

Upon it, and northward as far as Henin. the victory was won. We had more than 5,800 prisoners by two o'clock, and one hundred and nineteen officers were included in the number. Of these a large number belonged to the Bavarians, who had suffered the brunt of our attack.

#### Six Thousand Prisoners

Throughout the attack, from the first blowing of the whistle at dawn to the blowing of the whistle at dawn to the coming of twilight, our aeroplanes were droning in the air above and our monstrous "tanks" crawling like giant beetles upon the ground below. Again the latter proved invaluable, rolling out the trenches, devastating the wire, destroying the citadels which the Huns and built, while as for the services of had built; while as for the services of our airmen, no words can overpraise them.
"Returning," says Mr. Beach Thomas,

" towards the front at noon, I saw everywhere proof that the day had gone from good to better. Prisoners were the common object of the landscape. One single division on the north bank of the Scarpe took 1,000 men and twenty-five officers. One prisoner said that our artillery cut off all communication. He himself was taken while vainly calling up on a cut telegraph wire a reserve battalion which never appeared. The toughest fighting was immediately east of Arras, especially at the railway triangle. When we had taken it, a 'tank' was seen perched across one of the cusps of the line. But many places thought strongest and most formidable, notably the redoubt called the Harp, were captured,

with many prisoners, in our stride."

Later on in the same day he was able to write: "There is no doubt that we have won a great initial victory. The prisoners must now exceed 6,000, and

some guns have been taken.

# Shell-Shattered Homes in Old-World Arras

Canadian War Records



Arras is composed of two parts—the old town standing on an eminence, the new town situated in a plain. This photograph shows the way in which the streets were defended by barbed-wire, and how eadly the grand old residences suffered in the fighting near the Scarps.



Shell exploding in an Arras street. These graphic camera pictures from the heart of old-world Arras bring home to us with poignant touch the horror that France endured so heroically and the fats that would have been England's had the Kalser's hordes found a footing in this sea-girt isle.





The village of Heudicourt, ten miles north-east of Peronne, was captured by British troops on March 31st, 1917. The enemy rearguard had placed formidable obstacles across the streets, covered by machine-guns in the houses behind, but our dashing troops attacked the barrier, and after severe hand-to-hand fighting, won the position. BRITISH INFANTRY STORM A STREET BARRICADE IN RUINED HEUDICOURT.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### The Capture of Liévin and Victory at Lagnicourt

By MAX PEMBERTON

HE dominance of a hill is a possession of majesty at any time, but when war is raging in the fields below you it is a throne of opportunity beyond

Fortunately for those who witnessed the last days of the first phase of the Battle of Arras there were thrones innumerable. The slopes of the Vimy Ridge, Notre Dame de Lorette, the heights above the valley of the Souchez were the tiers of so many amphitheatres from which the lucky observer could witness a pageant of war which has hardly been

matched from the beginning.

Before him lay a grimy plain beneath which are some of the immense riches of France. About him and behind him were the onee-glorious woods, the steep slopes down which the Germans had been driven headlong but a few days before, and the villages whose picturesqueness had defied even the dour enmity of From here he could look at his ease down into the very streets of Lens, the capital of this mighty coalfield; here lie could see far away this regiment advancing, that at rest; could watch the bursting of the mighty shells and boast of his indifference-but, above all, could say that the city was doomed and must speedily be in our possession.

It was tragie, too, for though Lens must fall, who should say what of its riches would be left to us?

#### Inferno in Lens

Watching the city from a distance we saw ominous things. Now it would be the smoke of some great fire rolling up by the cathedral tower, suggesting for an instant that the church itself was burning—anon, a shattering explosion, the vomit of flame and black vapour from the mouth of a coal-pit, and perhaps upon this the lingering thunder of some building which had come elattering down. In the streets themselves, bordered by the miners' houses with their picturesque red roofs, a human being was rarely to be seen. We pictured the townsfolk hiding in their cellars and listening to that crash of sounds which said that the enemy was seeking to rob them of their poor riches and their bread. There were moments when scattered figures in the familiar grey-blue darted from street to street carrying neither muck-rake nor lantern, but the deadlier high explosive which should blast the pits and bring down the houses about the people's ears. And all this, mind you, in a sudden and welcome blaze of the morning sunlight, come as an interlude to wind and wet and snow and misery. Men lifted their eyes to it and declared it to be an omen. The week that ended on Sunday, April 15th, should go out as it had come in upon the crest of a mighty victory.

It was actually on Saturday, April 14th, that the Boche was driven out of Lievin. the famous western suburb of Lens, and on the following day there came their great counter-attack at Lagnicourt, which is down south and not far from Queant, about which we are hearing so much these days. This was a bloody affair, and the Australians have never done a finer thing. By a concentration of forces,

which was astonishing, the Germans massed an army of between forty and fifty thousand bayonets and threw it along the Cambrai-Bapaume road be-tween the villages of Lagnicourt and Hermies. For a moment, overwhelmed by the torrent, we lost some prisoners and machine-guns, but, mustering again behind Lagnicourt, we reattacked with a ferocity wholly remarkable even in days when men are found dead with the teeth locked in each other's flesh.

#### Coursing the Prussian Guard

Now, this counter-attack was made by picked troops of no fewer than five regiments of the Guard, and the barrage which heralded it was the best the Boche had put up since the Battle of Arras began. That our own casualties were relatively so few is not a little consoling, but our men took cover with a cleverness which was noteworthy, and, although the impetuosity of the attack overwhelmed them for the moment, they were never, in any sense, demoralised. And every-body agrees that their counter-thrust was superb. They charged with bayonets lowered and the wild war-whoop of "Down Under." Inch by inch they recovered the lost ground and drove the Hun back upon the famous Quéant switch. What his feelings were when he found himself driven thus, not to the openings he had prepared, but actually back upon his own barbs, we must leave him to relate. This was the cold fact, nevertheless. He retreated in disorder, and then came up against that very entanglement he had prepared for our undoing. Screaming and shouting, he now ran to and fro like a rabbit that is coursed, seeking vainly for a burrow to shelter him. And the Australians watched him, and, seeing, they did not wait.

#### Australians' Battue Shooting

It was a veritable holocaust. Our men, kneeling down in the open, enjoyed sport of a kind they had hardly known during the war. Aiming carefully, they picked off their men one by one, and were un-moved by the shrieks of the wounded, whose dreadful cries were heard even above the rattle of the machine-guns. Fifteen hundred dead and three hundred prisoners were the fruits of this surprising victory. Lagnicourt has remained in our undisputed possession since this memorable Sunday, and the famous Prussian Guard has long since ceased to be a name with which Hindenburg can conjure.

This was a fine finish to the first week's fighting in this titanie battle. Of it all, perhaps, the most deadly work had been done in the neighbourhood of Lievin, which feil finally to us on the Saturday morning. Some of our men who fought at Vimy and in the Souchez valley had but four hours' sleep between the Sunday morning and the Friday night. They had to prod each other to keep awake in the trenches, but they stuck to it to the end, often advancing up to their knees in mud, meeting every kind of trap that could be set for them, and facing perils whose shape was changed with every hour that passed.

Sometimes their work was almost that

of scouts. One officer of a Shire regiment, with half a dozen lusty fellows at his back, found his way into the suburbs and up to the roof of a house, whereupon he sniped a machine-gun party that was holding up our advance four hundred yards away. Others wandered around, discovering a gun emplacement here, or there a heave of the black earth which said that Boches were buried beneath, and that a spade might find them living. The Bois de Riaumont, the one prominent green hill between the Vimy Ridge and Liévin, had been fortified upon its western front until it resembled the glacis of an impregnable fortress.

#### Cunning and Courage

Wé flanked it cunningly, brave men creeping from ridge to ridge, here ducking into shell-holes, there sheltering a moment behind shattered walls and broken trees, until at last the Boche perceived the glitter of our bayonets and fled incontinently. So was it also with the machine-gun posts we named the Crook and the Crazy line. Their gunners shot by adventurers upon the wings, the posts could be held no longer, and once again the Boche bolted and left his equipment in our hands.

It was a great scene of battle this of the Saturday. Far up and down that valley of the black pits the smoke of the heavy artillery and of the light loomed and drifted. A fitful sun shone upon once-green fields and red-roofed houses and the shattered walls of the ancient churches. Everywhere there moved the grey figures, leaping to the assault, here a regiment, there a platoon-again but a handful of men in quest of an adventure.

#### An Old Score Paid

And death was everywhere, and the roar of the great guns, and the aeroplanes soaring like monstrous hawks above, and the ambulances on their grim errands, and the prisoners who laughed or cried.

or were silent in their black defiance.
"I knew you would come back to us," said an old Frenchwoman, spitting in the face of an insolent officer. "You always said you would." Others, mere crazy lads, lighted cigarettes with trembling fingers and declared that we had made "hell over yonder." All, per-haps, at heart were thankful to have been dragged from that inferno whose very fons et origo was the line Hindenburg

had declared to be impregnable.
We had smashed it, indeed, when Sunday, April 15th, came. By the Friday night there had been 13,000 prisoners taken, including 285 officers. We got 166 guns, among which there were eight 8 in. howitzers and 130 field-guns and ordinary howitzers. Lens was still held, but only upon sufferance. Lievin and the villages round about were in our hands, and northward we had fought successfully over the very ground about Loos where we had suffered so many disappointments in the days which will never be forgotten.

The greatest military operation in the history of the British Army it has been called. Perhaps it is truer to say the greatest in the story of any army.

# At Grips with the Hun in Historic Artois



Night in No Man's Land on the western front. British and German patrols in deadly struggle when no shots may be fired.

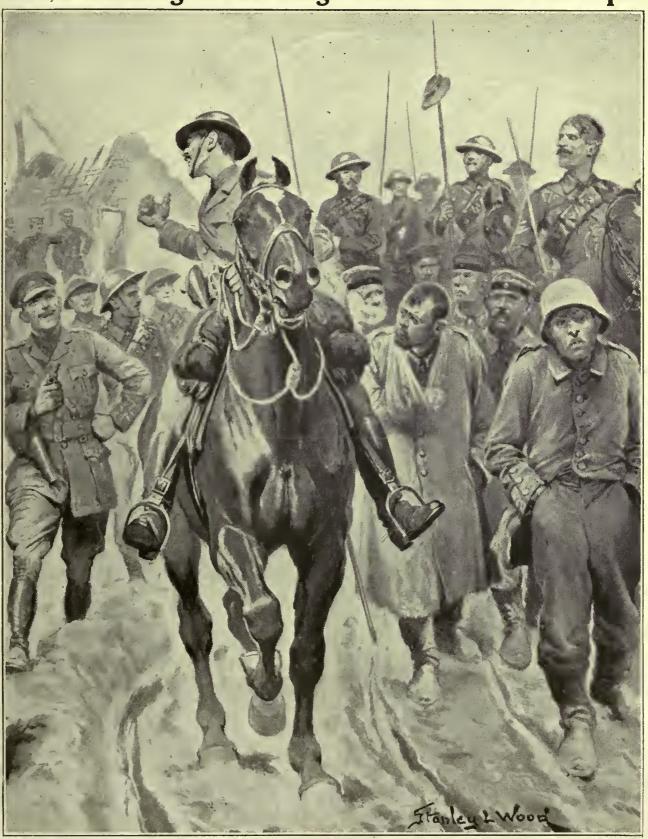


Iron-headed battering-ram left by the Germans at Margny-aux-Cerieee, near Roye. When eet ewinging it reduced a house to ruine.



In the opening etages of the Battle of Arras some British infantry rushed a German field battery posted in the open. The captain fought to the last, but the gunners threw up their hands as the British charged, and six field-guns and a machine-gun fell into our hands.

## Good Hunting! Hacking Home After a Hot Spin



A British cavairy patrol returning to camp after a skirmish, with a batch of prisoners to swell the total of more than three thousand captured in first two days of Sir Douglas Haig's second thrust from Arras, begun April 23rd, 1917. The picture is strikingly, almost humorously, reminiscent of one of the scenes of English

sporting life to which Germans so strongly resent warfars being compared: of the scene when the hunt hacke home along English country lanes, watched with interest by wayfarers gathered outside every barn, save that in this case the hounds with feathery tails high waving are replaced by very sorry ours with their tails well down.

# Stirring Episodes in the Great Battle of Arras



British coldiers crossing the Scarpe by means of a partially destroyed footbridge. The fighting along the Scarpe, which runs from Arrae to Doual, had been very severe ever eince the Battle of Arrae began, especially at Rosux, on the north bank of the river.



Canadians fighting their way to Fresnoy. When they found in front of them a trench of German grenadiere they threw themselves flat on the ground and eteadily fired rifle-grenades "till the enemy eurrendered or fled or died—it did not matter which to these grim men."

## British Airmen's Surprise for Prussian Guard



On April 12th, 1917, the Prussian Guard massed at the Bois-en-Hachs for a counter-attack on Vimy Ridge, when they were assalled by a flock of British airmen, who routed them with light bombs, a form of attack against infantry never before employed so effectively.



Cavairy patrol advancing over open country near Mory. In May, 1917, communiques daily showed the greater liberty of action of our cavairy. Thus, Brigader-General Bulkeley-Johnson was advancing with his brigade when word was brought him that "the gap was made," and riding forward alone to verify the report he was killed, saving many casualties by his own self-sacrifice.

## Ousting the Hun from the Shelter of Oppy Wood



Both sides are digging feverishly on the Hindenburg line, the British to organise captured positions, the Germans to perfect new once. Even sappers and roadmakers on both sides come into collision, and spades are dropped and bombe and rifles enatched up for action.



Oppy Wood had been converted by the Germans into an enchanted forest, with wire tangled among the undergrowth, machine-gun rookeries above, and warrene below. Their gunners hid behind the trees on ladders when our ehrapnel buzzed through the boughs.

## Surrender! British Cavalry Beat and Cow the Hun



Although in April, 1917, our cavalry had not the full opportunity for which one correspondent said "they burn and are ready," they had many occasions to tighten their girthe for a gallop and try conclusions with enemy patrols and rearguarde. They rode into the burning ruine of villagee and found ecattered Germane,

left behind to snipe or to complete the work of devastation, and at these they charged full tilt, eo hot with wrath that they hoped the wretched creatures would not be too terrified to put up some sort of resistance, and would not answer to the shout of "Surrender!" with a whimpered "Kamerad!"

### War's Fantastic Panorama on the Western Front-



Panoramic view behind the lines in the Arras battle area during one of the most eventful days of the great advance. Mr. Philip Gibbs, in one of hie peculiarly graphic descriptions, eaid that it was all fantastic as a nightmare of war. Behind the lines, on white, dusty plains under the



Another view of the panorama of fentastic contrasts, as it appeared to those privileged to witness the stages of the great battle. "No sene man would believe it," declared Mr. Gibbs, "unless he saw it with hie own syes and heard it with his own ears." Where men were

## Graphic Scenes in the Gigantic Arras Struggle



giare of the sun, men waiting to go into battle slept beside their arme; hostils shalle burst among the tents and kinema pavilions, and a band was playing; wounded men were hobbling back through old trenches where other men sat cleaning their riffse.



rseting, waiting their turn to go forward, and others were returning wounded, yet others were hurrying forward with all the machinery of warfare, while mules kicked and rolled beside heavy batteries and transports, and over all was the thunder of the guns and the bursting of shells.

## Animated Scenes in the Great Artois Advance

British Official Photographs



"Spotting" for the artillery—and tslephoning back the results observed. The accuracy of our artillery was deadly.



British raiding-party satting out to keep the Germans "jumpy." At the moment of starting an enemy shell burst just ahead.



Well named "Hotel of the Ruine" at Coucy-le-Chateau, between Soleeone and La Fere, as It was when recaptured by the French.



Water supply the Huns could not contaminate. Where the enemy had poisoned the wells the British meltsd snow for tea-making.



British officers consulting the map of the positions which they have newly captured, and which they have been helping to consolidate.



Carrying up colle of wire for use on newly captured ground. The "duck-walk" is laid for easy crossing of difficult surfaces.

## Shell Transport & Salvage Work on the Arras Front



British soldiers examining the ruins of a German observation post, on the rickety platform of which the dead observer still lay.



Pack-mules bringing up field-gun ammunition at night in the specially designed wicker panniers carrying five rounds a side.



Msn of the Salvage Corps clearing up the battlefield immediately after the battle had gone on. Useless debrie was piled in heaps for subsequent destruction, and everything that could be used again was removed to sorting depots to be prepared for reissus.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### The Arras Offensive: Capture of Monchy-le-Preux

By MAX PEMBERTON

ORTH and south of the famous Vimy Ridge are two river valleys. The north is the valley of the Souchez, running by Angres and Lievin to a mound called the Pimple, beyond which lies the town of Loos. South of Vimy there is the River Scarpe, running almost due east by the village of Fampoux, and then slightly north-east across the great Plain of Douai. It was here that the terrible fighting of April 11th, 1917, chiefly took place.

north-east across the great Plain of Douai. It was here that the terrible fighting of April 11th, 1917, chiefly took place.

The first day of the battle, as we know, won for us the best part of Vimy Ridge. Our men had entered Blangy, that famous suburb of Arras, and our "tanks" had helped them to take the villages of Tilloy and Feuchy; but the Germans were still on the eastern slopes and in the woods above Vimy, and it was not until the Tuesday that the victorious Canadians came pouring down into the villages of the great coal-field. Farbus fell on April 19th, but the enemy remained in Vimy itself until April 13th, upon which day Givenchy-en-Gohelle, Petit Vimy, Angres, Liévin, and the Bois de Riaumont were all in our hands.

### Famous Chateau and Park

Now, all this was the first step in the great encircling movement which we knew must end infallibly in the ultimate fall of Lille and Lens. But the advance from the north had to be supplemented by a corresponding advance from the south along the valley of the Scarpe, and here the most formidable obstacles confronted us.

Of these the most prominent was the village of Monchy-le-Preux, with its famous chateau and park. Even in this dreary Arras region Monchy suggests all the dominant beauty and repose of the famous chateau tradition. It stands upon a spur of ground below the southern bank of the Scarpe, and attains a proud altitude from which the great plain can be overlooked and even the spires of Douai dimly discerned on the horizon. With Monchy in our hands, the first absolute achievement in the turning of the Hindenburg line could be recorded. Without Monchy even the possession of Vimy was of little good to us, while its capture would mean that the dangerous villages Wancourt and Heninel, in the valley of the River Cojeul to the south-west of it, would form a dangerous salient for Hindenburg which he must immediately abandon.

### Advance in Heavy Snow

These were the immediate reasons which sent our men out very early on the morning of Wednesday, April 11th, to the assault of this towering citadel. Snow fell heavily even at dawn. To the accompanying thunder of the heavy artillery the Scotsmen and men of the Midland regiments had been busy all day Tuesday in the preparation for the final attack at the dawn of the following day. On the north of the river the village of Fampoux had fallen, while on Tuesday night the British troops had dug themselves in where they could, or, defying the snow and the German shells, had boldly lain down in the open. This, like the night which was to follow it, suggests, as Mr. Philip Gibbs has said well in a fine despatch, "the glamour and cloak of a

Russian campaign rather than a dead and bitter warfare in the month of April. The night was dreadful for men and beasts," he records. "Snow fell heavily and was blown into deep drifts by a wind as cold as ice. Wounded horses fell and died, and men lay in a white bed of snow in an agony of cold, while shells burst around them. As gallant as the fighting men were the supply columns, who sent up carriers through the blizzard and shell fire.

"At four o'clock in the morning a ration was served out, and 'Thank God for it!' said one of our officers lying out there in a shell-hole with a shattered arm. Strange and ironical as it may seem, the post came up also at this hour, and men in the middle of the battlefield, suffering the worst agonies of war, had letters from home, which in the darkness they could not read."

Thus of the night for our own men—but for the Boches one of amazing surprise. Up there upon that height, which rises one hundred feet above the river, ensconced snugly in the cellars below the beautiful old chateau whose white walls have been a beacon to many a generation of Frenchmen, the Hun may well have thought the citadel impregnable. The village itself had hardly been touched. The trees of the park were so many arbours for the machine-guns, which were often mounted in their very branches, while the artillery had as yet done but little damage to the beautiful chateau and its outbuilding.

### Flight of the Germans

So we see the German officers stalking into the house late at night and telling the two old Frenchwomen, who still waited upon them there, that coffee must be ready at dawn. It was not coffee, however, that was served to these excited soldiers when the clarion call at length came to them.

We can imagine with what amazement they heard, when awakened, that the British were on the very outskirts of the village, and that Monchy-le-Preux was already doomed. So hasty was their exit that they had not time even to pull down the battalion flag outside the gate, and flying headlong with the remnant of the garrison, they reached the first line of trenches in the valley below, and there, we may suppose, sent up their "SOS" for those counter-attacks which were to terminate in such a holocaust.

Meanwhile the dawn had broken and the British were coming on. Down there in the valley of the Scarpe the strange spectacle was to be seen—for strange it was upon that Arras front—of cavalry going at the gallop, their steel helmets already glistening with snow, their tunics whited like the garb of Cossacks.

Long had they waited for this hour, but now it had come triumphantly. Theirs was the task to sabre the Germans upon the lower slopes of Monchy, and gallantly enough they performed it. We read with sorrow that their losses were heavy, that many a fine horse stumbled and died, that many a man lay prone with the snow covering him as a cloak. But their work was done, nevertheless, while their valiant charge was witnessed by the wounded of other regiments, whose figures lay everywhere upon the whitening landscape.

"You have never," says Mr. Philip Gibbs, "seen cavalry like them—mud encrusted figures in flat metal hats, men with three days' beards and faces covered with grime in no way suggesting the smart Lancers, Dragoons, or Hussars of other days.

"They had slept in shell-holes and lain in mud and rain with no protection save their greatcoats." And of their performance, a child with a subaltern's star on his torn tunic has said: "We went like the devil himself, full tilt for a good half mile into the funny old town itself."

Cavalry in Action

We see them in the wide street at last, the snow falling upon their drawn sabres, the Frenchwomen coming to meet them with tears in their eyes. And they were not alone. Monchy had been veritably encircled.

Fighting against the bitter wind, our infantry, heads down and bayonets poised, had fought their way across the southern slopes. There were machineguns in every dip before them—guns upon the house-tops, guns behind the walls. But they did not hesitate, though, as a Londoner has said, "The bullets were like raindrops."

Into Monchy they went, shooting at the grey-clad figures of the astonished Germans upon the house-tops. The doors of the cottages were beaten in, the stairs choked by the eager mcn who dashed up to fetch Fritz down and were met by howling Huns, who wailed like an Imaum from the tower of a mosque.

Now were there joy and tears for the poor French people who saw salvation come to them. In their astonishment they also cried "Camarade!" to the British. But soon the women were lifting their faces to be kissed, while our soldiers were telling them that the hour of their agony was over.

We encircled Monchy, storming it from the north-east and the south and the west, and when we had taken it with a loss of life that was relatively insignificant, we had done something to make the Battle of Arras the most famous in history. Of course there were counter-attacks.

No sooner were we in the place than a storm of German shells began to fall upon it.

Grey Waves that Fell

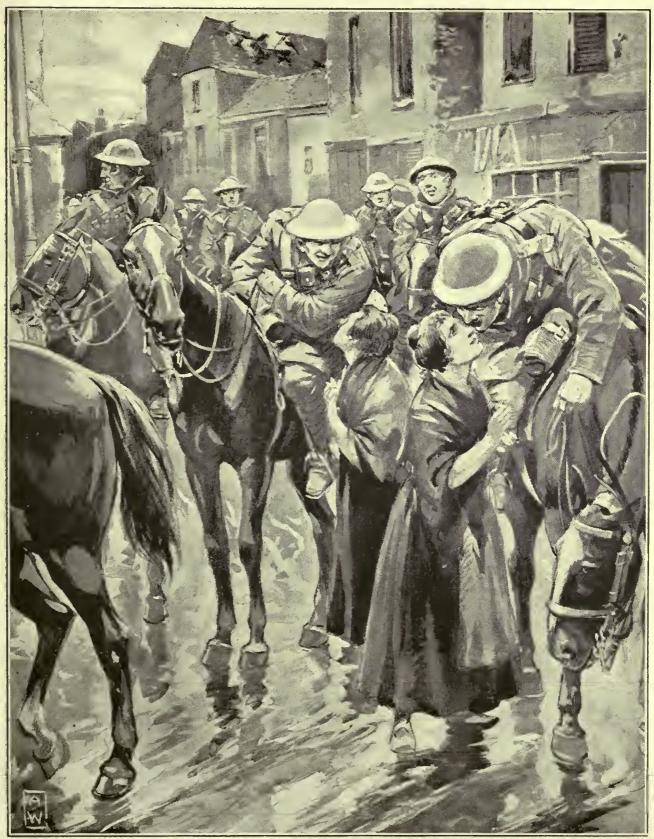
The village which had been a village at dawn was but a ruin at nightfall. Beyond it our men, who would have pushed down into the valley, were met by a storm of shot from the wood of Sart upon the east, while later in the afternoon the first of the great counterattacks was launched against them. From this time onwards waves of greyclad Germans essayed to reclimb the slopes and to win back the citadel they had lost. "They disappeared," says an observer, "as snow in a May sun."

The butchery was ghastly. Our machineguns were in position by this time and our full artillery at work. The grey

The butchery was ghastly. Our machineguns were in position by this time and our full artillery at work. The grey waves of the enemy rose and surged and washed themselves out on that bloody shore. We remained masters of the place, though Monchy itself was no more and its chateau still hidden in the

whirling snow.

## Kisses from Grateful Women for Gallant Men



British cavalry assisted in the capture of Monchy, a little highperched village around which the Battle of Arras raged for hours. They galloped through a enowetorm over Observation Ridge and carried the north elde of the village, the enemy fleeing before them. Two Frenchwomen etayed in Monchy all through the fighting. When the British rode in these women came running forward, frightened, and crying "Camarade!" as though in face of the enemy. When the friendly men surrounded them they were full of Joy, and held up their faces to be kissed by the troopere, who leaned over their saddles to give them this greeting.

## Imperturbable Infantry Close In Upon Lens

British Official Photographs



Infantry moving forward in artillery formation. The British advance through the surroundings of Lens was almost wholly an infantry victory due to superior skill, enterprise, and nerve, marked by an sbullient high spirit and by a coolness that paralysed the foe.

## British Patrols' Big Part in the Arras Push



A British cavairy patroi, festing its way forward early one morning, surprised a detachment of Uhians at the end of a sunken road. The eentry was wounded and captured, and the rest took to flight, several being killed and wounded by the rifle fire of our troopers.



Another British (infantry) patrol, steeling through a village, heard the sound of machine-gun fire. Taking cover by ruined houses and barne they crept up unperceived to the gun emplacements, which they wrecked, shooting down the gun crews and capturing the guns.

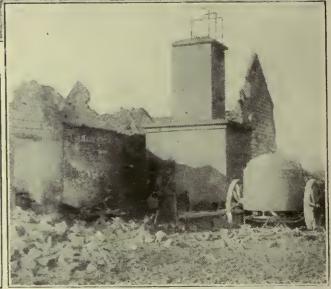
# Glimpses of the Glorious Battle of Arras



Canadian Light Horae going into action on April 9th, 1917, when Canadian troops captured the whole of Vimy Ridge.



Floods on the road near Tincourt, about five milee east of Peronne. passed through in the course of the advance towards St. Quentin.



Ruine in Tilloy, on the Arras-Cambrai road, captured April 9th, 1917, showing a German machine-gun emplacement on wheels.



Men who took part in the capture of Tilloy looking at eome of their accumulated booty. Forty guns were captured on that day.



British soldiere watching a phase in the tremendous Battle of Arrae, destined, perhapa, to be the most decisive battle of the world.

## War-Weary Bavarians in their Barbed-Wire Cage



British coldiers succouring a crowd of newly-caught prisoners who had been taken during the Arrae advance. Hundred after hundred of surrendering Bavarlane were herded together and marched to a single corps "cage" until the number it contained was close upon two thousand. Our good-natured coldiers are

described as having busied themselves in filling the prisonera' water-bottles for them, while at the same time they indulged their taste for chaff by tossing harmless inquiries about "Kaiser Bill" and "Hindenbeggar" over the barbed-wire fancing within which the thronging Bavarians were closely pent.

## Young London Wins High Fame on Arras Field-



Many were the deede of heroism in the battle of the second-lieutenante of London—" they never lost courage, and kept their pride "—
in the opening days of the Battle of Arras, says Mr. Philip Gibbe. One company followed a mere boy of nineteen as a great captain.



Another second-lieutenant of London, finding himself confronted by uncut wire before a German gun, flung his platoon round the flank, emashed through the wire, and eprang on the gun-team with a revolver in one hand and a bomb in the other. When the eurprised gun-team had been accounted for by being wiped out he waved his revolver and called to his men, "Let's get on!"

## -Weave in the Laurel Wreath Some London Pride



At one point in the attack, to continue citing Mr. Gibbs' stirring story, sniping machine-guns held up the British from hidden shell-holes. A second-lieutenant and sergeant crawled into No Man's Land, located a sniping point, and dragged three snipers from the hole.



Bolder than St. George's attack on the dragon, ease Mr. Gibbs, was that of a London Riffeman who went forward alone to kill an enemy machine-gun with its hideoue "tat," "tat," "tat," for the dragon" was a harmless beast compared with this spitfire devil." Armed with a Lewis, carried at the hip, he fired so coolly that he scattered the Germans and captured their gun.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### How Bullecourt Was Won

### By MAX PEMBERTON

HIS already historic Bullecourt! What immortality has been won amid its ghastly ruins! What a month it will make of this May in the year of grace, 1917, when the whole record

of the war is before us!

Not, be it observed, that we did not hear the name of Bullecourt before May set in. There was fighting, hard fighting, there on April 14th, at the end of the first week of the Battle of Arras, when Hindenburg flung the Prussian Guard upon the Australians between Lagnicourt and the village, and for the day averted the peril to his famous'switch—the new line of frenches running from Quéant in the south to Drocourt in the north. That was the only set-back we met with during the famous week, and its memory was soon to be wiped out by achievements as magnificent as any the great battle has shown us.

It was natural that the German Higher Command should realise the importance of Bullecourt. Here ran the famous Hindenburg line, long spoken of as impreg-nable. Behind it was the switch, but the switch was not yet ready, and our airmen reported the feverish haste with which the wire was being set up and the concrete laid down. To gain time for the completion of this work Bullecourt must be held at all costs, the precious Guard hurled upon the Colonials, and all the battered fields about strewn with

the German dead.

### Fighting Amid the Ruins

This must once have been a pretty village, as pretty villages go in the river valleys of the great coal-fields. It lay at the foot of a gentle declivity, was not remote from the vicinity of trees, and had a church and cemetery with some pretence to the picturesque. Red roofs there were and pretty little houses, and main streets with byways, winding and tortuous in the best French manner. Now it is a blur of brick and timber upon a fair prospect. Not levelled utterly to the ground as were Thiepval, Combles, and the villages of the Somme in the great battles of last year, it was yet so destroyed that the oldest inhabitant might have been hard put to it to say which had been the Grande Rue and which the Petite. The very fact added to the difficulties of the English, the Scots, and the Australians who took it so gallantly.

What fighting was this amid the desolation! Look at those fellows creeping across the beams of a roof which once covered a house but is now a mass of dust and timber upon a shattered floor. They are figures from a new inferno, surely—powdered to the very helmets, their faces begrimed, their boots caked with the muck, their beards unkempt, their eyes alight to the joy of it. Somewhere below them, they are saying, in a labyrinth of linked collars running beneath the houses, are the Germans who have been holding on to Bullecourt these many days. We know of their presence by the witness of our splendid dead who lie, white and still, amid the débris. They hide there in the depths to leap up when the opportunity comes and sweep that desolaopportunity comes and sweep that desola-tion with their emplaced machine-guns. And the work done, they go down to their burrows again and listen for British steps on the roof above, or wait shivering for the grenade which shall come with a flash and a roar and strew these sorry caverns with the corpses of them or their fellows.

Now, this kind of fighting has been going on in Bullecourt since the third day of May. It was then that the Australians broke with magnificent dash into the Hindenburg line upon the right of the village, and, despite the fact that they had formed a most dangerous salient for themselves, held on tenaciously for ten days.

#### Heroism of the Australians

Nothing could fetch these fine fellows out. Digging themselves in as they could, cunningly taking advantage of every bit of broken wall or shattered ruin that the wilderness afforded, they lay down and waited for their fellows to come on. There were English and Scottish later on upon the south-west and the west, and in these there rested the hopes of these undaunted pioneers.
"Tommy will stick it all right," they said,

when told that he had already deserted the village. "And there are some Scotties who will hold on till all's blue," added, with a conviction which is as fine a

compliment as any paid to the matchless troops from across the border.

Well, the men did hold on, and long days of a swaying conflict resulted. Throughout, there was the ceaseless booming of the rival artillery; now the Germans shelling those trenches of the Hindenburg line they had lost, now our fellows feeling far and wide upon the horizon for the guns which were doing the mischief. Overhead there soared the 'planes," the great birds in a cloudless sky who told us of this concentration or of that, of feverish work by Germans to prepare the Quéaut switch, of men and machine-guns in the labyrinth of the village, and of the plight of the plucky Anzacs who endured ten days of hell that Bullecourt might be ours.



WITH THE CANADIANS .- Prince Arthur of Connaught (right) and Sir Julian Byng interested in a captured German trenchmortar. (Canadian official photograph.)

The latter story has been told us by some of them, but it must ultimately make an epic. From the north, from the east, even from the west, the attacks upon them came. Snipers to the south found open trenches and enfiladed them with bullets. There were rushes of Germans perpetually; the grey waves appearing suddenly from the bowels of appearing studenty from the towers of the earth and leaping to the attack with savage cries. It was "Stand by!" and again "Stand by!" Their machine-guns rattled like sticks upon a railing; their rifles were always in their hands. And when night came the whole heaven would be lit up with the blue-white light of the flaming star-shells and the whirlwind barrage would open, and men would wait for dawn with eyes that had forgotten how to sleep.

Yet this was but the preliminary to the fierce fighting of Sunday, May 13th, by which Bullecourt finally was won for us.

We came in practically from three sides of it upon that great day. There were Scots upon the west and English cheek by jowl with them. Dust-begrimed men with sweat upon their faces, they fought from the early hours as demons possessed. Here were things done and seen which shall not be surpassed in the story of the war. Men fought with men as animals in some ruined arena. You saw Germans upon one side of a shattered barn and British upon the other, and their grenades went over the wreck of the roof and men trod upon their own dead to get at the enemy. Every cellar was a possible refuge for the Boche and his machine-gun.

### Guns in Graveyard Vaults

There was no village now, nor any thought of church or market-place or street that Bullecourt had marked upon its map-only this ruin and the blackened figures leaping from stone to stone of it, and the bayonets flashing in the sun-shine, and the cries going up of despair or of appeal as the steel went home and the life's blood gushed out. A fight to the bitter end, beyond all description horrible—yet for us a triumph beyond all expectation magnificent.

Perhaps the climax of all this deadly business came in the cemetery, where the graves were opened and the dead flung out. Here the Boche found in the vaults an emplacement for his machineguns which could not have been bettered. And he fought to the very dcath amid the bodies and the bones of those who had lived their humble lives in this once pretty village, and had known, perhaps, the greatness and the glory of France, and had believed that civilisation would leave those white crosses standing until the end. So little did he know of the German, the corpses of whose proud Foot Guards now lie amid the broken coffins, and whose blackened faces send even strong men shuddering from this hallowed acre.

We had taken Bullecourt by the 14th, but there were counter-attacks, of course. We broke them up with a barrage which did great credit to our gunners, and but twenty of many hundreds reached our trenches at the first attempt. These were shot or bayonetcd to a man, while a later effort resulted in one wretched Boche

arriving at the parapet.

## Artillery in Action Behind the Arras Advance



Busy scene behind the British advance on the Arras front, showing the heavy gune being placed in position and fired while the forries were bringing up ammunition and materials for the dug-outs in course of construction. To the left the field telephone was already at work.



Brigade of R.F.A. ruehed forward to reinforce the barrage fire at short range. Almost before the teams that had galloped the gune into position were clear the gunners were firing. Magnificent artillery achievements alone made possible the wonderful work of our infantry.

## Nor Shells Nor Sentries Stay Salvation's Steps

British and Canadian Official Photographs



Shells dropping on Messinse, a nams written in gold in British annals by Gsneral Plumer.



Shells bursting near a British advanced dressing-station, whose sandbags and earthed dome are better protection against German attack than the Red Cross.



British soldiers outside a former German headquarters in one of the recovered towns. The French flag over the doorway and the British sentry convert the German sentry-box into an object-lesson in the hollowness of the German boasts of permanent conquest.

## Forward with the Guns! On the Heels of the Huns



Moving up the guna in the Arras advancs. Behind the lines, says one observer, "it is like a world in movement, with tides of swirling traffic;" always guns were moving—monster howitzers, long-muzzled guna, field batteries—so quickly did our men go forward.



Making good the roadway in a wrecked village whence the enemy had been driven. The pioneers worked steadily with pick and shovel, despite shell fire, while the officers taped out the road "as though taking up the Strand in the good old days before the war."

## Tales of the Tanks: Forty Hours of Adventure-



During the capture of Wancourt and Heninsi (south-east of Arras) one of the British "tanks" fought for a day and a night and a day, "nesing out" German machine-gunners and infantry in the villages and along the slopes. Nothing like it had been done before.



In the fighting round Lens a "tank" entered a village alone and destroyed six machine-gun positions. Then, the monster being crippled, an officer got out with some of the crew, and with a Lewis gun obliterated a party of Germans who tried to rush the machine.

## -Amidst the Foe at Wancourt and Heninel



Mr. Beach Thomas telle ue that the "tank" which fought for forty hours at Arrae flattened out many hundreds of yards of wire, cowed and knocked out a number of the enemy against whom our infantry had been powerless, and filled the mouth of a dug-out.



Along the line of the Arrae advance the enemy's subterranean fortressee proved defencelese against the British gun fire; and, as in the case above illustrated, the surrendering Boches were frequently compelled to bring up their own gune from their dug-outs.

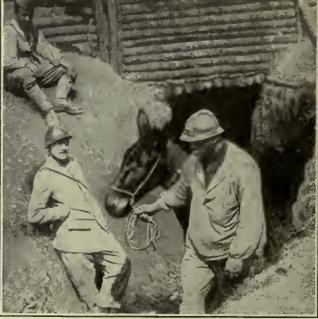
## From Captive Ostend to Recaptured Messines



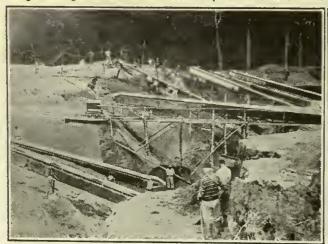


Part of the front at Ostend as it had been "wired" by the Germans to hinder any poeeible landing party, and (right) houses in the famous Belgian seaside resort damaged during a British bombardment. These pictures are from enemy photographs.





Sentry corner on the Alene front, where the sentry had an armoured trench cupola in which to ehelter from enemy aircraft bombs. Right: "Dug-out" etables for mules on a part of the French front where these animals were employed. (French official photographs.)





Wonderful labour-saving devices in use on the French front. The soil, etc., as it was excavated was put on automatic travelling belts which conveyed it to the trucke, which in turn automatically moved over the light railways and dipped out their contents at the required position. (French official photograph.) Right: A destroyed German work on Messines Ridge. (British official photograph.)

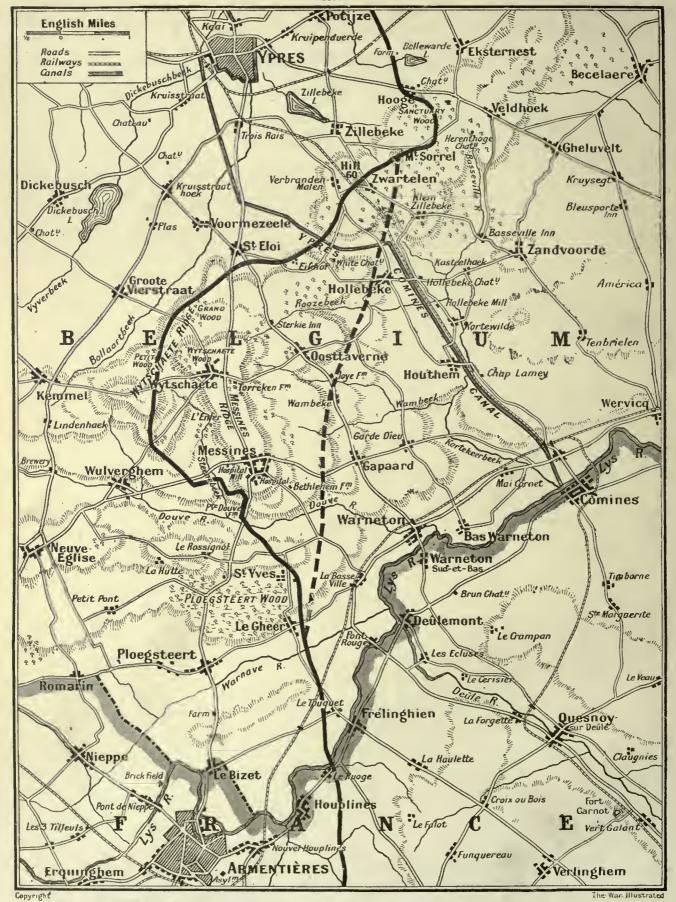
## Seven Thousand Teutons Taken at Messines



German prisoners being examined near Messines. Seven thousand were captured on this historic occasion, and all spoke with awe of the preliminary British explosion of mines on the ridge and the territor hamberdment which extended the second



lesuing rations to the Germans captured at Messines. Despite German official attempts to minimise the importance of the victory won by the British Second Army on June 7th, 1917, the prisoners said enough to show that the German Army realised its magnitude.



THE BATTLE OF MESSINES.—Map of the area of the British victory of June 7th, 1917, when the Second Army, under General Plumer, operating between Ypres and Armentières, carried Messines Ridge, Wytechaete, and Ocettaverne, etorming the

enemy's defence systems, including many etrongly organised woods and defended localities, on a front of over nine miles. Formidable counter-attacke were broken, and over 7,000 prisoners taken in three days. The dotted line indicates the extent of British advance.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### The Victory of Messines Ridge

### By MAX PEMBERTON

HERE were many who, lying awake in London on the morning of Thursday, June 7th, 1917, will tell you that they heard the mighty explosion with which began one of the greatest and certainly the most terrible of the battles in the story of Armageddon.

Could a contrast more wonderful be

imagined?

The sleeping city, the summer's day just dawning, the lights grown pale in our street, but here and there a waggon lumbering to market-millions of sleepers who had forgotten the war.

And across yonder! An army of many thousands, but not one of them sleeping. A flat country with low ridges of shabby hills and poor woods, and wide roads once of pavé, and brooks and canals that suggested swamps. To the north the battered town of Ypres, where there stands little but ruins; to the south the famous "Plug Street" Wood, wherein so many have died that we may live. And behind all this line the activity of a thousand factories; trains moving guns massing, troops here, troops there, Staff officers at the gallop, bayonets glistening, the guns moving ceaselessly. The very air seems terrible in its stillness. There is not a man of all those regiments who does not know that this is the fateful hour.

It is an hour for which we had long waited-perhaps since the autumn of 1914, when for days together the fate of our Empire hung in the balance and gallant men saved the Channel ports by what now seems a miracle of human courage and

endurance.

#### Passing of Ypres

Who does not recollect the heroism of the Royal Scots Fusiliers at that fateful moment; how England did upon a day of October which never can be forgotten; General French's superb rally of the 1st Division; the charge of the London Scottish; the retaking of Gheluvelt; the saving of Calais. Later on there was the famous defeat of the Prussian Guard on November 11th, the terrific fighting for Messines and terrific fighting for Messines and Wytschaete, and the final abandonment of those villages. In the Second Battle of Ypres, which the thin grey line waged heroically from April to the Middle of May, we heard for the first time of gas and of the agonies of those surprised by it. But here in England we knew at that time but little of the meaning of the titanic conflict, and there were always the optimists to tell us that we could break through "at any time."

Subsequently, Ypres passed somewhat out of the picture. We knew that the British held a dangerous salient there,

and that the Germans occupied the high ground, from which they could shell us at their pleasure. We heard with regret that the magnificent old mediæval town was being destroyed stone by stone; its Hotel de Ville becoming but a shell; its wonderful church but a ghastly ruin. Soldiers told us of the dangers of the place; how that no man or gun could be moved upon an adjacent high-road in the daytime; how that we must creep from house to house if we visited the town; how some of the bravest of the people clung to their homes despite the terror.

And then, upon that, came the days when we forgot Ypres altogether, and, our interest moving southward, thought only of the Somme and Vimy and the greater ridges where the mightier battles have been

waged.

The change of attitude was natural; it was not to endure. No victory more complete has been won for us than the one gained on the morning of June 7th. And it was a victory for which we had been undermining the Massice Pill been undermining the Messines Ridge and the hills about it almost since the days of the Second Battle of Ypres.

### Titanic Preparation

Tunnelling patiently, a great army had been at work. No less than six hundred tons of high explosives were secreted beneath the Germans, who imagined that they held us in all security. And at ten minutes past three on the morning of that Thursday they were fired together, with an effect beyond the

power of any pen to describe.

Thus began the Battle of Messines. There had been a stormy night of summer; fitful thunder and a sky of lowering clouds. The moon showed faintly, as through a veil; the air was heavy and dark. Through it all our guns boomed, and the Germans sent up their star-shells, and great flames showed upon a horizon of shadows. For all that, it was hardly an intense bombardment, and about three o'clock it ceased suddenly and a dead silence fell. Men waited, they hardly knew for what. For three years the harvest had been sown, and this was the instant of reaping. When the crash came the bravest trembled. The very ground seemed to be opening at their feet. Hills were thrown into the air; trees blown sky-high; guns and men and concrete all buried together. A day of doom might have dawned, and the Last Judgment come upon mankind. Never were such flames seen upon any horizon. The sounds were like nothing to which human ears had yet listened. And even those who knew could leap up from the ground to cry, "An earthquake!" We had fired the mines at last, had

blown Hill 60 into the ewigkeit-had set the Battle of Messines going with a vengeance.

#### In that Mighty Moment

No sooner was it done than every one of our massed batteries opened fire, and the air became red with flames and the horizon with fire. Beyond us was the great curtain before the day-dawn, scarred by a thousand jets of light—a jig-saw of lightning flashes and acrid iridescence, and all that fearful writing which the finger of Destiny sets down with a pen dipped in the well of death. As the day broke, and the zenith warmed to the sunlight, we saw below it such pillars of smoke, a loom so many coloured, a devastation so overwhelming, that the eye almost feared to look upon it. But we knew that our men were up and out by this time—the splendid Irish from the North and the South, the New Zealanders, the Australians, and the staunchest of the English. Up and over and away to the heights, the "tanks" staggering after them—the new "tanks" and the old, to bid God-speed to those who carried grenade and bayonet, and were already amid the rubble looking for dead Germans. For these the mines had made the paths straight; and who shall wonder that the day was won for them with hardly the sight of a living

Here and there, to be sure, the fighting was stiff enough. Machine-gun emplacements at Wytschaete, more than one cunning dug-out, wherein scattered bands had escaped the holocaust, held up brave men for the instant—but never for the hour. "You cannot keep them back," says an officer in the thick of it, and that is a true saying. They absolutely hurl themselves at the enemy; while, as for Fritz, back he comes by the hundred presently—Bavarians, Prussians, Würtembergers—to the same common "cage." We had five thousand before nightfall, June roth. They sang, they shouted, they did not hide their joy. But speak to them of the inferno from which they have escaped, and then watch their faces I They stammer when they try to tell you how the ground beneath them was cleft suddenly by some mighty force beyond all imagination terrible. They have stories of guns actually shattered to fragments, of whole companies of men buried in a twinkling, of regiments that had disappeared as absolutely as though they had never been.

### Great End Achieved

And here they are, some wounded triflingly, but mostly whole, thanking their German God that they are no longer

in Germany.

Meanwhile, our own good fellows are away yonder, fighting like demons beneath the curtain of the smoke. Happily, their casualties are relatively few. We lose that most gallant fellow, Major Willie Redmond, and mourn him deeply. Some, alas I die when the German great guns hatter. die when the German great guns batter the lost land, and their mighty crumps throw dust and earth broadcast. But, in the main, we go through Messines and Wytschaete unchecked, and by nightfall we are down the other side of the ridge and have taken the village of Oosttaverne. Our front was one of 18,000 yards, and we have penetrated, says the Staff, to a depth of five miles. The Ypres salient is no more. Never again, we hope, will the German gunners look down upon us from the Messines Ridge. The work of the splendid heroes of 1914-15 is consummated at last.

A final word for the excellence of our airmen and the wonderful service they did us. All day, as ever in these battles, they droned above, now observing at their leisure, now turning fiercely upon the Huns who had come out to attack. General Sir Herbert Plumer himself, to whom the King has offered the nation's congratulations, bears witness to their gallantry. Between June 1st and June oth they brought twenty-three German machines to the ground, and drove down

twenty-three out of control.

We salute them gratefully—as all engaged in this magnificent victory.

## Immortal Heroism of K.R.R.C. & Northamptons:



Lance-corporal Higeon, of the Loyal North Lancaehires, swam the Yeer with a rope, which he fastened on both eidee of the river, hoping to enable forty comrades to pull themselves acrose. Thirty were killed, but the corporal's galiantry saved ten lives.



In the evening the enemy delivered en enveloping mase attack on the eurviving Englishmen, cut off by the destruction of the bridges. The remnents of two platoons of the King's Royal Rifle Corpe were eeen fighting to the last man, though quite surrounded.

## Incidents in the Battle of the Nieuport Dunes



A machine gunner, though badly wounded twice, went on firing until overcome by exhaustion. A sergeant reached him, and would have brought him back, but the hero refused. "Destroy the gun and leave me," he said. "You haven't time for me and the gun."



Six officers from a headquarters made as gallant a stand as that of the two platoons of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Shoulder to shoulder they confronted the overwhelming enemy, using their pistols until they were all shot and bombed down.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### The Epic Story of the Nieuport Dunes

By MAX PEMBERTON

HOW long ago it seems since I was held up at the canal bridge in Nieuport to watch a "course" patronised by that gallant gentleman the King of the Belgians, and a source of great excitement in the purlieus of Ostend.

Yet it is only three years almost to a day.

We were driving, I remember, from Calais to Knocke-sur-Mer. We little knew that the villages, the hamlets, the very sand dunes by which we passed were soon to become immortal. To us they seemed monotonous. From Furnes to Ostend we saw chiefly a series of fine golf courses—hummocks bigger than the Maiden at Sandwich, and stretches of fine sandy beach whereon you could have galloped a couple of regiments of cavalry abreast. Zeebrugge we did not even notice. A dirty little seaport on the flats. It was nothing to us.

I was in Furnes again in the spring of the year 1915. Much water had flowed under the bridges of the Yser. The floods were out, and what I saw of the "low countries" was a vast and dreary lake with Germans on the far side of it. They thought they would get through to Calais then, and so did our people at Dunkirk. There were terrible days of waiting and anxiety and fierce onslaughts, and men fighting to their waists in water. But the Germans never got through, and after the Second Battle of Ypres we began to forget the dunes. When we thought of them again it was upon a rumour that something big was about to bappen between Ypres and the sea.

#### Terrific Bombardment

Nobody in London who heard the gun<sup>S</sup> of Tuesday, July 10th, 1917, guessed the truth. None among the crowds that flocked into the theatres or the restaurants was able to say, "Now, at this very hour, imperisbable deeds of courage are being done by gallant gentlemen who are laying down their lives for us."

Yet such was the truth. Put in a phrase, we recall the American story, and say, "the bear blew first." Frightened of a great push, the Germans suddenly determined to strike at our left flank where it debouches upon the sea, and to drive us across the Yser if they could. The attack was made roughly between the road from Lombartzyde to Lombartzyde Bains and the River Yser.

We held the ground with battalions of the Northants and the King's Royal Rifles (the Sixtieth), and were in force in our outpost trenches at Lombartzyde itself. It, would not seem that we expected this sudden and rapid concentration of marine infantry and 5.9 howitzers, and in any case it may be that G.H.Q. believed we could hold the terrain. Its expectations, also, were disappointed, but not until we had fought an action which, for sheer courage and unreckoning sacrifice, has not been matched during the war.

The battle began approximately at six o'clock in the morning. If you can imagine two regiments of infantry en-

trenched upon the Sandwich or St. Andrews golf links, you will get some idea of the position of our men. Sandy soil and low grassy hummocks gave but little opportunity for permanent outworks. We were rather like rabbits burrowing in a warren than soldiers taking possession of ways which the engineers bad buttressed, and to which concrete bad given stability And yet bere our good fellows awoke on that morning of July 10th to discover that the Germans had decided upon an oflensive, and that the shells were already among them.

It was a terrible bombardment; every eye-witness will agree upon that. Hurtling through the air upon our front line came the 5.9's, throwing up the sand in blinding clouds, choking machine-guns and rifles, and driving the gunners to despair. For an bour it endured; then as swiftly was it turned upon our support line; and thence, at the end of another hour, upon the line beyond the Yser.

### Destruction of the Bridges

Soon the rumour spread that the bridges were down, and these fine fellows cut off from any possibility of help. A shell fell in battalion headquarters, killing and wounding the officers there, and gallant Sergeant Cope, of the Northamptons, offered to swim the Yser, here forty-six feet wide, and to bring assistance if he could. But even at that early hour it must have been apparent that the men were doomed, and well can we imagine the despair of those who now realised that for them the end of Armageddon had come.

Throughout the day, from six in the morning until three in the afternoon, the devastating fire of the German howitzers continued. At one time a measured onslaught upon the front or rear trenches, it would, after the briefest interval, become a creeping barrage, or would twist snake-wise and develop in jerks, a horrid rain of projectiles scouring the sand and cleaving the hillocks, and flinging high the maimed and broken bodies of the heroes who stood fast. For stand fast they did, like the brave men they were, often buried deep in the earth, their rifles useless in their hands, their machineguns silenced, their eyes blinded.

Three o'clock of the afternoon came and found the remnant still there. It was the hour when, dramatically, the bombardment ceased, and through the murk upon sand hill, dune, and sea beach the Hun Marine Light Infantry were seen advancing.

#### Heroic British Stand

Fresh troops with a morale unshaken by the Somme or Vimy, they crept in upon our desperate remnant from two sides, and then began the fiercest and bloodiest hand-to-hand fighting of the war. Scattered often, sometimes in platoons, little groups at the death-grip in hollows remote, by the canal banks, even down upon the seashore, our men turned upon the Germans and fought the last great fight.

Any weapon served in that magic hour. There were bombs thrown and bayonets flashing in the sun; men wrestling as athletes in an arena; brave fellows thrown and slaughtered on the ground; a few driven to the river's edge and swimming to salvation, or standing there helplessly because they could not swim.

"You cannot save both me and the gun," cried a machine-gunner to a sergeant who would have carried him away. "Take the gun and leave me!"

Elsewhere the most wonderful things were done. As the sun began to set a sergeant, reaching the bank of the river, looked back over a vista of the dune land to see our unflincbing stragglers fighting to the very death. The sunlight flashed upon them, and the sea beyond was infinitely blue. They fought back to back against odds which were often twenty to one.

Farther along the beach the battalion headquarters staff, or what was left of it, had taken refuge in a tunnel near the sea; and as dark came down one of our fugitives saw for a terrible instant the picture of six officers in that black hole, their pistols drawn, fire being sprayed upon them and bombs thrown into their perilous shelter. Not a man thought of holding up his hands. Side by side they died for the imperishable honour of their regiment.

A few of ours got away, but only a few. In its way, the Yser became a miniature Beresina, and we had men running wildly to and fro upon its banks, seeking a way over.

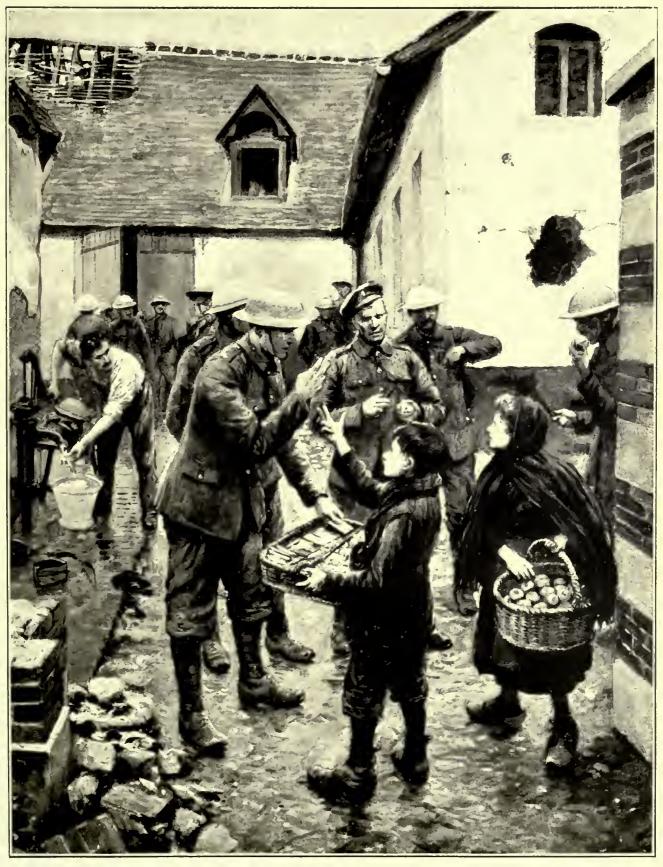
### The Bravest Deed

Those who could swim plunged in boldly, and found salvation upon the opposite shore. Those who could not made no complaint, believing that help would come to them somehow, a faith in which they were justified.

Lance-Corporal J. A. Higson, of the Loyal North Lancashires, perceiving his comrades' predicament, plunged into the river and, having swum across, hastened to find a rope with which to save the others. Making it tast upon the left bank, he swam back with it to the right, and soon he was drawing the helpless men one by one through the water. There was no braver deed done upon that day of days. He received the D.C.M. for bis action.

When night fell, there fell also a great silence upon the dunes. The Germans had gained some six hundred yards of barren land, but nothing else. We still held our trenches at Lombartzyde, and the position they had won made for them a dangerous salient which should soon be in our possession again.

Incidentally, however, they had proved that the traditions of our British regiments are well founded, and that the deeds which have made them immortal in the century which has passed are the deeds we may still applaud at the crisis of Armageddon.



CHOCOLATE AND APPLES BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES: FRENCH CHILDREN DO A ROARING TRADE.

\*To face page 2840\*\*



## THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Bassano

LT.-GEN. HON. SIR JULIAN H. G. BYNG, K.C.M.G.

Commanded the Canadian Army Corps, 1916-1917

### PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR GENERAL SIR JULIAN BYNG

IEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HON. SIR JULIAN HEDWORTH GEORGE BYNG, colonel of the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, who succeeded Sir Edmund Allenby in the command of the Third Army on the western front in June, 1917, was born on September 11th, 1862. He is a son of the second Earl of Strafford (a great-great-grandson of the first Viscount Torrington) and his second wife, the Hon. Harriet Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the first Baron Chesham. Gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars on January 27th, 1883, Julian Byng saw active service for the first time in 1884, in the Sudan, at the Battle of El-Teb, against the rebels under Osman Digna, when General Graham, with some 4,000 men of the 10th and 19th Hussars, Gordons, Black Watch, Lancashire and Yorkshire battalions, and Marines, completely defeated a force of 12,000 of the enemy. He also took part in the victory at Tamai a few weeks afterwards, his services being rewarded with the medal and clasp and the bronze star.

### Popularity with Overseas Contingents

Adjutant of his regiment from October 20th, 1886, to October 19th, 1890, he gained his captaincy on January 4th, 1890, served as adjutant Cavalry Brigade June 1st to October 20th, 1897, and was promoted major on May 4th, 1898, being D.A.A.G. at Aldershot from October 27th, 1897, to the outbreak of the South African War, in which he served throughout, proving one of the most popular of the Imperial officers among the overseas contingents, first commanding the South African Light Horse, next a column, and then two columns, and being in the severest of the fighting in the various sections of the campaign. He was several times mentioned in despatches, General Buller strongly recommending him for reward and advancement as "a cavalry officer of the highest qualifications," and "with singular ability in the command of irregulars."

Promoted brevet lieutenant-colonel on November 29th, 1900, and brevet colonel on February 15th, 1902, his South African services also won for him the Queen's Medal with six clasps, the King's Medal with two clasps, and the M.V.O., while after October 11th, 1902, he was for two years colonel of his regiment. He was next selected for Staff employ, being commandant of the School of Instruction for Cavalry at Netheravon from May 7th, 1904, to May 10th, 1905, from which date to March 31st, 1907, he was brigadier-general of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Eastern Command. In 1906 he was created a C.B.

After two years' service as commander of the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot he was promoted major-general in April, 1909, and appointed General Officer Commanding the East Anglian Territorial Division, holding this post from October 9th, 1910, to October 24th, 1912. On May 3rd, 1912, he became colonel of the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, and on October 30th of the same year he succeeded Sir J. B. Maxwell in command of the British forces in Egypt, an appointment he held till September 28th, 1914.

### Brilliant Work in Flanders and Gallipoli

Recalled from Egypt at a moment's notice, and sent out to the western front, he rendered distinguished service as commander of the 3rd Cavalry Division, operating with Sir Henry Rawlinson's forces in covering the withdrawal of the Belgian army and its British auxiliaries from Antwerp on Bruges, Ostend and Nieuport. Then, when the Prussian on bruges, Ostend and Neuport. Then, when the Prussian Guard were moved up with speed and secrecy and the Kaiser's express command to break through to the sea, to quote the words of Sir John French, "the First Corps was brilliantly supported by the 3rd Cavalry Division under General Byng. Sir. Douglas Haig," the British Field-Marshal continued, in his despatch of November 20th, 1914, "has constantly brought this officer's eminent services to my notice. His troops were repeatedly called services to my notice. His troops were repeatedly called on to restore the situation at critical points, and to fill gaps in the line caused by the tremendous losses which occurred." Promoted temporary lieutenant-general on

May 7th, 1915, and created a K.C.M.G. in July of the same year, he went out to Gallipoli, where, on August 24th, 1915, he took over from Sir Francis Stopford the command of the Ninth Army Corps at Suvla. His services in this capacity won for him mention in despatches, promotion to the rank of lieutenant-general, and the K.C.B.

#### With the Canadians at Courcelette

Relinquishing the command of the Ninth Corps in February, 1916, he next succeeded Sir Edwin Alderson in that of the Canadian Corps, and shared in the successes achieved in the great advance on the Somme in September, 1916. In that memorable month the Canadian troops, in a series of brilliant attacks, forced the Germans back for over a mile beyond their original line. They captured Mouquet Farm after overcoming a desperate resistance. They attacked and carried the famous Sugar Refinery and its lines of connecting trenches, and, on the same day, organised and delivered fresh attacks, which made them masters of the whole village of Courcelette. Apart from losses they inflicted on the foe, they took over 1,200 prisoners, including thirty-two officers, two guns, a large number of machine guns and number of machine-guns and a number of heavy trenchmortars. A feature of the fighting was the co-operation between the infantry and the Flying Corps, the latter securing an accurate and constant supply of aeroplane photographs, which enabled the Canadian commander to keep in touch with the movements in the enemy lines.

In a despatch to the "Times" of February 9th, 1917, dated from the headquarters of the Canadian Army in France, Lord Northcliffe wrote:

There is still an old lurking suspicion of the Imperial officers which lingers in the overseas mind, and dates back to General Braddock's mishandling of the American colonists and the treatment of young Colonel George Washington, then fighting for England. These doubtings do not apply to Sir Julian Byng, who has the absolute confidence and affection of his warm-hearted and practical army. Sir Julian is a big, well-made man, with strong jaws and a strong walk, distinctly handsome, with dark-blue eyes. His military experience is as complete and varied as that of any officer at the war. His Canadian colleagues, General Currie, General Watson, General Lipsitt and French Canadians with names like Dubuc and Papineau, all speak with the same enthusiasm of their chief. all speak with the same enthusiasm of their chief.

### Promoted to Command of the Third Army

Lord Northcliffe went on to give a vivid picture of Sir Julian Byng's small personal work-room: "the theatre posters of the 'Bing Boys'"—the name of a popular revue then running at the London Alhambra, and adopted by the Canadians for themselves—"and the red-hot maps showing the German positions of yesterday afternoon, which had been already photographed by aviators, developed, mapped, printed and circulated up and down the line.

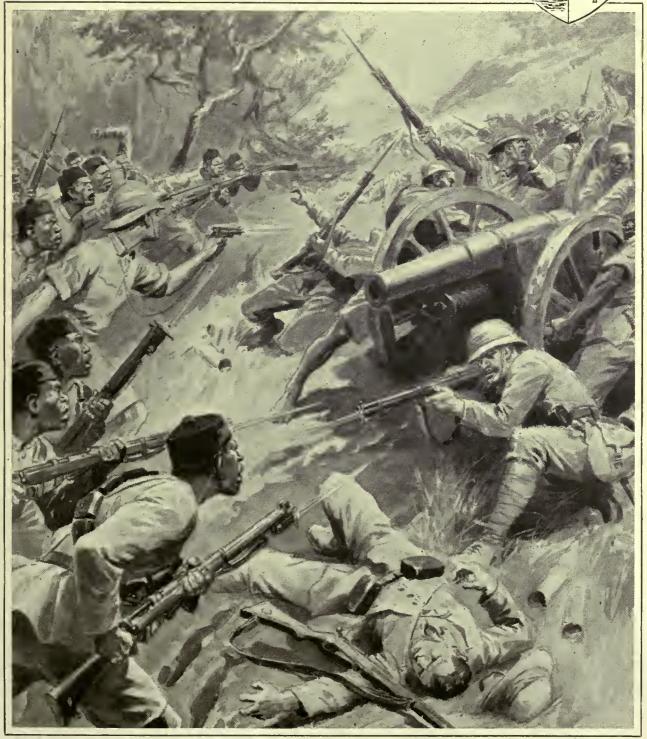
After Courcelette came other successes, among them the glorious capture of Vimy Ridge in April, 1917, which called forth the following telegram to Sir Julian from the Governor-General of Canada (the Duke of Devonshite): "Please accept on behalf of the Government and people of Canada my heartiest congratulations on the brilliant success of the Canadian troops under your command. The news has been received with the greatest enthusiasm throughout the Dominion." When, in June, Sir Julian parted from the Canadians to take over the command of the Third Army, he did so with a feeling of regret shared by all Canadians in the field and at home. In the words of the Duke of Devonshire, speaking on behalf of the Government and people of Canada, during the year Sir Julian had been in command of the Canadians he "had gained the confidence and earned the gratitude of all." It was at this time that General Byng, whom the King of the Belgians had made a Grand Officier de l'Ordre de la Couronne, was awarded the Croix de

Commandeur, Legion d'Honneur, by the French Government. In 1902 Sir Julian married Marie Evelyn, only child of the Hon. Sir Richard Charles Moreton, K.C.V.O., brother of the third Earl of Ducie. Lady Byng is the author of two notable novels, "Barriers" published in 1912, and "Anne of the Marshland," which appeared in 1913.

# Gons of Empire in the

CANADIANS CAPTURE THE VIMY RIDGE

In this interesting section will be found described and pictured the splendid deeds of the "Sons of Empire" on the Western front and in East Africa. The most outstanding event was the capture of the famous Viny Ridge by the gallant Canadian troops on April 9, 1917.



ROUNDING-UP THE ENEMY IN EAST AFRICA.—General Lyali'e column, marching from Kiru on January 1et, 1917, cut the Duthumi-Kideringwa road in East Africa, and encountered a German force trying to extricate a howitzer from a position whence it had been replying to the British fire. A company of Nigeriane promptly charged the gun and captured it in gallant style.

### THE VICTORY OF VIMY RIDGE

BY MAX PEMBERTON

THE rumours from Arras had been many during the earlier months of 1917, but few paid much heed to them. The Somme was all the talk. We heard of monstrous concentrations of guns and material behind the stricken town of Arras itself, but could only guess what the Great Command would do with them. Had we been observant and read the despatches of the correspondents carefully, the week preceding Easter might have taught us something. For then there came rumblings and murmurs as from a volcano afar. The smoke of gossip escaped from many a journalistic fissure. We heard of extensive bombardments round and about Arras itself. Men who had been there described the magnificence of the material behind our lines—such parks of artillery, such miles of camions and transport, such batteries of great guns, such mountains of shells, such splendid fellows in command of it all. Still no rumour of the reality came to London. It needed the glorious despatches of Easter Tuesday (April 10, 1917) to awake the nation to the truth.

### Taking of "Mount Perilous"

The Vimy Ridge was taken at last. How often has this height figured as Mount Perilous since the first days of the Battle of Ypres I Gallantly the French endeavoured to storm it on three unforgettable days. Thousands of shells had been fired by the matchless French artillery in the hope of destroying the network of trenches, emplacements, and caverns which the Germans had constructed laboriously in this, the most redoubtable bastion of their line. Not even the labyrinth upon the Somme was a stronger fortress, and the Ridge itself was ever spoken of with bated breath—that Ridge from the summit of which you could look over the great Plain of Douai and see the mighty vale beyond which lies the promised land.

Now, Vimy lies nearly five miles to the north-east of Arras. The Ridge itself, including Hill 140 and Telegraph Station, runs from north-west to south-east, and below it is the high road from Arras to Lens. Petit Vimy lies in the ravine between Telegraph Station and La Folie Farm, and beyond Petit Vimy is the village of Vimy itself with the railway from Arras to Lens. So formidable was the height that there were pessimists here who almost believed that the taking of it was equal to the winning of the war, and therefore hardly to be thought of even by the credulous. We knew that this great barrier was tunnelled and escarped with all the skill that the German Command could bring to bear upon it.

Pockets for machine-guns were everywhere. The German garrison lay for the most part, as a correspondent has told us, in long, deep tunnels pierced through the hill. Hundreds were in a cavern they called the Prinz Arnault Tunnel; hundreds more in the great Volker Tunnel, which railway engineers must have built. The masses of wire, the traps, and pitfalls defy description. Wherever Hindenburg may have looked for a set-back, assuredly it was not here—and yet the Canadians, the gallant fellows who have

made the name of Courcelette immortal, took it in a day, and we, who knew nothing of their intention on Easter Monday, heard by the Wednesday morning that the impregnable Ridge was in their hands.

#### The Hour Before the Dawn

This mighty battle began some hours before the dawn of our own Bank Holiday. The night was one of wonder and of terror. Finely has Mr. Beach Thomas described the changing hours of it, the waxing and the waning, the quivering of the earth under the discharge of the giant howitzers, the wonderful heaven of stars above when the full fury of the fire world was awakened. "Then," says he, "the fitful flashes were concentrated into an ocean of lightning which broke into one continuous wave above us along the jagged line of batteries. Here and there great mines arose in ponderous upheavals of blackness, glowing red at the centre. Clouds of golden rain were fired as signals all along the lines. The enemy fired his frantic 'S O S' from every quarter. Star-shells of every hue, flashes of guns, bursts of shell and shrapnel—this medley of fireworks filled the earth and air with such intermingled fires that no distinction was perceptible till some particular explosion happened to reflect the wall of a ruin or give background to a tree. The noise, which quite dazed some observers, was forgotten, clean drowned in the light."

All this of the darkest hour before the dawn. Day came with no apparent sun of victory to shine upon the waiting troops. A cold sleet was driven eastwards by the freezing wind which searched valley and height alike. Yet a merrier company never went upon an adventure than these Canadians and Scots and English and Irish who were to fight the greatest battle of the war. The very thunder of thousands of guns must have been music to them. Looking over to the Vimy Heights, or eastwards towards Roeux and Monchy-le-Preux, or southward to Wancourt, they could witness that loom of smoke above the withered earth which said so much. Now was the way being made straight for them. In the gloomy sky above hundreds of our gasbags hung like indolent sausages to spy out the land. Far away the gallant airmen were fighting another battle wherein victory spelt salvation of souls beyond And all this was but a prelude to that fateful moment when the whistles should be blown and the men should leap from their trenches, and the Hun should know whither the days of waiting had led him.

#### Behind a Fiery Curtain

We follow the Canadians across the Souchez road and so away to the foot of Vimy the Terrible. They had taken their watchword from the English soldier, and "Let's make a Bank Holiday of it!" was their cry. The ground was awful. Shell-hole lipped to shell-hole, while mud and wretchedness were everywhere. They passed over it as though it were a fairway in a park. Stooping to the climb, they began to storm the heights and to search for the terror at its heart.

Machine-guns swept the path they followed they went but the faster. Before them, magnificently timed, was the barrage of our own incomparable artillery. followed it so closely that many who witnessed the assault cried out in alarm lest it should envelop them also. But never had the gunners done work more wonderful. "Here," they seemed to say, "we lead and here you shall follow." Overwhelming in its might, the gigantic cannonade cleared the earth as though a monstrous cataclysm of Nature had overtaken it. The wire was hacked to pieces; the gun emplacements became so much powdered concrete in a choking air; the caverns were smashed in; the trenches blown to atoms. And behind this fiery curtain the Canadians dashed on-wards—dived into the blackness, flashed their bayonets in the grim tunnels, and were out again with incredible swiftness, driving before them the huddled Germans, jesting with them, herding them as sheep that have escaped the slaughter.

