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BLACKWOOD'S
MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXCIX.

JANUARY—JUNE 1916.



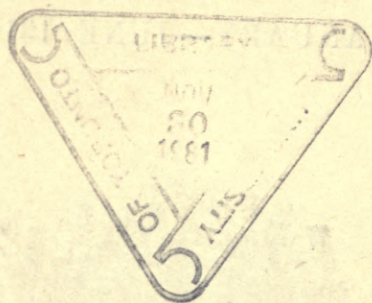
NEW YORK:
THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.,
HARR VERREB, PROP.
249 WEST 13TH STREET.

1916.

BLAKE WOODS

MAGAZINE

1919



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NEW YORK

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.

25 WEST 47th STREET

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MY EXPERIENCES AS A PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY, AND HOW I ESCAPED.

MY misfortunes began on July 28, 1914. On that date I was spending a peaceful holiday far from the madding crowd in the sleepy little North German town of Gutersloh. For the benefit of readers who have not heard of it before, let me tell you that Gutersloh lies on the Cologne-Berlin main line in the province of Westphalia, and that the inhabitants have waxed fat by manufacturing most excellent hams and sausages, besides weaving cotton, flax, and silk, manufacturing machinery and other commodities. The surroundings of the place are entirely rural. Rich corn and potato-fields, alternating with fir copses and stretches of heather, extend for miles to the horizon in all directions. To the eastward the forest-clad range of the Teutoburg mountains can be plainly seen. I had explored these hills frequently, and subse-

quently reaped the full benefit of having done so.

There is no need to say much about the inhabitants of these parts. Let it suffice if I remark that before a Government-controlled press incited them against the English, they were inclined to be friendly and hospitable towards them. Whilst a majority could be described as being peaceable, a minority of men of the wealthier classes believed in the necessity of the expansion of Germany overseas, and were of opinion that, as Britain stood in the way of the fulfilment of their ambitions, this obstacle to the achievement of their desires would have to be overcome by force of arms. Taking them all round, they might be described as keen business men, regular church-goers, fond of amusement, public-spirited, and full of deference towards anybody

in uniform or any titled person.

The political horizon was clouded on the date I have mentioned. Austria had taken the field against Serbia, and Germany was mobilising. Ominous rumours were in the air as to the attitude of Russia. South German troops were known to be moving across the Rhine into Alsace. Was the storm averted in 1911 and 1912 about to burst at last? Leading articles in the 'Times' and 'Westminster Gazette' assured me that whatever complications arose on the Continent our Government proposed to remain neutral. I was lulled into an entirely unjustifiable security by these papers, whilst the net was already closing around myself and others. No further mails from England were delivered to me by the post office,—a fact which, of course, only became obvious a week later. Meanwhile the state of anxiety and tension prevailing absorbed my attention, so that I gave no thought to my own security.

On July 31 a state of siege was proclaimed. Hostilities with Russia had commenced. Needless to say, the press informed the people that it was the Czar who had attacked his peaceful western neighbours without any provocation whatsoever from the latter, and everybody was satisfied that such was indeed the case. Immense enthusiasm prevailed everywhere. A manufacturer, on seeing the proclamation, rubbed his hands

and remarked, "Thank God, now we shall get rid of the 100 Socialist members in the Parliament." There is little doubt in my mind that he was echoing the sentiments of the Conservative party in Germany, who deliberately planned a great war in order to suppress all democratic sections of the people, and obtain complete mastery over them with the aid of martial law. The catchwords, "the Cossacks are coming with fire, sword, and knout to destroy the Fatherland and its civilisation," worked like a charm. Socialism, pacifism, and internationalism vanished, and were replaced by patriotic masses clamouring to follow their old leaders, the Prussian aristocracy, to conquest and victory. It was the most extraordinary transformation I have ever witnessed.

Vast masses of troops were pouring both eastward and westward on the main line. Train followed train at ten minutes' interval, at a speed of about twenty miles an hour. This stream continued day and night, until I was no longer in a position to observe it. It was a veritable tide of men of all arms, all in brand-new grey uniforms. Not a strap of the accoutrements had been used before. The quantity of heavy guns was particularly striking. The men were full of enthusiasm and confidence. Their physique seemed to be splendid. The bulk of this impressive traffic was going westward, and the rumour soon spread that France was to be over-

whelmed first. The news of the outbreak of hostilities with that country was hailed with general satisfaction, on the grounds that whereas Germany did not desire more Polish subjects, and Russia was too poor to pay a big war indemnity, France could be bled white, and could be stripped of desirable colonial possessions. She, in fact, was to reimburse Germany for the whole cost of the war in blood and treasure.

Meanwhile a frantic search for hostile spies began. Everybody suspected every person met, whom he or she did not happen to know personally. Schoolboys were egged on to assist in the work of denunciation. Many ludicrous scenes occurred when two ardent patriots proceeded to arrest one another simultaneously. There is a fine opportunity for a playwright to utilise them. But sad tragedies were not less frequent. A manufacturer's only daughter was shot dead by lads who had taken upon themselves the duty of stopping all motor-cars on a high-road, without official sanction to do anything of the kind. How many Russian farm labourers or travellers were seriously injured by mobs or fusiladed by the military after most perfunctory court-martials nobody will ever know.

It occurred to me that it might be advisable to notify the local authorities of my presence, to save trouble later on. I sent them my passport, and informed them that I might leave shortly. I also

endeavoured to find out what the English colony in the nearest provincial town were doing. It is easy to be wise after the event. My proper course would have been to have left the town at once, covered up my tracks, and made for the frontier. What I did do was in fact a terrible mistake under the circumstances, by drawing attention to myself.

On August the third the morning paper brought alarming news. The Germans had occupied the neutral duchy of Luxemburg. There could be no doubt now that they would also enter Belgium to outflank the French armies on the Alsatian frontiers. Such action would necessarily lead to a participation of England in the war. I telephoned to the police that they must return me my passport at once, they having retained it on some pretext or other. I stated that I should leave without it unless it were handed over. No reply was given. I went to the station, but was informed that owing to military traffic no ticket could be issued to me until the next day. On the following morning I obtained one by an unusual route, all others being, it was stated, closed. My departure took place without incident, the station-master who conducted me to my carriage made some insulting remarks anent the thrashing he hoped the English were about to receive, and the train steamed out. The next station was a junction where I had to change. I had just taken my seat in the

connecting train, when a helmeted policeman called upon me to "identify myself." On giving my name, he informed me that he had orders to arrest me. I was bundled out of the station, with the buzz of a mob which seemed to gather by magic in my ears, hustled into a motor-car, and whirled off to the point of my departure. It seemed but a few minutes, and I was back on the platform of the Gutersloh station. My captor, aided by a knot of guards and railway officials, brought me before the station commandant, a pompous lieutenant, who had been a school-master a few days previously for the greater part of the year, and who, like thousands of other Teutons, was thoroughly enjoying the sweets of unlimited local power which martial law gave him after the humdrum civil life he had been leading. He opened proceedings by a virulent tirade against England, made some sarcastic comments at my being such a fool as to imagine that I should be allowed to leave the country, scribbled a few lines on a bit of paper, and beckoned me to follow him across the line to an east-bound troop train which was on the point of starting. The train commander received instructions to hand me over to the O.C. communications at Hanover. I had to enter a carriage full of cavalry officers, and we started off. I was half-stunned by the events described. A dull mental agony had taken possession of my brain. I was conscious only of one thought—namely, the feeling that my career was ruined, that I had been miserably and treacherously trapped, and that my friends at home would want to know why I was not at my post. During the whole wretched year that was to follow, this sense of hopeless depression never left me. That I had no luggage, not even a cap, was a mere trifle. I shall not easily forget that train journey. The August sun shone on the corn sheaves that were being garnered everywhere with the help of thousands of women and children. Towns were decked in gay bunting, endless troop trains on the move everywhere, their carriages chalked with inscriptions such as, "To London," "To Paris," or "To Petersburg." Boastful, crude rhymes were inscribed on others. The platforms were crowded with girls laden with coffee-cans and trays full of huge sandwiches for the hilarious warriors, who, having stuffed themselves farther up the line, could not consume a fraction of what was pressed on them. Not one drop of beer or spirits was to be seen anywhere. My travelling companions were courteous in manner, and the senior officer, who seemed to know Russia, gave us an interesting lecture on that country's reasons for going to war with Austria, which would certainly not have passed the German press censor for publication, and rather staggered his hearers. The speaker wound up with an equivalent of the phrase, "Right or wrong, my country." They informed me that the

paper given them by the station commandant of Gutersloh stated that I had attempted to leave the town after expressly promising not to do so, which was a most impudent falsehood. It was late at night when the train halted at Hanover. I was, after a long wait, handed over to the police, taken across the town in a motor I had to pay for, and went through the first of many subsequent inquiries to prove my identity and the fact that I was not a spy. This was no easy matter when the following circumstantial evidence could be produced—viz., that I was a British subject, that I was in the employment of the British Government, and that I could speak German. The interview ended with a polite request: "To step this way." "This way" proved to be the police look-up. I was rigorously searched, everything found in my pockets was taken from me. I was marched down a long corridor, pushed into a cell, the door was bolted, and I was left to my own thoughts, exhausted, miserable, in complete darkness.

I groped about and found that the cell measured about eight feet by four. It was furnished only with a plank bunk and a pail. Forty-eight hours elapsed. Ordinary German prison diet was served out. Dry black bread, synthetic coffee, and a bowl of vegetable soup in the middle of the day. The quantity is ample to sustain life. As a matter of fact I had little appetite, but it was a new

experience to have only a tin basin and spoon, instead of the napery, cutlery, and crockery of previous life.

Suddenly I was hauled out, and underwent a further examination by a curt police official, who incidentally informed me with a note of triumph that Liége had been taken. It appeared that a visiting-card bearing the inscription "3rd King's Shropshire Light Infantry," had been discovered hidden in the lining of my note-book. "What had I got to say to this?" Hitherto I had acted openly, believing that only absolute frankness could get me out of my painful position. It flashed across me that now only deliberate falsehoods could save me, and I entered on a career of untruths that would have done credit to Ananias himself. It was playing *va banque*, but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. I smiled at the suggestion that I was or ever had been a soldier. Do I look one? I hinted,—I know that I certainly did not. Dirty, unshaven, dishevelled, short in stature and dejected, my appearance suggested any other profession but that of arms at that moment. "Well then, how did I explain the card?" Perfectly simply. I had many years ago once been made an honorary member of an officers' mess. The card was a pass to enter the barracks at any time. The fact that no rank was stated would prove the truth of this assertion. Here local knowledge had come to my aid. The custom that in England a

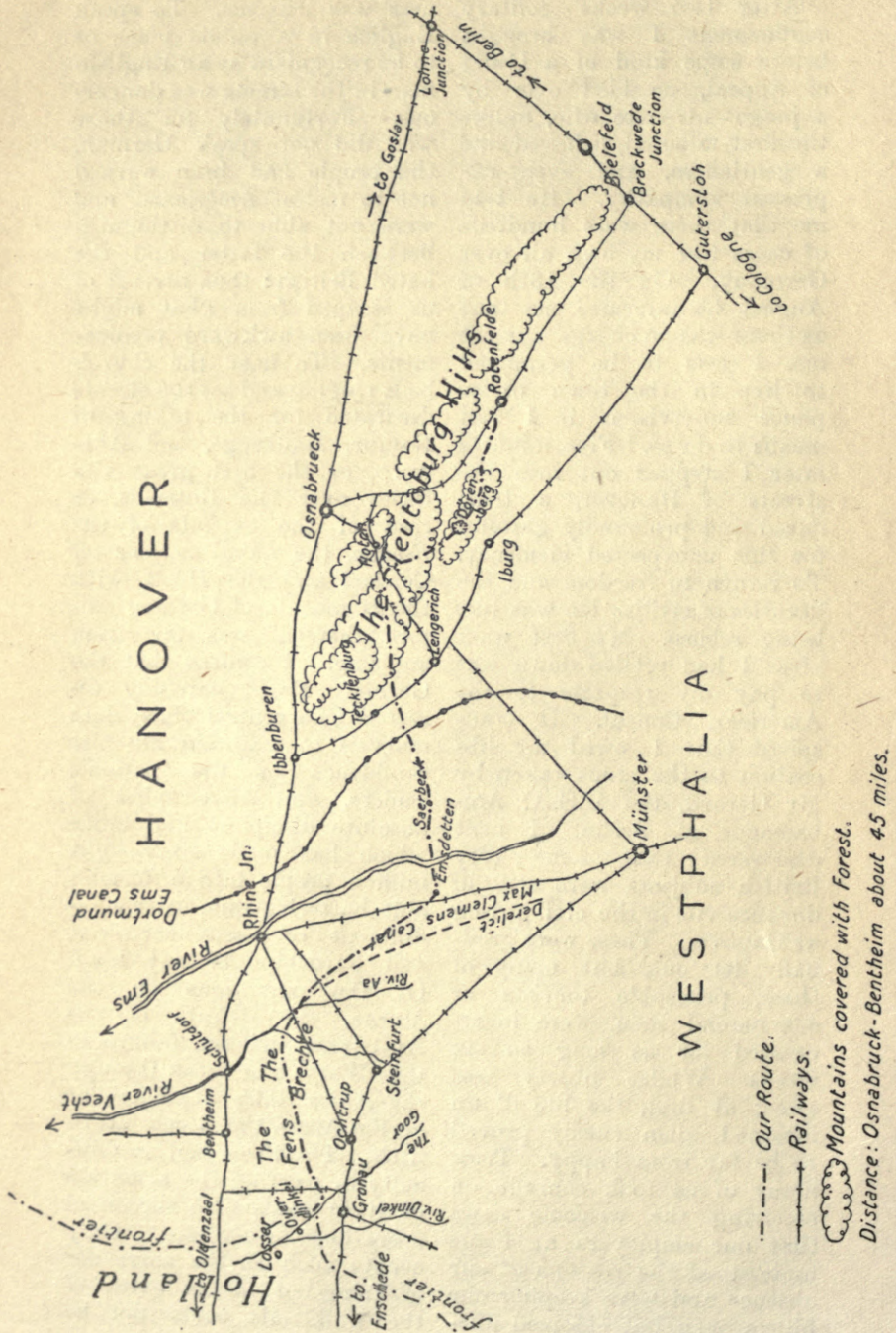
subaltern never uses his rank as a title was of course unknown to my judge. If he had troubled to consult an Army List, or caused my last lodgings to be searched, he would have discovered conclusive evidence to disprove my statement, but for all his pomposity he seems to have lacked intelligence. I was finally brought before two majors. These gentlemen cursorily studied the papers dealing with my case, glanced contemptuously at me, and then pronounced sentence. I was to be confined in the military prison at Hanover until the end of the war.

Half stunned, I was marched to this establishment situated close at hand. Once more iron gates clanged and bolts were shot. I took stock of my new surroundings. My cell was larger than the first one, and contained a few pieces of furniture, including a plank bed and straw-stuffed mattress; but an iron hopper fixed outside the barred window only permitted the inmate to see a tiny patch of sky. The prospect of a prolonged sojourn in this cellar-like abode made my heart quail. Presently a major, gruff and bumptious, the governor of the jail, came along. From a brief conversation with him I gathered that he had orders to treat me as an officer. I was to be allowed to exercise in the yard by myself, receive books or articles of food, and buy toilet articles. He stated that as the English were going to be smashed up quickly, I

should be out before long. It was probably in his own estimation a most tactful thing to say. He gave me permission to write to the American Consul, who came to see me. This and the untrue statement I had made previously proved to be my salvation. My jailor was a sergeant, who was a very decent fellow indeed, and who procured everything I asked for, including newspapers. For the rest I was guarded with every precaution imaginable, and never quitted my cell without two sentries at my back—one with a loaded rifle and the other with his bayonet drawn. Time hung heavily on my hands. More especially the nights were terrible. I could not sleep, and spent many hours pacing my cell in the dark until I collapsed on my pallet. I can only recollect two humorous moments. Every cell door was chalked with the offence committed by its inmate—such as "Deserter" or "Thief." My own bore the word "Englishman." I was particularly annoyed by being continually observed by the sentry in the passage through a bull's-eye in my cell door. One day I soaped the glass, just to see what would happen. Imagine my astonishment when the sentry hailed me in best Billingsgate to "Stop that blank nonsense, or the stuffing would get knocked out of me." Inquiry revealed the soldier in question to have just returned from the precincts of Throgmorton Street to shoulder a rifle for the Fatherland.

After two weeks' solitary confinement I was brought before some kind of a Court of Appeal, presided over by a judge-advocate who, unlike the first tribunal, behaved like a gentleman, and even expressed sympathy. He told me that there were hundreds of cases like my own all over Germany. On the 18th of August he informed me that as there was no charge against me, I was to be permitted to live in the town under police supervision if I had means to do so. Five minutes later I stepped out into the streets of Hanover, a trifle dazed and profoundly grateful for this unexpected clemency. To return to freedom and the luxuries of civilisation was like being reborn. My first walk after I had settled down was to pay my respects to the American Consul. It transpired that I owed my liberation to the steps taken by Mr Gerard, the U.S.A. Ambassador at Berlin. I next discovered that some fifty British subjects were still in durance vile in the civil prison at Hanover. These were gradually let out, but many of them, peaceable tourists or commercial men, were incarcerated for as long as six weeks. Whilst liberty was sweet at first, the life of an interned alien enemy proved to be far from happy. True, many of us took courage on receiving the welcome news that our employers at home understood the reasons of our absence and were keeping our billets open, but enforced idle-

ness was irksome. To speak English in a public place or to be recognised as an Englishman in the streets was dangerous. Fortunately for those who did not speak German, the people had been warned not to molest Americans, and were not able to distinguish between the latter and the hated British: thus several of us escaped from what might have been awkward predicaments. To hear the church bells ringing and see the streets decorated for the taking of Namur, Maubeuge, and Antwerp, or the first great victories over the Russians, or read of the exploits of the *Emden*, the naval actions off Coronel and the Hook, with the comments of German editors thereon, was far from amusing. I confess that the German Press, carefully directed by a central office, does marvels to maintain absolute confidence in the nation's leaders, and that spirit of absolute discipline and unity which has made sixty-eight million people into a formidable battering-ram, utterly indifferent to losses, sacrifices, and hardships of any kind. Of the operations on the Marne, the defeats of the Austrians, and the failure to take Warsaw or break through the Allies' lines at Ypres or on the Aisne, the people heard little. The Press had no difficulty in riveting the attention of their readers to successful operations elsewhere. Only events such as the surrender of Tsing-tao or the battle of the Falklands could not be



denied. They were described as minor operations which would not influence the main issues in Europe, and duly exaggerated figures of the odds which had been faced were given out to sugar the pill.

Thus the opposing fleet at the Falklands was described as an international squadron of thirty-eight ships. The heavy casualty lists sobered the people. They became aware that war is not necessarily a joyous procession to victory, but their grim determination has not been in the least shaken by this discovery. Vast orders for war material soon made manufacturers of most kinds of commodities busier than they had ever been before. The blockade of the sea helped home industries, who now monopolise the Austro-German markets, and do a big trade with all adjacent neutral countries and the Balkans. Dutch and Scandinavian ports became outlets, and articles for which no substitutes could be found leaked in by the same route. The Government successfully dealt with financial questions and fixed the prices of all necessities of life. The fear of Russian invasion vanished. By the end of October the country had got over most of its difficulties, and only the stupendous number of newly formed troops everywhere reminded those whose near relatives were not embodied that a great war was raging on or beyond the frontiers. The outlook for the interned alien enemy was not bright.

But our troubles were only beginning. The Press commenced to circulate reports of alleged harshness and cruelty to German subjects in Britain. Harrowing details were published of the sufferings of those interned in concentration camps, and of the treatment of passengers taken off ocean steamers. The latter were said to have been loaded in chains and housed in gaol. Numerous petitions were addressed to the Imperial Chancellor to secure better treatment for German prisoners by means of severe reprisals against all British subjects in German hands. What the people did not know was that their authorities had already enjoyed a fair innings from July 31st onwards. In view of the manner in which the Government controlled the Press, I strongly suspect that the authorities themselves engineered the whole agitation in order to justify their past and future acts in the eyes of their own countrymen and of neutrals. They have on all occasions prior to infringing the customs of war, or committing a breach of faith, utilised the newspapers to charge their enemies with the very acts which they themselves were planning to perpetrate.

I had just got over a little difficulty. A few days previously a regiment was about to pass under the windows of my quarters. I deemed it wise to withdraw, since some fool might have denounced me for observing troops. I left the window where I had been sitting; but, alas! for good intentions, my

neighbours now solemnly declared that I had insulted the German Army by ostentatiously turning my back on it. However, no serious trouble resulted.

On November 6th I read in the morning paper that all male British subjects within the Empire were to be removed to the racecourse at Ruhleben, near Berlin. Only persons under 17 or over 55 years of age were to be excepted, and such as were "unfit for transport."