Fierce as the fighting had been, these indomitable soldiers from "across yonder these Reserve Guards," said one of them. "Why, they run like rabbits!" And the very drolleries of contrast did not escape them even in that fierce hour. Here was a merry old gentleman of sixty with a youth who should have been at a grammar school. Professorial savants stroking long beards marched with beery Huns whose only thought was of meat. There were little men and long men, round men and square men—all fetched from the tunnels they had believed to be impregnable; all thankful that their lives were saved; all, save their officers, willing to go down to the "cages" cheerfully and there to dream of the sausage which had been and the bread which was. We had taken 11,000 of them by the Wednesday and some 100 guns; but the Canadians made the first of the great bags, and this came from Vimy the Terrible, that Vimy which had defied us so many weary months.

### "Tank" on Telegraph Hill

It was not until Monday night that the whole Ridge was in our possession, but very early in the day the besiegers had crossed the steep summit and looked down upon the promised land. There they saw a wonderful sight. The sun shone upon the great plain and, shining, it showed the reason why no reserves had come to the terrified Germans. "Our 60-pounders," said a Canadian officer, "had the day of their lives; they found many targets. There were trains moving in Vimy village, and they hit them. There were troops massing on sloping ground, and they were shattered. There were guns and limber on the move, and men and horses were killed. In truth the enemy's losses were frightful, and the scenes behind his lines must have been and terror."

To this our old friend the "tank" contributed gallantly. We shall hear some droll stories of him when all the truth is written. He climbed Telegraph Hill as though it were a dirt-heap. He sat upon the railway and wiped his brow at his leisure. He was here, there, and everywhere, like some fearsome creature of the mythological past—breathing slaughter, but always as a humorist. And he was not the least considerable factor in helping these matchless Canadians to a victory which is momentous.

## Victorious Canadians Who Captured Vimy Ridge

British Official Photographs



Canadiane on Vimy Ridge getting into communication with aeroplanes. By capturing the Ridge the Canadians were the first allied troops to survey the plaine by Doual since the Germans occupied them in 1914. Inset: British soldiers snatching a rest in Peronne.

## Making Firm the Hold on Vimy's Famous Ridge



British working-party at Thelus pause to watch the explosion of heavy shells. The village of Thelus, on the western side of Vimy Ridge, then in German occupation, was almost wiped out by the artillery hurricans which preceded the victorious advance of the Canadians to the taking of the ridge in the great push forward of April 9th 1917. (British official photograph.)

# King George Visits Vimy Where Canada Won Glory British and Canadian Official Photographs



King George on Vimy Ridge. From the "duckboard" pathway laid acrose the rough ground his Majesty inspects captured German trenches. Right: The King wearing a steel trench helmet.







The King leaving an observation-post on ground that had been captured by the Canadians during their advance.



Trench-mortar bombardment during King George's vielt to the weetern front, July, 1917, and (right) his Majesty paueee to have a few friendly words with a heavily-equipped infantryman as to hie experiences.

# Victors of Vimy on Ground they had Rewon



Some Canadians happy to be wading through mud on a road which they had captured from the Huns on Vimy Ridge.



Making good on the ground won in the west. Britiah soldiers bringing along rails for carrying a light railway still farther forward.



ing the shells that the hurried Huns had left behind in their haste.



Pleasant incident in the great advance. British decorating a ruined statue in Peronne in preparation for a visit of the French President.

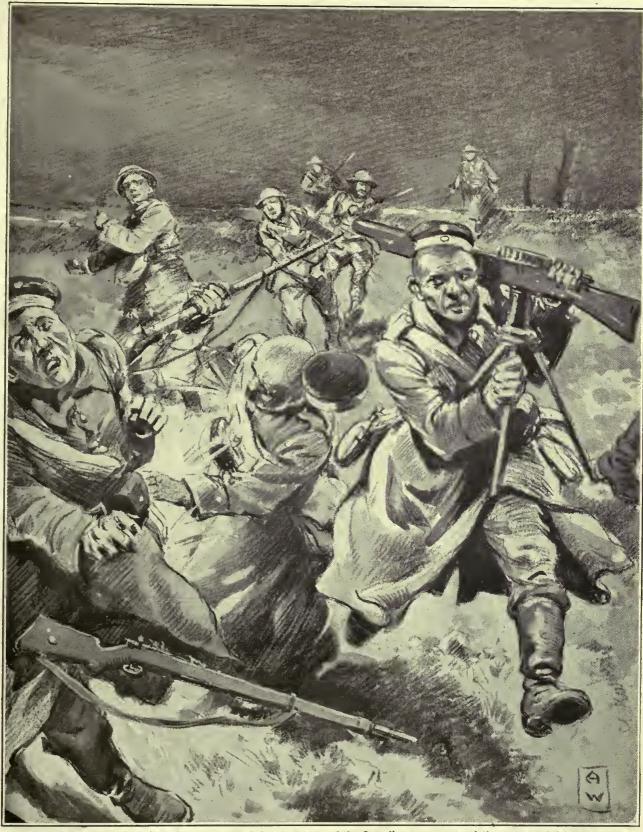


Dinner among the ruins. The sergeants' msss in a corner of a wrecked village from which the Hun invaders had been driven.



Horses waiting in one of the destroyed but freed villages, ready to take up ammunition to the British troops who have gone forward.

## Canadians Turn Tables on Teuton Raiders



In the February of 1917, Canadian troops carried out soms daring raids on the enemy linss on the Western Front. In one of these raide Lisut.-Colonel Kembail, C.B., and Lieut.-Colonel Beckett both fell in action. In a rstallatory raid by the Germans a party of fourteen of the enemy rushed a Lewisegun position

of the Canadians, overpowered the gunner while his mate had gone to warn the rest of the msn in their dug-out, and made off with the gun. The gun-crew tumbled up from their dug-out and pursued the raiders across No Man'a Land with such success that they recaptured their Lewie and got eafely back.

### Light Moments of Leisure in Military Life

British and Canadian Official Photographs





A Canadian enjoying a swim in a shell-hole behind the Cenadian lines. Left: Whiling away an hour on the river in a boat fashioned out of stakes wired on to empty oil drums.



"Gibby," the maccot of a Canadian regiment, and his C.O. The dog had been gaseed twice, but still went into action.



Soldiers three and their pet dog: a clever little terrier that looks as if it could do everything but speak.



Just out from the front line Canadians welcome a change into bathing costume while giving careful attention to their rifles.



Issuing summer "undles" to factidioue Canadians, who evince as critical an interest in the lingeric as ladice do at a white cale.



A French boy on hie round of the Canadian lines with English newspapers. He weare hie shrepnel helmet near the danger zone.



"Zeppelin deetroyed: official." Canadians reading the news, at which one, in the middle of hie tollet, seems particularly pleased.

#### Canadians Enter Avion Through Fire and Flood



During the British advance on the western front a cavairy patrol found a party of enemy cyclists still in a village. The cavairy dismounted, and in a sharp skirmish killed several of the Germans, and took others prisoner in the act of setting fire to houses.



Canadians attacking towards Lene in a thunderstorm on June 28th, 1917. In Avion, south of Lens, the enemy had let loose the floode, and rain swelled these into big swampe, but the Canadians pushed straight ahead, through or over all obstacles into the village strest.

### In the Canadian Lines on the Arras Front

Canadian and British Official Photographs



Serving out the "hash" in a Canadian camp on the wsstsrn front.

As each man has hie pannikin filled he returns to the tsnts.



British fisid-kitchen on the Salonika front. The Frsnch soldier on the left inspects with interest the kitchen of hia comradss-in-arms.



Trench orderly-room in the British lines on the western front. It was apparently constructed in a shell-crater.



Chserful crowd of heavily-laden Canadian Scottieh on their way to take part in the strafing of the Hun.



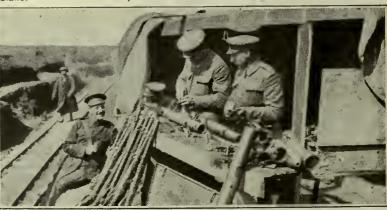
Party of prisoners being searched by their captors after the taking of Arisux, on the way to Freenoy, by the Canadians.



"Stretcher case" at the capture of Arieux, on the weatern front. Wounded prisoners who had been captured by the Canadians.



German prisoners bringing in a wounded Canadian.
The prisoners were captured at Arleux.



Canadian mobile workshop for repairing rifles that had got damaged during the fighting on the western front.

## Work and Play Behind the Lines in the West



During the advance on the western front. Men getting good drinking water for their comrades. (British official.) Right: Two Canadian soldiers examining a rifle. (Canadian official.)







Canadian soldier on the western front trying to tempt a tame jackdaw with a tit-bit. (Canadian official photograph.)



Strange contract on the battlefield. A sergeant on the western front found a cunshade amid the ruine. (British official.)

## Night-Dressed Canadians Charge Over the Snow



While winter etill whitened all the French front, a company of Canadians etartled a respectable old lady who kept a mliliner's shop behind the lines by buying up her entire stock of ladiea' night-dreases. It was one of the grim, grotesque jokee that belong to the humours of this war, mixed with blood and death.

That night the Canadians crept over No Man'a Land, the frilled lingerie which they had put on over their uniforms making them aimost invisible against the anow, and got into the enemy trenchea, where they snatohed a victory from the surprised Germans, who at first could not realise what the fantastic figures ware.

# Building Roads and Railways on Vimy Ridge



eoon as they had driven the enemy off the ridge the conquerors ewarmed out on to what had been No Man'e Land, and now was theire, and began to lay foundatione for hard roade, bringing up balks of timber for that purpose



The German defence of Vimy Ridge was desperate, for it had great importance as dominating all the plain to Doual. The ground was a chaos of shell-cratere, and the Canadians' task in making practicable roads across it to their advanced front line was most arduous.

# Trophies Captured by the Gallant Canadians





Well-pleased Canadians examining a few of the German trench-mortars which they had captured in the fighting in the neighbourhood of Arrae. Right: Carting a captured German gun back to the British lines to be counted among the spoils and pressrved as a trophy.





German 5·9 in. gun put out of action by a direct hit by the Canadian artillery, and (right) a German gun emplacement on the hiatoric
Vimy Ridge shattered by an equally good ehot.





German 8 in. naval gun taken by the Canadians on the railroad at Farbus, north of Arraa, and (right) some more of the trenchmortars gathered by the men from the Dominion.





Canadians firing a German 4.2 in. gun on to Ite original owners to expedite their retreat, and (right) another view of the same instances are numerous of clever mechanics effecting repairs to captured gune and getting them into use in a few minutes.

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To face page 265?

# Conquering Canadians Capture the Vimy Ridge



ecene at a light railway elding when all hands help. Mr. Bsach Thomae, in a "Daily Mail" deepatch, eald: bearers want to their work as on parade, their hands, from holding the stretcher-handlee, were helpless from cold and strain."



Taking of Vimy Ridgs, April 9th, 1917. Canadian machine-gunnere dig in in shell-holes in the Vimy advance. The Canadian Premier, Sir Robert Borden, eaid of Vimy that Canada'e pride in her forces was greatly intensified by this glorious achievement.

K 7

# Canadians Keeping Cool in Hot Corners Brilish and Canadian Official Photographs



British soldier (in a captured Hun helmet-and little more) bringing up shells to the gune.



Canadian soldier in summsry deshabille takes the opportunity of a brief rest to write home from somewhere near the fighting lins on the western front.



A close shave in the front line as a meane to keep the head cool.



In an Improvised bath a Canadian on the western front gets a cooling splash.



Another form of bath in which a Canadian kept cool despite the sun and the Hun.

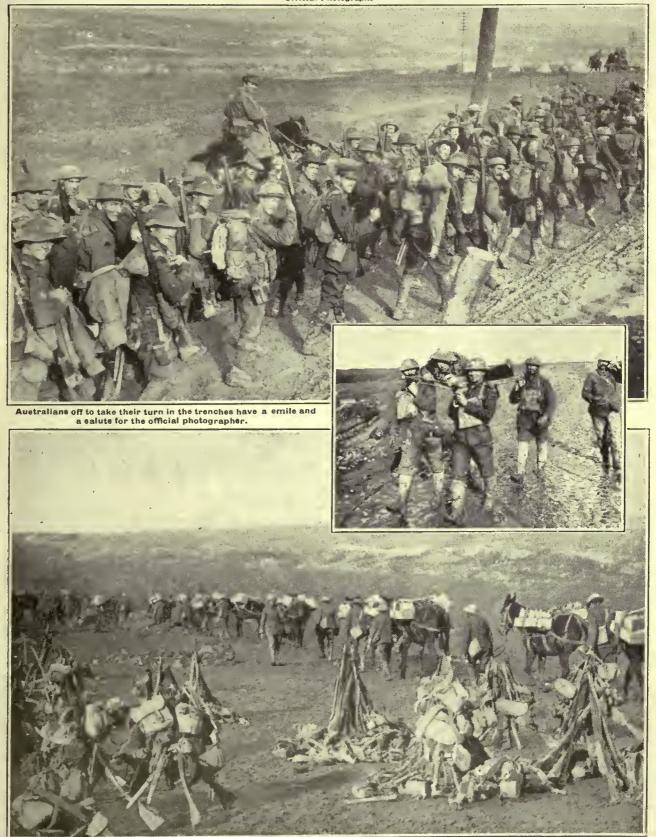


Smiling sunburnt soldiers from Canada put in that "stitch in time" which will make "Sister Suele'e" handiwork last a little longer.



Canadian soldier on the western front mends his shirt and enjoys a eun and air bath while performing his evidently diverting task.

# Tramping to the Trenches Through Seas of Mud



Pack-mulee on their way up to the tront line. Inset: Four sturdy Canadiane carry a wounded comrade through the mud, the caeualty seeming as Indifferent to the pain of his wounde as the etretcher-bearsrs are to the discomfort of their march. (Canadian War Records.)

#### Pæans of Victory in Peronne and Bapaume

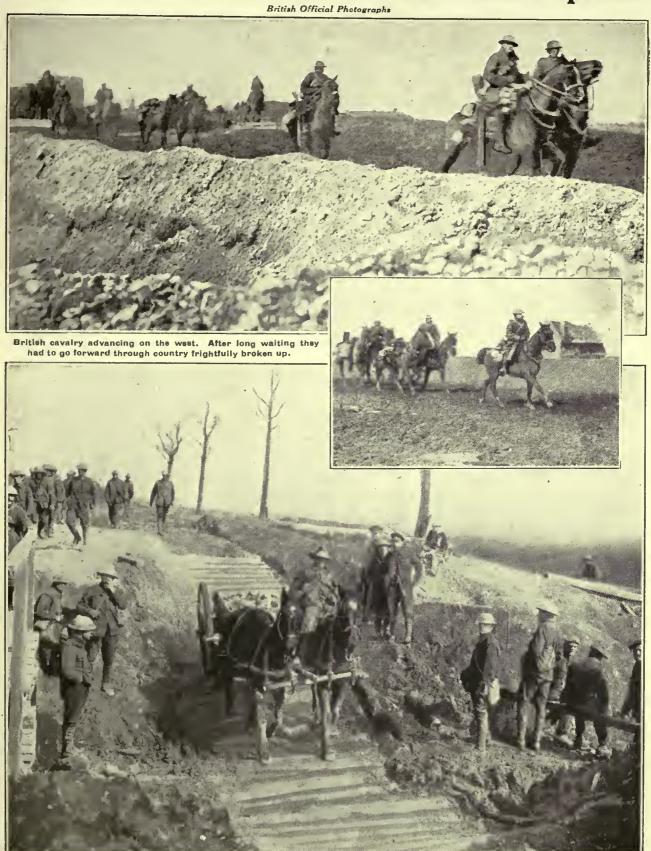


The band and guard of honour drawn up in the main etreet of Peronne in readiness to receive the President of the French Republic on the occasion of hie first visit to the town after its liberation by Sir Douglas Haig's troops on March 18th, 1917.



Troops marching through the still burning streets or Bapaume to the triumphant music of an Australian band. Australians were the first British soldiers to enter Bapaume on March 17th, 1917, when the Germans had been compelled to evacuate the town.

## Australians Overcome all Obstacles near Bapaume



Australiane "corduroy" a mine-crater near Bapaume. The retreating Germans exploded mines in the roadway to retard the British, but our troops econ improvised a way across with any material that was handy. Above: British cavairy in newly captured territory.

#### Newfoundlanders Gather More Laurels at Monchy

British Official Photograph



Officers of the Newfoundiand Regiment In billets. Right: The regiment marching back from Monchy, where for three days they reeleted eavage counter-attacks.







Drawing ratione, and (right) eating an aifreeco dinner. At Monchy the Newfound-landere added laurels to those they gathered at Gommecourt in July, 1916.





The Newfoundlandere' transport, and (right) another view of their march back from Monchy. General Allenby paid epecial tribute to their great work in this action. "Their caeualties were high, but they showed splendid etaunchness and fought like heroee."

#### India's Magnificent Rally to the Call to Arms

IN the course of a fine speech which he made in London on April 24th, 1917, the Maharaja of Bikanir said emphatically that the first consideration with all people in India was to devote all their energies and all their resources to the one end of the successful prosecution of the war. Continuing on the theme, he was able to declare that the millions of the peoples of India—of that Empire within the Empire—are loyal to the core.

The course of the war has given abundant evidence of the truth of this. Splendidly have the Indian troops of the King-Emperor acquitted themselves in Mesopotania—they had a large share in the heroic defence of Kut and in the brilliant capture of Bagdad—in East Africa, on the western front, and else-

where.

Speaking towards the close of last year, the Viceroy of India, Lord Chelmsford, pointed out that the number of recruits enlisted since the beginning of the war was then already greater than the entire strength of the Indian Army as it existed on the outbreak of the war—eloquent testimony to that loyalty of which the Maharaja of Bikanir spoke later, and a striking reply to the German attempt to stir up disaffection in India.





Animated ecene at a recruiting meeting in a village in the Himalayas. From all parts of India men have railied to the call of their King-Emperor.



Indian Cavalry on the western front. The Indian Cavalry are famous among horsemen for their skill

Preparing for the front. Members of a Bengaii
Ambulance Corps engaged in etretcher drill.

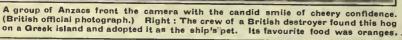
### Merry Hearts That Made for Victory





Scotsmen at the sntrance to their hut halling the smiling morn of New Year's Day. (British official photograph.) Right: A merry Australian tries the effect of a smasher hat on his camel, and is hugely amused by the complacent dignity of his odd mannequin.











Ruin of a bath found in a wrecked German position by our gay feilows as they advanced. Right: A humorous Guardsman enjoys a joke with another wounded Tommy. Not even wounds all over their anatomy seemed able to depress the splendid spirits with which our troops entered the New Year, 1917. (British official photographs.)

## Indian & Australian Service for King & Empire

British and Australian Official Photographs



Indian cavairy on the western front. British cavairy closely followed up the Germans retreating from Bapaums, got in contact with . Uhlan patrole, and had many ekirmlehee. They welcomed a return to open-field campaigning.



Dinner-time in the Australian hospital established in the chapel at Millencourt, near Albert. Many men wounded in the battles for Bapaume were received here between July 1st, 1916, when the offensive began, and March 17th, 1917, when Bapaume was won.

### Advancing Australia Enters Burning Bapaume

Australian Official Photographs



Australiane who were first in Bapaume found that the retreating Hune had set first to large parts of the town. This photograph, taken on the day that the town was recaptured, shows a couple of Australians passing the smouldering rules of a building.



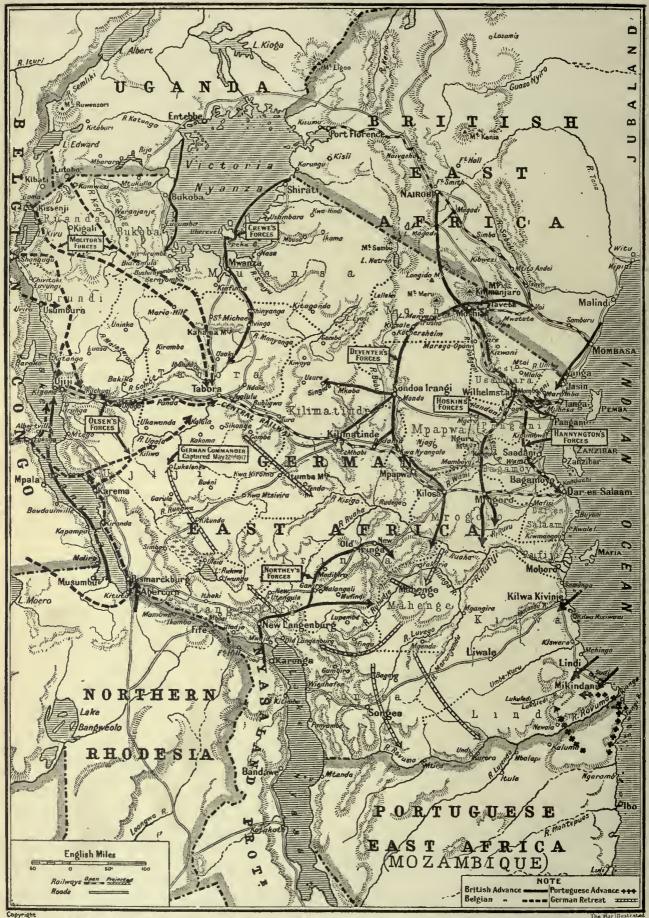
Auetralian troope passing through Bapaume on the day they entered it. Many of the houses were etill burning. The driven-out Germane, not content with such military destruction as is justified by an enforced retreat, had wantonly destroyed or defiled the possessions of the inhabitante, and justified the reputation they have won as being without the pale of civilized peoples.

#### Missing New Zealander Brings in a Handful of Huns



Wonderful stories lay hidden behind the formal announcements of euccessful raiding vieits to Hun trenches, as a French correspondent showed in recording the incident here illustrated. Once on the western front a party of New Zealanders made a highly successful raid and withdrew with eixty prisonere and three machine-gune. One of the sergeants had got caùght under a mass

of failing debrie. When he emerged he was alone, and having remained hidden for two hours he ventured forth. As he did so a German patrol appeared i Whipping out his revolver he shot the N.C.O. dead, and turned his weapon on the others, who at once surrendered. He returned to the British lines with four prisoners to find that he had already been posted as missing.



#### With General Smuts' Ever-Victorious Forces



General Smute' etory of the operatione in East Africa during 1916 is fine tribute to the spirit, determination, and prodigious efforte of all ranks under his command. The character of the country, dense bush and rugged terrain, made every yard of the advance most difficult, while the tropical conditions further induced a state of mental depression which only great will-power was able to overcome.



Coionei Driecoil, Royai Fusillers, viewing the country previous to action. For weeks at a stretch operations were conducted through jungle or high grass, in which vision was limited to a few yards, and in which danger always lurked, although it was seldom visible.

#### 'Mid the Mountains and Marshes of Africa



Artillery coming into action in East Africa. The area of the campaign against the Germans in their last remaining colony was vast, and every type of country was encountered—here were arid plains where movement was comparatively easy over the parched herbage.

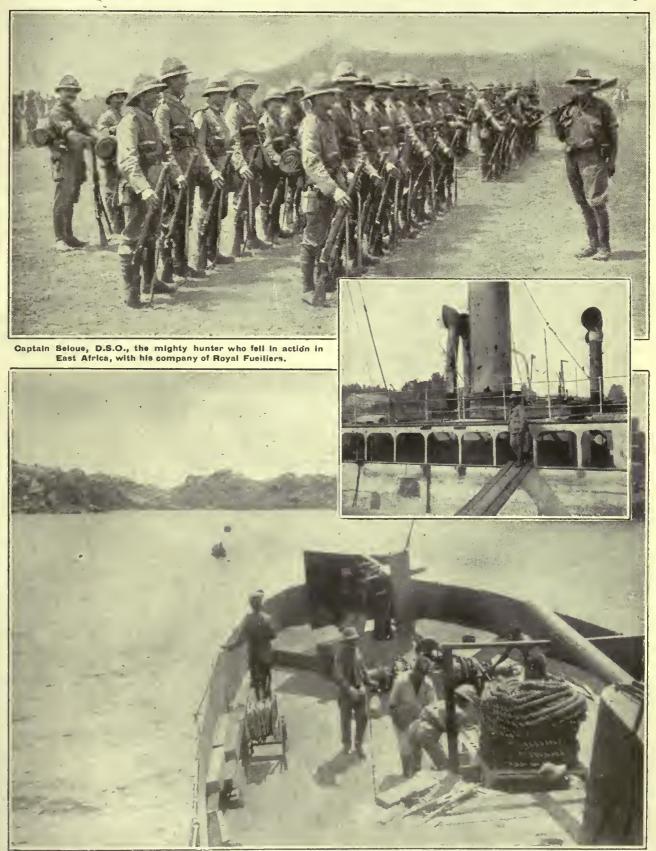


View of another typical part of the country where General Smuts' troops were fighting—bare mountain peaks frowning over foothille clothed with ferny verdure. Inset: The German commandant of Bukoba, taken priconer when the British captured the port.



In some of the low-lying regions the tranches were flooded to deep that the men at the loophoise were up to their armpite in water. While, owing to the warmer climate, the consequent suffering was less than in flooded Flandere, squal andurance was required in the man.

## Conquering the Kaiser's Last African Colony

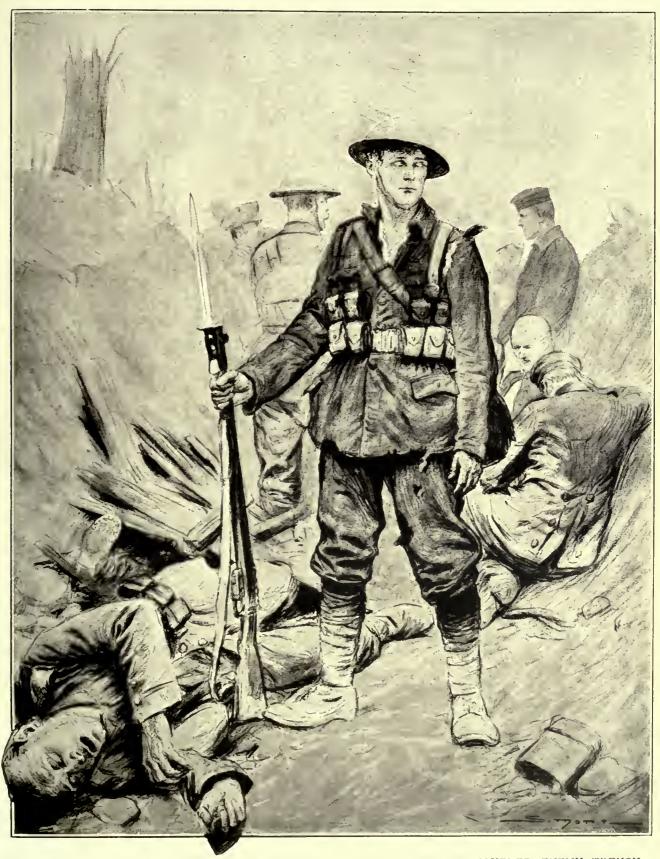


Ready for the enemy on the great lakes. On board an armoured boat near the rocky shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Above: Another lake boat, the riddled funnel and ventilators of which show that she had been through a stiff bit of fighting.

#### Armed Motor-Boats Trek to Lake Tanganyika



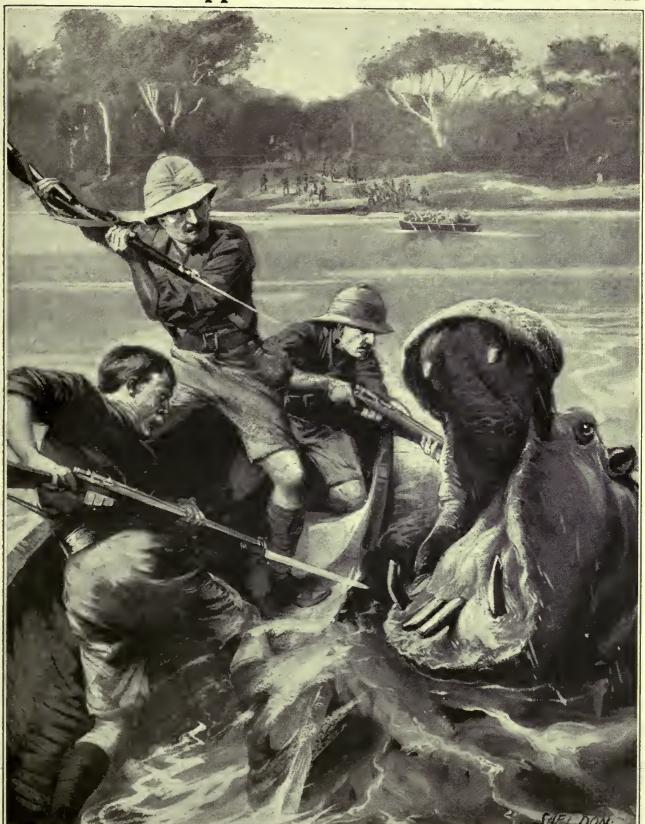
An amazing achievement in the East African campaign was the transport of two armed motor-boats, Mimi and Tou Tou, overland from Cape Town to Lake Tanganyika. Axemen cut roads through miles of bush, and seventeen bridges over eighty feet long were built.



HIS HOUR OF TRIUMPH. FINE STUDY OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN A CONQUERED ENEMY TRENCH.



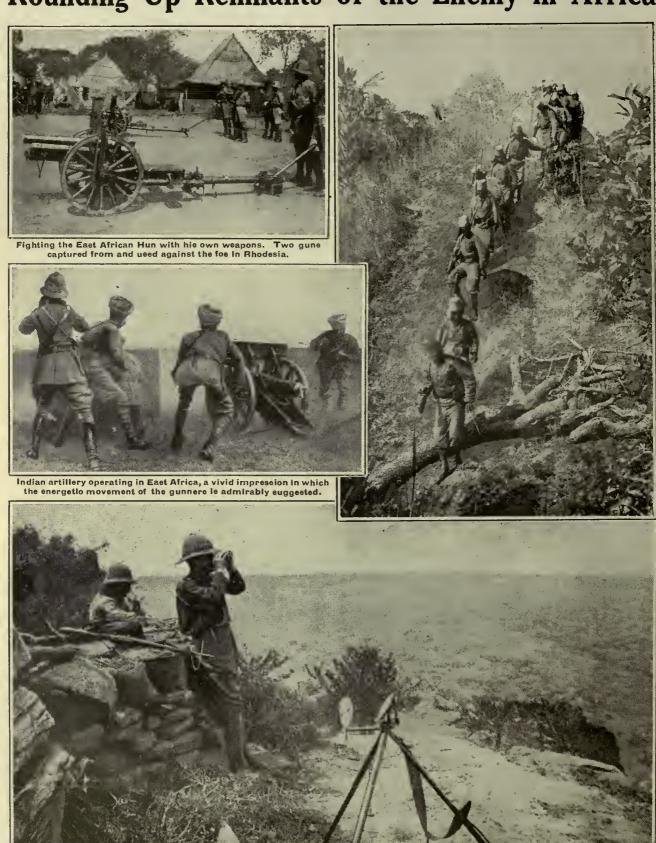
## Where the Hippo Took Sides With the Hun



On January 1st, 1917, British troops, under Generals Dyke, Lyall, and Sheppard, had a stubborn engagement with German East African troops at a place called Beho-Beho, north of the Rufill River, where Captain Selous was killed. The enemy, thoroughly defeated, made no further stand on this side of the Niver, and

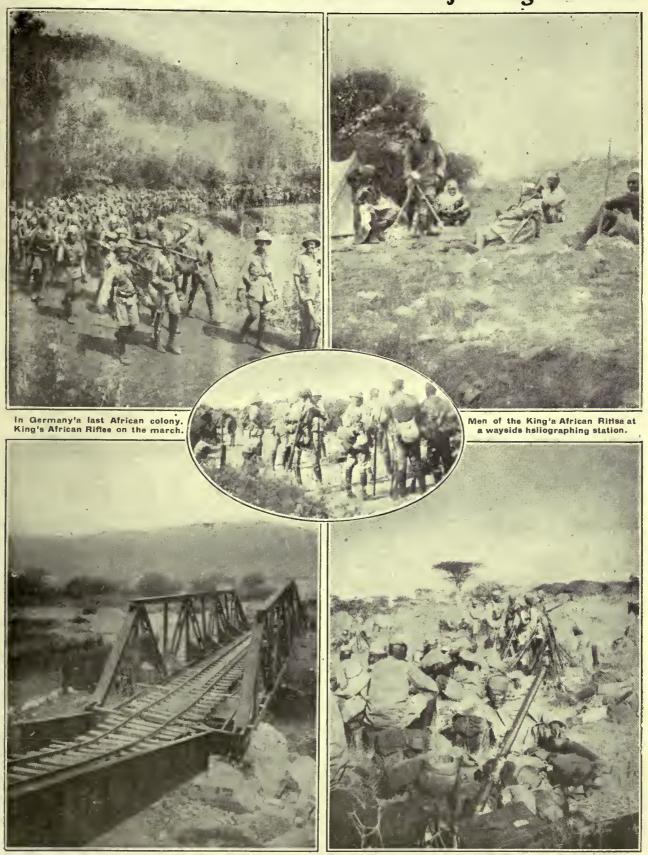
General Sheppard took the road bordering the Tagalaka Lake. On the night of January 5th General Sheppard began to get his men acrose the Rufiji in small boats, one of which was suddenly attacked by hippopotami. A fierce fight ensued, the men using their bayonets, and the crossing was finally accomplished without lose.

#### Rounding-Up Remnants of the Enemy in Africa



Speaking with the aid of the sun. The heliograph is an important method of communication in East Africa, and long etretches of territory are covered by this invaluable device. Inset above: Askaris descending a gully. These are picked fighting men among African tribes, and many are comprised in the allied forces in East Africa.

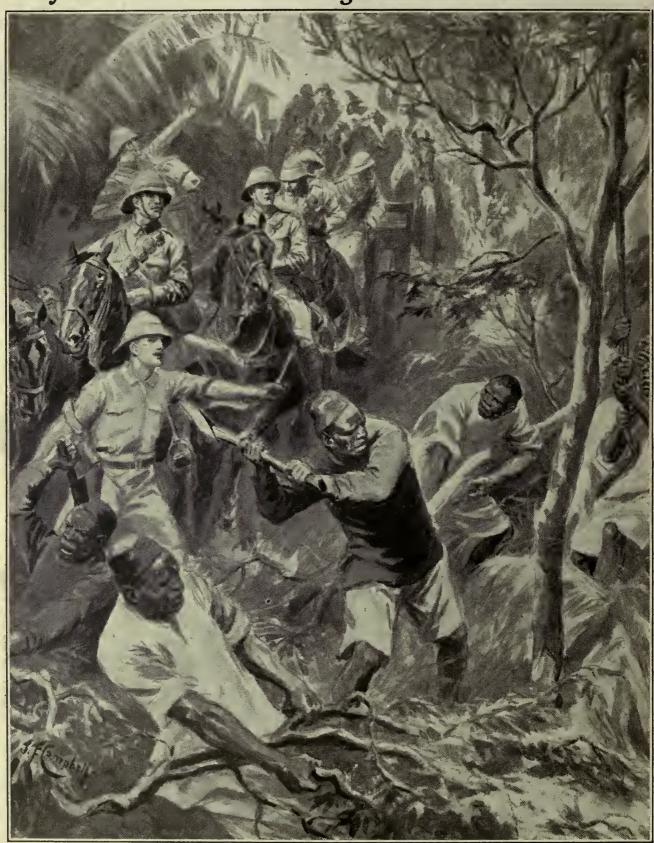
# East African Natives Assist in Ejecting the Foe



Bridge of the Usambara Raifway partly destroyed by retreating Germane. Indian Pioneer companies soon made it usable again.

Weicome rest during a hot march. In oval: Men of the King's African Rifles enjoying a brist hait by the way.

### Way for the Guns Through the Forest Primeval



General Beves's thrust down to the Rufiji in the opening days of 1917 was a brilliant spisode in the East African campaign. He received a telegram from General Smuts saying, "The enemy has retired from Beho-Beho. You have no time to iose." At once a flying column was formed and set off. It covered thirty-one miles

in twenty-two hours, and reached the river at dawn of January 3rd. And this was achieved although the Journey was through most difficult country, and a road had to be actually cut through virgin forest for the guns. This eudden ewoop altered the whole situation, forcing the enemy to retire eouth into wateriess country.

#### THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Canadian Records

LIEUT,-GEN. SIR A. W. CURRIE, K.C.M.G.

Succeeded General Byng in Command of Canadian Corps, 1917



#### PERSONALIA OF GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE THE GREAT WAR

POR the purposes of a European war," declared a disciple of Treitschke some time before the Kaiser seized an opportunity for testing the value of the theory, "the British Colonies, even if they remain faithful, may be ignored." In the school of Treitschke the idea of the citizens of any democratic country proving the equal in the battlefield of the machine-made soldiers of Germany was also regarded with contempt. The world-war was only in its early stages, in a fighting sense, when the second Battle of Ypres gave the lie direct to the complacent vanity of the Teuton philosophers. At Ypres, despite the use of poisonous gas by the enemy, the First Canadian Division proved not merely equal, but more than equal, to the best troops Germany could launch against it; and the commander of the 2nd Infantry Brigade in that division —Arthur William Currie—was a typical citizen soldier.

#### A Native of Ontario

As showing the essential difference between the Teutonic and the Latin powers of perception, the remark of a distinguished French general to Lord Beaverbrook, quoted in the official record, "Canada in Flanders," may be cited. "My countrymen," he said, "are fighting within fifty miles of Paris to push back and chastise the vile and leprous race which has invaded the chastity of our beautiful France. But the Australians at the Dardanelles and the Canadians at Ypres fought with supreme and absolute devotion for what to many of them must have seemed simple abstractions, and that nation which will support for an abstraction the horror of this war of all wars will ever hold the highest

place in the records of human valour.'

The fact is—and it is now generally realised—that overseas Britons had a much keener perception than our home politicians had of the sinister aims of the oligarchy on the Spree. W. M. Hughes in Australia, Louis Botha and Jan Christiaan Smuts in South Africa, nurtured no optimistic illusions of Teutonic peacefulness. In Canada, apart from certain well-known leaders, men like Sir Robert Borden, for example, many shrewd business men saw clearly enough whither Prussian statecraft was directing "the finest military machine in the world." Among these men, quietly preparing for eventualities, was A. W. Currie. A native of a part of the great Dominion of the West, the place-names of which are so reminiscent of the homeland, he was born in 1875 at Napperton, a few miles west of the town with the Scottish name of Strathroy, not far from London, the pleasant capital of Middlesex County, Ontario. Young Currie received his early education at Strathroy

Collegiate Institute. At the age of eighteen he crossed the Rockies, and, settling for a time in the little town of Sydney, British Columbia, became a schoolmaster. wards he entered business life, taking up life insurance, in which he made a record success. Then, moving to Victoria, he became head of the well-known firm of Currie and Power, one of the leading Canadian firms of real estate

brokers.

#### Services in the Canadian Militia

It is only within recent years that the average Canadian has taken any serious interest in his defence force, the Militia. Arthur Currie had an inborn liking for the soldier's life. That this inborn liking was evidence of special aptitude became apparent soon after—in 1897—he joined the 5th Regiment of Canadian Garrison Artillery as a private. His promotion was rapid. Within three years he held commissioned rank. A year later he was given the command of No. 1 Company, gaining his captaincy in 1902 and his majority in 1906. Meanwhile No. 1 Company was awarded the efficiency shield seven times. In 1909 Major Currie was gazetted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and held the command of the 5th Regiment until 1913, in the autumn of which year he was transferred to the 50th Gordon Highlanders of Canada, on the formation of that force.

At this time all who had come into contact with him predicted a great future for him. The secret of his success then, as later, may be described as twofold. First came personality. A big man, a giant physically, with open, clean-shaven face expressive of the freshness and clearness of youth, laughing eyes, every inch of him full of magnetism and forcefulness, in business his clients gave him instant confidence, while in the Militia the men of his-command yielded him implicit and enthusiastic obedience. personality was linked a genius for organisation. Following keenly the progress of modern gunnery—he is honorary Vice-President of the Canadian Artillery Association—he took also a live interest in raising the standard of rifleshooting, being himself, by the way, a first-class shot, President of the British Columbia Rifle Association since 1905, and a member of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association.

#### The Second Battle of Ypres

It followed as a matter of course that, when Canada answered the call to the Colours in 1914. Lieutenant-Colonel Currie was offered an important command in the First Division of 33,000 mcn who sailed for Europe within two months of the outbreak of war. Equally, of course, the offer was accepted. He was made a brigadier-general forthwith and C.O. of the 2nd Infantry Brigade This consisted of four battalions, the 5th, 7th, 8th and 10th, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonels G. S. Tuxford, W. F. H. Hart-McHarg, L. J. Lipsett and R. L. Boyle. The force landed in France in February, 1915. The division was the first Canadian division ever assembled, and the chief command of this splendid volunteer force was given to Sir E. A. Alderson.

The troops were first attached for training to the Third Corps under Sir William Pulteney, whose report of their efficiency justified Sir John French in employing them in the trenches early in March. Though not actually engaged in the main attack at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, they rendered valuable help in holding part of the line allotted to the First Army. Then came the memorable Second Battle of Ypres, in which the foe first used poison gas. The Canadians, covered themselves with glory. Posted to the right of the French between the Poelcapelle Road and the Passchendaele-Becelaire Road, in the words of the Commander-in-Chief, "they held their ground with a magnificent display of tenacity and courage; and it is not too much to say that the bearing and conduct of these splendid troops averted a disaster which might have been

attended with the most serious consequences.

#### In Command of the Canadian Army Corps

Brigadier-General Currie's services in the Second Battle of Ypres were mentioned in despatches, and won for him the Commandership of the Bath and the Croix de Com-

mandeur of the Legion d'Honneur.

The honours won-by the Canadians at Ypres were only an earnest of the laurels achieved by them during the further progress of the war, notably at Hooge and the crest of Vimy Ridge. Their forces gradually grew larger and larger. In September, 1915, when the Second Canadian Division arrived in France, and the Canadian Corps was formed, Sir E. A. Alderson became the Corps commander, and Briggedier Control Carrie with the temperature and effect of the corps commander. and Brigadier-General Currie, with the temporary rank of major-general, took over the command of the First Division, which held the post of honour at the Battle of Hooge. A Third Division was constituted in January, 1916; four months later Sir Julian Byng succeeded Sir E. A. Alderson; and in June of the following year Major-General Curric was made a K.C.M.G., promoted temporary lieutenant-general, and appointed to succeed Sir Julian Byng in the full command of the Canadian Corps. C.O. could have had more loyal support from those under him than either Sir E. A. Alderson or Sir Julian Byng, but the appointment of a Canadian in Sir Arthur Currie, who had won the fullest confidence of the two Imperial officers just named, was received with acclamation not only in the Canadian Corps, but throughout Canada; and it is only just to add that in this view the highest British military authorities cordially concurred. The citizen soldier had proved himself in the field against the most formidable product of scientific military training the world had ever seen.

In 1901 General Currie married Miss Chatsworth-Musters,

of Victoria, British Columbia.

In the following pages the glorious part played by the gallant French in the Winter Campaign, 1916-17, is graphically shown. Co-operating with the British, the dashing troops of France followed hard on the heels of Hindenburg, and recaptured, among several important towns, Roye, Noyon, Jussy, threatening St. Quentin and La Fère. Whether in altack or, defence the French

soldier never showed more tenacity than in the period covered by this section.

GENERAL DUBOIS AND WOUNDED HEROES FROM DOUAUMONT.—On a tour of part of the Verdun front the General's motor-car reached a shell-demolished house when two men who had been wounded at Fort Douaumont, and were trudging back to the base, happened along. General Dubois had his car stopped, and descended that he might obtain from them first-hand information.

### Vaux Fort in Possession of the Valiant French





View of Interior of Vaux Fort after the French recaptured it from the Germane, Nov.1, 1916. Left: A preventive against wetfeet. French eoldiere laying a "corduroy" path along a trench in anticipation of winter raine. (French official photographe.)



This photograph of the heap of cases of shells fired by a single battery of "75's" gives some idea of the enormous supply of munitions that had to be maintained.





The only entrance into Vaux Fort that their bombardment left practicable to the conquering Frenchmen. Right: Senegalese negro ordering German prisoners to get on with their work, his volubility appearing to amuse the captives and also their French captors, who are listening with a smile. (French official photographs.)

# French Heroes Honoured by a Grateful Ally





The King has conferred decorations upon many of the aaviours of Verdun—upon Genaral Nivells, whoas atrategy was primarily rsaponelle for tha defeat of Garmany's designs, and upon General Mangin (right), who commanded the immortal French Colonial Division.



A group of Pollus who had come straight from the trenches to receive the decorations conferred upon them by King George in token of Great Britain's admiration. Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King's first cousin, represented his Maissty in this agreeable function.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### The Great French Victory at Pepper Hill

By MAX PEMBERTON

WHEN, in March, 1916, Lord Northcliffe cabled his memorable despatch from Verdun he prefaced it by a query.

by a query.

What was the secret motive underlying the German attempt to break the French line before the famous fortress?

Was it financial, in view of their coming war loan—or dynastic? Or was it intended to influence doubting neutrals? The answers to these riddles were not solved by the seas of blood which have been shed. Five hundred thousand German casualties did not enlighten our darkness. We know only that, for somebody's profit or glory, the Crown Prince launched his assault against Verdun on the morning of February 21st, 1916, and that it came to an end in July of that year in an ignominy unparalleled.

For some months we forgot all about Verdun. The Battle of the Somme was begun, and the eyes of the whole world turned thereto. The French had waged a titanic conflict, and had emerged as victors. For all time this should be their St. Crispin's Day. We were killing Germans on a filthy ridge, and had no leisure but to lift our hats. When October came we heard an echo from afar, and anon it became a pæan of congratulation. Douaumont had fallen. The result of three months of fighting most bloody had been lost to the Prussians in a night. Theirs was the pinion which impelled the steel—for had they not told their people in February that Douaumont was the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end?

#### Why the World Laughed

Verdun must go if Douaumont went, the road to Paris be opened, the fruitful peace result. You heard nothing of this kind from them when that battered mud-heap was retaken by the French. The world did well to laugh, however, for the world that does not love the Boche has still a sense of humour.

From October 24th until the morning of December 15th there was a kind of stalemate before Verdun. Every day the artillery crashed above those desolate hills—the nights were alight with the star-shells or the crimson flashes of the high explosives—but the gallant French infantry did not go forth. Some of them lay in the caverns of the old Douaumont Fort, and terrible was their experience. For Douaumont, as many know, is upon a great plain, to reach which you must climb and climb from the town of Verdun itself. What that climbing meant to the relief-parties, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has told us most brilliantly.

#### Ordeal of the Douaumont Relief

Imagine a vast ploughed field, the vastest that ever was thought of; let it be pitted with innumerable shell-holes, so deep that a furniture van could be hidden in some of them; fill your holes with water sufficient to drown a man if he should fall therein; let your mud be so glutinous that it will draw the boots from your feet; bring darkness upon the scene and a terrible barrage from the enemy, and here shall be a picture of what the Douaumont relief had to suffer nightly. Every step in that fearful morass was a hazard. Shells fell incessantly, ploughing the scarred earth, making fountains of the rain-pools, often destroying a whole platoon as they fell. The sky shone silver with stars—which no concourse of atoms had created. Men buried their faces in the very mud, and wondered in God's name how they could traverse that fearful mile of the wilderness which stood between them and their salvation.

Yet traverse it they did—sometimes twice nightly. The waste showed their dead by day, but hid the terror when the sun had set. Like heroes the French held on to that fortress which Wilhelm had declared to be the very king of citadels.

What the Germans were doing all this time we do not know. They were firing their guns to be sure, and perhaps telling each other that Paris and London must sue for peace because a place in Rumania with an unpronounceable name had been taken. Also, it may be assumed that they were expressing some dissatisfaction with the state of affairs. Fritz did not like many things. He did not like the French aeroplanes which buzzed over his head daily while his own were hidden away at the rear, afraid apparently to try conclusions with the enemy. He disliked the enormous shells from the French howitzers and the smaller tokens of goodwill which escaped the famous "seventy-fives."

### Dawn of the Crown Prince's Fateful Day

"Back to the land" would willingly have been his watchword—but there was Wilhelm junior, whip in hand, and the ashes of his glory before his eyes. Precious little of his terrestrial booty was left to him, but to that he clung passionately. What would they say in Berlin after ten months of it if he must return to admit that all was lost but honour? Their answer assuredly would be similar to that of Sir John Falstaff upon a famous occasion. D—n honour; they might say, and with reason. Wilhelm fils just held on and took his chances. He must have gnashed his teeth when he read of Falkenhayn and Mackensen in Rumania, but that is no affair of ours. "The day will come," he may have said. It came, to be precise, on the morning of December 15th, at ten o'clock.

We should have taken our stand that morning, if we could, upon one of the hills on the western bank of the Meuse. It is a dirty day, and we need all that we possess in the way of fuzzy-bears and comforters. Verdun itself lies down there in a hollow between the hills. We can make out its twin spires and the faces of the white houses which border the river; but the sun does not shine upon it, and the wraiths of mist drift up from the water and go curling away in wisps of transparent cloud which the heights will garner presently.

### Scene of Mystery and Awe

Elsewhere the scene is familiar enough. Great green hills abound, and in the distance the woods of pine and limes. There is a series of these puny mountains all the way to the crest of Douaumont, which looks like a dull, black mound upon the horizon. The river winds in and out with the picturesque waywardness of the Thames. If we look along it a little to the right we shall see at a distance of some four miles that herring-backed ridge they call La Côte du Poivre (Pepper Hill). There is not a tree upon it. Its slopes are no longer green. The road at its foot was smashed to atoms long ago; but the splendid French have been busy road-making these latter days, and have built forty miles of them since October.

This particular road leads up to the famous Haudromont Quarries—that is if you take the right fork of it at Bras, but otherwise you follow the eastern bank of the river almost to Vacherauville, and then onward to another village named Louvemont. These places and the herring-backed ridge were the scene of the fighting on December 15th and subsequent days. Both villages fell to our gallant allies. The cote went also, and with it some thousands of Germans too surprised to tell just what they thought about it.

Such is the arena which we overlook from our hill near Verdun. At this hour, a little before ten of the morning of the 15th, the mist often obstructs our view, but always adds a sense of mystery and awe to the scene. From it the great guns around and about us belch sheets of flame which are weird as the lighting tricks of pantomine.

[Continuea on page 2681

# Saviours of Verdun, the Sally-Port of France



General Balfourier presented decorations to a number of French coldiers who displayed courage conspicuous even above that of their fellow-heroes of Verdun. The ceremony was conducted with full military pomp, the troops formed in a hollow square with the colours in the centre, all caluting each man as he was honoured. The vain German Siege of Verdun began February 21st, 1916.



Verdun's covered market was one of the few buildings not entirely destroyed by the German bombardment. Although a good deal battered, enough of it was left standing and roofed to be used by the cooks of the garrison. (French official photograph.)

### FRENCH VICTORY AT PEPPER HILL [Contd. from page 2682]

We feel the ground quiver beneath our feet, but there is no other overt act of battle-unless it be in the passing to and fro of the aviators, everywhere busy and alert. Where the sky is clear the planes stand out as silvered wings against a field of blue. The buzz of them is like the droning of monster bees in the air. We see them winging beyond the German lines, but neither Taube nor Aviatik comes over to us. The mastery of the air is unquestioned indeed, and blind are most of the shots which the Boche

artillery must now fire at us.

This is at ten o'clock. Look at Côte du Poivre! The whole length of its steep hill is upon our side white with the little clouds of bursting shrapnel. It tells us that the German gunners believe we are about to climb that slope, and are taking their measures accordingly. The new-comer would declare it to be a terrible barrage, and would say surely the French will not attempt anything yet. Little would he know the Poilu! The hour has struck, the word has gone forth, the watches are no longer the cynosure of officers' eyes. From the very bowels of the earth the blue terror has sprung forth. Up and over the parapets of the trenches go those insurpassable fellows.

#### On to Victory-

A good glass shows them like wonderful ants that a clumsy foot has surprised. They run, they crawl, they dodge to the left, to the right; they disappear in vast shell-holes; they emerge again, they are up, they are down, but always as a body going straight for the enemy as a bulldog for the throat of its quarry. Never was there a finer spirit. "Marchons!" they sing, and "Aux armes, citoyens!" They knew weeks ago that they had be is up yonder, that beaten man the Boche beaten—and he is up yonder, that beaten man, retreating leisurely along the crest of the ridge. How little he knows the truth! Watch that other force cutting in from Haudromont behind him. Blue coats also, and bayonets that would have flashed in the sunshine had there been any. Now the frightened Hun perceives that he is taken fore and aft. A panic seizes upon him. 'Up go his hands, six thousand pairs of them. He has never made so poor a show since this dread business of Verdun began.

It was a gallant deed, and well has the world applauded it. Let us hear the "Times" correspondent. "Those French allies of ours!" he exclaims. "Words fail me. They dashed over the crest of the Côte du Poivre and on to Louvemont. They carried Hill 378 overlooking the Bois des Fosses. They went through Vauche Wood and Hassoule Wood to the north of Douaumont, and they overran the minor forts of Bezonvaux and Hardaumont, farther to the right, to the north of Vaux, like International Rugby football forwards making mincemeat of a village team.

#### -Which is Now Certain

He tells us later that the village of Vacherauville furnished the grimmest fighting of this amazing day, and that some of the old-time ferocity was to be witnessed therein. Men crept from ruin to ruin, their grenades poised, their tread catlike. Machine-guns rattled in unexpected places, and whole platoous went down before them. Here were heard "Kamerad!" The French mood mocked it all. They were men who ran a winning race from the very word "Go," and nothing stopped them until the sun went down. When night fell they stood within a mile of the very positions they held at the beginning of February, 1916. The house that Wilhelm had built, and cemented with the blood of the five hundred thousand, lay in ashes. The glory of Verdun had been made immortal.

In truth a wonderful victory. There were nearly twelve thousand prisoners taken before the end of the third day, and more than eighty cannon of various calibres. French now hold all the dominating heights to the north of the town. They have reduced the German artillery practically to impotence; their observation-posts command the great plain of the Woevre. To Generals Nivelle, Pétain, and Mangin the thanks of the nation have been

justly offered. With reason did the first-named applaud his Staff when he took his farewell of them.

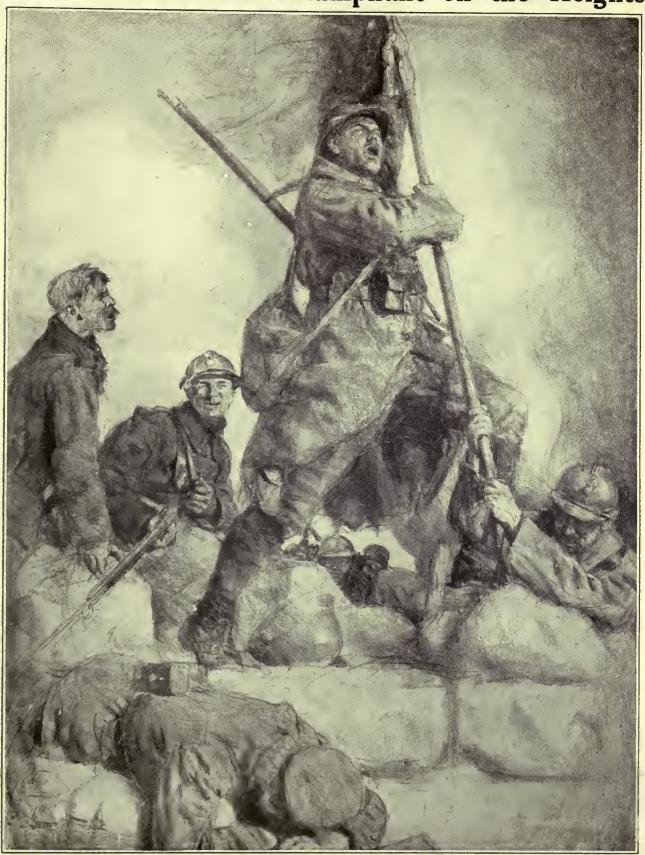
"Gentlemen," he said, "I leave you after a splendid day. The experience is conclusive; our method has proved itself. Once again the Second Army has displayed more clearly than before its moral and material ascendancy over the enemy. Victory is certain; of that I can assure you. Germany will learn this to her cost."

We can add nothing to such a tribute.



BRITISH TROOPS TAKE OVER MORE LINE.—An Important change on the western front was effected at Christmas, 1916, when the British troops took over an extension of line and relisved the Franch troops who throughout the great offensive had held both banks of the Somme. This photograph shows French soldiers watching the arrival of the British troops who relieved them.

Verdun: Tricolour Triumphant on the Heights



On December 15th, 1916, the heroic French, after a signal triumph on the Verdun front on October 24th, went irresistibly forward to a more glorious success. Here the artist gives something like an allegory of victory, showing a smell group of gallent Polius planting the triumphant Tricolour on a rewon height, above a prostrate German, who typifies Teutonic defeat.

# French Valour and Genius Reconquer Vaux Fort

French Official Photographs



Two French soldiers carrying a despatch across No Man's Land to Vaux Fort just after its recapture. Above: Three Frenchmen, whose supports had all become casualties, working machine-guns from a shell-hole in the thick of the attack upon Vaux Fort.

# Determination, Dumb Devotion and Dynamics



French 370 (14'8) gun on its monetrous moving carriage. Inast above: A Red Croaa dog upon the battlefield carrying in his mouth the cap of a wounded Zouave as proof to the etretcher-bearers that he has found someone in need of help, to whom he will guide them forthwith.

# Heroes Within the Iron Walls of Verdun



French soldiers in a "bunked" sleeping-cabin in Vaux Fort. Following up their advance from Douaumont the French ruehed this important position so rapidly that the Germans had no time to destroy the slaborate defencee and subterranean quarters which they had constructed during their six months' occupation. Frenchmen thus reaped, for once, the benefit of German "betterment."

# Sacrilege and Savagery: The Ruins of Rheims



A shell from a German 5.2 in. gun bureting on the couth tower of Rheims Cathedral, which up to April 19th, 1917, had been intact





German shells bursting on the couth transept and the apec, and (right) a big shell bursting on the transept. In May, 1917, a German battery bombarded the Cathedral "systematically and exclusively, with a clow and very precise fire at regular intervals"—wanton sacrilege, for Cardinal Lucon, in hie protest, colemnly testified that the Cathedral never played any part in the defence of Rheims.

## France Honours the Guardians of Her Gates

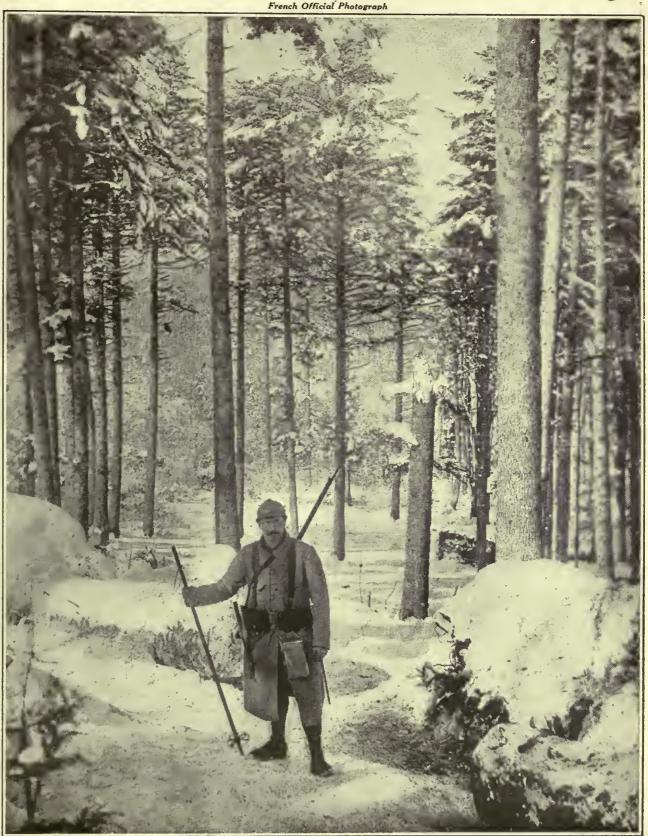
French Official Photogrophs



Unique honoure were given to the fortress city of Verdun by all the Allied Powers when it became evident that she had finally defeated Germany's prolonged and desperate assaults. The tribute paid to the city was followed by recognition of the prowess of the men who took part in the defence. In token of Great

Britain's admiration Prince Arthur of Connaught was charged Britain's admiration Prince Arthur of Connaught was charged with the pleasing duty of decorating General Nivelle and General Mangin and his heroic troops who suctained the fury of the siege. This photograph shows his Royal Highness, ascieted by Generals Nivelle and Mangin, pinning the medals on the gallant soldlers.

# Fairyland in the Frosted Forests of the Vosges



Hoar-frost and snow had turned the mountainous region of the Vosges into a soens of fairyland, the beauty of which was not lost upon the smotional Frenchman. The attendant cold was bitter, but the French troops fighting hersabouts were acclimatised. Campaigning in the Vosges was a serious variant of winter sport, for alpenstock, skis, and snow-shoes formed an important part of the squipment of the Chasseurs Alpins, who held this extreme southern sector of the western line.

# Italians Watch Effects of New French Grenade

British and French Official Photographs



Wounded soldier crawling back to safety. Many cases were reported of men who, having been wounded in No Man'e Land, managed to drag themselves over the shell-pitted, muddy, or snowy ground, unseen or missed by enemy snipers.



Members of the Anglo-Italian Mission watching the effect of new high-explosive hand-granades used in the French Army. A British and Italian Mission made a tour of the French Army early in 1917, and was shown the new methode and instruments used in the war. Something of the effect of these new trench weapons may be imagined from the cloude caused by their explosion.

# Winter Warscapes from Flanders to the Vosges



Picturesque effect in Flandere. Bird's-eye view of the snow-covered plain just behind the allied line. The low-lying aspect of the landscape, divided and sub-divided by narrow canals lined with willows, is typical of the Belgian countryside.

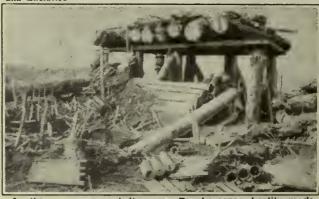


If the Vosges was the most beautiful sector of the western line, it was also the coldest, and sentry duty here exacted more than average endurance. As a refuge from the winter blaet and, incidentally, from stray ehelle, this French outpoet constructed a sandbag "box."

# Camera Glimpses Along the Somme Front



A German " ehelter " on the Somme, near Msurepas, showing the effect of a shattering ehot from the Alliee' artillery. (Excluelys.)



Another enemy gun-shelter near Bouchaveenee, of timber balke and raile during their retirement.



Teeting Hunnish tools. A Poliu trise a flamethrower secured on the Somme. (French official.)



Assortment of samplee from among the 12,000 Germans taken by the French in their vigoroue offenelve before Verdun. (French official photograph.)



Brief reet and a peaceful pipe during the Somme advance. The shell-cases and ammunition backets show that it has been a lively corner.



Qun emplacement of enemy battery of "77'e" near Bouchsveenes. Abandoned helmete indicate the rapid retirement. (Exclusive.)



Heavy German gun before Verdun. Entrance to enemy eap on the right. Craters show force of French attack. (Exclusive.)

# Noyon Welcomes General Nivelle Its Deliverer

French Official Photographs



General Nivelle received in Noyon by the Mayor and Corporation of the town which his victorious troops had cleared of the Huns.



After two years under the abominable invader the people of Noyon gave a heartfelt welcome to their deliverer.



Women and children of Roye with their liberatore. This was one of the first of the towns redeemed by the French.



The "mark of the beast" where he was forced to retreat. What the Prussian could not carry off he destroyed or found.



General Nivelle chatting with some of the children of Noyon, who welcomed him with the presentation of a bouquet of flowers.



In a reoccupied village. Deepite their long nightmare horror the villagere could atill emile welcome on their deliverere.

# Savage Work of the Hun in Devastated Roye

French Official Photographs



At the cross-roads and broken railway bridge at the sntrance t Roye a little child displays the Tricolour in happy security.



Roys Station, one of the few buildings in the town whose destruction could be justified by the plea of military necessity.



The magnificent Town Hall at Roys, deliberately destroyed by the Germans in sheer wantonness and not by bombardment.





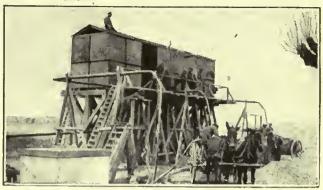
Devastation in the centre of Roye. The Germans had the entire city mined, when the approach of the French caused them to explode the mines at 4 a.m. on March 17th, 1917, without warning the civil population. Our allies were in time to eave some buildings by cutting the wires of the mines. Above: Headquarters of the German commandant in Roye

### Scenes in the Wake of the Franco-British Advance

British and French Official Photographs



Defence works along the banke of a Marne canal, suggesting—but for the French soldiers—a peaceful Surrsy scens.



One of the large water-tanks established for the use of British troops in France. Unspectacular, but vitally necessary.



Long lines of French motor-lorries about to proceed to the new French front after the prompt repair of the rulned roadways.



Camp of a British anti-aircraft gun crew on the western front, a branch of the Service that did much in securing air mastery.



One of the great furnaces near Verdun for the destruction of refuse.

A sanitary destructor, not a commercial "corpse-converter."



Scene in Tilloy after it was recovered, in February, 1917, from the Germans, with German names still defacing the battered walls.



Demolishing a position from which the enemy had been expelled.

The photograph gives some idea of the "clearing-up work."

# Formidable French 'Artillery of Assault'

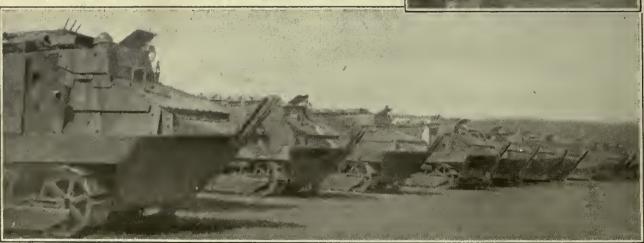


French "tanke" advancing into action under cover of a wood. The crewe of these new French moneters won "a place of honour" in the Army by their courage and zeal.



Waddling over the enemy trenches. On April 16th, 1917, the French "tanke" went right through the first and second German lines before Juvincourt.





A fleet of French landships, officially termed "artillery of assault," ready mobilieed. On April 20th, 1917, General Nivelle, in an Order of the Day, particularly congratulated the "tanke" on their determining share in the capture of Juvincourt, and eald the new arm had won glory on its very first appearance in the field. Above: More "tanke" moving up to the assault.

# German Guns and German Honour Lost at Noyon



Noyon was evacuated by the Germans on March 17th, 1917, after being in their hands eince September 1st, 1914. The French were so close on the heels of the retreating enemy that they captured three batteries of artillery. The picturesque town had suffered less at the hands of the Huns than other

places, though its lower portions had been flooded from the canale purposely dammed for that purpose. The houses were looted, but the material damage was not found to be irreparable. The Germans crowned their own eternal dishonour by abducting fifty young women and girls at the moment that they retreated.

# Hindenburg's Handiwork in France and Flanders



Outskirte of the Forest of Couchy, to the south-east of St. Quantin, where the Germans caused inundations to retard pursuit.



The Grande Place of Loo, showing the Town Hail on the right and the ruined church-tower in the background.



Once a pratty corner of Lampernisee, in West Flandsrs, showing the church which the Garmans savagely destroyed.



Railway station at Pervyss, a few miles north-west of Dixmuds, after the Belgians drovs the Germans out of the town.



French Engineere repairing a bridge whose material the Germane had used for engineering work of their own on the bank.



"Alpine Street," Lampernisse, so renamed in memory of fortyfive Alpins Chassaurs who wars killed incide the church.



The colid, heavily-shuttered house used by the German Staff when in occupation of Chiry, with a cellar refuge from bombardment.



Graves in the German cemetery at Ourscamp-Chiry, one with the Iron Crose carved on it, one with the Imperial German eagle.

# On to Victory Through the Retaken Town



French artillery passing through Noyon. The French reoccupied the town March 18, 1917, after it had been for two and a haif years held by the Germane. Less damaged than other places from which the enemy was forced, this etreet shows that it had suffered.



French troops passing through the streets of Noyon in further pursuit of the retreating foe. The civilian inhabitants came out to acclaim with heartfelt fervour the countrymen who had freed their ancient town from the invader. (French official photograph.)

### With Horse and Foot on the Heels of the Hun



French cavairy advancing over a road flooded by the Germane to protect their retreat. A notable feature of the fighting in the St. Quentin sector was the way the men were able to fight in the open. Cavairy again played a big part in the war of movement.



French infantry advancing in the direction of St. Quentin crossing a bridge over the canal near Buverchy, between Nesle and Ham, destroyed by the retreating enemy. On April 25th, 1917, the French line there etcod three and a half miles south-east of St. Quentin.

# Coucy's Feudal Castle Wrecked by Vandal Spite



The Castle of Coucy, finest monument of the feudal ages in Europe, as it was when the Germans occupied the St. Quentin region.





The Castle of Coucy dates from the early thirteenth century. Its donjon, 210 feet high, with walls 34 feet thick, was the finest epecimen of mediæval military architecture in Europe. The Germane blew up this irreplaceable monument before evacuating the neighbourhood.

### M. POILU AS I KNOW HIM

### By BASIL CLARKE

Special Correspondent on the Western Front

In many ways and from various points of view, the national characteristics of the fighting forces of the Allies have been described in the pages of The War Album de Luxe. There has not, however, been any attempt to place before my readers in a series of special contributions character studies of the soldiers of the Allies, expressly drawn for us in each case by a correspondent whose knowledge of his subject is exceptional. The following is the first of such a series, and I cannot but think that the reading of these brilliantly written articles will help to that closer mutual understanding which it is the aim of every patriotic writer to promote.—EDITOR.

POILU, the French soldier? Which way shall one turn to find the type? Take the bearded old man you see in the roadway there, sitting with his hammer beside a heap of stones. He is bent and rheumatic; his eyes are failing, and, despite the spectacles he wears behind his stonebreakers' goggles, he can hardly see the stones he is so busily breaking. His lunch is by his side—a loaf, an apple, and half a bottle of mixed wine and water. He will work there from sunrise till sundown, and then, with bent back and slow step, he will hobble to some neighbouring cottage to sup and sleep. A quaint, pathetic old figure! But he is a French soldier, none the less. His weather-worn blue coat was served out to him by a regi-mental commissariat goodness knows how many years ago. His eorduroy trousers are also uniform; his cap is the uniform peak cap of the French Army. Soon, perhaps, you may see this old Poilu's corporal come along the road to take a look at the work done, and to pass censure if the amount is too little. The corporal is, perhaps, just as old as the stonebreaker himself. He may wear the stripe of the "caporal" because his sight is a little better, or because he can walk along the roads at a whole mile an hour instead of only at half a mile. Both are equally soldiers of France, and they work for soldier's pay-which is the luxurious sum of three or five sous (1 d. to 2 d.) a day.

### The French Army the French Nation

They may never go near the front. They may be now, as you watch them, a good fifty miles away from the nearest trench. But over the roads they make or mend pass the troops and the stores, the horses and the guns, that go to the winning of France's battles. And just as those guns are necessary so also are the stones for the roads that take the guns, and the stonebreakers that break the stones for the roads that take the guns. It is like the "House that Jack built" over again; and in France, when the house to be built is a war to be won, every man necessary for building that house is caught up in that immense and all-embracing labour net, the Army of the French Republic. He may make you a boot or pull you out a tooth, bake you a loaf or bury you, but he becomes a soldier. The French Army just now is the French nation.

### M. Poilu's Passionate War Spirit

To take the French equivalent, therefore, of the British soldier you must take the French fighting soldier. This is not so all-comprehensive a term as the term French soldier, who is everyone. Gunners, sappers, horse and foot—there are numerous types enough of the French "fighting soldier," and the wider agc limit that exists in the French Army yields greater contrasts in individual types than are to be found in even our own Army. To reduce the French fighting soldiers to a type, therefore—to take, that is, all the types of French soldier, and in the manner of those horrid little sums we used to do at school, to take their G.C.M. or their H.C.F. and say this is the French fighting soldier type—would be rather speculative mathematics. I don't think one could do it. What I will try to do instead is to set down certain qualities which I think belong especially to the French soldier.

First, then, I think the French soldier is the fiercest

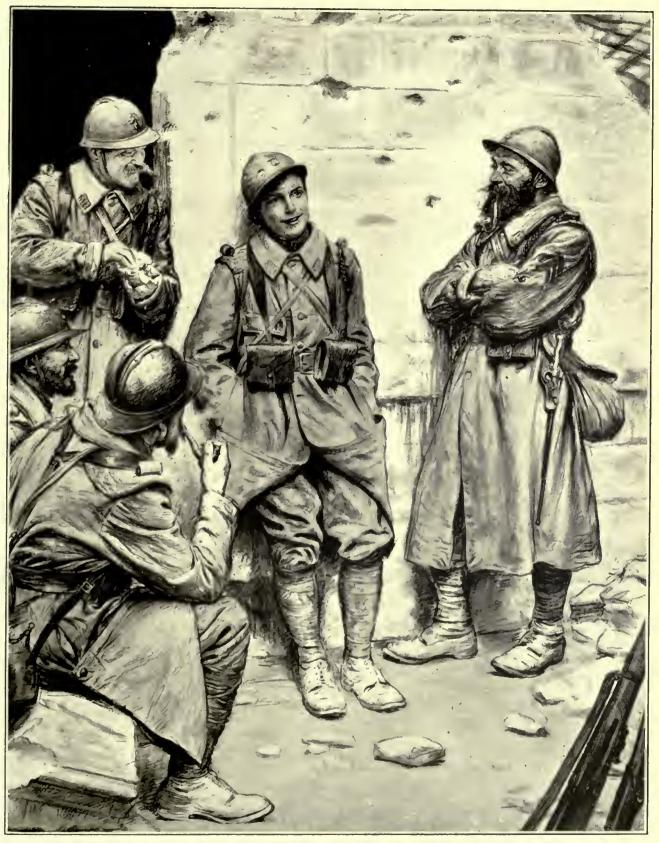
of all the soldiers fighting in this war. His war spirit burns him. It is a passion. I shall never forget the face and the eyes of the infantry sergeant who one night, early in the war, came across me in a French troop train (to which one of his men had invited me), and, as he stood with a lantern peering into my face, said, "Swear to me that lantern peering into my face, said, "Swear to me that you are not a Boche." Even though I was not a Boche the look in that man's eyes quite scared me then, and I have ever undergone. Had he not been satisfied, had my papers not been in order as well as my general appearance, I could have hoped for no mercy, even no respite from a man who could look like that. But I saw that look several times again in French soldiers. Once when walking along a country road near Ypres I stumbled upon a masked French battery. It was a boarded lieutenant, this time, who darted out and stood in front of me, revolver in hand. "What is monsieur doing?" I can hear to this day the icy coldness and suspicion of those words of his; can feel still the cold glint of his black eyes as they looked me up and down and through and through. He thought me a spy, and to have his battery located by the Germans was an appalling risk. He marched me in front of him to the commandant of the battery, and all the way there I could feel those eyes at my back. The commandant, fortunately, was more satisfied with me, and showed me over his battery, but the lieutenant stood by, and though he did his best to be friendly, I could never forget his first greeting. I remember thinking that had I been a Boehe I would rather have been taken by the British, or by any other race than by the French. My end might not have been any the less swift, but the manner of it could never have been so cold and full of passionate enmity.

### Deadly Purpose in Charge and Attack

The French are like this in all their war, but especially in a charge or an attack. They are not as athletic as our men; they are not, perhaps, when it comes to the number and quickness of thrusts, so deadly with the bayonet. And yet the Germans fear the French bayonets, I think, more than they fear ours. There is a greater deadliness of purpose, a more unrelenting hate and determination to kill and nought but kill. They are terrible fighters, but even more terrible "haters.". I saw a spy once being taken into custody by the French, and noted the look on his guards' faces. I heard the shots that finished his spying and his life the following moruing. And a cold chill went along my spine, and I, somehow, longed to be back in England.

#### The Best Gunner in the World

This fierceness is an outcome of their intensity of nature and resoluteness of purpose. I don't think any Army shows resolution more than the French Army. Our boys are resolved enough, but it is the fashion to hide this rather than to show it. A singer who dares to sing to our soldiers at the front about fighting for King and country, dying "with face to the foe," and the like, is generally shouted off the platform before very long. Our soldiers cannot bear it. They will fight as bravely as any soldier for these things, but they don't like it talked about. In their songs, in fact, they prefer to pretend that they are afraid. The most popular type of song out at the front is the song that displays its singers as "having the wind up"—which



A FRENCH RECRUIT AMONG THE VETERANS: FAITH, HOPE, AND VISIONS OF VICTORY. To face page 2704



### M. POILU AS I KNOW HIM (Continued from page 2704)

is soldier slang for being in a downright funk. The French soldier would no more think of singing a song like this than he would of flying. Marching along the roads, over camp fires, and in billets and trains he will sing blithely about glorious France, fighting for France, death before the foe, and the like. None of these phrases has become trite and jejune for him; he feels and thinks that way. Yet he is at heart less combative a type than the average British soldier, especially the North-country soldier. Hafights less readily, but with less consideration for his enemy when he does begin. No false ideas of "sport" moderate his warfare.

The French soldier has a wonderful gift for exactness, precision, and essential detail. This is partly what goes to make him the best gunner in the world. Some of our sergeants mistake precision and synchronisation and clockwork movement for efficiency. To watch a French gun crew working, say, a field-gun, you would at first deny even the possibility of their being so efficient as some of the spick-and-span British gun crews you had seen. They seem to go in a "go-as-you-please" fashion. That fellow slogs open the gun-breech and takes a look round the horizon perhaps as he does it; this fellow rams in the shell and makes a joke about "les sales Boches"; this fellow's tunic is half off because he has not fastened it properly—there seems no comparison at first sight between that crew and



Rat-proof bed for the trenches. This photograph of the invention of a French soldier epeaks volumes for the harassing conditions of trench life in the west.

its work and a British crew. But note the number of shells that French gun "gets away" to the minute; note the number of direct hits, and it will amaze you; the truth being that the French gunner concentrates on the one or two little points that make for quick fire and accurate aim and lets all else go by the board. His skill for detail has shown him what these one or two points are, and he has paid attention to these things till no mortal man could do them better than he. The German gunnery officers have slaved for years to get their gun crews as quick as the French, but they are to this day not within many shots per minute as fast.

The French soldier is as gentle when not fighting as he is fierce when fighting. With his friends he is more like a woman. He will laugh with their joys, weep with their sorrows, and while he is laughing or weeping he means it. His forgetfulness of these moods will be quicker than that of a British soldier, it is true, but there is no insincerity at the time.

The French soldier's courage is undoubted, but it is a different kind of courage from that of the British soldier. It is not the stoic kind of courage. I have been in French hospitals many times, and have always been struck by the fact that the Frenchman makes more of pain than our men. They have not the old "biting on the bullet" tradition of the British soldier, and they do not hesitate to show signs of pain. But put fifty Frenchmen to take a trench, and assure them that at least thirty-five will be killed in the taking, and I don't think you would see any

of them fall out. The French soldier's courage and the Briton's rise, I think, from different sources. The source of the Briton's courage is more egotistical. He sets a standard for himself, and tries to live up to that standard. British bravery may often be traced to this rather noble form of egotism. A man does not wish to "let himself down" in his own eyes any more than in other people's eyes. He will not desert a post or shirk a danger because he would feel not so good to himself if he did one of these things. It would not be "playing the game."

### Ready to Dare All for La Patrie

The French soldier's courage, on the other hand, owes more, I think, to his very strong communal sense. For his own particular sake he would do much to avoid a cut finger or a black eye, but for La Patrie and a cause he has at heart he would face the biggest Boche and the longest bayonet. The French soldier always strikes me as a man who overcomes his own personality and makes himself do brave things. His imagination tells him the risks he is running far more vividly than does the imagination of the average Briton. He will do his brave deed, then, with a little flourish. He is consciously brave, whereas some of our fellows really do not know when they are brave. They know only when anyone funks.

The French soldier has the dramatic temperament; the British soldier has not. This is another reason of the Frenchmen's greater demonstrativeness. You will see them kiss one another on the cheeks after a successful charge. They are delighted to have won and to have "come through." See an English—or particularly a Scottish—regiment in like circumstances and they will be laughing and joking no doubt, but striving at the same time, by all the means that they know, to keep to themselves their deeper emotions—the fact that they are pleased to see one another safe and sound and to be alive. Yet they must feel this just as much as the gallant French

The French soldier's relations with his officer are rather different from those of the British soldier. Men and officers in the French Army are not nearly so like two different races of men. There is a tremendous respect, but at the same time there is not the same stiffness. The relationship does allow room for a mutual smile now and again. The nearest approach to this that I ever saw in the British Army was between the chaplains and the men. A French soldier once asked me if it was against the rules in the British Army for an officer under the rank of major to smile with a common soldier. He said he had been struck by the way our young officers, except when alone with one man, avoided anything like cheery relations with their men. "Your older officers," he said, "are not so stiff and unnatural." Yet the French officers, he argued, were harder on offenders in the ranks than were the British. This greater intimacy between a French officer and his men—to whom he stands more in the light of father than of taskmaster—probably arises from the more democratic spirit of the French nation. Perhaps we shall come to that in time.

### One of the Wonders of the War

The French soldier is generous, but not so generous as the British. He is much more thrifty. He cannot throw trouble aside in the way a British soldier can, nor can he quite understand the determination to throw trouble aside in, say, a game of football or a comic song. For a long time our men's football and games behind the lines were utterly incomprehensible to the French, who quite misunderstood them. "Why do your men make a sport of the war?" they have asked me, in horrified tones. And the same idea struck other people than Frenchmen. M. Take Jonescu, the great pro-Entente statesman of Rumania, once asked me the same question—all because of a football game behind the lines. But the French have now come to see that fresh air and games are as much a part of the British race as the meat-breakfast habit.

The French soldier has an endurance and hardihood far greater than his physical condition and his more sedentary mode of life would suggest. I am still left wondering how the French ever contrived that great advance of theirs over two miles of Somme mud. It will rank among the wonders of the war.

N T

# Dastardly Destruction and its Avengers

British and French Official Photographs



Explosion in a large house which had been sst on firs by the Germans before evacuating the place. The wanton destruction of property, without military justification, of which this is an example, was made the subject of protest by France to the neutral Powers.



Regiment of French artillery passing through Epernay (Marne), eastward-bound upon the Germans' hsels. In Champagne, of which province Marne forms part, the artillery fighting was most violent, and incessant supplies of guns had to be sent forward.

# Though the public was permitted to hear but little of King Albert's dauntless army during the winter and spring of 1916-17, it bore a worthy part in holding up the

Though the public was permitted to hear but little of King Albert's dauntless army during the winter and spring of 1916-17, it bore a worthy part in holding up the enemy on the Flanders front. Newly-equipped and reorganised, it continued to render very valuable and timely assistance to the Allies. In the following pages we are given some interesting glimpses of the activities of the New Belgian Army.



Belgian Grenadiers working a new type of trench mortar.

# Belgians' Brave Work on the Flanders Front



Soldiere of King Albert's Army halting in a village behind the lines on their march to the front. In oval: Belgian postman delivering letters at the entrance to a etrong concrete-covered dug-out.

# Belgian Slaves and British Emancipators



Pitiful scenee like this were frequent in Belgium during the captivity, when the German barbarlans deported the women and children to work as slaves in German fields and factories. Lesring soldiers led the tearful children and stony-faced women into bondage.



lesuing rations to the British troops who had vowed to set Bsigium free. At some convenient point food was delivered to each battalion's quartermaster, who divided it into parts for the companies. Company quartermasters subdivided it into portions for platoons, and each portion was parcelled up, labelled, and sent forward to where ration-parties attended to carry the rations to the trenches.

# East & West Await the Future with Firm Faith



Keeping watch where the Belgian engineers created a watsry barrier between themselvee and the enemy on the Yser. The floods effectually halted the Hun, and kept him at euch a distance that the brave Belgian Army could complete their reorganisation.



Indian Lancere on the weetern front. In an old French farm these capable soldiers of the King-Emperor warm their hands before an open-air fire. The chance of the cavairy, it was believed, would come with the anticipated hour for the "knock-out" of the enemy.

# Undaunted Belgian Troops in Vigorous Action



Belgiane charging over the eand-dunes in Flandere. It will be eeen that one man has just failen. Except when the Germans overwhelmed them with vaetly superior numbers, or fought with their poleon-gas, nothing daunted these herolo infantrymen.



Beigian mounted infantrymen making a sortic from a wood in the North of France, after having tethered their horses among the trees in the background. The Beigian soldiers continued to fight valiantly against the invaders, who waged a pitliess, demoniacal warfers on defenceless non-combatants and on women and children of the stricken country.

### KING ALBERT'S MEN AS I KNOW THEM

### By BASIL CLARKE

Special Correspondent on the Western Front

You can find arm-chair critics in England, France, and elsewhere who will speak disparagingly of any of the allied armies fighting just now in the European War, be it the British, the French, the Italian, or any other. But the number of these quidnuncs who single out the Belgian Army for criticism is perhaps greater than is the case with the other Armies. Possibly it is because their views and their knowledge about the Belgian Army are less likely to be analysed and questioned than would be the case if they dealt with the greater Armies, for not very much is 'generally known about the Belgian Army or the Belgian soldier who goes to its make-up. In addition, the part that the Belgian Army has been called to play in these later phases of the war has been largely a waiting and watching part, all of which has tended to lend colour to the high-brow criticisms of the arm-chair "know-alls" when they say that the Belgian soldier and the Belgian Army are not up to much, and do not do much.

#### The Best of Soldiers

It is all so grossly unfair and wrong, besides being most callously ungrateful after what Belgium did for the Allies, that personally I get a little hot with these people. I had four months of closest touch with Belgian soldiers in the first six months of the war—speaking with them, eating with them, sometimes living with them, and seeing them at work in all conditions, good and ill. People who could fight as they fought, in circumstances such as they encountered, and with a cheerfulness and resolution such as they exhibited, could be none but the best of soldiers. To realise how they fought and the stubbornness they showed you have but to consider two facts which everyone knows—namely, the number of weeks they held up the whole force of the treacherous German onslaught, and the number of the casualties they suffered. The Belgian Army did not flinch before the German horde till their resolute little army had been reduced to a mere remnant. And even when that moment came, with nought but a mere strip of their country left to them, they set about the task of organising another Army, which Army is now in the field. In those terrible weeks of the first onslaught some of their units were wiped out utterly. Others, though reduced to a mere handful, yet carried on guerilla warfare from the woods and forests of Flanders, thereby delaying the Germans till British and French were better able to meet and withstand them. It was splendid work, done only at awful cost. One Belgian friend of mine is one of two remaining men of his original company, more than one hundred strong. That is how the Belgian soldier fought.

### Two Contrasting Types

You notice two very common types of Belgian soldier—the one dark and rather short, and like a Frenchman; the other thicker-set and fair, and of a ruddy colour, not unlike some of the English soldiers from the Eastern Counties. Most Belgian soldiers speak French, but the fair ones have, as a rule, the more Flemish blood in them, and the language they speak among themselves is Flemish. There are men, of course, who are a mixture of these two types, and a very fair mixture it is; for these men have some of the solidarity and doggedness of the English type, coupled with some of the vivacity and quick-wittedness of the French. But on the whole the Belgian fighting temperament is more after the English type than after the French. It has been remarked more than once how well the British and the Belgian soldiery get along together, better than do the French and Belgian. There is, in fact, a tremendous regard for the British in the Belgian Army. When I was in Flanders, Belgian officers and British were as

"thick as thieves," and always together in their sparetime. The British naval officers who were at work off the coast of Flanders were especial favourites, and many of them struck up Belgian friendships that have lasted right through the war. Personally, I never cncountered from any race more generous or more genuine hospitality than I did from the Belgians, soldiers and officers alike. They could not do enough for one, and nothing was too much trouble.

I remember one day at Furnes wanting to find a certain Belgian major friend, and asking a soldier if he could tell me where his quarters were. The major, however, had left the little town and taken a billet at a spot four miles away on the Nicuport road. Nothing would suit the soldier but that he should show me the billet. He was off duty, he said, and he would take me himself. As there was no conveyance of any kind we had to walk both there and back, eight miles, and the soldier would not hear of taking any reward for the trouble he had taken. Incidentally, we came in for some rather spirited German shell fire on the way, and even this did not deter the man from his purpose of guiding me both there and back.

#### More Than Allies-Friends

Many a time I have done the journey from Dunkirk to Furnes and other townships and villages of Belgium in carts and motor-lorries and motors driven by Belgian soldiers, and never would they take reward for the valuable help they thus gave me. (War correspondents were not allowed motor-cars or any other means of transport in those days.) This and much other help and kindness I owe to Belgian soldiers, and they acted in this friendly way not so much, I think, because of any personal qualities of my own, but because of the fact that I was an Englishman. This explanation was expressed to me in many different ways at different times, but never better, I thought, than by the plain Belgian soldier who said to me when I acknowledged some kindness of this sort: "Don't speak of it, monsieur. You are English The Belgians and the English are more than allies, monsieur; they are friends."

### Belgians' Heroic Endurance

The Belgians were doing some wonderful fighting at this time. The Germans still cherished the fond delusion that they could cross the Yser, and night after night they returned to the attack with never-ceasing waves of infantry. The British had all they could do farther south, near Ypres, and could give no help. The Belgians kept up the fight, and finally put the enemy to confusion in these parts by opening their dikes and flooding the low-lying land in which they were working. But if the floods caused the Germans some discomfort, they did not, on the other hand, add to the comfort of the Belgians, many of whose trenches and positions were waterlogged. Such was the discomfort of the fighting here—probably never equalled in this war save on the Somme, where conditions just now are not dissimilar—that none but the bravest and most resolute troops could have kept going. The Belgians kept going bravely enough, and about the banks of the Yser they gave the Germans their first real taste up to that time of what unsuccessful war under winter conditions might be. But it was dreadful work. I remember sitting one night during these endless attacks in a little estaminet, or inn, at Furnes, waiting for news from Pervyse, some miles away, where a dreadful riverside battle was raging. The Germans were trying to get across the flooded flat lands with armed rafts. They had mounted machineguns on these floating timbers, and were wading through the

#### KING ALBERT'S MEN Continued from page 27151

floods, pushing the rafts before them. As I sat there in the dimly-lighted room a Belgian soldier, wet through and covered with mud, tottered into the room. He sat down at a table in a dazed manner, and the waitress, after trying for some minutes to get him to say what he wanted, went away and returned with hot coffee. The soldier, with difficulty, drank it. I noticed that his hands were covered with big, white water-blisters, due to long contact with cold water in the trenches. I spoke to him, but he looked at me vacantly and did not reply. After he had been sitting by the stove for some twenty minutes, looking more dead than alive, his eyes began to move about the simple little room, and at last they settled on a big, framed looking-glass that lung as though it were a picture on the wall. The thing seemed to fascinate him; he could not take his eyes off it. At last he staggered to his feet, and, walking over to the looking-glass, examined it intently for perhaps a minute. "Good God, it's a mirror!" he exclaimed at last. After that he began to talk.

#### Splendid Undaunted Resolution

Till that minute the poor fellow had not known where he was or what he was doing. His consciousness, which had left him some time during the freezing hours and days he had gone through, had suddenly come back. He now recognised things. But he did not know how he got out of the trenches, nor when, nor whether he had come out by order or without. Bed was the proper place for him, and I told him so. But after another five minutes by the stove and another coffee he picked up his rifle and went—back to the trenches. "So long as I can walk, I'll go," he said simply. I learnt later that he had been ordered out of the trenches that night to "go sick." Later he was wounded, and fell into the hands of the plucky British girls, who, during all those dreadful weeks, ran a little hospital of their own right near the firing-line at Pervyse.

Similar instances of Belgian soldiers' undaunted resolution, both individual and collective, could be given without number, collected from those early, desperate days of war when the fate of Britain and France alike, let alone Belgium, hung by a thread. There is one other instance of Belgian soldiers' sense of duty which is not generally known. It is, perhaps, not too early now to tell it. The Germans, after plastering the Belgians with shells of all sizes, sweeping them with machine-guns and rifle bullets, had at last broken through. The Belgians, broken by weeks of hardship and suffering, could stand no more, and the tiny remnant that remained of many fine regiments got out of their trenches and retreated. It was near the coast, late in 1914. Belgian police met them on the roads as they were coming along. The men retreating were recommended to turn. It is no use, they argued; we have done all we can. Flesh and blood will not stand any more.

#### For King and Country

The men were distraught with days of fighting, with days of ceaseless hardship, and with casualties such as few troops have suffered in this war. They could not do more, they said, and they would not confront the Germans again—outnumbered and outgunned as they were at this They swarmed along the road in the direction away from the Germans. And then a solitary man came along the road—a tall, commanding figure in plain, dark-blue uniform and "kepi." It was Albert, King of the Belgians. He looked on at his retreating troops—looked on, standing in the brick gateway of a big house, watching his men in retreat and looking each one of them in the eye without saying a word. They looked at him. They recognised their King. One of them, on a bicycle, put his machine broadside across the road, held up his land, and gave an order. They formed up in the road, saluted their King, and they markly held their King. saluted their King, and then marched away-to meet the Germans once more. And this time they held them The Germans never passed till reinforcements came up. the Belgians again on that coast position. They have been held there till this day.



It would take many men several houre to dig a crater as deep ae that made in a second by a shell from a big German gun.

Thousands of these cavities were torn in the fields of Flanders. A Belgian contemplating the havos with philosophical interest.

### The Martyrdom of Belgium's Infant Innocents



Four pretty Beigian children who wers wounded by the explosion of the same shell during the bombardment of Coxyde. The youngest was only elx weeke old.



Injured Beigian child being conveyed to a place of safety by two Sistere of Mercy.



Taking the eun cure. Wounded Belgian eoldisrs and a civilian convaisscing on the beach at La Panne, one of the few Flemish towns that remained in Beigian hands.

THE photographs on this page show some innocent Belgian victims of the Prussian scourge. These children, the youngest of which was only six weeks old, can claim in years to come to have been in the fighting-line with the bravest.

They were mostly inhabitants of Ypres and the neighbouring villages, which were in their death agonies, thanks to German shells.

"Necessity knows no law," says the cynical Teuton. He was not satiated with sacking the land, with disfiguring its beautiful face for all time, with crucifying its adult population, but must needs wage atrocious warfare on infants. But the blood of the innocents only made more certain the day of retribution. Far away, it seemed, but it was marked in the book of Time. The breaking of organised barbarism of necessity meant long and costly effort. But at death-grips with nearly all civilisation—eight nations against her in a struggle of popular liberty against military tyranny—Germany had embarked on too wrongful a cause for its success to be possible.



Wounded Beigian soldler in one of the new com-fortable hammock-beds on board a hospital ship.



Tiny victime of the War Lord'e ruth. Children injured in the bombardment of Ypree seen eafely installed in a hospital out of the danger-zone.

# Belgian Sidelights from the Yser and District



War-worn Belgian soldiers, fatigued by long vigil in the trenches, crossing waterway in Flanders in order to reach their bilists.



The church at Lampsrnsss suffered the fate of svery place of sanctity in the firing line.

"Some" luxury in the trenches. Beigian playing a plane taken from a neighbouring house. Its etrains invariably provoked a volley from the jealous Hun.



Curious effect of shell fire on houses at Oestkarke. All tiles wars shaken off, while the roof supports remained intact.



"London Bridgs." Pontoon constructed by British and Belgians across the Year, and known by name of Thamee' moet famous epan.

## Where the British and Belgian Lines Met



Where the British and Bsigian lines mst in Flanders. Allied infantrymsn fighting side by side in the trenches, while, to the right of the photograph, a Belgian officer is on the "look-out," and directing the firs of his own msn.



Two Belgian Red Cross doctors, having crawled out of their trench under firs to succour a wounded soldier, are attending to him while ly'ng down to eafeguard themselves. After administering first-aid, they fastened a rope round him and pulied him under cover.



Beigiane working a machine-gun and wearing respirators in the trenches to protect themselves from German poison gas. The photographs on this page were all taken in the first-line trenches of Fianders, and under firs.

# Changing Scenes in Russia. The following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the following pages of four starting contracts: Six and the four st

The following pages afford startling contrasts. Stirring pictures showing gun and rifle on Russia's snowy front lead up to the most momentous event in her annals, and probably in modern history. The Revolution of March, 1917, meant the beginning of a new democratic Russia and a great impetus to democracy everywhere, and the death-blow to pro-German bureaucracy. For Russia its immediate importance was the overthrew of Tsardom.



COVERED INSIGNIA ON THE PALACE GATES AT PETROGRAD.—Striking photograph showing the royal arma on the Ex-Tear's palace shrouded by the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army, who broke the power of the Romanoff autocracy.

# Along Russia's Long Line from Riga to Armenia



Preparing a flat-roofed billet in an Armenian village. The Russians plastered the roof with mud to make it weatherproof.



Scouting-party on the Russian front. As the warning hand of the front man shows, they are in touch with the snemy.



German prisoners captured on the Russian front under guard on the Lutz-Kovel road. Above: Allied group on the front near Left: The Russian Prince Bouchtst; Captain A. C. Bromhead, of the Britieh Army, and his orderly, Private Greengrass.

## British Soldiers Serving Amid Russian Snows



British soldiers hauling a three-pounder gun on a sleigh over the snow-covered ground at Alexandrovsk, in Northern Russia.

Alexandrovsk is a small port in the province of Archangel, which is useful as a naval station, being ice-free all the year round.



Reindeer sleigh at Alsxandrovsk, where the British addiers soon accustomed themselves to this picturesque form of transport.



British machine-gun and riffeman in action on Russia's snowy front. The men wore close-fitting fur caps to protect their ears.



Three-pounder gun and British eastry guarding a cable station situated at the mouth of a river in Northern Russia.



Firing a three-pounder gun at Alexandrovsk Cove. The gun-tsam consists of British soldiers warmly wrapped up for their cold post.

# With the British Armoured-Car Section:





Motor-cycle despatch-rider attached to the Section on the Caucasian roads. Right: A car in difficulties, with the Russian transport drivers standing acide while thinge are set right. Great difficulties were encountered owing to the road banking ellipping.



A curlous photograph of Ruselan soldiers riding camsis captured from the Turke, and employed in the Ruselan transport service.

THE British Armoured-Car Section in Russia, commanded by Commander Locker-Lampson, had one of the most adventurous expeditions of any unit, employed in the war. Held up during the winter of 1915-16 in the ice of the White Sea, it at length broke through to port and proceeded across Russia to the Caucasian theatre of operations. When it left the main road through Turkish Armenia it reached the roughest mountain country, unpathed except by bullock tracks, where the gradients were sometimes so steep that the cars had to be hauled up by hand and lowcred again by ropes. In the Mush region the Section had a narrow escape from an ambush; the commander was trapped, and only escaped by charging across a river under a hail of bullets. The Section was often in action. One very successful feat was the capture of the village of Norshen with a number of prisoners and the destruction of a large magazine in the Turkish base in the neighbourhood of that position. The Tsar received Commander Locker-Lampson in October, 1916, and rewarded several members of the Section with decorations. One squadron also operated in Persia to the south of





Nativee of the Caucasus watching the British Armoured-Car Section page, their flufly cape looking at first like shocks of hair set on end by such a demonstration of black magic. Right: Britieh officer superintending the transport of war materials to Ruesia.

# Through the White Sea to the Rugged Caucasus





British transport in the White Sea and (right) the two transports that conveyed the British Armoured-Car Section for Russia breaking their way through the White Sea. These two boats were the first to get through the los when it began to break up after the winter.



Turkieh barracke at Mush, in Armenia, a town about eighty miles S.S.E. of Erzerum. Mush hae a reputation, even in Armenia, for filthinese.





A equadron of the Armoured-Car Section on the road, at last actually bound for the front. Inset above : Car belonging to the Section crossing a stream in the Rueelan Caucaeue.

### THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER IN THE WAR

#### By HAMILTON FYFE

"ALL soldiers when they are in hospital are children, but while the French and British behave like schoolboys, the Russian is really like a child."

That is the opinion of a hospital matron I met at the front who has gained much experience. I have learned during the war to know the Russian soldier pretty well, and I can tell you that in the beginning the matron was right. He was in mind and character a child. He had a child's faith in his leaders, whom he had been taught to consider his "masters and betters," as our Catechism puts it. Therefore he submitted, he "ordered himself lowly and reverently" towards them.

The war has taught him much. It has widened his horizons. It has made him begin to think, and "to think" means to criticise. To the Russian soldier war has been a great educator. When he goes back to his village he will be a different man.

#### Fairy Tales in the Field

Not, of course, entirely different. He has still a child's curiosity and a child's superstition. He delights in listening to fairy-tales. He likes to march, singing simple march-songs which help him to keep step. He is like a child in his work and in his play, in his heedlessness of the morrow, in his simple processes of thought.

I saw a group of Cossacks gathered one cold day round the little fire which had been boiling their tea-kettle. It was early morning, and no matter how much smoke went up from the trenches at that time of day, neither side fired. Russians and Austrians had silently agreed to respect the breakfast hour. No shots were heard between six and seven o'clock.

A friend and I went up to the tea group to hear what they were saying. All their heads were close together. As we got near we saw that one was speaking and the others listening to him, evidently with enjoyment. What were they listening to? To the story of Snow-White and the Seven Bears!

In the lives of Russian soldiers there is a curious mix-up of the sordidly real and the fantastically imaginative. Four-fifths of them are peasants from the villages. Nothing ideal about the peasant's existence in Russia, or anywhere else! Hard work on the land through the short summer. In the long winter either idleness with frequent drunken stupors, or more hard work, such as logging (wood-cutting), relieved by drunkenness now and then.

In the small cottages large families pig together in a manner indescribably promiseuous and unpleasant. That is to say, it would be unpleasant to us. They do not mind sleeping all together on the stove without taking their clothes off. They would think you mad if you suggested that the window should at times be opened, and preached to them the value of fresh air.

#### Contempt for Mollycoddles

They are hardy; unafraid of exposure if they feel inelined for it. After their weekly steam bath (the only occasion in the week on which they take their clothes off) they will sometimes roll in the snow—this I did not believe until I saw it—by way of showing their contempt for mollycoddles. But they cannot be happy in their homes without an atmosphere which turns Western people sick and faint. Their village morality and their sanitary arrangements are equally disturbing to our sentiments and our sense of propriety.

Even their religion is material, almost entirely a matter of keeping up certain observances in order to put God in a good temper. They think He can be coaxed by a lighted candle. They think that He watches them to see

if they cross themselves always when they come out of their houses, when they pass a church or a holy picture in a roadside shrine, when they return home and stand before the ikon (holy picture) in the corner of the room with a lamp burning before it, unextinguished from one Easter to the next.

They have no respect for their "popes" (priests), who indeed seldom deserve it. Yet they believe that the priesthood must be employed by all who hope to avoid the anger of God. They pay the priests, therefore—and often pay them well—to baptise, marry, bury, and arrange for the repose of souls departed. Some soldiers once found a priest drunk in bed. They pulled him out and beat him. As soon as he was sober enough to say Mass they forced him to the altar and made him go through the service, to which they listened with well-disciplined attention. They could distinguish between the man and the magician. He had the power to perform miracles, no matter how dissolute his life might be.

#### People Full of Poetry

This does not seem a promising soil for poetry, fantasy, charm of expression, delicaey of feeling. Yet the Russian peasant-soldier frequently gives proof of these qualities. I have read hundreds of letters written by wounded men to those who have cared for them in hospitals. At first they filled me with amazement. Now I expect such letters to be touched with the live coal of imaginative emotion. I am disappointed if they are not.

Strange it seems to you, I am sure, that peasants without schooling, without any of the refining, softening influences which are at work among peoples more advanced in civilisation, should think and write like this, while British soldiers use the most banal phrases and display in their letters seldom any gift of expression at all. Strange that the Russian peasant-songs should be so fanciful, so full of poetry.

Yet is it strange, after all? Every nation in its child-hood lives—as children do—more in the world of imagination than in the real world. The Russian people are only now beginning to grow up. They still are able to see, as the boy saw in Wordsworth's exquisite ode:

The earth and every common sight Apparell'd in celestial light.

They still keep something of "the vision splendid." The "shades of the prison-house" have only of late begun to fall across their path.

Unless you grasp this difference between the Russians and the Western nations you cannot understand the Russian soldier. He is the oddest mixture of suspicion and confidence, gentleness and savagery, childlike sincerity and cunning. In his normal state he is kindly, friendly, humane. But he is very easily excited, both by strong drink and by eloquent talking.

#### Suppression of Vodka

The suppression of vodka has been of the greatest advantage to the Army, as to everyone else. It has made Russia far more prosperous than she was, in spite of the war. It has already changed the appearance of many villages. Women and children are better fed and better elothed. The houses are tidier, less miserably furnished. Everyone is glad that prohibition of spirit-selling was decreed. Those who drank heavily before say frankly: "We knew it was bad for us, but we couldn't stop it. It is quite right of the Government to make us stop it." Children all the time!

Simplicity is the dominant note of the Russian soldier's character, and this note sounds through all the arrangements of his daily life at the front. His food is very simple

[Continued on page 2723

#### THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER IN THE WAR (Convert from 1921)

indeed. He lives on soup and dry porridge (made usually of buckwheat), tea and bread. The soup has meat in it and plenty of vegetables. A plateful of it with a lump of black rye-bread is a plentiful meal. He does not find this monotonous. It is what he is used to at home.

The training through which the Russian soldier goes is simple; very effective as far as it goes, but not calculated to develop qualities of self-reliance and initiative. It is a system of training borrowed from Germany, like so much else in the Russian Army; but it cannot produce exactly the same result, since the Russian has too much individuality to submit himself limply to the moulding process and to be turned into a machine. Listen to the shout which greets an officer when he comes on parade: "Zdro! zhlai vash 'deetst vo' (short for "I wish you good health, your Excellency'). There is a note of sincerity, even of jollity, in it, which you never notice on a German barrack-square. Watch a squad being drilled; you will not notice the wooden, anxious expression that you would see on the faces of German "rookies." The men treat the whole business rather as a joke. They smile all the time, and pretty often laugh outright, and the instructors join in.

Over bayonet exercises they are more serious. They feel that here they are learning something useful. Soldiers charging and plunging their bayonets into straw figures representing Niemtsi (Germans) have been common sights in the streets of Russian cities these last two years. The men are taught to cheer as they approach "the enemy." Most of them emit blood-curdling yells. All go through the exercise with a stern air of resolve to give the straw figure no chance.

#### Individual Idea of Combat

It is only when they use their bayonets that they consider they are really fighting. I asked a big Little Russian once, early in the war, "How many Germans have you killed?" "None, burin," he replied sadly. "I have had no opportunity." "But," I said, "you are firing your rifle at them all day." "That is true, burin," he answered, "but I don't count that. I reckon we kill them when we stick our bayonets into them—devil take them!" The Russian soldier has the individual idea of combat still. He likes to meet the foe face to face.

Not that they have any strong feelings against him. They do not hate Germans. I do not think the soldiers on any front hate them. It is not the soldier's way. I asked a Russian soldier once what he thought of the enemy. "They are just like us," he said, "only they wear grey uniforms, and ours are brown." When the Russians take prisoners they treat them as comrades, share everything with them, even advise them to throw away cartridges with explosive bullets if they have any in their pouches, for if they do not, they will be shot.

I have not found bitter anger even in men who have been

brutally mutilated by Hun barbarians. I saw one or two poor fellows who had had parts of their ears cut off. They were calm and resigned about it. That is the Russian temperament. They are fatalists. "What is, is; and what will be, will be." Yet if you talk to them vigorously for ten minutes you can get them to go anywhere, dare anything.

They are daring, also, if there is a reward in view, or just for the fun of an adventure. I have known soldiers raid German trenches because they wanted chocolate and cognac. I recollect a corporal stealing up to barbed-wire, cutting it, passing through it and bombing the enemy just because he wanted a medal to show his sweetheart when he went on leave. Often scouting-parties have set off on long expeditions through the woods or the marshes because they were tired of doing nothing and needed a change. Many peasant-soldiers are wonderful scouts. They are used to hunting and trapping animals. They have the quick perceptions and instincts of the outdoor man.

#### Behaviour in Retreat

What they do not like is sitting in trenehes and having death rained upon them. They would sooner rush out and try to get at the enemy. They cannot get accustomed to the kind of warfare in which there is so little for the soldier to do. Under all conditions, however, they are patient, resigned, never boisterously cheerful, yet keeping up all the while a good heart; never thinking very far ahead. During the long retreat in the summer of 1915 they grumbled very little. They could not understand why the orders were always to fall back, never to go forward. We could smash them easily, they said. (All troops believe that.)

#### Growth Speeded by the War

As a rule, retreating armies are either in a state of panie or else in a very bad temper, gritting their teeth and going through with it, but hating the job, and themselves, and everybody else into the bargain. The Russian troops were much the same as usual, a shade more melancholy in their singing, perhaps, a trifle less satisfied with their "masters and betters," but nothing to notice unless you marked them with close attention. That is a very valuable quality in an army. The French soldier is far quicker-witted and more dashing than the Russian, but he cannot (as I saw during the retreat after Charleroi) endure reverses with the same philosophie, fatalist patience. He understands too much, his mind works too sharply.

In this, as in every other way, the Russians had until lately, and enormous numbers still have, the merits and the defeets of an unformed intellectual development—that is to say, of a child. But the Russian soldier is growing, and the war has speeded-up his growth. The Army takes an interest now in the struggle between privilege and progress, and it is on the side of progress. Privilege gave it Sukhomlinoff, the Minister for War who failed to provide munitions. The Army will never forgive that.



Mishap to Russian sledge transport at an awkward point. The swollen stream naving invaced the roadway, the sledge laden with stores has slipped down the bank into the water. The men are well clad for facing such unpleasant episodss en route.

# The New Russia and Her Courageous 'Cromwell'



A scens in the Duma, Russia's Parliament, showing the frame from which the portrait of the Tear was removed. Inset: M. Kerensky, the Premier and "Cromwell" of the New Russia, who, although a Socialist, insisted on the necessity for victory over the Germans.

# Russia in the Throes of Her Greatest Trial



General Palitzin addressing the seven soldiers who had been elected to represent the Russian troops in France at the Council of Workmen and Soldiers.



One-armed Russian officer addressing a Petrograd meeting in support of the Provisional Government.



Gen. Palitzin reading deepatchee from Petrograd to hie soldiere in Champagne, exhorting them to loyalty to the Alliee. Right: Soldier addressing mass meeting in Petrograd.





Colonel Kostof, centenced to perpetual imprisonment for his part in the 1905 Revolution, reviewing Russian troops in France.



Maes meeting in St. Isaac'e Square, Petrograd. One of the eoldiere eaid, "Beware of the German's new weapon of fraternising."



reputation of being the most wonderful trick riders and mounted warriors in the world. Astonishing and true stories are told of their genius in training their horses to understand their slightest wish, to wheel at a word or a whistle, and to swim streams while their riders COSSACK SCOUTS AND GERMAN PATROL.—Cossacks share with Red Indiane the

stand in the stirrupa crossed over the saddle. True affection exista between the Cossack and hie horse, and together the pair form a most formidable fighting unit. Mr. Stanley Wood here depicts some Cossack scoute with the Russian army in Rumania taking cover behind their horses, which have lain down on the ground, and engaging a German cavairy patrol.

### A Midnight Escape from the Austrians

#### From Czernovitz to Rumania with the Enemy in Full Cry

By BASIL CLARKE

IS there any immediate likelihood of Czernovitz being evacuated?" The Russian Staff officer was evasive. He could tell me nothing for the moment, he said, and he recommended me to call later in the day on one of his brother Staff officers at the Schwarzer Adler Hotel. This was ominous. Previously he had been so open and frank with me as to the Russian movements. I left the general's quarters and went to the Town Hall. The officials there were all mum or mysterious. One of them abruptly stopped speaking to listen again to the Austrian guns which were booming away to the south of the town. It struck me he was trying to hear whether they were any nearer.

In the cases and shops—such of them as had not been closed owing to the war—there was everywhere an air of suppressed excitement. Rumanian citizens of Czernovitz feared the worst and were in the dumps; for a return of the Austrians would mean death to many of them. Austrians and Jews-who were anxious to see the back of the Russians -were suppressing an elation they could scarce conceal.

In the early evening I called on my Staff officer at the Schwarzer Adler. He received me in his bed-room—a courtly Russian with a flowing yellow moustache. He assured me that I should be right to stay in Czernovitz for the present, at all events, and that if there was any thought of evacuation he would let me know in good time, so that I should not fall into the Austrians' hands.

#### A Bayonet at the Portico

With this I had to be content. Still, I did not like the look of things. I engaged a room at the hotel, and then sought out the night porter. I gave him first a handsome tip, and then some very definite instructions. At the first sign of any movement of troops in the streets during the night, I told him, or at the first sign of shooting in the streets, or even at the first sign of Russian sentries being withdrawn from the streets, he must come and waken me at once. He agreed. I then thought to go into the me at once. He agreed. I then thought to go into the city to establish yet another safeguard against surprise, but at the hotel door was a Russian sentry with fixed bayonet. I must not pass. He pointed to his watch and to six o'clock; waved his hand towards the streets, and then shook his head. It was quite clear; no one must be out of doors after six o'clock.

There was no restaurant in the hotel, and for some reason all its public rooms were locked. There was nothing else for it but to stop in one's bed-room. And here I had to dine that night. My Rumanian assistant, Dobias, foraged for food, and by some good luck managed to get ham and bread and a bottle of some sweet sort of Austrian wine. Sitting on the bed we consumed this. About 7.30 p.m. the electric lights were turned out. In my bag was a candle. We lit it and sat in the half light. Once I lifted the window and looked out. A Russian sentry shouted up at me from the pavement below. I did not understand. He lifted his rifle as though taking aim at me. I pulled in my head quickly enough. Apparently all blinds must be down and no heads must be put out of windows.

#### "The Austrians are Here!"

At eight o'clock Dobias went to his room, and I wrote by candle-light till after eleven o'clock Then I ran downstairs to remind the night porter of his promise, and to see whether he had heard any fresh news. All was normal, he said. Then I went to bed. All was quiet in the city. I could hear the tramp of the sentry on the pavement below me. Then the tramping ceased. It jumped out of bed and peeped behind the blind to see why. It was snowing again. Newly-fallen snow had muffled his tread.

A splash of hot wax falling on my wrist woke me, and I opened my eyes to see the night porter bending over me with a candle shining into his black, glittering eyes. "Get up, get up, sir I" he was saying breathlessly. "The Austrians are here l'

I sat up in bed. At that moment Dobias came dashing into the room in a blaze of excitement. As a Rumanian he had, perhaps, some cause to wish to avoid the Austrians, but hardly as much as I had.

"The Austrians, the Austrians!" he exclaimed wildly.
"How long have they been here?" I asked. "And when did the Russians clear out?"

There were many things I wanted to know before I came to any decision as to what I must do for the best. But Dobias was a bundle of nerves, and the porter was little better. I could get nothing coherent out of them. I believe the porter had gone to sleep instead of watching, and had known nothing till the moment he woke up and saw troops passing the hotel door.

#### "You Will Get Me Murdered!"

I rested on my elbow, thinking what to do. At this Dobias threw up his arms, and, with eyes nearly bulging out of his head, said, "Get up, get up! What can you be dreaming of to lie still so? You will get me murdered and yourself, too, if you don't make haste." Rather nettled, I told him if he wanted to go he could go at once, though I did not see how getting "into a sweat" was going to improve matters. He wrung his hands, but was quiet.

I jumped out, and he scurried round to help me-passing me collar and tie and boots as I wanted them. But every moment he was halting and listening and gesticulating—clearly at his wits' end with excitement. If only to make him more reasonable I took things as naturally as I could, though I was pretty scared, too, inwardly. When I asked the porter to get our bill Dobias nearly went frantic again.

"If you wait for that you will be murdered!" he

gasped.

We paid the bill in the corridor to the night porter,
We paid the bill in the front door. There was and then he led us down to the front door. There was no light. He had just opened the vestibule door when a faint sound of muffled tramping came through it. He closed it quietly again. We hid in the shadow. Through the glass panels of the door, a moment later, we could just make out a line of troops marching by.

#### Muffled Tread of the Enemy

Pressed tight against the wall in the vestibule we stood in the darkness and watched this shadowy army march past, their arms swinging, their bayonets a-bristle, and catching now and again a faint flash from the feeble street-lamp on the farther side of the square. Their greatcoats were grey with snow. Their feet made hardly any noise.

"Austrians?" gasped Dobias.

"Yes," said the porter, "and you nearly walked into

Full five minutes we waited there in the dark of the doorway watching them pass. Behind were carts and waggons and men on horses. Then all had passed. The

sound of their tramp quickly faded away.

The night porter opened the door stealthily and looked with anxious eyes both up and down the street. "Now!" he exclaimed. He literally pushed us down the steps and then shut the door behind us. He had come to the conclusion, apparently, that it would be no nice thing to be caught by the Austrians harbouring an Englishman. Nor was it a pleasant thing, I could have assured him in return, to be turned loose at dead of night—for it was about one o'clock—in a strange city street, into which might come at any moment some new enemy patrol, nervy

and excited, and fearing ambush at every point.

I was for following the Russians. We knew they must have retreated by the road going north. Dobias said no.

[Continued on page 2728

#### MIDNIGHT ESCAPE FROM AUSTRIANS (C ned. from page 2727)

We must get into Rumania—ten or twelve miles away to the east over wild and hilly country, which in places was many feet deep in snow. He was not in a fit condition to argue it out calmly, so I told him definitely I was going to follow the Russians, and that he need not come unless he He gave in, and quietly followed me down the street.

We crept some distance, keeping close to the dark shops and houses on our left hand. There was not a sound in the city. We had gone a few hundred yards, keeping a bright look-out all the way, when a huge and livid flash shot up into the sky to the north and a deafening explosion split our ears. Poor Dobias stood still right under a street-lamp, his hands lifted and his eyes bulging.

I dragged him into a shop doorway, out of sight. Then he recovered and became suddenly calm. "That settles it!" he said. "Now you must go to Rumania. The Russians have blown up the river bridge. None will get

Across after them."

He was right. "Yes, we'll make tracks for Rumania,"
I said. "And we must hustle if we want to get there."

"Why?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"Because the Austrians are coming up from the south," I answered, "and will surely move up in line, right along the whole Rumanian frontier. They would never come into Czernovitz without making sure the Russians could not flank them on the east. They will move up the Rumanian frontier simultaneously with their movement on Czernovitz. And if they are not there already, they soon will be.

#### Slipping Through Austrian Patrols

He was not a very robust sort of fellow, friend Dobias, but he put an amazingly good foot foremost on that journey. First we had to get out of the town. Not a soul was in the streets, and we certainly did not wish to meet anyone, for none but Austrians or friends of the Austrians could be about. Dobias proved most valuable. "We want to get to the Mamornitza road," he said. "That will take us by the nearest way to the Rumanian frontier, and as it leads to the most northern point of the frontier we shall have more chance of escaping the Austrians, because it will take them longer to get to that point than to one farther south." This was sound sense, and I was glad to find him recovering his wits, for he was a bright man in normal times, was Dobias.

But first to get out of Czernovitz. We raust avoid the bigger streets. Austrian patrols would be distributed over them before many minutes, and if we were once challenged we could not hope, either by bluff or by running, to escape. I was not anxious to have my fate left in the hands of the Austrians—probably in the hands of Lieutenant Klappa, the Butcher," whose sinister activities in hanging people I have mentioned in an earlier article.

As we passed along one narrow street we saw a figure at the end standing under a street-lamp. Dobias pointed him out, and said he could see the glint of a bayonet. That was enough. Touching me on the arm, Dobias quietly scaled the five-foot wall which was on our right hand. followed. With an unerring instinct he led me over gardens and fences and fields and brick-crofts, and twice through

the very yards of houses before we emerged finally into an entry, and thence into a street again. Another quarter of a mile and the street became a road. It was the Mamornitza road. Not far along it was a barrier and a sentry-box, where only a few hours previously a Russian guard had stood. Was there any guard there now, Russian or Austrian? We did not dare to look. We turned to the right, and cut over some fields deep in snow, and thus rounded the sentry point. Farther on we joined the high-road again and made for the east.

#### Rumours about Wolves

The snow became deeper as the ground rose. Soon the road itself became indistinguishable from the surrounding country-all was equally white-and but for telegraph poles by the roadside I doubt whether we should have been able to keep to it. At one telegraph pole it was not always easy to see the next one, and in searching for it one was liable to leave the road and flounder in snowdrifts in gullies and ditches. Once the telegraph poles themselves must have left the road to cut off some corner, for we were floundering for half an hour over snowdrifts and fencing and ditches innumerable. I did not thank Dobias for remembering—and mentioning—that wolves had been reported that winter in these districts of the Bukovina. Not long after reporting this piece of news he stopped suddenly and said "Listen!" What he heard was, fortunately, not wolves, but the dogs in a neighbouring homestead. As we were burning with thirst, we went into this farmyard to get a drink from the well there. One of the dogs resented it, and jumped around us, barking frantically. I kept him off with a stick while Dobias lowered the bucket on its windlass to the water, and drew up a bucketful. When he had drunk he stood sentry with the stick while I took a drink. Never had water tasted so cool and refreshing!

#### Across the Frontier to Safety

During all the five hours that journey took us we kept a most anxious look-out on our right for Austrians. saw them first when we were not more than half a mile from the Rumanian frontier. From the top of a hillock we could make out two mounted scouts riding easily along the road leading up the frontier side from the south. Dobias was for hiding. That would have done for us. We ran was for hiding. instead, and we did that last half mile and down the hill to the frontier post at a gallop. The horsemen saw us as we were descending the hill, and put spurs to their horses. But they were coming slightly uphill while we were going down. Their horses slipped and stumbled in the snow, and headway was slow. We slipped, too, but forwards, not backwards. I wondered they did not shoot. They seemed too busy riding. After a little fruitless galloping they slowed down to a walk.

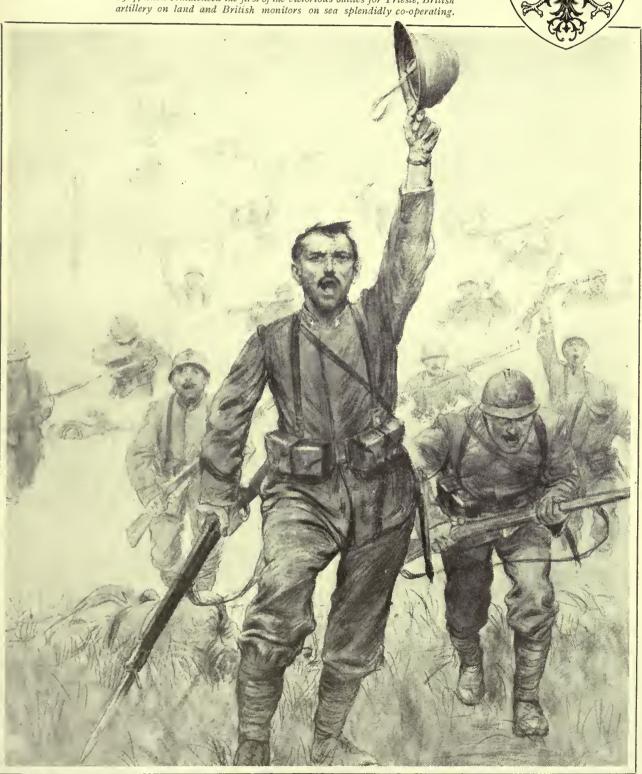
We got through the frontier posts at a gallop, greatly scaring the Rumanian sentry on the other side. horsemen dismounted and waited for the main body behind them to come up. By the time we had breakfasted—less than an hour after we had slipped over the frontier—there were some hundreds of Austrian soldiers, guns, horse and foot at the Rumanian frontier posts.

Klappa was among them!



Ae in the early days of the automobile. Serbian artillery horees helping to haul an officer's car out of the quagmire on a Balkan plateau, in the neighbourhood of Serbia's victorious onelaught on the Bulgarians, November, 1916. (Official photograph.)

# Little was heard of the Italian Army during the winter of 1916-17. Both friend and foe were forced to a standstill amid the snow-capped heights. Nevertheless, the army of our gallant ally was steadily preparing for the spring offensive, which General Cadorna launched on the Carso, May 23, 1917, when commenced the first of the victorious battles for Trieste, British



italy celebrated the second anniversary of her entry into the war by storming Austrian positione on the Carso Piateau, May, 1917. Ten batteries of British artiliery took part in the terrific preliminary bombardment. As a result of ons day's fighting the Third Army of the Duks of Aceta, which conquered Gorizia, drove the enemy down to Hermada, the last great Austrian bulwark before Triests.

# Heroism and Hardship on the Trentino Front



As an Italian colonsi, mortally wounded, was being carried away, his only thought was of the coveted enemy position, and his dying lips murmured receatedly. "The nosition! The position!"



The hardships of the Austro-Italian campaign for both sides were almost unimaginable. Rations were constantly served out under conditions like these, on anowy fisida unoratected by any shelter.



Italian cavairy starting in pursuit of enemy just driven from a position by a hurricane of machine-gun fire. Italian horeemen are epecially trained for rough riding.

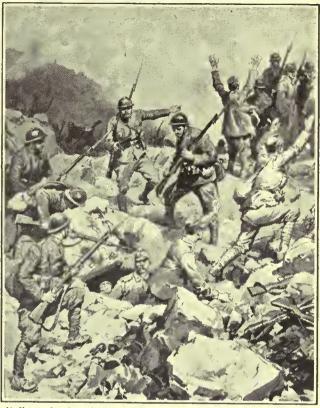


At some points the Austrian retreat became a rout, and the flying troops were harried by Italian artillery, accounting for several thousand casualties in the enemy's ranks.

# Italian Intrepidity in the Alps and in the Air



Italian infantry storming the crest of Monte Cucco in the Julian Alps, deemed by the Austrians an impregnable position.



Italians clearing the Austrian troops out of the dug-outs and caverns in the captured positions on the Carso plateau.



In the attack on one of the Vodice heights north of Gorizia, th Italians advanced to the strains of the National Anthem.



ftalian airmen,flying very low,by machine-gun fire threw a column of Austrians massed on the Julian Aips into wild confusion.

# Righters of Wrong on the Italian Front



Gallop! Cavalry took a prominent part in the frontier victories won by the Italians at the outset of their campaigns. Superbhoresmen, many of them could climb on horseback steeps up which an ordinary man of athletic build would not care to clamber on all-fours.



Hauling a heavy gun along a mountain-side. Mind won many triumphe over matter during the war. Chief among these were the almost incredible achievemente of the Italian engineere in bringing huge pieces of ordnance into position on mountain eummite.

# Heroes in the Heights of the Dolomites





High-perched outlook poet in the rocky Dolomitss, that grand district of magnificent mountain scenery which was in pre-war days one of the playgrounds of Europs for holiday climbers.

Sheiter for Italian soldiers in the heights of the enow-clad mountains. Wonderful indesd was the resourcefulness of the Italians in building such hute in the seemingly inaccessible rocky fastnesses of part of their front.



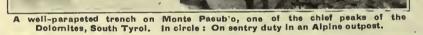


Mountain-gun section of the Italian Army tidying up their weapon ready for the next move forward against the Austriana. Right:

Another Italian gun in its emplacement in the mountaina, the gunnere taking careful aim at their distant "target."

# In the Trentino: Italy's Terrible Task







Wire entanglements on the mountain elopee of Val Lagarina, that part of the Adigs Valley which runs from Acquaviva, above Rovereto, to the Italian frontier. The dietrict was the ecene of heavy fighting during the campaign in the Trentino in the summer of 1915.

# Italian Aerie in the Snow-Capped Alps



Wonderful Ingenuity was shown by the stallane campaigning in the Alpe. By the roos-ladder—hundreds of feet long—the soldiers climbed the precipitous rock to the high-perched temporary home from which they kept an outlook towards the enemy while they prepared for their next move forward against him.

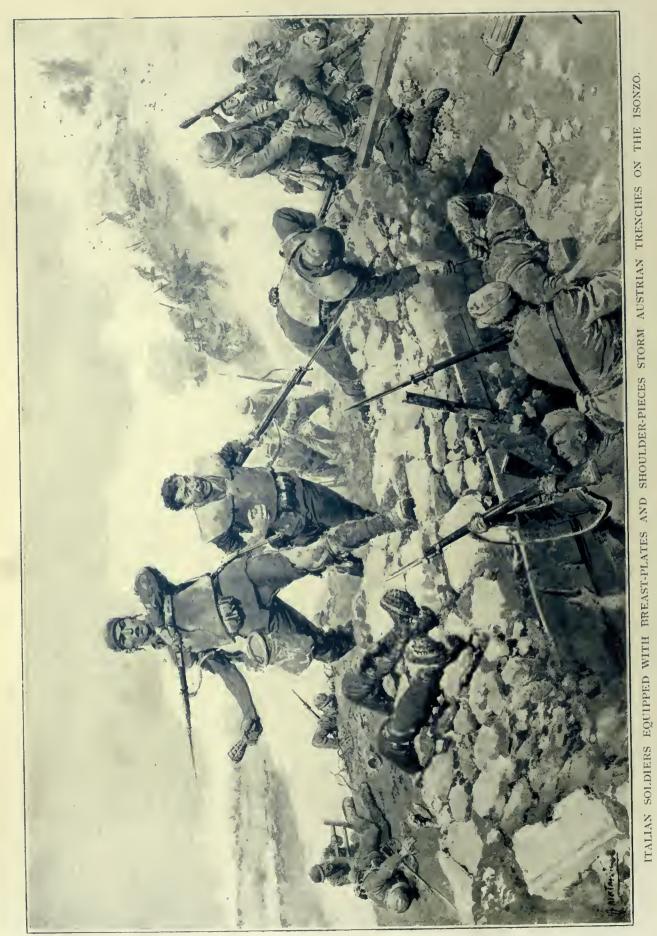


Remarksble, too, is the feat of engineering shown at the terminue of the long isdder, where this outlook hut le fixed in a cleft in the very face of the mountain. Though their quarters must have been somewhat cramped, the Italian eoldiers evidently maintained a smiling front at their lofty and lonely post.



THE CRUCIBLE OF VICTORY.—Interior of one of the vast works that were established in Italy for the production of guns and munitions of war, showing a crucible of molten metal for big gun manufacture. In common with Great Britain and all the Allies, Italy





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# General Cadorna's Warm Tribute to British Arms



Ten batteries of British Field Artillery served with the Italians in the fighting on the Careo, May, 1917, and though forming a very small percentage of the massed artiliery force engaged, played a splendid part, eliciting general praise. Gensral Cadorna vielted them during the battle and telegraphed to Sir Douglae Haig, eaying:

"I rejoics that amidet the thunder of artillery on the Carso the enemy has heard the powerful voice of the British guns, which was a sign to him of the indiseoluble fratsrnity in arms of the aliled natione. Italy rejoice that in this hour she should have this token of a co-operation which is an assurance of victory."

### THE ITALIAN SOLDIER AS I KNOW HIM

By DR. JAMES MURPHY

Special Correspondent on the Italian Front

WHEN war broke out between Austria and Italy the fighting qualities of the Italian soldier were little known. Of dash and courage he had plenty, perhaps too much. That was recognised. But would he display the grit and endurance and capacity for detailed organisation which are necessary to success in modern warfare? The German did not think so. He sneeringly called the Italian a mandolin-player. He knows better And he might have known from the beginning that there is a world of meaning in the contrast between beer and music. Had Fritz strummed "O Sole Mi" beneath the window of his Gretchen, rather than shouted "Hoch have been a better soldier, and Northern France would not be littered to-day with broken bottles and broken armies. Anyhow, the joke is now with the Italian side.

#### Spirit of Ancient Rome

And if we would be honest it must be admitted that the supreme prowess displayed along the circle of the Alps and on the stony wastes of the Carso came somewhat as a surprise even to friends and well-wishers of Italy. truth is that though the world at large had supposed the Roman genius to be dead, it was only sleeping, sleeping and recuperating. Aroused from its centuries of slumber by the call of the Risorgimento it did not become fully awake until In her sober moments Austria had realised that she would have to meet a well-organised and brave Army, but she probably never dreamt that she would find marshalled against her that genius for co-ordination and intense sense of solidarity which makes each soldier feel the power of the mass concentrated in himself alone. It was this power which brought victory to the standards of ancient Rome; and the modern Italian soon showed the Austrian that the blood of his sires did not course in degenerate channels.

#### Devotion to Home

I have stated this generalisation because it points out the angle of vision which must be selected if we would have an accurate view of the Italian soldier at work, Pro Aris et Focis-for our altars and our homes-was the motto inscribed on the standards of the Roman Republic; the same formula synthesises and expresses the feeling in the rank and file of Cadorna's Army. It is an Army of peasants fighting for the safety of their homes. Almost every experience which arrests your attention as you journey along the Italian line of battle is an illustration of that fact. Though the soldiers have very few nicknames for the enemy or his weapons, they have names of endearment for their own. And these names are household words. Carlino—little Charlie—is the mountain gun which the Alpini employ; the "75" is Lucia or Guiletta or Angelina, according to the favourite names in the family Bibles of the men who serve the batteries. To the soldier Bibles of the men who serve the batteries. To the soldier, the armoured line which stretches from the Adige to the Adriatic is the wall which guards his home. Within it live his mother, sister, wife, his loved ones.

I suppose it is true that the men of every nation become children in the most critical moments of their lives, but I think this is truer in Italy than elsewhere. Wounded soldiers crying out in their agonies generally call for their mothers; they sometimes call on their God, and sometimes they curse their fate. In Italy I have scarcely ever heard another cry from the lips of an agonising soldier except "Mamma mia! Mamma mia!" You hear it when they are being brought in on the stretchers. Home and mother seem to be the one idea running through the distraught brain.

Last summer I ran across an incident which might be called an apotheosis of this idea. I awoke in a little hillside town close to the line of battle. As I rubbed my eyes and shaded them against the glare of a glowing sun that was reflected from the snow of the mountain beyond, an officer friend came in and said: "When you are ready, I shall take you to see my camp." Not many minutes later—for the ceremony of toilet is not a very elaborate one where the graver things of life matter—we were strolling amid rows of white tents pitched by the side of a singing river. We sat on a rustic bench outside the officer's quarters.

"Coffee, Giovanni," he called.

It was immediately brought by a young peasant soldier.
His face glowed with excitement and had an expression of intense concentration, as if the bringing of coffee were as essential to victory as the launching of a shell from some great howitzer. Then a vacant look came over him, and I began to suspect that the poor fellow was not "all there." In a moment a new idea seized him, and he was gone. He returned with a neatly-made bouquet of wild flowers, with which I was presented ceremoniously.

"He is a poor fool—a half-witted fellow," said the officer, "but one of the most efficient servants alive. When I go to the trenches with my men he is disconsolate until my return, and if I remain away for the night without having told him beforehand he will not sleep."

I learned his story later—a story which has an eloquent and instructive moral.

Made by the Army

Before the war he lived with his mother in a little country village. Being incapable of following any trade or business, he busied himself with household duties. the herald blast of war called the other men from their homes the poor simpleton was left. He began to grow troubled and moody. Why would they not take him? This was like no other business; it was for the protection of home and parents. To him the fighting-line in the Alps was the threshold of his home. There he must take his stand. But the military authorities would not have him. He worried and sorrowed and refused to eat. mother went to the authorities and explained. Though not fit for the trenches he was very efficient in the performance of little household tasks. Could he not be of service in the So they put him in uniform and sent him with the other boys of the village to the front as an officer's servant. Now he is content. Almost every day he dictates letters which a kind comrade pens. They are simple, cheerful messages, bidding his mother to be of good heart and confidence, for he is protecting her on the Alps.

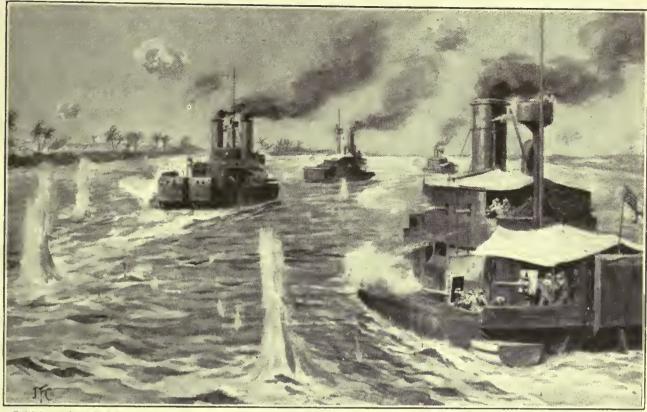
#### The Busiest Letter-Writer

This was the most striking example I have met of the great driving power which is behind the peasant Army of Italy; but one is constantly meeting other manifestations of it wherever soldiers are gathered. They are probably the busiest letter-writers in any army. During the leisure hours you find them grouped around improvised desks, an upturned barrel or provision box or stack of haversacks, sending messages to home and friends. Caligraphy is not an accomplishment of routine with the peasant; it is a rare ceremony, and happy is the man who can skilfully tread the mazes of its ritual. He will be requisitioned to write many a note for his companions, especially if they come from Calabria or Sicily. Sometimes my services have been accepted to fill the rôle of amanuensis. Stoutly I have striven to discharge the privileged task efficiently; but who could confine within the narrow bounds of paper all the thoughts expressed by gesture and play of feature, and the rushing torrent of picturesque but ungrammatical peasant language? A plague on the grammarians! They would crib, cabin, and confine the language of Nature. A few of these soldiers' letters have found their way into print, and I think an example or two may give the reader a glimpse into the minds of the men who wrote or dictated them.

Renato Mazzuehelli writes to his family and friends: 'I am now going to the field of battle, where flame and steel temper the lives of nations. I am going where there

[Continued on page 2740

# British Guns Aid Italy on the Carso Front



British monitors in action on the Tigris. These boats did considerable service during Sir Stanley Maude's triumphant advance from Kut along the great river, and did their part not only in harrying the retreating enemy along the banks, but also in the capture of Bagdad.



British gunners on the Italian front. In Italy's new great Carso offensive, which threatened Austria's hold on Trieste, British artillery rendered effective aid to General Cadorna. Our artilierymen took out to this new field full equipment of guns and shells.

#### THE ITALIAN SOLDIER (Continued from page 2738)

is no death, where only cowards and laggards die; for, though the body of the soldier may fall on the field, he lives on in the glory with which death has encircled his name. His friends and those who know him will speak of him to their children and say: 'Forget not that name. It is the name of one who died fighting for the glory of our country. I greet you, my country, my fair Italy. And you, my mother, fair and holy, you are the image in the shrine of my heart and the object of my everlasting thought."

#### Love for Country

Arturo Riccardi writes to his parents: "This is the noblest and most precious moment of my life. My manhood is glorified. I give it to my country, and I make the sacrifice of it in an ecstasy of joy. But before I part with it I must thank you, my parents, who gave it to me. I stretch out my arms to you and thank you from

my heart for all the sorrows you have endured for my sake. "My adored parents, I beseech you, with all the soulstrength of a devoted son, to be calm and self-possessed. Do not trouble for my sake, but pray the good God that He may bring me back to you crowned with honour. It is important that mothers and fathers should not weep. They must give the younger ones an example of fortitude. "Addio, mamma mia adorata. My country, my beloved

Italy, calls me.'

These examples, which disclose the soul of the peasant beneath the armour of the warrior, are typical of hundreds I might quote. But it must not be thought that the soldier whose mind is ever filled with poetic pictures of home and relatives envisages his task and its bearing on great world problems in a narrow outlook. Quite the contrary. When you meet him and chat with him in trench or camp, you discover that his grasp of the family



Warfare in the eternal snow. Audacious Itailan Alpini on skis, having fired a charge of dynamite under an Austrian blockhouse, rapidly withdrsw from the range of flying splinters.

idea intensifies his vision of the Fatherland and that sense of brotherhood which cements the bond of sympathy between him and those who are fighting for the same cause. I was with the Italian soldiers during those days when the fate of Verdun hung in the balance. Peasants from the Abruzzi and Piedmont and Tuscany, men who never before had had experience of the world beyond their little farms and workshops, eagerly scanned the morning papers for news of their French comrades. Groups of soldiers gathered round the lucky individual who had received a copy of the "Corriere" or "Tribuna" in his morning's post. The news was constantly received with exclamations of pride, and one often heard expressions of sorrow because the weather conditions prevented Italy from lending a helping hand by striking vigorously on her own front.

#### Grasping the Situation

For the Italian soldier is always delighted to feel that he fights in concert with his Allies. Tell him that the Franco-British troops are striking on the Somme; the news will fire his spirit and lend new strength to his blow.

That capacity for grasping a world-wide situation seems to be due to something racial in the Italian character. I suppose it is a heritage from their Roman forbears. And I imagine it accounts for the fact that one hears more of world politics than of war when mixing with the officers and men at the front. When they discuss war it is generally on broad strategic lines, and they constantly illustrate the argument by drawing diagrams on little slips of paper. But they are far more anxious to discuss politics with the stranger. They discover the main currents of British affairs far more readily than an ordinary Briton, and they unravel Balkan tangles as you will find them unravelled nowhere else. It is remarkable how many of the officers and men understand English. I should say that quite fifty per cent. of the officers are conversant with the French tongue. In their dug-outs you will find copies of the "Times" and "Daily Mail," the "Journal" and "Temps," and "Echo de Paris." When you are presented to the general who has command in the section wherein you are spending the day, he invites you to lunch, and you accept all the more readily because you imagine that you have struck a mine of military information. Do not think that it will be a ceremonial performance where strict military canons are enforced at table. I have dined at divisional head-quarters where privates sat beside the commander and led the conversation, for this is a brotherhood of sacrifice where one man's blood is as precious as another's. If you think that the commander will confine himself to the discussion of military matters you are mistaken. He will ask you about British workmen, the output of coal and munitions, the Irish question, and the attitude of the British Government towards different problems of world politics.

#### Capacity for Team Work

As to the bearing of the Italian in the actual fray, I doubt if our general idea of him is entirely correct. are apt to consider him fiery and somewhat wanting in doggedness. Doggedness is so characteristic with ourselves that we are inclined to pin our faith to it and look for a corresponding share of it in other armies. It is true that the Italian is not dogged as is the British warrior, especially in passive trench warfare. He wants to do something. Ask him to build a bridge under fire, or to climb a mountain, and he will stick to his work as busily as an ant, even though his comrades fall and he is sorely wounded. He loves to conquer the "impossible" and achieve a sort of super heroism. He will charge a battery with his bayonet. When he is brought in wounded he is still in a sort of ecstasy; his body is afire with a warlike incandescence, so much so that oftentimes he does not wince under the surgeon's knife. But if he be left too long inactive in front-line trenches his nerves are apt to suffer. This capacity for team work is one of the most admirable of his qualities. In mountain warfare the line of battle cannot be closely articulated, and the success of an attack is dependent on team work between sections which are not in At Gorizia, for instance, the winning of the bridge-head on Podgora and Sabotino would have been ineffective had it not synchronised with the conquest of San Michele and San Martino. Yet these were positions entirely out of touch with one another.

Events in the Balkans

There was little of spectacular interest in the Balkan battle area during the period represented in this volume. The splendid Allied army based on Salonika continued to check and press the enemy, while elsewhere the Allied Fleet kept constant watch on King Constantine of Greece. Interesting articles and illustrations dealing with events in the Balkans are given in the following pages.



QREECE FORMALLY SALUTES THE ALLIES' FLAGS.—On January 29, 1917, a ceremony of apology for the outrages of December, 1916, was performed in the Zappelon Square, Athens, when Greek troops formally saluted the flage of Great Britain, France, Ruesia and Italy. The colours were held aloft by four officers, and the Greek troops then marched past them at the ealute.



Allied troops on the march in Macedonia. Fully equipped, they are on their way to take part in an attack against the Buigars. (French official photographs.)



ON A BALKAN PLATEAU.—Interminably the martial pageant wends its way over Macedonian plains where mighty hosts have fought from time immemorial. This French official photograph shows a British convoy on the road leading to the battle-zone. On December 10th, 1916, a strong and successful French attack took place north-east of Monastir.

# Serb Leader & Laughing Londoners in the East



The General, seen ceated with members of hie Staff, follows with



General Vaceltoh, speaking in English, thanks our men for their



East or West—with merry heart. The happy faces of these London troops at the end of a hard day's march in Macedonia were an excellent augury of the coming victorious efforts of the Salonika Expeditionary Force, which only awaited the advent of fine weather to co-operate in the great offensive of the near future.

### THE SERBIAN SOLDIER AS I KNOW HIM

By H. CHARLES WOODS

Author of "War and Diplomacy in the Balkans"

If we wish to understand anything of the dcpth and power of the character of the Serbian soldier, it is a primary necessity that we should recognise that the Army is the Nation and the Nation is the Army. The true spirit of the people is seen not among the politicians and townsmen, but in the personalities of the peasants and country-folk who constitute the backbone of the race and make up the Army. Possessed of the strength of lions and the hearts of children their lives, thoughts, and actions are influenced by the traditions, proverbs, and national customs according to which they have been brought up. Partly as a result of the patriarchal or communal system, according to which large families live together in one homestead, the people are affectionate, simple, and kind-hearted. Patriotic, of course, they are, but patriotism in Serbia means not so much love of King and country as absolute adoration of home, village, and friends. It is, therefore, these sentiments which lead every Serb at the same time to assure you that the water and air of his village are far better than those which can be found elsewhere, and to fight for the protection or reconquest of his hom? rather than for that of a country whose history, politics, and future he cannot really understand.