I had hardly grasped the meaning of the Imperial ukase when a detective called for me. I was to be granted time to pack a handbag, and by "special Imperial clemency" was to be permitted to take a blanket before accompanying him to the gaol. Half an hour later I was back in that establishment, this time in an association cell, which was soon crammed with a wonderful assortment of King George's subjects. There were whites and coloured gentlemen, Boers, Canadians, Australians, and oddments from outlying corners of the Empire. There were mechanics, officials, merchants, music-hall artists, musicians, and members of every calling you could imagine, from the estate owner to the lion-tamer, or the person pointed out to me as being a notorious international thief, and the proprietor of a brothel. There were Cook's tourists who had only been in Germany since July 30, and men who had never been to England in their lives and could not speak a word of English, but whose fathers, or in some cases

even grandfathers, had settled in Germany, but failed to get naturalised there. Several of the younger men of this class had actually volunteered to fight in the Germany army, and had been rejected as hostile aliens, to their great chagrin. Needless to say, we regarded such persons with suspicion, which proved to be well-founded later on. In a way they were to be pitied, having through strange legal conceptions fallen between two stools. The protests of some Boers at being classed as British were also unavailing. Many of the prisoners were mere schoolboys—others, brought from German health resorts, were sadly infirm. A number were utterly unfit for any kind of military service. The zealous police had even arrested a blind man, who was, however, released later on. One hundred and fifty specimens of *Homo britannicus* were assembled ere darkness fell, and our cell was like the black hole of Calcutta. There was barely room to lie down on the bed boards supplied. As for the sanitary arrangements, or the lack of them and its results, I prefer to draw a veil over certain incidents. You would, of course, imagine that the dejection of the prisoners was sad to witness. To some extent that was so, but the sight of a pile of youngsters on top of one another, and elderly gentlemen joining in the general ragging, made the most depressed smile. The gaolers were nonplussed, and sought in vain to suppress this outward

gaiety with many threats and "Donnerwetters," but failed, and apparently no regulations had been framed to meet the case, so they retired growling. We received some tokens of sympathy, and these came, let it be said to their credit, more especially from people of the humbler classes. My landlord, for instance, impelled by no mere mercenary motives, hurried to the commandant to beg him to release me, and many sent presents of food or kind letters to other prisoners. We shall not forget their good intentions. The wealthy educated classes always seemed to me to be most bitter in their attitude towards the English, although exceptions deserve to be mentioned. After forty-eight hours, prisoners were allowed to take leave of friends or relatives who came to see them. Sad partings took place between husbands and wives, mothers and sons. They were not to be permitted to visit Ruhleben Camp. We were then mustered in fours in the prison yard. An armed guard charged magazines in our presence, and we were informed that we should be fusiladed at the least attempt to escape. We took up our baggage. A lieutenant, flourishing a drawn sword, placed himself at the head of the column, and we marched out into the main streets of the town. It was Sunday, noon, and "church parade" was in full swing. A well-dressed pleased-looking crowd lined the pavements whilst we tramped in the roadway lugging our bags along

with difficulty. The soldiers protected us from mob violence, and at last we arrived panting on the station platform. Here we were bundled into fourth-class carriages, and started off eastward bound. After the gaol atmosphere the journey was quite a relief. The soldiers in our van became human the moment their superiors were out of sight. Within an hour of starting they had given us their rifles to hold whilst they smoked our cigarettes. Raging was the order of the day to pass the long hours. At Stendal we tried to get some water from the Red Cross girls on the platform, who were about to get it, when an officer sternly forbade them to do so. The fear of the German of his womenfolk showing any sympathy for prisoners, or coming into contact with them, was altogether pathetic to observe or read about in the Press. We arrived at Spandau station, our journey's end, at 10 P.M., and after a long tramp across fields, many of us almost breaking down (not being professional porters), we entered the gates of Ruhleben racecourse. Our baggage was searched, and we were ushered to our quarters—the long low hay-loft above a block of horse-boxes. All round the walls lay what proved to be the crews of British merchant vessels, seized five days before declaration of war. Men and officers were all mixed up. We were told to lie down in the passages between them on the concrete, being allowed to get a little straw off a cart to cover the

floor with. When we all lay down there was not room to turn over. Many had no blankets, and the night was bitterly cold. The east wind found its way through the thin wood and plaster walls. The gayest soon became silent, but it was not sleep that ended their mirth. At daybreak we were mustered in the muddy stable-yard. Each man was given a small coarse towel and a tin bowl, the only utensil ever issued to us. We were then marched through deep slush to the camp kitchen, where, after half an hour's waiting, coffee that had never seen the tropics was issued. New arrivals from all parts of Germany were pouring in.

These, like our own crowd, were composed of a strange mixture of men of all ages, professions, and political opinions. The Germans had carried out the imperial rescript to the letter and spared no one, not even men whose presence in Germany was due to special invitation of their own government or municipalities to come over to instruct them in any branch of science in which they felt that British skill or knowledge was predominant. Comment seems needless. Those whose sons or brothers were fighting in the German army shared the fate of ourselves without mercy.

At noon we all marched up to the kitchen again and received a bowl full of vegetable soup and a large portion of black bread. Coffee was issued again in the evening at six o'clock. The waiting in end-

less queues in the cold and wet was a far worse punishment than anything else.

The camp consisted of the stable-yards with 12 blocks of brick horse-boxes (28 to a block) and the hay-lofts above them. Each block was about 160 feet long and 33 feet wide. The horse-boxes measured 11 feet by 11. Six prisoners were accommodated in each such compartment. The lofts were 8 feet high at the ridge and 4 at the eaves. The whole block held 360 people. Two water-taps were provided for each block, and twelve earthen-ware bowls were served out—*i.e.*, one for the use of 30 prisoners. Latrines had been dug in long, low sheds. Dining-halls there were none. A number of inmates of the camp were quartered in the refreshment-rooms of the race stands. There was no heating apparatus. Exercise was only obtainable by pacing the swampy stable-yard or walking in front of the grand stands of the racecourse. The course itself was wired off. A canteen had been opened by a contractor, but the stock of most articles allowed to be sold was absurdly limited. Moreover, imagine a town with 4000 people and only one shop. Can anything more depressing be imagined than the prospect of months or even years of life under such conditions? There can be little doubt about it that the whole performance was deliberately staged from motives of vengeance by the German authorities. Organisation is their strong point, and there

is no doubt in my mind that those responsible could with ease have made better arrangements for our assembly, transport, and accommodation had they wished to do so. Nor were there errors made in issuing orders concerning these matters. The intent was to humiliate and inflict punishment. Whether the result gave them much gratification I cannot say. Crowds of prisoners assembled after taking stock of their novel surroundings, singing "Are we down-hearted" and similar choruses. Patriotic songs were sternly suppressed, however. Certain improvements were gradually introduced as time passed. We were given sacks to stuff our straw into; a limited number of plank-bunks and wooden floor-boards were issued; African natives were separated from whites, though kept in the same camp. The parcel post began to provide us with food, and we were allowed to write short post-cards. German newspapers were not allowed for a long time, excepting one scurrilous rag which had the official approval.

The question how to pass the interminable hours of that weary winter was tackled almost at once by men of resource and stout hearts. It required not a little courage to make a start and not sit down in despair. Musical men got together, sent for instruments, and soon we had an excellent band. Schoolmasters commenced to give lessons in all the languages of Europe. A debating society was formed,

and religious services were conducted. A refreshment-room, which had proved to be dangerously cold to sleep in, was cleared out and used as a recreation hall; a stage was built by ships' carpenters, and a dramatic society gave us first-rate performances ere the spring came. Good lectures could be heard several times a week. A camp school was opened. The authorities, pressed by the U.S.A. ambassador, had meanwhile commenced to improve the sanitary condition of the camp. Very primitive and inefficient steam-heating was introduced, the canteen was slightly enlarged, and a few wooden sheds were built to relieve the overcrowding. The prisoners later on were allowed to write two short letters a month, and read German papers. A committee of barrack representatives was instituted. The members were either elected by the prisoners or nominated by the commandant, and their function was to act as intermediaries between the interned and the authorities. Much as the Germans objected to anything that savoured of self-government, the committee succeeded, by tact and diplomacy, in improving the relations between the military and the prisoners, causing the diet to be improved somewhat, and eventually obtaining permission for the race-course to be thrown open for the purpose of playing games and recreation. Whereas at first all alike had to shovel coals or refuse, or drag carts, the work was now done by

such as volunteered for the task. Payment was given them from relief money allowed by the British Government, sent through the American ambassador. Each prisoner was allowed a small sum weekly from the same source on application. Work was commenced to improve the roads and latrines. Flower-beds were laid out in the stable-yards. A visitor to Ruhleben to-day would have difficulty in realising what it was like in November 1914. A limited number of prisoners with means now take their meals, or part of them, in a "casino" or restaurant of the racecourse staff and jockeys. A shower-bath can be indulged in once a week. The Education Committee's school is doing good work, and excellent lectures on all subjects are held. No doubt further improvements will be made in due course. All these things may do a little to lighten the lot of our countrymen, but not much. For the real punishment is to be deprived of freedom, and to have lost that liberty of speech so dear to us all; to be helpless in the hands of the enemy without having had the chance of firing a shot; to be cut off from wives and sweethearts; to know that perhaps chances in life missed will never come back, or to be aware that bankruptcy awaits one at the gates when the hour of release strikes at last. Many are uncertain whether their wives have food and shelter, more do not know how they will make a living after the war. As for

physical hardships—the plank-bed, the eternal soup and potato diet, the crowded lofts and horse-boxes or sheds lacking all privacy,—well, all of us realised that the men in the trenches are ten times worse off, and made light of them. The hospital accommodation was very unsatisfactory up to the time I left. In November cases were brought to my notice of men with pneumonia lying in lofts unattended. Matters in this direction are, however, improving, and a kind of convalescent home establishment connected with the camp had been created. Payment for treatment had to be made, however, by those who used it, or by British funds. Fortunately the death-rate has been low. From conversations with many prisoners I learnt that many of them had been treated far worse than myself.

Whereas a fair number of permanent residents had been left unmolested up to November 6, every British subject attempting to leave the country had been arrested and hurried off to jails or prison camps. The treatment they had been given in these latter establishments was abominable, almost without exception. The commandants of Sennelager in Westphalia, Celle in Hanover, and those of some of the Bavarian camps, seemed to have vied with one another in disgraceful conduct towards their prisoners of British nationality, treating them with markedly greater severity than those of other countries. Nor

had they the usual excuse that their spiteful actions were "reprisals," since at the date of the incidents in question they could not possibly even have heard of complaints from German subjects arrested in Great Britain or on the high seas. And let it not be forgotten that many of our fellow-citizens had been expressly assured by persons in authority on July 31, when they could have left, that if they remained in Germany until the completion of the mobilisation they would be allowed to depart unmolested. In some places miserable trickery was employed to effect arrests. The victims were told that they would be permitted to live in towns in the interior specially designated. On arrival at the railway stations they found themselves prisoners, and were hurried off to some camp where in several cases they were kept in the open for days without shelter, badly fed, and exposed to all manner of hardships and indignities. Generally speaking, the civil population of Germany knew little or nothing of these occurrences, and probably ignores them to this day. In any case, the authorities would have found no difficulty in representing that whoever was harshly dealt with had deserved his fate, and, moreover, nobody would have dared to utter a word of protest.

Our relations with the military in charge of the camp deserve a few words. Extremely bad at the time of our arrival, they improved

markedly as the representatives of the two nations got to learn a little about each other. We grasped the fact that tactful speech or manner cannot be reasonably expected from German officers, as they have never been taught to combine their profession with either, and believe that once fear of punishment has produced a state of complete subjection on the part of subordinates, no further study of the latter's feelings is needed. On the other hand, the Germans in charge of us slowly learnt that the endeavour of the prisoners to voice their grievances, to obtain a certain measure of self-government within the camp, and their lack of humility when addressing an officer, were not precursory symptoms of a serious riot needing to be suppressed by a strong armed force supported by machine-guns and severe disciplinary measures. To suspect insult to himself, his army, or his nation, where none is meant, is another little weakness of the Teuton mentality which often led to trouble. Petty offences against the camp rules—as getting up late—were punished by extra fatigues, such as sweeping the camp. If repeated, the offender was sent to the cells to languish on bread and water for one to three days in solitary confinement, being allowed nothing but his blanket—not even a book. Insulting any person in authority was discouraged by long terms of imprisonment in the jails of Berlin. The offences

of this kind were mostly trifling or imaginary. A few incidents are worth recording. A sailor had applied the term "bloody" to a pro-German, on account of his political opinions. The commandant hearing of this caused all the prisoners to be mustered, and walking in procession from company to company, he informed all and sundry solemnly that they were "bloody Englishmen." A Manchester boy unwisely observed that "the Kaiser was unfit to live in a pig-sty," and had the misfortune to be overheard. He was court-martialled, removed from the camp, and up to July 9 had not been heard of. Presumably he has been in jail for many months. Councillor Butterworth of Manchester was sent to the cells for the following crime. As his tone was not sufficiently deferential in course of an interview, the Commandant, Baron von Taube, reminded him that he was "a German officer." "Well," replied Butterworth, "please remember that I am an Englishman." A Mr Ellison was given some moneys belonging to other prisoners which the authorities had laid hands on, with instructions to distribute it to some coloured sailors. These asked Mr Ellison whether it was right for them to accept money from the German Government. Mr Ellison cautiously answered that it was a matter for their own feelings to guide them. For this he suffered a severe sentence of imprison-

ment. As an example of German tactfulness not easily forgotten, I might mention the custom of decorating the camp with bunting on the occasion of German victories. One day some unknown person cut a flag line. The whole camp were confined to their shelters for twenty-four hours and prohibited from writing home for ten days. Altogether collective punishments are in great favour. Of course news of German victories were placarded in the camp. A quaint notion was the free distribution among the prisoners of Anglophobe literature, both pamphlets and an English newspaper, 'The Continental Times,' edited by Aubrey Stanhope and Houston Stewart Chamberlain. These publications, intended for neutrals, but subtly suggestive to the ignorant that they represented the opinions of all the best men in England, were more anti-British than the average German paper, if that were indeed possible.

The non-commissioned officers and men in charge of us varied in their conduct according to the degree of education they possessed or their station in civil life. Some were typical bullies, others inclined to kindness when they were sure of not being denounced by comrades—a frequent occurrence. Others again were not beyond taking bribes. With the summer came long warm days spent out of doors. Further improvements had been made in many directions. A club had been formed in a summer-

house, where members could read or study undisturbed. Card-playing was, however, prohibited for some reason. A camp magazine was printed: needless to say it was non-political and strictly censored, but afforded amusement none the less. Sports on the race-course were in full swing. The camp was kept as clean as its soil and overcrowding would permit. Ample clothing and sufficient food were available. To the casual observer there was little to find fault with. Prisoners of a philosophic disposition, men who had taken up a long course of study and had no domestic or financial troubles, and such who performed voluntary work in the camp, from distributing the mails to tending the sick or plying some trade, all these had settled down to make the best of a position from which there seemed no possible escape. The pluck of these men, their activities and unfailing cheerfulness, have duly impressed the Germans with whom they came into contact, who had been taught that the English are a degenerate race. Such were my last impressions of Ruhleben and its condition at the time of my departure.

The story of my escape begins with the arrival in the camp in mid-winter of an individual about twenty years of age, overgrown, tending to stoop, short-sighted, but extremely observant, Geoffrey Pyke of Pembroke College, Cambridge. He had come over to Germany as an

amateur journalist, in the employment of the 'Daily Chronicle,' long after the outbreak of the war, with the aid of an American passport,—a mad undertaking, since he knew nothing of Germany or the Germans. Speedily detected, he had suffered four months' solitary confinement in Berlin. Why the Germans did not shoot him offhand, which they would have been entitled to do, I ignore. Finally, on showing symptoms of mental breakdown, he was transferred to Ruhleben,—an act which shows that the German authorities are at times capable of exercising clemency. Mr Pyke's accounts as to the state of England during August interested me, and thus we became companions in our daily walks. Shortly after arriving, Mr Pyke suffered from a severe attack of pneumonia which affected his heart. As soon as he was able to walk about again, he suggested an attempt to escape. I replied, that in view of the terrible punishment meted out to recaptured prisoners—viz., confinement in a jail for the remainder of the war—I would only entertain the suggestion if his scheme seemed to have some chance of success. My knowledge of the country enabled me to point out difficulties, but also to improve Mr Pyke's plans, and perfect details. We commenced preparations at an early date. Money was required. Each prisoner was allowed to receive ten shillings a week from outside to buy

clothing, tobacco, and luxuries. We started to save up funds. We also borrowed trifling amounts from friends in the camp. Lastly, I undertook to transmit money to England for some men who, by doing dirty work for others, were earning more cash in the camp than they needed. Before long my pocket-book was well lined with notes. A post-card to my banker sufficed for these debts to be refunded at home to the wives of my fellow-prisoners. The next thing wanted was a map of some sort. The geography class of the camp school had an old atlas dated 1892, with a sheet of Westphalia, scale eight miles to one inch—poor, but better than nothing. A plan of Berlin and a railway map of North Germany from a guide-book came into the camp by some oversight. These were soon in our possession. I commenced to study the newspapers and their advertisements assiduously. The latter furnished most useful clues to travelling facilities in the country, existing police regulations, and what places it would be wise to avoid. Meanwhile Mr Pyke employed his time not less usefully by observing the system and manner of guarding the camp. He developed positive genius at this task, and soon knew every sentry and the degree of his watchfulness, the distance the rattling of the barbed-wire fences surrounding the camp could be heard, and what could be distinguished at night in the

vicinity of the fences. The enclosure of the camp consisted in two lines of fence about eight feet high, composed of stout netting surmounted by strands of barbed wire. Between the fences sentries with a beat of about 250 yards paced up and down. Electric lights illuminated the inner fence. In view of the danger of the undertaking, I confess that I felt qualms when the date fixed came nearer and nearer. The camp tailor had made Mr Pyke a very German-looking suit of clothes, and I was suitably equipped. Tins of compressed beef and milk tabloids had arrived by parcel-post and lined our pockets. Our plans were as perfect as they could be made. The time to strike had come. All prisoners, let me interpolate, were counted at ten o'clock every night, and a corporal saw to it that each of his charges were in their beds at the same time. Fortunately the horse-box which I shared with five comrades was ill lit. I had fixed curtains to my bunk, thus increasing the gloom inside it. For a long time past the non-com. had found me fast asleep in bed when he came round. If he looked closely on the night of the 9th of July into my berth, which I doubt, he would have discovered a handbag artistically draped with blankets.

Pyke and myself met at seven o'clock on the evening of the 9th in front of the grand stand, provided only with such necessaries as we could stuff

into our pockets. The mental effort to take the plunge was considerable in view of the penalty, and, carefully thought out as our scheme was, the chance that something unforeseen or some unlucky coincidence would land us in the Berlin prison seemed infinitely greater than the possibility of success. However, we screwed up our courage, and five minutes later we lay in hiding between the two fences. The exact spot at which it was possible to get over the first fence and hide, with the sentry stolidly walking up and down a few yards away, is to be kept a secret until the end of the war, for some other prisoner may be possessed of not less acumen than Pyke and slip out in the same manner that we did. For three solid hours we remained in the same spot not daring to move. The sun sank inch by inch, darkness fell, the electric lights on the inner fence shone forth. Slowly the hum and bustle of the camp died down, and still we could not stir. Would God arise against us and cause the slow-pacing sentry to glance in our direction? Ten o'clock struck from the old spire of Spandau parish church, a bugle echoed from the near barracks. The sentry moved off down his beat to await his relief. The tread of ammunition boots in the distance, coming from the guard-room, thudded in the soft sand. Now or never. We rose up, clawed the netting of the outer fence, and swung ourselves over. The rattling wires

seemed loud as cracking whip-stocks to my ears, but it was only my bad conscience. We crawled away on hands and knees inch by inch. Our boots were slung round our necks by the laces. As the new sentry's helmet spike glittered in the electric lights we lay down flat. He walked on, for we were already in the shadow, and the glare of the lamps in his eyes rendered it impossible to see far into the outer gloom, as Pyke had discovered previously. Creeping along, we edged towards a patch of trees and plunged into it with a sigh of relief. Only just in time. A lamp was moving in our direction. "The little man with the dog," gasped Pyke. He alluded to an old watchman and his mongrel, who assisted the sentries by patrolling at nights. We moved into the copse. How the twigs underfoot crackled! It was as though a thousand squibs had been let off. A stray fowl frightened the life out of us, as did a prowling dog pattering about under the trees. Emerging on the other side, we discovered to our horror that progress was barred by two more fences constructed by the wily Teuton. We consulted in whispers. Were there more sentries here? Nothing stirred, but a brightly illuminated house stood close by. We surmounted the obstacles, but not without difficulty. Pyke's heart had suffered from the attack of pneumonia I have mentioned, and the previous effort had exhausted him. Besides, an exceptionally large

foot only enabled him to jam his big toe in between the wire meshes. Seeing him in difficulty, I put my hands through the netting and clenched them. Pyke stepped on to my knuckles and olimbed over. Fortunately neither of us had torn our clothing seriously. We had reached the bank of the river Spree, and now put on our boots and walked along the tow-path. It was long past midnight. A cigar glimmered in the dark. Was it a constable? It was too late to fly. To walk on was the only chance. I called out a cheery good evening as we passed a gentleman in white flannel trousers. He responded, stared, and vanished. Would he give the alarm? Off we dodged into a private garden, climbed a fence, and found ourselves on a railway embankment. I tripped over the signal wires and came a cropper. It was a lesson I remembered, and came in useful later on. Along the embankment, then on we went through interminable allotment gardens. A pocket compass directed us eastward towards Berlin, our first objective. At last we struck a broad white road and tram-lines, the main artery of traffic between Berlin and Spandau. To have followed it at that hour would have been a mistake. The first policeman would have been interested in a pair of night-birds such as we were. Besides, we were dead beat. A patch of heather lay close to the road; in it we found a shallow sand-pit, and flung ourselves into it. Deep silence

reigned. "Well, we've done von Taube and his sentries to-night at all events," I chuckled; "that's worth quite a lot." I rolled over, said my prayers, and fell fast asleep.

The rising sun woke me up. It was chilly, and every bone in my anatomy ached. After munching a biscuit I prodded Pyke into wakefulness. A thousand questions surged to my brain. Had we been missed at roll-call, was a hue and cry already raised, and what was going to happen next? To get clean was important. We brushed the sand off our clothes and licked our dirty hands. You may smile, reader, but it was the only way, and had to be done. At half-past eight there seemed to be a fair amount of people out on the road. We popped out of the pit and gained it, walking briskly towards Berlin. Whenever we passed any person I spoke loudly to Pyke, who replied in carefully rehearsed phrases. This stock conversation served us frequently, thus hiding Pyke's ignorance of more German than can be picked up by a few months' study of Otto's famous grammar. I might mention here that I had made a point of always speaking very broken German to my barrack corporal, so that any description that was circulated of me will have contained one fundamental error.

Nobody took any notice of us, so we gained in courage. I bought a newspaper, and we boarded a car. To our horror we found three soldiers of our

camp-guard were fellow-passengers, but rather naturally they failed to recognise two out of 4000 prisoners. However, after commenting on Hindenburg's latest victory, it seemed advisable to get off and mount the next tram. Twenty minutes later we landed on the Potsdammer Platz, the Trafalgar Square of Berlin. We resisted the obvious temptation to look round. I had the plan of the main streets in my head, and we steered for a first-class café. The low public-house is unsuitable for fugitives. They get looked for there. Nobody would, on the other hand, search the Carlton Hotel for an escaped German in England, so it would most likely be the safest place for him to stop at! Of course the head waiter stared at our somewhat dirty appearance, but we were prepared. "My dear sir," I exclaimed to Pyke in a loud voice, "to tell you the plain truth, I did not enjoy going over your half-finished jerry-built houses in the least at such an absurd hour. We are both looking disreputable; besides, to be candid, a five per cent mortgage is a poor investment in war-time. Waiter, show us the lavatory, and then we'll have breakfast." We had a famous wash and brush up, and then proceeded to handle a knife and fork gingerly before a well-appointed table such as we had not seen since the 6th of November. The waiter brought bread, but before Pyke could stretch out his eager hand to grasp the

tempting rolls I abruptly told the waiter to remove them. "I never eat bread before noon now that the country is short of it, nor shall you in my company," I said. We had narrowly escaped a pitfall. Neither of us had the police-stamped bread-ticket to produce which the waiter would have demanded. Omelettes with ham, excellent café au lait savoured with fear, such was our meal. Lighting a cigar, we strolled out, making for Wertheims emporium, the Selfridge of Berlin. Here we purchased a suitable outfit for a tour on foot, a much-favoured method of spending a holiday in Germany. We were soon engrossed in shopping. A spirit-cooker, water-bottle, canvas ruoksacks (haversacks), cloaks of green colour, fat gingham, and a luminous compass were selected. I got a nerve shock when the lady who gave me the collecting card demanded my name and address. I at once supplied both, but wondered whether she would try to verify my existence with the aid of the directory, or ring me up on the telephone. Either would have been most awkward. I fancy, however, the information was only required in case we had asked for credit. The compass was a "fishy" article to buy in war-time, so I pulled out a letter in the optical department, read it carefully, explained that my brother at the front wanted one, and asked the assistant whether he had any notion what kind of a thing a luminous compass was, as I had no idea what they

looked like. I eventually selected what I termed the prettiest-looking one! We had to wait for a solid half-hour until the packers had the goods ready for us. It was sitting on hot coals with a vengeance. We then made for the Potsdammer Station. Our railway plans were carefully thought out. To have taken the main line to Holland would have been foolish. I bought tickets for the charming little town of Goslar in the world-famed Harz mountains, a place I had visited before, lying roughly south-west of Berlin. In the waiting-room we transferred the contents of the parcels to our knapsacks. A waiter who grumbled at the litter of paper had to be mollified with a tip. We passed the gimlet-eyed ticket collector at the barrier, and entered a crowded train. Slowly the corridor coaches glided out of the station. Berlin lay behind us.

Pyke buried himself behind books and papers. I occasionally asked him whether he felt any better; he said that he was sleepy, and suited the action to the word. I made myself agreeable to a couple of girls, and told them how overworked I was, and how I was looking forward to a holiday in the Harz mountains with my invalid friend. In a corner an amateur strategist was holding forth. Prosperous-looking Potsdam, with its castles, parks, and lakes came into view. Memories of the Great Frederick surged to my brain, and I wondered if the Kaiser himself was within rifle-shot

at that moment, communing with the spirit of his ancestor. The train thundered across the yawning ditch of the bridge-head of the fortress of Magdeburg, and over the Elbe bridge itself. Would they ask for passports here? Thank God, after a short stop we went on, out again over the moat on the western side of the town. Thousands of prisoners are detained here. At 4 P.M. we arrived at Goslar, and I led the way up the main street, which had not changed since my friend Wood took my photograph on the steps of the Post Office fifteen years back. We had a meal at a good restaurant, and I chatted with the proprietor about our proposed tour over the Brocken. He recommended a suitable hotel for the night, a few miles outside of Goslar. We left, and then bought food at various shops—ham, cheese, sausage, and cocoa. Unfortunately, the quantities were insufficient. Pyke urged me to buy more, but I feared to excite suspicion by purchasing too much. We also got matches, string, soap, and other requisites. Making a wide detour round a gendarme standing in the market-place, we emerged into the wooded hillsides outside the town, and ascended to the magnificent pine forests which crown the heights. Arrived near the crest we stood watching the magnificent sunset, which shed a glorious purple light over valleys and mountains. Then, remembering our mission, we walked far into the pines and

were hidden from all eyes. Ham and eggs were soon frizzling on the spirit cooker. True, we had to share the pocket knife and fork I had bought. A cigarette served as dessert. A cool breeze and a slight drizzle were a trifle annoying, but we were elated at having got thus far. Wrapped up in our cloaks we soon slumbered undisturbed, with a feeling of delicious security, in the heart of the forest. At dawn birds were singing and a bright sun streamed through the fragrant dew-spangled pines. After a cup of cocoa we started off for another day of adventure. Our objective was to double back to the same railway line we had left the day before; not to Goslar, however, but to Oker, a station just eastward of the former place. Oker is the home of the colour known to us as "ochre." Descending the fir-clad hills we caught a glimpse of the dreaming spires of Goslar below, soon reached the yellow Oker stream, and followed it to the town of that name. Breakfast was taken at the station inn, but it was a failure. Eggs were too dear to buy at twopence each the landlady told us, and we dared not ask for bread. So all we got was coffee and milk. At the station the booking-clerk had to write out the tickets for Bielefeld which I asked for. I feared that he might remember me by this later on. Luckily the morning paper contained no description of us. The train was full of soldiers on leave. In fact, wherever one looked there was nothing but uniforms. The station platforms and carriages were crowded with them. Berlin and Goslar swarmed with men of all arms; they were quartered on farms we had passed, columns filed along the roads, and the country-side echoed with the crack of rifle practice on improvised ranges. Whatever numbers were at the front or figured in the casualty lists, those left counted millions; and moreover, they were well clothed, well armed, well fed, and looked contented. Plenty of sound-looking men between thirty and forty were still about in plain clothes, though probably they were engaged in the manufacture of war material of some sort or other work which could not be entrusted to unskilled persons, the performance of which was essential to keep the country going. Older men, women, and children could be seen hard at work bringing in the harvest, which, poor in Eastern Germany, improved as we sped westwards. Hindenburg's coming great attack on the Narew line was being discussed. Lemberg had just previously been retaken, and a spirit of confidence seemed to prevail. Nobody even mentioned the surrender of the Governor of South-West Africa, which had appeared that day in the papers in small type on the back sheets. It did not seem to signify much to them, and may have been too far from their ken and interests. Despite the maritime activities of their coast ports, the great Colonial

League and commercial expansion, the Germans as a whole are still a Continental people, whose hopes and ambitions are centered at home. Two gentlemen told one another a lot of things seen in Kiel recently, which might have been of interest to an office in Whitehall. Pyke slumbered or read a patriotic novel. I studied a guide-book of Goslar, and told my neighbours what a fine tour we had enjoyed, and that it seemed hard lines to have to go back to an office stool in Bielefeld the next morning, and I talked of our physical defects which prevented us from doing our duty at the front. We repassed Goslar, sped through the old Bishops' seat of Hildesheim, then on to Hamlin. Who has not heard of the Pied Piper immortalised in Browning's poem? A large prison camp full of French troops awoke me to the unpleasant realities of our situation. The river Weser was crossed and Loehne Junction reached. "All change for Holland," bawled the station-master. Ah, that we could have stepped over the platform! In three brief hours the lucky travellers with passports would be in our land of hope and liberty. We boarded the Berlin-Cologne express, and an hour later stepped out unmolested into the wet streets of Bielefeld. Let me explain here that all the places where we changed trains or stations were carefully selected, erratic though our course may seem to those who study it on the map. I had at some time or

other visited the localities in question in course of my travels. At no point was it necessary to ask questions which might have proved our undoing; we were always able to walk through stations and towns as though we were natives. In Bielefeld we dined at the best hotel. Folk from Gutersloh often come to Bielefeld, and some might have recognised me. Sitting calmly in the "Kaiserhof," as we were, they would naturally have presumed that we had police permits in our pockets, and never have dreamt that we were fugitives. Mine host set soup, roast goose, salad and compot, followed by ices and coffee, before us, all for half-a-crown. Germany apparently was not yet starved out. The electric car carried us out of Bielefeld to Brackwede Junction on the main line westward of the former town. A local train steamed in, and off we went again. We were *en route* for the little watering-place of Rotenfelde at the foot of the Teutoburg hills I have mentioned in the first part of this narrative. The train was packed with soldiers. The rain came down in sheets. Taking cheery leave of the chatty conductor, we got out at 5 P.M. Our railway journey was at an end. To have gone on would have ended disastrously sooner or later, since passports would probably be demanded at all large junctions near the frontier. We became genuine pedestrians. Our first walk through the dripping forest was pleasant enough, but when evening came on,

lying down in wet mould, with rain dripping down from the trees, was less agreeable. We were soaked through at dawn, shivering with cold, and extremely miserable. For twelve mornings in succession we underwent this doubtful joy. A long drought was followed by a period of rain. Fuel and food had to be husbanded now. Pyke became "master of the rations," and invented weird units of measure, such as "a thumb's-breadth of sausage," and cut tally marks into the ham to regulate our daily consumption. To the north-westward the Teutoburg range stretches to a point within forty miles of the Dutch frontier. The hill forests would give us shelter from prying eyes, so north-west we marched over hill and dale. Once we blundered out on to the open plain to the westward, and met persons who eyed us suspiciously, but after hiding for a little while we got back into the woods. However, being able to look right along the range had been helpful. We ascended the peak of the Doerenberg, which I recognised. On the slope we ran into some tourists, but for the season the woods were empty. Where were all the joyous picnickers who had camped in the shady glades but a year before? Many a lad who had been courting his sweetheart in the shadow of the firs then now lies buried in France, Flanders, Poland, or the far Carpathians. Others may be prisoners in strange lands, or have returned home with shat-

tered limbs or destroyed eyesight, and will never be able to make merry again under the pines. And the girls are at home working and praying that the good old times of peace may come back once more.

But we had to think of ourselves. Pyke's heart was giving trouble. This was alarming. I carried his kit, and he struggled to the top. The view at our feet was magnificent. Below lay the old castles of Iburg and Ravensburg, to the north-west the hills and forests stretched to the horizon, and westwards the golden corn-fields of the plains, dotted with red-roofed villages, melted away in distant mist. We scanned the country minutely, not, however, to admire the scenery, but to pick up landmarks with the aid of our map and compass. White puffs of steam indicated the railway lines we should have to cross, and we followed their course intently.

Evening was nigh. Avoiding habitations, we pushed on all through the night, stopping every few hundred yards to consult the compass, stumbling over logs and groping our way across ditches. At dawn we flung ourselves down in a clump of young firs for a day's rest. I no longer deemed it safe to move in the daytime. We completed the whole journey by night marches from 10.30 P.M. to about 2.30 A.M., the only hours of darkness, when the countryside lay in deep slumber. All main roads likely to be patrolled by gendarmes were to be avoided, and

as far as possible all towns likely to keep night-watchmen. On the 14th we camped on a peak above Holzhausen. The lights of Osnabrueck and the glowing furnaces of the Georgsmarienhuetten glared eastwards. We were getting on. We were lying full length in the bilberries, drying our sodden clothes and boots at noon, when a merry crowd of village children came to pick the fruit. A girl discovered us. I spoke kindly to the flaxen-haired lass. She went off shyly to tell others of our presence. We collected our kit and slunk guiltily away. It cost us our last umbrella, which was left behind in the panic. How we missed it when the rain came on again! Fugitives please note and avoid ripe fruit when selecting hiding-places.

The 16th found us near Tecklenburg, on the Prince of Bentheim's estate, after making good progress over an open down, which reminded us of Sussex. Pyke's heart was getting worse daily, and the strain of wet and cold, coupled with low diet, became apparent. We now left the hills and turned off into the plain, which was entirely unknown to me. Oh for an aeroplane! Pyke hit on the happy thought of supplementing our scanty larder by larceny. Our first haul was a capful of potatoes, which we devoured raw with avidity. Later on we commandeered lettuces and turnips in a like manner. Pyke enjoyed this pastime, and said that the attraction of theft was great. The first land-

mark and obstacle we struck was the Dortmund-Ems Canal, a broad waterway. To swim it would have been easy, but not to get our kit over safely. Crawling to a bridge we found it unguarded, to our great relief, and crossed, creeping in the shadow of the parapet. "The intelligence of the Teuton is over-rated at times," remarked Pyke with a chuckle, as we reached a hedge on the left bank. Moving south-westward we suddenly found ourselves, past midnight, on the outskirts of Saerbeck. We resolved to push through, as scarcity of food rendered it imperative not to lose time in circumventing the townlet. How our boots echoed in those silent, cobbled streets! The vicarage windows were lit, and passing underneath we could see the worthy parson at work in his warm room. Saerbeck was soon swallowed in the blackness of the night, and we breathed freely once more. Suddenly a cloaked form stood before us. Who else could it be but a gendarme? The figure came up and, brushing me, passed on between us without a word. Who was it? I can give no answer. On we tramped. The 18th saw us across the river Ems in safety. Encouraged by our success at Saerbeck, we marched through the town of Emsdetten. It proved to be a far larger place than we had expected. Incidentally we were over the Münster - Rhine main line, which passes through it.

Emsdetten was illuminated brightly by incandescent street

lamps, and the walk through it had been unpleasant. It was a blessing when we found ourselves on a sandy track leading through corn-fields and meadows in restful darkness. We halted for the day just before we were due to strike the Max-Clemens Canal, marked on the map in my cigarette case. The latter was becoming smaller and smaller as I tore off the sections of country we had passed over. But a fresh difficulty arose to my dismay. Pyke suddenly declared that he could not go on unless he could get more food, and that he would go back into Emsdetten to buy it. That would have been suicidal, in view of his extremely defective German, and as my offer to him of a portion of my share of the rations did not turn him from his purpose, I was compelled to volunteer to go to Emsdetten myself. It was essential to look respectable for this mission. Tramps do not buy quantities of food, and the authorities are on the lookout for weary Willies avoiding their military service. Such unpatriotic loafers do exist. Fortunately I had a safety razor in my waistcoat pocket. With the aid of soap, and a little water from our field-flask, I managed to get a rough shave. Pyke brushed my clothes, pulled my tie straight, and shaped my squash hat. "You'll do nicely now," he said, surveying the result. We said good-bye, and then I started back to the town, which I reached at two o'clock in the afternoon. To my chagrin I

discovered that due to some feast all the shops were closed, and all the people going to church. Picture me erring round the market-place trying the shop doors, with the small boys taking a keen interest in my doings. At last a door gave, and I stood before a counter, behind which a buxom dame was stationed.

My eye struck a pile of chocolate. I asked the price, and said that I would take four pounds. No doubt the old lady was accustomed to sell penny cakes of the sweetmeat to the *jeunesse doré* of Emsdetten.

"Four pounds," she exclaimed; "surely you don't want to eat all that."

"Not at all," I responded; "to tell you the truth, my fiancée is very fond of it, and—well—I want to do the handsome thing—you know. Let me see what else my housekeeper wants," I said, producing a note-book and glancing round the shop. "Ah, sugar, margarine, soup squares, and cheese. Got sausage or ham? No—what a pity—not to be had in the town, did you say? This dreadful war. Your husband at the front, of course? Now, those soup squares . . . &c."

But I was not to have it all my own way. My listener soon got her spoke in when I paused for breath.

"My business, madam? I have been sent by the government to repair the canal locks."

"Which canal?"

"Why, the one to the west,

a few miles out. You never heard of it? Remarkable how few people I meet on my journeys seem to know their native towns well."

"Dear a-me," quoth my interrogator. "I suppose my work prevents me from getting about, but it's strange that nobody ever mentioned the canal to me in all these years that I've been here."

At this stage I had spotted a box of biscuits, and wondered whether one could get them without a bread ticket. I stared hard at them. "I'd like to take my children some of these home," I said. Alas, what a blunder.

"I thought you just said that you were engaged," said the matron sharply.

Horrible visions of the local gendarme being sent for to interview a suspicious character appeared before my mind. I clutched the counter and leant over. "She's my second one," I murmured huskily, "but don't you tell anybody."

I got those biscuits all right. The goods were packed up, sixteen shillings' worth. My pound note was carefully examined. I believe that the old lady's instinct told her that there was something the matter, but her ideas on the subject did not crystallise. Where should she send the parcel to? "Madam," I said, "in these days those who cannot fight at the front must help by assisting to economise labour. Although my physician has beseeched me not to over-exert my feeble

frame, I intend to carry that parcel home myself, heavy though it is. I wish your husband a safe return home." After accepting the gift of a cigar I left the shop, and an hour later reached the copse where Pyke lay. We feasted royally that night, and in view of the time it took to complete our trip we should have been badly off without the new stores to replenish our haversacks. The character of the country changed here. Great stretches of sandy moor, scrub, and heather alternated with belts of meadow and fields in the basins of streams. A wonderful amount of reclamation of waste land seems to have been done. The Government build roads and drain or irrigate with the aid of convict labour. Settlers then take over the farms built for them, and in a short time the soil, fertilised with potash, brings forth abundant crops. The areas available are enormous. Germany needs no Canada for a long while. The first startling discovery made was that the Max-Clemens Canal was derelict. No wonder my acquaintance at Emsdetten had never heard of it. The Dortmund-Ems Canal has, it seems, replaced it. We turned north-west to avoid Wetteringen, not wishing to go through towns again, feeling that the risk of doing so was becoming acute. But we got from the frying-pan into the fire with a vengeance. A belt of trees cut off the horizon completely. We were working our way along a sandy track when we suddenly

came out into the open. A blaze of arc-lights not fifty yards off shone on wire fences at the foot of which armed sentries stood on guard. The road led straight through them. To have turned back in full view of the guard would have been folly. With a gasp we marched on. Nobody challenged us. We plunged into a maze of sheds brightly illuminated. In front of each we caught the glitter of bayonets. It flashed across my mind that this must be the Watteringen powder factory. At last we came to a barrier and halted. This must be the end of our journey, I felt. We had had no time to consult when a figure stepped forth, and apologising for delaying us flung open the barrier. We tottered on far into the darkness of the moor, and finally sat down in a ditch speechless for many minutes. No doubt the night watchman had taken us for engineers coming off night duty.

Let me mention that one of our greatest difficulties was to get plenty of water. It was often difficult to find at night, and we could store but little in our flask, which we sometimes filled by lowering it on a long string from bridges. It was a case of pot-luck, and once daylight disclosed that the water we had been drinking and had brought along swarmed with minute tadpoles. More than once we were grateful to find pools in the roads, and lay down slaking our thirst with the contents. Pyke occasionally crept up to farms and took water out of the water-butts

below the eaves. One night an old lady, who ought to have been in bed, caught him in the very act. I rushed up from the orchard just in time to prevent her accosting him. In suave tones I explained that we were members of the Imperial Pedestrian Touring Club, slightly belated and very thirsty. "Well, you look a gentleman," she replied, "but to tell you the truth I thought your friend had come to steal my cows." Pyke withdrew into the shadows under cover of this conversation. With a cheerful "Good-night" I followed him leisurely.