#### Born Fighter and Fatalist

The character of the Serbian soldier may be described by saying simply that he is a hero, a born fighter, and a fatalist, or it may be dwelt upon in an account that would fill many pages. That this brief description of him is true is proved by the fact that the Serb is the only man in modern history who has been practically, if not literally, engaged in war for considerably over four years.

Such has been the recent fighting merit of the Army

Such has been the recent fighting merit of the Army that, after the victorious battle for the all-important Kaimakchalan position, which barred our advance to Monastir, the Russians, who at first did not wish to be placed under the Serbian command, openly said: "Now we will serve under any Serbians you like." That thiz battle proved victorious, and that the expression of such a sentiment was forthcoming, are due, of course, in part to the modern training of the Army which has been in progress for somewhat over ten years. But they result in the main from the undaunted spirit, the true valour, and the imperviousness to suffering—qualities which were typified in the persons of a little party of Serbians who lately left this country for Salonika. Having escaped after a year's imprisonment in Germany, these men were asked whether they wished to begin fighting again immediately. The reply given to a Serbian-speaking friend was: "If we had not wished to fight for the liberty of our country we should not have risked death in escaping." That is the spirit of the Scrb—a spirit existing not in a machine but in human beings.

#### Circumspect and Careful

In battle and in the hour of pain the courage of the Serbian soldier is above all praise. While he fights with a bravery which enables opén-order tactics to be employed, individualism, common-sense, and initiative make him circumspect and careful. It is these qualities—qualities which are actually bred in the people—that so greatly enhance the value of an Army which wages war rather as a vast crowd of well-taught men than as a regular "machine." Thus, although there is nothing wanting in his dash, the Serb, whether he acts by or against orders, does so not in a reckless way but in accordance with reason and judgment. To prove my point, and to show that he loses no opportunity of profiting by the ground or by the occasion, I will recount an anecdote of the present war. A Serbian officer gave the order to charge. Nothing happened. He gave the same order again. Still nothing happened. But in a few seconds his men sprang up and rushed the position. On the non-commissioned officer being asked later in the day for an explanation of this conduct, he replied: "We were waiting until the belt in that machine-gun was finished, when we knew that we should have a favourable moment before another was in position."

Although, morally speaking, the Serbian is possessed of an acuteness of feeling and of an almost over-sensibility, which means that unpleasant things can only be said to him in a pleasant way, and which make the task of his officer an extremely difficult one, he suffers disaster, pain, and hardship without a complaint and without a grumble. During the great retreat, and when the Allies were being reproached for their non-advance from Salonika in certain quarters, there was never a reproach from the common soldier, who accepted the situation as if it were all part of life's short day. Again, you may see the ambulances streaming up to a hospital, and you may catch the occasional groan of a man whose wounds may not have been attended to for many days, but you will never hear a murmur of discontent. When the Serbs came into the British hospital at Uskub, in an absolutely exhausted condition from starvation, they were still cheerful. What is even more wonderful, they will die happy and contented provided they have done their duty.

#### Doggedness of the Serb

The nature of the Serbian moral, and the effect of success and of failure upon it, are very difficult of description. While all are agreed, as events have proved, that the moral of the Army is high, it is extremely interesting to examine the characteristics which lead to this ideal. Easily roused to enthusiasm, and quickly depressed almost to despair, the Serb is also possessed of some of the obstinacy and doggedness of the Bulgarian. These qualities, which are conspicuous by their absence in the Greeks, mean that while success is highly important to him, the soldier is not fatally discouraged by the knowledge of the existence of almost superhuman difficulties.

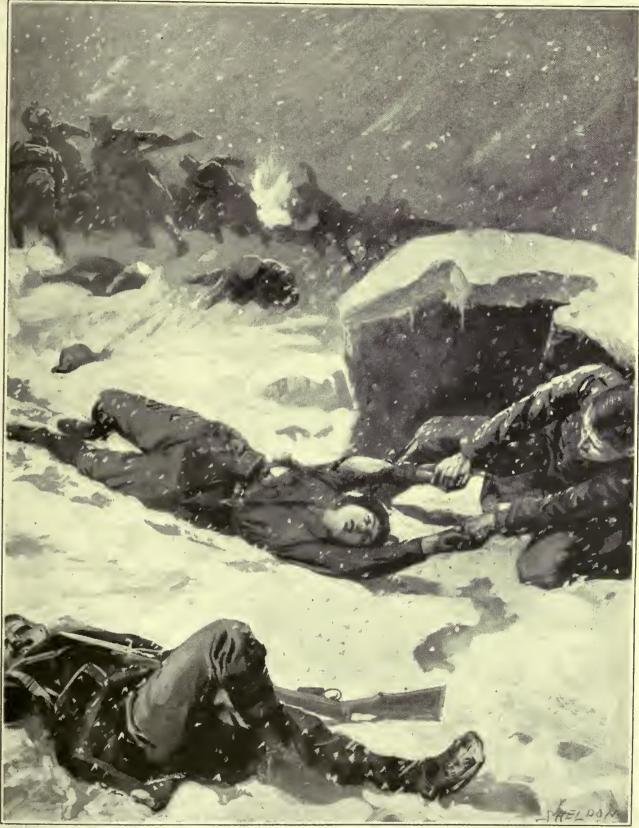
Discipline, as defined in the west—or, more correctly, as understood in Germany—is absolutely unknown. Entirely democratic in sentiment, the Army exists more because fighting is an instinct of the people than because the prestige or the word of the officer is infallible. But in saying this I do not mean that a good and efficient commander is not respected by his subordinates. I wish simply to infer that Scrbian discipline may be compared rather to that which used to exist in our old Volunteers than to that which prevails in a regular western army. Thus, if we understand the sentiments which make a man call his director or employer, whom he has known from boyhood, by his Christian name together with the prefix "Mr." or "Master," and at the same time respect him as his absolute leader or superior, which is often so in this country, and which was constantly the case with our locally-recruited Yeomanry and Volunteer companies in the South African War, then and only then can we understand the true spirit of comradeship and good-feeling which prevail in the Army of our gallant Ally.

His Religious Character

As with all peoples, except the Russians, who belong to the Orthodox Church, I do not think that religion plays any great part or enters seriously into the life of the average Serbian. A service he likes on the field of battle or in the hospital, but he approves of it rather because it, so to speak, forms part of a routine than because it has any great effect upon his spiritual thoughts. But the Scrb, who undoubtedly and unconsciously derives some of his sentiments from his ancestors who lived so long under Turkish domination, is a great fatalist who is governed by the tenets of his proverbs, and who believes that a thing decreed from "Above" cannot be changed.

To depict the soul of the Serbian soldier in a few closing words I can do no better than to quote the Serbian proverb, which says: "To die, my brother, is not painful; to abandon hope, that is painful." But often as might the fighting Scrbian have said this the fact remains that he has never really abandoned hope, and that, in spite of incalculable losses and untold sufferings, his unconquerable heroism is to-day what it has been throughout the war.

# Sergt. Flora Sands, Serbia's Scottish Heroine



Flora Sande, the Scottieh woman sergeant in the Serbian Army, was wounded by a grenade during a charge in the severe fighting at Monastir. She had nearly reached a Bulgarian trench when she dropped, her right eide severely injured by the explosion. A young officer of her battalion dragged her over the enow to

the shelter of a rock, where she was given first-aid and placed on a etretcher. The Prince Regent of Serbia visited her in the Military Hospital Camp, and, with much caremonial, pinned on her breat the gold and eliver Croes of Kara-George, a rare badge only conferred for most conepicuous courage on the field of battle.

## Keeping Constant Watch on King Constantine



Giimpse of the Piræue, the port of Athens whence the aliled fleet dominated the capital of King Constantine. Saveral of the men-of-war are in readiness to enforce those demands, over the full acceptance of which King Constantine so frequently heeitated.



Bound for the East on a French transport. Many of the men are inspecting with evident interest the gun placed in readiness to be used against enemy submarines. Above: Massive crans lifting the carriage of a heavy gun at French artiliery repair works.

# Re-united Greece Adheres to the Alliance





Greek troops, and (left) M. Venizeloe, who effected his country's re-union, taking the oath of allegiance to the new Government.



French sentry in the suburbe of Athens before the abdication of King Constantine. On July 14th, 1917, the new Greek King telegraphed hie good wiehee for the French Republic in her struggle, in which, he declared, Greece was "happy henceforth to participate."

## Regenerate Greece Girds on Her Sword for War

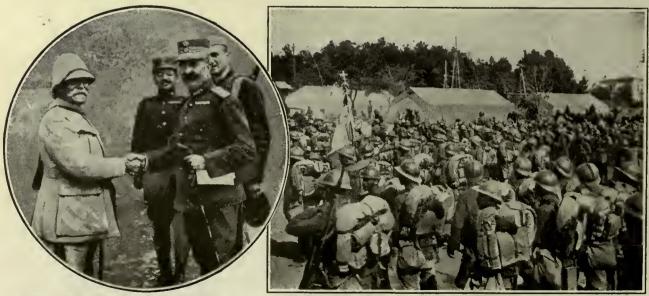


General Christodoulos, Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army, who with M. Venizelos upheid the cause of the Allies throughout the Greek imbroglio, interrogating Buigarian prisoners, and (right) studying a map of his sector of the line. (French official photographs.)





Departure of a Greek battery of "75'e" for the front. Right: The colonel of a Greek regiment addressing his men at the end of the ceremony of bisseling the coloure presented by the new Venizelist Government at Athene to troops proceeding to the front.



General Christodoulos shaking hands with a French general commanding troops on the Salonika front. (French official photograph.) Right: Animated scene of a Greek regiment with the colours under which it fought side by side with the Allies in Macedonia.

Rumania's Tragic Story

In this interesting section is told the true story of Rumania's failure to realise the high hopes entertained by her entry into the war. The following six chapters by the distinguished war correspondent, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, present the most faithful pictures of the tragic events in Rumania. It is to be noted her hard-hit army was still in being and in course of reorganisation.



Rumanian artillery retreating through heavy fire during the Battle of the Argesul. This began on December 1et, 1916, and after intense fighting ended in the evacuation of Bukarest.

### Untold Chapters of Rumania's Tragic Story

By HAMILTON FYFE

Special Correspondent with the Rumanian Army

#### I.—WHY GENERAL SOCEC WAS IMPRISONED

Even so able a native statesman as M. Take Jonescu, staunch friend of the Allies, believed that when Rumania threw herself into the war the duration of the great struggle would be lessened by six months. Few of us doubted that her entrance would mean a shorter war. By so much as these hopes were too high was our disappointment deeper.

Rumania was all but crushed by the Central Powers, and yet her patriotic King had courageously said, in his hour of sorrow, that he would have taken the step he did even had he known all. Indeed, it remained to be proved whether the sufferings the war had brought upon that country had been in vain, and that her effort had not aided in curtailing the length of the war. Rumania, at least, had not ceased to exist, the King was still on national soil, his Army was being speedily re-formed.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the distinguished war correspondent of the "Daily Mail," who for upwards of two years followed the fortunes of the Russian and Rumanian Armies, is, of all writers, most qualified to furnish faithful pictures of the events that happened in Rumania, our knowledge of which was somewhat obscure. In these articles, written expressly for The WAR Album De Luxe, he tells much that explains why Rumania did not realise our high hopes.—EDITOR.



Mr. Hamilton Fyfe

SAW in a newspaper some weeks after I returned to England a telegram from Rumania which said: "General Socec (pronounced "So-check") has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude and to degradation for his behaviour at the River Arjesh." Now I do not believe there are more than a dozen people in this country who know what happened at the River Arjesh, or how General Socec behaved there. Very few people in Rumania know. The last act but one of the Rumanian tragedy was performed almost in darkness. Even those who took part in the performance had but a vague idea of what was happening. Next to nothing of it came to the knowledge of the world at large.

what was happening. Next to nothing of it came to the knowledge of the world at large.

You may fairly ask, "Why did you, a correspondent on the spot, not enlighten the world at large?" I will tell you why. First, it was difficult to collect exact information. That difficulty, however, I did manage to overcome—at all events, I collected enough information to enable me to write what we call in newspaper offices a pretty good "story." Then I came up against the second difficulty—the censorship.

#### The Fateful Battle of the Arjesh

There was only one censor for foreign telegrams in Rumania. This was M. Duka, Minister for Education. He was a kindly, courteous, most agreeable little man, but he could not, of course, be always at the disposal of war correspondents. We had to hunt him, and often he was difficult game to track. And when we did find him, he was often obliged to ask us to blue-pencil out a good deal of what we had written. So my "pretty good story" became less good as it passed through his hands

Still, it was worth telegraphing home, even at fivepence a word, and I sent it, as I had sent so many other messages, by wireless. For some reason, not one of these wireless messages was delivered in England. I know they were despatched. But they did not reach the newspaper office to which they were addressed in London. I thought, when I with difficulty obtained leave to use the official "wireless," that I had gained a great advantage; now I know that the many thousands of francs I spent in this way, not to mention the labour of collecting news and writing the despatches, were all wasted!

The Battle of the Arjesh, fought in the last days of November and the first of December, 1916, ended the organised resistance of the Rumanian Army. Up to that

time this Army had been kept together in spite of bad losses. It had put up a good fight in many places. No one could expect it to do more than it did—few supposed it could do as much.

I expected from what I had read about the Rumanian Army to find it ready in every way, provided with everything which this war has shown to be necessary to an army. But apart from the lack of heavy artillery the troops were short of many things essential to success which did not reach them in time. These things included aeroplanes, field telephones, barbed-wire cutters, trench periscopes, trench-mortars, and hand-grenades.

#### Rumanian Courage and Endurance

The soldiers had not even sufficient spades for trench-digging; other entrenching tools were absent altogether. The trenches made were mostly of poor defensive quality. I was in some which were so narrow and shallow as to be of no use at all—the men could neither stand nor kneel in them. Others were the kind of trenches that are apt to collapse altogether if a shell falls in any part of them. Imagine an army thus ill-equipped set to fight the Germans, who had everything necessary, and you can begin to understand why it could not stand against them for an indefinite time.

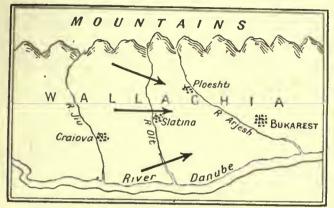
That it stood so long was a proof of the Rumanian soldier's endurance and courage. Properly trained and properly armed he would be fully the equal of the Russian soldier; more useful, indeed, than many Russians, since he is quick in intelligence and adaptable. There was a great deal of talk, even among Rumanians, about regiments and divisions, and even armies, "running away." Cases there were of retreats which could not be called orderly. But these were almost all, when they came to be inquired into, found to have been ordered and led by officers—even officers of high rank.

Some of these had influence enough to escape the punishment that has fallen upon General Socce. Truly, the general who was to blame for the confusion that helped to lose the Battle of the Arjesh deserved more than any other guilty commander to suffer for his fault; for the consequences of it were not only a very grievous loss of life and the bagging by the enemy of a vast number of prisoners; not only the loss of Bukarest and the oil region, but the temporary break-up of the Rumanian Army.

For a fortnight after the Germans swept down from the

#### RUMANIA'S TRAGIC STORY

mountains into the plain (November 15th) the Rumanians retreated before them. But they kept their formations unbroken. It was difficult to do this, because their flanks were being turned every few days. The German manœuvre was fascinating to those who watched it and understood something of strategy. It worked like a clock. As the invading force moved eastward in the plain, the defenders of the passes to the north were forced to retire. So were the Rumanian troops stationed at various points along the Danube. Thus you had units of the Rumanian Army retiring in an easterly, in a south-easterly, and in a northeasterly direction at the same time.



The rough sketch which I give here will convey some idea of the country through which the Rumanians retreated. They might have made a stand upon the River Oltu if they had prepared positions beforehand. But this had not been done. On the Arjesh they halted and gave battle. They were told that Russian troops were on the point of coming to their aid. On Saturday, December 2nd, I was informed at Headquarters that a Russian cavalry division was due to detrain that evening, and that infantry with artillery were on the way. If the Rumanians could have held the line of the Arjesh for only a few days, the Russians might have arrived, the enemy might have been stopped at that

The battle had begun well for them. Their left wing had attacked and driven back four divisions of the enemy, including one German. In Bukarest the population hailed the news of this success with hope and rejoicing. They had been hearing the guns for two days. Their nerve was shaken. For several hours they recovered their spirits, and were almost persuaded that the danger had passed. They did not know that while the Rumanian left was advancing, the centre had begun to fall back, while the right as well was wavering under vigorous pressure from a German force advancing south-eastwards.

Communication between left and centre was so poorly maintained that they became almost separate forces. Who was responsible for this and for the ordering of the centre to retreat was not clearly known at the time. General Socec is now revealed as the culprit. The confusion caused on the road which leads across the Arjesh towards Bukarest was frightful. There was consternation among those in authority when they learnt what had happened.

They did not learn from the army in the field, or even from Headquarters. A medical officer drove into the capital just after nightfall, and went straight to the house

of a Minister.
"Do you know that the order has been given to retreat?" he asked.

Flight from Bukarest

The Minister denied this. He said, "It is quite im-

"But I have come from the spot. I saw the retirement

beginning.'

The Minister rang up the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister rang up Headquarters. He was told that nothing was known there about a retreat. Later the information reached them. It was then too late to countermand the Ministers saw that it was necessary for them to leave the capital. Headquarters also decided to shift at

The Arjesh was only between thirty and forty miles from Bukarest. Already a number of enemy cavalry patrols had been seen on roads quite close to the city. One was caught in a suburb. I was with our military attaché in his car on December 2nd when he was warned that we might be surprised by Uhlans. It had already happened to me to be caught by these unpleasing enemies in the second month of war, and I did not care to take a chance of a second capture.

So we went northward, and at Ploeshti fell in with the Headquarters Staff on its way to safer lodgings. There we heard the fate of Bukarest was now decided. The end had come to the gallant resistance of the Rumanian Army. Its bravery against heavy odds had been of no avail.

Unavailing Bravery

Altogether the losses of those first days of December were not less than 100,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. It was for the time being the end of the Rumanian Army as an organised force. And General Socec only gets five years!

#### II.—IN THE GRIP OF FEAR: PAGES FROM MY DIARY

O understand what follows you must please recall the principal dates in the Rumanian campaign.

Rumania declared war on August 27th, 1916. She threw her troops across the Carpathians, invaded Transylvania, and for a month advanced into that country. By the end of September the Germans were ready. had, in the summer, been preparing an Austro-German army which was to attack General Brussiloff's forces on the south-western Russian front. This army, commanded by Von Falkenhayn, was now directed against Rumania.

The first week of October saw the first blows of this Austro-German army delivered. They were scientifically aimed; they had terrible weight behind them. The Rumanians reeled, then broke. By the middle of October the enemy had followed them into the mountains. In several places he was fighting on Rumanian soil. Advance was difficult in narrow valleys, but he stubbornly pressed onward. When it became known that one of the passes into Rumania had been forced, there was a flight of people from the towns. These extracts from my diary give a picture of the capital in this hour:

Monday, October 9th.—The news of the evacuation of Brashof, which came privately a few days ago, is announced in to-day's official despatch from Headquarters, and has caused very severe depression. The papers are not allowed to print anything beyond the curt announcement in the

communiqué. Wild rumours are about.

Tuesday, October 10th.—Overwhelming German pre-ponderance of machine-guns; superiority of German aeroplanes, which have two machine-guns with two hundred and fifty cartridges each, against Rumanian airmen armed with one gun and forty-five cartridges, or in some cases armed only with a rifle. Impossible to sift the false from the true. Few of them seem to understand what an exact statement means. What is clear is that the Rumanians are outclassed, except in bayonet fighting and in their gunnery, which appears to be accurate in aim.

Wednesday, October 11th.—Bratiano trying now to reconstruct the Cabinet and make it national—that is to say, representative of all shades of political opinion. He feels that his position has weakened. People are blaming him now for "coming in" when he did. Marghiloman, who was the leader of the pro-German party, but who has in his newspaper and in his private talk made clear since war began his sincere desire for Rumania's victory, declines to share Bratiano's responsibility.

Thursday, October 12th.—The Foreign Ministers are advising people who are not detained here by any special reason to leave the city. The consulates of Great Britain and Russia are full of travellers getting their passports put in order for the journey to Russia or to England. The newspapers publish appeals to the population to keep calm. Several of them blame the official despatches for causing alarm by not telling all the truth. Bratiano's attempt to

#### TRAGIC STORY RUMANIA'S

reconstruct the Ministry has failed. It is now being realised that Rumania can only be saved from the fate of

Belgium and Serbia by the aid of Russia.

Friday, October 13th.—To-day the official despatch was able to record some success in checking the enemy's advance, and the tone of feeling is now very hopoful. These people go always from one extreme to the other. They now say: "It is all right. We are holding them at a number of points." They do not see that the danger lies in the fact that the enemy is attacking at a number of points. More and more people are leaving. I went to the station this morning at 6.30 to see a friend off.

Saturday, October 14th.—News bad again. The enemy has broken through one of the passes. The anxiety to get away among the baser sort of people now becomes greater. Nothing is talked about but the chances of keeping out Falkenhayn's army until the Russians can send here

forces large enough to take the offensive.

At noon the hospitals were told to evacuate their patients. At two they were told not to. At noon the Legations were asked to have all their archives and the personal baggage of their members ready by the early evening. There was hasty packing up, burning of papers, filling of cases with books and documents, withdrawing of money from banks. About six, word was sent round that the cases and trunks would not be sent away to Jassy until to-morrow. As for the departure of the Ministers and their staffs, that is indefinitely postponed.

#### "To Go or Not to Go?"

The consequences of this are in all directions tiresome, and in some ludicrous. I went into one consulate and found the consul in a state of despair because he had burned all his books and most of his official insignia. am doing all sorts of things which are quite illegal," he wailed. Another consul had packed up all his belongings so carefully that he had to borrow a suit of pyjamas for the night. We go to bed in a state of uncertainty. As I write, between eleven and midnight, I hear the

noise of heavy vans in the street. That is the noise of the

evacuation of Bukarest.

Sunday, October 15th.—Another hot day, brilliantly sunny, exquisite, pale-blue autumn sky. What an irony that under a sky so tenderly serene and amid glorious mountain scenery men should be killing and maining one What a comment upon two thousand years of pretended Christianity! After the fever and unrest of yesterday there has descended upon the city a tranquil Sabbath calm. No one speaks of going away. The scare of yesterday seems like a nightmare that has passed and left the sufferer laughing at the terrors of his dream.

Yet, if one judges by the official despatch, the situation

is very little better than it was. Indeed, if it is carefully studied it seems to be, on the whole, rather worse. The enemy is still attacking at all points, and although he has suffered reverses at some of them, he clearly intends to go on. General Avarescu says he can keep him out for twenty days. But the Government does not seem to have fully regained its confidence. This morning it was decided that there should be a move from Bukarest. This afternoon the matter is again in doubt.

Monday, October 16th.—Heated debates are going on in all official quarters, foreign as well as Rumanian, with regard to the question of the hour—"To go or not to go?" Many members of the Legation staffs strongly oppose the former. The argument against going is that it would depress the Rumanian troops and encourage the enemy. This was also the view taken at Headquarters a few days ago. Now the military view represents Bukarest as a bad place to be in, "regarding it in a strategical sense." The truth, I believe, is that Headquarters thinks "les civils tiendraient mieux" if the politicians were farther off.

Pains have been taken to prevent communication between the front and the rear. No letters or newspapers are received by the troops, except a little sheet prepared especially for them. An officer wounded in Transylvania told me last night he had received no letter for a month.

Here is a nation and an Army, which, in spite of reading about battles and sieges for two years, had not realised what war meant. The Army has learned much already. When it is seasoned and better provided with heavy artillerywhich will happen, we hope, very soon—it will do good work. But the public learns more slowly, and among the public one must include even men of authority and position.

#### Hope at Army Headquarters

Tuesday, October 17th.—Calm reigns among the populace. At Army Headquarters cheerfulness and hope prevail. I had almost written confidence, but the feeling is not yet quite that.

Wednesday, October 18th.—The Rumanian troops are making a better stand than could have been expected from their earlier demeanour. The summary punishment of a few officers who failed in their duty appears to have had a good effect upon the others. The men have always been excellent material, and now they are growing accustomed

to the din and terrors of battle.

Almost the whole Rumanian Army is now defending the passes of the Carpathians, for the most part on Rumanian soil. This means something like 300,000 men. The attack soil. This means something like 300,000 men. The attack is being delivered, so far as I can gather, by sixteen divisions, which, allowing for the weakness of many among them, would give a total, perhaps, of 250,000. The enemy's numerical inferiority is made up by their possession of heavier artillery and of machine-guns greater in number by many times than those of the Rumanians.

#### Wonderful Recovery of the Army

Friday, October 20th.—The panic has so far subsided that there is now talk of sending couriers from the Legations to bring back the trunks and packing-cases which were sent away on Sunday in anticipation of a general flight from the capital. The Rumanian Army has found its feet in a most wonderful way. Even Bratiano is beginning to feel hopeful. It is too early as yet, it seems to me, to say that the danger is past. But every day that avoids a disaster is a day gained.
The only traces of the fear that passed over Bukarest

on Saturday are the number of empty houses and the still higher prices that are charged for all kinds of commodities under the influence of the "frousse." This has always been an expensive place to live in. Before Rumania came into the war the city was spoken of as the most expensive in the world. Here are one or two prices which have come under my notice during the past few days: A sixpenny bottle of soda-mint tabloids, 2s.; boots soled and heeled, 15s.; boot-laces, 1od. a pair; biscuits, 3s. 6d. a pound; coffee, 17s. a pound; tea, dearer still. As for clothes, they are impossibly dear—350 francs (£14) for an overcoat, 300 francs for a tweed suit. I hope there will be no more panics to give the shopkeepers any further chance of raising prices.

#### FROM BUKAREST III.—THE FLIGHT

CARRIED my story as above up to the calming-down of the first panic which disturbed the capital, and not only the capital, but the whole country. While this panic lasted there was a large flow of people out of Bukarest, and at the same time a large inward flow, also. Those who went out were well-to-do inhabitants of the city. Those who came in were mostly peasants from the country round about. The exchange was advantageous. Peasants consumed less; they talked less, also.

Food was getting scarce. We had plenty of wheat bread, plenty of maize flour, and enough potatoes, but very little meat, very few eggs; and everything grew rapidly dearer, for the reason that the thoughtless among

the well-to-do paid whatever prices were asked. If they had said firmly and sensibly: "We will not be robbed; we will do without this or that," the price of this or that would have dropped immediately. Thus they would have done the whole community a service. Actually they made all suffer for their thoughtlessness and unreadiness to change their habits. No one regretted their flight. It made food conditions a trifle more easy.

It also lessened the number of rumours that flew about the city. The people of Bukarest are afflicted with both the Oriental love of gossip and the Oriental's lack of exactitude. Their favourite amusement before the war was to gather in crowded tea-shops on the Calle Victoria,

## Rumanians Welcome Russian Reinforcements



Russia was the only one of the Allies that could afford actual military help to Rumania when she intervened in the war. She gave it generously within the limits of her resources, on which so great a strain was imposed airesdy. This dramatic picture shows a Russian transport arriving at Braila, Rumanis's port

on the Black Sea, warmly welcomed by a dense crowd of chesr-Ing people on the quay. War-stained Rumanian soldiers, Sisters from the Scottish Women's Field Hospital, and meny women and children, pitiful refugees from the districts occupied by the enemy, all are waving greetings to the troops.

#### RUMANIA'S TRAGIC STORY



When the first panic following the fail of the capital was subsiding, peasants from neighbouring districts ventured into Bukarest to offer fruit and vegetables for sale to the German soldiers.

the principal street, and wag their chins. As soon as war was declared by Rumania the Government ordered those tea-shops to be closed. The Rumanians themselves admitted that this was wise. "We talk too much," they said, with engaging candour. "This might be dangerous in war-time.

#### Fall of Constantsa and Craiova

However, they still talked too much in spite of the ban on tea-shops. To these they did not return, even when they were opened again, because they knew Government spies would be sitting there listening-while they sipped their chocolate and munched little sugary cakesfor indiscreet conversations. But wild, foolish talk went on everywhere else. Most of it exaggerated misfortunes, invented tales of blunder and bolting, magnified slight reverses into defeats. There were also unbalanced optimists who did as much harm as the gloom-sowers. They would go about telling everybody that they knew upon the highest authority of a famous victory which had been won. Up went everybody's spirits. Next day the story was seen to be-well, inexact. Spirits dropped lower than they

This lasted for about a month. Confidence grew more steady. The Rumanian Army defended the passes of the Carpathians with stubborn courage, fighting against almost impossible odds; for what are bayonets opposed to big guns? The loss of Constantsa, Rumania's only seaport, was a bitter grief, but the hope was firm that it would quickly be retaken.

Then suddenly came the shock of the news that the Germans had burst through the mountain barrier and were pouring on to the plain. The fall of Craiova was so unexpected that at first people refused to believe this rich and pleasant town—the Millionaires' Town as they called it—could have been taken. When they were convinced of this disaster they fell into profound depression. Day by day they looked for comfort in the official despatches, but found only admissions of retreat.

#### Growing Depression and Nervousness

I used, when I was in the capital and not at the front. to meet regularly a Rumanian friend. We lunched together in a little mess that he had formed, consisting of himself and his wife, a Russian diplomat, a Polish author, a British captain in the Intelligence Service, and myself. We lived up to the motto of "plain living and"—well, perhaps I ought not to call it—"high thinking," but we used to discuss everything from Ideal Love (in which Madame took great interest) to the best ways of cooking potatoes. As we lived very largely upon potatoes, I fancy the latter subject had more interest for us men.

My friend is a man of vigorous mind, of extensive experience. He admitted that his country had made mistakes, miscalculations; but his patriotic faith never wavered—until Craiova fell. He said to me on the morrow of the official admission that it had surrendered: "If anyone had told me this yesterday I would have struck him in the face. I could not have believed it. I cannot understand it. This is a terrible disenchantment. What next?"

#### Could Bukarest be Saved?

What next? That question everyone was asking. Could Bukarest be saved? Those were unquiet days. At lunch-time we talked quietly and rather anxiously in our little room, where we often heard the policewhistles and church-bells announce air raids, and, looking whistes and church-bells announce air raids, and, looking up, saw the bomb-dropping aeroplanes, and, listening, heard the explosions of their bombs, sometimes near by, sometimes far away. Ideal Love little occupied our thoughts in these times. Each member of the mess would come in, asking, "Well, what news?" Each would contribute the facts or fictions he had gathered that morning.

On the day the order for departure was given I took a walk in the only big open space Bukarest possesses, the Chaussée Kissileff, a broad highway bordered by small woods, leading northward out of the city. Although it was near the end of November there was bright and even warm sunshine. I walked into the country past the Military Wireless Station, past the French anti-aircraft guns which the French gunner officers had only that week finished getting into position. Just before I turned to go back the King and Queen flashed by in a motor, the King driving, the Queen looking sad and anxious. When I reached the busy part of the Calle Victoria I was astonished to see flags hung out. Everyone was smiling and talking excitedly. All who had not hoisted their flags already were mounting step-ladders or running the neticed. already were mounting step-ladders or running the national colours out on poles from first-floor windows. I asked a

shopkeeper what it all meant.

"A great victory," he said. "Thirty-seven thousand prisoners! A great many cannon! We are saved! We are saved!"

Story of a German Trick I knew that what he said could not be true, but I hoped there had been some kind of a success. The secretary to "What do you make of it?" he asked me. "All through the city the people are rejoicing."

Before I could reply I saw the Minister for Education,

who was also Chief of the Censorship, passing in his motor-car. I ran into the road and held my hand up. The car

Excellency," I said, "have you heard this news? Is it true?"



Enemy soldiers boarding a horse-drawn tram in the captured These two photographe are from German papere.

#### RUMANIA'S TRAGIC STORY

"Truc!" he replied bitterly. "No, mon ami, of course it isn't true! It is a German trick. Pull those flags down!" he shouted, in a voice that shook with anger and mortification. "Hi, policeman, see that all the flags are taken in at once!"

#### Bukarest Under Martial Law

I had joined another mess for dinner. This was the only way to get food regularly, of a wholesome if meagre kind. The hotels had become impossible on meatless days, four a week; at all times now they were bad, a melancholy change from the excellence of their fare before the war. That evening our dinner of thin soup, macaroni, and stewed apples was enlivened by a

dramatic outburst from one of the Rumanian ladies who shared a table with a Frenchman, a Belgian, a Rumanian engineer officer, and me. We knew by this time that the Bulgarians had erossed the Danube. The danger was acute.

That night a friend came to my rooms, woke me up, and told me the Legations were to leave next evening. I left with them, as I have described elsewhere; but a few days later I was back in Bukarest. The city was under martial law. Patrols of aged militiamen stumped about the streets. No one was allowed to stand still in the street. Not more than three people might walk together. A battle was going on, but nobody had any hope left that the Germans could be stopped.

#### IV.—WHAT THE SOLDIERS SUFFERED

THE sum of the sufferings of the Rumanian Army none will ever know. Numbers of killed may be established, numbers of wounded; but who, save perhaps those who have been engaged in like conditions, can understand the depths of misery into which soldiers fall when they are fighting a battle which is manifestly unequal, when they are matched against a foe whose armament is superior in every way?

Nor was this all that told against them. They were

Nor was this all that told against them. They were many times saerificed and humiliated by the blunders, the incapacity, and the panic of their own leaders. There were, among Rumania's commanders, fine soldiers, men of nerve and resolute character. But there were at the beginning (they have all disappeared now) a number of generals who lost their heads in serious difficulty.

It was murdering them to send men so ill-equipped against an enemy supplied abundantly with every engine and device of the latest warfare. They behaved for the most part bravely. They showed endurance as well as courage. It was not their fault that they were beaten, but the fault of those above them. No one who knows them will deny that they could have done far better if they had been properly prepared and well handled.

I liked the Rumanian soldier as soon as I made his acquaintance, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. No one who knows him can help liking him. His good qualities are all of the attractive kind. He is courteous in manner, kind-hearted, ready to oblige, easily contented in the matter of food and lodgment.

#### Qualities of the Rumanian Soldier

He has a bright, intelligent eye and a quick smile. In many aspects he is like the French "Poilu," but far simpler, more of a peasant still. He has the natural dignity of the man who lives with Nature in the mountains, in the forests, in the fields. In his bearing towards his officers there is respect, but no trace of servility.

I have seen him in the field under conditions of advance, conditions of retirement, conditions which made it necessary for him to hold fast against unequal forces. I have been

with him in the trenehes; sung and danced with him in villages behind the front where he was resting; travelled with him in troop trains; ridden and marched with him on the road. I am convineed that no finer material for an army exists anywhere. And I want to tell you a few stories to justify and explain this belief.

I might illustrate the fearlessness of the Rumanian soldier by relating how he dashes forward with the bayonet whenever a charge is permitted; how he has taken guns and even a fortress—the fortress of Alion on the Danube—by assault. I could fill a page with examples of that kind of courage. But I think I can better that. I can tell you the tale of a soldier who, on a hot day, found a water-melon of the variety called pastéque, lusciously pink inside. He was very, very thirsty, and he wanted to enjoy his melon undisturbed. So he climbed out of the treneh and sat down in front of it, and there he stayed until the melon was finished. An officer told him afterwards he had no business to risk his life in such a foolhardy way. "But," he objected, "there was nowhere else to go."

#### Fearlessness and Fury

General Vasilesco gave me, when I visited the head-quarters of his army, a very fine instance of the headlong passion of the Rumanian soldier when he is roused to anger. A small detaehment was retiring through a valley in the mountains before a larger force of Hungarians. The lieutenant in command of them was wounded and fell. It was impossible to pick him up. His men thought the Hungarians would send him on a stretcher to the rear. Instead of doing this, the Hungarians bayoneted the helpless man as he lay on the ground in their power. As soon as the Rumanians saw this, they forgot all about their inferiority in number. Fury seized them. With one consent they rushed back to where their dead lieutenant lay. Many fell before they reached the Hungarians, for the latter had a machine-gun. But nothing could stop that resolute charge. They went at the enemy with the bayonet, and, when they had done, there were a hundred and fifty dead Hungarians in that valley.

If I were to call the Rumanian soldier "emotional," I





CROSSING RUMANIA'S RIVERS.—German troops entering Macin, at the head of the bridge across the Danube to Braila, after overcoming the Rumanians' stubborn defence. Right: German railway troops rebuilding a bridge over the Arjesh, the Rumanians' last river defence on the west of Bukarest.

#### RUMANIA'S TRAGIC STORY

might be misunderstood, especially by British readers, who are apt to consider emotion a weakness. It is not easy to find an expression that will convey just what I mean. Perhaps "impulsive" is the nearest I can get to it. Yet there is more than impulse in the Rumanian's love for his country. In a hospital at Craiova the father of a wounded soldier wept aloud in his simple peasant way when he saw his son's head covered by bandages, leaving only the face to be seen. The son sat up in bed. He stretched out his arm and harangued the old man. "Why should you weep?" he said. "You should be glad, as I am, that I have suffered for the country. This is a great honour that has befallen you and me, my father. Do not shed tears, but he happy. We are happy to be hurt, and to die, if it must be; and all those who belong to us must be proud of our wounds."

There was no desire for effect in that speech, no hint of theatricality. The peasant soldier felt what he said, felt theatricality. The peasant soldier felt what he said, felt it with all the force of his being. If a British soldier had behaved so, one would have set him down for a rogue. With us those who talk of loving their country are usually of foreign descent, or else are scoundrels who make patriotism "their last resort." But autres pays, autres mæurs.

#### Indomitable Spirit

However flowery his language may be, you cannot doubt the sincerity of a man who insists on being allowed to go back to the front after having his left arm taken off, upon the plea that he can work a machine-gun with his right! Whether two poor fellows with their tongues cut out by Hungarians will be permitted to rejoin their regiments I do not know, but they asked to be sent back in spite of their disability. When I saw them they had recovered their health and strength, but not their speech. That is gone, the doctors say, for ever, though they may be able to make intelligible noises in course of time.

Another proof of the readiness of the Rumanian soldier

to obey an impulse—a kindly impulse this time—is to be found in his behaviour to the enemy wounded and prisoners. One would think that such horrors as the eutting out of tongues, and the even worse erimes against God and man committed by the Bulgarians, would have turned sour the milk of human kindness in Rumanian veins. But, no; as soon as they see a fellow-creature in pain or misery, hungry or cold, the Rumanians do all they can to comfort him. They put into practice the teaching of Epictetus that "everything has two handles." One handle is that enemies are enemies; the other handle is that they are fellow-men. When twelve Rumanians found four wounded Hungarians in the mountains they did not recall atrocities committed by the comrades of these men. They carried them with great difficulty down to the nearest field hospital.

#### Quiek Impulse and Intelligence

There is an incident which happened in General Castritch's command. A convoy of Bavarian prisoners was on its way to the rear. One of them was shivering from cold. He had on a cotton shirt. A Rumanian soldier took off his thick woollen shirt and made the

prisoner put it on. Moved by this act of Christ-like charity, the Bavarian pulled out his watch and made signs to the soldier to take it. It was a gold watch, but the Rumanian refused. Only when camp was reached, and when the prisoner, a Bavarian of noble family as it turned out, laid the case before the commandant, did the good fellow accept the watch, because his officer bade him.

Those who respond quickly to impulse are usually of quick intelli-gence also. That is true of the Rumanian soldier as a rule. I could cite many examples of their resourcefulness. One must suffice. A corporal in charge of a

patrol captured three prisoners. From them he learned that there was a con-siderable force of the cnemy near at hand. At once he thought of a plan by which they might be attacked and routed. He knew that close by a regiment of Russians was encamped.

One of the prisoners was a bugler; one of the men of the corporal's patrol knew the calls. The corporal ordered him to warn and summon the Russians. After the cnemy had been beaten off with heavy loss, the Russian colonel called the corporal out of the ranks and pinned on his tunic the Cross of St. George, giving him credit before all his comrades, Rumanian and Russian, for the success that had been won by his efforts.

That Rumania has suffered defeats is not, I repeat, the fault of the Rumanian soldier. He has done all, and more than all, that eould have been expected of him. He has suffered sorely for the faults of others. There would, under happier conditions, be no better soldier in the world, stubborn in defence, dashing in attack.



ON THE WAY TO BRAILA.—Germans interrogating a captured Rumanian officer. In circle: Heavy fighting preceded the Germans' crossing of the Danube, and in the course of it this Rumanian trading vessel was sunk.

## Rumania's Capital Under the Conqueror's Heel



German motor-vans belonging to the field army postal service outside the London Grand Hotel at Bukarest. The German troops moved into the town on December 6th, 1916. The triumphant Von Mackensen took up his quarters in the Royal Palace.



Arrival of Rumanian prisoners of war in their own lost capital. Bukarest had to be evacuated by the Rumanians as a result of their Argesul defeat. The battle raged during the first three days of December, and the Germane claimed 12,000 prisoners.

#### V.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END

O<sup>N</sup> a finc day you can sec from Bukarcst, faintly pencilled against the horizon, the mountains that form Rumania's frontier.

They are not high mountains, nothing like the Swiss Alps in grandeur. From a distance you might think slightingly of them. But when you draw near and find yourself amid their confused jumble of rocky heights and wooded depths, of steep valleys and narrow passes and precipitous roads, you must be hard to please if you are not won by the simple, homely beauty of the Carpathians. They do not awe one into silence, but they have a charm which is very pleasing.

It was not their charm, however, which I had gone out to see on a sunny November morning, early in the month. I was motoring up to the positions held by the Rumanian Army in the Jiu valley. My business was not with the glory of hillsides golden with autumn leafage, not with the joy of streams tumbling a-foam and a-tinkle down their rocky beds. Death and destruction were the matters which took me thither. I wanted to see how strong were the Rumanian positions in the Vulkan Pass, in order to gain a more accurate estimate of the exact military situation at that time.

Through this pass a Bavarian division had forced its way a few days before. The German commander struck hard and kept on striking, as is the German way. The Rumanians could not hold their positions. They were pursued down gentle slopes towards the town of Targu Jiu. Two hundred of the enemy pressed on rashly, and came to the bridge which carries across the river the road leading into the town. There were no Rumanian first-line troops there, only a few militiamen and a few gendarmes. The local bigwigs advised the Prefect of the Department to quit. He said he would stay and see the thing through, and his wife stayed with him.

#### The Prefect's Wife at Targu Jiu

A pretty, interesting little woman was Mme. Frumoshani, the Prefect's wife. I dined with them in their delightful house, airy and open and spacious like an American home, and found out that she was devoted to flowers. We talked of roses and tulips and chrysanthemums, of which last her rooms were full. It was she who told me first the story of the defence of the bridge at Targu Jiu.

When the danger came near, the militiamen and gendarmes took up their positions on the town side of the stream. With them were one or two Boy Scouts, who had been given militia uniforms. The two hundred Bavarians had a machine-gun. They opened fire, expecting to penetrate very easily into the town. But the defenders were well placed. The ground sloped up from the townside to the bank of the river, so they had a natural trench, with trees in front of them forming useful cover.

#### The Rout of the Bavarians

They kept up a hot fire. Every time the Bavarians tried to work their machine-gun in the roadway the servers were picked off. The enemy had to expose himself before he could fire. The defenders behind their rampart were hidden and secure. For two hours the fight continued. By the end of that time the Bavarians had lost heavily, the Rumanians scarcely at all. Then a detachment of Rumanian infantry came along from another part of the battlefield and the Bavarians paid for their rashness. Not one got away.

The whole division was "strafed" severely. In eommand at this point on the Rumanian side was General Dragalina, a very competent officer, who owed his rise to merit alone. He rapidly sketched out a plan, providing for attacks on both flanks. He entrusted the flanking movements to two colonels whom he knew he could trust. The operation succeeded. The enemy was driven back out of the valley into the mountains again. Unfortunately, while he was driving round to reconnoitre the position, General Dragalina came under machine-gun fire at three hundred yards range.

He was hit; his driver was killed. His arm had to be taken off. A fortnight later, in hospital at Bukarest, his strength failed, and the Rumanian Army lost one of its most capable commanders. General Dragalina was, without doubt, a splendid asset to the Rumanian cause, and his premature loss was a shattering blow, coming at the particular time that it did.

As quickly as possible the Germans sct about preparing a second and more weighty attack. That November morning I was told by the officers with whom I drove the numbers and strength of the fresh units they were bringing up.

#### Peasant Soldiers in Bivouac

When we started, the summits ahead of us were hidden in mist. Soon they gleamed and shimmered in the strong sunshine. On the road—a well-kept, level road, like all the roads I have seen in Rumania—we passed long strings of ox-carts. These were transport columns, labouring upward with loads of provisions for the troops. The villages were all occupied by soldiers. Already there were groups round steaming pots of soup, hung gipsy-fashion on three sticks over fires of crackling wood. Beside other fires stood men patiently drying their shirts which they had just washed. When we came to the last village before the pass we left our motor-vans. The road from here onward was frequently peppered by the enemy's guns. It would have been unwise to attract the attention of the observers perched on the heights ahead. We went in single file on foot.

#### At the Mouth of the Pass

There are three roads through the valley. Each was defended as strongly as the slender technical resources of the Rumanians permitted. The main defence was the one for which we were bound. It lay at the point where the three roads converge and where the pass is entered. Wriggling through a narrow, sticky communication "boyau," we emerged at last into the fire-trench. Now one could see at a glance what fighting in these mountains means. We were on the brow of a hill which sloped down steeply to the river hundreds of feet below. Away over to the right was a narrow entry between two immense masses of rock. That was the pass. So narrow that there is only room for the river and the road, pinched in by walls of mountain hundreds of feet high. Easy to defend, you think, perhaps. But think of the effect of high-explosive shells bursting in that narrow space! It was by blasting their way through that the enemy succeeded in penetrating the defiles.

Upon a front of four hundred miles the Rumanians were defending themselves in country like this. Imagine the difficulties of transport, of moving guns, of keeping in touch even, for an Army which began its campaign so ill-prepared. There in the pass were the enemy. It is true that if they had tried to come out in the day-time the entrance would quickly have been piled high with dead.

In you straight path a thousand Might well be stopped by three.

But suppose in the raw blackness of early morning our trench should be "searched" by heavy gun fire, and that under cover both of the dark and of the bombardment the enemy's infantry should come crawling up the slope. Much would depend then upon superiority in numbers. On even terms the Rumanians repelled the enemy's infantry with the bayonet every time. But when the Germans eame on in wave after wave, thanks to the skill of German commanders in massing troops just where they were most needed, at last the defenders were forced by sheer weight to leave their positions, though not until the brave Rumanians had given proof of their stubbornness.

That was how the disastrous retreat of the Jiu valley division began, which led to the retreat of the whole Rumanian Army.

That sunny November morning we had no fear of any such catastrophe. Everyone expected that reinforcements would be sent. Everyone talked in high spirits of the defeat

## Terror and Tragedy in Beautiful Bukarest



Buigarian columne beginning their march upon Bukarest after crossing the Danube at Ruschuk. They were eavagely elated at the triumph over the Rumaniane, who, they contended, had robbed them of the fruite of their successes in the last Baikan War.



Street ecene in Bukarest after the German occupation. People watched with anxious interest every movement of the troops, but no audible word of comment passed their lips, for sepionage was as formidable as in Brussels during the first days of the war.

#### RUMANIA'S TRAGIC STORY

inflicted upon the Bavarians, Signs of their hasty twelvemile retirement with the Rumanians hot-foot after them could be seen in places at every turn of the road. Here at the foot of a slope a heap of Bavarian helmets, cartridge-belts, gas-mask tins. Over there a huge mound, the funeral cairn of thirteen hundred horses, killed by thirteen hundred German troopers who tried to get away through the woods on foot.

#### Germans' Humiliating Retreat

The German divisional staff fled in such haste that they left behind their telephone exchange board. I saw it at Targu Jiu. In the roadway that leads through the Vulkan Pass you could hardly kick up the soil anywhere without coming upon clips of cartridges dropped or thrown away and trodden deep into the mud of that costly and humiliating retreat. The enemy evidently wished to put as many miles as he could between him and the pursuers.

Now the Germans were preparing another push. They had begun their preliminary bombardment already. As we returned first by a narrow, rocky valley, then along the hillside well above the road by which we came, we heard the frequent swish of shells and their explosion below us. The highway had become unhealthy for bodies of troops or transport columns passing along it. This was the curtain fire which always precedes and accompanies an attack.

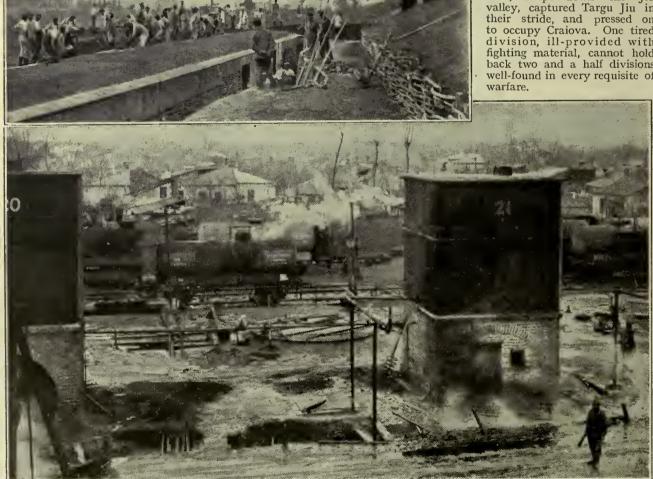
Furthermore, we had heard all the morning the cannon boom to westward of us. So in the afternoon we drove up towards another pass to see how the troops were faring there. Here the formation was different. No river, no continuous valley. A road dug out of hillsides, carried across saddles, over cols. Here the enemy kept up an incessant war of raids, of sudden incursions and alarms. An oldish colonel whom we met told us he had not had his boots off for eight days. He showed us his regimental headquarters, a huge rock by the side of the road. Against this rock, on a heap of bracken under a canvas shelter, he and his major slept. The other officers and men rolled themselves in their greatcoats and bivouacked on the hillside. Their trenches were about a mile farther on. "They would prefer to be in them," the major says. "Unfortunately there is not room for all."

#### Dauntless Spirit of the Rumanians

That will show you the spirit in which the Rumanians were defending their country. Their trenches were not, like those on the western front, strongly fortified and provided with all the comforts of home. Food was of the roughest and simplest. The men were often called upon to endure weariness almost insupportable, to hold out under difficult conditions against troops immeasurably better equipped. Yet there was no complaining They were patient, they were even cheerful, despite their terrible among them.

privations.

It was not their fault that the enemy, a few days later, Pass, swept down the Jiu valley, captured Targu Jiu in their stride, and pressed on to occupy Craiova. One tired division, ill-provided with fighting material, cannot hold back two and a half divisions well-found in every requisite of



RUMANIA PASSING UNDER THE YOKE.—Petrol tanks at Bukarest—on which Germany set covetous eyes long before Rumania intervened in the war. Above: The invaders building dug-outs on the Rumanian front. As always, the German invaders were well found in every requielte of warfare, whereas the Rumanians were short of everything save courage.

#### VI.—A COUNTRY IN RUINS

WHEN Bukarest was evacuated Rumania fell to pieces like a house of cards.

Rumanian system of government was centralised to a scarcely credible degree. Local administration hardly existed. All matters, however parochial, had to be referred to Bukarest. Even there they could not be settled out of hand by subordinate officials. In the Ministries the plan of leaving all decisions to the chief was carried to absurd lengths. Jealous of interference with their prerogative, Ministers insisted upon settling everything themselves. I have known the War Minister waste his time considering whether mobilised men should be employed as soldiers or in some other capacity. This method prevailed throughout with pernicious results at all times and with catastrophic consequences as soon as the central organ of Government, the sole seat of power, ceased to exercise its usual authority.

#### Rapid Advance of the Enemy

This came to pass as soon as the daily contact ceased between M. Bratiano, the Premier, and the Headquarters Staff. That happened when the unexpectedly rapid advance of the enemy, permitted by the retreat of General Socec on the Arjesh River, contrary to orders, obliged Headquarters to quit hastily the village near Bukarest where the Staff had been conveniently housed since the beginning of the war. It was only seventy minutes motor drive from the city to this village, and it was well provided both with pleasant little houses and with buildings which could be used as offices, for there was established the King's model farm, with a school for experimenting in and spreading the knowledge of agriculture.

I was at Headquarters on the day of the "flitting." Already the Staff had been in danger from parties of German cavalry which were pushed ahead of the main body for the double purpose of scouting and scaring the population. That day, from another village not far off, where General Prezan (now promoted to the chief command) had established himself, the sound of the guns could be very plainly heard. So it was high time for Headquarters to move. As I drove away, the car was held up at a railway crossing. A train was standing there. At a window of a saloon carriage I saw the face of M. Bratiano. It was the face of a man stricken with mortal grief. His eyes were swollen; tears were often in them during the period of Rumania's agony. His features pinched and livid. He had said good-bye to the Staff. He knew that the calamity he had striven against could not now be turned aside.

#### Legations Removed to Jassy

He and most of the War Ministers had stayed behind in Bukarest when the Legations, the Government officials, the members of Parliament were sent to Jassy. They were buoyed up, by hopeful reports from Headquarters. They forced themselves to believe that the capital might be saved. These first moves of Headquarters were not sufficient. I went with the Staff to Buzeo, a small town farther north. We got there after midnight. There was hot soup ready for us, the last food I saw in any Rumanian station restaurant. Hunger, the great leveller, sat us all down to table together, regardless of rank. Generals supped next to captains. Majors forgot their contempt for underlieutenants and talked to them quite as if they recognised them to be fellow human beings. No billets had been prepared in advance, so we slept in the train, and bitterly cold it was, so cold that it kept one awake. Next day we managed to settle down somehow. There was only one dreadful little eating-house in the town, so a capable young officer arranged a mess. Here the meals, necessarily simple, not to say scanty, were at all events decently

After a day or two I left Buzeo for more active occupations nearer the front. Returning thitherward in the course of the same week with a motor-transport column, I stopped at a town some fifty miles farther north than Buzeo. We went to the commandant to ask for billets. He rang up the hotel. The reply he received was, "All

rooms reserved for officers of the Headquarters Staff." He almost dropped the instrument which he was holding in his hand. This was the first he had heard of Headquarters being shifted again. It had been so quickly and suddenly arranged. That night and next morning there were the same scenes of settling-in as there had been at Buzeo. But nobody felt like unpacking more than was necessary. Two "flittings" in a week made us all wish we could live like limpets—in our shells.

And I was soon wishing that I could travel like a limpet also. I should have travelled almost as quickly as the trains, and in greater comfort. The railway service fell all to pieces. For ordinary passengers it was suspended; for those who had military passes there were "courier trains." If that name suggests to you speed, non-stop expresses carrying mails, I must politely ask you to guess again. The speed of these courier trains was from ten to fifteen miles an hour. You could never tell when they were due, whether they would arrive to-day or to-morrow. One Sunday I waited on the platform at Galatz from one o'clock in the day until 8.30 at night for the coming of a train to Jassy. No one knew when it would come, or whence it was coming, or how soon it would go when it did come. When it arrived there was, as usual, a fight to get aboard. The compartments were very dirty, no one troubling to clean them; you had no light unless you carried your own candles; nearly all had had windows broken during the struggles for entrance.

A Trying Railway Journey

I got a compartment with a Frenchman and a Rumanian. It had luckily only one broken window—I say "luckily," because it was snowing. In it we stayed until six o'clock the next evening. The distance we covered was well under two hundred miles. Of course, we had food with us. The "Times" correspondent and I always carried a provision bag with us, or otherwise we should have got nothing but occasional mugs of tea and hunks of bread at Russian Red Cross feeding-points. Often we were grateful to the kind Sisters at these hospitable tea-rooms. The railway-stations were given over to confusion. They were thronged, packed by the noisy refugees, soldiers, officers' wives and families trying to find husbands and fathers, all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children.

The refugees suffered from hunger as well as cold and exhaustion. There was hardly any food left except for the soldiers—sometimes little enough even for them. One kind-hearted major of artillery, whom I came across during the retreat, was giving soup every day to numbers of lost children. The men of his battery gathered them up on the road and saved them from starvation. Whole tracts of country were cleared of everything eatable by the bands of young men who were ordered to go northward so that they might be enrolled in the new army which Rumania hopes to have ready in the spring. No transport was provided for these young men, no arrangements made for feeding them on the way. They were compelled to take what they could find.

The same disorder which fell upon the railways affected the posts and telegraphs. Telegrams to France or England were weeks on the way. I sent a telegram on a certain Friday, addressed to the British Embassy in Petrograd. It was stamped by the British Legation in Jassy, so it had precedence as an official despatch. It was delivered in Petrograd on the following Tuesday week. The postal service collapsed altogether. The newspapers ceased to appear. There were none in the whole of Roumania after the fall of Bukarest, barring a small sheet or two with the official news, which nobody believed, though, in fact, it fairly often told the worst. The change of Government in England was only made known at Jassy more than a week after it had taken place by the arrival of a newspaper from Odessa. Our isolation was painful.

The paralysis of Government lasted until near the end of 1916. Then a new Government was formed and order came creeping forth again to beat down chaos. Upon the ruins of the past Rumania began to build up her future, a future which we hope and believe will be more solid and glorious

than any period in her history before.

### THE RUMANIAN AS I KNOW HIM

By BASIL CLARKE

THERE are days when the finest batsman goes out for a "duck's egg" and when the best full-back mis-kicks. In the same way, I suppose, the soldier may have his off days, too—days when all that he attempts goes wrong. On such an off day he may display "form" as much below his true form as was that of, say, W. G. Grace at cricket when he went out for a "duck."

For such a contrast in soldiering "form" there could be no better illustration than the doings of the different armies in Rumania during the autumn of 1916. While the middle army went to pieces before the onslaughts of the Huns, the northern army put up such a fight as to paralyse a German army in their attempt to force the mountain passes and make them seek out another way for themselves. The resistance put up by the Rumanian northern army may rank, in fact, in military excellence with anything that has been done by any of the allied armies during the war. It was splendid work.

#### True Fighting Form

In the excellent fighting form displayed by the men of that northern army of Rumania is to be found, in my opinion, the "true fighting form" of the Rumanian soldier. The collapse of the middle army may seem, at the moment, to cast some doubt on this estimate of mine; but I feel sure that, when the full facts of the Rumanian campaign are revealed, the responsibility for the middle army defeat will not lie at the door of the Rumanian soldier.

will not lie at the door of the Rumanian soldier.

He comes of a curious fighting stock, and is really a relic of the old Roman soldier at his best. For while the soldiers of later Rome were sapping their manhood by easy living and little fighting, this remote colony of Romans in Rumania were having a hard time in defending their lives against all the many savage peoples who surrounded them. It is probable, therefore, that the Roman soldier, at his best, existed to a later day in Rumania than in any other place. Certain it is that the Roman character of Rumania and its people has never been extinguished, and they have thrived for centuries, a Latin people still, though surrounded by people of different stock and often overrun by these peoples. It is only your extra hardy race that can remain intact in such circumstances. Hardy fighters and hardy breeders—the Rumanians are both.

#### Story of the Batman

The Rumanian soldiers I knew best, during my stay of several months in that country, were officers; but while I was living with one of them I was lent a Rumanian soldier as "batman," or servant. He was so typical in looks and character of the Rumanian peasant soldier at his best that I will take him as a type and describe him. I woke on the first morning of my visit, I remember, to find him standing by my bed. He seemed to have been waiting for me to wake. He bowed his head very solemnly, and then when I nodded encouragingly he gave vent to a good, honest grin, revealing a row of perfect teeth, just slightly yellow. His deep brown eyes twinkled and he bowed again, and held out his palms in token that he was waiting to do anything I wanted. He was over middle height, and strongly built. He wore a grey-blue uniform of a rough serge cloth. On his head was a queer tall hat, the shape of a dunce's cap, but made of white fleecy skin—probably the skin of a young sheep. This hat he always wore in the house, but when he went out of doors he substituted for it a peaked uniform-cap of bluegrey cloth, the crown of which was tilted fore and after the fashion of the caps the Belgian soldiers wear. He had no boots in the sense that we know them. Instead his feet and his

legs, from the calf downwards, were swathed in long wrappings of white woollen cloth. These home-made "puttees" he would wear for all normal occasions, but on the march he would add a pair of home-made leather foot coverings like moccasins. I believe that many Rumanian regiments were fitted later with western boots, but the home-made moccasin of cowhide was more popular. The men would march miles in this footwear without foot trouble of any kind.

Once when Nicolai—for that was the servant's name—unfastened his tunic I noticed that his shirt was of white cotton cloth covered with red and black needlework flowers. The peasants are very fond of this kind of needlework, and in civil life nearly all their garments are profusely embroidered. They make their own cloth at home, and their women embroider it.

#### The Rumanian Tongue

Nicolai and I did our talking in a mixture of English, French, German, and Latin; for which last-named tongue I had to dig deep into the remoter recesses of memory and hark back to schooldays. Thus, if I wanted water I would begin "water." If that had no effect I would try "eau." If that left him still shrugging his shoulders we went on to "wasser." Still a shrug, and I would try "aqua," and at that his face would light up, and off he would dash for water. So often it was quicker to try Latin first, but not always. Many of the Rumanian words are borrowed from the Slav languages, and bear no resemblance to the Roman tongue. But for the fact that Nicolai, like most Rumanians, had picked up a few words of French and German, we should often have been at a loss.

#### Soldier's Fighting Song

The Rumanian captain with whom I was staying had seen all the Armies of Europe, and had been with both the German and the French Armies for training. He was in a fair position, therefore, to make comparisons, and he assured me that for hardiness and willingness there was no soldier of the big continental armies who was better than the Rumanian. He went so far as to say that if it came to marching on "short commons," he would "back" the Rumanian soldier against any other. "I have known them go two days and a night with nothing but water," he said, "and never a man fall out." I myself have seen them arriving at a destination after a march of twenty miles with full packs through hilly and difficult country, and yet be smiling and cheery. The regiment I have in mind was my host's own regiment, and the men were singing together in excellent harmony. It was some patriotic fighting song they were singing, and I jotted down in my pocket-book the notes of the chorus, which all sang together. It ran like this:



Later, my friend explained to me that he himself taught his men to sing. He had a "song parade" every now and again, and taught his men tunes and the harmonies to them—allocating certain men for each part—tenor and bass. These songs they sang when on the march, and the result, said the captain, was that his men marched not only in

## After the Rumanian Disaster in the Dobruja



Two Sistere from the Scottieh Women's Field Hospital on the quay at Braila among Rumanian soldiers and refugees. The work of this organisation throughout the Balkans, performed in conditions of greatest hardship and danger, was beyond all praise.



Rumanian troops at a point on the Danube during the retreat from Bukarest and the Dobruja. The condemnation of General Socec to five years' penal servitude suggested that the debacls which befell the Rumanians was attributed to bad generalship.

#### THE RUMANIAN SOLDIER (Contd. from page 2762)

better order, but with less fatigue. He had a song parade once for my especial benefit, and his men sang a number of songs as well as a Welsh regiment would have sung them. They seemed to like it, too.

The Rumanian soldiers' food and quarters would probably bring about a mutiny in a British regiment. Plain bread is the main article of food. There are meat dishes occasionally; but such luxuries as jam, butter, bacon, tea, and the like are unknown. "Marmalega," a pudding made of boiled maize, is a dish on which a Rumanian soldier may have to march for miles. In war-time a soldier may carry his rations with him—a loaf of bread.

#### A Great Contrast

There is a great contrast between the Rumanian soldier and his officer. For while the soldier is a plain fellow, his officers, as often as not, are very decorative people. There are probably no more dashing uniforms in Europe than those of the Red and the Black Hussars of Rumania. The picturesque young "blades" who "officer" these regiments certainly give one the impression, as one sees them parading past the famous Café Capsa in Bukarest, that their function in life is to be ornamental rather than warlike; but I am assured that even the "prettiest" and most powdered of them have fought with amazing courage. Remembering the case of our own Piccadilly "bloods" who, giving up the study of socks and ties, have gone to the war and acquitted themselves like men, I can believe that this is true. Still, the Rumanian officer, as a rule, is not quite of the same hardy stock as the Rumanian peasant, for he is drawn more from the landed classes, and these classes have much more Greek blood in their veins than the peasant classes. Enterprising Greeks in the old days obtained from the all-conquering Turks, for money or for other consideration, the right

to work estates in Rumania for their own gain. Thus the peasants got Greek masters, and to this day the Greek blood lingers in the ruling classes.

A Study in Humility

You do not realise how recently the Rumanian peasantry have emerged from serfdom until you see their bearing before their rulers and overlords. They show a wonderful humility. Strong men and brave as they are, they will stand with head bowed and bare before a child of the upper classes. There is something of the same humility about the Rumanian soldier before his officers. I remember the shock that poor Nicolai gave me when, on parting, I gave him a few shillings by way of a tip. He fell on one knee, seized my hand, and before I knew what he was about, he kissed it. That, it seems, is customary. When giving my parting gift to the housemaid of the establishment, a shy creature dressed in beautiful native costume, but with neither shoes nor stockings, and with her hair braided in plaits down her back, I placed my little offering on the table and, pointing to it, beckoned her to take it. She bowed her thanks and repeated in Rumanian the formula for such an occasion, which is, "Oh, master, I kiss your hand!"

And, incidentally, I believe that that little bare-legged

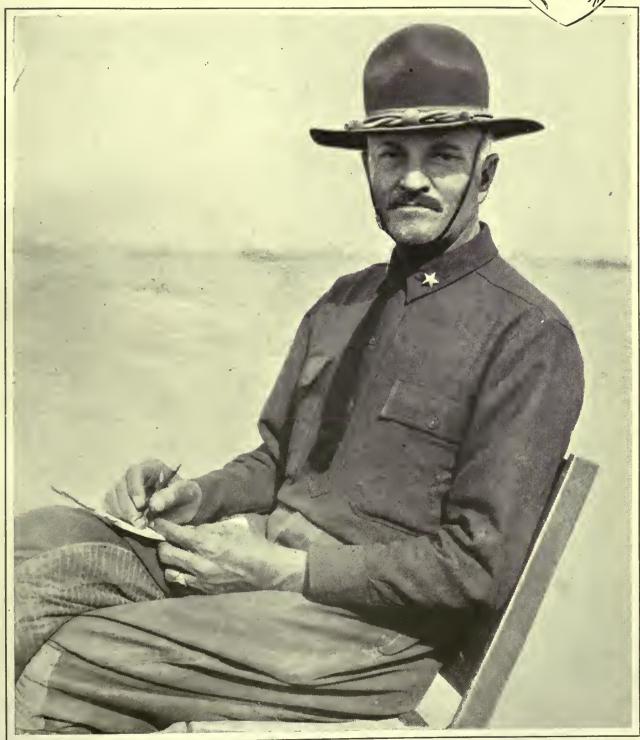
And, incidentally, I believe that that little bare-legged serving-maid is now wife to soldier Nicolai. I trust he has fared well in the wars.



IN THE FALLEN CAPITAL.—M. Take Jonescu's house in Bukarest in the hands of the enemy. German animosity was directed with particular bitterness against this eminent Rumanian statesman. Inset: The Palace of Justice.

# America Joins the All

April 5, 1917, was a momentous date in the Great War, as, indeed, in the history of civilisation. The United States of America from that day was enrolled under the banner of the champions of Freedom. In the following pages will be found interesting and informative articles on America's decision, her great President, her Army Commander, as well as many stirring pictures of her war-like preparations on land and sea.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN FORCES IN EUROPE.—Major-General John J. Pershing, of the United States, who commanded the American Forces in France, had eeen varied service. He left West Point in 1886, and was first engaged in fighting Apache and Sioux Indians. Later he saw service in the Spanish War, in the Philippines, and on the Mexican border.

## President Wilson Says No to U-Boat Menace

GERMANY'S arrogant intimation to the Governments of all the neutral Powers that after February 1st, 1917, she intended to sink all vessels venturing into the territorial waters of the Powers with whom she was at war, regardless of their flag, and presuming to dictate when and to what ports neutral ships should sail, resulted in the United States Government handing his passports to Count von Bernstorff on February 3rd,

and recalling Mr. Gerard, the United States Ambassador to Germany, from Berlin. We publish on this page photographs of the men upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed in this momentous crisis in the history of the United States, calculated to have a determining effect on the progress of the war. President Wilson had his country solid behind him in his determination to uphold the honour of the United States.



Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambaeeador to the U.S.A.



Mr. J. W. Gerard, American Ambaeeador to Germany.



Count von Bernstorff, Gsrman Ambaseador to the U.S.A.



Mr. Robert Laneing, Sscretary of State, U.S.A.



Mr. Josephue Daniels, Secretary

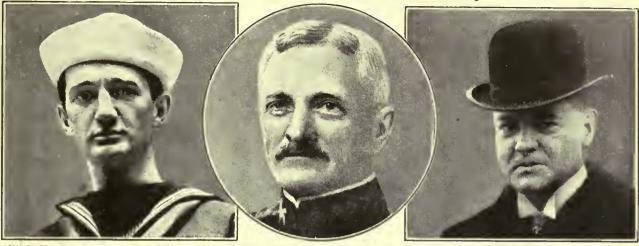


Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, U.S.A.



President Wileon addressing Congrees, April 19th, 1916, on the German submarine lesus than raised acutely by the sinking of the Suesex. His firm attitude procursd categorical assurances from Germany that she would observe American rights scrupulously thanceforward, promises later utterly repudiated. In circle: Mr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America.

Ready, Aye Ready! America Arrayed in Arms



W. G. McAdoo, eon of the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, in the U.S. Naval Militia.

General John Pershing, chief in command of the first U.S. troops for Europe.

Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, great organieer of Belgian Relief, Food Controller for America.



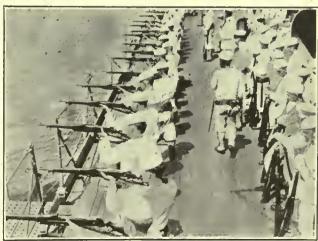
Men of the 2nd Field Artillery of the New York National Guard practising that daring horeemanship for which they have become justly famous in America.



U.S. armoured observation car with telescopic observation or telegraphy tower.



Rifle drill by Marines aboard a ship of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet. Men of the American forces are trained for service either achore or affoat.



American sallore at rifle practice aboard ship. They are engaged in preparation for doing the work of a landing-party.

### America Takes Muster of Her Men & Munitions



Searchlight six feet in diameter. America, the land of the "biggeat" thinga, posaeceea the largest cearchlight in the world.



A few of the big mortara belonging to the U.S. Army. Germany's diadain of American military might was foolish, if sincere.



In event of war the United Statee could place in the field about 60,000 regular troops and 90,000 partly-trained National Guard. A great volunteer army could be raised from the unorganised militia of 17,000,000 men of 18 to 45, who are legally liable for service.

## Heirs of U.S. Millionaires Enlist for War Work



Left: Edward Morrie, eon of the great meat packer, driving a tractor plough. Centre isft: Louis Swift, son of another famoue "packer," on duty at Fort Sheridan. Right: J. E. P. Morgan, eon of the mililonaire banker, who was chief gunner on a submarins chaser.





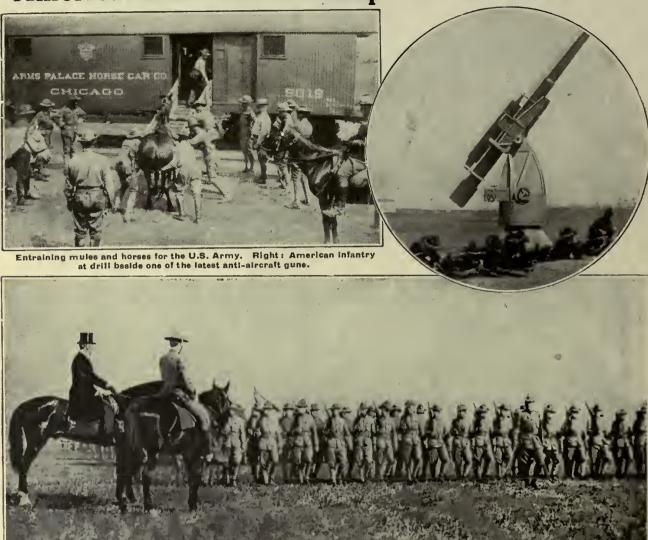
Member of the second American Contingent at Blackpool, with his knife for cutting trees to make emergency epiints. Right: Signor Marconi (descending) in America.





Members of the American Mission of officers and experts at a French aviation ground. (French official photograph.) Right: Captain
Osborne Wood, son of Major-General Leonard Wood, inspecting the arms of his company of the Harvard Regiment.

America Joins the Champions of Freedom:



President Wilson reviewing troops of the State of New Jersey. The President is Commander-In-Chief of both the Navy and the Army, and of the States Militias when they are in federal services. The two services are controlled, under the President, by two Secretaries.





A scoute' field-day: Handing out supplies. Right: Artillery at practice. The President a acceptance of "the status of a belligerent" was acclaimed with enthusiasm throughout the States, and thunderous cheering greeted his call for a new army of half a million men

## Horse, Foot and Artillery of the U.S. Army



Officers of the U.S. Army placing skirmlehere. In hie hietoric epeech President Wilson informed Congress that he contemplated a first new army of 500,000 men "chosen on the principle of universal itability to service." This army was trained and held in the United States in readiness for any decision that might be made as to sending an Expeditionary Force to Europe.