Marching across country in the dark is no easy matter. You ceaselessly strike obstructions which deviate you from your true course, such as impenetrable hedges, swamps, ponds, villages, thick woods, and dozens of other obstacles, the most annoying of which is a watch-dog. You never know whether the brute is chained or not, or whether anybody will take notice of his barking. Pits are treacherous and quarries a danger. A bad sprain might have ended our adventure. We made best progress along the edge of woods or corn-fields, or the bank of a stream. These served as a guide to the eye. Continually consulting the compass, which was my particular department, was extremely fatiguing. Every morning at dawn I attempted to fix our position on the "chart."

The railway lines we had crossed during the night gave us our approximate longitude.

Latitude was obtained by listening for trains running from east to west, or finding the junction of two streams marked on our map. Occasionally we managed to read sign-posts at cross-roads, or sight landmarks by climbing trees, an amusement I had not indulged in since I left school eighteen years ago. The small scale of our map, the zigzagging we were compelled to do, and the lack of pronounced features in the plain, all combined to make "navigation" in the dark difficult and inaccurate.

On the 20th we crossed the rivers Aa and Vecht just above their junction, and camped on the wide stretch of undulating moor known as the "Brechte." These details of the locality were, by the way, subsequently culled by a study of good maps in London.

We had become hardened to our strange life and its conditions by now. In our hiding-places we sought distraction by much sleep, trying to dry our clothes when the sun came out, and indulged in long conversations in whispers. Sometimes arguments became heated, and we forgot our position over a discussion on the respective merits of our universities, the probable duration of the war, the progress of religious thought, or women's suffrage. It was always a painful shock to be brought back with a jerk to the stern realities of life by a dog coming into the copse, barking furiously, and doing his best to cause his unseen master to have a look at us. How our hearts beat

during such anxious moments, until the footsteps died away in the distance or the cart rumbled off out of hearing!

A special nerve-shock was reserved for the morning. At 6 A.M. I awoke and heard raucous shouts of command and the trampling of horses. Peering out, I saw cavalry coming towards our copse. We curled up under a fir, and lay with baited breath. Accoutrements jingled, and presently a file of troopers passed within about ten yards. We had covered up every bright object with us and turned our faces into the heather, as they might have caught the enemy's eye. Our clothes and cloaks blended with the ground and the trees. Until eleven manoeuvres of some kind continued in our immediate vicinity. Then the whole cavalcade re-assembled and trotted away in a cloud of dust.

We were becoming more and more wary in our movements. Starting was delayed until 10.45 P.M. At the least sound we lay down flat, in deep shadow if possible. Frequently a grazing cow delayed us. We circumscribed all lights as far as possible.

Pyke's heart continued to be a source of great danger. He dragged himself along with utmost difficulty whenever the ground was rough. On the following night he suddenly pitched forward on to his face and lay motionless. I believed him to be dead. What was I to do? In one brief hour dawn would be upon us, and with it detection was certain unless—I

could conceal the corpse, remove all means of immediate identification, and march on. Pyke stirred before I could brace myself to act. My relief at this was tempered by the reflection that I could not desert a sick comrade no matter what the consequences might be. Eventually I was able to raise him. Seizing him by the arm I took his cloak and haversack; we reached water, which revived him, and thence got to a hiding-place. Fortunately there was no recurrence of this condition.

The night of the 22nd took us across a vast gloomy peat moor, the Gildehausen Fen. Unaccustomed to its nature, we floundered repeatedly into black slimy peat holes. To the south-west the glare of the lights of Gronau, the last German town, were visible. At last we reached *terra firma* and got into a gentleman's park. Here we struck a stream, the Goor, which flows into Holland. Grey dawn was coming, but we saw no suitable hiding-place, and moved on. Suddenly a glimmer of rails caught my eye. The line crossed the Goor. We knew that this railway runs parallel with and close to the frontier. Was it guarded? After a pause we crawled over on hands and knees, traversing a road on the far side of the line in a similar manner. Once well clear of the latter we looked round for sheltering firs, and finally selected a slight hollow shaded by trees in which to spend the day. The question to be answered

was—how far were we from the frontier, which we knew could be reached by following the Goor down-stream? further, what precautions had the Germans taken to guard the boundary-line? Had they built fences or fixed live wires, automatic alarms, or other contrivances, and how far were their sentries apart? What about customs' officers with dogs? Here was plenty of food for thought. From the north-west the morning breeze wafted to our ears the sweet chimes of an unmistakably Dutch carillon, the like of which I have never heard in Germany. How near, and yet how far! To the south the rumble of trains on the Enschede-Gronau line was plainly audible. Close behind us to the east lay the Gronau-Bentheim line which we had crossed the previous night. From all these indications I concluded that we were just south of a slight projection made by Dutch territory into Germany, and had made our position to be about half a mile away from the frontier. We made preparations for a last dash, freed of all impedimenta, after evening had come and the farmers working in adjacent fields had gone home to rest. We had a hearty meal, using the last of our spirit, then we hid our cloaks and sacks in the heather, emptied our pockets of anything likely to jingle, and awaited complete darkness. In whispers we were planning what to do in case of possible contingencies. A supply of beef lozenges still gave us a certain radius of action.

Suddenly the fir branches rustled slightly. Pyke turned his head and uttered, "My God, the guard," in a choked voice. Sure enough, a uniformed figure, rifle in hand, stood over us and demanded in German to know what we were doing. Terrible visions of an eternity of imprisonment rose to my mind, but resistance seemed hopeless. I calmly trotted out my old story about the Imperial pedestrian touring club.

"That is no satisfactory explanation as to why you are in Holland," said the figure in reply.

This must be a trap to cause us to disclose our identity, I thought. "I have no business in Holland of any sort; this is Germany," I responded.

"Not at all; what's more, you will have to come with me to see the frontier section commandant at Losser; you are probably smugglers," put in our captor. I rose to my feet unsteadily. "If you don't believe me, look at this," said the soldier, taking off his head-gear. Sure enough, there was the familiar red Dutch cockade.

I seized him by the lapels of his coat and shook him. "Is this really Holland?"

We were saved; no German soldier can be shaken with impunity by a tramp. The Dutchman smiled good-humouredly. "Yes, you are fifty yards inside our territory; the house yonder is in Germany. We call this the three posts corner. How did you get through the German sentries along the road and railway

line? They shot a Russian officer who tried to get across last month quite near here."

Pyke and myself shook hands. I poked up our kit out of the heather, while we excitedly disclosed our true identity. Olde Daalhuis, our new friend, offered to show us the German sentries, but we had seen plenty for a lifetime, and preferred to proceed at once to Losser. I have no further adventures to record, but my pen runs on to describe in brief what followed.

It seemed a most unnatural thing to be able to proceed along a road without having to fear the people coming towards one. At Overdinkel we were able to walk into a café, order beer and cigars, and tell the truth about ourselves. At Losser the sergeant of the Guard, having heard his subordinate's report, greeted us with a hearty "Gott strafe England," and ordered hot coffee and sandwiches for us, which we ate ravenously. We still had money, and put up at the local hotel. Oh the joy of that first bath! Our host, Mr Smid, looked after us in a most exemplary manner, and we slept that night in feather beds, rising next day to find clean underwear in our rooms. It was a bright summer morning on July 24, and the church bells were ringing. I walked down the quaint village street into the old brick church, there to reflect on the providential good fortune which had brought us to liberty and safety in such an extraordinary manner.

Towards noon Lieutenant Ijdo of the Frontier Guard took us to Oldenzaal, where we had to undergo some formalities before being allowed to proceed. I gave him our luminous compass as a souvenir of his kindness towards us. Then we boarded a west-bound train, and reached Amsterdam at tea-time. We put up at a good hotel, and thoroughly enjoyed a return to the luxuries of civilised life. To go about free again and see fair women, shops, and shipping, and the historic beauties of Amsterdam, was a veritable paradise after a year's existence in Germany as a hostile alien. Nor must I forget to mention the courtesy of Mr Graham, the Vice-Consul, and the hospitality of the British Press representatives whom we met. The Consul had warned us not to let the German agents who swarm in Amsterdam know particulars concerning our departure. We went one better, and informed all and sundry that we were going home *via* Rotterdam and Harwich. On the 27th we did proceed to Rotterdam, but changing stations by electric car, took a train to Flushing. At dawn next day we steamed out of the Scheldt. There was an almost ominous silence

on the packet, so different from the stir and bustle of Continental traffic in former days. Who could say what dangers the lonely waters might harbour? At two o'clock I was lying slightly dizzy in the smoke-room. Suddenly the engines stopped. I went out on deck. A couple of sturdy pilots were climbing over the side. All around you could see the long black hulls of torpedo-boat destroyers and squat trawlers. In the distance the grey Essex coast was visible. We were safe under the protection of the British Navy. Never before had I realised so vividly what the phrase "command of the sea" really meant. I leant over the rail watching the scene, full of a deep sense of gratitude to those to whom we owed this security, and the Providence which had brought us thus far.

A few hours later a lonely figure in clothing which still bore the traces of contact with barbed-wire fences, and with a rucksack slung over his shoulders, was swallowed up in the roar of traffic outside Fenchurch Street Station, after seeing Pyke drive off in a taxi to his mother. Our journey was at an end.

E. M. F.

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

BY A RED CROSS PRO.

VIII. ORDERLIES.

AT six o'clock on chilly winter mornings shivering orderlies, drawn up outside the barrack-room to answer roll-call, think regretfully of the happy days in the pit they have left behind, and wonder vaguely if life is worth living. This is the beginning of the day's work.

An orderly's life is not a very enviable one, although the patients are pleased at frequent intervals to remind him of the softness of his job. As a matter of fact, it consists of a daily grind unrelieved by any of those exhilarating moments which are known to the more belligerent branches of the Service.

"I should like to be a night orderly," M'Vean remarked once meditatively. "I should spend the night sleeping in the bath. No one would ever miss me." For the cause of the infrequent appearances of orderly during the night was one of the standard subjects of discussion in the ward.

There were nearly a hundred and twenty orderlies at Blacktown, and they were employed in the grounds, in the theatre, and on day and night work in the wards. There were also a few unfortunates who acted under the sergeant-major's special orders, and were detailed off for any duty which

happened to be most pressing at the moment.

The fire brigade was recruited from this class, and was brought up to strength by the inclusion of the joiner, the carpenter, the assistant engineer, and any of the ground orderlies who could be spared at the moment. Fire practices were held at the discretion of the chief engineer, and, after ample warning had been given, the brigade assembled in front of the engine-house and studied the indicator until it sounded the alarm. When the moment for action came, six stalwart orderlies hauled the hydraulic engine from its shed and propelled it at full speed through the grounds to the stand-pipe nearest the burning block, while the remainder of the brigade raced alongside with buckets of water.

"It is the funniest sight in the world," remarked Kilbride, after watching one of these practices. "The fellows burst through the gate with their engine before the alarm had hardly begun to sound. They must have been standing ready in their places. What would happen if they were called out without warning I can't imagine."

On Saturday mornings another terror was added to life in the form of Special Parade.

At nine o'clock the Colonel, or in his absence the Quartermaster, inspected the orderlies. The Colonel, who had been an eminent local practitioner before the war, took the military duties which had devolved upon him very seriously. Boots, belts, and buttons came in for minute examination, and the owner of an unbuttoned pocket, a soiled belt, or a loose puttee would receive scathing castigation. After these pitfalls of the slothful had been surmounted the parade became more or less a matter of form, but one Saturday morning Judson received an unpleasant shock.

Of all the orderlies, Judson was the one who prided himself most on his appearance, and took most pains to secure successful results. His boots, belt, and puttees were always in a state of perfection, and the additional half-hour he devoted to his toilet on parade mornings seemed to his contemporaries purely an act of supererogation.

"There's old Judson waking us up again," they would grumble. "What's the sense of getting up in the middle of the night to see if a button has grown tarnished. I'd sooner let the Colonel give me C.B. than stay up all night getting ready."

On this particular Saturday morning the Colonel's temper had been ruffled by the receipt of a peculiarly tactless letter from the War Office at breakfast time—"a letter no one but a fool could have written"—as he explained when passing

the offending missive to his wife, and in consequence Special Parade became more unpleasant than usual.

After penalties for boots, belts, and puttees had been inflicted on a liberal scale, the Colonel gave the order—

"Rear rank, fall back two paces."

The rear rank obeyed, and the Colonel made a leisurely progress in the intervening space.

"Fall out," he cried, after inspecting the back of the immaculate Judson.

Judson obeyed with alacrity, under the impression that he was being singled out to serve as a model to the entire company.

"What do you mean by having your hair as long as a ballet-dancer's?" growled the Colonel. "It does not cost you a pound to have it cut; there is a shop three doors down the road"—and the crestfallen Judson was thankful to retire to his place in the rank.

Makin, the orderly in Ward B., had left his work in a pit on the Tyneside to join the R.A.M.C. during the early days of the war, attracted by the glamour of a khaki uniform, and in the belief that he had found a short cut to "the Road to Glory." For he shared the general belief that the war would be over by Christmas. But Christmas came and went without bringing the war to a close, and experience showed that the wearing of khaki brings penalties as well as glories in its

wake. As the days went by, Makin would often sigh for his old life on the Tyneside.

"Give me the pit," he would say, whenever he could get any one to listen to him. "It is something of a life. Here it is nothing but fetching and carrying all day long, and getting put on special duty by the sergeant-major whenever you do happen to get half a day off."

At first Makin found work in the wards very irksome, as a tyrannical ward-maid kept close watch over his doings, and endeavoured ceaselessly to bring home his shortcomings to him, lest the burden of them should fall upon herself. But careful observation and native ingenuity soon enabled him to discover that considerable alleviations could be introduced into an orderly's life, and that repeated calls and words of anger have little effect if the delinquent is not there to receive them. "The Elusive Orderly," Ward B. soon christened him, and a smile would pass round the ward when, after repeated calls of "Orderly, Orderly," no answer was forthcoming.

"It is like the Hunting of the Snark," said Kilbride with a smile one day, when the calls had been more repeated than usual. "The fellow is really quite clever in his own way. Whenever he is wanted, it is found he has 'softly and suddenly vanished away.'"

When the wards were swept, Makin would disappear to the cook-house in search of the patients' breakfast, and after

bringing it into the ward, would rapidly, in partnership with the ward-maid, consume any surplus porridge or eggs, bending low over the sink while so doing, to give the appearance of pursuing his daily round with unabated activity. By the time this was finished it was usually 8 o'clock—the official breakfast-hour—and Makin, after obtaining the Staff Nurse's permission, would vanish to the Barracks and be seen no more until 9 o'clock.

During the interval the patients had generally cleared away the breakfast things, swept the wards and cleaned the brasses, and Makin would find a clear field on his return. But the next quarter of an hour would prove to be the busiest in his day, and, armed with a pail of water and a large brush, he would be seen on his hands and knees vigorously scrubbing the passage floor. This was not due to an inherent love of work nor to a newly awakened sense of duty, but to two different reasons. In the first place, at a quarter-past nine the Head Sister made her morning round of the wards, and idle orderlies did not find favour in her eyes; and in the second, while he was so busily occupied, Staff Nurse M'Tavish deemed it unwise to interrupt him to send him across with the dirty linen to the Laundry.

Properly managed, the visit to the Laundry was in many ways the most enjoyable part of the orderly's day, and by dint of a little calculation and

care not to go too early with the washing, Makin would find on his arrival four or five orderlies already in the field. Before 9.15, the counting of the dirty linen was a pure formality, involving only a few minutes' delay, but a little later things became busy, and Makin, seated on his bundle of washing, could pass from half to three-quarters of an hour in an animated discussion with the other orderlies on the latest football results or the best way of getting to Berlin; while Corporal Flynn and his two assistants were engaged in checking the linen brought in.

On his return to the ward, Makin would be despatched to the cook-house with the diet sheet, and after a little rubbing of brasses already polished by patients, he would be interrupted in his work by the arrival of the Medical Officer. This was the signal for putting on a large white overall, tied with tapes at the back, or, more frequently, in the absence of tapes, pinned by the help of the patients with enormous safety-pins. By the time this complicated garment was fastened, the Medical Officer was usually on the point of leaving the ward, and orderly had to divest himself as quickly as possible and return to his routine work.

This consisted in fetching the fruit and milk for patients on special diets, and by dint of arriving at inopportune moments as many as three journeys were often necessary.

"Orderly is really very tiresome," lamented Staff Nurse

M'Tavish to the Head Sister one morning when these time-wasting methods had driven her to exasperation. "He is never there when he is wanted, and this morning he wasted nearly three-quarters of an hour in fetching Sergeant Miller's fruit."

"He is always working very hard when I see him," remarked Head Sister Grayson dubiously. "You would not get many orderlies to scrub the passage as well as he does."

"But he is so slow. He is never ready to take the washing over before half-past nine, and then he has to waste half the morning waiting his turn."

"Of course, if you like to try a change," said the Head Sister, in the tone of one humouring a foolish child, "I am quite willing; but remember, you may change for the worse. I have a new orderly coming to the block next week, and you can have him for your ward, if you like. But he is very young and inexperienced."

"Thank you," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish gratefully. "I should like a change, and with a young orderly I could easily train him in my ways."

So a few days later the youthful Simpson was installed in the place of the undeserving Makin, and won all hearts by his eagerness for work and his simple desire to please. The wards were swept and the breakfasts brought up in record time, and instead of dumping the tea-pail down with a clang and departing

to study his private interests at the sink,—as his predecessor had been wont to do,—Simpson flew round the ward distributing plates of bacon right and left to patients long forbidden these joys. However, these mistakes were soon rectified, and Simpson, having consumed his breakfast in a bare half-hour, reappeared to polish the brasses before the patients had time to touch them. Staff Nurse M'Tavish was so overjoyed with her good fortune in securing such a treasure, and so elated to feel that the Head Sister's gloomy prognostications had proved false, that her spirits knew no bounds. But pride goes before a fall. "Orderly," she cried, "I am going to lunch now. Work hard while I am away, and don't forget to let off the fire-extinguisher three times a day."

So orderly, being a simple youth, to whom recondite forms of humour made no appeal, took her at her word, and lifting the fire-extinguisher from its hook on the wall, proceeded to read the instructions: "Strike the knob a sharp blow and direct the stream at the base of the fire." Puzzled for a moment, as there was no fire to give the requisite direction, orderly paused and then struck the knob fiercely, pointing the nozzle of the cylinder to the ground. Instantly a turgid grey stream gushed forth, which struck the floor and ricocheted off in all directions. The walls were deluged, the ceiling soaked, and liquid

streams ran down the sides of the cylinder, ploughing furrows in the red paint, and spread all over the white deal table, finally subsiding with a splash on the floor. The cylinder was guaranteed to be of two-gallon capacity, and was tested to 350 lb. per square inch, but never did two gallons seem to have spread so far and so fast.

"What on earth——," cried Staff Nurse M'Tavish, and stopped, for words failed her. A greyish pool lay nearly an inch deep on the passage floor, the walls were mottled with dirty white trickles and ugly stains, the ceiling was blotched in the same way, while the once white deal table was a network of vermilion and brown patches. The floor was beyond redemption.

"I've just let off the extinguisher," began Simpson, but he said no more, for Staff Nurse M'Tavish's volubly expressed views on culpable stupidity gave him no opportunity.

"And if you have not the sense to recognise a joke when you hear one, you had better ask whether it is one or no," she concluded. "The least you can do is to start clearing away the mess you have made."

So Simpson and the ward-maid, Mrs Noggs, and her friend, the ward-maid from the other side, Mrs James, all mopped and wiped and rubbed with dusters and dish-cloths and towels and anything they could lay their hands on. They worked and they worked, but

the stains grew no fainter, and their tempers grew more uncontrolled.

"Making work, I call it," said Mrs James, throwing a scornful glance at the bent back of the culprit. "As if there was not enough to do already."

"Such silliness, too. Why, any one with the sense of a child of three knows them things aren't meant to be touched," added Mrs Noggs indignantly.

They used carbolic lotions and ether and methylated spirits and turpentine, and every other solvent within reach, but with most disappointing results. In the midst of the confusion, what Staff Nurse M'Tavish had long dreaded happened—the Head Sister arrived upon the scene. Either the combination of odours, or a vision of an irate Matron in the background, upset her temper completely, and she blamed the ward-maids for using the dish-cloths to wipe the floor, the probationer for lavish expenditure of methylated spirits in war-time, orderly for wasting the fire-extinguisher, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish most of all for indulging in a sense of humour at improper times and in unsuitable places.

"If you don't know by this time that hospitals are not places for jokes, it is quite time that you did," said Head Sister Grayson bitterly. "It must have been a queer kind of hospital where you were trained."

This is the greatest insult which one trained nurse can inflict upon another, for each knows that her hospital was perfection. Staff Nurse M'Tavish grew white with suppressed fury, but her self-control never failed, and long training as a probationer enabled her to receive the rebuke meekly.

"I think if I could have Makin back, it would be better," she suggested meekly, when the atmosphere had grown a little calmer. "You see I have trained him in my ways."

"I will see about it," said the Head Sister loftily. "But remember, if I allow him to come back, there must be no more chopping and changing. It is bad for every one."

Next morning Makin, with a smile of quiet satisfaction on his face, was reinstated in his post as day orderly in Ward B., while the unfortunate Simpson became a supernumerary in the Barracks, and was condemned to a week of endless window-cleaning by command of the sergeant-major.