### America Adopts the Armadillo-like Caterpillar Car





Armoured-Car Squadron of the New York National Guard on parade. Above American "Caterpillar" car taking a etiff bit of ground on its triale.

IN America private firms were encouraged to employ their plant and ingenuity to a great national end, such as that of military efficiency, and thus it is that we see an armoured "Caterpillar," such as the one which is shown in these striking photographs, produced by private enterprise. It had, of course, to undergo severe demonstration tests before being adopted for Army purposes, and in these pictures it is shown at various stages in the course of undergoing those tests of its capacity for getting over rough ground.

over rough ground.

Unlike the British "tank," which had again given a good account of itself in the Arras advance, and which is one of the inventions called into being by the necessities and conditions of the unprecedented warfare, the armoured "Caterpillar" is but an adaptation to the purposes of war of an implement of peace.

implement of peace.

The "Caterpillar" of peace had, indeed, done considerable service in the logging camps of the Far West long before it was seen that, provided with protective armour, it could be made of service on the field of war.



U.S. "Caterpillar" tank, deeigned and built by a private firm, undergoing trials and tests of ite efficiency for going anywhere.



One of the Brobdingnagian "Caterpillare" deviced by American ingenuity lumbering sturdily along a eloping bit of ground.

# Proud Pledges of America's Steadfast Purpose





American ealiore who escaped from Turkey when America declared war being presented by their officer, Commander Marton (on the right in mufti), to Mr. Sharp, the U.S. Ambaeeador in Parie. Right: American medical officere in Hyde Park.





The first American contingent to arrive in England was sent to Blackpool for a final period of training before being despatched to France. On May 23rd, 1917, the King and Queen received them at Buckingham Palace. Right: A handshake from the Prince of Wales.





Two companies of between two and three hundred men composed the American Medical Contingent, some of whom are here shown drilling at Blackpool. Right: American sailors who had completed their course at Newport, R.I., lined up in New York.

### The Greatest Thing in the Greatest War

#### An Appraisement of the Action of the United States

By H. W. WILSON

The Well-known Naval and Military Critic

WHEN the fall of the Bastille proclaimed the triumph of man's freedom in the French Revolution, Fox declared, "How much the greatest event it is that has ever happened, and how much the best!" With even fuller truth may this same saying be repeated of the entry of the United States into the war on the side of the Allies. In a convulsion far greater than the French Revolution it is the greatest single event, and destined most decisively to affect the future of mankind.

It is great because it brought the certainty of success—provided always that Great Britain could hold out against the submarine campaign. For this immense peril the negligence of a former Government and the defective organisation and insight of her past Admiralties were equally responsible. With what is known of the pirates' work, it is now possible for many to doubt whether, without the assistance of the United States, the people of this country would have continued to receive their daily bread, or the Allies' munition factories their supply of raw material. The defeat of the Allies would have been a tragedy beyond the imagination, and the doom for generations of human freedom. The decision of the United States, which averted that tragedy, changed the whole history of the world. It was a turning-point such as Marathon in that conflict of tyranny with law which has from age to age been tought out by man.

#### Immediate Effects

It may seem to many strange that the union of practically all the free nations of the earth (for Denmark and Holland and Sweden and Norway were too near to Germany, and in too imminent peril trom her to have freedom of choice) should be required to defeat the Prussian system. But the fact is that an armed and organised nation, which after forty years of stealthy, carefully-worked-out preparation, by a crowning act of treachery seizes positions of priceless value, was not easily to be beaten by less than forty months of improvisation however brilliant. Homicidal maniaes are of all antagonists the most formidable; an organised people of them is something that the world has never seen since the Assyrian despotism perished amidst the loathing of mankind.

The naval aid which the United States brought to the Allies need only be briefly summarised here in the terms of fourteen Dreadnoughts ready for action, and very important shipbuilding resources. It destroyed all possibility of German success in a pitched battle at sea. On land the action of the United States did not have any immediate material effect. The preparation and training of a great American army, such as a population of one hundred millions of the most vigorous people in the world was to furnish, took time. The demands on Great Britain were in nowise diminished. A year passed before the new British armies gave battle at Loos, and it would have been better had they been held longer back. But the certainty that an immense reserve was being created behind the

allied armies, which were making such lavish libation of their blood, was a source of extraordinary moral encouragement to the Allies. It was a corresponding and terrible discouragement to the enemy. There was something more potent on the Allies' side in the background than Hindenburg's strategie reserve. His million troops contained a large proportion of old and worn men. The United States armies, when they appeared, were composed of soldiers in the flower ot youth, drawn from a people which, despite the German jeers, has imperishable military traditions. The great battles of the Civil War, contested with such fury, showed to those that had eyes to see the high temper and devotion of the American race.

#### Common Service and Sacrifice

To Great Britain, above all other nations among the Allies, the co-operation of the United States was specially welcome. At last the breach between the two peoples, which opened nearly a century and a half ago, was closed. Down to the Civil War, save for the unimportant Mexican War, the United States had fought uniformly against Great Britain, and that in wars in which large numbers of German troops were employed on the British side. The old antagonism between the United States and Great Britain was accen-tuated by American school-books and by tradition. In recent years it was artfully stimulated by German propaganda and intrigue, and reinforced by Irish discontent. In this country it has always been regarded with regret, because it seemed a blot on the British record; though it may be truthfully said that for the last century the British people have sought to close the quarrel, and have on many occasions disinterestedly stood by the United States, as also they have yearned for a reconciliation with Ireland. The sentiment of affection and regard for this English-speaking people across the ocean, holding the same faith in freedom and the same ideals of law and justice with ourselves, has always been strong. They have stood side by side at certain great moments in history at Algeciras in 1906, in Manila Bay in 1898, on the Peiho in 1859. Now we may hope that the transient enmities of the past may be blotted out in the fraternity which common service and sacrifice on the battlefield brought.

#### President Wilson's Greatness

Most wonderful of all was the abandonment of its traditional aloofness from European politics by the United States. Only unspeakable outrages at the hand of the Germans and war insolently levied by them in the very territory of the United States could have worked this in face of the tide of pacifism and materialism which seemed to the casual eye, in 1915-16, to be submerging American idealism. President Wilson taught his people by practical lessons that the alternatives for them were to surrender national honour and security or to fight. His restraint, which seemed more than human, his patience in the face of German brutality,

his extraordinary fairness, are now seen to have been manifestations of his statesmanship, not of his weakness. He was educating a nation which contained millions of citizens of German or Germanic descent, so that when the moment arrived it might enter the struggle united. Nor is it hyperbole to say that the mantle of Lincoln has fallen upon him.

The resources and vast wealth of the United States will henceforward be used to maintain the balance of power in Europe. The mere knowledge that the United States can and will act in the cause of right will have a far-reaching effect in the future. The rulers of Germany, drunk with pride and blood-lust, presumed on the traditional rule that the United States would avoid all entanglements when they made this war. They presumed on it when they began their brutal submarine campaign. They must have well known that if the United States fought their cause became desperate. They were aware that the annual value of United States manufactures stood last year at about \$8,000,000,000, and of its agricultural produce at \$2,000,000,000; and that the total of its wealth was estimated at \$50,000,000,000. These are figures so stupendous that they convey little, but the realities behind them will prove decisive in a war which has become one of exhaustion.

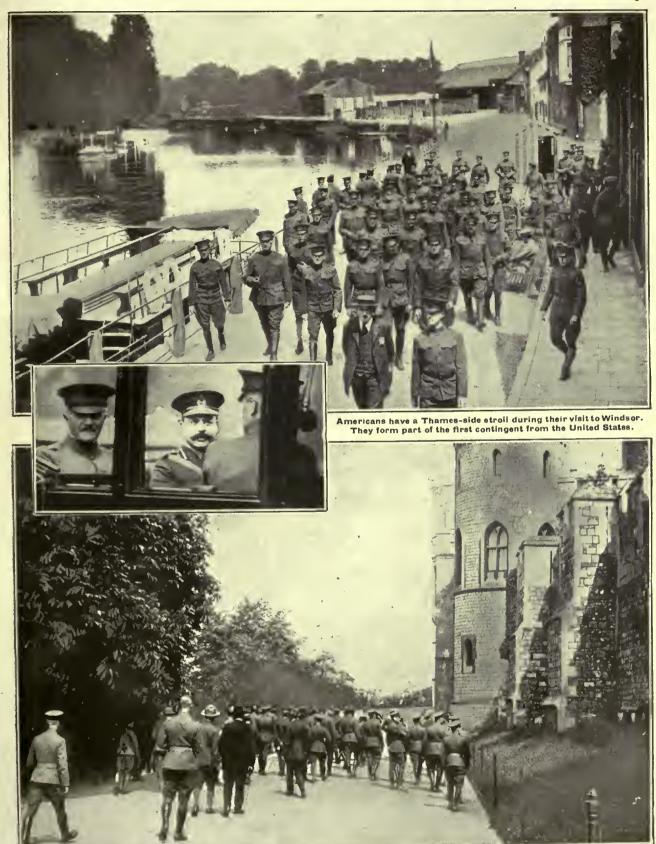
This action of the United States for this reason rendered peace secure when it should come. The great peril had been that a precarious truce might conclude the war, bequeathing fresh agonies to mankind.

Ensuring Future Peace

We have drawn sensibly nearer to the attainment of the noble ideal which, we know, animates President Wilson as it inspires our own allied statesmen in Europe, which would substitute justice for force in the relations of nations. For the first time within the memory of living man arbitration seems something more practical than a beautiful dream. The chief factor needed to give reality to it is overwhelming strength to carry out the judgments of the international court, and this the existing league of the free States can supply.

On the people of the United States, too, the war will have vast effects. It has been well said that a nation which, however noble its action, fails to leave its mark upon the history of the world at large has fallen below the greatest ideals. The heroic State must fight its Salamis or do great things for the soul of man. And now at last, "at the supreme and terrible crisis" of the conflict, like Justice incarnate, the United States comes down into the arena. "History rightly understood is the expression of man's faith in the ultimate victory of truth, just as law is the expression of his faith in divine justice." We are learning anew that, as the ancients taught, history is after all profoundly moral. The right causes win, though only after infinite travail and bloodshed where men neglect to protect them with might. Human freedom and faith are stronger even than iron and blood.

## Arrival of an Advance Guard of America's Army



Soldiers of the United States visiting Windsor Castle. Above: Major-General John J. Pershing (left), who is the Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces in Europe, returning from Buckingham Palace, where he was received by the King, June 9, 1917.

## Uncle Sam's Safeguards Against the Pirate Huns



Torpsdo practice aboard the U.S. destroyer O'Brien. The O'Brien is one of six destroyere of the Cushing class, laid down in 1913. Her displacement is 1,052 tons, and her designed speed 29 knots. Armament: Four 4 in., 50 cat., guns, and eight 18 in. torpedo-tubes (twine). Complement: 98 officers and men. While prepared to

utiliss torpsdo-boat destroyers to the full against enemy shipe, American naval experte devoted attention to the adoption of meane to render their battleships torpedo-proof, and claimed that they had devised measures to make the new Dreadnoughts and two battle-cruisers planned in 1917 unsinkable by a single torpsdo.

## Swift Sisters Speeding Over the Western Waves



Remarkable photograph of the Parker and the Benham, two of America's ewifteet deetroyers, steaming et fuil epeed on a epecial run. They are eleter ships of the Alwyn class, completed in 1914, and are of 1,010 tone displacement and 16,000 h.p., with a designed epeed of 29 knote. They carry a complement of 98 officers and men, and their

armament is five 4 in. quick-firing guns, a pair of machine-guns, and eight 18 in. torpedo-tubes in pairs. Later than the Aiwyn clase are eix T.B.D.'s of the Cushing class (as on opposite page), and eix etill later destroyers were included in the U.S. Navy programme before the Great War broke out, though they had not then been laid down.

## America Salutes the Anthems of the Allies:

French Official Photogrophs



General Perehing on hie arrival at Boulogne pauses in conversation with a British general before getting into hie waiting carriage.



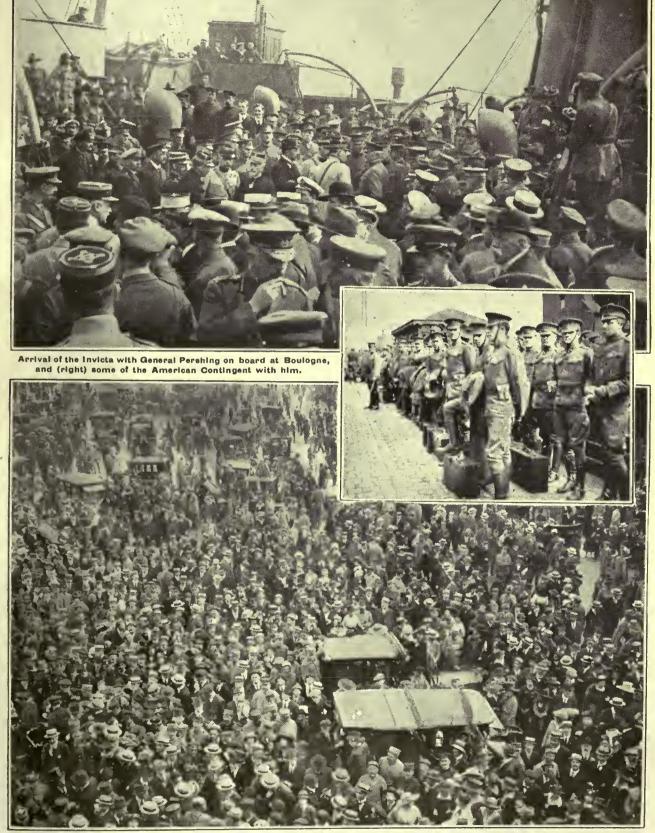
On board the transport Invicta, after reaching Boulogne. British officer being introduced to the American leader.



General Pershing and members of his Staff at the salute during the playing of the national anthems of the Allies as their vessel reached Boulogns. General Pershing said: "I realise more deeply, now that we have landed in France, all that our entry into the war means."

## General Pershing's Enthusiastic Welcome in Paris

French Official Photographs



Part of the great crowde which enthuelastically welcomed General Pershing on hie arrival in Paris. It was on June 12th, 1917, that he reached Boulogne, when he said: "America will do her share, whatever that may turn out to be, whether large or small."

### General Pershing: America's Fighting Chief

By SYDNEY BROOKS

The Eminent Writer on Anglo-American Affairs

HIRTY-ONE years ago, being then in his twenty-sixth year, John Joseph Pershing graduated from West Point as Senior Cadet Captain. In other words, he was "top of the school"; and if West Point had had any higher honours to bestow Pershing would probably have won them. It was a good beginning. Not all Englishmen, perhaps, may realise how good a begin-ning it was. West Point is the hardest working military academy in the world. Its distinguishing mark is that it aims (1) to educate its cadets, not only professionally but generally also; and (2) to turn out soldier-graduates each one of whom shall be scientifically qualified for all branches of the Service.

Every man there stands solely on his own merit. Discipline is microscopic and unrelaxing. Not for a moment during the whole four years' course does it "let up," except, of course, when the cadet at the end of his second year receives his two and a half months' furlough. Inside the academy it penetrates and governs his slightest action. The maximum of military discipline, of mental and physical exercise, and of moral influence is brought to bear upon him simultaneously. The course pursued at West Point is the highest form of instruction, because it not only works the brain under the strictest pressure, but works in a practical fashion, brings everything to a practical test, and utterly prevents a man who has not been thoroughly grounded from succeeding.

#### West Point Standard

No university exercises both brains and muscles as they are exercised at West Point, and no other graduates, in consequence, reach the West Point standard of physical and mental endurance. Every duty that falls to a soldier's lot is taught, and has to be performed by the West Point cadets. If anything, it works the men too remorse-lessly. I remember being told, when I first visited the place, nearly twenty years ago, that forty per cent. of the cadets failed to graduate. All who do finally pass through the ordeal are keen and thoroughly equipped soldiers, with alert working minds, seasoned physique, and a strong, manly character.

To say, therefore, that Pershing left West Point as Senior Cadet Captain is tantamount to saying that he was the most finished, the most all round, and the most scientific product of the most exacting military curriculum to be found anywhere on earth. He was fortunate, too, in seeing active service soon after he joined the 10th Cavalry as second-lieutenant. One of the troubles of the American military organisation is that there has rarely been enough for the officers to do. For the most part they have been condemned to the unnatural and uninteresting conditions of life at the Army posts that are scattered through-out the country. That, in many ways, is a more testing ordeal of character than even the four years at West Point. best men, but only the best, survive it. You will find much that is most honourable and most wholesome in American life at these lonely, monotonous Army posts. But you will also find that many officers

have a hard time resisting a process of deterioration when, with few oppor-tunities for soldiering on a big scale, they settle down to the dull routine of an isolated cncampment.

Pershing's life fell on more congenial lines. He had hardly joined when he was called upon to take part in General Miles' very harassing campaign against the Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico. Some more Indian fighting, this time against the Sioux, brought him up to 1891. The Indians of that day were clever fighters, and any man who warred against them had need of all his resourcefulness and all his powers of endurance, and received into the bargain a good schooling in the arts of a scout.

#### Active Service in Cuba

There followed for Lieutenant Pershing four years as military instructor at the University of Nebraska. Then in 1897 he was appointed to teach tactics at West Point. He threw up his post the moment the war with Spain broke out, and rejoined his old regiment, the 10th Cavalry—a coloured regiment, by the by. Only about 6,000 of the regulars and volunteers of the American Army succeeded in getting to Cuba, but Pershing and the 10th Cavalry were among the lucky ones, and took part in all the fighting there was round Santiago. When the war was over he organised the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington, a section of the War Department charged with the administration of the various dependencies that the Spanish War shook down

into the astonished American lap.
In August, 1899, when the bureau was in tolerable working order, Captain Pershing was sent to scrve in the Philippines. There he did much capable work against the Moros of Mindanao, being in charge of the expedition that, in 1902, finally subdued them. For this exploit President Roosevelt four years later made him a brigadier-general over the heads of 257 captains, 364 majors, 131 seutenant-colonels, and 110 colonels.

#### The Manchurian Campaign

In the meanwhile, Pershing, for the first time, had seen something of modern war against a well-prepared enemy. the American Military Attaché at Tokio when the war with Russia began, and throughout the fighting he was with the Headquarters Staff of Kuroki's Army. Probably no one among the foreign attaches was permitted to see more of the actual direction of operations; and the experience gave him a full knowledge of trench warfare in long and uninterrupted lines, with fortified points of support in the rear. The Manchurian Campaign was the first that foreshadowed the developments of to-day in the matter of wire defences, hand-grenades, trench-engines, and the conditions under which generalship has to work. I imagine that very little to work. I imagine that very little escaped Pershing's keen, appraising eyes, and that had he entered the present war at its beginning he would have found few devices for which his experiences in the Far East had left him unprepared.

After some service on the General Staff, Pershing returned once more to the Philippines, this time as Governor of the Moro Province. There he stayed five or six years, occupied with much the same work, partly administrative and political, partly military, that falls to the lot of a British Resident in the Malay States. It was not until the Mexican situation grew tense that he became once more a soldier and nothing else. He was assigned, early in 1914, the task of patrolling part of the Mexican border, an arduous and thankless job, which he carried out as well as his small force and inferior facili-ties would allow; and Mexico has claimed him up to a few months ago.

General Pershing first became known to the American public when he was selected to catch Villa, alive or dead, in the spring of last year. Up till then he was merely the shadow of a name to the great bulk of his countrymen. General Scott, the Chief of the Staff, they knew, by reputation, at any rate. General Leonard Wood they knew both by reputation and personally. For the past ten or twelve years he has been easily the outstanding military personality in the United States, and everyone assumed that if America got into any serious war he would be chosen to command the American After Villa in Mexico

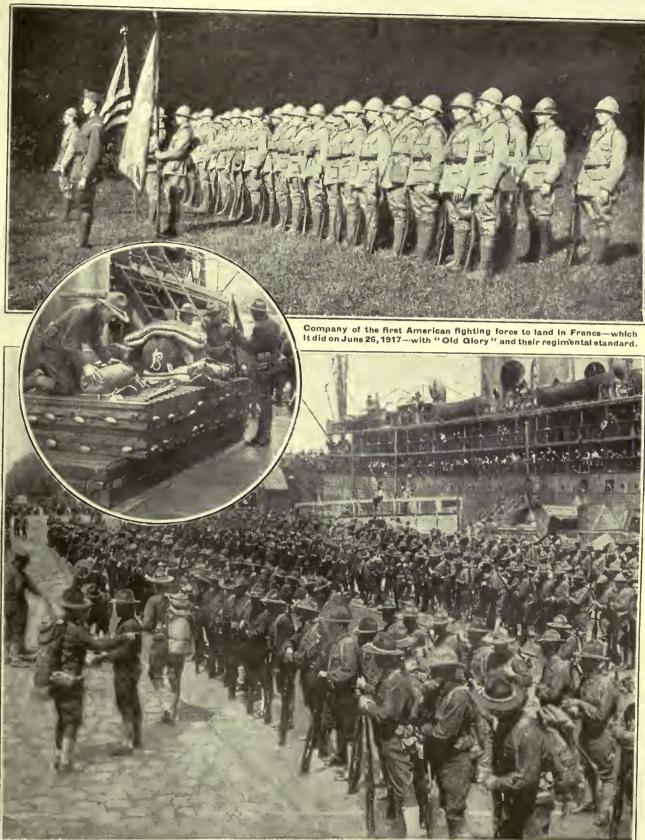
General Pershing, however, only attracted popular attention when he was put in charge of the spectacular chase after Villa. It proved to be an abortive chase; but for that General Pershing cannot be blamed. He led his force of five or six thousand men with great skill and dash four hundred miles into Mexico; but the Administration had at no time much relish for the enterprise, circumscribed his activities as much as they could, and eventually recalled his troops, leaving Villa still at large. Much valuable experience, however, was gained both by General Pershing and by the War Department during the Mexican opera-tions of last year. The whole of the Militia was called out, and the United States received a timely object-lesson in the problems of mobilisation, the excellence of the men at its disposal, and the poorness of its military organisation.

A professional soldier who has seen all sides of warfare from bush and desert fighting to the real thing, General Pershing may be trusted to give a good account of himself as leader of the American Army in the European War. A grizzled veteran of many campaigns, with a buoyant, almost boyish, and thoroughly human temperament, looking, as he stands straight and square before you, very much younger than his fifty-seven years, tight-mouthed, square of jaw, trained to the ounce, and quictly authoritative—he is the best type of the American West Pointer. His courage and coolness, his energy initiative, have been proved repeatedly.

Above all, he belongs to the scientific school of soldiers, and of them we cannot have too many. The Allied Staffs in France will be quick to recognise in him a valuable acquisition, whether the troops under his command are few or many. They will be few to start with; they will grow more numerous with every month that passes; and before the war is over General Pershing may find himself at the head of a larger army than Grant commanded or than America had hitherto

ever dreamed of raising.

# Unfurling of 'Old Glory' in Glorious France



American troops in France during the disembarkation. The vetsran general with them said: "I am happy to be the commander of the first troops who will fight shoulder to shoulder with the heross of the Marne and Vsrdun." In circle: Preparing for debarkation.

## American Sailors' Cheers for the Sailor King



American Boy Soouts marching in New York as part of a "Waks up, America I" demonstration. The Boy Scout movement has "caught on " all over the world."



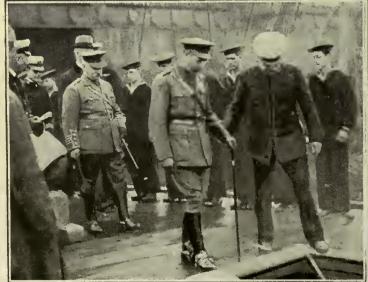
Mr. Balfour (right) in America, with Sir Charles Spring-Rice, British Ambassador at Washington.



Marshal Joffre (left) In America driving with General Scott, the head of the U.S. Army.



American armoured motor battsry in fighting formation. Two members of sach crew approach on motor-cycles, and then take their places in the armoured cars.





King George's tour in the North. Hie Majesty on an American ship at Liverpool. Right: American sailors saluting their Royal visitor. Before leaving Liverpool on May 16th, 1917, the King drove to the docks, and went on board two American armed liners. Hs inspected the crews, who responded lustily to their commander's call for "Three cheers for the King of England!"

# First of America's Fighters Arrive on the Aisne





Sir Francie Lloyd inepects (left) and addresses (right) a fine body of British volunteers who had eacrificed their work in America to fight for their country.





American band about to play a battalion through Parle on Independence Day. Left:

A U.S. coldier "chakee" with a wounded Zouave. (French official photograph.)





Coey corner in an American camp on the Alene, where the French had pitched upon a pleasant camping-ground for their new chume.

Right: Some of the American troope setting out on a long route march in the Alene eector. (French official photographe.)

#### PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

### PRESIDENT WILSON

ALL, spare, temperamentally shy; lean of face and long and firm of jaw; in appearance reminding one somewhat of Joseph Chamberlain; in mental outlook of the school of Jefferson, Bryce, Balfour and Morley; with bluish-grey eyes that peer penetratingly at one through pince-nez; hair that has grown white under personal sorrow and the strain of office; deep lines about the mobile mouth that can break out at times into a winning smile; a son of the manse, combining the sweetness of old Virginia with the asceticism of old Massachusetts; a man of the schools—M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., Litt.D.—as well as a lover of the open air, a golfer, motorist and cyclist; till the other day regarded by all except his intimates as an amateur in public affairs; to-day a new Man of Destiny and the larger hope of the little nations "rightly struggling to be free"—such is Thomas Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth and twice-elected President of the United States, the exemplar under test of Carlyle's formula for the ideal Governor as Man of Intellect. His career, closely scanned, seems to have been a steady preparation for the task the world-war has thrust upon him.

#### A Son of the Manse

President Wilson is of Scots-Irish descent. His paternal grandfather, James Wilson, was an Ulsterman of County Down; his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Woodrow, descendant of the Rev. Robert Woodrow, a well-known historian of the Church of Scotland, was for fifteen years minister of the Annetwell Street Congregational Church, Carlisle. He was born on December 28th, 1856, at the Presbyterian manse at Staunton, Virginia, where his father, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, a distinguished scholar and professor of theology, was minister; and educated at Davidson College, North Carolina, and at Princeton College (since 1896 Princeton University), New Jersey, where he matriculated in 1875. After graduating in law at the University of Virginia in 1881, he devoted two years to professional law practice at Atlanta, Georgia, and then made a brilliant post-graduate record at Johns Hopkins University, Maryland, where he wrote his first book, "Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics," which may have inspired Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." In 1885 he married Ellen Louise Axon, a member of a distinguished Savannah family. Of this marriage three daughters were born.

Coincidently with his marriage he was appointed Pro-fessor of History and Political Economy at Bryn Mawr College for Women, Pennsylvania. He held this post from 1885 to 1888. Then for two years he occupied the chair of History and Political Economy at the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, whence he moved back to Princeton, being Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy, 1890-95; Professor of Jurisprudence, 1895-97; and Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics, 1897-1910. He was elected President of Princeton on August 1st, 1902, and remained in this position till his resignation on October 20th, 1910.

#### Entry into Public Life

Meanwhile, "Congressional Government," which had become a standard text-book in many high schools and colleges, had been followed by other works of note: "The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics" (1889); "Division and Reunion" (1829-1893); "An Old Master and Other Political Essays" (1903), a volume containing a fine appreciation of Adam Smitl; "Mere Literature and Other Essays" (1893), in which he maintains that literature is not a convenient of form but of which that literature is not an expression of form, but of spirit; a masterly study of George Washington (1896); perhaps the best extant "History of the American People" (1902); and "Constitutional Government in the United States"

As President of Princeton, Dr. Wilson was confronted at the outset with an antiquated and almost chaotic curriculum, which he successfully simplified and greatly improved, at the same time establishing higher standards of admission and scholarship. His business capacity proved no less conspicuous than his power as an educational reformer. He supplanted "recitations" by conformation ferences, and made study naturally enjoyable instead of

a drudgery. In two directions he did not wholly succeed: in his efforts to eradicate class privilege and to divert expenditure from unnecessary architecture to the development of efficient citizens; but when he resigned he left the university not only prosperous financially, but infinitely more flourishing as a centre of learning than he found it.

At this time New Jersey was described as being under a "government of the people by the 'bosses' for the Trusts." Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor on January 17th, 1911, and his extraordinary success in translating his platform pledges of reform into legal enactments led to his nomination for the United States Presidency at the Democratic National Convention in 1912, and his election in the following November, when he received 435 "electoral" votes against 88 for Theodore Roosevelt. the Progressive candidate, and eight for William Howard Taft, the Republican candidate. Twenty years had passed by since the Democrats had carried a candidate to the White House; in the previous half-century they had been in power for less than a decade.

#### His Programme as President

For America a new era now began. Not the least interesting and gratifying fact for Great Britain was the discovery, quickly made, that one of the new President's aims was a closer understanding between the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples. Another was his decision to keep an open door for the Press. "The only way I can succeed," he told the newspaper men, "is by not having my mind live in Washington. Your interest is simply to see that the thinking of the people comes pressing in all the time on Washington."

Soon after his election he propounded for the future the gospel that "the men who serve must be the men who profit." He declared that "the service of humanity is the business of mankind, and that the business of mankind must be set forward by the governments which mankind sets up in order that justice may be done and mercy not forgotten." Prophetic was his remark that "there are men who will have to be mastered in order that they shall be made the instruments of justice and of mercy." He went on: "This is not a rosewater affair. This is an office in which a man must put on his war-paint." He did not In which a man must put on his war-paint." He did not care whether the war-paint was becoming or not, but "it need not be worn with truculence. A man can keep his manners and still fight. Indeed, I have found that he sometimes dismays his opponents by keeping his manners and fighting." His "inaugural" was in similar vein. Its keynote was Service. "This," he said, "is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication." In the year in which he became President appeared his "Free Life" and "New Freedom" Freedom.'

And so we come to the crucial test of the Great War. Abraham Lincoln could have shown no greater patience than that displayed by Woodrow Wilson under German truculence, misunderstanding at home and misrepresenta-tion abroad. At his re-election in November, 1916, he polled something like a million more "popular" votes than he did in 1912. But Germany refused to be warned. Thus when, in April, 1917, President Wilson signed the momentous document which brought the United States into the war definitely on the side of democratic freedom and against Prussian military brigandage, he did so with hands spotless of provocation and a conscience clear of

#### Champion of Freedom

"We," he said at Washington on June 14th, 1917, "are not enemies of the German people. They are in the grip of the same sinister power that has stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us. This is a people's war for freedom, justice and self-government, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it, the German people included." The day on which America entered the war was another "day of dedication."

Two days after the fateful 4th of August, 1914, President Wilson lost his wife. On December 18th, 1915, he married Edith Bolling Galt, of Washington, D.C.

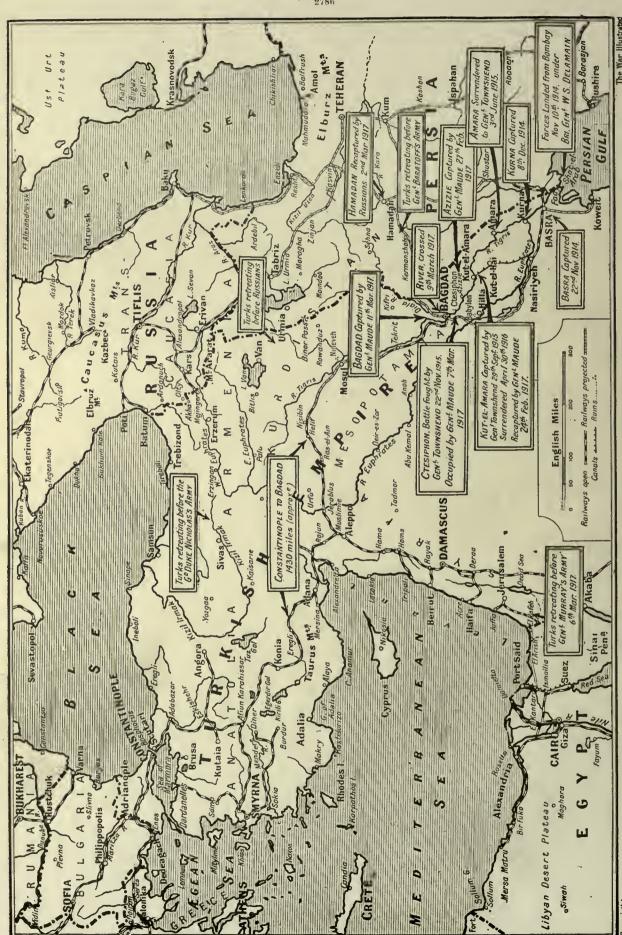
The Victorious Advance to Bagalage

Not since the outbreak of war was the campaign against the Turk so well planned

or so successfully conducted as it was during the period represented by this section. General Sir Stanley Maude, after one of the most thorough exploits of the whole war, recaptured Kut, thus avenging General Townshend and his unfortunate army, and, rapidly advancing, captured Bagdad March II, 1917. Of additional interest are illustrations showing the campaign against the Turk in Sinai.



An event of far-reaching importance. Formal entry of British troops into Bagdad after its capture on March 11th, 1917, when Sir Stanley Maude vindicated British preetige and holeted the British flag over the old capital of the Caliphate.



TALE OF TWO AND A HALF YEARS IN MESOPOTAMIA.—In this map may be followed the story of the Mesopotamian operations from the landing of General Delamain's force in

November, 1914, up to Gensral Maude's triumph at Bagdad, March 11, 1917. In It, too, may be seen whers Russian pressure on the retreating Turks was exercised from Persia and the Caucasus.

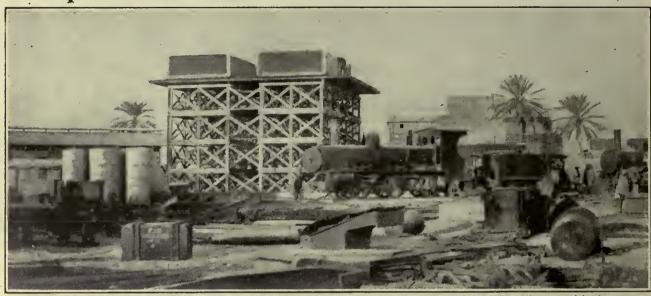
## Dancing in the Dahra Loop: The Turkey Trot



On February 15th, 1917, British troops advancing under General Sir Stanley Maude to the recapture of Kut-el-Amara cleared the ground in the Dahra loop of the enemy, and the Turks, driven back on the Tigris, eurrendered en masses, some two thousand prisonere being taken. As our infantry advanced, the Turke

thrsw down their rifles and rushed forward so that our troops actually waiked through them as they came at the double through the fire of their own guns. They showed their relief at being captured by signs and cheerful gestures, and some of them broke into a kind of tripping step not far removed from a dance.

### Recapture of Kut: Means to the Great End



Where the railway has spread round desert paims. A year before this photograph was taken the extensive railway yard it shows was bare desert. The concentration of men and material for the Mesopotamian front, where General Maude's triumphal recapture of Kut was effected February 24th, 1917, brought the railway into the country in a way that had far-reaching effect.



Familiar "W.D." lorries in unfamiliar surroundings. They are waiting near a pier on the Tigrie to convey coming troops to their new camp. One energetic man while waiting tries to climb a tapering telegraph pole. Above: Loading a lorry with spare rifles for the troops that, by reientless pressure and heroic dash, once more took Kut and avenged General Townshend and his brave garrieon.

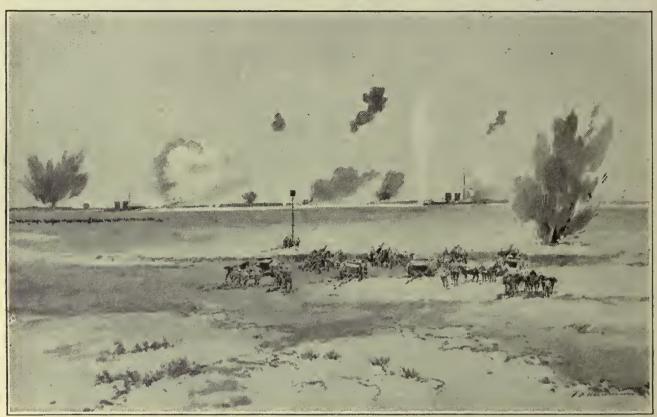
# Forcing the Diala in the Battle for Bagdad



The Diala flows into the Tigris about eleven miles below Bagdad. The retresting Turks had destroyed the bridge, so our men brought pontoons and tried to force a passage. On the first night the crossing parties were all shot down, but next night ebout sixty men of the Lancashires got across and secured

a footing in a natural position between two woods. The Turks made repeated counter-attacks, once actually getting on to the parapet, but the Lanoashires hung on, and when the passage was finally forced, on the fourth night, a hundred dead Turks were found outside the redoubts.

### General Maude's Great Advance in Mesopotamia:



On February 25th, 1917, the Turke fought a stiff rearguard action ten miles north of Kut. Two monitors shelled them from the Tigris, while the field-artillery, whose observation ladder stands in the centre, engaged them from on shore and infantry followed them up.

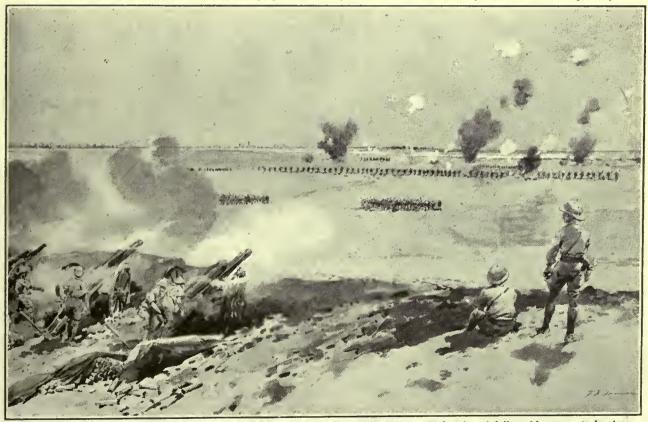


On March 6th, 1917, the British camped by the Arch of Ctesiphon, the oldest surviving monument of Mesopotamia's ancient greatness, and next day they moved on, passing the farthest point reached by General Townshend the year before, and coming in eight of Bagdad.

# In the Track of the Turks in the Tigris Valley



British columns advancing at Azizis, on the Tigris, rather more than half-way between Kut and Bagdad. Dead Turks and shell-shettered limbers littered the ground here, testifying to the severity with which the British had punished the retreating enemy.



Ten miles from Begdad, and within eight of ite domee and minarets, the British infantry deployed, end, followed by supports in closer formation, attacked the line of the Diala about two miles ahead, under cover of the British artillery. The crossing of the Diala was only effected after severe fighting, in which the herolem of the Lancashires achieved one of the finest feats in the war.

### The New British Advance in Mesopotamia



NEWS from Mesopotamia was very satisfactory in February, 1917. The report from the General Officer Commanding in that theatre of the war announced the shelling of the enemy's bridge at Shumran, west of Kut, when a direct hit was scored and some enemy shipping sunk,

and the resumption of the advance along the south bank of the Tigris, when the enemy was driven back to his last line of trenches in the Dahra bend, also west of Kut. On the evening of February 10th the British line was established across the bend from bank to bank on a frontage of

# -Troops and Transport on the Way to Kut



nore than three miles, and the enemy was completely hemmed in. The ffect of these operations was that the enemy's communications between Kut and Bagdad were severed, and that the Turks in Kut itself were laced in a position as difficult as that of General Townshend in the

winter of 1915-16. It was a dramatic event, fraught with lessons of far-reaching importance in the Near and Far East alike, when British troops again marched into Kut-el-Amara, February 24th, 1917, vindicating the might and majesty of the British Empire.

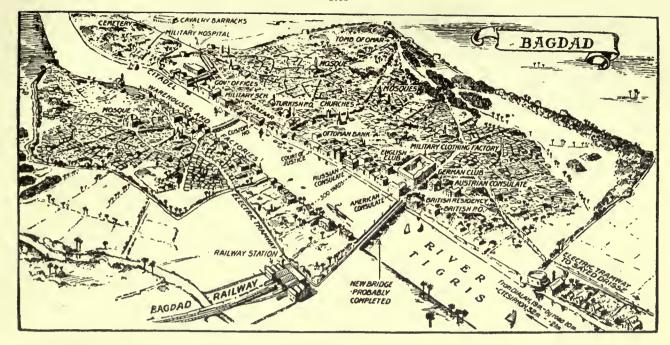
## With General Maude on the Way to Bagdad



Riverside glimpse of Kut-el-Amara, with the minarst of its mosque. Kut, brilliantly recaptured by General Maude on February 24th, 1917, was held by the Turks for about ten months, for it was on April 29th, 1916, that General Townshend was compelled to surrender.



Gurkhae bombing their way to a Tigris landing. Kut was rendered untenable to the Turk shortly after General Maude'e troops had bridged the Shumran bend, about eeven miles above the town. Two Gurkha regiments effected a crossing some dietance below the new bridge against a withering machine-gun fire, and, after a bombing duel, firmly established themselves on the left bank.



### The British Flag Over Bagdad

#### End to German Dreams of Eastern Empire

N March 11th, 1917, Lieut.-General Sir Stanley Maude, in command of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, occupied Bagdad, and so dealt the German Empire the heaviest blow it had suffered in the war and the Ottoman Empire the most damaging blow inflicted upon it in a quarter of a thousand years. For Germany the capture of the city meant the end of her dream of dominion in the East, towards which she was reaching slowly along the Berlin-Bosphorus-Bagdad Railway line. For Turkey it meant almost certainly the disruption of her Empire in Asia, consolidated among the Moslem peoples when Bagdad surrendered to Murad IV. on Christmas Day, 1638. With her Empire in Europe also tottering to its fall, it meant the final elimination of Turkey from the Powers of the world.

Politically, the event was of transcendent importance in the East. It restored British prestige, undoubtedly shaken

by the earlier failure to relieve Kut-el-Amara. It freed Persia from the Turkish occupation of some 30,000 square miles of her territory. It secured the frontier of India. It stilled Mohammedan unrest throughout the East. It opened up the possibility of a great and far-reaching revival of the Arab race. Strategically, too, it was of great importance. It enabled us to co-operate with the Russians advancing from Persia, and still further compromise the Turks' line of retreat from Bagdad; and, in any case, it seriously threatened the whole efficiency of the Turkish armies to help the Germanic Powers. With every mile of the railway that fell into our possession we interfered more seriously with their means of moving reinforcements and supplies northwards, and so increased the weight that they had already become upon Germany, which was their real

Chiefly, however, because of its

extraordinary picturesqueness did the capture of Bagdad first impress the imagination of the world. The very name of the city is redolent of romance. It stands in that great plain which is the focal point of immemorial associations, whose history covers at least five thousand years and rings with names that still are magnificent. Bagdad itself was founded in 762 by Al Mansur, first of the Abbasid Caliphs, who thought it desirable to move the capital of the new dynasty from Damascus, where the Ommiades had held their Court. He built it on the site of an infinitely old village, on the west bank of the Tigris, and for five hundred years it remained the seat of the Caliphate until Hulagu, grandson of Genghis Khan, and his Mongol hordes carried and sacked it in 1258. At its zenith Bagdad really was the city of which we dream when we read of Haroun al-Raschid in "The Arabian Nights": in the heart of a district made fertile by a wonderful system of irrigation canals, with

exquisite gardens, fairy palaces, flourishing colleges whence learning spread the whole world over, priceless libraries and works of art, and wealth beyond the

dream of avarice.

After the Mongol invasion Bagdad ceased to be the spiritual home of Islam. Its glory had departed. Hulagu had destroyed the whole system of irrigation and Mesopotamia was blasted. Once again Bagdad was sackedby Tamerlane, in 1410, and after a prolonged and chequered history, Murad IV. besieged it, accepted its capitulation, and, after a most bloody massacre, turned it into the seat of a Turkish Pasha. But its geographical position kept it a chief point on the great highway to the East. As such it attracted the covetous eyes of the German Kaiser. As such it became of vital importance in the Great War; and as such it has passed now into the possession of the British Empire.



Lieut.-Gen. Sir STANLEY MAUDE, [Mault & Fox General Officer Commanding the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, who captured Bagdad, March 11th, 1917,

### Mosques and Minarets of Old-World Bagdad

Photographs by Mr. A. B. W. Holland





Typical coffse-houss in Bagdad. Observs the pariah dogs, scavsngers of Oriental towns. Right: A view of the same street-corner.



Tomb and mosque of the Sheikh Omar, near Bagdad. The ancient tombs of the wonderful place draw countless pilgrims svery year.

THESE fine photographs of Bagdad afford striking glimpses of the fascinating city which is something more than the capital of Mesopotamia in that it is the glamorous capital of Oriental romance. The very name of the place brings to memory much of the wonder of "The Thousand and One Nights," and suggestions of the goodly time, the golden prime of good Haroun al-Raschid.

Sir Stanley Maude's capture of Bagdad on March 11th, 1917, remains one of the most picturesque incidents of the war. The city, which had been the capital of the Turkish province of Mesopotamia for nigh upon three centuries, was removed from the blighting influence of Ottoman rule, and it may confidently be hoped will now regain something of its past renown as a centre of learning, culture, and trade. During the time of its greatness, under the Abbaside dynasty, Bagdad is said to have had one and a half million of inhabitants.



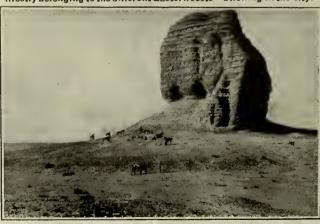
Most ancient minarst of Bagdad. All that remains of the Mosque of Suk-al-Ghazil, built by the Callph Mustaneir Billah, A.D. 1222.



Latin church in Bagdad. There were about 8,000 Christians—mostly belonging to the different Eastern sects—dwelling in the city.

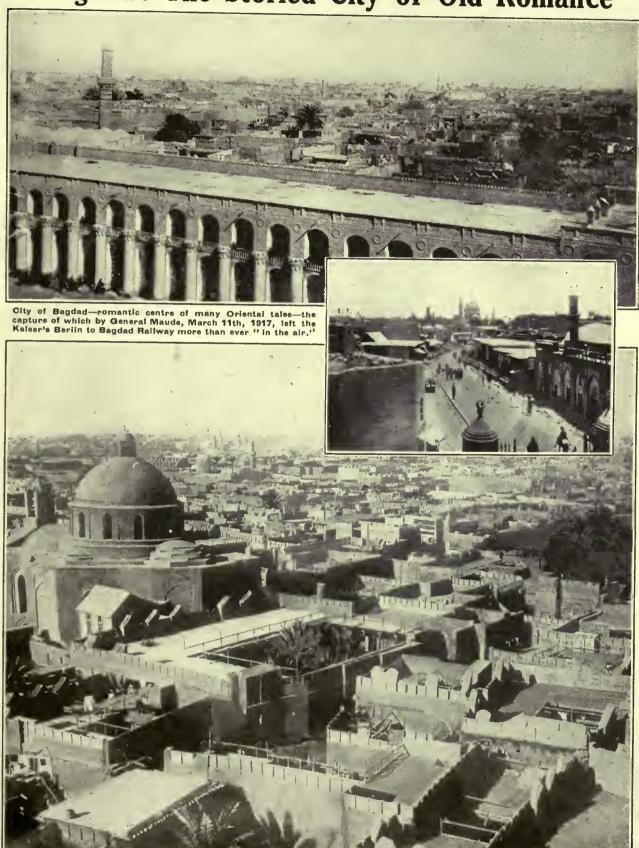


Pereian, or Middle, Gate of Bagdad. At a time of plague the Persians fied from the city, when the ancient gateway was walled up.



Macelye ruins of Akker Koof, etanding out on the Mesopotamian Plain a few miles to the north-west of Bagdad.

# Bagdad: The Storied City of Old Romance



General view over Bagdad, showing the characteristic flat roofs of the houses, and in the distance a number of stender minarets of the mosques. Above: View of the main street of the city. On the foreground pillar will be noticed the Crescent of the evicted Turk.

### Ploughing Through Sand From Suez to Palestine:





Men of the Egyptlan Labour Corps—Arabs and fellaheen—making a cutting for a railway, and (right) a railway company of the Royal Engineers driving in spikes of a new line. Decauville rallways and lines of metre gauge supplemented the standard-gauge lines.





A remarkable feat of the Royal Engineere in Egypt was building a standard-gauge railway over which L. and S.W.R. engines daily did a 200-mile trip with maximum loads.



Repairing telegraph lines on the edge of the desert, and (right) signallers at work with the heliograph near an Egyptian tomb. The perfection of intercommunication by means of telegraph, telephone, and heliograph was a feature of the campaign that won great praise.



Advanced artilleryman telephoning warning of enemy aircraft approaching. The enemy forcee in Egypt used aeroplanes freely.



A native working the bellows of a portable forge being used in the desert by a blacksmith of the Royal Engineers.

# The Terrible 'Tank' Pursues the Turk in Palestine



British officer engaged in interrogating a Bulgarian prisoner who has just been brought in on the Salonika front.



Inspecting a new "recruit" in Palestins. "Tanke" played their part in the fighting of Gen. Murray's forces near Gaza, 1917.



British field wireless in Nyaealand. Gen. Northsy'a campaign there was thrillingly described in one of Gen. Smute' despatches.



Well-laden camels at Rafa, where General Murray inflicted a eevere defeat on the Turke before pushing on towards Gaza.



in the bank it has surmounted by means of its caterpillar wheels.



Strange-looking tools which were used by the Arabs in the making of roadways across the desert.



French and British officers on a tour of the Vardar lines on the Salonika front. Observe the formidable wire entanglements.

### Through Dreary Solitudes of Desert Sand

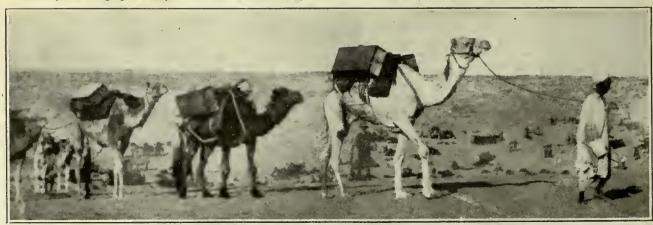


from Egypt to appropriate us

Australian mounted troops saw much activs service in Egypt. Thie trooper is bringing in a couple of blindfoided Bedouin spiss.

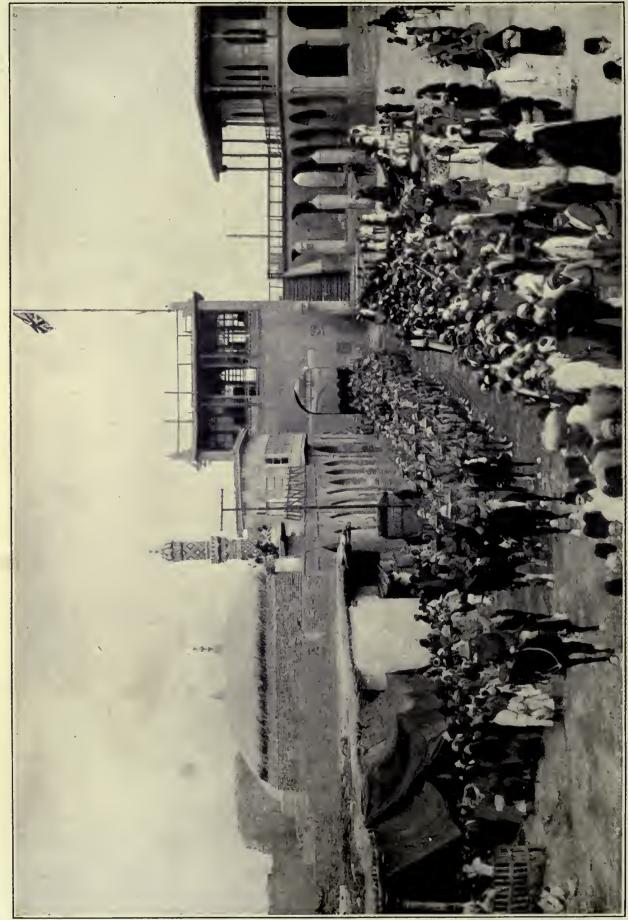


Nsw arrivals in Western Egypt. The "padrs" thoroughly snjoys his pips perched on the edge of a goods truck.



Camels were very necessary auxiliaries of the army in Egypt, for not only were they needed for general transport work, but on them Tommy had to depend as his water-carriers in the sandy desert, where water may easily come to be more precious than gold.

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THE UNION JACK FLYING OVER BAGDAD. FORMAL ENTRY OF BRITISH TROOPS INTO THE CITY AFTER ITS CAPTURE, MARCH 11TH, 1917.

To face page 2801

# THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



Maull & Fox

LT.-GEN. SIR FREDERICK STANLEY MAUDE, K.C.B.

Commanded British Forces in Mesopotamia



#### PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

### GENERAL SIR STANLEY MAUDE

IT is one of life's ironies that the man who avenged General Townshend and drove the whole Turkish Army back in rout from Kut-el-Amara beyond the confines of the vilayet of Bagdad is son of a distinguished soldier—the late General Sir Frederick Francis Maude, G.C.B.—who won the V.C. when fighting for the Turks in the Crimea. When the Great War began the man who was to restore British prestige in Mesopotamia was a simple colonel of some three years' standing. Less than two years later he was recognised, even by the Germans, as one of the most able administrators and one of the most capable generals in the British or any other army.

#### In the Sudan and South Africa

Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Stanley Maude, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., was born on June 24th, 1864. His mother was Catherine Mary, daughter of the Very Rev. Sir George Bishopp, eighth baronet. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, where he distinguished himself in athletics, on one occasion winning the half-mile, mile and three miles on the same day in an intercollegiate contest. Entering the Army on February 6th, 1884, as a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, he saw active service in the Sudan in 1885, being attached to the force under General Graham which drove the enemy under Osman Digna out of Hashin and Tamai. These were the closing actions of the first Sudan campaign, and the torrid circumstances in which they were fought may be regarded as an anticipation of the trials to be passed through by the young officer in later years in the scorching sands of Mesopotamia. He had several narrow escapes in the night watches, but came through unscathed, and his services were recognised by the Sudan Medal and the Khedive's Bronze Star.

This was his only experience of active warfare until the South African campaign fourteen years later. He became adjutant of his regiment on March 7th, 1888, and held this post until March 6th, 1892. Promoted to a captaincy on August 28th, 1895, he passed the Staff College in 1896, and was given his majority on February 5th, 1899. He was Brigade-Major Home District from January 1st, 1897, to

December 12th, 1899.

During the larger part of his period of service in South Africa—from February 11th, 1900, to March 8th, 1901—he acted as brigade-major to the Brigade of Guards, and took part in the advance on Kimberley, the actions at Poplar Grove, Dreifontein. Karee Siding, Vet and Zand Rivers, Diamond Hill and Belfast. He was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with six clasps, the C.M.G. and the D.S.O.

#### Military Secretary in Canada

From South Africa he went to Canada as Military Secretary to the Governor-General (the fourth Earl of Minto), holding this appointment from May 16th, 1901, to November 26th, 1904. Towards the close of the following year he was Private Secretary to the Secretary of War (the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster). From November 14th, 1906, to March 31st, 1908, he was D.A.A. and Q.M.G. Coast Defence at Plymouth, being promoted to the rank

of lieutenant-colonel on June 26th, 1907.

Next he came into active contact with the Territorial Force as General Staff Officer of the 2nd London Division from April 1st, 1908, till March 31st, 1909, from which date until April 7th, 1912, he was Assistant-Director at Army Headquarters of the Territorial Forces, being promoted to a colonelcy on July 19th, 1911. For a time he worked at the Staff College under Sir William Robertson, then its commandant, and it is interesting to reflect that it was Sir William Robertson who, years later, appointed him to restore British prestige in the East. From April 8th, 1912, to January 31st, 1914, he was General Staff Officer of the 5th Division of the Irish Command at the Curragh. He then rejoined the General Staff at the War Office, and the outbreak of war found him Assistant-Director of Military Training.

One of "The First Hundred Thousand," he shared the

One of "The First Hundred Thousand," he shared the glory and the agony of the retreat from Mons. At Landrecies he witnessed that splendid stand of the Guards

which saved the situation in one of the most critical moments of the campaign, and his name was in Sir John French's first list of "mentions," with the result that he was promoted brigadier-general and given the command of the 14th Infantry Brigade, the first to cross the Aisne and take up its position in the village of Ste. Marguérite. Wounded in leading his men to the attack, he was again mentioned in despatches, and on recovery was attached to the Staff of the Third Army Corps, his services—at Festubert particularly—being rewarded with the Companionship of the Bath and promotion to the rank of major-general.

#### In Command in Mesopotamia

In the spring of 1916, when affairs in Mesopotamia were approaching a grave crisis, Major-General Maude went out in command of the 13th British Division, which reached Basra from Egypt in March, and greatly distinguished itself in the Battle of Sanna-i-Yat on April 5th, one of the most promising of the attempts to relieve Kut-el-Amara. On April 29th, after holding out against vastly superior forces for 143 days, General Townshend destroyed his guns and munitions, surrendered with 2,900 British troops and 6,000 Indians, and, while being allowed to retain his sword, was taken captive to Constantinople. British prestige had received a blow, all the more hard to bear by reason of the facts disclosed in the report of the Mesopotamian Commission, though this report was not published until the military position had been retrieved.

On August 28th Major-General Maude was made a temporary lieutenant-general, and appointed to succeed Sir Percy Lake in the command of the Mesopotamian forces. By this time the campaign had passed under the direction of the Imperial General Staff, and Sir Charles Monro had succeeded Sir Beauchamp Duff as Commanderin-Chief in India. Sir Charles Monro visited Basra on his journey out, and when he left for Bombay in October the plans for the new advance were well on the way to completion, on lines laid down by Sir Percy Lake, to whose exertions in this connection General Maude paid generous tribute.

No immediate offensive operations were attempted. First of all the Army had to be reorganised. Grave problems of administrative reform had to be solved. Railways, ordnance, the medical service, transport, communications and supplies had to be established on a satisfactory basis. The Karun and Euphrates fronts had to be organised afresh. Then came a visit of inspection up the Tigris. General Maude's reputation for care and circumspection was found to be well justified. One who served under him described him as no lover of speculative enterprise. "Unless," said this authority, "he sees clearly his way, he does not like to accept the responsibility of attacking; but when he strikes he strikes like lightning." By the middle of December—in which month he was made a K.C.B.—he had completed his programme and had moved his headquarters up to the front. Then, despite the severest handicaps of weather and climate, and after some of the hardest fighting in the war, an enemy enormously strengthened and elate with his former success was outmanœuvred and outfought.

#### "The Father of the Lions"

Kut-el-Amara fell on February 24th, 1917. The Turks were driven back 110 miles in fifteen days, losing, apart from their dead, nearly 8,000 prisoners. On March 11th the British flag was flying over the age-old capital of the Caliphs, and General Maude had addressed a memorable proclamation to the Arabs, which is as well worth study as his clear and workmanlike despatch on the three months' fighting. The Arabs called him "the Father of the Lions." He lumself, in a memorable phrase, described his army—an army composed of Indians as well as British—as "imbued throughout with that offensive spirit which is the soldier's finest jewel."

Sir Stanley Maude, who was promoted lieutenant-

general in March, 1917, married, in 1893, Cecil Cornelia Marianne St. Leger, daughter of the late Colonel the Right Hon. Thomas Edward Taylor, M.P. They have

a son and two daughters.

Behind the Enemy Line War pictures of enemy activity are necessarily difficult to obtain, but the pages in this section, exhibiting diverse scenes in various battle areas, have all some permanent interest. Portraits of the prime moving spirits of Prussian militarism, enemy versions of fighting in France and Flanders, and



NOT TOO OLD TO RESIST THE HUNS.—Although the Germans occupied nearly the whole of, Belgian territory, there was not the elightest spiritual recognition of this alien yoke on the part of the inhabitants. This photograph illustrates in the inhabitants of the inhabitants. touching incident which occurred regularly at a certain village in

The old, enfeebled peasant, although his house the war zone. was razed to the ground by shells, refused to leave for ever the acene where he had passed the greater part of his life, the spot dear to him with associations of a lifetime. He returned dally, only to be warned off by German coldiery.



HOW A BAVARIAN BATTERY WAS SHATTERED.—At the beginning of our offensive south of the Bapaume road a Bavarian battery was just limbering up when it was epotted by one of our aeroplanee, which immediately directed our artillery on to it. Direct hite were

ecattered by our fire were found in the position, testifying to the earlier activity of the battery.

# Kultured Kameraden: Study in Hun Physiognomy

















GERMANY, jealous for the reputation for physical quality enjoyed by her young manhood, had no reason to be proud of those of her sons who were made prisoner on the western front, with ever-growing willingness on their part. While she might urge that all types of Teuton humanity, the lowest as well as the highest and best, were included in her vast Army, the fact emerges from camera records of groups of prisoners that very few figures proper to romance were to be found among them.

camera records of groups of prisoners that very iew ngures proper to romance were to be found among them.

In the fourteen faces reproduced on this page, picked at random from groups, one detects truculence, cunning, meanness, and animal hostility; several are marked by features associated with criminality; some approximate to the idiot type. When one reflected that it was men of this low type who were in occupation of countries denuded of their male population, and that they were permitted, and even encouraged, to treat the women and children as they pleased, one felt a passion of determination blazing up that they should be driven back to their own place and rendered powerless ever to do these things again. place and rendered powerless ever to do these things again.





















GERMAN PRISONERS ENLARGING "CAGES" TO RECEIVE MORE GERMANS

# Hun Versions of Fighting in France and Flanders



The creet of a German position in the Ypres sector of the Flanders front—a rather imaginative effort of the German artist Paul Henschel.

In point of fact the Germans latterly refrained from drawing the very effective fire of the new Beigian artillery.



"Not yet!" Another German artist's version of Germans waiting for the signal, to be given by pistol shot by the officer watching the luminous hands of his companion's wrist-watch, to burst forth from their cover and attack the British trenches close by.

# Fritz Firing Fog-Bombs on the Somme



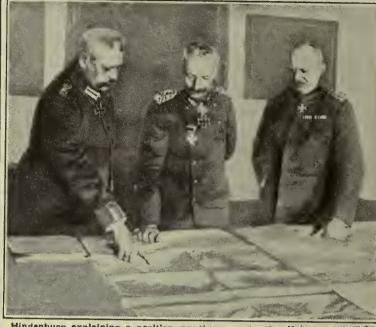
Hunnish artillerymen, wearing the new German helmet, getting one of their guns into position on the Somme front. There it was probably left when the rapidity of the aliled attack gave the enemy little leisure to remove it.



Bursting fog-bomb fired on the Somme front by the Germans. These bombs on exploding eprsad a thick, low-drifting cloud of smoke which covers a considerable area, and so serves to mask troops that are advancing to an attack.

# Prime Moving Spirits of Prussian Militarism





Hindenburg explaining a position on the map to the Kaleer, and (left) interrogating the Crown Prince, who looke more fatuous than usual.



The Kaieer and Von Hindenburg gravely ealuting each other. Behind the Emperor etande the Emprese, and, etill further in the deferential background, the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, with his epouse. How the papers contrived to get hold of these things is suggested by the row of Kaleer-following camera men busy on the wall at the back.

# Heads of Teutonic and Ottoman Offending



The German Crown Prince, whose association with Verdun was rewarded by his father with military descrations and by the world with ecorn.



General Djemal Pasha (right), Turkish Military Governor at Damascus, driving with Enver Pasha. In centre: Enver Pasha in Berlin.



Bavaria's King at German Headquartere: Von Hindenburg, the Kaieer, Bethmann-Hollweg, King Louis of Bavaria, Von Ludendorff, Admiral Holtzendorff. Right: Gen. Mackensen.







A Turkish Mission headed by the sidest eon of the Suitan, Prince Zia Eddin Effendi (the spectacist gentisman in the foreground of the left-hand picture), visited Berlin, Vienna, and Sofia, May, 1917. Right: Prince Zia Eddin Effendi (on the settee) in Berlin.

# Teuton Types and Trophies Taken at Messines



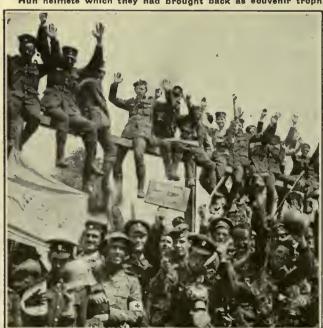
Types of Teuton prisoners taken at Massinss. The man on the left is wearing the regulation German helmet; the central one faced his captor's camera with a Sancho Panza-like smile, while the third (right) with kerchist on head looked like a brigand.







Further types of Hun prisoners from the Messinee "push," left and right, and (centre) a group of pleased Ulster men wearing the Hun helmete which they had brought back as ecuvenir trophice from the fighting in which they had borne a distinguished part.



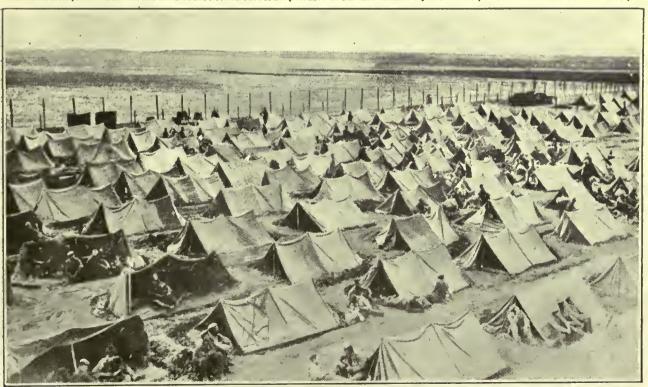


Men of the Uister Division exhibiting some of their trophiss. Many wear cape, some hold up halmets of the Hun, while most raise their hands as though crying "Kamaradi" to the conquering camera. Right: Irish officer amuss hie comrads by dressing in German kit.

### Germans Behind Bars and One who Ought to Be



The German Crown Prince with his Staff. A picture taken in June, 1917. No less martial a figure was ever heir to a War Lord than the Kaleer's heir, who would have been a source of ridicule to all privates in the German Army but for his power to butcher them like sheep.



Some of the thousands of Germana captured in the fighting in the west under canvaa in the wired-in compounds. While some of them seemed to feel humiliation, most were manifestly demoralised, and only glad to have got out of the fighting alive. (French official.)

## German Prisoner Pictures from East Africa:

Exclusive Photograph



Germen naval band from the destroyed cruieer Konigeberg playing beneath East African paime.



Outside a German East African paim-leaf hospital. The figure in knickers on the left is that of a woman.



German coldiere in Eact Africa, before General Smute got them on the run, enjoying an open-air concert with a somewhat mixed orchectra.



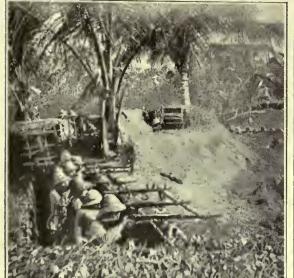
Company of enemy Aekeris—sturdy East African native troops—with their two German officers, one in front and one on the left of the picture.



Men from the destroyed Konigeberg at their palmtree "look-out" in German East Africa.

### Some Camera Captures from the Last Hun Colony

Exclusive Photographs





German trenches in East Africa. Running from palm to palm and backed by thick scrub these trenches were well planned to eacape observation. Right: Well sand-bagged parapet, through which the Germans could fire through the ecrub that masked their position.

THE photographs on this and opposite page, which were found on a German prisoner captured in East Africa, afford some striking glimpses of life behind the enemy lines in Germany's last colony, where her remaining forces had but shifting and precarious footing left. The pictures were doubtless taken before General Smuts' brilliant campaign had so harried the Germans that they must have had little time or inclination for the securing of camera "souvenirs."

the securing of camera "souvenirs."

When General Smuts left East Africa in January of 1917 he had broken the back of the opposition, had driven the enemy from the whole of the coast of the colony, had captured the whole of the important railway communications—first, the Usambara Railway in the north; and then, during his finely carried out operations of 1916, the highly important Central Railway, which bisects the territory from the port of Dar-es-Salaam to Lake Tanganyika. The work which remained for his successors, first General Hoskins and later General Van Deventer, was the rounding up of what was left of the main enemy force, most of which had been driven to the south of the Rufiji River.





Church parade in an enemy camp. To the left le a group of German officers with a Red Crose nurse; to the right are ealiore, and facing them a company of Askarla, or native troops. Above: The German Commander-in-Chief in East Africa, Coi. Lettow-Vorbeck.

### With the Enemy Fighting Forces East and West



Turkish cavalry operating on mountain tsrrain in the neighbourhood of the Salonika front—difficult but familiar ground to the fighting men of Turkey sver since the Ottoman invasion of Europe in the fifteenth century.





A German fighting aeroplane with machine-gun on the wsstsrn front between Arras and Laon.



Captain Richtofsn's quarters decorated with number-plates of aircraft he had brought down. Note converted angine as chandeller.



Camels loaded with materials for the Turkish troops fighting on the Macedonian front: All this country was in Ottoman possession until the Balkan Ware of 1912 and 1913. Right: Germans carrying a severely wounded comrade to a field-embulance in the Arras Battle.

The most picturesque and outstanding naval event of this section is the Channel fight between five German and two British destroyers—the Broke and Swift A hvilliant hattle bicture from the box of Mr. More Powborton gives

Channel fight between five German and two British destroyers—the Broke and Swift. A brilliant battle-picture from the pen of Mr. Max Pemberton gives an intensely realistic account of this heroic encounter. Other naval pictures are devoted to the warfare against the submarine peril. Some memorable events in the war by air are also pictured and described in this section.



THE BITER BIT.—Arming all ships of the mercantile marine with guns fore and aft was recognised as the best preventive measure against attack by Garman submarines. The piratee, having more discretion than valour, gave a wide berth to vessele that showed proof of their power to retaliate, knowing that a single hit on their frail craft would suffice to send it, like thie, to the bottom.

### BATTLE PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

### How Swift and Broke Beat Odds of Three to One

#### By MAX PEMBERTON

N the night of April 20th-21st, 1917, there was fought an action in the Channel which made a greater appeal to the imagination of the British people than anything that had occurred upon the sea since the outbreak of the war. The matchless gallantry of the Navy had achieved, under the veil of official darkness, many a victory of which history would like to make much. But here at last, in a picture so vivid that greatest imaginative writer could hardly have conjured it up in his dreams, we have the story of an episode which must endure while there are children of the Empire to hear it.

And it is a story, happily enough, of the English Channel. Here, properly, is the chief haven of all our maritime romance. Here came Hengist and Horsa; here landed Cæsar and the legions; here was the White Ship lost. By these narrow waters came the sea-rovers who burned our towns and were chased from them again. Here the Armada drifted in flames. Across these puny waves went Drake and his merry men to singe the Spaniard's beard. Here came the privateers and Smuggler Bill, and the rum in casks which the white caves hid. Every schoolboy can depict the Victory towering like some great white bird over the ever-changing rampart of the precious isle. So was it fit that in the darkness of an April night those who waked in their houses should hear that distant gun fire which told them that the Navy watched by the coastwise lights, and had not watched in vain.

#### Enemy Flotilla Sighted & Engaged

What was happening out there on the what was happening out there on the still dark sea? You could make out little from the shore, though some that sailed in ships perceived the lightning-like flashes of the guns and heard a thunder of report. But nothing definite was known, though could the veil have been lifted the play was dramatic enough. For here observe that the two British destroyers, the Swift and the Broke, were at that very time-twenty minutes to one o'clock, to be exact—proceeding on a westerly course of their patrol, when lo and behold! out of the darkness there emerged upon the port bow an enemy flotilla of six returning to its "spiritual home" at the best speed possible. We can imagine the excitement upon our little ships-how every Jack was instantly at his station, how guns were manned, how the quick words of command were uttered. Six hundred yards away were these six German destroyers, their funnels glowing, their engines racing, the line of them magnificent to see. And what a prey was that for a British sailor longing for the adventure-what a splendid hour for the two little ships thus chosen for this surpassing good fortune! Instantly the fray begins. The fire-gongs on board the German destroyers were heard "to ripple down the line" while, "in a blaze of flashes," the enemy opened fire. As instantaneously the Swift replied; but replying, her commander, Ambrose M. Peck, asked himself a question. Should he ram the leading enemy destroyer, or should he not? He determined to do so, and at his order the wheel was wrenched

round and the Swift, with every occupant of her bridge temporarily blinded by the flashes, drove straight for the enemy.

Remember, she was plunging forward in the blackest darkness, her speed must have been nearer thirty than twenty knots an hour, and failure might well have sent her to the bottomsince in failing she would have been rammed herself by the second boat in the enemy line. So we can imagine the feelings of her crew when this apparent tragedy overtook her. She did not hit the German destroyer at which she aimed, but by a miracle she herself escaped the threatened fate.