IX. PASTIMES IN THE WARDS.

"Sister, Sister," called a feeble voice, as soon as Staff Nurse M'Tavish entered the ward one December morning,

"I have a spelk in my finger, and I can't get it out."

At 7.30 A.M. the wards are still shrouded in gloom in

December, and it took a little time to ascertain where the voice came from. "Certainly, Jones," said the Staff Nurse briskly. "I will get it out for you. But how did you manage to run a splinter into your finger? I hope you have not been having parcels while I was away." For, by a rule of the hospital, all parcels are strictly prohibited until the contents have been censored by the medical authorities.

Jones, with the consciousness of an illicit tin of sardines reposing at that moment beneath his pillow, prudently left the question unanswered, while Staff Nurse M'Tavish made her preparations in a business-like manner.

"Nurse, Nurse," she called, as she saw the indistinct form of the probationer hovering in the doorway. "Come and learn how to remove a splinter. Perhaps *you* may have to remove one some day."

So the probationer came, as in duty bound, and stood by the bedside, while Staff Nurse M'Tavish seized the forefinger of the puny Jones in a firm grasp with one hand, and applied the point of a surgical needle to the hidden end of the splinter with the other.

"He's swinging the lead," said Viney in a discontented voice. "He does not want to go back to the trenches, so he is starting a bad finger now."

"Well, you can't talk," retorted the injured Jones, as well as circumstances permitted. "Who got the doctor to put him on chicken and

stout, when he had only been in the army a fortnight?"

By this time the splinter had come clearly into view. It was very thin, pale yellow, and nearly half an inch long. Indeed, such a groan came from the victim after the last application of the point of the needle, that Staff Nurse M'Tavish decided to suspend surgical operations, and trust to a combination of luck and skill to complete the work.

"After loosening the end embedded in the phalanx with a sharp needle," she explained for the benefit of the probationer, "grasp the outer end firmly and give a sharp pull."

She proceeded to put these instructions in practice, and grasping the end of the splinter began to pull. The splinter yielded to pressure, and the half-inch grew longer and longer until fully two inches were exposed to view. But the end was not yet in sight, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish was gazing at the finger in perplexity, when a suppressed giggle from the patient diverted her thoughts. She gave a more vigorous pull, and another length of splinter came into her hand. Her suspicions crystallised into certainty. Angrily dropping the finger, which but a moment before had been the centre of surgical interest, she exclaimed—

"Jones, I'll no have you wasting my time like this. You are old enough to know better," and walked out of the ward.

The probationer seized the discarded finger and examined

it with interest. The cause of the trouble soon became evident. The youthful Jones had unravelled a strand of raffia, and piercing a small hole in the outer skin of his finger, had introduced one of the threads. He had allowed Staff Nurse M'Tavish to pull the free end as much as she liked, while he retained the other end beneath his thumb concealed in the palm of his hand. The probings with the surgical needle had not been part of the original programme, *mais il faut souffrir pour réussir*, and the success of the joke had been gloriously apparent. The ward shook with laughter.

Days in hospital fall naturally into three divisions. The mornings are given up to medical treatment, the afternoons to open-air pursuits, and the evenings to indoor amusements; or, as the patients sometimes express it, the mornings are spent in waiting for the doctor, the afternoons in waiting for a motor drive, and the evenings in waiting until the next ward has finished with the gramophone. The military authorities do their best to cater for the lighter side of life, and provide draughts, cards, and dominoes for the amusement of the patients, while a benevolent public supplements their efforts by gifts of elaborate jigsaws. Occasionally two feeble invalids may be seen seated at a table endeavouring, with languid interest, to put a jigsaw together; but the complexity of these works of art, the frequent

interruptions and upheavals due to the necessity of preparing the table for meals, and the almost invariable absence of certain essential parts, prevent these puzzles from taking a high place in popular favour.

Cards are great favourites, and, as hours in hospital are long, long hours, much time is whiled away in playing Solo Whist and Cribbage. Bridge is as yet unknown in the wards, and Auction Bridge is still unheard of. Occasionally a very up-to-date patient would remark with pride that he had played a hand of Bridge once in the trenches, but his knowledge would be too hazy to allow him to initiate his fellow-patients in the mysteries.

M'Vean was a devotee of all games of cards, and, surrounded by a pile of cigarettes, would cheerfully settle down with three companions for the afternoon. Long practice had enabled them to use a bed for a table without disturbing or wrinkling the fair white surface. Once the probationer saw him in the act of handing over five cigarettes from the large pile at his side to his opponent, Kilbride.

"Now, I know, M'Vean," she cried, light suddenly breaking upon her, "why you never refuse cigarettes when they are handed round, although you never smoke."

"Weel, sister," said M'Vean guilelessly, "there's no knowing when a tab may come in handy, so it's as weel to take them when they are handed round."

On Sunday morning M'Vean and his three companions settled

down to their game as usual, as soon as the ward had been swept and dusted. Staff Nurse M'Tavish could hardly believe her eyes when she caught a glimpse of the scene of depravity through the doorway.

"I'll no have card-playing in my ward on Sunday," she exclaimed furiously, as she bore down upon the culprits. "You, at least, M'Vean, ought to know better. What would your meenister say if he saw you now?"

"Shure, Sister, we will put the bed so tidy you won't know a soul has been near it the day," said O'Ryan persuasively.

But Staff Nurse M'Tavish ignored his blandishments.

"It is a very wicked thing to play cards on Sunday," she continued, "and if you don't stop this minute I'll take the whole pack and throw it in the fire."

The players, seeing that she had every intention of carrying out her threat, hastily gathered up the cards and sought refuge from the eye of wrath in the grounds. Only M'Vean remained, gazing dismally upon the scene of his discomfiture.

Next Sunday there was only one transgressor from the path of virtue in Ward B., and that was M'Vean, who, seated beside his bed, was endeavouring methodically to unravel a very complicated Patience.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish beheld him, her fury knew no bounds. That he, her countryman, should be the one to set her authority at defiance and defile the Lord's Day, added to the bitterness of the offence. It

seemed, in her eyes, an unjustifiable blot upon her national honour.

"M'Vean," she cried, "have I no told you last week that it is a very wicked thing to touch a card on Sunday, and here I find you breaking the commandments again."

"But," said the culprit in injured tones, "it's no cards I'm playing."

"M'Vean, I'll no have you making bad worse by telling me a lie. You know as well as I do the place to which liars go."

"But," repeated M'Vean stolidly, "I tell you it's no cards I'm playing. It is Patience, and Patience is a Sunday game."

Driven to exasperation by this sophistry, Staff Nurse M'Tavish, feeling that the salvation of a human soul was at stake, seized the pack and flung it into the fire. The flames licked hungrily round the cards, just in the same way, so it seemed to the agitated Staff Nurse, as the Powers of Evil would seize upon the unhappy M'Vean and devour him with fiery torments, unless he amended his evil ways.

"Now you have gone and done it, old man," cried Lamb in lugubrious tones. "How are we to get a game to-morrow?"

"Hoots," said the recalcitrant M'Vean, "it's no matter. I have another pack in my locker."

Practical jokes were the pastimes which appealed most to Jones and his friend Lamb. Often Akerman, jumping hur-

riedly into bed just as lights were being put out, would come in contact with a mass of prickly horse-chestnuts or holly leaves and spring on to the floor with a shout of anguish. Repetition never seemed to impair the infinite humour of this joke, nor did it spoil the other great favourite, "the Pseudo Patient." Just at bedtime a bolster, with the upper end swathed in bandages, would be arranged in the vague likeness of a human form, in one of the empty beds. As soon as Night Sister appeared in the ward her attention would be drawn to the new case, who seemed very ill, and if in the kindness of her heart she would bend, carefully shading her light, over the prostrate form, the delight of the originators of the joke was unbounded.

One day, at tea-time, Ward B. invented a new joke. Mrs Noggs, the ward-maid, who had been hurrying round with mugs of tea for the patients in bed, was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek and to exclaim, "It's enough to give a body a turn, that it is. I always said Germans was nasty things, but I never knew they looked like that."

"Really, Mrs Noggs," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish coldly, as the agitated ward-maid brushed past her with an utter disregard for the deference due to superiors which is daily inculcated in hospital, "you must not make so much noise. Remember in hospital there must be absolute quiet."

Mrs Noggs was too much

agitated to be at all chastened by this rebuke, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish, seeing her words had no effect, decided to waste no more time over the matter, and went into the ward to begin a dressing.

"Sister, Sister," called Jackson, as soon as he saw her, "would you like to see a German's finger. Callaghan has one."

A convoy had arrived two or three days before, and Callaghan had been one of the new-comers to the ward. He was lying propped up in bed, surrounded by pillows of all dimensions, and on the sheet in front of him lay a little cardboard box.

"Have you, Callaghan?" asked Nurse M'Tavish; "where did you get it?"

"I brought it back with me from the front," said Callaghan proudly. "Would you be caring to see it, Sister?"

Swayed by mingled feelings of disgust, and desire not to miss anything, Staff Nurse M'Tavish hesitated. Finally curiosity won the day, and she leaned eagerly over the bed.

Callaghan slowly took off the lid and removed several layers of cotton wool. Then he disolosed to view a yellow, hideous object, nestling in a bed of white wool.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish shuddered.

"How horrible!" she cried. "What a disgusting thing to keep in your locker, and how disagreeable it smells;" and she turned hastily away.

The probationer, who happened to be passing at that

moment, impelled by morbid curiosity, hastened to see the unpleasant sight.

Callaghan watched her intently.

"What a dreadful thing," she cried, "how can you keep it?" and then she stopped quite suddenly. The finger seemed remarkably plump and unshrivelled, to have been carried about as a souvenir for so long, and forcing herself to look again, she detected a faint, scarcely perceptible movement in the box.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it is your own finger sticking through a hole in the box, and not a German finger at all."

"How did you guess?" cried Callaghan in surprise, "and me painting it with iodine and all. But hush, Sister, not a word, here comes Mrs James. Just wait till you hear her scream when I show it to her."

He carefully wrapped the finger in its layers of cotton wool, and replacing the box on the bed settled down complacently to await events.

X. DISCIPLINE FROM THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

Discipline is the corner-stone of hospital life. Staff nurses, probationers, and patients alike fall under its sway, and even those august beings who sit upon Olympian heights, the Matron and the Colonel, may in some vague intangible way be under its influence too. Like all great forces, it is admirable or intolerable, according to the point of view, and in this case, as in so many others, the point of view bears a close relation to the status of the individual. For to wield despotic powers and to live under a despotism are two very different matters. So it will not do to rush into rash generalisations on the subject of discipline, but to examine the question carefully and impartially as it appears in the eyes of the representatives of the three most numerous classes of hospital life—the Staff Nurse, the Probationer, and the Patients.

I. THE STAFF NURSE.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish crossed the Tweed and made her first acquaintance with military hospitals at Blacktown, she was amazed at the absence of cast-iron rules to which she had long been accustomed. The patients were regarded as individuals, not merely as numbers, and the amount of liberty which prevailed in the wards seemed to her to be bordering on licence. In her eyes there was something unnatural in knowing the patients as Jones, Lamb, or Kilbride, and crediting them with individual identities, instead of referring to them as Number 9 or Number 10, and looking at them as of interest merely from the medical point of view. Moreover, patients were allowed to laugh and talk in the wards and to work the gramophones as erratically as they pleased every evening,

while smoking was allowed practically all day long, with the exception of a few paltry hours in the morning. Visitors invaded the wards three times a week, and were even allowed out of official visiting hours, if they could provide a *bond fide* reason in the fact that they came from a distance. Parcels of provisions reached the patients by this means, which were consumed at unsuitable hours, and frequently were presented without being submitted to the lawful authority. All this seemed to Staff Nurse M'Tavish deplorably lax. In the well-ordered Infirmary in which she had been trained, no noise had ever been permitted in the wards, and a cloistered stillness prevailed over the place, while smoking was rigorously confined to between the hours of 2 to 4 P.M. The Committee had generously recognised that patients need amusement, and had provided a gramophone with carefully selected records of unimpeachable taste, which was brought into the ward for one hour each week and played to the grateful patients by the Sister-in-charge. That a patient should manipulate the gramophone had never been contemplated by the Committee, even in their most fevered flights of fancy.

Visitors had been allowed on one afternoon each week—Saturday,—but even so they had been deplored as a sad waste of time and as a clog in the wheel of the daily round of activities. Tremendous preparations were made for their

coming, all white quilts were removed from the beds at the early hour of 1 P.M. and stuffy red blankets substituted, as the Committee harboured dark suspicions about the cleanliness of the incoming guests. In military hospitals quilts remained on the beds, morning, noon, and night, and visitors leaned upon them at will,—indeed, Staff Nurse M'Tavish once found an ill-mannered girl actually sitting on the edge of a bed—an unforgettable breach of hospital discipline.

There had been none of the illicit traffic in parcels by these channels at the Infirmary, as any gift intended for an inmate had first to be left upon a table at the entrance of the ward, and after the patient had been graciously permitted to see it, it was placed in the common store. It seemed as if the great ideal of our Socialist friends—common proprietorship—had been realised on a small scale; but sad to relate, the patients, instead of glorying in the fact that they were living exponents of a long-contested theory, viewed their parcels with languid, almost gloomy interest, and were heard to mutter darkly, "I doubt it's a sair waste of good money bringing those eggs. Most likely the nurses will get them."

In Staff Nurse M'Tavish's opinion the probationers in Blacktown led a pampered existence, and received none of that excellent grounding which the Infirmary gave to newcomers. In her early days she had been accustomed to

sweep, scrub, and polish, and perform various other work with which charwomen are generally associated. But in Blacktown there were orderlies to sweep the wards, clean the windows, and scrub the chairs, while ward-maids cut the bread and butter, scrubbed the lockers, and polished the gas-stove, and the probationers were asked to do none of these things.

"You probationers don't know what work is," she would remark sadly. "Why, in my hospital I did nothing but cleaning for the first six months. How can you expect to be a nurse unless you go through the mill?"

But if there was this sad want of discipline as regarded the patients and the probationers at Blacktown, there was at the same time an annoying amount of red tape in other ways. Forms and counterfoils abound in military life, and washing was made terrible by the use of Army Book No. 200. The Diets were even worse, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish would sit with aching head striving to evolve order out of chaos. Who could guess, she would wonder bitterly, that Milk Diet was an elastic phrase, including chicken and fish. It seemed the height of madness. *Fronte nulla fides*. In this case at any rate appearances were untrustworthy. But worse still were the terrible extras which were not to be ordered at the discretion of the Staff Nurse, who knew her patients, but by command of the Medical Officer,

who could be won over by side-long glances to provide desired extensions in the Menu. With fish or chicken, pudding and potatoes were not issued, but had to be ordered as extras, and the latter had to be calculated per head in ounces, so the Staff Nurse would sit patiently repeating "Fourteen ordinaries, three fish, four chicken, that makes twenty-one, and seven extra potatoes at 8 oz. each, that is—Lamb and Jones, can you no stop that racket for a minute; do you no see I am reckoning?" Indeed the Diets were a worse bugbear than its Blue Book rival.

Another form of red tape was Breakages. This was not daily or bi-weekly like the other worries, but when it came it was more troublesome than either. It is never pleasant to break anything in hospital, and in Staff Nurse M'Tavish's previous experience it had resulted in an interview with the Matron, which ended either with a severe caution or the deduction of half the price of the article broken from the month's salary,—which is a dull way of spending one's hard-earned money, it must be admitted. But at Blacktown, when anything was broken, out came one of the inevitable Army Forms, and down went full details of the mishap and incriminating evidence against the individual concerned, which in due time were submitted to the Colonel, and at his discretion charged either to the hospital or the delinquent.

For instance, when Kilbride

in an excess of zeal pressed the thermometer too heavily under his arm, the frail stem snapped beneath the pressure. This was not the first time that Kilbride had tempted Fate with a thermometer, and on one historic occasion, when he was wandering across the ward, unmindful of the delicate instrument beneath his arm, to correct Akerman's exaggerated notions of the value of lance drill in modern warfare, he felt a sudden tickling about the ankle joint, and bending down, adroitly caught the thermometer in the act of descending on to the floor. Such good fortune was perhaps undeserved, but on the occasion when the thermometer broke, the fickle goddess certainly played him false; the more treacherously as he was at the moment sitting quietly beside his bed, as all good patients are taught to do when their temperatures are taken.

However that may be, the frail stem snapped, and there were various preliminaries to be performed before the loss could be made good. Indeed Kilbride seriously wished that he had bought another thermometer himself, before it was all over. First the broken fragments had to be collected and placed in the safe keeping of the medicine cupboard for the night, to be produced for the inspection of the Head Sister, as mute witnesses of the tragedy, when she came on duty in the morning. After careful examination, and a reprimand to the culprit for not exercising sufficient care with hospital property, an Army Form was obtained. This was an imposing document, with the Royal Coat of Arms at the head; and after close questioning of Kilbride into the manner of the mishap, it was filled in as follows:—

BLOCK V.

WARD B.

Report on Equipment broken, deficient, lost, or damaged.

Article damaged	1 thermometer.
Name of person responsible for loss, damage, &c.	Lance-Corporal Kilbride.
Report showing cause of loss, damage, &c.	Lance-Corporal Kilbride inadvertently pressed too heavily on the thermometer while having his temperature taken in the axilla. He was afraid it might slip. The thermometer was accidentally broken through undue pressure.

The signature of the Investigating Officer was then appended and the requisition forwarded to the Colonel, who decided, in a space provided for the purpose, whether the loss should be charged to the

public or to the individual concerned. Fortunately, in this case he magnanimously decided to let the public bear the cost, and in the course of another ten days the requisition was returned duly

signed by the C.O., and a new thermometer was forthcoming.

But losses were not invariably made good as easily as this, and when Akerman broke a mug the question was much more involved. It was the circumstances which surrounded the case that caused the difficulty. One afternoon Akerman felt unusually thirsty, and going to the shelf to reach down a mug, happened to choose the particular mug in which Mrs Noggs had secreted "a little sup of soup" to consume at a quiet moment. He received the contents suddenly in his face, and, staggering back from this unexpected douche, let the mug

fall to the ground. There it broke into a dozen fragments, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish had to be informed of the mishap.

"If a body can't put aside a little sup of soup, in case they feel faint-like in the evening, without all this bother, I do call it 'ard," repeated Mrs Noggs tearfully, gloomy visions of having to pay for the mug herself stretching before her eyes. "And all that grease on my nice clean floor!"

It would hardly do, as Staff Nurse M'Tavish soon realised, to write the truth in an unembellished form on the requisition—

Article damaged	1 mug.
Name of person, &c.	Private Akerman.
Cause of damage	Mug concealed on shelf, full of soup, by Mrs Noggs, ward-maid, and dropped by Private Akerman on receiving the contents in his face.

This was veracious but unwise, as it would inevitably lead to searching inquiries by the Colonel into the ways and deeds of ward-maids; and it is the aim of every Staff Nurse

to have the C.O. poking round her ward as little as possible.

So Staff Nurse M'Tavish hardened her heart to the dictates of truth, and entered upon the Form—

Article damaged	1 mug.
Name of person, &c.	Private Akerman.
Cause of damage	Private Akerman is a nervous patient, whose nerves are not always under proper control.

"For if you had had the sense not to drop the mug, we should not have had all this bother," she remarked to Private Akerman, as she cast aside the hated Army Form, thus throwing as it were a sop to her conscience which was beginning to be troublesome.

Losses are also of frequent occurrence in hospital, and almost as much to be dreaded as Breakages. It is true there is not the same hopeless finality about them, as there is always a sporting chance of making good the loss by annexing a similar article from another

ward. As the time for taking the Inventory draws near, this means of making good deficiencies becomes very prevalent. Inventories are taken once a quarter, and are most unpopular, partly because they entail a good deal of work, and partly because unrecorded losses of the past have an unpleasant way of coming home to roost. All the crockery, and such miscellaneous articles as bread bins, loading irons, and fly traps have to be carried into the ward, and every bed has to be specially prepared to show that it possesses its legitimate amount of clothes—three blankets, two sheets, and one quilt.

For days before the inventory morning, ward-maids might be seen feverishly counting their basins and mugs, and paying predatory visits to other wards in the absence of their lawful defenders. Worried staff nurses ransacked drawers and cupboards in their search for such elusive articles as salt-spoons and brushes for feeding cups, and they looked into the future with anxiety as a terrible legend went the rounds of an unfortunate staff nurse, newly appointed to a ward, who was made to pay for ten blankets lost by her predecessor. Truth to tell, the victim had never been identified with certainty, but she lived on, oft quoted as a memorable example of inequity.

When the turn came for Ward B. to have their inventory taken, Mrs Noggs left nothing to chance, and counted

her crockery many times a day, but by one of those cruel blows of ill fortune which befall even the best generals, at nine o'clock on the day itself she discovered that one of her mugs was missing.

"Run downstairs and see if they have an extra one, there's a dear," said Mrs Noggs to her ally Lamb, for even amongst ourselves it is wise to keep up appearances and cloak our meaning in terms of discretion. Lamb, however, understood perfectly what was expected of him. He and the ward-maid were the best of friends, and he had a warm affection for Mrs Noggs, due not to external attractiveness, but to more substantial qualities in the form of smuggled tinned rabbits and potted meats.