#### Swift Torpedoes One of the Six

Turning like a weathercock, she dashed again at the escaping German—yet not before she had landed a torpedo in her tracks and had seen it go home. Unfortunately she missed with her ram for the second time; but while she was mourning her misfortune, her good consort had already launched a torpedo at the second boat in the line, and then had opened

foat in the line, and then had opened fire with every gun.

Here began the full fury of these incomparable minutes. Full of flight, but not of fight, the German destroyers absolutely glowed with the fires their stokers had fed. Masses of foam swept over their bows as they raced for that pleasant haven of Zeebrugge, which alone seemed able to save them. And to them the Broke was clinging always. Holding his course for a moment to gather speed for the blow, Commander E. R. G. R. Evans, C.B., suddenly swung to port at full speed, and rammed the third boat fair and square abreast the after-funnel. Then began that which a commentator has justly said has hardly happened since the days of Nelson. Locked together, the crews of the two destroyers fought with any and every weapon that came to their hands.

#### Broke Rams the Third T.B.D.

Amidst a clash of steel, a rattle of guns, every weapon on the Broke sweeping the enemy's deck at point-blank range, remaining German destroyers in their turn pouring a devastating fire upon the gallant ship—amidst all this fire and smoke and fury our men fought and bled and died, as seamen had fought and bled and died before the eighteenth century was born.

Consider particularly the action of Midshipman Donald A. Gyles, R.N.R. The foremost guns' crews of the Broke, we read, were reduced from eighteen men to six. The midshipman himself was wounded in the eye-yet despite the fact he kept all the foremost guns in action, and himself assisted the depleted crews to load. "While he was thus employed, a number of frenzied Germans swarmed up over the Broke's forecastle out of the rammed destroyer and, finding themselves amid the blinding flashes of the forecastle guns, swept aft in a shouting mob. The midshipman, amid the dead and wounded of his guns' crews, and half-blinded by blood, met the rush single-handed with an automatic revolver; he was grappled by a German, who attempted to wrest the weapon from him. Cutlasses and

rifles with fixed bayonets being among the equipment of the foremost guns crews, in anticipation of just such events as were now taking place, the German was promptly bayoneted by Able-Seaman The remainder of the invaders, Ingleson. with the exception of two who lay down and feigned death, were driven over the side. The two exceptions were subsequently made prisoners."

Surely this was a gallant fellow! Yet they were all gallant fellows, and many, to their astonishment, first discovered that they were wounded when they returned to Dover that morning. Able-Seaman William G. Rowles, we read, was hit four times by shell fragments, yet remained at the wheel throughout the action, and finally only betrayed the fact that he was wounded by reporting to his captain, "I'm going off now, sir l" and fainting. A stoker, hit in the head with a piece of shrapnel, coolly says to his surgeon that he paid no attention to it because he was "too busy along of clearing up he was "too busy along of clearing up that rubbish on the stokers' mess-deck."

#### German Treachery Punished

Such as he and others had wrenched the Broke free finally, and sent her to ram the last boat in the German line. In this she failed, though she succeeded in hitting the boat's consort on the stem with a torpedo; and having done as much, attempted to follow the Swift, when an unlucky shell in her boiler-room put her out of the fight. Rolling thus in the swell, she sees a German destroyer heavily on fire, and hears the crew's loud shouts for mercy. It is a trap, and she has almost fallen into it; for no sooner does she make for the doomed ship, when the Germans unexpectedly open fire, and it needs four rounds and a torpedo to deal with that treachery. But the Broke's name is written this night in letters of gold, and worthy is she of the commander of the Shannon and the imperishable traditions which he bequeathed.

Meanwhile, what of the Swift? She has continued her pursuit of the leading boat until some injury to her engines, received in the earlier phases of the action, has checked her speed, and rendered further pursuit hopeless. Now she turns and looks for fresh quarry. A she turns and looks for fresh quarry. A stationary destroyer is sighted in the darkness, and as it is approached, voices in dismal unison cry "We surrender—we surrender!" But the Swift is not to be caught in any such trap. She waits and sees, and presently the German heels slowly over, while her ship's company takes to the water, and the hulk lifts her bows and plunges to the depths. bows and plunges to the depths.

There remains the meeting of this gallant pair upon the lonely waters. Now triumphantly their searchlights flash across the still seas. Far away the three that are left of the German six make furiously for that haven where their wounds shall be bound and their fantastic stories be told. But the Britons just

And who shall wonder? Would not our voices have joined in had we been there? And is there a man, a woman, or a child who, reading this page most stirring, has not wished to have been there, and to have joined a cheer to theirs?

## Nelson's Spirit Led Them in the Channel Fight



Some of the 108 eallors from the German destroyers, rescued and landed at Dover. Right: Midehipman Donald A. Gyles, D.S.C., of the Broke, who, injured, and amid the dead and wounded of hie guns' crewe, eingle-handed met the frenzied boarding-party of Germane.



DESTROYERS IN ACTION NEAR THE SCHOUWEN BANK.—On January 23rd, 1917, a division of German destroyers encountered a British destroysr patrol near the Schouwen Bank and suffered a disastrous defeat. The British gunners fired with rapidity and great accuracy,

## Courage and Faith Confront the Pirate Peril

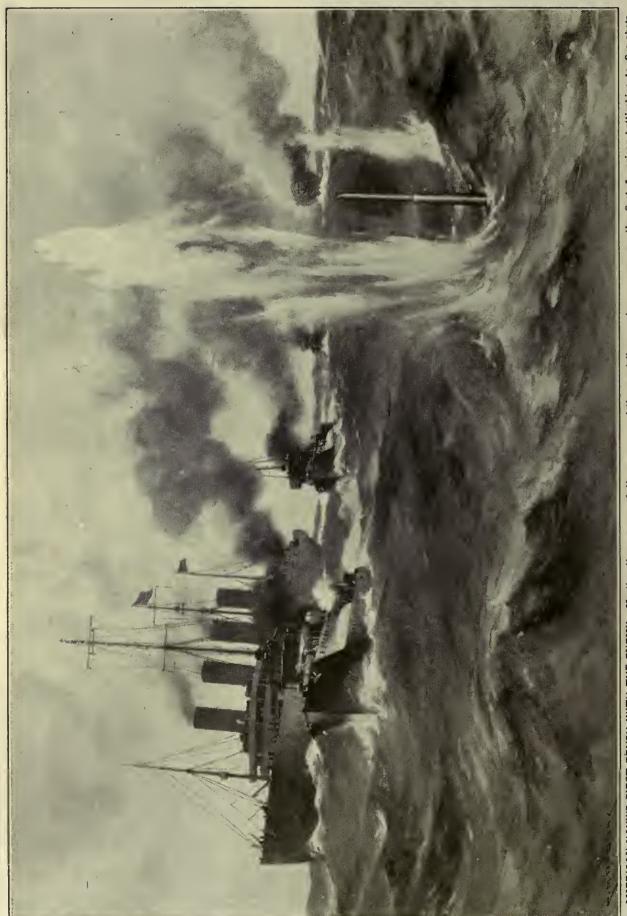
Sinking of the transport Ballarat with Australian troops on board on April 25th, 1917. Right: Passing through perilous seas. A mother's anxiety for her children as their voyage nears its close.

IT was the unrestricted submarine piracy of Germany, the deliberate murder on the high seas of men, women, and children, which ranged the United States of America with those who were already leagued to save civilisation. In these pictures the artists have finely presented episodes illustrating the courage and faith with which the ways of the pirates were faced alike by men of the heroic mercantile marine, by women and children voyaging through zones of undersea peril, and by the troops of the Empire. The sinking of the Ballarat by torpedo was but one of the several glorious Birkenhead episodes. The Australian soldiers on board lined up as on parade, and took to the boats in so orderly a manner that not a life was lost.





British steamer struck by torpedo. The artist, Mr. Charles Pears, has vividly presented the scene of tragsdy at the overwhelming moment of the explosion, when men pursuing their lawful occasions are suddenly confronted, unwarned, with the menace of instant death.



AMERICAN NAVY'S FIRST BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY,—Meeting the menace of the pirate, Huns. The White Star liner Adriatic nearing the Irieh coast under an escort of torpedo-boat destroyers belonging to the United States Navy. The T.B.D.'s which

convoyed the great liner on her voyage were the first American battleships to fire shots in the war, for they had a brush with the enemy in the form of a submarine before their eafs arrival at Queenstown.

## 'Vive La France!' in the Face of Instant Death



Men from the French liner Sontay, torpedoed in the Mediterranean, climbing on board the gunboat which had hastened to their rescue.



Leaving the haif-submerged vessei. The last of the men getting into the boate as the ilner headed down towards har final divs.



Leaving the ship. But few minutes elapsed before the Sontay eank. Right: Getting aboard the gunboat.





Where the Sontay disappeared in the Mediterranean after being torpedoed, April 16th, 1917. Lieut. Magss, commander of the Sontay, who refused to get into a boat because there was not room for all this men, was last seen waving his cap and shouting "Vive la France!"

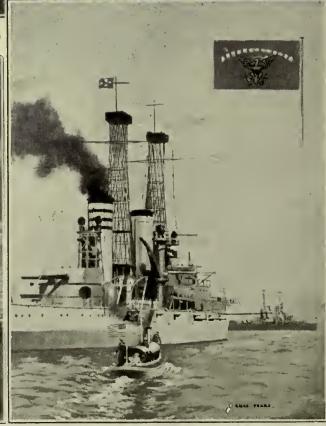
## Forces Combined Against the U-Boat Corsairs



British deetroyer towing home a "Biimp" that has developed engine trouble. The quaint name of biimp is applied to the British dirigible which has an aeropiane body beneath its gastag.

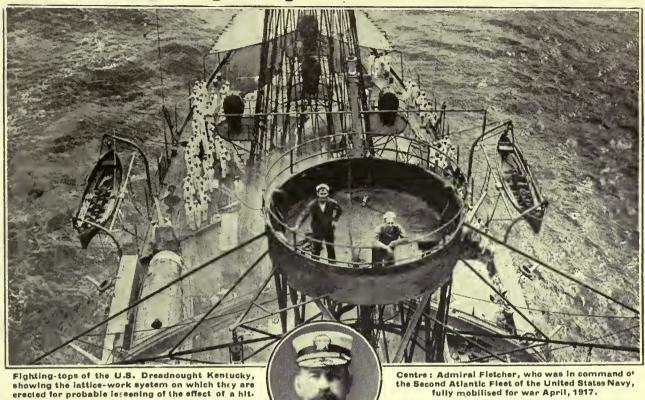


Diver descending near a mark-buoy denoting the spot at which it is believed that a trawier has succeeded in sinking a U boat.



President Wilson viciting the flagship of the U.S. Navy. That the President is aboard the email pinnace is shown by the special flag.

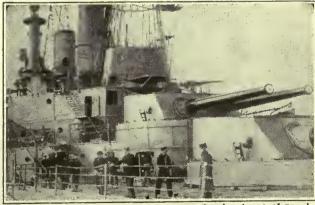
## Typical Fighting Ships of the Western World



Quns on a U.S. bat.leship. Buelnesslike weapons that thundered Notes of a new character from America to Germany after broken diplomatic relations ended in war.



U.S. Dreadnought Delaware, one of the monsters of the Navy "etraining upon the etart" for the anticipated moment of being in action against the world-enemy.



On board a battleship of the U.S. Navy, showing types of naval men, among whom may be picked out some of the chief pettyofficere and seamen, and, to the right, a Marine.

### Our Sailor Monarch Visits His Sailor Men:





King George with Admiral Sir David Beatty on board H.M.S.—... Hie Majesty pald a vieit to the Grand Fieet in 1917, and congratulated its commander "on the high standard of preparedness I found on coming among you." Right: The King knighting Sir William C. Pakenham, K.C.B., M.V.O., during his visit to the Battle Cruleer Fisst, which followed upon that to the Grand Flest.





The King taiking to a cabin-boy on the hospital ehip Piassy, which his Majsety visited during his stay with the Grand Fiset, and (right) hie Majesty pauess to chat with a wounded salior in bed in a cick bay on board the hospital ship.

## King George Goes Aboard a Submarine



Among the units which King George inspected during his visit to the Grand Fiest was one of the largest and latest submarines, described by one privileged to be present as a "veritable grand hotel among submarines," with cabins as commodicus as in many surface ships.

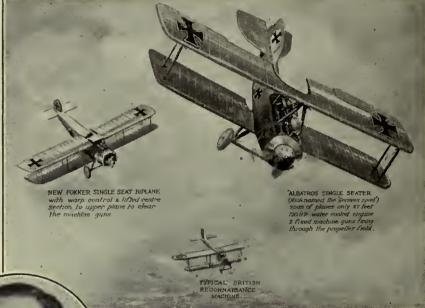


The King, having visited the submarine, climbs a long ladder on to the tail flagship, reminding him, no doubt, of the days of his own active service affoat. It is, by the way, interesting to note that during his naval visit his Majesty passed the only vessel that has the distinction of having been commanded by him. This was the Creecent, of which he was captain on the West Indian Station.

### Fokker & Albatros & Some of their Fallen Flyers



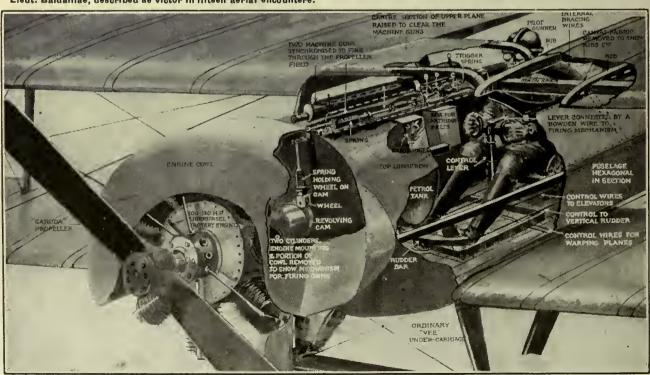
First-Lieut. Hans Fransi, German aviator, killed on the western front. Right: Two new German single-seater fighting biplanes.





Two German airmen killed in the air fighting on the western front. Left: Lieut. Adolf Schulte, killed over Cambral. Right: Lieut. Baldamae, described ae victor in fifteen aeriai encountere.

DURING the fighting in the air along the western front in April, 1917, the Germans employed two new machines built merely for fighting purposes. A type of each is shown in the drawing above, while below is illustrated something of the interior of the Fokker, from which an idea of the intricacy of the machine that the pilot has to control may be gathered. The two machine-guns are so arranged as to shoot on either side of the rapidly-revolving propeller by means of a cam on the revolving shaft of the engine. The movement of the cam is conveyed to the levers A, and ends near B, which is raised and works "free" until the pilot, by touching the little lever on the control lever, connects it up, and the guns then blaze away automatically until the little lever is released, the bullets passing "through" the circle described by the propeller.

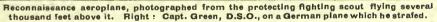


Interior view of the new German Fokker fighting biplane, which fires through its revolving propeller. A common erroneous impression is that firing is through the actual centre of the propeller, but the shots are timed to pass at either side of the rapidly-revolving blades. The way in which this is done, by means of the mechanism immediately in front of the pilot, is indicated in the text above.

## Some Fighting Airmen and Their Fighting Ships













Lieut. Baron von Richtofen, who is stated in German official reports to have brought down twenty-six of the Aliles' aeropianss. Right:

An aeropiane flying over Paris came to grisf and crashed down into the Rus d'Alesia. By a miracle the pilot escaped uninjured.

### Guns and Aircraft On Guard Round the Coast



One of the email air-scouts of the Royal Naval Air Service on its return from a trip, and (right) another unit of the same service about to make an ascent.







Small unit of the R.N.A.S. patrolling the coast. In the foreground are anti-aircraft guns. Left: Car of a unit of the same kind about to make an accent.



Coast "guards" of new typee. Anti-aircraft guns on a cliff, and a small dirigible patrolling the coast as a scout of the Royal Naval Air Service.



Anti-aircraft guns in action on the British coast. They are manned by both eallors and soldiers.

## Warriors, Warships and Wreckage in Aerial War





An officer of the R.N.A.S. In action in a British airship in the act of pulling trigger, and (right) of dropping a bomb over the ensmy lines.

Interesting camera studies of gravity and grim concentration on a task where miscalculation of an inch may mean a mise by a mile.



German seaplane shot down by Russian and Rumanian antiaircraft gune at Sulina, at the mouth of the Danube.



German airmen practising bomb-dropping on a wooden model of a British Dreadnought painted the correct colour.





On April 30th, 1917, an aeropiane of unknown nationality dropped bomba on Zisreksee, on the Zesiand coast, causing panic. The town was wrecked, as may be gauged from these photographs of the principal street, and (right) of one of the demolished houses.

## Amazing Exploit of Our Flying Men Above Lens



Three British airmen attacking Bavarian troops who wers in retreat through the streets of Lens. Writing of the incident, the special correspondent of the "Dally Mall" said that ons day in April, 1917, "an aimost incredible sxploit was that of three machines which flew along the main street of Lens Just above the

roofs and bombed a regiment of Bavarian infantry retreating as fast as their legs could carry them." Lens, a town of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants at the outbreak of the war, is the centre of large coalfield. British troops reached the outer suburbs April 14th, and seriously menaced the town by their later advances.

## THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS



G. West & Son

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES EDWARD MADDEN, K.C.M.G.

Second-in-Command of the Grand Fleet



### PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

### ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MADDEN

SUALLY in British history with the Hour has come the Man. The critical hour in our own time may be said to have begun to strike when, somewhere about 1900, the Bismarck of German naval policy, Admiral von Tirpitz, decided to revive the long-faded but still remembered maritime glories of the ancient Hansa towns. Four years later the man—Sir John Fisher, "Radical Jack," as he was called by some; Lord Fisher of Kilverstone as he is to-day—became First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty. Sir John Jellicoe was one of "Fisher's men"; so was Sir Charles Madden.

#### His Wide Experience Ashore and Afloat

Charles Edward Madden was born in September, 1862, the son of an Army officer, the late Captain J. W. Madden, of the 4th (Royal Lancaster) Regiment. He entered the Navy in 1875, four years later than his brother-in-law, Sir John Jellicoe, to whom, for over two years after the commencement of the war, he acted as Chief of Staff. One of the first to specialise in torpedo-work, and one of the foremost students of modern naval strategy, he has held with distinction many important Staff appointments afloat of service has covered the launching of the first British torpedo-boat, the first torpedo-boat torpedo-boat, the first torpedo-boat destroyer, the first British submarine, the first armoured cruiser, and the first battle-cruiser. It covers also the introduction of oil-fuel, the 15 in. gun, and the  $f_{2,000,000}$  battleship, with its displacement of 28,000 tons or more. As captain he commanded one of the earliest flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers, and for a time he was Chief of Staff of the Home Fleet and captain of the famous Dreadnought-second of the name but first of the modern class-which necessitated the enlargement of the Kiel Canal. In a sentence, he has not only witnessed the evolution of the British Navy as we know it to-day, he has had a great deal to do in shaping it for its mission.

As was the case with many soldiers and sailors who have become prominent personalities in the Great War, Charles Madden had his baptism of fire in Egypt. He was acting sub-lieutenant of H.M.S. Ruby, a vessel of 2,120 tons, during the trouble in 1882, when the British Fleet, under Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, bombarded the forts of Alexandria, and a naval force was landed to preserve order in the town. At that time Sir John Jellicoe was serving as a lieutenant in the ironclad Agincourt; and for their services the future brothers-in-law received the Egyptian

Medal and the Khedive's Bronze Star.

Promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant on September 24th, 1883, and to that of lieutenant on March 31st, 1887, young Madden, taking up torpedo-work, became First Lieutenant and Staff Officer on the Torpedo Schoolship Vernon. Gazetted Commander on August 31st, 1898, he obtained his captaincy on November 6th, 1901. Just a year later he commissioned the newly-completed armoured cruiser Good Hope for service as flagship of Sir Wilmot H. Fawkes, commanding the Cruiser Squadron. He held this post from November, 1902, to 1904, being made a Member of the Royal Victorian Order (M.V.O.) in 1903. The Good Hope, which was employed in 1902-3 on particular service in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's visit to the Cape, was sunk in action off the coast of Chilc on November 1st, 1914.

#### Naval Assistant to Lord Fisher

On November 7th, 1905, Captain Madden was appointed Naval Assistant to the Controller of the Navy, Captain (now Admiral Sir) Henry Bradwardine Jackson. Sir John Fisher was then First Sea Lord. It was at this time that the problem of German naval rivalry became acute, that the Fleets Reorganisation Scheme of 1904 came into force, and that the all-big-gun battle-cruiser, combining high speed with heavy striking-power, electrified the Admiralstab in Berlin and heralded a new era in naval shipbuilding. The Dreadnought of to-day was born; the super-Dreadnought in embryo. The first Dreadnought, launched in 1878, was an ironclad of 10,820 tons. Its successor, completed in 1906, was of 17,000 tons. Commissioned in reserve by Captain (later Vice-Admiral Sir) Reginald H. S. Bacon, she became flagship of the Home Fleet. She was sent on an experimental cruise from January

to March, 1907, and on the 12th of the following August she was commissioned by Captain Madden, who was succeeded in December, 1908, by Captain (later Vice-Admiral Sir) A. G. H. W. Moore.

In 1905, it is understood, Lord Fisher expressed his opinion that in 1914 Germany would be in a position—after her expenditure of £300,000,000 on her new navy, her naval bases, and the Kiel Canal—to make her threatened attempt to wrest the trident of sea supremacy from Great Britain. In 1906 Captain Madden was appointed Naval Assistant to Lord Fisher, and thenceforward he was closely concerned in the plans that were made to meet the approaching crisis. On the occasion of the review by King Edward VII. of the Home Fleet in the Solent, on August 3rd, 1907, Captain Madden was created a C.V.O. Then came his service in the Dreadnought, already referred to. Afterwards he was Private Secretary to Lord Fisher (December 1st, 1908); Junior Sea Lord, controlling stores and transport (January 25th, 1910, to December, 1911); A.D.C. to the King (January 1st, 1910, to April 12th, 1911, when he attained the rank of Rear-Admiral); Rear-Admiral in the First Division of the Home Fleet—renamed the First Battle Squadron, First Fleet, May, Fleet—renamed the First Battle Squadron, First Fleet, May, 1912 (from January 5th, 1912, to December 11th, 1912); Rear-Admiral commanding the Third Cruiser Squadron (1912-1913); and Rear-Admiral commanding the Second Cruiser Squadron (December, 1913, to July, 1914).

In May, 1914, Rear-Admiral Madden was selected to succeed Rear-Admiral Moore as Third Sea Lord; but before he could assume the duties of this office the way appointed to the suprepared.

broke out. Sir John Jellicoe was appointed to the supreme command of the Home Fleet, and Rear-Admiral Madden was selected to be his Chief of Staff, a post the holder of which is responsible for the working out of technical and strategical plans, for their modification according to circumstances, and for knowledge of the exact position of every

squadron and ship at any given moment.

#### Sir John Jellicoe's Glowing Tribute

Promoted to the acting rank of Vice-Admiral on June 11th, Promoted to the acting rank of vice-Admiral on June 11th, 1915, and made a K.C.B. on January 1st, 1916, Sir Charles Madden was present at the Battle of Jutland on May 31st, 1916. In Sir John Jellicoe's despatch on that battle, dated "Iron Duke, June 24th," he was referred to in the following memorable words: "I cannot close this despatch without recording the brilliant work of my Chief of Staff, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Madden, K.C.B., C.V.O. Throughout a period of twenty-one months of war his services have been of inestimable value. His good judgment, his long experience in fleets, special gift for organisa-tion, and his capacity for unlimited work, have all been of the greatest assistance to me, and have relieved me of much of the anxiety inseparable from the conduct of the Fleet during the war. In the stages leading up to the Fleet action, and during and after the action, he was always at hand to assist, and his judgment never at fault. I owe him more than I can say."

For his services Sir Charles Madden was given the K.C.M.G., with the insignia of which Order he was invested by King George on the occasion of the Royal visit to the Grand Fleet in June, 1917. He was appointed a Vice-Admiral on June 12th, 1916. An advance in rank followed at the close of the year—when Sir John Jellicoe became First Sea Lord and Sir David Beatty assumed supreme command of the Grand Fleet—by his appointment as Second in Command to

Sir David Beatty, with the rank of Acting-Admiral.

In September, 1916, it was announced that Admiral Madden had received from France the Cross of Commander of the Legion of Honour; in June, 1917, that the Russian Government had conferred upon him the Order of St. Anne (First Class, with swords); and in August, 1917, that the King of Italy had made him a Commander of the Military Order of Savoy, and that from the Emperor of Japan he had received the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Rising Sun.

In 1905 Sir Charles Madden married Constance Winifred, third daughter of Sir Charles Cayzer, first Bart. Lady Madden's sister, Florence Gwendoline, was married to Sir John Jellicoe in 1902. Sir Charles and Lady Madden have one son and three daughters.



BRITISH AIRMAN RETURNING AT SUNSET AFTER A SUCCESSFUL JOURNEY OVER THE ENEMY LINES
To face page 2831



# Golden Deeds of Heroism

One of the most striking sections of this volume is that devoted to recording the undying heroism of British soldiers, sailors and airmen in their respective spheres. Portraits of heroes whose gallant deeds have won for them the various badges of honour are given in the following pages, as well as spirited drawings by famous war artists illustrating the necessarily brief official records of deeds that will live for ever.



WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.—"Steady, men! Only a minute more!"

### Heroes All from Among the Allied Hosts



Lieut. Dorme, of the French Air Service; who had twenty-two Hun machines to his credit.

(French official photograph.)



Mr. John Paxton, awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal for the year'e bravest deed.

HERE are a few heroes from various fronts whose deeds are representative of the countless acts of extraordinary bravery that are being performed daily, though not all are recorded.

Mr. John Paxton, who was given the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society, is a marine fireman whose vessel was sunk by a German submarine in the Mediterranean. He and three other men, none of whom could swim, were left on the sinking ship. Jumping overboard, he called to one of the others to follow, and then swam with him to the nearest boat. Twice he swam back to the ship, and successively saved the others in the same way, despite a rough sea.

The French infantryman, Grouver, received the high distinction of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for killing six hundred Germans with a machine-gun.

Sergeant Ischibenko, who has four times been awarded the Russian Cross of St. George, received it on the last occasion for overcoming single-handed thirty-seven Germans—thirteen of whom he shot or sabred, and the rest of whom he brought in as prisoners.



Sergt. Ivan lechibenko, 5th Siberian Regt., had won four Russian Croeses of St. George.



Grouver, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. (French official.)



Thirteen-year-old coldler with the Ruccian troops in France. He had been twice wounded.

## Noble Deeds Crowned with the Victoria Cross



Maj. E. E. D. HENDERSON, V.C., N. Staffs Regt. Most gallant leadership to trinmph, though wounded. Died when bronght in.



Maj. G. C. WHEELER, V.C., Gnrkha Rifles. With handful of men rushed a trench and dispersed the enemy.



Sec.-Lt. R. L. HAINE, V.C., H.A.C. By ntmost gallantry captured a strong position and fifty prisoners.



Lt. and Adj. R. E. PHILIPS, V.C., Royal Warwick Regt. Brought in his wounded commanding officer under intense fire.



Sec.-Lt. A. O. POLLARD, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., H.A.C. With four men broke a vigorons counter-attack and regained lost ground.



Capt. ALBERT BALL, V.C., D.S.O., M.C.,
late Notts and Derby Regt. and R.F.C. For most conspicuous and
consistent bravery in air combats. In all he destroyed forty-three
German aeroplanes and one balloon. Posthumous award.



Sergt. THOMAS STEELE, V.C., Seaforth Highlanders. By personal valour and example rallied troops and recovered a position.



Sergt. HARRY CATOR, V.C., E Snrrey Regt. Attacked an enemy machine-gun and killed the entire team.



Cpl. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, V.C., late Leinster Regt. Singlehanded defeated twenty Germans, dying later of wounds.



Pte. MICHAEL HEAVISIDE, V.C., Durham L.I. Carried food and water to a wounded man close to the enemy line.



Sergt. J. W. ORMSBY, V.C., K.O.Y.L.I. Took command of the company and led it under heavy fire to new position.



Pte. W. J. MILNE, V.C., late Can. Inf. Single-handed captured two machine-guns. Killed soon afterwards. Posthumous award.



Lee.-Corpl. THOMAS BRYAN, V.C., Northnmberland Fnsiliers. Skill and valour in disabling an enemy machine-gun.

### More Heroes Honoured with Crosses for Courage



Pte. Christopher Cox, V.C., Bedford Regt. Awarded V.C. for rescuing many wounded from fire-swept ground.



Sec.-Lt. G. E. Cates, V.C., Rifle Brigade. Put his foot on a bomb about.to explode and gave his life for his comrades.



Lee.-Cpl. H. Durrant,
Bedford Regt. Awarded the
Croix de Guerre and two Cards
of Honour for gallantry.



Temp.-Capt. E. B. Brewer, M.C., London Regt. Attd. T.M.B. Honoured for gallantry and fine example during a raid.



Capt. F. V. B. Witts, M.C., R.E. Personally reconnoitred a river and launched a pontoon under heavy fire.



Temp.-Capt. Herring. D.S.O., M.C., R.F.C. Spec. Res. Honoured for courage and initiative in preventing enemy bridging.



Temp.-Capt. J. C. Callaghan, M.C., Royal Munster Fus. and R.F.C. Displayed courage and skill in night bombing operations.



Lt. E. J. Greene, M.C., Suffolk Yeomanry. Took command of his company and turned the enemy's flank.



Lt. B. S. K. G. Moores, M.C., R.G.A. Awarded a bar to his M.C. for digging out a buried comrade under fire.



Sec.-Lt. P. G. Grinling, M.C., A.S.C. Displayed conspicuous courage and endurance in command of a car supply column.



Sec.-Lt. E. H. Gunter Jones, M.C., Decorated for cool gallantry in reconnoitring under severe bombardment.



Act.-Capt. G. J. Apperson, M.C., R. Irish Rifles. Single-handed attacked five of the enemy and shot two.

Portraits by Lafayette and Bassano.

## Gallantry Rewarded on all the Far-Flung Fronts

British and French Official Photographs



Flora Sande, famous sergeant-major in the Serbian Army, decorated in hospital with the Gold Cross of Kara George. Right: The brave woman convalescent.







French sallore decorated for their gallantry and self-restraint during Athens disturbances, December, 1916. Left: Presentation of medals on the western front.





General Nivelle, paying a vielt to the Italian front, took advantage of the opportunity to decorate eeveral Italian officers who had specially distinguished themselvee. Right: Similarly Belgian Marinee, who had shown particular gallantry in the defence of Dixmude, were decorated by the French military authoritiee.

### Women Decorated for Devoted War Services



Sister RITCHIE THOMSON, R.R.C. Services in France

A T Buckingham Palace, on March 3rd, 1917, his Majesty the King held an investiture at which a number of the women who have done devoted duty at the war hospitals at home were decorated with the Royal Red Cross. This decoration is suspended by a ring and worn on the left shoulder hanging from the ribbon tied in a bow. It consists of a crimson enamelled cross bearing the words Faith, Hope, Charity, and the date of its institution, 1883, and is the first British military decoration for women. From the outbreak of the war until February 1st, 1917, 850 of these crosses had been awarded among nurses for their services in military hospitals at home or abroad. An interesting episode of the investiture on March 3rd was the decoration of Sister E. K. Thompson with the Military Medal, which had been awarded to her for bravery in the field. Sister Thompson, who had been in France since 1914, was wounded on November 10th, 1916.

Mrs. Harley (whose portrait is immediately to the right), Viscount French's sister, was decorated with the Croix de Guerre by General Sarrail, at Salonika, 1916. After service with the Scottish Women's Hospital in France, Mrs. Harley proceeded to Serbia in charge of a unit at the time of the evacuation of that country, and had

Serbia in charge of a unit at the time of the evacuation of that country, and had been doing untiring work there when, on March 7th, 1917, while with an ambulance at Monastir, she was struck by a piece of shell and died almost immediately.



Miss FLORENCE SMITH, R.R.C., 3rd S. Hosp., Bristol



Sister FOX, R.R.C., Horton War Hosp., Epsom.



Miss F. PEARSON, R.R.C., Military Hosp., Nottingham.



Mrs. K. M. HARLEY, Killed at Monastir,



Sister WALKER, R.R.C., 4th London General Hosp



Sister E. K. THOMPSON, M.M. Wounded in France.



Sister J. P. PAGE, R.R.C., Southwark Military Hosp.



Miss C. ROBERTS, R.R.C., Military Hosp., Nottingham.



Miss K. SMITH, R.R.C., 2nd S. Hosp., Bristol.



Sister ELLEN STONE, R.R.C., 2nd S. Hosp., Bristol.



NURSES OF THE 1st EASTERN GENERAL HOSPITAL, CAMBRIDGE.—From left (standing): Staff Nurse Ealand, R.R.C., Staff Nurse K. Aldridge, R.R.C. Seated: Sister B. Carley, R.R.C., Matron Miss A. Macdonald, R.R.C., Sister E. Horton, R.R.C.



Portraits by Bassano.



Sister E. M. WOOD, R.R.C., Horton County of London Hosp., Epsom.

Miss M. C. PEMBERTON. R.R.C., Royal Herbert Hosp., Woolwich.

## Devoted Women Honoured by Grateful Men



[Lattle Charles,
The Hon. Mre. Percy Wyndham, V.A.D.,
mentioned in Sir Douglae Haig's deepatch

for devotion to duty.



Mies A. I. Balrd, R.R.C. Firet Clase, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R., in charge of a clearing etation in France. She was mentioned in Lord French's deepatchss.



[Lullie Charles

The Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, V.A.D., mentioned in Sir Dougias Haig's despatch for devotion to duty.



Red Cross and Green Cross nurses at a railway station in Paris. (French official photograph.)



Staff Nurse Catherine Carruthere, of the Territorial Nursing Service, who was awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field. Right: Madame Machersz, the heroine of Soissone, who, on the arrivel of the Germane, parisyed with them. and by



her diplomacy eaved many lives and the destruction of part of the town. The photograph is of the painting of her by M. G. Boncart, exhibited at the French Exhibition of Paintinge of the War In Parls. (French official photograph.)

### CROSSES, MEDALS & ORDERS FOR



Temp. Lieut.-Col. B. C. FREY-BERG, V.C., D.S.O., R.W. Surrey Regt. and R.N.D. His leading won Beaucourt and Beaumont.



The Rev. H. LEYCESTER HORNBY, M.C., Chaplains' Dept. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in the field.



The Rev. M. SAXELBYE EVERS, M.C., Class A, Chaplains' Dept. For eighteen hours he tended wounded under heavy fire.



Temp. Maj. C. E. TURNER, D.S.O., Gloucester Yeo. Unsupported held an important point against vastly superior forces.



Sec.-Lieut. J. H. HILL, M.C., Somersetshire Light Inf. Only eighteen, he was perhaps the youngest holder of the distinction.



Capt. T. MAXWELL-SCOTT, M.C., R.F.C. For courage in reconnaissance and attacking trench from a low altitude.



Pte. 'W. BUCKINGHAM, M.M., City of London Fusiliers. For bravery in the field. Had seen two years' service in France.



Lieut. P. A. JONES, Cheshire Regt. Awarded the Order of the Nile by the Sultan of Egypt with an address signed by the Sultan.



Capt. A. C. VICARY, M.C., Gloucester Regt. Previously mentioned in despatches. His brother won identical double honours.



Temp. Capt. C. G. CARSON, M.C., Essex Regt. Handled his company gallantly and remained at his post when wounded.



Scc.-Lieut. J. B. ANDERSON, M.C., Gordon Highrs. Led a raid through uncut wire, and brought his men back through intense firc.



Lieut. H. J. G. ICKE, M.C., Hampshire Regt. Led his company into a trench, and returned across No Man's Land.



Sec.-Lieut. I. V. PYOTT, D.S.O., R.F.C. For conspicuous gallantry in connection with the destruction of a Zeppelin off the Durham coast.



Lieut. F. J. ARNOLD, M.C., Machine Gun Corps, For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when in charge of a "tank."



Temp, Lieut. E. P. BENNETT, V.C., Worcester Regt. Led the second wave of an attack, and took and consolidated the position.



Sec.-Lieut. K. E. J. SMITH, M.C., (King's) Liverpool Regt. Though twice buried and wounded, continued to lead his company.

Portraits by Swaine,

### CONSPICUOUS SERVICE IN THE FIEL



Lieut. NORMAN BREARLEY, D.S.O., M.C. Engaged seven Ger-man aeroplanes. Brought down wounded, he regained his lines.



The Rev. E. F. DUNCAN, M.C., 4th Class A, Chaplains' Dept. Himself wounded, he rescued a wounded officer under heavy fire.



The Rev. F. R. BARRY, D.S.O., 4th Class A, Chaplains' Dept. Tended the wounded with supreme courage under heavy fire.



Pte. H. W. LEWIS, V.C., Welsh Regt. For brilliant courage in a raid. He captured three Germans and brought in wounded comrade.



Scc.-Lieut. H. C. PEARSON, M.C., K.R.R.C. and Machine Gun Corps. Assumed command of and skilfully handled a company.



Sec.-Lieut. F. NODDLE, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I. Captured a machinegun and organised a captured trench, saving a critical situation.



Sec.-Lieut. G. W. TOWELL, M.C., R.F.A. Though wounded, helped to extinguish the flames in a burning gun emplacement.



Sergt, J. H. GARDHAM, D.C.M., Machine Gun Corps, Killed, A time-expired Territorial, he re-joined the East Yorkshire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. P. W. RUTHER-FORD, M.C., West Yorkshire Regt. Reconnoitred in daylight and later led a successful raid.



Sec.- Lieut. E. W. SUSSEX, M.C., Scottish Rifles. Led his men over the parapet in a flank attack upon an enfilading machine-gun.



Sec.-Lieut. K. H. BOND, M.C., Notts and Derby Regt. Cut his way through enemy wire and lay in an enemy listening-post.



Sec.-Lieut. J. A. B. PAUL, M.C., East Surrey Regt. Rescued wounded from an ammunition store where bombs were exploding.



Capt. G. P. NUNNELLEY, M.C., Bedford Regt. Though wounded, handled his company skilfully under trying circumstances.



Sgt. JUSTIN COWLEY, D.C.M., M.M. He has also had the Russian Order of St. George conferred upon him.



Lieut. R. T. PATEY, M.C., (King's) Liverpool Regt. Organised an attack which captured a trench and eighty-eight prisoners.



Flight-Sub-Lieut, G.W. R. FANE, D.S.C., R.N.A.S. For distin-guished service in the destruction of a Zeppelin off Norfolk,

Hughes, and Lafayette. 

### Heroes Twain: Bomb-Throwers Who Won the V.C.



Pte. David Ross Laudsr, V.C., Royal Scots Fusilisrs, was one of the bombing-party retaking a sap. Having thrown a bomb which failed to clear the parapet and rolled back among the party, Private Lauder promptly put his foot on it, thereby localising the explosion. His foot was blown off, but his prompt act of self-sacrifics saved all his companions. Above (right): Portrait of Pts. Lauder, V.C.

## Records of the Regime The stirring and graphic narrative of regiments that greatly distinguished themselves in the war, which has been a notable feature

of previous volumes, is continued in the following pages. Each article is complete in itself, and not only gives the record of the regiment in the war, but a succinct historical account of its origin. Striking illustrations of various units are interspersed with the letterpress.



HOUSE FULL!—A little grey home in Francs and some of its chestful tenante. The windows heve been taken out and the roof is ventilated almost beyond the skill of the average tiler, but the fighting man le "at home" anywhere after a epell in the muddy and unsheltered trenches. A number of morter-bombs are een lying hephazard in the foreground.

### THE SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

AN ADVANCE THROUGH THE MUD



OR some weeks before the great push, opened on which July 1st, 1916, there was a feeling of expectation in the air. We at home felt certain that something big was about

to happen at the front, although we did not quite know what, and the men there were equally expectant and equally in the dark. One or two things we did know, however. We were told from time to time of raids made on the German trenches; dashes of small bodies of men into the enemy's lines, sometimes with the object of seizing a trench or two, but at others for some purpose of which we were ignorant.

One of the first, and also one of the most successful, of these raids was carried out by a battalion of the Shropshire Light Infantry, and in his brief message of April 22nd Sir Douglas Haig told how they had just recaptured a trench about the Ypres-Langemarck road.

#### Between Ypres and Langemarck

The Ypres-Langemarck road is the one running from Ypres almost due north to Langemarck and beyond, and along it some of the most terrible fighting of the Second Battle of Ypres took place in April, 1915. Shell-trap Farm and Pilkem are not far from it, and the British trenches ran right across it, about midway between Ypres and Langemarck. On April 19th, by a sudden rush, one of our trenches had been taken from us, but two days later the arrangements for its recapture had been completed.

The night of Friday, April 21st, was dark and wet, and it had been pouring with rain for some time previously. The ground across which the attacking force, presumably a battalion of about one fhousand men, had to go was a quagmire of the worst kind. The mud was never of the worst kind. The mud was never less than knee-deep, and frequently it was up to the thighs. At times the men could only advance by throwing their rifles forward and going after them like frogs. So bad was it that the front column took several hours to cover two hundred yards, a distance which a sprinter would run in twenty-five seconds. All the time bullets were whizzing through the gloom, shells were bursting, and now and again machine-guns got to work.

#### Gallant Work in the Mud

The Shropshires were formed in three columns, and, impossible as it seems, they got to the captured trench; the rest was a picnic compared with what they had gone through. They killed or captured the Germans in the trench, which was half-full of water, and then set to work to make their position secure. Soon could telephone to Headquarters that this had been done. During his brief stay the Hun had not been idle, for he had made new communication-trenches, built up iron loopholes, and brought up many of his innumerable machine-guns. Then, after all this trouble, he left the trench—so he said—because of the wet.

This useful and gallant piece of work was not carried out without losses. Some men were actually drowned-suffocated

would be more correct-as they were making their way through the quagmirc, and it is said that one remained stuck fast in the mud for over three whole days until he was found and hauled out. He, fortunately, was still alive. The greatest loss was that of the colonel, E. B. Luard, D.S.O., who had arranged and led the attack, and the mention of his name is a reminder of the deeds performed by the Shropshires earlier in the war, for as a major he had won the D.S.O. more than eighteen months before his death.

### Winter of Endurance

Under Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Higginson, D.S.O., the 1st Battalion of the Shropshires, part of General Keir's 6th Division, reached the front from England about September 16th, 1914, during the Battle of the Aisne. It was not used in that engagement, and was soon transferred to Flanders, where the men had their first experience of German warfare. In October they made some progress along the side of the River Lys, towards Armentières, but just beyond there they were compelled to stop. They dug some trenches and were in them during the First Battle of Ypres.

The great German attacks were not directed against the Shropshires and the other battalions of the 6th Division, but they remained in the trenches, enduring the wet and the frost, throughout a good part of the winter. In one or two respects they were fortunate. According to one officer, writing in November, they had very few casualties because the trenches in which they then were had been dug by a regiment composed mainly of miners, who knew how to do it. He spoke of the soil as a heavy, sticky clay, and remarked on the mildness of the weather at that time, the noise made by the German big guns, the grim doings of the snipers on both sides, and, above all, of the stolid endurance of the British infantrymen. However, the weather did not keep as it was in November, and more than one Shropshireman left the trenches so frost-bitten that amputation of the foot or leg was the only chance of saving life.

In the spring of 1915 the 2nd Battalion of the Shropshires was sent to the front, and while the Battle of Neuve Chapelle was being fought it was at St. Eloi, fifteen miles away. This part of the line was chosen by the Germans for a big counter-attack on March 14th, which drove our men from their trenches. Early on the following morning Sir Herbert Plumer had arranged his stroke in return. The selected battalions, the 2nd Shrop-shires among them, rushed forward and the Germans were turned out.

The Shropshires were in the trenches during the Second Battle of Ypres, and in July the 1st Battalion was stationed near Hooge. At this spot, on July 30th, the Germans made a big attack, and it was St. Eloi over again. Our troops were driven from their trenches, but a counterattack made on August 9th regained much of the lost ground. The Shropshires of the lost ground. The Shropshires shared in this successful move, and one of their officers, Lieutenant Richard Bryans, was awarded the Military Cross.

### Shropshires' Fine Record

The Shropshire Light Infantry, composed of the old 53rd and 85th Regiments of the Line, began its career in 1755, and has always been connected with the county where it was first raised. It fought in many of the battles of the Peninsular War, and had a big share in the war of 1846 against the Sikhs. Some of the Shropshires helped to capture Lucknow during the Mutiny, and there five of them won the Victoria Cross; later they were engaged in Afghanistan, in Egypt, and South Africa.



SERVICE BATTALION THE KING'S OWN SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.—
Back row (left to right): Ssc.-Lisut. E. H. Robinson, Sec.-Lieut. C. B. O. Walker,
Sec.-Lieut. R. J. Davies, Sec.-Lieut. F. C. Smyth, Lisut. G. S. Rangecroft, Sec.-Lisut.
W. Helmore. (Middle row): Sec.-Lieut. C. W. Joss, Sec.-Lieut. C. P. Caesar, Sec.Lieut. W. L. Lloyd, Sec.-Lieut. J. P. Shaw, Seo.-Lieut. F. N. Ruet, Seo.-Lieut. N. M.
Hughee-Hallett, Seo.-Lieut. H. C. Hopkinson, Sec.-Lieut. H. M. Pendlebury, Lieut. W. H.
Ingramb, Lieut. F. Johnston, Sec.-Lieut. G. F. Silvester. Front row (eitting): Lieut.
M. J. Keily, R.A.M.O., Lieut. and Acting-Adjt. W. de B. Wood, Captain C. W. Daubeny,
Lieut.-Coi. A. V. Weir, Major Sir Robert Cockburn, Bart., Captain Roach (Chaplain),
Lieut. E. H. Bennett (Quartermaeter).

## Splendid Britons in the Crucible of War



Some of the jubilant Worcestere between bouts of fighting during the forward movement. The steel helmet gives them a somewhat frivolous appearance.





Loading waggone with field-artillery ehells. The accord photograph chows a wounded man being brought back to the British lines under heavy fire.



Raiding the enemy in broad daylight. British patrol crawling towards the German trenches.



Feeding the spreading flames. Soldiers conveying trench-mortar ammunition to the front line,

### THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE

ADVANCE ON THE SOMME



ISTORY tells us that the Londoners have ever been good fighting men. They fought at Lewes in 1264; and, in his account of the Great Civil War, Gardiner relates how at Newbury the London apprentices and trades-their ranks as the

men, "closing up ripping cannon-shot tore them asunder," stood like a wall while Rupert's horse-

mcn dashed against their pikes in vain.
These Londoners were volunteers, not Regular soldiers, and so, too, are the men of the London Rifle Brigade. They did not take up soldiering as a profession, but when they realised their country's need they stepped forward from the bank, the warehouse, and the office and took their place, after a period of training, alongside the seasoned veterans of Mons and the Marne. They soon proved themselves worthy of such company, and although Territorials, not Regulars, they are entitled to a place among the regi-ments of the line whose deeds have been recorded in these columns.

#### A German Flag Captured

The Rifle Brigade was one of the very first of the Territorial units to send a battalion to the front in the Great War. This was commanded by Earl Cairns, 1 and, with a few others, was the forerunner of that immense Citizen Army which is fighting the battle of Britain to-day.

When the Londoners arrived in France, in the autumn of 1914, they were attached to one of the brigades of the 4th Division, one company being allotted to each of the four Regular battalions of the 11th Brigade. In January, 1915, or thereabouts, this arrangement came to an end, for the Rifles were now hardened soldiers, and from their 2nd Battalion at home were being regularly fed with drafts of trained men. They were given a line of trenches to hold, and as one of them said, "We are no end proud of getting a proper job to do on our own, exactly the same as the Regulars.

To this period belongs the following incident. In the early morning of February 26th there was a thick mist when

the Rifles stood to arms, and Corporal T. H. Jenkin, perhaps the best shot in the battalion, was sent out with a patrol to look at the German sniping pits, with a view to getting a few hints from the They found no one in the pits, and took away some rifles and ammunition. While the others went back with a wounded man, Jenkin crept forward, and from some barbed-wire in front of the German trenches took down a German flag. Then, crawling back under constant fire, he reached our lines in safety. The captured flag may now be seen at the Brigade's headquarters in Bunhill Row.

### Their First V.C.

The Rifles continued at their duties, and then came April and the Second Battle of Ypres. Towards the end of the month the 11th Brigade-three Regular battalions and the Londoners-were holding 5,000 yards of the front near St. Julien. On one day, the 29th, they lost one hundred and seventy men from German shell fire, but, undannted in spite of all, they were able on the next day to drive back with their machine-guns a German rush.

The Rifles were kept in the trenches, for at that time reserves were few and the danger to Ypres great. Each day took its toll of them, and they became fewer and fewer until, on the morning of May 13th, only two hundred and seventy-eight were fit for duty. On that day, however, they covered themselves with glory owing to the gallantry with which they resisted the German attacks, and one of them, Douglas W. Belcher, won the Victoria Cross.

#### How it was Won

It seems that on the morning of the 13th Belcher, a sergcant, was in charge of an advanced breastwork. On this the Germans directed a continuous fire, and it was repeatedly blown in, but almost as quickly built up again. After a time only Belcher and six men, two being Hussars and four Rifles, were left, but they decided to hold on. Led by Belcher they blazed out rapidly with their rifles whenever they saw the enemy collecting to attack them, and the Germans, thinking they were much stronger than was actually the case, did not try a rush, although they were only about two

hundred yards away. At length assistance came, and it was seen that Belcher and his men had saved the whole of the division from being outflanked and possibly destroyed.

Deservedly Belcher's fine deed was made known far and wide, for at that time only one Territorial had won the V.C. Another gallant deed performed on the same day, by an officer of the same regiment and in similar circumstances, has, however, escaped almost unnoticed. Not far from Belcher was Lieutenant C. W. Trevelyan, and he, too, found himself in a difficult position owing to the destruction of a trench. However, he collected and encouraged the few unwounded men, and, as the official account said, "He reorganised the defence of his position, and, although unsupported. sucposition, and, although unsupported, succeeded in maintaining the safety of our line at a very critical time." A third hero of that same day and battalion was Sergeant R. V. Todd, who went over eight hundred yards of ground under heavy fire in order to take help to the men of a machine-gun, who were in great difficulties in a front trench.

#### Londoners Over the Top

During the following months, the autumn and winter of 1915-16, the Rifles took their share of duty in the trenches and suffered a steady stream of casualties. However, they were as steadily reinforced, and when the expected push came, on July 1st, they were one of the battalions selected for the attack. Without a moment's doubt or pause every man went "over the that fateful morning. reached the first, the second, and then the third German line near Gommecourt, but soon found themselves unsupported and under very heavy fire. Slowly they fell back, and when the order came for them to vacate the first line of German trenches, only a remnant succeeded in returning across the bullet-swept ground.

The London Rifle Brigade was formed in 1859, and as it was the first regiment of Volunteers raised in the City of London it was given the motto of Primus in urbe. Its ranks were soon filled, and in 1893 it moved to its present headquarters, a fine building in Bunhill Row. The regiment sent eighty officers and men to serve with the C.I.V. in South Africa, while over ninety others joined other units with which they fought there. With a fine record for sport and shooting, with many athletes and marksmen in its ranks, it is not surprising that a battalion of this splendid regiment was sent out to France soon after the beginning of the Great War.



OFFICERS OF THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.—Back row (from left): Sec.-Lieut. W. G. Perrin, Sec.-Lieut. D. McOwan, Sec.-Lieut. A. L. Benns, Lieut. R. D. S. Charles, Sec.-Lieut. A. J. Collins, Sec.-Lieut. E. E. Higham, Sec.-Lieut. C. H. Marriott, Lieut. C. R. Taylor, Sec.-Lieut. B. F. Sawbridge, Sec.-Lieut. C. E. Ovington, Sec.-Lieut. E. R. Williamson, Sec.-Lieut. A. C. Feast, Sec.-Lieut. H. C. Beard, Sec.-Lieut. A. E. Sedgwick, Lieut. B. Bromiley, Sec.-Lieut. C. H. Sell, Lieut. F. Williamson. Middle row: Sec.-Lieut. H. Smith, Sec.-Lieut. L. H. Pullen, Sec.-Lieut. B. L. E. Pocock, Lieut. A. Read, Capt. C. W. Long, Capt. J. R. Somers-Smith, Major M. Soames, Major N. C. King, Capt. and Adj. J. F. C. Bennett, Capt. W. Paxman, Lieut. C. E. Clode-Baker, Sec.-Lieut. H. M. Camden, Lieut. P. Titley, Qr.-Mr. Hon. Lieut. W. Kelly, Sec.-Lieut. F. M. Wheatley. Front row: Sec.-Lieut. E. S. Bauloft, Sec.-Lieut. M. E. C. Gardiner, Sec.-Lieut. L. W. Collins, Sec.-Lieut. F. E. Hewitt, Sec,-Lieut. C. B. Doust, Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Stransom, Sec.-Lieut. J. H. Howe.

## Duty, Sympathy and Popularity at the Front

British Official Photographs



Men of the London Rifle Brigade in a reserve trench waiting to proceed to the front line. Everywhere the field is churned up by shelle and picks.



Helping a wounded man across a trench. A delightfully human enapehot from the field where great fighting and greater devotion knew no limit.



The most popular man in the regiment. The emiling military poetman with the mail from "Biighty."

### SOUTH WALES BORDERERS

IN FRANCE, TSING-TAU AND GALLIPOLI



EN or more years ago there was a discussion in a popular magazine as to which regiment in the British Army had the most distinguished record. Comparisons of this kind are in-

vidious, perhaps, for according to their opportunities all the regiments have done most gallantly, and to single out one or two for special mention seems to cast a slur on the others. With the heroisms of the Great War before us, this remark is truer than ever; but meanwhile it may be said that on the occasion in question the verdict seemed to lie between the Black

werdict seemed to lie between the Black Watch and the South Wales Borderers, the old 24th of the Line, the men of Isandula and Rorke's Drift.

When the Great War broke out the 1st Battalion of the Borderers went at once to France. They were in the 3rd Brigade, which formed part of Sir Douglas Like's army corps, and were in the Haig's army corps, and were in the retreat from Mons and the Battle of the Marne. Compared with some of the battalions, they suffered little during those anxious days, but they were not idle, for one of their majors, W. L. Lawrence, won the D.S.O. for gallantry and ability in repelling the enemy on September 26th; and one of their privates, R. Black, the D.C.M. for bravery

privates, R. Black, the D.C.M. for bravery in October and November.

The Borderers fought at Ypres in November, 1914, after which they had a few days' rest. In December, however, their services were again required in the fighting-line in the following circumstances. The Indian Corps was having a server had time at Givenoby, and early in very bad time at Givenchy, and, early in the afternoon of December 20th, Lord French, realising the seriousness of the situation, ordered Sir Douglas Haig, whose corps was then in reserve, to send whose corps was then in reserve, to send aid to the Indians. For this purpose Sir Douglas told off his 1st Division, and on the same day the Borderers and the rest of the 3rd Brigade left their billets and swung forward to Bethune. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st they tramped into that little town, and there tramped into that little town, and there they got their fighting orders.

### Fights for Life at Givenchy

General Haking was then commanding the 1st Division, and his orders were that the 3rd Brigade should attack from Festubert, moving to the north-east. They were to regain the trenches lost by the Sirhind brigade, and then to capture some German trenches 300 yards away to the east. After a rest of about four hours the attack began at one o'clock, and by five o'clock the men were half a mile from Festubert. It was then dark, for it was the shortest day of the year, and this favoured the attack, for a little later word was sent to Headquarters that the Borderers and the 2nd Welsh were in the trenches. They held them, in spite of heavy attacks, and by the 27th the whole line was again in the hands of the British.

The Borderers remained at Givenchy, and on January 25th they were again fighting for their lives. The Germans made a desperate attack, but just as they were wavering up came the Borderers and some other troops, and put the

finishing touch to their discomfiture. On this date two Welshmen won especial distinction: Sergeant Wilcox for keeping his machine-gun at work without a man to help him, and Corporal Williams for taking command of a leaderless platoon and thrusting back the enemy.

The 2nd Battalion of the Borderers has had a unique experience during the war. Alone of our British regiments they have fought by the side of the Japanese, for in September, 1914, they were sent to Tsing-tau to prove to the Germans how real was the alliance of Great Britain and Japan. Once there they took part in the attack, about 600 yards of the front being assigned to them. At first their work was mainly digging, which was made much more difficult by the heavy and continuous rain. Gradually, however, they worked nearer and nearer to the German fortress, at one time suffering German fortress, at one time suffering some loss in making their way across a river-bed, and then on November 7th came the German surrender, and the whole army marched quietly into Tsingtau. The D.S.O. was awarded to one officer, Captain D. G. Johnson, while Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Casson and several others had the bonour of being mentioned. others had the honour of being mentioned in despatches.

### From Tsing-tau to Gallipoli

This little campaign was a valuable experience for the Borderers, but it was the veriest child's play compared with what followed. When the attack on Gallipoli was planned, a number of seasoned battalions were collected from British stations in all parts of the world, and formed into the 29th Division under General Hunter-Weston. In one of his brigades, the 87th, was the 2nd South Wales Borderers, fresh from Tsing-tau.

The story of the landing has been told time and again. Here it need only be time and again. Here it need only be said that the Borderers got ashore from trawlers, and established themselves on the cliffs above Morto Bay. Comparatively their losses (about fifty) were slight, and they were soon able to join hands

with their comrades on the left. Throughout May they were fighting incessantly; they were in the savage battles which took place in June, and on June 11th their success in a night attack on some trenches was noted. In August they and the other battalions of the 29th Division were secretly conveyed from Cape Helles to Suvla, where, on the 21st, they shared in the forlorn attack on Hill 70.

Before the end of 1916 the old Regular

Army had almost disappeared, and the fighting had been taken up by battalions of Territorials and of Kitchener's boys, soon to be followed by the Derbyites. Among these were battalions composed mainly of miners from South Wales, but about their deeds the authorities are, for very good reasons certainly, most reticent. However, we shall not be far wrong if we conclude that there were battalions of Borderers among the Welsh who took who took who took was a monity the weish who took was a monity to the fight for Mametz Wood on July 10th and 11th last, and the "London Gazette" from time to time gave evidence that they had been in the thick of the battle.

#### Victoria Crosses for the Borderers

On September 26th, 1916, for instance, twelve Victoria Crosses were awarded, and two of these fell to the South Wales Borderers, both for rescuing the wounded. Captain Angus Buchanan went out for 150 yards in the open and brought in a wounded officer and a wounded man; Private J. H. Fynn brought in several wounded men, being all the time under

continuous fire.

The South Wales Borderers was raised in 1689, and fought under William III. and Marlborough, who was at one time colonel of the regiment. In the eighteenth century it saw service in Germany and America, and in the nineteenth won immortal fame in the Peninsular War and in India. The regiment lost 500 officers and men at Chillianwallah, where it fought against desperate odds with wonderful gallantry, and both its battalions upheld its great reputation in the Zulu War. At Isandula, in January, 1879, six companies of the Borderers were killed to the last man, while another company beat back the Zulus at Rorke's Drift. In that campaign ten Victoria Crosses were awarded to officers and men of the regiment, and Queen Victoria gave a silver wreath to be carried on the colours.



OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.—Back row (from left to right):
Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Ede, Sec.-Lieut. D. Jenkins, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. Owen, Sec.-Lieut. L. C. W.
Deane, Sec.-Lieut. E. C. Meacock, Lieut. W. B. Carter. Third row: Sec.-Lieut. H. N. D.
La Touche, Sec.-Lieut. C. C. P. Bayley, Sec.-Lieut. T. G. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. H. R. C. Morgan,
Sec.-Lieut. G. Rattenbury, Sec.-Lieut. R. L. Eskell, Sec.-Lieut. T. Neale, Sec.-Lieut. S.
Evans, Lieut. J. N. A. James, Lieut. F. B. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. D. P. Jones. Second row
(seated): Capt. E. W. Wakefield, Capt. W. G. Evans, Lieut. and Adj. F. Carter, Major J. P.
Wood, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. A. Case, Lieut. C. N. Beeston, Lieut. S. C. Morgan. Front row
(on ground): Sec.-Lieut, R. W. Amos, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Evans, Sec.-Lieut. M. C. Ede,
Lieut. E. Ll. Lloyd.

## How Private Fynn Won the Coveted Cross



Private Fynn, of the South Walss Borderers, was awarded the Victoria Cross for the very gallant conduct which M. Ugo has illustrated here. An officer in the hero's regiment said: "My first eight of him was when he was running across the open under heavy fire. Bullets were as thick as bees around an over-

turned hive. He crossed and recroesed with materials to dress the wounds of the men he went to aesist. He could not bear to eee the wounded left unattended." Later, Private Fynn carried in one wounded man and then, going back with a brave companion, brought in another comrade to safety.

### THE GRENADIER GUARDS

AT YPRES, LOOS AND NEUVE CHAPELLE



AN officer attached to our General Headquarters in France, who was present at the time, has described the excitement in the British lines when, on September 27th, 1915, the rumour spread that "the Guards were going in." It was a day or two after the big British attack on Loos. On Saturday, the 25th, things had gone fairly

well for us, but on the Sunday a certain amount of ground near the village of Loos itself had been lost, and to regain this the Guards were brought up.

this the Guards were brought up.

Some time before this the different battalions of Guards had been taken out of the various brigades and formed into a division under the Earl of Cavan. A long rest, a good training, and ample reinforcements had been given to them during the summer months, and when the offensive began a great deal was expected of this new division. It consisted of thirteen battalions, and four of them were Grenadicrs, one each in the 1st and 2nd Brigades and two in the 2rd Brigade.

and two in the 3rd Brigade.

The Grenadiers in the 1st and 2nd Brigades had comparatively an easy task, the former meeting with little resistance in its advance and the latter only going up from reserve at a late stage of the fight.

#### Loos and Hill 70

With the 1st and 4th Grenadiers in the 3rd Brigade it was different. Their business was to take Loos and also Hill 70, beyond the village. With the Grenadiers leading, the brigade set out, and as soon as they reached the top of the hill they were formed in what is called artillery formation—columns of half platoons—said to be the least costly way of advancing under heavy fire. Those below could see their figures clearly against the sky as they moved forward as steadily as if on parade, and a little while later they had entered Loos with a rush.

With the 4th Grenadiers leading, the battalions left Loos for their next objective—Hill 70. At once they were met by a

storm of gas-shells, and a halt was called while the protecting helmets were put on. Then they advanced up the hill, and as soon as the Germans saw their figures on the top they poured into them an accurate and destructive fire. Under this the Guards fell back for about a hundred yards, and, sheltered to some extent by the hill, threw up some trenches, which they held until relieved two days later.

In this engagement the 4th Battalion of this famous regiment was in action for the first time, but the 2nd had been at the front ever since the outbreak of hostilities, in August, 1914, and the 1st almost as long. The 2nd was in the 4th, or Guards, Brigade, which fought so well at Landrècies and Villers-Cotterets during the retreat from Mons, and the 1st was in Sir Henry Rawlinson's 7th Division, which marched across Belgium from Ostend and joined up with the rest of Sir John French's army near Ypres.

### Guns and Victoria Crosses

It is hard to say which of these two battalions, the 1st and the 2nd, had the worse time during the autumn of 1914. Perhaps the 1st. At the Battle of the Aisne the 1st Grenadiers crossed the river by a pontoon bridge and then charged up a slope whereon were the terrible German guns. Without wavering, however, they went on, and in five minutes after fixing bayonets for the final rush six German guns were theirs. At Ypres they fought on grimly day after day, and as their general, Lord Cavan, said, were in good form on November 17th and 18th, the last days of the battle, when, although few and weary, they beat back a German attack.

Neuve Chapelle was the next great day in the history of the Grenadiers. Some of the fiercest of the fighting took place around Pietre Mill, where the 1st Battalion dashed repeatedly with bomb and bayonet against the German lines. There it was that two Grenadiers, Fuller and Barber, won the Victoria Cross for rushing alone at the enemy and forcing many of them to surrender, and there it was, alas! that many gallant officers and men fell. Among the officers killed on that wild March day were Lieut.-Colonel L. R.

Fisher-Rowe, Lord Brabourne, and the Hon. G. H. Douglas-Pennant.

In May the British attacked again, this time at Festubert. The 1st Grenadiers advanced from Rue du Bois, and their bomb-throwers showed remarkable skill and courage in clearing the Germans from their trenches. Quitc a number of them were noted and rewarded for work of this kind. The 2nd Battalion did not take part in this engagement, but in June it was stationed at Cuinchy, where Sergeant W. Albone and one or two others rescued some comrades from an exploded mine.

After Loos the Guards had another spell of quiet, and soon they were in training for the anticipated "push." They were not used when it began on July 1st, 1916, and for two months and more nothing was heard of them. In his great despatch dealing with the Battle of the Somme, Sir Douglas Haig divided the operations into three distinct phases, the third beginning on September 15th. That was the day for which the Guards had been waiting, and they and the "tanks" entered the fray at the same time.

the fray at the same time.

Irresistibly the Guards swept on to their goal. We know that they saw the enemy climb out of his trenches and run, while farther away he was busily engaged in moving his guns into safety. Some Germans, however, stood and fought, and there were desperate encounters with the bayonet, no thought of surrender on either side. We know, too, the names of the fallen, and they are many. One of them aroused an especial sorrow, for it was on September 15th that Raymond Asquith, of the Grenadiers, was killed.

#### 230 Years of Glory

To write the history of the First, or Grenadier, Guards would require a volume, and a large one, too. They were originally the Guards of the exiled King Charles II., and on his return to England they took the place at the head of the infantry, which they have since held without a break. They fought under William of Orange, and were engaged in the four great victories of Marlborough, who was at one time their colonel. They did gallantly at Fontenoy; two of their battalions were with Moorc in the retreat from Corunna, while another suffered terrible losses in the Battle of Barossa. Two battalions of Grenadiers lost over 1,000 men at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and they were equally steadfast at the Alma and Inkerman. Service in Egypt and South Africa brings down their glorious record to the outbreak of the Great War.



OFFICERS AND N.C.O'S. OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.—Back row (left to right): A.-Cpl. A. Swain, L.-Cpl. T. Reynolds, A.-Cpl. G. H. Baker, L.-Cpl. E. Hinks, L.-Cpl. E. Cross, A.-Cpl. F. Campion, L.-Cpl. W. George, L.-Cpl. O. Bridges, L.-Cpl. J. Pearce, L.-Cpl. H. Pope, A.-Cpl. J. Clews, L.-Cpl. J. H. Benton, A.-Cpl. F. Austen, Fourth row: A.-Cpl. P. Coffee, L.-Cpl. E. Lay, A.-Cpl. A. Perks, L.-Cpl. H. Wright, L.-Cpl. L. Adams, L.-Cpl. W. Palmer, L.-Cpl. S. Barter, L.-Cpl. J. O'Brien, L.-Cpl. C. Brown, L.-Cpl. F. Ankrett, L.-Cpl. G. Downs, L.-Cpl. H. Wright, L.-Cpl. J. Siggs, A.-Cpl. W. Lever, A.-Cpl. C. Evans, L.-Cpl. F. Mitchell, A.-Cpl. A. Perks, L.-Cpl. F. Arylor, A.-Spt. H. Wheatley, A.-L.-Sgt. R. Bland, Sgt. J. Bennett, A.-Sgt. J. McCann, A.-Sgt. F. Rhodes, A.-Sgt. W. Stevenson, Sgt. A. Hillman, A.-Sgt. J. Gilbert, L.-Sgt. R. Willett, A.-Sgt. F. Hughes, Sgt. G. Linney, A.-Sgt. F. Lancaster, L.-Sgt. E. Nice, A.-Sgt. J. Alten. Second row: O. R. Sgt. A. Shelley, C.S.I.M., R. Broughton, C.Q.M.S. W. Austin, C.S.M. F. Kilter, Lieut. F. St. Aubyn, Lieut. Parker Jervis, Capt. B. T. Hutton Croft, Capt. J. S. Reeve, Capt. S. D. Shafto, Lieut. J. F. Hubbard, C.S.M. C. Marson, Q.M.S. D. Horwood, C.Q.M.S. O. Holt, A.-Sgt. R. W. Pitt. Front row: A.-Sgt. J. Mulvey, A.-Cpl. A. Horgan, A.-Cpl. J. Hubbard.

# Britons Happy in Possession of the Steel Casque





British troops wearing steel shrapnel-proof helmets marching along communication trenches to the firing-line. (Official photograph.)



The spirit of victory. Cheering men of a battalion of the Durham Light Infantry. Most of these men are from Sunderland. (Crown copyright reserved.)

## THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS

AT THE AISNE, NEUVE CHAPELLE AND LOOS



NLIKE Italian ones, German names are harsh rather than musical, but, in spite of this, it will be long before Britons forget one of them—Hohenzollern. The family name of the Kaiser

and his brood was given by the Germans to a network of fortifications, which they erected near Loos, and around which, in the autumn of 1915, there raged some of the most ferocious fights of the Great War. This redoubt, a very big one, extended about 500 yards in front of the German trenches, and was built on a slight eminence. It was circular in shape, was defended by stout parapets, filled with machine-guns which could sweep the whole area in front and on both sides of it, and, finally, was connected with the trenches behind by two special ones, known to our men as "Big Willie" and "Little Willie." Within the redoubt was a maze of trenches and shelters of various kinds—everything, in fact, that the ingenuity of engineers could invent.

#### At the Battle of Loos

During the Battle of Loos, in September, 1915, the Hohenzollern was assaulted, and, after heavy fighting, was captured by some Highland battalions. Then began a tremendous struggle, the Germans determined to recover it, the British equally resolute to keep it. In this fighting what was left of the redoubt changed hands more than once. The net result, however, was that our men were being pushed slowly back, and on October 13th another attempt was made to clear out the Germans.

For this tough piece of work it was decided to employ a division of Territorials, the 46th, from the Midlands. In this division there was a brigade of four battalions of Sherwood Foresters, of men from Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. At first they were left in reserve, but during the terrible night-fighting the 7th and 8th Battalions (the former being the well-known Robin Hood Rifles) went up to support their comrades (the men of Stafford, Lincoln, and Leicester), who had carried the redoubt with a rush.

#### Captain Vickers, V.C.

During the darkness of the night the bombers of the Sherwoods were hurling their missiles and fighting their way along the trenches, and about four in the morning the 8th Battalion cleared a party of Germans from the eastern corner of the redoubt. Back, however, they came, and later in the day there was some more savage fighting, during which Captain C. G. Vickers, one of the Robin Hoods, performed the deeds which won for him the Victoria Cross. The Germans were coming on, and only two of his men remained unhurt. With their assistance, however, he kept up a shower of bombs, holding the position for some hours, and it was largely owing to him that the redoubt was not retaken. As an instance of his determination to hold on, it is related how he ordered a second barrier to be built behind him. He knew that this would cut off his own retreat, but he knew also that it would hold up the

Germans, and that was all that mattered. Vickers was severely wounded, but, happily, he recovered. In "Little Willie" Captain J. C. Warren, with four men, performed an equally gallant act, holding a trench for fourteen hours.

#### At the Aisne and Neuve Chapelle

These Territorials had also done good work at Hooge in the summer of 1915, but we must pass from them to say something about the Regular battalions of their regiment. The 2nd Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters joined up with the rest of the British Army just before the Battle of the Aisne, and had its first spell of severe fighting during the attempt to reach Lille in October, 1914. When that movement stopped it helped to defend Ypres, and although not quite in the thick of the struggle, was yet constantly and heavily engaged.

The 1st Battalion, being at Bombay when the war began, was later in the field. It reached France in November, 1914, and after some weeks in the trenches—a bitter change from the warm Indian sun—took a leading part in the Battle of Neuve Chapelle. In that engagement the Fourth Corps, then led by Sir Henry Rawlinson, was deputed to make the main assault—or, rather, one of two main assaults—on the village, and in one of its brigades were the 1st Foresters.

After the first attack had been launched in the early dawn of March 10th, 1915, the Foresters and the rest of their brigade were ordered forward. One side of the village was entrusted to them, and steadily they made their way forward, one line following another. At length they were in the village, and in one of its orchards they joined up, in accordance with the general plan of attack, with another brigade on their right. It was now about midday, and Neuve Chapelle was won, but General French lacked the means with which to carry the attack further, and the utmost our men could do was to cling

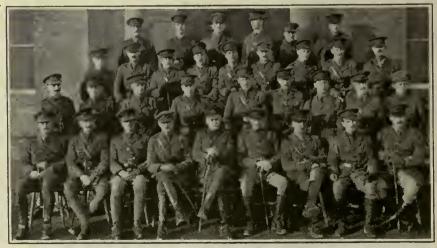
stubbornly to their gains. One of the heroes of this assault was Lieut. J. S. Dobbie, of the Sherwoods, who, sceing the confusion caused by our bombs, at once collected a few men and drove back the Germans before they had time to recover their presence of mind. Not far away Sergeants C. H. Dady and A. Grimshaw were in charge of platoons, which were surrounded by Ge mans, but instead of surrendering, they kept their men together, and at length got them away.