Presently Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who was ransacking the cupboard for the third time in search of a missing eye-bath, heard Mrs Noggs exclaim in a tone of triumph—

"Get the black enamel quick, and no one will ever know."

But long experience of hospital ways had taught her the unwisdom of inquiring into the doings of underlings on inventory mornings.

For half an hour stillness reigned, and then a murmur of the coming storm was heard.

"Have you found it yet?" asked a voice from below.

"No, I think that woman upstairs must have taken it."

By the time Staff Nurse M'Tavish had discovered the eye-bath in the midst of a pile of sheets, the storm had come ominously near.

The ward-maid from downstairs was attacking Mrs Noggs.

"But I left it in the sink not half an hour ago, and mugs can't walk by themselves," she exclaimed.

"I have not been downstairs at all," replied Mrs Noggs in heated tones. "I don't know if you mean to suggest that I hauled it up with a piece of string."

"I don't suggest nothing," said the injured ward-maid, "but I says it's a queer thing."

"Look in the cupboard and see for yourself; all our mugs are marked with a B, so how can we have one of yours?"

This argument, convincing as it sounded, failed to console the injured party, and she trailed dismally away to lay the matter before her own Staff Nurse.

"It's a way they have in the Army," said Lamb cheerfully. "If they lose anything, they pinch it from some one else."

But matters did not remain stationary long. A direct attack was next attempted, and Staff Nurse Brown hastened to interview Staff Nurse M'Tavish.

"I have come for one of our mugs," she began loftily.

"There are none of your mugs here. You can see for yourself all my mugs are marked," and she proudly threw back the cupboard door.

"But Mrs Bird saw one of your men disappearing out of the kitchen with a mug about half an hour ago."

"Well, you can see for yourself there are no unmarked

mugs here, so what is the sense of saying we have it."

Baffled by this impenetrable barrier, the invader hesitated, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish, with the magnanimity of the victor, added, "As you have been so unlucky as to lose a mug just when it's Inventory day, if you like to come and borrow one from here after our Inventory has been taken, and put it with yours to make up the number, I'll no be saying anything. For the amount of red tape in these military hospitals is just reedicrous."

So they parted allies, sworn to defeat the ends of the nefarious military despotism under which they were working.

II. THE PROBATIONER.

Discipline for probationers consists mainly in cultivating the three great virtues of early rising, punctuality, and obedience. At first sight it may seem that the first two are one and the same thing, or that early rising is merely the means to the end—punctuality. But, as experience shows, they are widely different in practice, and on winter mornings, rising at 6 A.M. constitutes a form of discipline which stands apart and deserves to rank first in the probationer's three great duties. There is something particularly unpleasant about the early hours of dim December mornings, and closer acquaintance with that little-known portion of the day fails to reveal any hidden charms.

At other times, punctuality is more or less a matter of fore-

sight, and can be accomplished without any very painful effort, unless differing watches surround the question with a halo of doubt, and, in this case, it is wise for the probationer to sink all scepticism and accept the standard of time given by the superior's watch as *ipso facto* correct.

To be successful as a probationer, a good deal of that valuable quality adaptability is necessary. Before the war, military hospitals were worked entirely by trained nurses with the help of orderlies, and Red Cross detachments were formed for quite a different purpose. The members were trained to act as stretcher-bearers and render first aid in case of invasion, the idea being that they would help to bring in the wounded from the battlefield, or apply tourniquets and elastic bandages to wounded warriors at the dressing-stations. Happily for us, England has not known the sufferings of Belgium, and Red Cross workers have been called upon to give their services in less exciting surroundings. There were no longer sufficient trained nurses and orderlies to meet the needs of the great military hospitals which were springing up in all parts of the country, and Red Cross members were asked to go as probationers to help the trained nurses, both at home and abroad. Thus, at the outset, adaptability was required to meet conditions which had never been contemplated before, and in their new work it was as much needed as ever, for every change of Staff Nurse

or Head Sister brought a new series of rules, and what had been the one and only sensible way of doing things under one Staff Nurse became an act of folly under her successor.

"Nurse, that is no way to make a bed."

"But Sister Bland liked us to do it this way."

"I am going to have things done my way. It does not matter what Sister Bland did."

This was the usual form the conversation took, and very soon probationers found that working under six successive Staff Nurses was like serving an apprenticeship in six different hospitals.

Probationers are not called upon to wrestle with diet sheets and linen books, but they have to bear the unpleasant consequences which follow when anything is broken in hospital. Their troubles lie in quite a different direction, which may be summed up as the third great form of discipline—obedience. As every one knows, obedience is the first essential of hospital life, and no one should enter the wards unless they are prepared to be absolutely obedient. In theory, it seems simple to bend your will and obey the dictates of another, but in practice the question is infinitely more complex. In hospital there are always two directing authorities, the Head Sister and the Staff Nurse, and if these give directly opposite orders, what is the subordinate to do? Is it better to obey the Staff Nurse, who is always on the spot, or

the higher power, who pays infrequent but most disturbing visits?

Take, for instance, the knotty problem of boiling the scissors. Asepsis is the great aim of hospitals, as every one is agreed, and sterilisation is the recognised means to attain it. So each ward was provided with a steriliser, an attractive metal box which gleamed like silver, in which the surgical instruments were boiled on a gas ring. In Ward B. the scissors were rapidly undergoing a process of disintegration through rapid and continuous boiling, when the Head Sister found them one morning.

"Nurse," she called to the probationer, "the scissors must not be boiled like this. Here they are absolutely ruined before there has been a dirty dressing in the ward."

So next morning the scissors remained unboiled, until they were discovered by Staff Nurse M'Tavish with deep indignation.

"Nurse, what do you mean by forgetting to boil the scissors?"

"Sister Grayson said yesterday that they were not to be boiled until there were dirty dressings in the ward."

"I'll no' have ye making excuses. Put them in the steriliser this minute."

So the probationer took refuge in that rock of national policy—which is either the cause of our Empire's greatness or the sign of incipient decay, according to your point of view—compromise. She placed the scissors in the

steriliser in obedience to the Staff Nurse's command, but she put them in an upright position so that only the blades were in the water, thereby doing her best to obey the Head Sister.

Presently Sister Grayson was seen hurrying along, and Kilbride, who had been an interested spectator of the earlier phase of the campaign, hastened to the scene of action to await further developments. She went straight to the steriliser, and lifting the lid gazed into the depths. At first clouds of pent-up steam obscured her view, but gradually the grey mist-shrouded form of the scissors became visible.

"Nurse," she cried angrily, "I have told you that I will not have the scissors ruined by boiling. What do you mean by disobeying?"

"Only the points are in the water, Sister," stammered the probationer, in a vain attempt to placate the Head Sister.

"That has nothing to do with it. Take them out this minute."

"But Staff Nurse M'Tavish says she likes to have them boiled, and then she is quite sure they are sterile."

"I am the person to be obeyed here, and please remember in future I must have absolute obedience."

And she bustled away.

"It is difficult sometimes to know what to do, is it not?" said the probationer, turning to Kilbride, who was still standing beside the steriliser. "You can't please every one. It is

not being obedient that is difficult, but it is obeying two people at the same time."

"Well," said Kilbride cheerfully, looking down at the debatable form of the scissors, "I should boil them and leave them unboiled, turn about, and then you are bound to be right sometime. Put them in the steriliser again now, as it is Staff Nurse M'Tavish's turn to pay them a visit."

And with these words he turned away, having provided the best solution in his power to the probationer's third great problem—obedience.

III. THE PATIENTS.

From the patients' point of view, discipline consists of a number of restrictions devised to harass the mind of man. In the name of discipline, smoking is forbidden during the long morning hours when the patients are penned up in the ward awaiting the visit of the Medical Officer—and only those who have experienced such restrictions can realise how great the craving to smoke can be during the forbidden hours. Indeed the numerous cases of *lapsi memoriae* which occur every morning are truly remarkable. The same iron hand prevents patients from lying on their beds during the weary morning hours, and a glance at the hard wooden chairs provided by the authorities as part of the hospital equipment is sufficient proof of how great the temptation must be. Later in the day this form of relaxation

is allowed, on the strict understanding that beds must be tidied as soon as the owners get up, but during the morning it is permitted under no circumstances whatever. Moreover, discipline debars them from playing the gramophone until half-past four in the afternoon, and what might have been a whole day's enjoyment has thereby to be compressed into three feverish hours. All these restrictions seem unreasonable and devoid of sense to the majority of the patients, although occasionally an elderly N.C.O. may be found to say a word in their defence. This was the case with Sergeant Snell, who would be heard to murmur darkly, while the ward was rejoicing over their prize—

"I hates them things, and if I had my way I would take every one I could find and burn it. There's neither sense nor reason in them things, and if we had much more of them I'd send a petition to the Colonel."

Such sentiments, of course, were not at all representative of opinion in general, and his fellow-patients looked upon him with contempt as an utter barbarian.

Discipline also curtails the time allotted to visitors to two short hours three days a week, and on the stroke of four they are banished by an inexorable sergeant armed with a bell, popularly known as "Muffins," no matter how engrossing the conversation might happen to be at the moment nor how many farewell messages remained undelivered.

Of all forms of discipline,

tidiness is perhaps the most oppressive, and the ward would sigh with impotent fury as its kits were refolded and its beds straightened and its lockers dusted many times in the course of the morning. These efforts were redoubled on the day when the Colonel inspected the hospital, and everything possible was done to secure perfection in every detail. Friday was inspection morning in Ward B., and the inspection was rendered terrible, not by what the Colonel saw as he made his round, but by what the Head Sister found on her preliminary tours of investigation. As a matter of fact, the Colonel, with the best will in the world, had not the trained eye needful to detect small domestic neglects, whereas the hawk-like eye of the Head Sister had been accustomed from earliest youth to find repositories of dust in wrongful places. However, the Colonel was dutifully upheld as possessing an unerring instinct for the detection of dust, and ward-maids and probationers went in terror accordingly.

"Now, Mrs Noggs, be sure you get down all the cobwebs. Remember, the Colonel always sees cobwebs. And, Nurse, be sure you tidy all the lockers. There is nothing annoys the Colonel more than to find a dusty locker."

So the patients were ordered to tidy their lockers without delay, and set to work with the pleasant feeling of having a grievance.

"It is only half an hour

since I tidied mine," expostulated M'Vean.

"But it is not tidy now. What would the Colonel say if he saw it, M'Vean?"

"It is as bad as being in gaol," sighed Viney. "There is no freedom here." He was still smarting under a rebuke for having upset a bottle of brilliantine in the upper compartment of his locker. Instead of getting sympathy for his sad loss, he had been reprimanded for carelessness.

"No," said Kilbride. "It is worse. You need not be tidy when you are picking oakum."

"Sure, then, I wish it was oakum I was picking now," sighed O'Ryan, as he flapped a mixture of cigarette-ash and tooth-powder disconsolately with a duster.

Presently Staff Nurse M'Tavish appeared in the doorway.

"Who is smoking?" she inquired. "And on Inspection morning, too, when you know how angry the Colonel would be."

There was no answer, but a moment later she detected Viney with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Viney, how dare you disobey orders. I shall report you to the Colonel."

"I am not smoking, Sister," he answered in injured tones.

"What is the use of telling me a lie when I can see you with my own eyes."

Slowly Viney drew the cigarette from his mouth and held it out, still unlighted, as an indisputable witness in his favour.

There was a moment of strained silence.

"I believe you do it on purpose to annoy me," exclaimed Staff Nurse M'Tavish. "There is nothing funny in things like that."

After a morning of strenuous preparation, the Colonel's visit occupies about three minutes, and consists in walking through the wards with the Matron and paying compliments on the general aspect of the place. The patients give a sigh of relief when they realise that the inspection is over, and the staff nurses congratulate themselves that at least the Colonel has not found any dust in their ward.

In addition to tidiness, a form of discipline, which is more or less due to the initiative of the staff nurses, the military authorities have drawn up a list of Orders for Patients in Military Hospitals, which are hung in a prominent position in every ward.

Some of these deal merely with the drawing of kits and the maintenance of order in the wards, but Rule 15 possesses more interest, and reads as follows:—

15. Patients will under no circumstances give any portion of their diet to other patients, as each patient is ordered the diet most suitable for his disease.

This rule is the quintessence of common-sense, and it seems inconceivable that any patient ordered chicken should wish to

exchange it for ordinary diet. But time works many wonders. Three months of unbroken chicken diet, with half a bird appearing with unfailing monotony day after day, may cause even the most contented patient to hanker for a change. This is what happened to Jones, and one morning he prevailed upon Lamb to exchange dinners with him. Not that Lamb needed any persuasion, as he had observed that the Ordinary Dining Hall fare consisted of rather tough mutton, and Lamb certainly secured the better bargain, although he took care not to show that he was aware of the fact.

"Here you are, Jones," he said, as he handed over his plate of mutton. "Though I don't know whether it is the diet most suitable for your disease."

"It is a queer thing to call getting wounded for your country a disease," remarked Jones, as he vainly endeavoured to cut his mutton.

"Well, cheer up, old man, and eat it before any one sees you," counselled Lamb.

Presently murmurs arose from the group round the dining table.

"I can't chow it," said Geordie, the Tynesider, despondently.

"It must have qualified for an Old Age Pension," added Kilbride.

"Here, Mrs Noggs, bring me another knife; I've turned the blade of this one trying to cut my mutton," cried M'Vean.

But at that moment a hush fell on the assembly, as the

Orderly Officer entered the ward.

"Orderly Officer, any complaints?"

"None, sir," said Kilbride, as is the way they have in the Army; and a moment later the vituperations were again in full swing.

In spite of the chorus of disapproval, Jones set to work upon his portion with an undiminished zest, and had almost finished before Staff Nurse M'Tavish realised what had happened.

"Jones, where is your chicken?" she cried. "Don't you know that you must have the diet the doctor orders?"

"But, Sister, I have had nothing but chicken for ninety-two days, and I have almost forgotten the taste of a bit of meat."

"You ungrateful boy! What shall I be hearing next, I wonder?" And she promptly con-

fiscated the scanty remains of Jones's unauthorised dinner. Lamb had seized the opportunity to demolish the rest of the chicken, so no appropriation was possible in his case.

Sad to relate, either the unaccustomed diet or the rapidity with which it had been bolted, caused Jones to suffer acute pains later in the day, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish viewed the victim with triumph in her eye.

"Now, Jones, you see what comes of not obeying the doctor's orders," she began, as she poured out a dose of medicine by the bedside. "Never let me find you again thinking you know better than your superiors."

The unfortunate Jones, thoroughly chastened in spirit, drank the distasteful draught and lay back on his pillow without saying a word. *Disciplina omnia vincit.*

75's.

I.

WHAT is a 75? By this is conversationally understood a French field-gun, the calibre—or interior diameter of the bore—of which is 75 millimetres. Incidentally, it is the finest man-killing machine the world has yet known.

Consider, now, the Soixante-quinze. A household word to-day, where eighteen months ago it was a matter of interest only to gunners; let us try and get closer acquainted.

In 1898, France surprised the armies of the world by the introduction of an artillery weapon which till then had only existed in the dreams of experts. The secret was well kept; the weapon as it saw the light was characterised by a boldness of conception and a carefulness in detail which spoke of much anxious thought. There was no searching after inspiration or any adaptation of existing methods: the finished article was finished indeed, and had all the air of finality.

Till this period, the slowness of artillery fire was due to the fact that after the gun was laid and fired, the shock of discharge so upset the aim that the gun had to be re-laid for a second shot. The rapidity of fire thereupon became a matter of how quickly and accurately a gun could be laid by the personal skill of the layer. The French, seeking artillery

progress, and confronted with the inexorable shortness of their conscripts' period of training, sought to improve in mechanism what they could not improve in personal skill. The best brains in the country got to work: high technical training, much patience, long experience of practical warfare,—all these would have been of no avail without the happy gift of imagination and the boldness of conception which gave concrete shape to the gunner's dreams.

Briefly, the new French field-gun of 1898 ceased to be attached to its axle-tree, but was attached, instead, to a buffer in a cradle, which not only absorbed the shock of recoil, but ran back the gun so exactly into its former position that no second laying was necessary.

Having got over the primary trouble of laying, rapidity of fire appeared to have been attained. Experiments then proved that though a rapid rate of fire was possible, this rate was only as fast as that at which the gunners could adjust the fuzes of the shells.

How, now, to improve the rate of fuze setting? This task was, and is, a matter of meticulous accuracy, needing careful training to be done correctly: moreover, it could not be hurried, since a shell badly fuzed by ever so little

was not only innocuous to the enemy but was a danger to one's own side. Once more the French put aside any idea of brisking up the personnel, and invented a machine to set the fuze. The details of this fuze setter are still a secret. Let it suffice that it is simple, accurate, and very rapid in its work. Pass behind an English and a French battery in action. The British gunner appears to be laboriously eviscerating his shell with a tin-opener; the Frenchman, on the other hand, you would describe as using a beer-engine, with one clean crisp stroke for each shell. Thanks to it, and to the steadiness of the gun after each discharge, the French field-gun is easily capable of twenty-five aimed rounds a minute. One more word about the recoil-absorber, and the secret thereof. The recoil is taken up by a cylinder beneath the gun, which contains a combination of glycerine, compressed air, and springs. It is this combination, and the exact proportions thereof, which makes the secret of the gun. It is not even known to ourselves or to other allied nations, nor, in view of the extraordinary usefulness of the gun, can we grumble at the secret not being in more hands than it is. It is not even ascertainable from a captured gun, since, if you take a cold chisel to it and try to examine the works by opening the buffer, the compressed air escapes, and the secret which lies in its density evaporates with it.

Having solved the question

of the rate of fire, you would have thought that the French would have been content. Not they. A gun so good could not be allowed to stop short of perfection. The mechanics of the thing could not be improved, but the ballistics could. Here the inventors were on simpler ground. Range and accuracy were successively taken in hand. Muzzle velocity—which, after all, means range—was increased: not by increasing the charge, and, with it, the thickness of the gun that withstood it, but by lengthening the gun to a hitherto unheard-of extent and giving it a slow-burning propellant; much as our naval guns get their immense range, velocity, and penetrative power by apparently tapering away into the *Ewigkeit*.

The unusual length of the gun mattered not at all; even though it reached 36 calibres, all but 9 feet, an unheard-of length in any modern field-gun. It only involved the lengthening of the recoil chamber, and a small adjustment in the rate of the recoil, the whole process being so quick as not to make the difference of a round a minute in the rate of fire.

The temptation to put in a lighter shell, and so get it further, on the same bang, was successfully resisted. Excellence of steel in the gun, and the adoption of an improved breech, even allowed of a slight increase in the weight of the shell and in its consequent remaining momentum at the end of its flight. The designers never lost sight of the fact that the primary object of the

gun was to deliver death to its enemies at the greatest speed, range, and effectiveness possible; so they concentrated their energies on a man-killing shrapnel which, in the end, weighed 16 lb. and left the gun on its long journey at the unprecedented pace of 1739 foot-seconds.

And there you have the present shrapnel.

Tactics here began to get mixed up with mechanics and ballistics. It was pointed out that troops would not always remain in the open to be whiffed out of existence by shrapnel. Rather would they get under cover at what speed they might. So a shell to deal with entrenchments, buildings, and fortifications was indicated. Here, again, careful thought showed the need of accurate gunnery, and a still higher velocity in the shell, which, being more local in its effects, could not be allowed the same latitude in its action as its shrapnel confrère. So a high-explosive shell weighing only 11.68 lb. was introduced. Thanks to the chemists this time, its contents were of such a startling nature that its weight became a secondary consideration. It raced away on its mission at 2050 foot-seconds, a velocity at that time unequalled even by the latest small-bore rifle, and, when it exploded, its melinite charge blew great holes in the scenery.

This immense velocity, giving exact accuracy, allowed the field-gun to be used with all a rifleman's marksmanship, and French gunners came to view

direct hits on objects aimed at as not merely fortuitous but as things to be normally expected.

Well, here were the best gunners in the world with the best gun in the world. They did not run about patting one another's backs and then patting the breech of the gun. They kept on thinking. Imagination having ceased inspiring with the creation of the weapon of their dreams, the French thinkers let the logical issue have full play; they saw at once that the novelty in the powers of the weapon had revolutionised fire tactics and the methods of dealing with targets, animate and inanimate. The long spouts of their 9-ft. guns, the heavy bullet in their shrapnel, the pace, accuracy, and shattering power of their H.E. shell—all this gave them to think. How was the supply of ammunition to be kept up in a six-gun battery? What was the best way of using the spraying effect of multitudinous shrapnel? What effect would a tornado of his own fire have on the vivacious temperament of the French gunner?

These and many other problems engaged their attention. Nothing was left to chance.