These and other incidents give us a glimpse of the battle, and enable those of us who live at home at ease to visualise its ebb and flow. Bombs were used freely, for Private J. S. Draycott and others threw them at crowds of Germans. The regimental headquarters were at one time surrounded by the enemy, for Privates J. Hayes and A. Jackson were given the D.C.M. for gallantry in defending them. And ammunition ran short, for Private E. Whittaker carried up a supply over 400 yards of open ground.

#### Deeds of Heroism

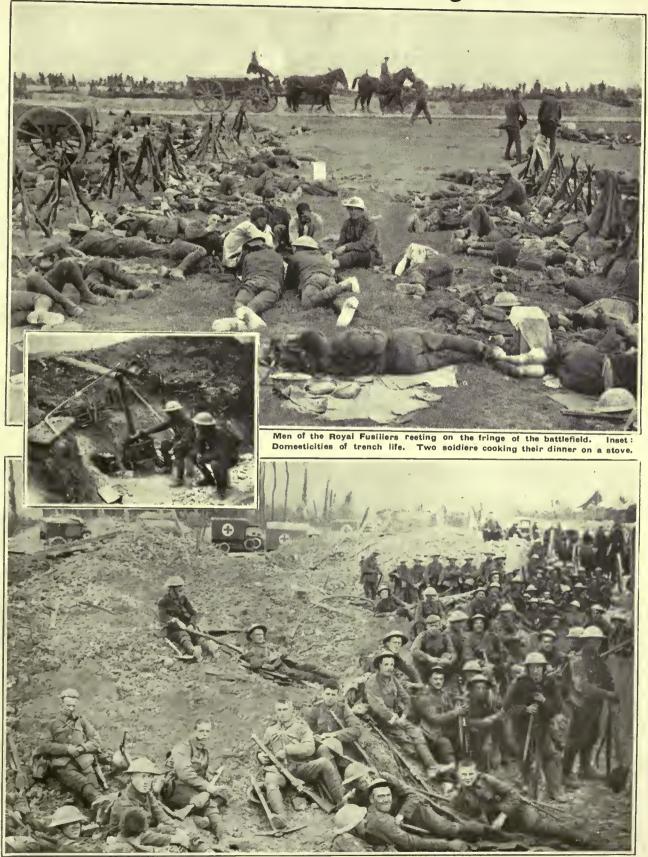
Further notices enable us to know a little of what the battalions were doing during the summer of 1915. In May the 1915 was at Rouges Banes, where Corporal James Upton won the V.C. for gallantry in rescuing the wounded; and the 2nd was at Le Toquet, where Private J. Savage lost his life while engaged in saving some men who had been overcome by gas in a mine. On August 9th this same battalion was in the thick of the fighting at Hooge, where all day they held some trenches under heavy shell fire. In the following February a Service battalion of the Foresters (the 19th) bore the brunt of a sudden German attack.

The full name of the Sherwood Foresters is the Nottinghamshire and Dcrbyshire Regiment. Its first Battalion (the old 45th) was raised in 1741, and its 2nd (the old 95th) in 1823. Its greatest battle honours were won in the Peninsular and Crimean Wars. The Foresters were conspicuous at Talavera, Busaco, and elscwhere, being known as the "Old Stubborns"; they did nobly at Alma and Inkerman; in India and Abyssinia and at Dargai, in 1897, the 2nd Battalion shared the honours of the day with the Gordon Highlanders.



OFFICERS OF THE SHERWOOD FORESTERS.—Back row (from left to right): Lieut. A. Gabriei, Lieut. E. C. Jackson, Sec.-Lieut. R. F. K. Dexter, Sec.-Lieut. M. M. Harvey, Sec.-Lieut. P. W. S. Camplon, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. Cridge, Third row: Lieut. G. H. Boot, Lieut. J. S. Cressall, Lieut. A. Moore, Lieut. A. D. Hodgson, Lieut. K. W. Moreil, Sec.-Lieut. J. W. F. Macintosh, Sec.-Lieut. V. Spurway, Lieut. T. E. Ferguson, Eut. A. M. C., Sec.-Lieut. J. C. MacHutcheon. Second row: Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. A. E. Ferguson, Lieut. A. A. Whittle, Sec.-Lieut. J. C. C. A. Murray, Sec.-Lieut. A. MeK. Forsyth, Sec.-Lieut. G. L. Wharton, Lieut. C. S. Dougias, Capt. T. E. Cutts, Capt. R. W. Ainsworth, Capt. W. H. Priec. Front row: Major C. F. F. Hodgson (S. Staff, Regt., att.), Major F. Vickers, Major C. A. Milward, Lieut. Col. R. N. S. Gordon, Brig.-Gen. J. G. Hunter, C.B., Major H. W. Thelwall, Lieut. and Adj. W. A. W. Crellin, Capt. T. T. Ottowell, Capt. G. R. Barnett-Smith.

# Awaiting Their Turn to Move Against the Foe



Awaiting their turn to go up to the first line, these British troops are resting amid the calcined debrie created by bombardment. In the background is a wood biasted by fire of all its summer foliage. Along the road motor-ambulances are in readiness.

## THE GLOUCESTERS

THE "SLASHERS" IN GALLIPOLI



TUCKED away in Sir Ian Hamilton's third and last despatch about the campaign in Gallipoli there is a most amazing story which everyone, young and old alike,

should read. It is quite short, only a few lines in length. It is the story of how the 7th Gloucesters, a battalion composed of men taken from workshops and offices, fought one burning August day from noon till sunset without any officers to lead them.

The circumstances may fitly be recalled. Under a blistering sun, the last great attack on the Turkish positions in Gallipoli was arranged and begun. Simultaneously with the new landing at Suvla Bay an assault was made from Anzac, and on August 7th a certain amount of success was experienced there as the New Zealanders made good the hill called Rhododendron Ridge. Another push forward was, however, necessary, and a further assault was planned for the following day.

#### On the Summit of Chunuk Bair

The 7th Gloucesters, who had just arrived on the scene, was one of the battalions told off to share in this supporting movement. At 4.15 in the morning they set out, and following a battalion of New Zealanders the Gloucesters raced up the steep hillside. Nothing could check them, and at last with one final rush and shout they were on the summit of Chunuk Bair. The height was won.

But the battle was by no means over. While marking out the line to be held, Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Malone was mortally wounded, and our men began to fall fast. Under a terrible fire the Gloucesters worked feverishly at digging the trenches, but they had to leave off continually to beat back Turkish attacks, and they never got a chance to make them more than six inches deep. It was at this time that they performed the deed of which Sir Ian Hamilton spoke, and his own words may well complete the tale.

Throughout the morning the struggle continued, and "in the course of these fights every single officer, company sergeant-major, or company quartermaster-sergeant was either killed or wounded, and the battalion by mid-day consisted of small groups of men eommanded by junior non-commissioned officers or privates." Yet, in spite of these stunning losses, they held on until darkness came to their relief.

#### Helping to Defend Ypres

Deeds of this kind were almost a tradition with this regiment, for the 1st Battalion had done something similar quite early in the war. On October 24th, as part of the 1st Division, this battalion of Regulars was helping to defend Ypres. The brigadier-general said they did splendid work in their trenches, and then went on to describe the heroism of two platoons—perhaps one hundred men altogether. These gallant fellows, like their comrades in Gallipoli, lost all their officers and many non-commissioned officers; the Germans got to within sixty yards of them, some of them had their bayonets

shot off their rifles; sixty out of the hundred were shot down, and yet not a man retired. "A grand performance!" said the general; and he was right!

A reference to the "London Gazette" of

A reference to the "London Gazette" of November 10th and December 17th, 1914, enables us to identify the four men who were mainly responsible for this deed. They were Sergeants T. H. Eddy, T. J. Knight, J. Wilson, and Private A. E. Crossman. With them should be mentioned Lance-Corporal G. Royal, who, during the same long battle, organised a first-aid post near Zillebeke and attended the wounded throughout the day under heavy shell fire.

These Gloucester men were in the thick of the fighting from first to last. The 1st Battalion was in the retreat from Mons, the Battle of the Aisne, when they were in some very hard fighting, and, as we have just seen, the Battle of Ypres. In December it was at Festubert, platoons as usual standing firm after all the officers had gone; and in January it was at Givenchy, again holding on grimly and successfully to an important position. The 2nd Battalion, also Regulars, reached the front from Tientsin about this time, and were hotly engaged in the Second Battle of Ypres, where also the 4th Battalion (Territorials), from Bristol, were heard of to their credit.

#### Fighting at Hulluch

The Gloucesters were again fighting hard around Loos in September and October. On the first day of the battle the 10th Battalion, men of the New Army, did good work in assaulting some German trenches in front of Hulluch, and even the presence of some wire entanglements which had not been destroyed by our artillery failed to daunt them. The 1st Battalion also took part in this fighting.

The Gloucesters took part in the raids which preceded the Battles of the Somme.

The Gloucesters took part in the raids which preceded the Battles of the Somme. Early in June, Sir Douglas Haig reported one, saying that the Gloucesters, backed by a party of Engineers, had entered the German trenches and done a great amount of damage therein. This raid

took place not far from Neuve Chapelle, and clearly fulfilled its objects, for one of them was to make the enemy uncertain as to where the coming blow would fall. For all he knew, it might be delivered, as in March, 1915, at Neuve Chapelle. We were not told which battalion of the Gloucesters was responsible for this enterprise, but, from what we know, all of them, whether Regulars, Territorials, or New Army, were equal to it. The regiment shared in the actual Battles of the Somme, as well as in the preliminary raids, but about its deeds there we know little. We know, however, the names of the fallen, at least one colonel, G. O. Roberts, being among them, and we are quite certain that the high traditions of the Gloucesters were worthily maintained.

#### History of the Regiment

The Gloucestershire Regiment was originally the 28th and 61st Regiments of Foot, the former dating back to 1694, the time of William of Orangc and the French Wars. They fought under Marlborough, and helped to capture in 1759, first Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, and then Quebec. Engaged in the American War of Independence, they won on one occasion their name of the "Slashers," because, ammunition being exhausted, they used their short swords with right good will. They helped to defend Minorca in 1782, and their steady courage and good discipline at the Battle of Alexandria in 1801 carried for them a unique distinction—alone of the British regiments the Gloucesters wear a badge both on the front and the back of their caps. It seems that at Alexandria the French attacked them from behind as well as in front. Without any confusion whatever the rear rank turned round, and, fighting back to back, both lines drove off the foe.

#### Honours in the Peninsula

In the Peninsular War the Gloucesters won glory at Talavera, Salamanca and Toulouse; near Quatre Bras, in June, 1815, they beat back a wild charge of French horsemen, and while the 2nd Battalion fought in the battles of the Crimean War the 1st went through the war against the Sikhs and the Indian Mutiny. Both battalions were in South Africa in the Boer War, the 1st forming part of the force which defended Ladysmith and the 2nd sharing the relief of Kimberley and the Battle of Paardeberg.



OFFICERS RESERVE BATTALION, 4th GLOUCESTERS.—Back row (from left to right): Lieut. E. M. Matthews, Sec.-Lieut. W. G. Shipway, Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Denton, Lieut. E. Cristali, Capt. C. T. H. Harrison, Lieut. P. Bird, Lieut. A. C. Stevenson. Sec.-Lieut. H. V. Thomas, Sec.-Lieut. W. F. Ward, Capt. R. Lowe. Second row: Capt. A. J. Gardner, Hon. Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. F. Cook, Capt. H. E. Lee, Major W. S. Clark, Lieut.-Coi. J. B. Butler, T.D., Lieut. and Adjt. H. Rummins, Capt. D. Veale, Capt. T. N. Whitwili, Rev. R. C. Griffin, C.F. Front row: Lieut. G. A. Turner.

## THE LEICESTERS

AT NEUVE CHAPELLE. LOOS, AND IN THE EAST



L VERY lover of that manly game, Rugby football, has heard of the "Tigers," and most of them have, at one time or another, seen

them play. To those who have played against them they were very sturdy opponents, and he was a plucky back who threw himself in their way when they came tearing down the field.

The Leicesters, for such is the other name of the "Tigers," carry this same dashing spirit into the greater game of war, and more than once we have been told about them charging desperately under a terrible storm of shot and shell. So it was at Neuve Chapelle, for instance, where the 2nd Leicesters were the British battalion serving, according to custom, with three Indian ones, the four together making up the Garhwal Brigade.

#### The "Tigers" at Neuve Chapelle

On the south of the village the attack was made by the Indian Corps, with the Garhwal Brigade as one of its leading detachments, and the Leicesters the leading battalion therein. At five minutes past eight in the morning—it was March 10th, 1915—the Leicesters, who had been crowded together in the trenches since the previous night, hearing the whistles go, climbed out and dashed forward across the open. In a quarter of an hour they were in the first German line, the work being completed by a bombing-party which, creeping down the communication-trench, hurled their bombs among the crowded Germans as if they were throwing down a wicket with a cricket-ball. After this they dashed forward again until, having worked round to the south of Neuve Chapelle, they were ordered to prepare the ground for defence. The trenches which they dug were of great use to them on the next day, when the Huns tried hard but vainly to drive them back, and the many prisoners sent by the brigade to the rear were eloquent proof that, in this part of the field any-how, the Germans had the worst of it. It was at this time that Private W. Buckingham won the Victoria Cross for the constant aid which he gave to the wounded.

#### "Over the Top" at Loos

Another of these "Tiger" charges took place at Loos later in the same year. On October 13th it was decided to assault again the Hohenzollern Redoubt and the network of trenches behind-it; around these there had been some most desperate fighting during the preceding fortnight or so, and they had been recovered by the Germans. For this operation a Territorial division, the North Midland, was brought up from reserve, and in one of the leading brigades of this were two battalions of Leicesters, the 4th from Leicester and the 5th from Loughborough. They had by this time been about six months at the front, where their training had quickly converted them into seasoned troops, fit to serve with the best. Sir John French, as he was then, had therefore no qualms

about using them.

The 4th Leicesters were the first to go over the parapets. With the 5th Lincolns

they made for the terrible redoubt itself, reached it, and turned out the Germans who were therein. The 5th did equally well, and bombers from both forced their way along the communication-trenches. Passing the redoubt they got to within fifty yards of Fosse Trench, another nest of machine-guns, but eventually they fell back to the Hohenzollern, which they held until relieved. In their first wild charge one of their captains gave his men a fine lead. Having filled and lit his pipe quite deliberately, he called out: "Men of the Leicesters, we're going to charge. Comc on, boys!" With this he went over the parapet, and they followed. Two heroes of this day were Privates W. H. Hallam and A. A. Johns. The former, with only one companion, kept back the enemy for many hours until the trench had been blocked; the latter did the same, although he was not in a trench, but in the open.

The 2nd Battalion, the heroes of Neuve Chapelle, were also engaged in the Battle of Loos, but at an earlier stage. On September 25th, to distract the attention of the Germans from the main attack, the Indian Corps delivered an assault nearer La Bassée. As usual, the Leicesters were in the van. With Gurkhas on either side of them they raced forward, just behind a cloud of gas which our cylinders had released.

#### Skeleton of a Battalion

Pushing quickly on, the Leicesters and Gurkhas were soon past three or four lines of German trenches, and then their difficulties began. Owing to the mist our supporting battalions did not go forward to make good the ground won; instead, the Germans got back to the trenches they had just left. Far ahead, therefore, the British and Indian battalions were cut off, and must fight their way back right through the enemy's lines. This they did, but not without heavy loss, and it was only the skeleton of a battalion that answered the roll when the Leicesters stood to arms the next morning.

This action, more perhaps than a successful one, showed the grit of the "Tigers." Major Lewis, the second in command, did his part in arranging and leading the attack, and, although wounded, declined to leave the field. When the colonel was hit he took command, and the D.S.O. was not too high a reward for his services. Captain W.C. Wilson also won it for acting in like fashion after being severely wounded, while Quartermaster-Sergeant W. Bale rallied his men when only one officer was left, and led them again to the attack.

The 2nd Leicesters were next heard of in Mesopotamia, whither they went as soon as they had rested and been strengthened. In January they took part in the fights for the relief of Kut, again suffering heavy loss, but showing also their wild, rushing spirit amid the mud and damp of that region. Their losses in these actions were very heavy indeed.

The 1st Battalion of the Leicesters should have a word, for they had been at the front longer than either the 2nd or the Territorials. As part of the 6th Division they shared in the Battle of the Aisne, crossing the river near Vailly, and in October they were at Rue du Bois, helping to defend Ypres. After a spell of quiet they were at Hooge in the following August, when the bombers of the battalion, under Captain H. B. Brown, won high praise for their efficient work, especially in a counter-attack made on the 9th on some trenches which the Germans had just recovered.

#### How the Tiger Badge was Won

Like so many of our regiments, the Leicestershire dates from the time of William of Orange and his French wars. It led the assault at the storming of Namur in 1695, fought desperately at Almanza in 1707, and later in the eighteenth century served in America. In 1804 it was sent to India, and there won the badge of the Royal Tiger, from which its popular nickname is derived. In 1839 the Leicesters led the assault on the Afghan fortress of Ghuznee, and afterwards tried to storm the Redan at Sebastopol. Again in 1878-79 they served in Afghanistan, then in Burma, and finally, before the Great War, in South Africa, where they helped to defend Ladysmith.



OFFICERS 9th (SERVICE) BATTALION, THE LEICESTERS.—Back row (from left to right): Lieut. A. C. N. M. Phillips de Lisie, Sec.-Lieut. S. T. Hartshorne, Sec.-Lieut. P. E. Bent, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Barrand, Sec.-Lieut. W. J. Wright, Sec.-Lieut. H. J. Barrand, Sec.-Lieut. C. E. N. Logan, Sec.-Lieut. O. J. Hargraves, Sec.-Lieut. G. G. Hargraves, Lieut. A. V. Poyser (R.A.M.C.). Third row: Lieut. H. F. C. Anderson, Lieut. A. S. Bennett, Sec.-Lieut. F. A. Barrant, Sec.-Lieut. S. W. Sheldon, Sec.-Lieut. B. de H. Pickard, Sec.-Lieut. H. S. Rosen, Sec.-Lieut. F. E. Papprili, Sec.-Lieut. F. C. Warner, Sec.-Lieut. M. L. Hardyman, Sec.-Lieut. F. Cresswell, Sec.-Lieut. H. Y. Martin, Lieut. H. E. Milburn, Sec.-Lieut. A. G. E. Bowell. Second row: Capt. J. B. Baxter, Capt. A.W. L. Trotter, Capt. C. R. Dibben, Capt. G. C. I. Hervey, Major J. G. Mignon (2nd in command), Col. H. R. Mead, Major R. B. Unwin, Capt. and Adjt. F. N. Harston, Capt. A. E. Boucher, Capt. F. H. Emmet, Lieut. and Qr.-Mr. W. Hunt. Front row: Lieut. G. E. G. Tooth, Sec.-Lieut. A. A. D. Lee, Sec.-Lieut. F. Scott, Lieut. H. M. Henwood.

#### PRINCESS PATRICIA'S THE

DAUNTLESS DEEDS AT YPRES AND ST. ELOI



BETWEEN Hooge and Hill 60 are several detached tracts of woodland, and one of the largest of these is marked on the British maps as Sanctuary Wood. Through this wood, at the time only a mass of treestumps, ran the two lines of trenches— British and German-

British and German—and in the summer of 1916 the former were manned by the men of the Canadian Corps under Sir Julian Byng.

Friday, June 2nd, was selected by the Germans for a sudden and desperate attack on the Canadians. It opened quite early in the morning, just at the time when General Mercer, leader of the 3rd Canadian Division, was inspecting the Canadian Division, was inspecting the front trenches. Then the high-explosive shells began their deadly work. The solid trenches melted away, mounds and craters appeared as if by magic. Men, too, were blown to pieces, and in a little time only a litter of broken wood, burst sandbags, and human fragments remained to mark the spot. During this storm the general was killed, and the 4th and 1st Mounted Rifles, the first battalions to meet it, almost ceased to exist.

#### Saving the Line at Ypres

Just after midday the German guns, working from left to right, turned their full violence on to the trenches occupied by Princess Patricia's Light Infantry. Of the four companies, two were in the front line, one was in the communication-trench, and a fourth in support. The first of the two front companies was blown out of its trenches, and the few survivors made their way through the débris to the communication-trench; but the second, under Captain Niven, managed to hold on and to pour some destructive volleys into the Germans who, as usual, had advanced as soon as their guns had done their work.

Having thus broken through, the Germans made for the communicationtrench, and, following their bombers, tried to get through to the supporting line. To meet them, Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Buller, commanding the battalion, rallied his reserves, and a desperate fight ensued, during which the colonel was killed. His men, however, fought on more heroically, if possible, than ever, throwing up one barricade after another, and only retiring from one when another had been made to receive them. This courage and resource gained the necessary time for reserves to arrive, and the line, one of the most critical in the whole of the Ypres salient, was saved.

#### Swift Rise to Immortal Fame

Cut off from their comrades and surrounded by Germans, Niven's company, mcanwhile, were fighting their own battle. One platoon was destroyed entircly, but the others held on until early the following morning, and then fell back to the support trenches, weary but content and undishonoured, for they had done their part in saving Calais.

This famous regiment, named after the Duke of Connaught's popular daughter, was then but a bantling not two years old. The forces in existence for the defence of Canada before the outbreak of the Great War were regiments of Militia, men engaged in civil pursuits, who put in a few weeks of training each year. Like the Territorials in Britain, they volunteered at once for the front; but it was realised that some little time must elapse before they would be fit to take the field. They needed the most modern arms and equipment, as well as training on a large scale to enable them to meet the Germans.

Chafing under this inevitable delay, Mr. Hamilton Gault, of Montreal, undertook to equip a regiment of old soldiers, who would not require the same amount of training as the Militia, and could therefore get to the front sooner. There were many old soldiers in Canada, and almost at once the ranks were filled. Princess Patricia handed colours to the new regiment, which was placed under the command of a veteran soldier, Lieut.-Colonel F. D. Farquhar, D.S.O. In the autumn of 1914 it crossed the Atlantic, and, after a stay on Salisbury Plain, reached France just before Christmas, the advance-guard of those men who have made the Canadian soldier, more than the Persian of old, immortal as a fighting man.

Attached as a fifth battalion to one of the brigades of the 27th Division, Princess Patricia's were sent up into some front trenches near St. Eloi for the first time on January 8th, 1915. In those early days they found the frost and the damp more formidable foes than the Germans, and during January they had one hundred and fifty men invalided home, while only thirteen were killed.

#### Col. Farguhar Killed at St. Eloi

This state of affairs was not to the liking of the veterans, and on February 28th, having just returned to the trenches after a rest, they had a congenial task given to them. At that time raids on the enemy's lines were not so common as they became later in the war, so it should not be torgotten that one of the earliest and most successful of these was carried out by men of Princess Patricia's.

On the previous evening Major Hamilton Gault, serving as second-in-command in the regiment he had founded, reconnoitred the ground, and on the 28th Lieutenant the ground, and on the 28th Lieutenant Crabb led a picked body in a sudden rush in the darkness. The bombers, under Lieutenant T. M. Papincau, went first. The German trench was reached and destroyed, and a few prisoners were brought back. Some days later, on March 20th, the regiment lost its popular commanding-officer, Licut.- Colonel F. D. Farquhar, who was shot by a sniper. His last services were to command the regiment when it helped to repulse a German attack at St. Eloi on March 14th, conduct which earned for it a special word of commendation from Viscount (then Sir John) French.

Early in April the regiment received orders to leave St. Eloi, and it was soon in some trenches in Polygon Wood, in front of Ypres. For about a month the men took turn and turn about therein with an English regiment, until on Sunday, May 9th, they had an experience not unlike the one in Sanctuary Wood, which took place a year later, and has been described already. On that day the battalion was six hundred and thirty-five strong.

#### Formation of the Canadian Corps

The first German attack, made as usual in the early morning, was beaten back, and so, too, was the second. The rain of shells, however, did not cease, and in a little while all the senior officers had gone, and the command had fallen upon gone, and the command had later aport Lieutenant Niven. The trenches were crumbling away, but four officers and a handful of men continued to defend them until the afternoon, when relief arrived. After that they remained to assist in beating back a third German attack.

At the end of that glorious day only one hundred and fifty men answered to their names, and at 11.30 these were lcd away to rest.

The regiment remained for a little time in reserve while reinforcements arrived to bring it up to strength after its cruel losses. In November, 1915, the Canadian Corps was formed, and Princess Patricia's became, as was fitting, one of the units Then came Sanctuary Wood and -for some future narrative—the Battles of the Somme.



The "Princess Pat'e" arrive in camp in England. The men lined up for a welcome distribution of cigarettes.



"GIVE HER MY LOVE." TOMMY'S CANINE FRIEND SUGGESTS POSTSCRIPT TO THE LETTER HOME.

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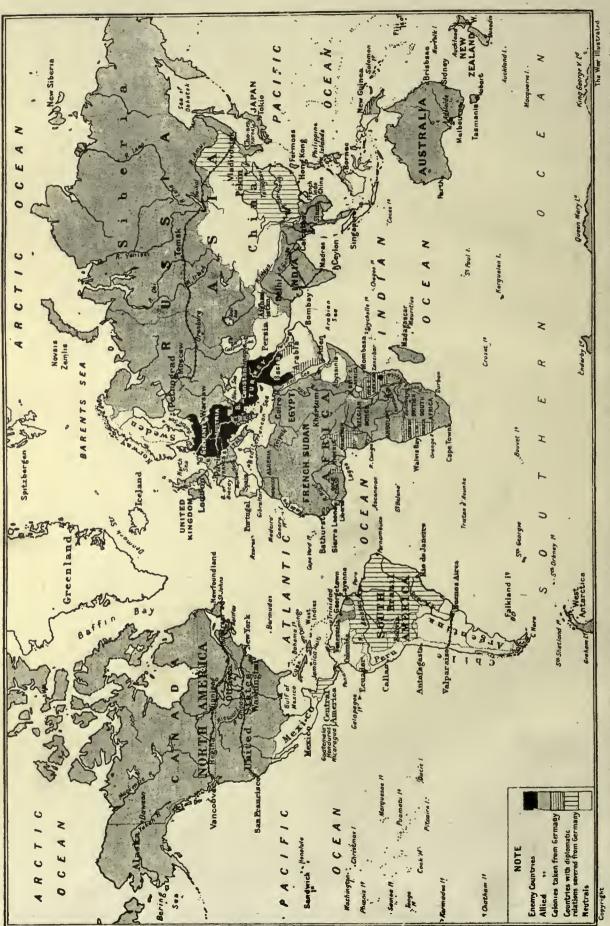


# Morld-wide Echoes of the Wa

In this section will be found, in addition to pictures showing war activity under five flags in far-flung battle-areas, a brilliant survey of three years of the Great War. The author of this comprehensive and important article is Mr. Lovat Fraser, the well-known writer. An interesting "Map of the World After Three Years of War," which is included in this section, must be studied in connection with Mr. Lovat Fraser's illuminating article.



QUITE A HARMLESS FLIRTATION AT PORT EREO.—This little Armenian girl was recoved, together with her parente, by a British battleship off Asia Minor. Her mother having told her to whom they all owe their lives, the child runs up and kisses the hands of every British eallor she meets with a pretty expression of infantile gratitude.



MAP OF THE WORLD AFTER THREE YEARS OF WAR.—In this graphic map may be seen at a glance the positions occupied by all the States in relation to the War. Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, the enemy countries, form a black plague-etreak across Europe and the edge of Asia, while by far the greater part of the world—shown in grey

tint—ie alilied under the flag of freedom against them. When those other countries that, without being actually at war, had eevered diplomatio relations with Germany (scored with perpendicular lines) have been noted, it will be observed that the remaining white or "Noutral". States were few in number and comparatively small in extent.

## THE FIRST THREE YEARS: A SURVEY

## By Lovat Fraser



Mr. Lovat Fraser

THE. most tremendous war the world has ever known has now been in progress for three years, and shows few perceptible signs of coming to an end. It began with a murder in the Balkans, and has steadily spread until most of the nations of the earth have been drawn into

the whirlpool. At the outset the British Empire held the seas, but could send only a comparative handful of men into the battle-line on land. To-day our Empire is the mainstay of the Allies on both sea and land, though our command of the sea is impaired by the foe who lurks beneath the waters.

Whence came the menace and the terror which have plunged the world into strife? How have we British fared in these three desperate years? What is likely to be the outcome of our gigantic efforts? These are among the questions to which an answer is here sought.

We went to war to save Belgium and Serbia from obliteration, and to help France in resisting the brutal attempt to crush her; but now we realise, in the light of fuller knowledge, that we also took up arms in a far mightier issue.

#### Why the War Began

Belgium and Serbia are only incidents belgium and Serbia are only incidents in this terrific struggle. What we have witnessed is one of the huge tribal outpourings from the shores of the Baltic which have periodically convulsed Europe and have submerged one civilisation after another. They are the complement of those alternating tides of human life flowing between East and West which are the central factor of written history. are the central factor of written history. Probably the pulsations from north to south are even older and more elemental. When the German legions spread outwards in the first eighteen months of the war they took us back not merely to the Roman Era but to the Stone Age.

The upheaval had its origin in the indestructible vitality of the Prussian race. The Prussians are not true Germans at all, but Finno-Slavs. Descended in part from the original Huns, bred in a hard climate, moulded by ages of war, they have at intervals burst the bonds which normally confine them to a narrow seaboard and unfruitful lands. They have imposed their will on many softer races and tribes. Inflamed in the closing decades of last century by commercial prosperity, their old dream of universal military domination germinated afresh. The leaders sought power, the masses loot, and in leaders and led the primeval inhuman instincts which were never really dormant flared up once more. Modera science gave them chances such as Attila and Alaric never dreamed of. They swept forth mailed and terrible, armed with the most monstrous engines of war, aided by the secrets of chemistry, eager to seek supremacy beneath the sea and in the heavens as well as on the earth's surface.

Such is the migratory horde, such are the issues which brought Great Britain and her Allies into battle. We are striving, as it seems to me, to preserve the fabric of civilisation and the principles of freedom and progress against the assaults of a barbarian host. We cannot sheathe the sword until we are assured that our descendants will be spared from the recurrence of such a visitation; and that assurance will not be gained until Germany is beaten to her knees and her territory invaded. We are fighting, as President Wilson said last month, against "a Power without restraint and an autocracy without a con-science." In this country we have never doubted the righteousness of our cause. In the words of M. Viviani, Great Britain could not "look on unmoved at the massacre of Europe."

#### Germany's Greatest Mistake

The first and greatest of Germany's mistakes was her conclusion that Great Britain would remain neutral. schemes have split upon the rock of Albion. It may truly be said of her that by miscalculation she had lost the war almost before a shot was fired at Liège. I do not now believe that if Viscount Grey had taken up earlier a more resolute attitude the outbreak of hostilities would have been prevented. The deepening of the Kiel Canal was complete, the War Party in Germany was eager to strike, the whole German nation had been carried off its feet by greed. After forty years of preparation the German impulse towards war was irrésistible.

The second great mistake of Germany was her decision to pass through Belgium. It was the rape of Belgium, even more than the plight of France, which settled the issue for wavering masses of the British nation; and the atrocities committed on the hapless Belgian civil population steeled British emotions into an unfaltering determina-tion. German frightfulness has brought the enemy no military advantage, and

has made the Germans pariahs.

Whether the invasion of Belgium was a military blunder is a more open question. The Germans wanted room to deploy their armies, and they had not space enough between Metz and Mulhouse. In any case, the lessons derived from the gradual weakening of Russia's efforts lead to the conclusion that Germany was probably strategically right in striking first at the French.

She failed to destroy the Franco-British armies or to reach Paris. If she had lost the war before a shot was fired, she had doubly lost it in a month. Her wild rush towards Paris was a military error of the first magnitude, for the fatigued German armies were hustled by their generals to a standstill.

The uncanny silence in Great Britain during the first fortnight of the war is an unfading memory. I never saw a flag, never heard a cheer. The Grand Fleet, already mobilised, vanished out of ken into the mists of the North Sea under Jellicoe and Beatty. The Expeditionary Force departed so mysteriously that few knew it had gone. The little army we landed on the Continent was like a finely-tempered spear-head, and no more perfect force has ever marched to war before or since.

The last week of August, 1914, was

easily the blackest phase of the war for the Western Allies. The Germans fell like an avalanche on the forces alined along the Belgian frontier, and the fall of Paris seemed inevitable. The French Government left for Bordeaux, the British coastal base was shifted to St. Nazaire, in the Bay of Biscay, Lord Kitchener was even heard to speak of the line of the Pyrcnecs.

#### Myths About the Marne

The retreat from Mons was an episode in our military history more mcmorable, and in some respects more glorious, than many battles. It was handled with skill and coolness, and the fortitude and endurance shown by the rank and file have never been surpassed. Had we not had nearly ten thousand casualties at the battle of Le Cateau our losses in the retreat would have been moderate for so difficult an operation. My own view is that there was no imperative necessity to make a stand at Le Cateau, and that the battle should never have been fought. The amazing details of the retreat from Mons have not yet been fully told. Fcw people are aware, for instance, that a daring force of Uhlans, with several guns, nearly captured Lord French one night at Dammartin.

By common consent, the most fruitful battle of the war has been the battle of the Marne. The hopes of Germany were wrecked for ever in that first week of September, 1914. The great victory of Marshal Joffre compelled the invaders to dig themselves in, and they relapsed into defensive methods, from which they have since emerged only thrice, at the First and

Second Battles of Ypres and at Vcrdun.

Already the battle of the Marne is becoming obscured by myths. We are told that its real hero was Foch, who is said to have driven a wedge through the enemy's centre. We have also been told that the British were late in moving and did little. Both allegations are apo-cryphal. Foch did splendidly, but he drove no wedge. The British moved off punctually at the request of Joffre, fought their full share and pursued ardently to the Aisne. Joffre's calmly confident spirit dominated the entire operations, and to him belongs the laurel wreath; but Gallicni, the Governor of Paris, rendered services which will make his name immortal also. It was at his suggestion that Maunoury fell on the flank of Von Kluck's army at the Ourcq, and made the German retreat imperative.

I have dwelt upon these early phases of the war in the West because they affected and almost determined everything that followed. We cannot study them too

much. They constitute the epic pcriod.

It cannot be said that the British Government rose to the height of its opportunities during the autumn and winter of 1914. The country was eager and enthusiastic, recruits poured in, but the authoritics chilled the nation by their reticence. For the suppression of news Lord Kitchener was primarily responsible. Most of his life had been spent in the East, and he had to some extent lost touch with the spirit of his countrymen. His calmness and his confidence were valuable assets, but his weakness was that he liked to hold all the strings in his own hands and would not decentralise. His greatest service, perhaps, lay in the fact that he forcsaw

#### THE FIRST THREE YEARS

the probable magnitude and duration of the war more swiftly than anyone else.

I do not blame the Government for not having introduced compulsory military service at the outbreak of war, though it might have been carried with a rush in the first week. Possibly they were right to exhaust the voluntary principle first, but in the end they clung to it far too long. The National Register and the Derby scheme lost us half a year, though the later months of 1915 were not entirely wasted. More than one commander has declared that the best men he got were the "Derbies."

After the Marne and the Battle of the Aisne the British army in France was removed in October, 1914, from the midst of the French front, and transferred to its rightful place on the left flank. The masterly manner in which this most delicate movement was executed has never been fully appreciated by the public. The change coincided with the loss of Antwerp, the whole story of which has yet to be written. If other plans had not miscarried, Antwerp might have been held. It was a race against time, and we lost the race.

On the other side of the world the valiant Japanese sought to redress the balance by capturing the great German stronghold of Tsing-tau.

#### The Vast Stake at Ypres

The most glorious battle fought by Great Britain in the war was undoubtedly the First Battle of Ypres, waged in October and November, 1914. French and Belgian corps shared in that heroic encounter, but the brunt of the work was done by the British. I hold the results at Ypres to be equal to those gained at the Marne. The reason the vital character of the Battle of Ypres has not been generally understood is that, whereas the whole world heard instantly of the Marne, the conflict before Ypres was never properly explained, even to the people of Great Britain, until many weeks afterwards.

The Marne would have been fought in vain unless Lord French had won the First Battle of Ypres. The Germans flung 600,000 men in masses against our slender line in the hope of reaching the Channel ports. Had they got through they would certainly have seized Dunkirk and Calais and Boulogne, and perhaps Havre also. Paris would again have been in danger. Dover would have been within range of the big guns. The example of Zeebrugge and of the aerodromes now existing in Belgium shows us what would have been our lot if the Germans had achieved their object. Submarines would have paralysed our Channel communications, aircraft would have incessantly bombed our southern towns.

#### Germany's Objects in the War

The enemy knew what a vast stake they were fighting for. The Kaiser came to Roulers to watch the battle, and on November 11th he flung in the Prussian Guard Corps in dense formation, only to see it shattered. We had 50,000 casualties, but our line held. The men who fought at Ypres under Lord French saved England.

The winter of 1914-15 was a time of immobility on the western front, but by the end of the year events had moved very rapidly in other theatres of the war. The violent fluctuations on the eastern front had ended with the Germans entrenched in position before Warsaw for the second time, while the Russians had

overrun Galicia. Turkey had entered the war, attention was being directed towards the desire of the Germans to carve their road to the Middle East, and the British Government began to hatch their scheme for forcing the Dardanelles and taking Constantinople.

We hear much discussion of Germany's objects in the war, but I do not think it can be truly said that she had any single object. Her general object was to dominate the Old World and menace the New. She wanted to control by subordinate alliances a great tract of country stretching to the Persian Gulf, and to undermine the British position in India; but she also wanted to hold the mouths of the Scheldt and the Rhine, to absorb Belgium, to doom France to a living death, and to turn 'Antwerp into a fortresspistol aimed at England's heart. If, however, there was one object dearer to her than another, it was the development of her road to the East.

#### Strength Frittered in the East

In a review of this nature one's personal views are bound to be expressed to some extent. I am of those who have held ever since the winter of 1914 that we have frittered away strength in Eastern campaigns. Our one great duty in the East was to guard the Suez Canal. Our other task was to hold the Tigris-Euphrates delta, in order to prevent the Turks from debouching on the Persian Gulf. We should never have gone to Gallipoli or to Bagdad. If we wanted to operate in Eastern Europe we should have sent an army to the Balkans and saved Serbia. If we wished to strike at the Turks, we should have cut the Bagdad Railway from Alexandretta.

Whether the Dardanelles Expedition

Whether the Dardanelles Expedition was a feasible military operation is a debatable question. I think the balance of experience shows that it aimed at a possible achievement. A joint military and naval attack might have won the whole Gallipoli Peninsula. Even after the repeated failures there was a moment in August when the forces from Anzac reached the crest of Chunuk Bair at which the enterprise may have been within an ace of success. Its chances were really ruined, however, by the premature and unsupported naval attack, which gave the Turks ample warning. It should always be remembered that those who planned the Dardanelles operation expected a landing of Russian troops near Constantinople, which never came. Within a week of the first land assault on Gallipoli, Mackensen had begun his great drive through Galicia. All through the summer of 1915 the Russian armies were falling back. Their guns were outranged, at times their infantry fighting with sticks.

If we failed at Gallipoli, it was a splendid failure, redeemed by the matchless valour of our troops. The marvellous Battle of the Landing is unsurpassed in our history, and I do not believe any other troops in the world could have been persuaded to gain a foothold on those fire-swept beaches. On the heights of Anzac the Australian and New Zealand troops bought with their blood their heritage at the Antipodes. Whether rightly or wrongly conceived, the Dardanelles Expedition had an intimate connection with the ocean highway to the south, which must be kept open if the safety of Australasia is to be assured.

The year 1915 will always be regarded as the period of our awakening at home. It was then that the country began to realise the immensity of the task to which the British Empire was committed. We had been dreaming of "breaking through" the German line in the west, and the Battle of Neuve Chapelle early in March caused disappointment. The truth is that there was no intention of breaking through at Neuve Chapelle. The battle was fought to obtain certain tactical advantages, and to keep alive the offensive spirit of the troops. And these objects were attained. Then came, in April, the Second Battle of Ypres, when the Allied forces were completely surprised. The battle will be remembered in history because upon that occasion the Germans used asphyxiating gas for the first time. The horror with which we then read of the pale green cloud of death is still vivid.

#### The Awakening in Britain

The enemy tore a rent five miles long in the French line. They would have reached the Channel ports, and perhaps have changed the whole course of the war in the west, had it not been for the indomitable gallantry of the Canadians and of the Northumbrian Division. The Ypres salient was hardly secure when in May there followed the joint British and French offensive at Festubert and Arras, which was undoubtedly meant to burst the German line.

The swift failure at Festubert woke England to realities. The country heard with indignation that Lord French had been expected to fight the Germans without suitable or sufficient shells. He had been peppering the foe with shrapuel, and his appeals for high explosives had not been met. The disclosure broke Mr. Asquith's Liberal Ministry, which was replaced by a Coalition of both parties. The result of the change was not wholly encouraging, for we had not then fully learned how to wage war. A Cabinet of twenty-three members is not a body which comes to swift decisions. The position was complicated by the fact that we had no Imperial General Staff until October, 1915. Glimpses of the muddled methods of those days are seen in the reports of the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia Commissions.

Yet by the end of the year things were more or less righted. The abiding marvel is, not that so many mistakes were made, but that we grasped the lesson of our errors so rapidly. The formation of the Ministry of Munitions under Mr. Lloyd George was a great landmark in the war. It was a real turning-point, and though its results only became extensively visible in 1916, the Ministry of Munitions procured for us that indisputable ascendancy which we eventually won on the western front. At the close of 1915 we had innumerable munition factories at work; the General Staff was gathering into its hands the threads of our campaigns; and the unwieldy Cabinet had formed within itself a small and workable Committee for the general control of the war.

#### The Cabinet and the Navy

Trouble at the Admiralty was a contributory cause of the collapse of the Liberal Ministry. It is too soon, even now, to form a just and balanced view of the work of the Royal Navy in the war. The supreme test has not yet come, and may never come, but meanwhile we can see one thing clearly. The existence of the Navy, its overwhelming strength, its ceaseless and untiring vigilance, alone

#### THE FIRST THREE YEARS

rendered possible the great military campaigns of the Allies in many lands. The Navy had Germany by the throat from the beginning, and if the grip of its blockade was not at first as tense as it should have been, the fault did not lie with our seamen.

The actions fought at sea were not flawless. The movements which led to the destruction of Cradock's squadron at the Battle of Coronel have never been properly explained. The leisurely procedure of the Battle of the Falkland Islands has been criticised by many, despite the fact that Cradock was crushingly avenged. Certain misunderstandings appear to have deprived us of the full fruits of victory at the Battle of the Dogger Bank, when the Blucher was sunk. The great Battle of Jutland in 1916 is still invested with something of the vagueness of the misty weather in which it was fought, and the one unmistakable fact which leads to a plain verdict is that the German Higb Sea Fleet hurried back to port badly hammered.

#### Loos and Champagne

One school of experts argues that the strategy of the Royal Navy has not been aggressive enough. The Grand Fleet has been, in the King's words, our "sure shield"; but, it is asked, has it been sword as well as buckler? Yet we should be chary of accepting the view which would commit our warships to the role of terriers at a rat-hunt. When we throw the Fleet into the scale we wager "all we have and are." Risks cannot be counted when the enemy appears, but to run unprecedented risks with the faint hope of destroying the German squadrons is another matter.

The entry of Italy into the war in May, 1915, marked the first adhesion of a great neutral to the allied cause. It must always be remembered with gratitude that Italy took up arms at a moment when the Russians were retreating, and when the fortunes of the Allies were not bright. The Italian decision was a great encouragement. And now that the Russian armies are for the most part either inactive or mutinous, where should we be in the west to-day without the staunch belp of Italy, who detains on her front a large proportion of the Austrian forces?

The Battle of Loos, in the autumn of 1915, cost us 50,000 casualties, and its results were not commensurate with the price paid; but to explain its purpose we must also look elsewhere. Loos was associated with the simultaneous French offensive in Champagne, where Joffre attacked on a front three times as long as our own battle-front, and threw in three times the number of men. Our object was to help the French by bolding the Germans on our front, and if Joffre broke through we hoped to break through also. Joffre took 25,000 prisoners, but he did not burst the German line, and it is therefore not surprising that our gains were limited.

The best answer to criticisms of the Battle of Loos is that at the time of writing, nearly two years later, we have still to capture the adjacent colliery town of Lens. We now have vast armies and guns without limit; we half-encircle Lens like the claws of a crab; we have pushed into its suburbs, and bave fought our way from house to house; yet Lens still holds out, and we need not wonder that we did not take it at the Battle of Loos. One of the lessons of Loos was that division and corps commanders must maintain and husband their local reserves.

After Loos the outlook grew blacker, though the old grim doggedness of the British race was never more manifest than during the autumn and winter of 1915–16. Serbia, having twice gallantly thrown back the Austrian invaders, was overrun, and the unhappy Serbian nation bas undergone ever since a martyrdom which is almost leading to extinction. Even to-day we hear far too little about the dradful fate of Serbia, far too little about the duty Europe owes to the bapless Serbs.

#### The Balkan Imbroglio

Bulgaria, whose liberation was due to the generous impulses of Russia, blackened her name irretrievably by drawing the sword in behalf of Germany, and by ranging berself in battle beside her ancient oppressors, the Turks. The Allies landed at Salonika too late to save Serbia. British diplomacy has been blamed because Bulgaria went the wrong way, but the balance of present evidence is that King Ferdinand and his convict Premier, Radoslavoff, always meant to be treacherous to Slav ideals. The landing at Salonika prevented the creation of a hostile submarine base, it saved Greece from her pro-German conspirators, and it held the bulk of the Bulgarian Army; but the Salonika Expedition bas always been too big for defence and too small for offence. The Allies would want a million men, supplied by innumerable sbips, to fight their way up the Vardar and to capture Sofia. We can spare neither the men nor the ships.

#### Gallipoli and Mesopotamia

The crowning tragedy of the year, worse in its way than the evacuation of Gallipoli, was the British defeat at Ctesiphon, in Mesopotamia, and the subsequent investment of Kut. When all is said that can be said of official shortcomings, the plain fact remains that we asked of India far more than her military strength could fulfil. Victory over the Germans will never be attained in the Chaldean deserts, and the menace to India through Persia was always shadowy. The Russians have conquered Armenia with thin forces, though they could not save the Armenians from massacre.

The opening of 1916 saw a definite turn of the tide, and brought the final revelation that the military strength of Germany was unequal to its task. Great Britain took the plunge and adopted compulsory military service, though ber proudest boast must always be that so many millions in the Mother Country and the Overseas Dominions bad already voluntarily offered their lives in the noblest of causes.

The Germans, who had massed their storming columns under cover of fog, began in February their gigantic attack on Verdun, which so nearly succeeded. Verdun is France's greatest glory, and it proved a rock against which the tides of German manhood broke in vain. Yet there was a time in June—the month when Lord Kitchener vanished for ever from our sight, and when Brussiloff began the last great Russian offensive—when the French resistance at Verdun was almost overcome.

#### Results of the Somme

Sir Douglas Haig, who had succeeded Lord French, began on July 1st, 1916, the unprecedented Battle of the Somme, the longest and the most bitter conflict in which any army bas ever engaged, in the very nick of time. He saved Verdun;

he saved France; and be so weakened the German strength that the enemy can probably never again engage in an offensive on the grand scale in the west. The results of the Battle of the Somme were seen in the speech of the new German Chancellor, which practically admitted that Germany must henceforthely in the main upon her submarines. The northern sector of the battle went badly during the first day or two, and our losses were heavy; but when the fighting died away at the advent of winter a great slice had been torn out of the German front.

The Somme marked the triumph of the New Armies, who did gloriously. It marked also the vindication of the Ministry of Munitions, for the world had never seen such an overwhelming artillery fire. Above all, it proved that, given time, Great Britain as a military Power was more than equal to the German legions.

The entry of Rumania into the war, when the Battle of the Somme had been raging for two months, had the deplorable result of giving Germany and the Austrians another lease of life in the field. There is no calumny more unfounded than the suggestion that British pressure forced Rumania into the war. Wherever the fault lay, it was not in London. High policy apart, the grave truth about Rumania is that she might never have been overthrown had there been better co-ordination between the Staffs of the Allies. The chief weakness of the Allies is that they have not fought one united war, but a dozen separate ones. The Rumanian Army is full of good material, but was badly led at the outset; yet though the enemy conquered the granary of Wallachia, the northern province of Moldavia has been saved.

#### The Russian Upheaval

There were many among us who secretly hoped, and even believed, that the present year would have witnessed the final defeat of Germany in the field. The New Year seemed full of promise. We had a reconstructed Ministry, headed by Mr. Lloyd George, and containing a large admixture of fresh blood. Sir William Robertson, the chief of the Imperial General Staff, had strengthened and unified bis control of our scattered campaigns; and his judgment of men had been vindicated by his choice of General Maude, the captor of Bagdad, and of General Smuts, wbo bad brilliantly conquered the last of the German colonies. Our output of guns and sbells was vast. The outlook was entirely hopeful, when the Russian Revolution, which for a few days was welcomed with joy, paralysed the military situation.

There can be no mistake about the military consequences of the Russian upheaval. When the Russian Armies refused to fight for the liberty they had won, they imperilled all buman liberty. The disappearance of the Tsardom left a gap which has not been filled. It is no answer to say that bad there been no Revolution the pro-German element in Russia might have contracted a separate peace. The postulate is at least doubtful, and even half-hearted bostilities would have been better than absolute stagnation. Italy cannot strike towards Trieste when she bas almost the whole weight of Austria-Hungary upon her shoulders. Relieved from anxiety on her eastern front, Germany has been able to divert her new

#### THE FIRST THREE YEARS

reserves against the Allies in France and Flanders. We all hope that Russia will find herself in time, but, meanwhile, her preoccupations have prolonged the war, and half ruined the present campaigning season.

The British have had great successes in the west this year, in spite of the fading of some of our hopes. The new German leader, Marshal von Hindenburg, proved to have no policy but withdrawal. The campaign began with a great German retreat, which was the final fruit of the Battle of the Somme. The French summoned all their energies for another great offensive, this time on the Aisne, which was only partially successful; and the British Battles of Arras and Vimy, meant to be subsidiary operations, grew into main events. The subsequent Battle of Messines, which amply justified Lord French's stern decision never to relinquish the critical Ypres salient, was unquestionably the neatest and most compact conflict we have ever fought.

#### Enter the United States

If the Russian Revolution has temporarily foiled our larger expectations, the dramatic appearance of the United States as a combatant has brought new hope. It seals the doom of Germany, and shatters for ever her mad dream of gaining the mastery of the world. If not this year, then next year; the end is now more assured than ever. The swift and silent preparations in America herald the salvation of human freedom.

Next to her miscalculation about England, the greatest mistake Germany has made is to compel the United States to join in the war. The policy of relying upon unrestricted and implacable subupon unrestricted and implacable sub-marine warfare, adopted at the bidding of Hindenburg, is the impelling cause. Germany is now staking her whole future upon the success of her submarines. She expects to subject the mercantile marine of this country, of our Allies, and of friendly neutrals, to a slow but continuous process of destruction. She calculates that she can destroy much faster than the Allies can build. Above all, she believes that there will not be enough ships available to transport great American armies to Europe, and to keep them supplied.

There is every reason to believe that she will be disappointed. Great Britain will not be starved out. Ships in great numbers are now being built. At the same time it is regrettable that no adequate protection against the menace of submarines has yet been discovered. The British Admiralty neglected the problem for nearly eighteen months.

Similar lack of prevision is found in regard to air warfare, the great new factor evolved in the last three years. Our airmen probably surpass those of any other country, though we have yet to see what American daring will produce. We have done wonders with our air services, but we have not done enough. Construction has been retarded, partly by constant changes of type. The arbitrary division between the naval and military air services is fundamentally wrong. We have frustrated the Zeppelin wrong. We have frustrated the Zeppelin menace, but so far we have not overcome the more formidable danger of daylight aeroplane raids, which have a very sinister significance for the whole human race. Our cardinal fault in air warfare is that our generals and admirals have always regarded aircraft as a subsidiary arm, whereas it is now being recognised that the war may possibly be won in the air. The time has come when we must seek to realise Tennyson's vision of "airy navies grappling in the central blue."

#### 1815-1917

In the past three years we have often chided ourselves as a nation for our failures and our shortcomings in this war, but the real marvel is that our mistakes were not multiplied tenfold. History can show no miracle comparable to the steady transformation of peace-loving Britain into a military Power so huge that to-day we are sustaining the

whole of the Allies. Less than 30,000 Britons fought at Waterloo on the day when we settled the destiny of Europe for a century; to-day we have millions under arms, we hold Germany at bay, we force her Fleet to stay in hiding. We have poured out money like water, we are turning nearly all our industries to one supreme end. We have made in-calculable sacrifices, but our people have saved the world from ruin. Though the military collapse of Russia is a matter for sorrow, it cannot now alter the outcome of the war, which will undoubtedly be settled in the west.

#### Man's Eternal Birthright

While the war has brought us poignant grief, I believe it should also prove our salvation as an Empire, if our people preserve the sanity and coolness which have carried the British race through so many trials in the past. Even in the midst of the battle-smoke we see visions of a nobler and a better England. The war has knit the Empire indissolubly together, it has shown the Oversea Dominions that their true interests lie in unity, it has brought promise of a freer India proud to range itself beneath the British flag, it has linked us at long last with the mighty Republic across the Atlantic which cherishes freedom as firmly as we do ourselves.

The struggle may still be long, and even the advent of peace may not at first mean a new dawn for the world. Sombre years may intervene. The chaos in Russia is ominous, and may prove to be contagious. If we look back through thousands of years we find that civilisation is tidal. It rises and recedes, and the periods when all men rule have generally corresponded with decline; but I believe that each succeeding tide of civilisation rises higher on the beaches of Time. We cannot vet fully discern whither the deep currents now stirring may carry us. All we know is that the eternal birthright of man is to strive and to hope. Lovat traser.



Volumes of poleon-laden smoke, lit here and there by tongues of fire. Remarkable near impression of two German gas-shells exploding within a few yarde of the Canadian lines. The foreground has been churned up by similar projectiles.

# Under Five Flags in the Far-Flung Fields of War



View of Prizrend, a cathedral city in Serbia, close to the Albanian frontier, and eighty-eight miles north-west of Monastir.



French infantry, with their flag flying over their piled arme, anjoying a brief rest preparatory to going up to the front line.



Great mine-crater near Beauesjour, Champagne. The depth and extent of it are well indicated by the coldiere standing in it.



Beigian "Tube" near Nieuport. Milee of euch tunnele were built for the taking of eupplies in eafety to men in the front line.



French Alpinists and British cavalrymen fraternising on the Somme, where both bravely bore their parts.



Quiet corner near a Ruesian camp behind the linee of the allied forces operating in Macedonia.

## JAPAN'S SOLDIERS AS I KNOW THEM

By F. A. McKENZIE

Special Correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War.

Japanese soldier is the wonder of the world. Fifty years ago rival clansmen with two-handled swords, bows and arrows, and niediæval armour, fought out their rival claims. To-day we see a nation in arms, powerful both by land and sea, which has defeated two of the great military peoples of Europe, and is acquiring a steadily growing supremacy over its neighbours in Asia. What has worked this miracle? The thing is, perhaps,

not quite so great a miracle as might at first sight appear. The Japanese has always been a first-class fighting man. He has two qualities in his make-up—the passivity of the Mongol, which enables him to bide his time, and the hot temper of the Malay, which makes him indifferent to danger when the hour to strike has come. He has a fierce pride—pride of race, pride of clan, and pride of family, the greatest of any people I know.

#### The Supreme National Hero

The soldier has always been the supreme national hero, and until recently the trader and mere money-maker was barely endured. When Japan ceased her internal quarrels and adopted Western methods and weapons, she had already made a long stride on the way to greatness.

Small, stocky, brown-skinned and amazingly strong, the Japanese intantryman is magnificent. His discipline is strict. From childhood he has been taught that his own strict. From childhood he has been taught that his own life counts for little when weighed against the honour of his family. In the West we emphasise the importance of the individual; we aim to "live our lives," often irrespective of our families. With the Japanese, family comes first. Death is welcome, if dying brings honour to it.

This family pride steels his courage. Oriental tradition holds life less highly than we do. "Why did you let the Japanese drive you out of your strong position?" I once asked a defeated Russian officer.

"They came on once," he replied. "Every man died. A fresh lot came on a second time, and one or two found refuge behind the bodies of the dead. Seventeen times fresh storming-parties were sent up. Seventeen times we

fresh storming-parties were sent up. Seventeen times we swept them away. We were sick of slaughter. The heaps of dead in front of us and the lines of agonised wounded appalled us. One or two of the men in our trenches went mad with the horror of it. We could hardly hold our hot weapons in our hands. Suddenly their artillery fire redoubled, there came a big rush, and before we knew what had happened the Japanese were on us. Their very dead seemed to spring to life to aid them!" And, as he finished, the Russian raised his hand to his head to wipe away the perspiration caused by the recollection of that dread hour.

#### The Clan Tradition

I recall one occasion when two Japanese brigades were attacking separate sections of a strong Russian lull position in Manchuria. The brigades belonged to rival neighbouring clans. One body advanced gallantly and, despite heavy loss, got half-way up the hill, when the Russians rolled down a number of big rocks, which came crashing through

the lines, smashing up the attack.

The survivors of the brigade, returning to the base, learned that the second brigade had succeeded. Every man knew that for a century to come their neighbours would taunt their clan with its failure. They went to their commander and begged for another chance. They advanced again, under cover of darkness, and this time succeeded.

The clan traditions of the Japanese Army serve it well.

In a national army like the Japanese, officers have to be drawn from more than one section; but the real heart of the Army is found in the descendants of the Samurai, the old fighting knights of Japan. From childhood they are taught to aim at a very lofty ideal. As young boys they learn to endure hardships, to live simply, to court danger and face it unflinchingly. They have to seek out discomfort, to familiarise themselves with the sight of

death and with the endurance of horror. Money is esteemed a minor thing. Above all, they are loyal to their chief. Once it was the chief of their clan they served; now it is the chief of the nation—the Emperor.

General Nogi, the victor of Port Arthur, was perhaps the most perfect example of this type of old knight soldier. But there are many like him, and they are the backbone of the Army. I myself have seen great commanders living for choice, when in the midst of plenty, in simple fashion that many a European subaltern would despise.

The Japanese are most efficient in their infantry and artillery, and weakest in cavalry. They themselves are best aware of this, and have made many efforts to redress the balance. But it is difficult.

The only time I saw a Japanese soldier display timidity was when I wanted a Chinese pony shod. My pony was a lively specimen. It had a way of biting strangers who approached it in front, and of kicking with concentrated venom those who came behind it. It had exercised great ingenuity in trying to kill me before it knew me properly. The Japanese farrier refused to touch it until a white man closed with it and secured its hind leg. Yet that same farrier would have stormed the heights of Port Arthur without a quiver. The Soldier's Training

Individual initiative and personal responsibility are the cardinal principles of Japanese training. Every soldier is taught to be a potential leader. One of the most familiar sights in a campaign is the company officer instructing his men, in the intervals between engagements, in plans for coming fighting. If all of a company but three are killed in an advance, one of the three becomes leader, and sets

about planning how to score a victory.

Officers are responsible, even with their lives, for carrying out their orders. On one occasion, in the days immediately following the Russian War, I was travelling through the heart of Manchuria. The railway had been torn up, and the country was overrun by bands of Hung-hutzes (robbers). The Japanese kindly provided me with a military escort. One night I lodged in a remote military hut, where the walls were protected by earthen banks to keep Hung-hutze bullets off. In the morning, when I set out in a small, narrowgauge, coolie-driven truck, an officer sat by my side, two infantrymen with loaded rifles took their places on raised seats behind, and some mounted troops rode on either side.

#### Japan in the War

I suggested to the officer that he was taking somewhat elaborate precautions for my safety. He shook his head.
"If you were killed," said he, "I should have to suicide myself." In olden days the soldier of good birth who failed or disgraced himself committed hari-kari, a painful form of suicide. The tradition linears.

form of suicide. The tradition lingers.

It does not do to despise the Japanese. In January, 11 does not do to despise the Japanese. In January, 1904, I discussed with a lugh Russian diplomatic official the possibilities of war. I still remember his contempt and scorn at the suggestion that Japan might manage to put up a good fight. Less than a fortnight later I saw that same diplomatist conducted under a Japanese guard from his Legation to a French warship waiting to receive him as a refugee. As the ship steamed away he could see emerging from the water the funnels of a Russian warship sunk in the bay by the Japanese he had despised.

Japan was the fortunate partner in the Great War who gained much. When war began, her military glory had strained her finances almost to breaking point. Her aid to Britain in convoying troops from Australasia and her thorough bit of work at Kiao-Chau cost her comparatively little. As a munition-maker for the Allies she transformed her financial and industrial position. Her statesmen saw in this war the beginning of a new era for Dai Nippon, an era in which she will play a greater part than a generation ago seemed possible.

# The Roll of Honoured Deal

In this section, continuing those of previous volumes, will be found a large number of portraits of gallant British officers, including heroes from overseas, who fell on the field of honour fighting for their King and Empire. The whole English-speaking race cherishes the memory of these splendid heroes who made the supreme sacrifice, and their names are inscribed for ever on the scroll of fame in the Golden Book of British Chivalry. They are representative of every regiment and rank.



Brig.-Geu. F. J. DE GEX, C.B., C.M.O.



Brig.-Oen, C. B. BULKELEY-JOHNSON, A.D.C. to the King.



Lt.-Col. H. M. CLIFF, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Maj. A. O. McNEILL, M.C., Royal Eugineers.



Capt. J. NORQUOY, Middlesex Regt.



Capt. H. S. O. ASHINOTON, East Yorkshire Regt.



Capt. P. R. O. TRENCH, Queen's, att. Royal Welsh Fus.



Capt. O. O. BRUNWIN-HALES, Essex Regt. & R.F.C.



Capt. G. A. READ, Leinster Regt.



Capt. H. B. MOLLMAN, Leinster Regt.



Capt. aud Adj. Hou. L. U. KAY-SHUTTLE WORTH, R.F.A.



Lt.-Comdr. B. A. BEAL, R.N.



Lieut. C. J. PYM, Irish Gnards.



Lieut. E. E. HYDE, Royal Irish Fusiliers.



Flight-Lt. H. D. GRAHAM, Snb-Lt. R.N.



Sec,-Lt. J. E. S. WAKELEY, Gloucester Regt.



Lieut. R. B. SAYER, Royal Fusiliers.



AYER, Lieut. A. J. NORSWORTHY, Sec.-Lt. 1 lers. Canadian Infautry. Man Portraits by Lafayette, Walter Barnett, Bassano, Swaine.



Sec.-Lt. ALAN INOHAM, Mauchester Regt.



Sec.-Lt. G. H. T. ROSS, Essex Regt,

AA 7



Lt.-Col. H. B. BURNABY, D.S.O., R. West Surrey Regt.



Lt.-Coi. C. J. WILKIE, Welsh Regt.



Lt.-Col. J. O'B. MINOGUE, C.M.G., West Yorks Regt.



Maj. W. A. IRVING, Canadian Field Artillery



Maj. A. G. ASTLEY, M.C., Royal Fusiliers.



Maj. U. S. NAYLOR, Royal Irish Regt.



Capt. C. M. NICOL, M.B., R.A.M.C.



Capt. D. L. EVANS, Northamptonshire Regt.



Capt. C. E. D. KING, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I.



Capt. R. H. V. THOMPSON, Royal Fusiliers.

Lt.-Col. Hugo Beaumont Burnaby, son of the late Rev. S. B. Burnaby, served with the Wiltshire Yeomanry in the South African War, and rose to the rank of captain and won the D.S.O. He was part owner of the well-known Rocketer Game Farm At the outbreak of this war he obtained a captaincy in the Durham Light Infantry, and was chosen to raise a battainon of the Royai West Surrey Regiment, which he was commanding when killed. Lt.-Col. John O'Brien Minogue served with the Burmese Expedition, 1885-89 (despatches, medal with two clasps); Chin-Lushai Expedition, 1889-90 (despatches, clasp); Ashanti Expedition, 1895-96; and as D.A.A.G. in Tibet, 1903-4, being present at Niani, Gyantse, and the march to Lhasa (despatches, medal and clasp). In 1908 hook part in the Mohmand operations, including the engagement of Matta (medal with clasp). He retired in 1909, and in 1915 was given command of a battainon of the West Yorkshire Regiment. Capt. Charles Mill Nicol, M.B., Ch.B., died of wounds, entered the R.A.M.C. in 1909. In 1913 he had promotion, and was gazetted to the Staff as Deputy-Assistant-Director of Medicai Services. In Egypt when the war broke out, he was transferred to France, and was mentioned by Viscount French in despatches. His youngest brother, Lt. Alexander Nicol, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was killed at Achi Baba. Capt. Charles Eustace Dickson King, M.C., was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst. Out since the beginning of the war, he was three times mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross. He was three times mentioned he Army Double Racquets Championship.



Capt. R. J. SMITH, York and Lancaster Regt.



Lieut. L. M. NARES, Canadian Infantry.



Lient. E. H. LINTOTT, West Yorkshire Regt.



Capt. J. O. C. COWAN, Royal Scots.



Lieut. W. L. PERKS, Worcester Regt.



Lient. J. Y. SCOTT, Rifle Brigade.



Sec.-Lt. A. C. FLOWER, Grenadier Guards.



Lieut. G. R. McGUSTY, Royal Irish Rifles.



Lient. A. T. JARVIS, Essex; att. K.O.Y.L.I.



Sec.-Lt. A. G. TOMKINS, Irish Gnards. Portraits by Lafayette, Bassano, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Claude Harris, Yorick McGill.



Sec.-Lt. H. S. GREENWOOD, Royal Warwickshire Regt.



Lt.-Coi. T. H. P. MORRIS, M.C., Rifle Brigade.



Sqnad.-Com. I. H. W. S. DALRYMPLE-CLARK, R.N.



Capt. R. H. K. BYERS, Gloncestershire Regt.



Capt. KEITH LUCAS, R.F.C.





Capt. A. W. GREENWELL LAX, R.G.A.



Capt. F. R. JESSUP, Border Regt.



Capt. G. T. NEAME, East Kent Regt. (Buffs).



Capt. A. C. O'CONNOR, M.C., Norfolk Regt.



Lient. H. CLOUDESLEY, R. W. Snrrey Regt. (Qneen's)



Lient. G. SPRING-RICE, Border Regt.

Lt. Coi. Thomas Herbert Picton Morris, M.C., died of wounds, was only son of Mr. and Mrs. Picton Morris. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he received his commission in the Rifie Brigade in 1902, and served in the South African War (Queen's Medal and three clasps). He went to the front in March, 1915, and was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross.

Capt. Keith Lucas, Sc.D., F.R.S., of the Royai Flying Corps, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Feliow in 1904. He was elected F.R.S. in 1913. He had won a world-wide reputation as a most promising physiologist, and possessed a delicate command of instrumental methods. Busily engaged in teaching and research, he was one of the directors of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, and at the outbreak of war he devoted his skill and inventiveness to the Air Service. As a result of his study of the conditions affecting the aeroplane compass, the R.A.F. Mark II. compass was produced and standardised. Lt. Geraid Spring-Rice was a younger brother of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to the United States. After a period of valuable service as county director for Cumberland of the Voiuntary Aid Detachments, he joined the Border Regiment in 1915 and was killed in action May 27th, 1916, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Sec.-Lt. Richard Jones was a schoolmaster at Bontnewydd when he enlisted in the Royai Weish Fusillers early in the war. Four weeks before being killed in action, by the same shell that killed his colonel, he was promoted from the ranks on the field and transferred to the South Lancashire Regiment.



Lient. A. H. WRIXON, Snffolk Regt.



Lt. G. R. HAYES-SADLER, Royal Warwickshire Regt.



Sec.-Lt. RICHARD JONES, Sonth Lancashire Regt.



Lient. F. H. DOYLE, Army Veterinary Corps.



Lt.'S. E. J. C. LUSHINGTON, General List, New Armies.



Sec.-Lt. B. G. BOWLES, East Kent Regt. (Bnffs).



Sec.-Lt. H. A. HOLGATE, East Surrey Regt.



Sec.-Lt. S. SPEARING-SCHNEIDER, Royal Berks.



Sec.-Lt. H. E. WHITEMAN, Hants Regt., att. R.F.C.



Sec.-Lt. A. J. B. PEARSON, Att. Royal Warwick Regt. Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Hughes & Mullins, Swaine.



Sec.-Lt. G. M. GRAY, Royai Weat Kent Regt.





Brigadier-General DUNCAN
J. GLASFURD.



Major C. W. J. K. LENDRUM, Royal Inniskilling Fnsiliers.



Capt. F. G. C. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, Bedford Regt.



Capt E. H. KITCHIN, K.R.R.C.



Capt. W. J. HENDERSON, Loyal North Lancs Regt.



Capt. S. THOMPSON, Hampshire Regt.



Capt. R. E. HORKINS, R.A.M.C., att. R.F.A.



Capt. R. W. H. PRINGLE, West Yorkshire Regt.



Capt. L. O. HABERSHON, East Yorkshire Regt.



Capt. E. C. CHRISTIAN, South Staffordshire Regt.

Brigadier-General Duncan John Glasfurd served in the South African War (Queen's Medal, three clasps), and in Jubaland, 1901 (East African Medal with clasp). He commanded the 4th Somali Camel Corps, 1902-4, and afterwards was employed as Special Service officer under the Colonial Office (despatches, clasp). In 1912 he went to Australia as Director of Military Training, and in 1914 was appointed a General Staff officer with the leat me brigadier-general in March, 1916.

Captain Francis George Conligsby Ashmead-Bartlett, Bedfordshire Regiment, killed in action, was son of the late Sir Eills Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P. Born in 1883, he was a ilicutenant in the 4th Bedfordshires, and served in the South African War, 1901-2 (Queen's Medal, four clasps). He retired in 1902, but rejoined for the war, and was gazetted ilcutenant in his old regiment in November, 1914.

Lieutenant James Robert Dennistoun was son of Mr. George James Dennistoun, of Peel Forest, Canterbury, N.Z. He was a member of Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition, 1910-11, and was awarded the King's Antarctic Medal and the Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. A member of the Alpine Club, he ascended many of the snow-capped Southern Alps in New Zealand, and also climbed, alone, the virgin Mitre Peak in Millford Sound. At the outbreak of war he obtained a commission in the Irish Horse, and later joined the R.F.C. Wounded while flying, and his biplane catching fire, he was compelied to descend in the enemy's lines, and died as a prisoner of war at Ohrdruf, August 9th, 1916.



Capt. H. E. MARTIN, Middlesex Regt.



Lt. CLIVE GRIFFIN, M.C.,



Lieut. O. R. ORD, Rifle Brigade.



Lleut. W. F. MARTINDALE, Scots Gnards.



Lient. J. R. DENNISTOUN, Irish Horse and R.F.C.



Lieut. H. J. L. HARRIS, Hampshire Regt.



Sec.-Lt. H. P. WEBER, K.O. Lancaster Regt.



Sec.-Lt. F. H. S. CAIGER, R.F.A.



Sec.-Lt. J. McG. MILLER, Machine Gnn Corps. 4



Sec.-Lt. H. R. SHERIDAN, Connaught Rangers. Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Swaine, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Claude Harris.



-Lt. J. CUNNINGHAM, Bedfordshire Regt.



Lt.-Col. N. O. BURGE, R.M.L.I., O.C. Batt. R.N.D.



Major S. L. THORNE, Canadian Infantry.



Major C. C. DICKENS, London Regt.



Capt. A. C. WINGOOD, Canadian Infantry.



Lt. N. A. BROWNING-PATERSON, R.F.A. & R.F.C.



Capt. G. HASWELL, K.O.Y.L.I.



Capt. R. P. COTTON, Canadian Infantry.



Capt. F. S. KELLY, D.S.O., R.N.V.R.



Capt. W. PENN-GASKELL, Manchester Regt.



Lieut. S. A. WALKER, R.A.M.C., att. Cheshire Regt.

Lieut.-Colonel Norman Ormsby Burge, R.M.L.I., commanding a battallon of the Royal pointed Staff officer in 1913, he joined the British Expeditionary Force at the outbreak of war, and proceeded to Antwerp, going later to the Dardanelles as second in command of the Cyclist Corps. He was mentioned in despatches and promoted brevel-lieut.-colonel. Major Cedric Charles Dickens, son of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., and grandson of the novelist, was educated at Eton and Trinity Hail, Cambridge. In 1909 he joined the 13th (Kensington) Battalion of the London Regiment (T.F.), and became captain in 1913. He was wounded at Laventle in February, 1916, but returned to the front and was promoted major. He was present at the fighting at Gommecourt, and he was leading his company into action at Leuze Wood when he was shot through the heart.

Captain Frederick Septimus Kelly, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., of Bisham Grange, Marlow, was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. A great carsman, he rowed for Oxford against Cambridge in 1903, helped Leander to win the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley on three occasions, won the Wingheld Sculls and the amateur champlonship of the Thames, and established a record by winning the Diamond Sculls three times. Captain Kelly was a brilliant planist, and gave several recitals at London concert-halls. He volunteered for service with the R.N.V.R., and served in Gallipoll. He was one of the three officers who remained at the observation-post in the front trenches during the evacuation, and was one of the last men to leave the Peninsula. For his services he was awarded the D.S.O.



Lient. D. W. MOORE, Machine Gnn Corps.



Lieut. G. S. C. BAKER, Dake of Cornwall's L.I.



Sec.-Lt. F. G. SMITH, Dnrham L.I.



Lieut. E. W. BRODRICK, Yorkshire Regt.



Sec.-Lt. F. A. THEW, London Regt.



Lieut. J. R. CHESTERS, East Surrey Regt.



Sec.-Lt. D. F. STONE, Royal Irish Regt.



Sec.-Lt. H. F. MILES, K.O.S.B.



Sub-Lt. A. R. HART, R.N.V.R.



Sec.-Lt. J. MACDONALD, D.C.M., The Cameronians. Portraits by Swaine, Lafayette, Hughes & Mullins, Elliott & Fry, Russell & Sons.



Sec.-Lt. G. R. MONEY, Middlesex Regt.





Lt.-Col. C. E. GOFF, M.C. (King's) Liverpool Regt.



Capt. D. G. PEARCE, The Buffs (E. Kent Regt.).



Capt. G. F. IRVINE, R. Warwickshire Regt.



Capt. F. D. JESSOP, East Surrey Regt.



Capt. G. GOODES, M.C., Royal Fusiliers.



Capt. L. C. A. CURTIES, Machine Gnn Brigade.



Capt. J. C. LAUDER, Argyll and Sutherland Highdrs.



Capt. G. BIGNELL, Bedfordshire Rsgt.



Capt. M. L. W. MATTHEWS, Royal West Kent Regt.



Capt. H. P. MEAKIN, Coldstream Guards.

Captain George Goodes, Royal Fusiliers, was one of the heads of the Polytechnic School of Education, and formerly was Professor of Elocution at the Academy of Dramatic Art. He entered the Inns of Court O.T.C. in January, 1915. In June, 1916, he was awarded the Military Cross.

Captain John C. Lauder was the only son of Mr. Harry Lauder. Educated at Jesus Coliege, Cambridge, he joined the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on the outbreak of war, and won his captaincy by good service on the field. He returned to the front after recovering from his third wound, and was killed in action shortly afterwards.

Second-Lleutenant Leonard James Moon, Devon Regiment, was educated at Westminster and at Pembroke College, Campridge. At Cambridge he was a double Blue, playing Association football and cricket for the University. Subsequently he played football for the Old Westminsters and Corinthians and cricket for Middlesex. For seven years he had been joint headmaster and joint owner of Wellesley House School, Broadstairs. Shortly after the outbreak of war he enlisted in the Inns of Court O.T.C., and obtained a commission in the Devon Regiment. After a short period of service in France he was sent to another front and there received wounds of which he died.

Second-Lleutenant C. Walter Martin, Royal Martnes, killed in action, aged nineteen years, had shown great promise of a brilliant theatrical career. After training at the Academy of Dramatic Art he played under the management of H. B. Irving at the Savoy, of Frederick Harrison at the Haymarket, and of Vedrenne and Eadie at the Royalty.



Lient. D. G. HAGARTY, Canadian Infantry.



Sec.-Lt. L. J. MOON, Devon Regt.



Lieut. A. D. PROSSER, Canadian Infantry.



Sec.-Lt. L. F. ABERDEEN, London Regt.



Lieut. W. G. BLACKWELL, Royal Fnsiliers.



Sec.-Lt. R. H. SHAW, Northnmberland Fus.



Sec.-Lt. J. M. UNDERWOOD, R.F.A.



Sec.-Lt. C. W. MARTIN, Royal Marines.



Sec.-Lt. S. B. COGHILL, Royal Inniskilling Fus.



Ssc.-Lt. H. M. A. OLPHERT, R. Mnnster Fns., att. Leinster.



Sec.-Lt. L. WILLIAMS, Northnmberland Fns.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Brooke Hughes, Chancellor.



Lient.-Col. A. P. HAMILTON, attd. London Regt.



Capt. T. G. FITZPATRICK, Royal Irish Fusiliers.



Capt. T. H. WATTS, Middlesex Regt.



Capt. C. E. BLAND, Hampshire Regt.



Maj. E. T. BURGES, South African Infantry.



Capt. H. H. SHEARMAN, Lincolnshire Regt.



Capt. H. R. H. O'BRIEN, R.F.A.



Capt. A. HUTTON, Highland Light Infantry.



Capt. L. D. HEAD, K.O.Y.L.I.



Lient. A. E. SEDGWICK, London Regt.

Lieutenant-Colonei Arthur Percivai Hamilton, the Queen's Regiment, was the eldest son of the late Major P. F. P. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, Brendon, Winchester. He entered the Royai West Surrcy Regiment in 1904 and was promoted lieutenant in 1910. After serving as adjutant in the Territorial Force he was gazetted captain in the Queen's in 1914. He won the Military Cross for conspicuous gailantry in September, 1915. In June, 1916, he was appointed to the command of a battalion of the London Regiment. Second-Lieutenant Arnoid Ciemcnt Panting, Royai Munster Fusiliers, was the third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harwood Panting, of Norbury. Educated at Alleyn's College, Dulwich, he joined the editorial staff of the Amaigamated Press, and was editing a well-known periodical when war broke out. He joined the O.T.C. and obtained a commission in the Queen's, and iater, being drafted to Egypt, was attached to the Royai Munster Fusiliers afterwards he transferred to the R. F.C. and was killed while acting as observer, his machine falling from a height of 1,000 feet. Before the war Lieutenant Panting took keen interest in the Boys' Brigade, and won the challenge shield of his company for gymnastics for three years in succession.

Second-Lieutenant Claude Louis Bentley, Highland Light Infantry, was the second son of Mrs. Bentley, of George Street, Edinburgh. He enlisted in the Army Service Corps Remounts, and in December, 1915, received a commission in the Highland Light Infantry. After training, he returned to France and saw much severe fighting on the Somme as sniping, bombing, and intelligence officer. He came home for short leave and then, returning to his regiment, was killed while on active service by a bombing accident.



Lisut. and Adj. H. MAL-COLMSON, Royai Irish Regt.



Lient. A. M. BROAD, Royal Fus., attd. M. G. Corps.



Lient. H. W. VALLANCE, Canadian Infantry.



Lient. H. W. MACDONNELL, Canadian Infantry.



Lieut. R. W. JENNINGS, Worcestsrshire Regt.



Lieut. F. M. REA, Northumberland Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lt. A. A. PATTERSON, Border Regt.



Sec.-Lt. C. L. BENTLEY, Highland Light Infantry.



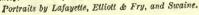
Sec.-Lt. A. C. PANTING, Royal Munster Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lt. A. A. S. HAMILTON, Royal Berkshire Regt.



Sec.-Lt. G. A. C. GREENOP. R.F.A.





## DIARY ENDING THE FIRST THREE YEARS

## Progress of Events in all Theatres of the War from the Fall of Bukarest to the End of the Third Year of the Conflict

Dec. 17.—Successful British trench raids near Ransart, and south-west of Wytschaete.

Dec. 18.—German counter-attack at Verdun gains a footing in the farm of Chambrettes, but driven out. The French report that they have taken 11,387 prisoners since December 15, 115 guns, 107 machine-guns.
DEC. 19.—French report lively artillery fighting on both sides

of the right bank of the Meuse.
Reported that German advance in Rumania has been checked before Braila, at the village of Botogu, thirty miles away from the town.

Great speech by Mr. Lloyd George in Parliament oh German peace offer and new Government's war policy.

DEC. 20.—Russians report that an enemy attack south-west of

Brody, near Bonikowica, breaks down.

DEC. 21.—Ei Arish Recaptured.—Our troops occupy the Egyptian town of El Arish, which had been for two years in the hands of the Turks.

Advance on Kut. Our aeroplanes drop a ton of explosives

on Turkish advanced base and shipping near Bargela, and our guns heavily bombard hostile trenches on the south bank of the Tigris near Kut-el-Amara and on the north bank at Sanna-i-Yat.

Two torpedo-boat destroyers sunk in collision in North

Sea; 55 lives lost.

DEC. 22.—British air raid on Turkish base ncar Bargela, Magdhaba, Beersheba, Auja, and railway bridge at Tcl-el-

Rumanians abandon Isaccea and Tultcha in the Dobruja.

New Peace Move.—Text of President Wilson's Note on peace to all the belligerents published.

New Allicd Note delivered to Greece.

DEC. 23.—Great Victory in Egypt.—Mounted troops carry strong enemy position at Magdhaba. Total eaptures amount to 1,350 prisoners and much war material.

Austrian naval raid in Strait of Otranto; enemy's force

driven off by allied units.

Dec. 24.—Officially announced that on the Struma front our troops earry out a successful raid on Kayakli, and the Royal Navy effectively bombards enemy entrenchments in neighbourhood of Ncochari.

Dec. 25.—British artillery active north of the Somme.
On the Doiran front our troops successfully raid enemy's main-line trenches between Lake Doiran and Doldzeli.
Dec. 26.—Announced that Rumanians have evacuated Filipesti.

Great artillery activity on both sides in the sectors Belloy-en-Santerre and Fouquescourt.

British naval raid on Galata (Gallipoli).

British aviators bomb Dillingen, and French aviators bomb Neunkirchen and Hagondangoy

Dec. 27.—Imperial War Conference.—Announced that an invitation has been sent to the Dominion Prime Ministers to

tation has been sent to the Dominion Prime Ministers to attend "a Special War Conference of the Empire."

General Joffre nominated Marshal of France. British Front Extended.—Announced that more of the allied line in France has been taken over by the British army. The operation was completed on the night of Christmas.

Germans claim success in Rumania in a battle lasting

five days, and announce they have taken Rimnic-Sarat.

British naval airmen destroy Chikaldir Bridge on Bagdad Railway.

French battleship Gaulois torpedoed in Mcditerranean; four lives lost.

DEC. 28.—Germans claim further successes at Rimnic-Sarat, and 10,000 prisoners.

DEC. 29.—New German offensive on Moldavian border.

Enemy attack north-west of Verdun repulsed.

DEC. 30.—Allies reply to German peace proposals with a direct negative; the proposals are characterised as sham, lacking all substance and precision, less an offer of peace than a

war manœuvre.

Italian guns very active against the whole front of the enemy, especially east of Gorizia and on the Carso. Enemy shells Gorizia without doing damage of importance, shells Gorizia without doing damage of importance.

North-west of Zborow (in Galicia), Russian scouts attack an enemy outpost in the region of Presowce, annihilated part of the post, and take the remainder prisoners.

Dec. 31.—British effectively bombard the enemy's defences south-east of Le Transloy. An enemy ammunition dump is blown up as the result of our fire.

#### 1917

Jan. 1.—Sir Douglas Haig created Field-Marshal.

Transport Ivernia sunk by submarine in Mediterranean;

155 missing.
Russians report successful counter-attack near Braila.
Attacking the bridge-head 12 miles from Braila itself, the enemy is thrown back by the Allies.

Renewed Offensive in East Africa.—Our forces in vicinity

of Kissaki, south of the Uluguru Hills, storm the strongly-entrenched lines of the enemy in the Mgeta Valley.

JAN. 2.—Text of New Allied Note to Greece published.

Mackensen's army reported before the Sereth lines at

JAN. 3.—Lord Cowdray appointed Air Minister.

Enemy elear the Dobruja by the capture of the Macin bridge-head, but checked in the Valley of the Buzeu.

JAN. 4.—Russian Success in the Carpathians.—Our ally breaks through the front of General von Kövess's army near Mount Botosul, capturing 600 prisoners and three guns. Germans report that the Milcovu sector, some distance

west of Focsani, has been captured. East African "round-up." Ann Announced that while the operations of Jan. I were in progress, a detached column reached the Rufiji River in the vicinity of Mkalinso, and established itself on both banks of that stream. Farther cast our forces hold a line east and west, through Kibata in the Matumbi Hills, astride the tracks leading south from the Rufiji delta.

British airmen again bomb the railway bridge at Kuleli

Burgas.

-Capture of Braila announced by the Germans. Allied Conference in Rome.—Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Milner arrive in Rome to take part with the French and Italian Governments in an exchange of views upon the general situation.

North of Beaumont-Hamel British troops seize two hostile posts.

JAN. 6.—British carry out successful daylight raid against the enemy's positions south-east of Arras, penetrating as far as his third line.

Russian rally on the Sereth. Our ally delivers an attack on a front of 15 miles, and gains ground in the direction of Obilesti.

#### DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

1917

Jan. 7.—Russians report heavy fighting near Riga, where they vigorously attack. They advance their line and take 800

British carry out a successful raid south of Armentières. JAN. 8 .- The Drive in East Africa .- War Office announces that General Smuts has pressed his operations against the main body of the enemy in the valley and delta of the Lower Rufiji River. Our troops have reached Kibambwe. Germans capture Focsani.

New Allied Note to Greece, with 48 hours' time limit.

Jan. 9.—Sinal Cleared of the Turk.—Our troops capture a strong enemy position covering Rafa (30 miles north-east of El Arish). A Turkish relief force is engaged about four miles from the Rafa position, and entirely destroyed. Our unwounded prisoners total 1,600; enemy killed and wounded in our hands amount to 600.

Russians attacking in the Riga region capture an island in the River Dwina, east of Glaudan.

British seize and consolidate section of enemy trench east of Beaumont-Hamel, taking 140 prisoners.

Advance near Kut.—An Indian division captures enemy's trenches on a front of 1,000 yards in the bend of the Tigris on the right bank.

H.M.S. Cornwallis sunk by enemy submarine in Mediter-

ranean; 13 men missing.

JAN. 10.-Russians report continued advance in the Riga district. They take enemy's position between the Tirul Marsh and the River Aa, and advance 11 miles towards the south.

JAN. 11.—British carry through another "local operation"

north-east of Beaumont-Hamel, taking three-quarters of a mile of trench and a number of prisoners

Our cavalry occupy Hai town, on the Shatt-el-Hai. H.M. seaplane-earrier Ben-My-Chree sunk by gun fire in Kastelorizo Harbour (Asia Minor), I officer and 4 men

Ailies' Reply to President Wilson's Peace Note published. Greek reply to allied ultimatum complies with demands

on the main points.

JAN. 12.—New War Loan issued.

Rome announces that during night of December 11-12, 1916, the warship Regina Margherita struck two mines and sank; 675 lives lost.

Rumanian success reported in the Valley of the Casin,

enemy driven back over a mile.

JAN. 13.—British post north-west of Serre lost and regained.

On the Lower Sereth Mackensen's Turkish troops storm the village of Mihalea. In the Casin Valley, in the Moldavian Highlands, the Rumanians attack and occupy enemy trenches

JAN. 14.—British bombard enemy's trenches north-west of Lens

with good results.

British troops on the Struma front defeat a Turkish patrol. Enemy positions at Neohari are bombarded in co-operation with the Navy.

JAN. 15.—Rumanlan Success.—Our ally successfully repulses

enemy attack on the heights south-east of Monestirka-

Activity in Macedonia.-Italians repulse Bulgarian attack near Lake Prespa; the French destroy a munition depot at Putures, while other engagements take place in the neighbourhood of Lake Ochrida, particularly at Veliterna.

Sir Douglas Haig and General Nivelle attend conference

with the War Cabinet in London.

Jan. 16.—Closer Grip on Kut.—War Office announces that the south bank of the Tigris east of Kut-el-Amara has been cleared of the Turk, save for one small stretch in the bend of the river. Announced that General Smuts is to represent South

Africa at the special War Conference of the Empire.

Fighting in Rumania confined to the valleys of Southern

Moldavia, where the enemy is checked. Italian advance in Albania. Cavalry occupy Salesi and Arza, thus making a further advance towards their line of posts extending from Valona.

Jan. 17.—British Success on the Ancre.—Our troops occupy a line of enemy posts north of Beaumont-sur-Ancre, the whole

of our objectives being gained on a frontage of 600 yards.

Splendid Canadian Rald.—Canadian troops carry out a very successful daylight raid north-east of Cité Callonne, entering the enemy's trenches on a front of 700 yards and penetrating to a depth of 300 yards.

Greece accepts the demands of the Allies in their entirety.

Rumanians Recapture a Height .- Between the Valleys of the Casin and Susitza the Rumanians surround a height occupied by the enemy and take a great number of prisoners.

JAN. 18.—Despatch of General Smuts, covering operations in East Africa from end of March to the end of October, 1916,

British make further progress during the night north of

Beaucourt-sur-Ancre.

Germans announce the Yarrowdalc, captured by German raider, taken into German port on December 31, with 469 prisoners on board.

JAN. 19.—Great Munitions Explosion.—Explosion occurs at a

Jan. 19.—**Great Munitions Explosion.**—Explosion occurs at a munitions factory in the neighbourhood of London, 69 killed, 72 seriously injured, and 328 slightly injured.

Jan. 20.—**Mackensen's Renewed Activity.**—Enemy announces he has captured the village of Nanesti, forming part of the advanced bridge-head position on the south of the Sereth. Later the Germans claim to have taken the whole of the bridge-head.

British Air Raid on Bagdad. Lieut.-General Hoskins succeeds Lieut.-General Smuts in

East African command.

JAN.\_21.—In the fighting for the Sereth bridge-head and near Pralea, in South Moldavia, the Germans claim to have taken over 900 prisoners.

British carry out successful daylight raid south-east of

Loos.

War Office announces the capture of the last trenches in the Tigris bend, north-east of Kut-el-Amara.

JAN. 22.—Officially announced that the encircling movement against the Germans on the Lower Rufiji River is making progress. In the Makenge region they are being harassed by converging columns.

Naval Actions In North Sea .- Our light forces meet a division of enemy torpedo-boat destroyers off the Dutch Coast, and in a short engagement one of the enemy torpedoboat destroyers is sunk, the rest scattered after suffering "considerable punishment." In a short and sharp engagement between enemy torpedo-boat destroyers and British destroyers in the vicinity of the Sehouwen Bank, one of our torpedo-boat destroyers struck by a torpedo; 46 casualties.

JAN. 23.—Germans report that Bulgarian troops have crossed the southern branch of the Danube opposite Tultcha.

JAN. 24.—Russians attack Bulgarians who had occupied part of the Danube delta, take 337 prisoners, and annihilate the rest of the battalion.

Dimitrieff's army, forced to give up part of its gains near Riga, is driven back a mile and a half, and loses a third of the ground previously won.

JAN. 25.—Obstinate fighting continues west and south-west of

Riga. British carry out a very successful daylight raid near

Hulluch. The Greek Government presents formal apologies to the

Ministers of the Allied Powers for the regrettable occurrences

of December 1, 1916.
Allied Naval Conference.—Admiralty announces that the results of an important Naval Conference held in London between representatives of Great Britain, France, and Italy were entirely satisfactory.
Small German vessel bombards Suffolk coast; no

casualties.

British gain 1,100 yards of first-line and a considerable length of second-line trenches south-west of Kut.
H.M. auxiliary cruiser Laurentic sunk off Irish Coast by

Jan. 26.—War Office reports continued falling back of enemy on the Lower Rufiji; 100 miles east of Lake Nyasa a German force has surrendered.

JAN. 27.—Brilliant operation near Le Transloy carried out by

British; 350 prisoners.

JAN. 28.—Russians break through enemy's line on front of 3,000 yards near the meeting-place of the Bukovina, Transylvania, and Rumania.

JAN. 29.—British raid north-east of Vermelles.

JAN. 30.—Duke of Connaught appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Volunteer Force.

JAN. 31.—Tsar receives Lord Milner and other British, French, and Italian delegates arrived in Petrograd for Allied conference.

conterence.

Feb. 1.—Intensified U Boat Warfare.—From this date Germany to prevent, "by all weapons," sea traffic in wide zones round Great Britain, France, Italy, and in the Eastern Mediterranean. The United States to be allowed access to Falmouth with one steamer per week, and a Dutch paddle-steamer to be allowed to ply between Flushing and Southwold.

#### DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

1917

Germans break through Russian line 15 miles south of Halicz, but are driven back again.

Further British success at Kut-el-Amara; last line of trenches but one, east of Tigris-Hai junction, taken.

Feb. 2.—Food Controller issues important statement asking for voluntary restriction of food consumption to avoid compulsory rationing.

British naval air raid on Bruges Harbour.

Feb. 3.—United States Rupture with Germany.—Count Bernstorff

given his passports, and Mr. Gerard recalled from Berlin. British line east of Beaucourt advanced 500 yards on front of three-quarters of a mile.
Feb. 4.—President Wilson's Note to neutrals, inviting them to

take action similar to his.

British occupy 500 yards of trench north-east of Gueudecourt.

Senussi Main Force Defeated .- British forces find enemy

main body just south of Girba (15 miles west of Siwa), and defeat it after all-day engagement, enemy fleeing.

Feb. 5.—British troops enter Siwa, finding it evacuated by the enemy. In the meantime a portion of a British force occupies the Munasib Pass (24 miles west of Girba), captures an enemy convoy, and successfully ambushes the leading party of the enemy fleeing from Girba. party of the enemy fleeing from Girba.

FEB. 6.—British Advance on the Somme.—British line advanced near Grandcourt (east of Beaucourt); about 1,000 yards of

hostile trench occupied.

National Service plans outlined by Mr. Neville Chamberlain

at great London meeting.

FEB. 7.—British capture Grandcourt and defensive works adjoining it.

Anchor liner California torpedoed; 43 passengers and

crew missing.
FEB. 8.—British capture Sailly Hill.

One of H.M. torpedo-boat destroyers of an older type mined in Channel.

Allied naval air raid on Bruges.

9.—British renew offensive at Kut, and secure portion of enemy's new front line west of the River Hai.

Heroism on Transport Tyndareus.—Transport Tyndareus, having on board a battalion of Middlesex Regiment, with whom was Colonel John Ward, M.P., mined off Cape Agulhas (105 miles south-east of Cape Town). The incident Agumas (105 miles south-east of Cape Town). The incident occurred not far from spot where Birkenhead was lost, and the troops maintained steadfast courage, singing as the vessel began to settle. All on board were saved, and the Tyndareus reached port under her own steam.

Feb. 10.—Rapid Progress at Kut.—British troops, after a heavy bombardment, attack enemy trenches west of the Liquorice Factory, and carry latter and trenches on a front of coursely.

Factory, and carry latter and trenches on a front of 50 yards. As result of operations on Feb. 9-10, a new line occupied on a frontage of over 6,000 yards; Turks suffer heavy

casualties.

Announced that an Austrian attack near Gorizia has been

British eapture strong system of trenches at southern foot

of the Serre Hill; 215 prisoners taken.

Feb. 11.—British occupy 600 yards of hostile trench north of the Ancre in neighbourhood of the Beaucourt-Puisieux Road.

Italians report that on the range of hills east of Gorizia they have re-established their lines, inflicting serious loss

upon the enemy.

Enemy driven back to the last line of trenches in the Dahra bend of the Tigris, west of Kut. British advance

2,000 yards.

Feb. 12.—Announced that small British force has completed punitive expedition into Ovamboland, in north of S.W. Africa, against turbulent native chief on Portuguese border. Submarine shells French coast near Biarritz.

FEB. 13.—Announced that White Star liner Afric has been sunk

by submarine.
Successful raid east of Souchez. British troops penetrate several hundred yards into the enemy's positions, and do great damage to his defences; many Germans killed, and 47 prisoners taken. President Wilson refuses to listen to the German proposal

to discuss the situation until and unless Germany cancels her illegal practices.

Feb. 14.—Great Raid at Arras.—British troops penetrate 250 yards into enemy's defences, and reach his third line of trenches. Many Germans killed in dug-outs, and 40 prisoners taken. A strong enemy point south-east of Grandcourt is captured.

Germans report that, as result of a counter-stroke on

borders of Bukovina, near Jakobeny, they have won back part of lost ground.

Great French raid north-west of Compiègne, reaching

enemy second line.

FEB. 15.—Announced that all coal-mines in United Kingdom taken over by Government for period of the war.

Mr. Hughes announces formation of National Government

in Australia.

Germans penetrate into salient in French lines between Maisons de Champagne and Butte du Mesnil, on a front

of a mile and a half, but sustain heavy losses.

Victory on the Tigris.—The offensive against the Turks on the right bank of the Tigris in the Dahra bend results in clearing the loop of the enemy and the capture of 1,995 prisoners

16.—A further advance of 1,200 yards is made south of the

Shumran loop of the Tigris.

Lists for the great War Loan closed. £1,000,312,950 "new money" raised.

Feb. 17.—Advance on the Ancre.—Enemy positions covering Miraumont on the north and Petit Miraumont on the south of the river captured on a front of a mile and a half; 773 prisoners taken. On the north of the Ancre an important position on upper slopes of the spur north of Baillescourt Farm is carried on a front of 1,000 yards.

Zeppelin raid on Boulogne; no damage or casualties.

General Maude's troops assault the Sanna-i-Yat position on the left (north) bank of Tigris, and occupy enemy's two front lines. Turkish counter-attack forces British right back on the original line. British left withdrawn under cover of artillery barrage.
FEB. 18.—Futile German counter-attack on British new positions

on the spur above Baillescourt Farm. Russians report a success in Moldavia.

Contact established between Italians and French in Southern Albania,

Feb. 19.—Successful British raid south of Souchez.

Germans rush small British advanced post near Le

Transloy.

Feb. 20.—Great Raid at Ypres.—British raid enemy's lines south-east of Ypres on a front of 500 yards, and reach his support line. Many Germans killed, and great damage to defences; 114 prisoners.

Successful French raids on enemy trenches to the north of Flirey and to the west of Wattwiller (north-west of

Mulhouse).

FEB. 21.—Announced that British troops surprise Turks established at Bir-el-Hassana, and capture the whole garrison. The Nakhl garrison, about 100 strong, fled towards Akaba (Sinai Peninsula)

New British Blockade Order published.

Transport Mendi carrying last batch of the South African native labour contingent to France sunk in collision twelve miles from Isle of Wight. Loss of over 600 lives.

FEB. 22.—German raids attempted east of Vermelles and south

of Neuve Chapelle repulsed.

Seven Dutch ships torpedoed by German submarines outside Falmouth; three sunk.

British launch attack on Sanna-i-Yat position, and secure two lines of trenches at the south end.

FEB. 23.—French Ministry of Marine announces mail steamer Athos, carrying troops to France, torpedoed in the Mediture of Marine announces and the Mediture of Marine announces and the Mediture of Marine and Mar terranean; 1,450 persons saved.

German trench and post seized north of Gueudecourt and south of Petit Miraumont.

Important Speech by Mr. Lloyd George in House of Com-mons on restriction of imports, and increase of home-grown

Fresh Gains at Kut.—British cross the Tigris in the neighbourhood of the Shumran bend, and secure a position on the north bank. The enemy, who offered a stubborn resistance, lose 544 prisoners. Simultaneously with the crossing of the river, third and fourth Turkish lines of trenches at Sanna-i-Yat are captured.

FEB. 24.—Progress on the Ancre. British troops advance south and south-east of Miraumont and enter Petit Miraumont.

Capture of Kutel-Amara — 1,720 prisoners taken in two

Capture of Kut-el-Amara.—1,730 prisoners taken in two

days' fighting.

Feb. 25.—German Withdrawal on the Ancre.—Germans yield ground and fall back a distance of three miles on an elevenmile front. Serre, Miraumont, Pys, and Warlencourt occupied.

Cunard liner Laconia torpedoed.

Destroyer Raid on Kent Coast .- At 11.15 p.m. enemy torpedo-boat destroyers fire a number of shells at Broadstairs

## DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

and Margate; woman and two children killed, material damage slight. A short engagement takes place in the Channel between a British destroyer and a force of several enemy destroyers.

British naval seaplanes bombard ironworks at Brebach,

near Saarbrucken.

Feb. 26.—British advance on the Ancre. Sir Douglas Haig reports continued progress; our troops occupy Le Barque, two miles south of Bapaume, and reach the outskirts of Irles and Puisieux-au-Mont.

Franco-British Conference at Calais, at which French and

British Prime Ministers attended.

Gunboats' dash up the Tigris. H.M. river gunboats Tarantula, Mantis, and Moth come into contact with and pass the Turkish Army while it is in retreat to westward of Shumran, and inflict heavy loss on it. These gunboats eapture or destroy four Turkish steamers and a number of barges, full of ammunition. The British gunboat Firefly, abandoned in retreat from Ctesiphon, recaptured.

FEB. 27.—Further British advance towards Bapaume, Ligny, and western and northern outskirts of Puisieux-au-Mont

taken.

FEB. 28.—Capture of Gommecourt.

On the ridge of Sailly-Saillisel British attack and eapture a trench, taking 83 prisoners, and in a raid near Cléry take

22 prisoners.
Sir Douglas Haig reports that during the month of February the British captured 2,133 German prisoners, including 36 officers, and 11 villages have been captured or surrendered.

Rumanian troops attack enemy's positions north of the River Zaval, and dislodge the enemy occupying a height,

capturing a machine-gun and some prisoners.

Russians lose ground near the Bukovina border, on the Kimpolung-Jakobeny roads, but win back part of the ground during the night.

To the north of Dixmude Belgians repulse by grenades

a German patrol.

Mar. 1.—North of Miraumont British line advanced 600 yards on a front of one and a half miles.

Aeroplane raid on Broadstairs, one woman slightly injured. British destroyer mined in North Sea, all hands lost.

MAR. 2.—Russians take Hamadan, in Persia.

British progress north of Warlencourt-Eaucourt, and north-

west of Puisieux-au-Mont.

MAR. 3.—British advance a quarter of a mile on a front of five

miles, north of Puisieux-au-Mont, and east of Commecourt.
MAR. 4.—British Advance on Somme. Enemy's front and support lines east of Bouchavesnes (north of the Somme) on a front of 1,200 yards captured; 173 prisoners taken. East of Gommecourt advance along a two-mile front to a depth of 1,200 yards is made.

British naval air raid on blast furnaces of Brcbach.

German attack at Verdun. Enemy launches big attack on a two-mile front on northern defences between Bézouvaux and the Fosses Wood, and gains foothold in trenches north of Caurières Wood.

British line extended south of Somme to Roye.

. 5.—French eject enemy from part of line he occupied to the north of Caurières Wood.

Further British advance north-west of Irles and north,

of Puisieux-au-Mont.
Russians in Persia occupy Kangaver.
Advance on Bagdad.—British cavalry engage a Turkish rearguard at Lajj (nine miles south-east of Ctesiphon).
Turkish forces abandon strong position in neighbourhood of Sheikh Nuran, west of Shalal, near Sinai border, owing to advanced force of British troops. to advanced force of British troops.

MAR. 6.—British raid enemy trenehes east of Bouchavesnes.

British cavalry fourteen miles from Bagdad.

Great aerial activity on western front. perform successful reconnaissance, photography, and artillery work, and obtain valuable information. Many bombs dropped on enemy's billets and dumps. In aerial fighting three hostile machines brought down, four British machines brought down, and seven missing.

7.—French raiding activity between the Gise and the

Aisne, and in the Argonne.

Russians occupy Bijar and Sihna, near the Persian

MAR. 8.—British line advanced on either side of the Ancre valley. French Vletory in Champagne.—Attacking after intense artillery preparation, our ally recaptures almost whole of salient between Butte du Mesnil and Maisons de Champagne captured by enemy on February 15.

Count Zeppelin dles from inflammation of lungs Interim report of Dardanelles Commission published.
Rumanians lose positions between the Trotus and the Uzul valleys.

Russians occupy Bisitun (Persia).

MAR. 9.—South of Biaches, British raid enemy's front line.

March on Bagdad. During the night the passage of the

Diala is forced, and the British advance four miles towards Bagdad, driving enemy from his second position on the right bank.

MAR. 10.—British troops, in spite of blinding dust-storms and a violent gale, press on to Bagdad and force the Turks back to within three miles of the city.

British capture Irles.

MAR. 11.—Fall of Bagdad to Sir Stanley Maude.
MAR. 12.—French progress in Eastern Champagne on right of the ground they recaptured between the Butte du Mesnil and Maisons de Champagne; 100 prisoners taken.

General Smuts arrives in London for the Imperial War

Conference.

Revolution in Russia.—The Army refuses to deal with food rioters in Petrograd, and the Duma is prorogued. Latter, headed by M. Rodzianko, calls upon the Tsar for a representative Covernment; several regiments join the Parliamentary cause; the Cabinet resigns, and the Duma, failing a reply from the Tsar, elects a Provisional Government; arrests of an Ministers calendary. ment; arrest of ex-Ministers ordered.

MAR. 13 .- Advance on Bapaume. - Enemy abandons his main defensive system along Bapaume ridge on front of three and a half miles. British drive back his rearguards in this area to a depth of a mile, and occupy Grévillers and Loupart Wood. Further progress is made east and north-east of

Commecourt.

French successfully hold Hill 185, in Champagne, against enemy counter-attacks.

Sir Stanley Maude reports British advanced detachments

reach a point thirty miles up stream from Bagdad.
British advance in the Balkans. Line south-west of Doiran

advanced 1,000 yards on a front of 3,500 yards.

MAR. 14.—Sir Douglas Haig reports British line advanced on a front of over one and a half miles south-west and west of

Bapaume.

China breaks with Germany by severing diplomatic relations and taking possession of the German merchantmen at Shanghai.

Russian occupation of Kermanshah announced

General Lyautey, French Minister of War, resigns. MAR. 15.--On right of the Somme front, from the south of St. Pierre Vaast Wood to north of Saillisel, British occupy encmy's trenches over a distance of two and a half miles. Provisional Government in Russia.—The Tsar abdicates

the throne and renounces all rights of succession on behalf of his son. Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch appointed Regent, pending confirmation of nation with regard to his appointment as Tsar. National Government set up, with M. Rodzianko, President of Duma, as leader, and Prince Lvoff, Prime Minister; M. Miliukoff, Foreign Minister; M. Gutchkoff, War Minister.

British forces reported thirty-five miles to north-east of Bagdad; part of Bakuba, on Bagdad-Teheran road, occupied.

Torpedo-boat destroyer of an old type mined in Channel; one man killed, twenty-eight missing.

MAR. 16.-Zeppelin Raid on South-Eastern Counties.

Advance on the Somme .- British hold nearly whole of St. Pierre Vaast Wood and enemy's trenches 1,000 yards to south, and 2,000 yards to the north of it.

Aeroplane raid on Kent; no casualties

MAR. 17.—Fall of Bapaume to the British. North of the Somme,

in addition to the town of Bapaume, British are in possession of Le Transloy, Biefvillers, Bihucourt, Achiet-le-Grand, and other villages.

French advance two and a half miles on twelve and a half mile front between the Avre and the Oise. Roye and Lassigny

occupied.

occupied.
Russians occupy Kerind.
Zeppelin L39 brought down at Compiègne.
Resignation of M. Briand, the French Premier.
General Maude's troops occupy Bahriz.

MAR. 18.—Great German Retreat.—From Monchy, south-west of Arras, to north of Soissons, a point of seventy miles, German armies are sweeping back towards the Belgian frontier. British occupy Nesle, Chaulnes, and Péronne, and during the past twenty-four hours advance several miles to a depth up to ten miles in places. During this period, to a depth up to ten miles in places. During this period,

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in addition to the three towns mentioned, over sixty villages gained. To the south the French occupy the whole of the ground comprised between their old lines and the Roye-Noyon road from Damery to the Lagny Height; Noyon

taken.

Russians report occupation of Van.

Destroyer Raid on Kent .- Enemy torpedo-boat destroyers fire a number of shells at Ramsgate; no casualties, and material damage slight. At the same time a British destroyer is torpedoed and sunk east of Dover; a second destroyer torpedoed but not seriously damaged.

French capture Hill 1,248, north of Monastir.

.Mar. 19.—Rapid German Retreat.—British continue pursuit of the enemy, the cavalry and advanced guards driving back his rearguards. The ground gained extends to a depth of from two to eight miles, and forty more villages taken.

The French advance north-east of the Roye-Noyon line

towards St. Quentin, and capture Guiscard, Chauny, and

Ham.

Russians report their, occupation of Harunabad.

M. Ribot new French Premier.
French Dreadnought Danton torpedoed in Mediterranean;

296 drowned.

t. 20.—British occupy fourteen more villages. Sir Douglas Haig defines the British line as having passed Canizy, Estrées-en-Chaussée, Nurlu, Vélu, and St. Leger.

British hospital ship Asturias torpedoed; 92 casualties. First Meeting of the Imperial War Cabinet held in London. French carry the important railway junction of Jussy, east of Ham.

MAR. 21.—British continue to advance rapidly, reaching points ten miles to the east of the Somme.

French force the passage of the Somme Canal to the east of Ham, and advance to the north of Tergnier.

Ex-Tsar Nicholas placed under arrest.
Preliminary meeting of the Imperial War Conference held in London.

Mar. 22.—Sir Douglas Haig reports enemy's resistance is increasing along the front from west of St. Quentin to south of

French extend their positions east of St. Quentin Canal,

where enemy attempts violent counter-attacks.

MAR. 23.-Big French Advance.-French attack between the Somme and the Oise throws enemy back to a distance of between one and a quarter miles to two and a half miles to north and east of St. Quentin Canal, and push forward north-east of Tergnier.

MAR. 24.—Admiralty announces 111,000 tons of British shipping

sunk by raider Moewe.

British occupy Roisel and progress south-west and west of Ecoust St. Mein.

French capture western bank of the Oise between the suburbs of La Fère and north of Vandeuil.

MAR. 25.—French Threat to St. Quentin.—Between the Somme and the Oise French troops drive enemy beyond important position of Castres-Essigny-le-Grand-Hill 121 (latter one mile south of St. Quentin)

MAR. 26.—British capture village of Lagnicourt, north of the

Bapaume-Cambrai road.
French occupy Folembray and La Feuillée, south of the Oise, and by a brilliant night attack capture Coucy-le-Chateau.

Victory near Gaza. —General Murray's forces defeat 20,000 Turks five miles south of Gaza, taking 900 prisoners, including Turkish commander and his Staff.

Mar. 27.—French occupy all the lower Forest of Coucy, and villages of Petit Barisis, Verneuil, and Coucy-la-Ville. British cavalry drive enemy from Longavesnes, Liéramont,

and Equancourt, and our troops occupy these villages.

Admiralty reports destroyer mined in Channel; four officers and seventeen men saved. Another sunk after being in collision with a steamer.

Mar. 28.—British capture Villers-Faucon and Saulcourt. Mar. 29.—British capture Neuville-Bourjonval.

MAR. 30.—British occupy Ruyaulcourt, Sorel-le-Grand, and Fins. Later in day Heudicourt is captured, and possession gained of Marteville, Vermand, Soyécourt, and Ste. Emilie.

MAR. 31.—British capture Jeancourt, Hervilly, and Herbécourt.

Announced British forces in neighbourhood of Kizil Robat, thirty miles from Khanikin, and seventy miles from Russians. British occupy Deli Abbas, sixty miles north-east of

Bagdad.

APRIL I .- British take Savy, four miles west of St. Quentin; also Savy Wood.

Selency, and Holnon carried by British, who are within two APRIL miles of St. Quentin. Attacking on front between Bapaume-Cambrai road and Arras, our troops capture Croisilles and other German advanced positions.

President Wilson asks Congress to declare that a state

of war exists with Germany,

Russian and British advance detachments establish touch

in Mesopotamia.

April 3.—French carry villages of Dallon, Giffecourt, and Cerizy.

Russian Reverse on Stokhod.—The Germans win the bridge-head at Tobol, on the Stokhod, inflict severe losses bridge-head at Tobol, on the Stokhod, inflict severe losses on Russians, and take many prisoners.

APRIL 4.—British capture Metz-en-Couture.
French patrols enter suburbs of St. Quentin.

APRIL 5.—British capture Ronssoy and Basse-Boulogne and Lempire, and progress beyond Metz-en-Couture.

APRIL 6.—United States at War with Germany.

Great Air Battles.—During the days and nights of April

6, British airmen carry out important work, which included the taking of 1,700 photographs, co-operation with artillery, and made 17 successful raids on aerodromes, munition depots, and railways. In the aerial contests 28 British machines reported missing. The enemy's losses are

Apple o — Great British Advance — Privish bouses a british bouses are topology.

April 9.—Great British Advance.—British launch a battle on a vast scale from Lens to St. Quentin. In the direction of Cambrai British troops storm Hermies and Boursies; in the direction of St. Quentin they capture Fresnoy-le-Petit.

Vimy Ridge Captured .- From Hénin-sur-Cojeul to southern outskirts of Givenchy-en-Gohelle, to a depth of from two to three miles, enemy's defences are stormed. The forward defences on this front, including the Vimy Ridge, which is carried by Canadian troops, are captured. More than 9,000 prisoners taken and over 40 guns.

Austria severs diplomatic relations with the United

States.

Brazil breaks with Germany.

British hospital ship Salta mined in Channel; 52 persons

British defeat Turks in Deltawa district, and drive them back to Deli Abbas.

April 10.—Battle of Arras.—British operations energetically pursued, outskirts of Monchy-le-Preux (five miles east of Arras) reached. In direction of Cambrai British line advanced north of Louverval.

April 11.—Capture of Monchy-le-Preux and La Bergère.

April 12.—Capture of Wancourt, Heninel, Gauche Wood,
Gouzeducourt Village and Wood.

April 13.—Continued British advance. Bailleul, Vimy, Petit Vimy, Givenchy-en-Gohelle, Augres and Wancourt Tower captured. North-west of St. Quentin the village of Fayet is captured; 13,000 prisoners and 166 guns taken since April 9.

Bolivia breaks with Germany.

April 14.—Closing in on Lens.—The town of Liévin, south-west of and adjoining Lens, captured by the British, and Cité
St. Pierre, north-west of Lens, seized. Farther south,
Gricourt (three miles north-west of St. Quentin) is carried.

Allied air rald on Freiburg as reprisal for sinking of

hospital ships.

April 15.—Germans gain temporary success at Lagnicourt.

British transport Arcadian, with troops on board, torpedoed in Eastern Mediterranean; 19 officers and 260 men

British transport Cameronia, with troops on board, torpedoed in Eastern Mediterranean; 140 persons missing.

APRIL 16.—Sir Douglas Haig reports capture of large booty at

Liévin and on the Souchez River.

Great French Offensive.—Attacking on a twenty-five-mile front between Soissons and Rheims, the French capture defensive line between Soissons and Craonne, enemy's second line between Craonne and Juvincourt, and reach

the Aisne Canal, taking 10,000 prisoners.

April 17.—Hospital shlps Donegal and Lanfranc torpedoed while transporting wounded from France. From Donegal, 29 men and 12 of crew missing. Of Lanfranc's complement, 34 drowned, including 15 Germans; 152 wounded German prisoners rescued.

Battie of the Alsne.-French offensive continues, the

fighting front extended to a point beyond Auberive, which village is eaptured; over 2,500 prisoners taken on this new front.

American destroyer attacked and mined by German sub-

marine 100 miles south of New York

British advance north of the Wadi Gaza, and capture Turkish advanced positions on a front of six miles and a half. APRIL 18.—British progress south-east and east of Epéhy, and capture Villers-Guislan.

Great French Galns .- Our allies drive deeply into enemy lines on three sides of the Vrégny plateau, take Chavonne and Chivy, and advance as far as Braye-en-Laonnais. In three days' battle on Aisne and in Champagne they take over 17,000 prisoners and 75 guns.

British drive Turks from positions covering Istabulat Station, and take 1,240 prisoners.

April 19.—Continued French offensive along the Aisne and in

Champagne.

APRIL 20.-French occupy Sancy, on the Vrégny plateau, and in Champagne seize important points near Moron-Villiers. British capture Gonnelieu.

Mr. Balfour, who is on special mission to United States,

arrives at Halifax.

King and Queen attend solemn service at St. Paul's Cathedral on oceasion of entry of United States into the war. Destroyer Fight in Channel.—Five German destroyers attempt a raid on Dover by night. At least two of them, possibly three, are sunk by two vessels of Dover patrol-Swift and Broke. On the same night German destroyers fire some shells on Calais.

APRIL 21.—British gain ground along north bank of the Scarpe,

east of Eampoux.

British carry Istabulat, the last station before Samarra,

on Bagdad Railway.

APRIL 22.—British progress east of Havrincourt Wood, and carry southern portion of Trescault village (east of the wood). Sharp fighting takes place south-east of Loos.

APRIL 23.—Battle of Arras Renewed.—Sir Douglas Haig attacks on either side of the River Scarpe, east of Arras. To the north of the Scarpe our troops take Gavrelle, and, to south of the river, Guémappe. Prisoners exceed 1,500. the Bapaume-Cambrai road the remainder of village of Trescault is captured, and greater part of Havrincourt Wood, our troops reaching the banks of the St. Quentin Canal, near Vendhuille.

Three British seaplanes attack five German destroyers steaming north from Belgian coast. One destroyer believed

General Maude occupies Samarra Station.

April 24.—British capture hamlet of Bilhem.

April 25.—British line advanced slightly south of Scarpe River. Announced 3,029 prisoners captured since morning of

Advance in Balkans .- British attack on front of two miles and a half between Lake Doiran and a point northwest of Doljeli, and advance 500 yards.

German destroyers bombard Dunkirk.

APRIL 26.—German effort to retake Gavrelle completely repulsed. British capture quarries on eastern outskirts of Hargicourt.

April 27.—Naval Raid on Kent Coast.—German destroyers heavily bombard Ramsgate, about 100 shells being fired;

2 killed, 3 injured.

APRIL 28.—Severe Fighting at Arras.—British attack on a front of several miles north of River Scarpe, and the fighting is severe. Arleux-en-Gohelle (three miles east of Vimy Ridge) captured by Canadians, and progress made north-east of Gavrelle and on western slopes of Greenland Hill. South of the river ground is gained north of Monchy-le-Preux.

L 29.—Continued heavy fighting. British capture trench

April 29.—Continued heavy fighting. British capture trench system south of Oppy on a front of about a mile after heavy fighting. Prisoners taken since morning of April 28 number

April 30.—Announced General Pétain appointed Chief of Staff to General Nivelle.

French attack in Champagne, and carry several lines of trenches, from Mont Carnillet as far as south of Beine.

MAY 1.—Sir Douglas Haig reports following captures during

April: 19,343 prisoners, 257 guns and howitzers, 227 trench-mortars, and 470 machine-guns.

General Maude's further success. Reported that on April 30 the British surprised the Thirteenth Turkish Army Corps in strong position on both banks of the Shat-el-Adhaim, twenty-five miles south-west of Kifri, and dispersed the enemy with heavy loss. On May I, continuing

their retreat, the Turks are driven back into the Jebel Hamrin, eighty miles north of Bagdad.

Turks report evacuation of Mush by the Russians.

British steamship Gena sunk off Aldeburgh by torpedo from German seaplane.

MAY 2.—French gain ground in the woods to the west of Mont Carnillet.

MAY 3.—Admiralty announces homeward-bound troop transport

Ballarat torpedoed on April 25; no casualties.

Hindenburg Line Breached.—Sir Douglas Haig launches new attack on the German lines on a front of over twelve miles, east of Arras. Our troops win ground, especially on the wings, the Canadians carrying Fresnoy, east of Vimy, and near Quéant the Hindenburg switch line is penetrated. Progress is also made in neighbourhood of Chérisy, astride the Arras-Cambrai road, and a footing is gained in enemy's trench system north of Oppy.

MAY 4.--French Capture Craonne.-North-west of Rheims the German first-line trenches are taken on a front of two miles and a half. The two operations give the French over 1,000

prisoners.

British transport Transylvania torpedoed in the Medi-

terranean; 413 casualties.
MAY 5.—Splendld French Galns.—Our ally's operations continue to develop in conjunction with those of the British armies. In the region north-east of Soissons and on the Chemin des Dames brilliant successes are gained. South-east of Vauxaillon the salient of the Hindenburg line is attacked, and the German positions on a front of three miles and threequarters carried. The whole of the plateau from a point to the east of Cerny-en-Laonnais to east of Craonne is carried. Prisoners counted exceed 4,300.

Venizelist Troops in Action.—Together with French troops a Venizelist contingent attack in region of Lyumnitza, Macedonia, and occupy advanced enemy positions on a

front of 5,000 yards.

May 6.—French gains maintained in face of fierce counter-attacks. Officially announced that operations of May 4 and 5 render French masters of the crest on which the Chemin des Dames runs over a front of eighteen miles and three-

quarters. Prisoners number 6,100.

May 7.—British line improved at Bullecourt.

All French gains held despite very violent enemy counterattacks. Prisoners increased to 8,200, which makes the total of prisoners since April 16, 29,000.

Air Raid on London.—Hostile aeroplane drops four bombs

on outskirts of North-East London; one man killed.

May 8.—British withdraw from Fresnoy

British attack enemy's trenches south-west of Lake Doiran, and, on the left, capture same on two-mile front; on the right trenches between the lake and Petit Couronné captured, but yielded before superior numbers. French gain north-east of Chevreux.

MAY 9.—British regain portion of lost ground west of Fresnoy, and progress in neighbourhood of Bullecourt.

MAY 10.—North Sea Flght.—British scouting force of light cruisers and destroyers under Commodore Tyrwhitt engage eleven German destroyers between Dutch and English coasts. Enemy flees, pursued by four destroyers, latter abandoning pursuit within range of Zeebrugge guns.

May 11.—Announced two new groups for voluntary attestation to be opened, to include men, married or single, between 41 and 45, and between 45 and 50.

12.—Haig's New Stroke.—Hindenburg line attacked in neighbourhood of Bullecourt, also astride the Arras-Cambrai road and north of the Scarpe. Our troops establish them-selves in village of Bullecourt, and capture Cavalry Farm on Arras-Cambrai road. North of the Scarpe, Roeux Cemetery and chemical works to the north stormed, and enemy's positions carried on a front of one mile and a half.

Strong combined naval and air attack on Zeebrugge. .—Sir Douglas Haig reports greater part of Bullecourt

in British hands.

M. Gutchkoff, Russian Minister of War, resigns.

MAY 14 .- British capture Roeux, and advance their line north of Gavrelle.

Zeppelin L22 destroyed in North Sea by British naval forces.

Italian offensive on Julian front, on the Isonzo, and Carso.

MAY 15.—Admiralty Staff Reorganised.—Announced that important changes made in Admiralty organisation; the First Sea Lord (Admiral Sir John Jellicoe) takes additional title of Chief of the Naval Staff, and has as his deputy Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Oliver. Sir Eric Geddes, with honorary and temporary rank of vice-admiral, becomes a member of the Board, with the title of Controller.

Naval Fight in the Adriatic.—Austrian light cruisers and destroyers raid allied drifter line in the Adriatic, and sink H.M.S. Dartmouth and Bristol, assisted 14 British drifters. by French and Italian destroyers, chase enemy off. One Austrian cruiser sunk and another destroyed.

Heavy German attacks at Bullecourt, one of which drives back British posts in the west of the village about 100 yards. General Petain, French Commander-in-Chief in succession to General Nivelle.

Italian Successes.—Our ally wins positions between Loga and Bodrez, in the Plava area, on the slopes of Monte Santo and on the heights east of Gorizia; 3,375 prisoners

MAY 16.—Coalition Government in Russia.—M. Miliukoff resigns as Foreign Minister, and is succeeded by M. Tereshtchenko. M. Kerensky succeeds M. Gutchkoff as Minister of War.

MAY 17.-Naval Aid from America.-Announced that a flotilla of United States destroyers has arrived in England to cooperate with British naval forces. Rear-Admiral Sims in command of all United States naval forces sent to European

British capture Builecourt.

Italians hold positions won on the Julian front, the Bodrez region, on the Carso, and in the zone to east of Gorizia against violent counter-attacks. Italian infantry occupy

important height of Monte Kuk and Vodice.

MAY 18.—Italy's offensive. The great battle, whose first notable feature was the capture of Monte Kuk, continues to develop in favour of our allies, who capture Hill 652, the topmost peak of Monte Vodice. The number of prisoners now in Italian hands is 6,432.

British Guns on Julian Front.—Officially announced that

British heavy artillery is co-operating with Italian Army

on Julian front.

May 19.—French torpedo-boats, after short engagement off Dunkirk, drive flotilla of German destroyers off.

MAY 20.—British attack Hindenburg line north-west of Bulle-court, between remains of that village and Fontaine.

French capture 1,000 prisoners in actions on the Moronvilliers front, and carry trenches on Mont Carnillet.

MAY 21.—Hindenburg Line Conquests.—Sir Douglas Haig reports
British hold whole of Hindenburg line from a point one mile east of Bullecourt to Arras, except for a stretch of 2,000 yards immediately to the west of Bullecourt.

MAY 22.—Threefold French attack. On the Aisne front the French deliver at three points a lively attack which produces good results on the Vauclerc and California Plateaux, to the north-west of Craonne, taking positions on the northern slopes of the hills overlooking the valley of the Ailette. East of Chevreux three lines of German trenches are carried.

May 23.—Zeppelin raid on Eastern Counties; one man killed

in a Norfolk village.

Great Italian Victory on the Carso.—After ten hours' bombardment, troops of the Third Army break through enemy lines from Kostanjevica to the sea. Positions of

enemy lincs from Kostanjevica to the sea. Positions of great strength, such as Hudi Log, Jamiano, and Hill 92, east of Pietra Rossa, are won. Over 9,000 prisoners taken.

MAY 24.—French report 8,600 German prisoners taken on the Aisne and Champagne fronts since May I.

Italians fight their way towards Trieste, the heaviest battle raging from hills on Jamiano-Brestovica road across the Lisert Marshes to the sea. British monitors in Gulf of Trieste co-operate by shelling the rear of the enemy's lines.

MAY 25.—Air Raid on Folkestone.—Seventeen enemy aeroplanes

MAY 25.—Air Raid on Folkestone.—Seventeen enemy aeroplanes attack the South-East of England between 5.15 and 6.30 p.m. Bombs dropped at a number of places, but nearly all the damage occurs in Folkestone. Total casualties: 76 killed, 174 injured. Three enemy aeroplanes shot down on their return by fighting squadrons of the R.N.A.S. from Dunkirk.

Battle for Trieste.-Italians carry network of trenches extending from mouth of Timavo River to Feast, east of Jamiano, and capture heights between Flondar and Medeazza.

In the Vodice area they retain Hill 652.

MAY 26.—Fourth day of Battle of the Carso. Italians reach a point beyond the railway from Monfalcone to Duino, and carry the strongly-fortified Hill 145, south-west of Medeazza. Hospital ship Dover Castle torpedoed in Mcditerranean;

MAY 27.—Battle of the Carso. Italians carry fortified trenches east and south-east of Jamiano, and occupy San Giovanni, north-west of Duino. Our allies establish themselves on north-west of Duino. foot-hills of Hermada.

MAY 28.—Great aerial activity on western front, in the course of which 12 German machines destroyed by British, and 10 others driven down out of control.

MAY 29.—Italy reports capture of 23,681 Austrian prisoners since

May 14.

War Office reports remnants of main German forces in the large south from the morasses of the Rufiji Valley, and raiding-parties have made their way into

Portuguese territory.

Announced Mr. Arthur Henderson has undertaken an important mission to Russia on behalf of the Government.

May 30.—French report strong artillery fire on both sides near St. Quentin.

MAY 31.—French regain ground temporarily lost to the north-east of the Mont Haut.

JUNE 1.—Sir Douglas Haig reports 3,412 German prisoners captured during May.

Lord Devonport resigns as Food Controller.
British airmen attack enemy aerodrome at St. Denis
Westrem, and enemy bases at Zeebrugge, Ostend, and

Mr. Arthur Henderson arrives in Russia.

June 2.—British attack near Lens. Canadians attack German positions south of the Souchez River, good progress is made, and a number of prisoners taken.

Heavy attack against French in the Craonne region fails.

The King holds an Investiture in Hyde Park, and decorates 300 soldiers and 50 relatives of men who died after winning decorations.

British transport Cameronian torpedoed and sunk in

Mediterranean; 63 missing.

June 3.—Fighting south of Souchez River. Fierce fighting takes place throughout the day, with varying fortunes.

The Germans counter-attack with considerable forces, in the face of which British unable to maintain the progress already made.

JUNE 4.—British carry out successful raids north of Armentières and south of Wytschaete.

June 5.—Air Attack in the Medway.—A squadron of sixteen German aeroplanes drop bombs in Essex, and attack the naval establishments in the Medway. British guns and aeroplanes engage the enemy, and ten German machines are brought down; 38 persons killed and wounded.

Naval Fight in Channel.—A force of light cruisers and destroyers under Commander Tyrwhitt engage six German

destroyers; S.20 is sunk by our gunfire and another severely damaged. Enemy naval base and workshops at Ostend heavily bombarded by British warships.

British attack north of Scarpe River, and make progress

on western slopes of Greenland Hill.

JUNE 6.—Operations north of the Scarpe successfully completed; enemy's positions on western slopes of Greenland Hill on a front of about a mile captured.

Lord Northcliffe announced as at head of British Mission to United States.

M. Jonnart arrives in Greece as High Commissioner of

the Protecting Powers.

JUNE 7.—Messines Ridge captured.—British Second Army, under General Plumer, attacks and captures the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge, taking the villages of Messines and Wytschaete, and the enemy's defence systems on a front of over nine miles from south of La Douve Brook to north of Mont Sarrel. The village of Oosttaverne (east of Wytschaete) is carried; prisoners total over 5,000.

Gigantic Explosion.—Sir Douglas Haig's despatch on the above battle reveals that nineteen deep mines were exploded simultaneously beneath the enemy's defences, completely wrecking enemy's front and support trenches.

June 8.—Battle of Messines.—German counter-attacks repulsed with loss. Prisoners to date total over 6,400. the Protecting Powers.

Prisoners to date total over 6,400.

General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of U.S. Expeditionary Force, arrives in London.

British gains on wide front from south of Lens to La

Bassée, also south of the Souchez River.
Yanina, in Greek Epirus, occupied by Italians.
June 9.—Sir Douglas Haig reports prisoners to date total

over 7,000.

Italian Attack in the Trentino.—Just south of the Brenta Valley the Italians win their way through the border pass of Agnello, and capture nearly the whole of Monte Ortigara. British naval and military forces carry out an operation against a German detachment in the estuary of the Lukeledi, German East Africa. JUNE 10.-German East Africa.

JUNE 11.-Gain beyond Messines. British capture enemy's trench system in neighbourhood of La Potterie Farm (west of Warenton) on a front of about a mile. Seven field guns

captured.

## DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

One of H.M. drifters, "I. F. S.," engages five enemy seaplanes in the Channel; two brought down.

June 12.—British gain further ground east and north-east of Messines on two mile front, and occupy Gapaard.

French troops land at Corinth, and a Franco-British column enters Thessaly.

King Constantine of Greece Abdicates, and is succeeded by his second son, Prince Alexander. French cavalry

by his second son, Frince Alexander. French cavalry occupy Larissa.

Turkish port of Saliff, in the Yemen, captured by men from British warships.

JUNE 13.—Allied Troops land at the Piræus.

Announced total British captures since June 7 are: 7,342 German prisoners, 47 guns, 242 machine-guns, and for treach mortage. 60 trench mortars.

Air Raid on London.-Fifteen enemy aeroplanes attack and bomb East End and City of London about midday;

160 killed and 432 injured.

June 14.—German retreat below Messines, ground abandoned towards Armentières, on the south, and between St. Yvcs and the Lys. British follow up closely and progress east of Ploegsteert Wood and near Gapaard.

British Attack near Messines .- Our troops attack south and east of Messines and astride the Ypres-Comines Canal, the whole of our objectives being gained. As the result of these operations and our pressure since June 7, we occupy German front trenches from River Lys to River Warnave, and advance our lines a distance of about seven miles.

British storm Infantry Hili, east of Monchy-le-Preux. Zeppelin L43 destroyed in North Sea by British naval

JUNE 15.-Elder Dempster steamship Addah torpedoed by German submarine.

Lord Rhondda new Food Controller.

JUNE 16 .- British progress in sector of Hindenburg line northwest of Bullecourt.

Italians capture strongly-fortified position on Corno Cavento.

British troops evacuate several villages on left bank of

British troops evacuate several villages on left bank of the Struma, owing to the advent of the malarial season.

June 17.—Zeppelin destroyed in East Anglia.—Two Zeppelins raid East Anglia and Kentish coast respectively. One airship damaged by gunfire and brought down in flames by pilot of Royal Flying Corps. The other drops bombs on coast town; two persons killed and sixteen injured.

June 18.—British fall back from certain advanced posts in front of Infantry Hill after severe fighting.

front of Infantry Hill after severe fighting.

French capture a German salient between Mont Cornillet

and Mont Blond, in Champagne.

JUNE 19 .- Arras Line Advance. - British gain ground slightly south of the Cojeul River and also north of the Souchez

German counter-attack on salient taken by French in Champagne between Mont Cornillet and Mont Blond com-

pletely broken.

Herr Hoffman, Swiss Foreign Minister, resigns.

Italian Success in Trentino.—Our Allies gain ground at many points from the Agnello Pass to Monte Mosciagh. In Monte Ortigara area they carry formidable positions, and capture 936 prisoners.

June 20.—British win back all their advanced posts on Infantry

Hill, east of Monchy.

West of Soissons-Laon road Germans gain foothold in a French trench near Vauxaillon.

JUNE 21.- French counter-offensive wins back position taken by Germans near Vauxaillon.

Germans enter one of British front-line posts near Lombacrtzyde (near Belgian coast), but driven out.

On the Carnia front Italians blow up a mountain spur, and rush the summit of Hill 2668 on the Piccolo Lagazuoi.

JUNE 22.—Germans continue attacks on French north of the Aisne. They launch very large forces against French positions north of Brayc-en-Laonnais, which are broken on greater part of the front, but Germans gain a French salient in the centre.

June 23.—Heavy artillery fighting north of the Aisne.
P. and O. liner Mongolia strikes a mine and sinks off

Bombay.

JUNE 24.—In the region east of Vauxaillon a sharp counterattack by the French results in the recapture of the greater part of the salient held by the enemy north-east of Moisy

Intense artillery activity on both sides reported from several points held by Belgian troops near the Flanders coast.

British Advance near Lens.—British carry out successful enterprises in neighbourhood of Epéhy, Bullecourt, Roeux, Loos, and Hooge, South-west of Lens and north-west of Warneton British gain ground and take prisoners.

JUNE 25.—First units of American troops arrive in France.

British follow up their success south-west of Lens on both banks of Souchez River, progressing on a front of one and a half miles. Ground is gained north-west of Fontaineles-Croisilles (north of Bullecourt).

M. Zaimis, the Greek Premier, resigns; M. Venizelos

returns to Athens.

Three R.N.A.S. machines fight ten German aeroplanes near Roulers, one German machine being destroyed and two more driven out of control.

French win a crest of the Craonne ridge, north-west of Hurtebise Farm, and take over 300 prisoners; also the stronghold known as "The Dragon's Cave."

JUNE 26.—British nearer to Lens. Progress south-west of the town continues; enemy's positions astride the Souchez River, on a front of two miles, and to a depth of a thousand yards, pass into British possession. La Coulotte, south of Lens, occupied.

British airmen raid Turkish camp at Tekrit, on the Tigris,

and cause much havoc.

June 27.— Report of Mesopotamia Commission published.
M. Venizelos forms a Cabinet, and takes the office of
Minister of War, with Admiral Condouriotis as Minister of

Germans report bombardment of Ostend by the Allies. French cruiser Kléber mined and sunk near Brest; most of crew saved.

June 28.—British make considerable progress towards Lens on a two-mile front, across the Souchez River, and reach Avion.

JUNE 29.—Announced General Allenby succeeds General Murray in Palestine command.

JUNE 30.—British gain west and south-west of Lens.

July 1.—Germans attack French to the east of Cerny, and on both sides of the Ailles-Paissy road occupy a line of trenches; later they are driven out.

Sir Douglas Haig reports 8,686 German prisoners captured during June, also 67 guns, 102 trench-mortars, and 345

machine-guns.

Russlan Offensive Renewed .- Our ally attacks on a wide Russlan Offensive Renewed.—Our ally attacks on a wide front, on each side of Brzezany (Eastern Galicia), a mixed army of Germans, Austrians, and Turks. North of Brzezany the Russians carry Koniuchy and take 8,400 prisoners. To the south they gain some objectives, but suffer severe losses. Over 10,000 prisoners, with 14 guns, taken in all.

Manchu Emperor restored in China.

July 2.—Sir Douglas Haig reports artillery activity on both sides.

sides.

Spiendid Russian Gains.—Attacking along the Tarnopol-Lemberg railway line, the Russians take two fortified villages; 6,300 prisoners taken, bringing total to over

French master the German attacks north of the Aisne and in Champagne. German assaults between Avocourt

and Hill 304 sinashed.

British naval airmen raid Bruges Docks. JULY 3.—Artillery activity in the region of Ypres.

Great German attack on 12-mile front, from Jouy to

Craonne, fails completely.

July 4.—Air Raid on Harwich.—About 7 a.m. 12 to 14 German aeroplanes attack Harwich; casualties, 11 killed and 36 injured. Returning, the raiders are intercepted by naval aircraft from Dunkirk; two hostile machines brought down in flames and a third damaged.

Slight British advance near Hollebeke.

JULY 5.—Germans fire 400 shells on Rheims.
JULY 6.—Russians attack between Zborow and Koniuchy,

and at Brzeżany, taking over 1,000 prisoners.
French carry out successful operations on the Moron-

yillers Ridge, capturing two German salients.

July 7.—Great Air Raid on London.—About twenty enemy aeroplanes raid London, after dropping bombs in the Thanet district. Casualties: 59 killed and 193 injured. One enemy machine brought down at mouth of Thames, two more forty miles from the East Coast, and a fourth fell in flames off mouth of the Scheldt.

Emperor of China again abdicates. French airmen bomb Treves, Coblenz, and Essen.

JULY 8.—German attacks on Aisne Front Repulsed.—The French extend their positions to the east of Cerny, and on left bank of Meuse capture salients.

### DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

Russian Victory near Stanislau. - General Korniloff breaks through Austro-Hungarian defences west of Stanislau on a Russian cavalry chase enemy eight miles as wide front.

wide front. Russian cavalry chase enemy eight miles as far as the River Lukwa; 7,000 prisoners taken.

July 9.—Successful raid on Constantinople by R.N.A.S.

General Korniloff wins his way into Wiktorow, five miles south-west of Halicz. More than 1,000 prisoners taken.

The Commodore, Lowestoft, reports H.M. armed trawler Ireland destroys two enemy seaplanes and takes four

H.M.S. Vanguard biown up as result of internal explosion

and sunk; 801 casualties

JULY 10.--Russians Capture Halicz.-In a three days' offensive General Korniloff advances 15 miles and takes over 10,000

prisoners and 80 guns.

German Success on Belgian Coast.—After intense bombardment, enemy penetrates British positions east of the Yser mouth, on a front of 1,400 yards and to a depth of 600 yards, reaching right bank of River Yser near the sea.

JULY 11.—British engage a Turkish force in the direction of Hamadieh, on the Euphrates, and inflict considerable loss.

Enemy's artillery fire on the Nieuport front diminishes.
Slight enemy gain east of Monchy-le-Preux.
British naval airmen bomb Ostend, Varssenaere, St. Denis

Westrem.

Fourth day of Korniloff's offensive. General Korniloff's troops fight severe and obstinate battle at Kalusz and

occupy the town.

July 12.—Announced that forces of King of the Hedjaz have gained victory over Turks in North of Arabia, and whole country east of Sinai Peninsula between Maaw and Akaba is now in their possession.

Great air battles on the west front; 14 German machines destroyed and 16 others driven down out of control.

Naval airmen bomb aerodromes in Belgium, Bruges Docks, and railway junction south of Ostend Harbour.

July 13.—General Korniloff's left wing sweeps forward in an encircling movement on Dolina.

encircling movement on Dolina.

July 14.—Russians win further successes on the Lower Lomnica, and south-west of Kalusz, taking 600 prisoners.

Germans penetrate two lines of French trenches west of Cerny; but are later evicted from all except 500 yards of advanced trenches. French conquer a network of trenches on Moronvillers Ridge, taking 360 prisoners.

Herr Bethmann-Hoilweg, German Imperial Chancellor, resigns, and is succeeded by Herr Michaelis, Prussian Under-Secretary of Finance.

Secretary of Finance.

-Italians raid third-line Austrian defences near Versic, and destroy positions.

Artillery activity in region of Armentières, Wytschaetc,

and Nieuport.

Battle in Champagne.-- In the region of the Mont Haut and the Teton Germans assault the position captured by the French on July 14. At the Teton the enemy fails. At the Mont Haut, after an obstinate fight, the enemy retakes the greater part of the captured ground, but is driven back by counter-attacks.

JULY 16 .- The battle in Champagne ends in the complete

defeat of the Germans.

British line-advanced slightly north-east of Messincs. Russians evacuate Kalusz and withdraw from west bank of the Lomnica.

Light British naval forces sight a number of German

steamers off the Dutch coast and capture four.

-French Gains at Verdun.-On the slopes of Hill 304 the French win back all their positions held by the Germans since June 29 and carry German line from Esnes to Malan-

The King issues Proclamation declaring that the name of Windsor is to be borne by his Royal House, and relin-

quishing the use of German titles and dignities.
Sir Eric Geddes becomes First Lord of the Admiralty in place of Sir Edward Carson, who joins the War Cabinet.

Mr. Winston Churchill appointed Minister of Munitions,

JULY 18.—French defeat violent German counter-attacks
against the captured positions in Verdun region.

July 19.—Sir Douglas Haig reports British re-establish advance posts east of Monchy-le-Preux, from which they were compelled to fall back on July 11.

Germans attack south of Lombaertzyde, and reach British

line only on a small portion of the front attacked. Those who entered our trenches driven out by counter-attacks.

Russian Troops' Defection .- Several detachments of Russian troops in Galicia refuse to obey the military command, and as a result Germans break through Russian linc. The lost positions are east of Zloczow, east of Brzezany, and near Halicz.

Two Turkish cavalry regiments driven back at Beersheba. Germans suffer sanguinary losses in attacks on the

Chemin des Dames.

Herr Michaelis, the new German Chancelior, delivers important speech.

British attack enemy's main position at Narongombe, German East Africa, and inflict considerable losses.

July 20.—On a wide front between Lemberg and Tarnopol Russian troops retreat.

British carry out raid south-west of Gaza, one Turkish officer and 101 men killed, and 17 men taken prisoners.

JULY 21.—South-east of Cerny German desperate attacks on the French fail.

JULY 22.—Air Raid on Felixstowe and Harwich.—A squadron of enemy aeroplanes, reported at from 15 to 21, drop bombs on Felixstowe and Harwich and proceed south down the Essex coast; 13 persons killed, 26 injured. One of the raiding aeroplanes is brought down into the sea not far from the coast.

Further violent German attacks on the French at the Chemin des Dames Ridge are repulsed. On the California Plateau, close to Craonne, the enemy gains a footing.

British line advanced slightly south-east of Monchy-le-

H.M. armed mercantile cruiser Otway torpedoed and ink; 10 men killed by the explosion.

M. Kerensky becomes Prime Minister in Russia. 23.—Russian Breakdown.—East of Vilna part of the Northern Russian Army opens an offensive, penetrates German positions to depth of two miles, and takes 1,000 prisoners, but development of further success is jeopardised by instability and moral weakness of certain detachments. In Eastern Galicia the enemy drives a great wedge into Russian positions, and claims to have taken Tarnopol.

24.—Great Russian retreat in Galicia; Halicz and

Stanislau given up.

Brilliant French Attacks.—Practically all ground taken on plateaux near Craonne by Germans regained by French. California Plateau cleared and enemy driven off the Cascmates.

Rumanian Offensive.—General Shtcherbatcheff's army of Russian and Rumanian troops win a striking victory in Moldavia, breaking enemy line on a wide front.

July 25.—Continued Russo-Rumanian success—over 2,000

prisoners taken and 57 guns. Russians swing back in a line from Trembowla and evacuate Buczacz, Tlumacz, Ottynia, and Delatyn.

Germans gain a little ground near Ailles and Hurtebise. JULY 26.—Germans lose most of ground near Ailles which they

took on July 25.

Announced Rumanian troops have advanced towards the upper reaches of the River Susitza.

Fall of Kolomea to the Germans.

July 27.—Germans recapture La Basse Ville, which British had taken during the night.

British submarine captures German steamer Batavier II. in the North Sea.

. July 28.—German troops reach Russian frontier of Eastern Galicia on both sides of the town of Husiatyn.

Great aerial fighting reported on western front; 31 enemy

machines brought down and 30 driven down.

JULY 29.—French win success between Hurtebisc and the district south of La Bovelle (west of Ailles)

July 30.—H.M.S. Ariadne announced torpedoed.
July 31.—Great allied attack on broad front, extending north
and south of Ypres, launched; over 5,000 prisoners.
Aug. 1.—Germans counter-attack east and north-east of Ypres,

and compel British to withdraw from St. Julien. All grobetween latter and Westhoek is firmly held by British.

Aug. 2.—More violent German attempts to recover lost ground north-east of Ypres repulsed.

General Brussiloff resigns as Russian Commander-in-Chief, and is succeeded by General Korniloff.

Aug. 3.—British recapture St. Julien.
Fall of Czernovitch to the Austrians.

Heavy fighting between British and German forces near Lindi, German East Africa.





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