For the first time in history, the weapon produced tactics; hitherto, tactical needs had produced the desired weapon. It was found that the consistency with which this gun would place round after round on the same spot without re-laying gave too close a pattern on the target, and means had

to be devised to spread the effect about a little. In the old gun, traversing right and left was obtained by shifting the trail; in the new, it was found possible to consider as fixed points the wheels and the spade on the end of the trail, and to make the whole gun and cradle traverse along the axle-tree a small number of degrees right and left without upsetting the stability of the triangle on which the gun rested. In other words, it was found that the battery commander had no need to abandon the advantage of his high rate of fire in order to spray his shrapnel right and left. A simple worm and wheel gear, with a handle working on a circle divided into arcs, gave a constant amount of traverse; so that the gunner, in turning his wheel a certain number of times, knew exactly how much right or left of his target his shell would burst. This power of traversing, within certain limits, combined with an extensive power of elevating and depressing, turned the gun into a veritable hose. Forthwith, the new tactics were born. The French introduced new names—the “tir fauchant” or mowing fire (faucher, to mow: Lat. falx: Engl. falchion). The “tir progressif,” which could follow men up as they ran towards you or away from

you. Finally, the combination of the two, the “tir progressif et fauchant,” whereby the captain commanding the battery is able to sow with shrapnel any piece of ground containing a target so effectually and at such short notice, that if the target is flesh and blood and is not buried over head and ears in a trench, it stands no chance whatever of surviving.

This is the storm, the dreaded “rafale.”

At the expense of tediousness, let us examine its details. The cone of dispersion—the pattern, in fact—which a bursting French shrapnel makes on the ground at, say, 3000 metres, is a diagram 300 metres long by 14 metres broad. Owing to the high remaining velocity of the bullet, and its comparatively great weight, 38 to the pound, this area is beaten by 250 effective bullets, each having sufficient momentum in it not only to kill a man but also to perforate any practicable form of portable protection with which he may be provided.¹

Now, the consistent shooting of the French field-gun renders it possible to imprint on the surface of any given piece of ground a succession of such patterns, side by side and touching one another, and all by giving a stated number of turns to the wheel on the

¹ This is worth noting, in view of the increasing use of steel helmets by modern troops. The strength of the French trench helmet is calculated on these figures, and those known for the German gun. The writer has seen one of them on which experiments had been tried. It had been subjected to shrapnel at varying velocities; at 1000 ft.-secs. the bullet had failed to pierce it. And, be it remembered, the lighter and slower German shrapnel bullet has not the momentum of the French one.

carriage which deflects the muzzle right and left. By shortening the range 300 metres on the elevating gear, done in a moment, a second succession of patterns may be placed below the first lot, much in the same way as a typewriter shifts at the end of the line and commences to write the second. There is no reason, in effect, why a third and a fourth and any other number of lines of patterns should not be splashed on to the ground, the process being only limited by the amount of ammunition available. In practice, the amount is, as a rule, limited to 8 rounds per gun.

The battery commander rattles off a string of words, containing object, range, fuze, and angle of deflection; while he is yet speaking, the layers are on to the mark, the fuze-setters are punching the shell noses, the breech swings open, the traversing number grasps the worm and wheel gear. And as the captain finishes on a sharp word of command, each gun, being laid on an axis parallel to its fellow, whizzes off without further command a string of 8 shells in two groups of four, and ceases fire. As the last shell leaves the gun the loading number swings open the breech and stands easy,—the whole process has taken exactly 20 seconds; and, somewhere about two miles off, there is a patch of mother earth the size of Trafalgar Square, every scrap of which has been so beaten by shrapnel bullets that within its area, it is mathematically accurate to say,

there is no unprotected living thing.

Were four battalions, massed in a brigade formation, unlucky enough to find themselves within 6000 metres of a battery of French 75's, at a previously ascertained distance, it is theoretically correct to say that in under half a minute they would be beaten flat to the earth, not a single man surviving untouched.

This refers to shrapnel only; it is a different matter when it comes to the "obus explosifs," the high-explosive percussion shell. Here marksmanship is very necessary, though the ease with which exact shooting is obtained with this H.E. shell is proportionately as great as is the efficiency of the shrapnel. Laying, by the delicate adjustments possible in a finely divided clinometer, is more often resorted to than open sights; the exact ranging on the object is invariably used, sometimes without the preliminary of establishing the bracket, as in shrapnel fire. The exact range once obtained, fire is kept up till the target is demolished by a series of direct hits. *Tir fauchant* is sometimes used, as, for instance, in the attacking of a line of parapet; or, again, *fauchant et progressif*, where the line of fire is oblique to the trench face.

The organisation of the battery was next taken in hand. The French had committed themselves to the idea of a battery being an instrument for registering the personal wishes of its commander. It

had therefore to be reduced to manageable dimensions. The six-gun battery became a four-gun battery.

Let us now look at the *personnel* of a battery. It might be expected that a machine of this power would need many servants; but the French Règlement d'Artillerie 1910 lays down that though a gun's crew consists of six men, it is yet expected that once the gun has fired, one man should be enough to maintain some sort of rate of fire. Furthermore, that when casualties occur, it is better to abandon one or two guns in the battery, to keep wholly manned the remaining guns; a wise provision which encourages an *esprit de corps* based on the battery itself as the unit, and not connected with the individual gun.

The captain commands the battery; he has one subaltern to help him, and, if necessary, to take his place.

It was soon obvious that such a death-dealing machine, depending for its effectiveness on its capacity for exact accuracy, would be misused by being served by *personnel* who got excited. The French gunner, in the ecstasy of seeing his target melt away before him, often shot wildly. The gun was therefore provided with goniometric, or angle-measuring, sights. By means of these the gun is laid on any conspicuous object, such as a factory chimney, a steeple, or any other mark. The angle formed by mark, gun, and target is measured by the battery commander, who an-

nounces it to the layers; they make the necessary adjustment on their sights, which brings the muzzles of their guns on to the target. From this time onward their whole preoccupation lies in keeping their eye on the church steeple. Kingdoms may melt away in the middle distance, but the slow shift of the weathercock is all that meets their eye.

Direct and indirect fire are therefore on the same system, and one has no more difficulties for the gunner than the other.

This, it may be said in parenthesis, is the system of indirect laying adopted also by the Germans. The writer remembers an instance in Flanders, where a tall factory chimney stood behind the English trench line. The German gunners, believing it to be a British observation post, got busy with it and methodically shot the top half off, leaving only a splinter or spicule of masonry sticking forlornly into the air. There they stopped, and only our gunners then knew why they stopped. A short while after, one of the periodical "pushes" was to take place. The evening before, the C.R.A. of the section saw the C.R.E., who detailed a subaltern's party to bring down the chimney during the night. They did their work well, burrowing underground and attacking the foundations with gun-cotton in such a way that the fabric collapsed as nearly as possible noiselessly into the ploughed field alongside. And when, at dawn, our

men swarmed over the parapet into the German trenches, the German gunners—deprived of the aiming point on to which all their angles had been “registered”—shot as wildly as hawks and hurt nobody.

One last word, on the supply of ammunition. The French did not hesitate to incur expenditure of ammunition on a far more lavish scale than any other nation had contemplated, and they provided their batteries with twice the number of shell carried by other armies. The number of waggons in a German six-gun battery is six; that in a French four-gun battery twelve—three times as many in proportion. When

the last French field artillery manual was brought out, each 75 had to its credit in the field 1500 shells, carried in the various columns and reserves. It is believed that since the war commenced, this number has been increased by 500.

Need we wonder that, as the French President told us recently, the reserve stocks of 75 shell had reached an almost incredible figure?

Need we, moreover, wonder at the affection in which the guns are held by the whole French people? The high opinion in which they have always held their gun and gunners has been fully borne out in the present war.

II.

A dull autumn morning in Flanders; drizzling rain, clay mud everywhere. We are at a point where the English and French lines join; a section of trenches backed by ruined buildings, which, as always happens on both sides, German or ours, are used by artillery or other observation officers, and which continue to exist on mutual sufferance. Spread out, a few hundred yards ahead of us, are the confused lines of trenches. The untidy barbed-wire entanglements show the neutral ground between the two sets of trenches which, even from this close and dominating view-point, seem to be devoid of plan. The most conspicuous objects everywhere are the empty tins and other

rubbish thrown out of the trenches; they lie around, close to the parapets, and, you would think, must serve to show up the outline to airmen overhead. However, that does not appear to matter. The trenches are apparently lifeless, no movement being discernible anywhere. The steady, slow rifle fire of the snipers never ceases. Artillery fire is for the moment in abeyance.

We lie flat on our stomachs among the broken plaster and bits of tiles, in the attic of one of the less ruinous houses, and look out through a crevice between the rafters. The roof is all to pieces, at least one tile in every two being absent. Till a few minutes ago one of our gunner subalterns had been

explaining the German front to us. His heavy battery has been in this sector a long time, and he has queer home-made names for most of the objects in our present field of view. For instance, the house in which we now are is the Ritz, from its comparatively large dimensions, even though it is less watertight than a paper bag.

The French are just over there on our right; you see fewer tins and more regular outlines about their parapets. Their guns, too, are more numerous than ours. Their heavy Rimailho howitzers are said to be very useful. But what we, who are newcomers to this particular sector, most want to see are their famous 75's at work. There are several batteries of them near here. "They are the thing," said our gunner friend; "you won't want to see prettier shooting. And commotion, my word! When a battery of 75's gets talking, everything else for miles round stops to listen. You'll see soon enough. But they won't let you near their gun positions; small blame to them either. Good-morning."

Just as we are beginning to think we have seen enough, and are going to leave, there is a clattering of boots on the ladder, and a French captain of artillery appears from behind the sandbag protection at the stairhead. He crawls across the attic floor on all-fours, and joins us at our coga of vantage. We offer him our spy-hole. He thanks

us courteously, and invites us to watch the subsequent proceedings, explaining that he is about to observe the fire of his own field-battery on the German trench in front. Here arrives the somewhat portly quartermaster-sergeant of the battery (they call him the "fourrier"), and he comes "rampant"—not, however, as the lion in heraldry, but rather as a very human being conscious of inadequate cover between himself and the Boches. He unreels a thin telephone wire behind him as he comes. Settling down behind us, he fixes the terminal of the black-cased telephone at his belt, tests the connection, and calls up his battery. "Allô! Allô! Vous m'entendez? Êtes-vous prêts? Oui, repérage sur même point. Angle de site toujours zéro." He nods, all square! to the captain, and hands him the instrument. The latter, in his somewhat stilted English, explains: "You see, my captain, that when I make the preparation of the fire, I indicate to my four pointers a distant object which is conspicuous, on which they direct their sights. Then I measure the angle to the target which it is intended to strike, and order the guns to be directed at this angle." We assent, without much comprehension, however, and he addresses himself to his telephone. "Première pièce, plateau 14, tambour 82. Echelonnez de 5. Abattez. Obus explosifs. 3500. Par la droite par pièce."

A pause.

Then: whump, goes the first 75 in the distance. Whoop, bang-g, the shell lands squarely among the German support trenches, its high explosive flinging up a black cloud and clods of clay.

Too far.

"Trois mille quatre cents," he shortens the range. Whump, again. Once more the rush of the shell and the bang—this time louder, as the black cloud springs like a sudden mushroom from the no-man's-land between the trenches.

Nearly.

We wait to hear him give the half-distance. Not he. He waits till the smoke-cloud has cleared, picks out his own shell-crater from among the others in that ill-used space, carefully measures the distance with his eye to the German parapet, and corrects the range. "Augmentez de dix. Trois mille quatre cents quarante." And forty! One wonders if many English battery commanders would care to handle fractions of fifty yards in a range of two miles, and in that confined target.

Is it bravado? However, let us see.

The pause before the thump is tense with anticipation. The direction has been beautiful, nothing but the range remains; and when the whoop and bang come off they make us jump as we lie. There: what did I tell you? The black mushroom springs up from the Hun parapet itself. It hangs suspended for a moment, then gradually drifts down the breeze. As it drifts away, lo!

—a fat little crater just under the clay breast-work. Two loopholes gape; a tangle of barbed wire and bits of sand-bag lie across the gap. A twinkle of steel, as a German sentry, with shaken nerves, runs round the corner of the traverse, carrying rifle and fixed bayonet. Movements here and there.

That tickled them up a bit!

Rifle fire breaks out from the German parapet at nothing in particular, but it is the expression of a state of jumps. It wells up and up, runs along the line in increasing volume, and is presently answered by an ever-growing rifle fire from our own front line. Both sides are hard at it, the German parapet fully manned. The din increases to a crackling roar as the Maxims join in. It is the broad daylight equivalent of the funk-fire which so often breaks out at night.

Look at our friend the captain now. He smiles all over his handsome face, and, the receiver close to his mouth, he shouts an order which makes us stare indeed. "Trois mille quatre cents quarante-trois. Oui, quarante-trois!"

Rubbish; *this* is humbug, anyhow.

He reads the incredulity in our faces, smiles, nods, and points through the spy-hole. All right, if you really mean it. Let's see.

The distant thump is imagined more than heard. The whoop of the shell passes us, and simultaneously the black mushroom jumps up from the

very heart of the German trench itself.

Aha-a, *what* did I say? The dark eyebrows rise almost to the cap-peak, the grave face nods at us, the forefinger wags. M. le fourrier shakes in an inaudible chuckle behind us. Le brav' soixante-quinze! You thought they couldn't do it? But watch, now.

The captain grasps the receiver again, and calls down it: "Ça y est Recommencez! Par trois!" Give 'em three, my lads!

The din in front crackles and rattles; but the thumping, behind, now joins in. Crang—Bang—Bang! Three shells in as many seconds pitch straight into the German trench, not a foot too much or too little. It is like posting letters.

They have barely arrived, the smoke of their explosion still hangs over the trench, the air is full of the singing of their fragments, when the captain calls a triumphant message down the receiver. "Trois mille quatre cents quarante-trois. Fauchez! R-r-rafale!"

At this the din becomes deafening. The thumping behind us merges into a sullen roar; but only for a moment. Suddenly the whole German front for a width of two hundred yards is black with bursting melinite. Bang. Bang. Ba-bang-bang-ba-ba-bang! The inferno dominates everything else. The 75's take complete charge of the situation. The rifle fire dies down on both sides, and our infantry stands rapt with amazement in the midst of the commotion. The

rate of fire dies not for a moment. If anything it increases in intensity. Lumps of shapeless *débris*, whole sandbags, bits of beams, bits of planking, a rifle; the head and shoulders of a human body, the arms flaking loosely in a way which tells of shattered bones. One after another, the scrapheap hurtles high in the air as the melinite explodes insistently in the very midst of the German dug-outs. The lumps of stuff turn slowly over and over in the air, lump following lump as a juggler tosses glass balls. Bang-ba-ba-ba-bang-ba-bang! Stuff your fingers in your ears; shut your eyes and mouth in the vain effort to keep the terrible concussion out of your head. The tiles on the rafters above begin to shake loose; the floor trembles; ah, stop it, stop it! An unreasoning irritation seizes us. *Can't* you stop the beastly din?

Already he has the instrument in his hand.

"Halte au feu!"

Thank God! We couldn't have stood much more of that.

The smoke clears off, and there the whole thing lies before us. A long shallow depression full of *débris*, where once a trench had been.

Écrasés, les Boches!

Slowly one clay-coloured lump detaches itself from the rest, and, with an infinitely pitiful weariness, scrambles to its feet. Blind, half naked, groping with outstretched arms, it stumbles out into the open towards us, and falls flat on its face.

All is still.

III.

Long, breedy-looking 75's. If you meet them on a greasy Flanders pavé at 4 in the afternoon of a dingy autumn day you are impelled to take off your hat to them. Not the most sordid surroundings, not the most futurist barbouillage with grotesque scene-painting, will make them appear anything but what they are: gentlemen, and the weapons

of gentlemen. Thus are the souls of men reflected in the weapons they use.

Imagine, now, the feelings of the Hun who stole the plans of the gun, and stole the wrong ones; the dummy plans so carefully prepared, so jealously guarded, so fascinatingly perfect in appearance.

He made the gun, and found it wouldn't work!

PUSSE CAILLOUX.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT JASIN.

"SĀHIB! Sā . . . ā . . . hib!
Sā . . . ā . . . ā . . . hib! Chahār
baji sāhib" ("four o'clock, sir").

The sturdy, black-bearded Central India orderly pushed up the mosquito curtains over the camp-bed in the little tent, and the native infantry captain stirred uneasily in his sleep.

"Chahār baji sāhib! Bare din ke ohahār baji!" ("four o'clock Christmas morning, sir!")

Then consciousness crept over the captain's sleep-dulled brain as he woke to the dank, fetid odour of the mangroves; to the hot, stuffy, cramped little tent; to the acrid smell of the wood-fire smoke, where his servant was boiling water for tea and the bacon was frizzling for a hasty breakfast, in the oppressive darkness of an equatorial morning, near the coast end of the boundary between German and British East Africa. As his senses grew more alert, he grasped better the trend of the orderly's speech, while the latter busied himself about the tent, giving a final rub to the rifle the captain habitually carried, or smoothing out the folds of that officer's "pagri" (turban).

Swords, helmets, gaiters, spurs, and all the other trappings of civilised and mediæval warfare had long since gone by the board in this land where the white man must needs tramp it on equal

terms with his darker followers. The tsetse-fly has no more respect for an officer's charger than for a humble ammunition mule, and every single packet of ammunition and tin of bully-beef had to be brought up by hand, by strings of porters, chiefly literally naked savages from the central lakes. Tunics even had been discarded in favour of khaki shirts, and breeches for shorts.

"Bare din kā salaam—sāhib" (Christmas greetings), came the gruff voice of the orderly as he handed his master a clean khaki shirt, for a festival is an auspicious day to don new, or, failing new, at least *clean* garments, even if they will probably be perforated by Hun bullets an hour or two after sunrise.

"Good Lord!" thought the captain, as he mechanically returned the greeting—"Christmas Day!" His thoughts slipped north over the sweating mangrove-curtained coast and the high inland forests, across the burning yellow sands of the desert; on, beyond the dancing sun-kissed waves that fringe the north of Africa; away to the grey breakers, beating on the misty Sussex shore, where his wife and boy would be that morning. Christmas Day! He pictured to himself the mother leaning over the baby's cot to wish him "Merry Christmas from Daddy,"

and thought of them all at home, around the baby's Christmas tree. He remembered the one they had the year before in a far-off, peaceful Indian station, with all the servants' children in to pick off the glittering tinsel toys, so beloved of Indian babies, from the little sahib's "wonder-tree," while the six-month-old baby lay in his mother's lap, watching it all with great big wondering eyes.

As the orderly handed him his belt and pistol, the captain realised, with a great revulsion of feeling, that *his* Christmas would be spent toiling through the bush to attack a problematical Hun post situated across the Uмба river, and he cursed all war with a bitter curse.

Turning from his tent to the little brushwood hut that served as a mess-room, he greeted the senior captain of his double company, who was just beginning breakfast. "Morning! Merry Christmas!" They settled down to their ration bacon and chupatties, for bread is often scarce in small columns operating in the East African bush, when white troops do not form part of the force. The talk turned on to the probabilities of finding the Huns that morning, and the methods of outflanking them when they were in a good position, as they were sure to be, for the descendants of Attila are past-masters of defensive warfare. But neither of them talked very much, for the mess servant wished them a Merry Christmas, and both men's thoughts turned homeward, until one of them looked

at his wrist-watch, and said, "Time to move—what?"

Of the force, only one African and one Indian company were moving that day; so they had to pick their way through the lines of sleeping figures till they reached the south end of the camp, where their men were fallen in. More Christmas greetings exchanged with the British officers of the Africans; more salaams from the Indian officers.

How appropriate these greetings seemed, more particularly so where in the African company a Soudanese N.C.O. used the full Arabic formula, "Salaam aleikum" ("Peace be with you")—a greeting of daily usage, but more than usually appropriate to this birthday of the Prince of Peace! But how incongruous in these surroundings, were it not for the fact that the Force, although containing but few Englishmen, formed part of the armed might of a race which, whatever its faults, has done more than any other to bring the blessing of peace to the uttermost ends of the earth. The captain, watching his Indians, thought of Akbar's dream and the peace for "Warring Hind" therein foretold, and felt that of all nations perhaps we had the best right to use that age-old greeting—"Peace be with you."

"Five-fifteen," said a voice, and the column swung out of camp, the Africans leading. The captain, standing in the dim light of the guard-hut

lantern, watched them with curious eyes; for this was the first chance he had had of observing them in close proximity to the enemy. All, or nearly all, Soudanese, this company—sturdy, rather sullen-looking men, obviously good soldiers, even if he had not known their war record. The double bandoliers, the heavy bush-knives, the well-kept rifles handled by men to whom they were evidently as well-beloved women,—all showed the seasoned fighting man. He watched their officers pass, wearing, like the men, the little round caps with neck covers, familiar to him from Mutiny pictures and old books of Livingstone's Travels. The equatorial sun is no friend to the white man, but death from sunstroke is less swift and certain than that which awaits the white officer who goes into action with coloured troops, wearing himself a European head-dress. The captain for the same reason wore a pagri, and his face and neck and bare arms were tanned by many suns to a hue almost as dark as that of the men he led.

Then a little gap, as the dumpy-looking machine-gun passed, borne by the brawny Menuazi porters, loping along with noiseless barefooted tread. Fighting men these also, but unarmed except for the heavy knives, each man with his load of belt boxes piled high on the twisted French grey blanket he wore as head covering.

Again a little interval, and the Indians came filing past—Muslims of Rajputana, lean

men, high cheek-boned. Here he caught a glimpse of the fair colouring due to the old mixture of Afghan blood; there, of the wheat colour of the high-bred Rajput; now of a darker hue that bespoke some long-forgotten Dravidian strain mingled in the old heroic days, when first the descendants of the moon swept south from the snowy hills and upland pastures, cradle of the Aryan race, to overrun all Hind, as far as the central forests, haunts of the fabled serpent women, the "naginis" of ravishing voluptuous beauty. Not his own men these, for he had joined this regiment from its linked battalion at the outbreak of war, but cousins, and kinsmen, and clansmen of the men with whom he had soldiered for the last nine years. Their own officers, British and Indian alike, and the pick of the rank and file, together with one of his best friends from his own regiment, were lying dead, some before, some in, the German position forty miles down the coast, whence, eight short weeks earlier, after the British force from India made the disastrous landing at Tanga, he himself had been glad to get to the ships again with his life.

Quietly they moved past him, for the Indian goes into action silently, since, like the white man, and unlike the African, he is cursed with an imagination. The captain could read in the eyes of some of them filing past in the lantern's dim circle of light, the

haunting expectation of the terrible short-range machine-gun fire which had mown down more than half the officers and nearly a third of the men of the regiment in less than twenty minutes on that ill-omened day. He only hoped that they could not read the same in his eyes.

He fell in at the tail of the column, with his faithful orderly, for never after that first disastrous day did the officers go together in front, but divided, so that the ambushed Hun snipers might not succeed in getting all the officers with the first few shots. The column swung south through the darkness, past the picquets, down a slope between the high walls of bush on either side of the narrow winding path, which forced them to move in single file. As the first faint gleams of dawn appeared they reached the northern arm of the Umba, where the track from Majareni, crossing it, bifurcates: one path turning eastward to Vanga, some two miles off, on the sea; while the other, curving first south-east and then south-westward, runs into German territory, across the river Suba, to the village of Jasin, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away.

The water glimmered faintly on either side of the two coconut-tree trunks which formed the rude bridge, and the farther bank just showed as a mass of heavy shadows, screen for heaven knows how many lynx-eyed snipers, had it not been picqueted the previous night by some of the Indian

troops. The captain, standing watching the shadowy figures file across the bridge and fade into the darkness of the opposite bank, thought of a similar morning when he had watched these men, and many more, alas! file down the gangway into the lighters. This was the first time they would set foot on German ground since Tanga day, all the intervening period having been spent in chasing the enemy, flushed with success, out of our own territory; so he felt that perhaps the quiet dead, lying forty miles farther on, would know that they had not been forgotten, and that some day men of their own caste would come and visit their graves, visited now by the prowling hyena alone.

The orderly, standing silent by his side, was thinking of the last Christmas day, when war was not; of the *fête* for the children in the regimental school, and of how his little son had won the children's race amid the plaudits of the Sāhiblog. He remembered the fuss the mother had made over the child when he returned, a seven-year-old edition of his father, in green silk coat, tight white trousers, and rose-pink turban, in which, with the gravity peculiar to Indian childhood, he had marched up to receive his prize at the hands of the Colonel Memsāhiba. And he too cursed war after his own fashion, for although "East is east and West is west," mankind in both thinks very much the same at heart, though it sometimes affects not to, about

the things that really matter—life and death and love and children.

The troops trailed on through the bush till, in the full light of the growing day, they passed through some cocconut and banana plantations into a tiny little native village of wattle-and-daub huts nestling round a small sugar factory, which bore, cruelly plain to view, the heavy marks of the invader's hand. It was the last village on our side of the border, and no living thing stirred to greet the day,—for, as usual, the Huns had gutted it methodically, destroying what they could not carry off—even to cutting off the tops of the young banana and papoya trees. It was no new sight to the men after the last month or so, but the orderly gritted his teeth as he looked on the wasted fields. Both he and the captain remembered that there had been women in these villages, harmless cultivators, like the deep-bosomed Rajputnis of our Indian plains, whom the Hun had allowed his Arab troops to take; for many Arabs, chased out of British territory in slave-trading days, had found ready asylum under German rule. These now fought well for their hosts, since they knew that British conquest meant the loss of their last refuge.

The captain and the Indians looked on the roofless, ruined huts, the broken furniture, and the scattered household utensils. To eradicate the memory of those devastated villages it will take more than a few

circulars, such as the troops following up the Huns used occasionally to find on the paths, explaining that the Kaiser had joined the fold of Islam. The Indian peasant is a law-abiding, kindly person as a rule, and moreover, was it not written in the Qurān as an injunction to the first of the many expeditionary forces sent forth by Islam: "Thou shalt slay neither women nor children, but only grown men bearing arms in their hands, nor yet shalt thou destroy the young trees"? The captain's thoughts turned once more to the English coast, and his wife and child and the Christmas tree, and he thanked God for the narrow seas and the Navy; while the orderly, thinking of his wife and boy, the old mother, and the kine in his sun-baked fields in the heart of Rajputana, rendered thanks to Allah for the blessings of the Pax Britannica, only he called it the "Sirkār."

After a brief halt the column moved on over the border into German territory, out of the wasted fields into the bush again; till suddenly the captain, stopping to light a cigarette, stiffened—listening—"Shots in front? Yes, there again!" Bidding the men lie down in the bush to avoid the deadly machine-gun fire that at any moment might sweep down the narrow path, he moved up, followed by the orderly, to the tail of the African company, or rather to the point where the tail had been. At the first shots these seasoned bush-fighters had re-

moved themselves and their belongings into the bush, the only signs of their presence being a porter lying down in the path, crouching flat behind his load of ammunition, all the available cover in his vicinity having been occupied; and their captain standing on the side of the path.

Presently a scout came running back to report. The captain of the African company, who was also commanding the column, said that the enemy were entrenched about 1000 yards in front, on the far bank of the Suba; and ordering the Indian company and the reserve ammunition porters to remain halted until the situation was a little more developed, he deployed his Soudanese into the bush and advanced. Their advance was punctuated by the intermittent volleys which the King's African Rifles use to search the bush as they push forward. Troops concealed in bush who are lying up for an enemy generally lose their heads if fire is opened in their direction, and thinking they have been spotted and further concealment is useless, they return the fire and so give their position away. Even then it is difficult to locate them, for one cannot easily tell whether the bullet flicking out of the bush ten yards ahead, and driving past one's ear with a crack like a whip, started its obnoxious career eighty or eight hundred yards away.

The bullets began to sing overhead, crashing here and there into the tree trunks, and

once or twice the captain heard them smack, with that dull thud both soldier and big-game hunter know so well, into something softer among the concealed men behind him. A something that lies still and moans, or sits up and swears, according to whether it is dark or white, but which sometimes lies strangely still and neither moans nor swears. As far as the captain and the men behind him were concerned, the fire was unaimed, and was chiefly directed at the Soudanese in front; but in bush-fighting the greater part of the shots go high, and often, as was in fact the case that day, the firing line has fewer casualties than the supports.

One of the subalterns of the Soudanese came running back to ask for a section of the Indians to move round on the right flank on a sysel factory which flanked the enemy's position, and towards which a subaltern and a dozen of the Africans were already moving. Shortly afterwards he came back again to ask for the remainder to come up and cover the advance of the Soudanese with their fire.

Pushing forward, the captain found himself on the edge of a clearing, and saw on the far side of it, about 600 yards away, the Suba, spanned by a single bridge. Above this, on the farther side, rose a steep cliff-like bank; and with his glasses he could make out the enemy trenches at the top. As the Indians deployed along the edge of the bush and opened fire on the enemy, a welcome

rattle on the left showed that the machine-gun had come into action, and the fact of its not being answered by a similar rattle cheered the captain and his men not a little. A machine-gun on your own side is as a white-robed angel, but in the hands of the enemy a child of the devil. The fire began to tell, and the captain saw signs of movement in the enemy's trench. "They're going!—They're going!"

Almost at the same instant the bugler of the Soudanese sounded the charge, and with a wild yell they rushed forward across the narrow bridge, and clawed their way like cats up the steep bank, over the now vacant trenches; vacant, that is, except for the huddled mass of blood-stained clothing, from which a face stared wide-eyed up at the sky. The Indians came doubling after them, and as they breasted the slope, the familiar whining sound over their heads showed them that the enemy had not gone far.

As the captain stepped over the crest, he saw the Soudanese kneeling down in a field of *sysel* (aloes), interspersed with feathery-topped cocoanut-trees, about 200 yards ahead, beyond which was a red brick bungalow occupied by the enemy, and on the left, hidden in the trees, the village of Jasin. Again it was a fairly strong position, for *sysel* is vile stuff to move through, as its sharp spear-pointed leaves hamper movement, and men must kneel or even stand to fire over it, and thus expose themselves considerably. Also

the captain had passed the machine-gun on his way up, out of action from a broken cotta pin.

On his right he heard the volleys of the Africans in the direction of the *sysel* factory, where the bush was thicker. Christmas Day had rather passed from his mind by now, but he suddenly remembered most distinctly that he had come out as a volunteer to-day, and had really no business to be there; and he wished bitterly that he were back in camp, serving out the Christmas ration of rum. However, as he *was* in the *sysel* field, it was no good repining, and he managed to find a handy cocoanut-tree, behind which he could stand up and watch things without being such a conspicuous mark as if he had stood up in the *sysel*. A cocoanut-tree, chiefly on account of the sappy fibre, will stop bullets at short range that go straight through thicker trees of other kinds, as the captain had discovered on previous occasions. This one was no exception to the rule, for hardly had he stepped behind it than there came the thud of a bullet on the other side, just level with his face.

After a short while the flanking party got round and opened fire, the enemy's fire died down, and the advance continued. Pushing on, the troops caught a last glimpse of the enemy flying down the track to Mwoa (about ten miles farther south), but as the orders had been only to clear Jasin, to have pursued

would have been incurring needless risk of running up against his main strength. A halt was made and the troops rallied, while a report was sent in to camp by the field telephone, which had been laid out behind the advancing column.

The two companies fell in to rally and find out losses, for in bush-fighting these are not known until the troops re-form, as the range of vision is limited to a few yards on either side, and the officer has to trust to the individual initiative of the men to get them forward. On this occasion the losses were few, some half-dozen wounded; but at last the captain, who had just seen with great relief the double-company commander coming through the bush, saw two men carrying a stretcher, on which lay the smartest havildar in the company. Shot just over the heart, he had died in a few minutes.

Detailing a rearguard, the column marched back, and reached camp without further incident. As they marched in, the captain saw a whole crowd of familiar faces,—men of his own battalion who had been sent over from India to fill up the gaps caused by the earlier fighting, and just arrived by the steamer from Mombasa that morning. The company was dismissed, and, handing his rifle to his orderly, he walked over to speak to the new-comers.

“Salaam, Sāhib! Salaam!
Salaam!”

Five minutes to exchange news and ask after friends, and then he walked over to his tent for a wash before lunch; but on the way, noticing a little group of men outside the entrenchments engaged in laying the dead havildar on a rough bier, he went over to them. As he stood by the dead man, and looked down into the face so strangely peaceful, he reflected how queer everything was; how inextricably mixed up were life and death, joy and sorrow; how strange that this day of all days, which was to bring peace and joy to so many, should bring also in its train grief and suffering and tears.

He looked again at the still, dead face, and thought of the soul that had passed beyond all doubts and perplexities of jarring creeds into the white light of certainty beyond; and as he gazed on the hushed lips that only a few hours before had greeted him “Salaam,” he murmured the answering formula: “Wa aleikum as-salaam.” (“And to you be peace.”)

He turned away and entered the camp again, walking thoughtfully, and so did not notice the approach of the subadar-major, the best Indian officer he had ever known, till, suddenly looking up, he met the never-failing cheerful smile, and heard the words—

“Salaam, Kaptan Sāhib!
Merry Kismas!”

M. L. A. G.

TALES OF A GASPIPE OFFICER.

BY "DESPATCH RIDER."

Military cyclists are popularly known as the Gaspipe Cavalry.—*Daily Paper.*

IV. QUIET TIMES.

So they came out of the trenches with no casualties save a few frost-bitten feet, and wrote home the most amazing letters of their prowess. Without doubt the Cyclists had made a noise.

The Company, content with itself, slid into a peaceful routine of play and work.

About a quarter to eight the Gaspipe Officer would be called, but getting up was difficult, because, after nights on the more repellent surfaces, a soft bed in a little cosy bedroom above the *Maison Commune* held out the most deliciously retaining hand. Breakfast and a pipe brought him to nine or a quarter past, at which hour Bill, with attendant subalterns—M^{rs} Queen had left them to buy eggs for a general—would walk briskly up to the Company's farm, dispense justice and sign multitudinous papers. After censoring the letters—a weary job—they would stroll round the country and watch the men making fascines, and so back to letters, papers, and lunch.

Later the order came from the Division for the Company to take a "refresher" course of training, and the morning would be spent in learning all the things a cyclist must know,

—to read a map, to fall off his cycle in the twinkling of an eye, to lay traps for cavalry, and to look like a company when riding and not like the Purley Pedallers. Some of these things the Gaspipe taught his men, but most of them he learnt from Bill and his platoon and the sergeant-major. On a pleasant morning, under the instruction of the sergeant-major, he would endeavour to shout orders across the greatest possible number of fields.

After lunch they might stroll into Bailleul or play football. Bailleul was never quite dull. In the spring Territorial Divisions began to arrive, and the Gaspipe with Jumbo or Bill used to saunter up and down the Square and criticise with a veteran air. A Division in column of route—the guns and limbered waggons rattling and groaning over the cobbles: the men grinning with happiness, for to many Bailleul was almost "the Front." Never will the Cyclists forget "Tango the Lion-Tamer," an officer who, to the pure joy of all the civilian and military inhabitants of Bailleul, appeared in a leopard-skin coat. Everybody asked everybody else: "Have you seen Tango?"

From the Square they would saunter into the dirty and smoky *Faucon* or the expensive *Allies Tea Rooms* for a drink. The more companionable *estaminets* were closed to officers, the Gaspipe found to his infinite sorrow. There was a little tavern that hung on to the side of the *Hôtel de Ville*, where Chloë gently provided grenadines and made the most charming compliments to the brave corporals—and another down a narrow wynd not far from old Divisional Headquarters and much frequented by the London Scottish while they were in Bailleul. When these were full of men, it was difficult for a young officer, too sensible of his dignity, to enter.

Later a cinema was provided, while the North Irish Horse, finding life dull after their old freebooting days, started again the fine old sport of cock-fighting. . . .

About three afternoons a week the Cyclists turned out to smash their opponents on the football ground. The 3rd Divisional Cyclists were their great rivals; but the matches with the A.S.C. roused the bitterest feeling, for they played too professional a game. Bill excelled on the wing, and M'Queen's masculine coaching was beautiful to hear.

Even in those quiet days of March life was not all such pleasuring. There were wire patrols. The Gaspipe would borrow a motor-cycle and ride out to *Neuve Eglise* or *Kemmel* way. Then he would walk for miles, following a wire across fields

that had been stirred with shells like porridge with a spoon; or down near *Wulverghem*, or up from the ruins of *Kemmel* village to the top of *Kemmel Hill*—and see that his men were doing their work. It was laborious, unexciting, and infinitely melancholy. A dead and shattered man is a little horrible and almost unimportant, a thing defective, without soul, but dead and shattered country seems always to be suffering dumbly, as though it were a kindly beast in pain. And still it listens each night to the loud reports of the rifles and the whisper of the bullets as they fly complaining over the black and slippery mud. . . .

The rumour came that the Division was to move northwards to *Ypres*. Men freely cursed. The old *Ypres* salient was such a silly thing. Imagine for a moment one of those old Greek theatres, semi-circular. All the way round the Germans were on the top row of seats, and we were only half-way up. They could see everything that we were doing, while we, hemmed in, had to trust to aeroplanes. And down on the floor of the theatre stood *Ypres*, through which or by which nearly every road to the salient passed. It is not wonderful that the Germans shelled *Ypres*. It is amazing that they did not shell it more.

Jumbo went ahead to find billets, and we followed, trekking over *Mont Noir*,—you can see from the smoke of *Funes* almost to *Warneton*,

and from the towers of Ypres away to Saily,—and through Reninghelst to Poperinghe. There Bill was billeted on a “Wipers Widow” (a refugee lady whose husband still lives in Ypres), Jumbo on a priest, and the Gaspipe on a coal merchant whose brother was still “over there.” In those days Poperinghe was a pleasant city, containing all that the heart of an officer could desire—good grocers, an excellent restaurant or two, and a delectable tea-room. The inhabitants, like all Belgians, are friendly to the point of embarrassment. The children sing “Tipperary” in the streets morning, noon, and night.

Coming in late one night the Gaspipe found the coal merchant urgent for a talk. First they discussed the price of coal, and the excellent system the British had of bringing their own fuel with them; then, as always happens, they started on the war, and the Gaspipe enlarged mightily on the merits of the voluntary system of enlistment. Finally, the coal merchant described how the Germans had left, and the French and British arrived.

“The last to leave were the German cyclists. We all kept sullenly within our houses, for the good God alone knew what the Germans might perpetrate in their defeat. The Germans left, except for one officer, and he rode round the town, firing at all of us, daring any one to touch him, for the Germans always returned. He was a

brave man, and we, though we cursed and moved first forward a little and then back, did not dare. The women besought us to leave him alone for fear something should happen to them.

“Half an hour later the French cyclists rode through very quickly, then for many hours we were in suspense. There was much noise of cannon, but no one appeared. We opened our doors and flocked into our streets, talking anxiously.

“Toward evening the rumour flew round that the English were marching into Poperinghe. We ran to the street by which they were coming and waited. When they came, fine and brave men, we could not cheer for laughing, or laugh for cheering. Such funny little petticoats they wore—”

Here the Gaspipe began hastily to talk of other things, for he knew the battalion and what had happened to them, and did not choose to laugh at their kilts. . . .

Bill, Jumbo, and the Gaspipe were comfortable enough in Poperinghe. A little training would be done in the mornings for the sake of appearances, and in the afternoons they would walk out of the town to have tea with some friends in an ammunition column, or watch the aeroplanes go up. They were, in fact, beginning to realise with shame that they might have belonged to the least combatant branch of the service, when the order came to shift into huts near Ouderdom.

They were well-constructed huts, because the Sappers had built them for themselves. You may curse the work the Sapper does for other people; no body, however churlish he may be, can do anything but wonder when Sapper works for Sapper. There was even a large bath. . . .

V. A FAMOUS VICTORY—AND DIRTY WORK AT YPRES.

M'Queen came in with the news one morning.

"That Sapper fellow tells me we're mining a hill—enormously important place—Germans can see all over the place from it. The show is going to take place at 7 sharp to-morrow evening. The hill's on our bit of the line."

The air was full of excitement. Even the gang of Belgian labourers that worked on the road outside the camp grinned, because they had heard the rumour of an attack. And in the tea-shops of Poperinghe everybody was talking about the mine and the attack after its explosion. A sergeant of the Cyclists heard exhaustive and accurate details from an old market-woman. The British officer is not expert in the keeping of secrets.

On the appointed evening the roofs of the huts in the Cyclist camp were crowded. The officers standing on a little rise swept the high country beyond Dickebusch with their field-glasses and looked often at their watches. At seven Jumbo swore he heard a dull thud. Two minutes later the guns spoke, hesitated, then broke out into an enormous fury of sound. Flash answered flash right along the horizon.

The little black group of officers—it was deep dusk—watched the bursting shrapnel narrowly.

"That fellow's a bit high—'m, they're putting a few into old Wipers—a nice old salvo—put it into them, lads—give 'em hell!"

So they watched the bestial struggle for Hill 60 from Ouderdom, three and a half miles away, half joyful and half sick at heart. Not one of them would have confessed (it would have been mere sentiment), yet each had a great pride in the old Div., and a great anxiety that it should do well. Had the charge been successful? Had the gains been consolidated? They went back into their hut and sang any amount of music-hall trash until it was time to go to bed.

In the morning news came that the position had been rushed with slight loss; the Germans had been filled with such panic that they had fled from the trenches on either side of the crater: the Germans were heavily attacking: their guns and bombs were sweeping our new position: there was no wire down yet.

About nine the same night there was much cheering in the

darkness of the camp. The remains of two battalions had returned from the hill. Then first were learnt the names of the fallen. Still there was no wire down.

At one place we had fought our way to the topmost seats in the theatre, but the cost of it was pitiful. It took five or six days before the wire was down and trenches properly made. During those days no battalion could remain for more than fifteen hours on the hill, and at the end of its shift it would return broken. The men could see the guns that were firing at them.

On the fifth day the Gaspipe was wakened very early.

"The Captain says dress at once and go and get instructions from him." It appeared that by luck or design the Germans had dropped a large shell, or more than one, on a certain street in Ypres and blocked it, with the result that many motor ambulances and some regimental transport had been shelled outside the city gate. The Cyclists were called upon to clear the street and keep it clear. They must ride to Ypres at full speed.

They started off, and the Gaspipe, to drown the thought that the unblocking of streets under shell fire was no job for a quiet fellow, rode as he had never ridden before. He flashed through Vlamertinghe, and faster and faster along the magnificent macadam into Ypres. Just inside the city

the Gaspipe threw himself off his bicycle, breathless, and looked round. There were only two men with him, and nobody else in sight! At that moment he learned definitely that to bring along a platoon or company of Cyclists at high speed is a fine art.

Leaving his corporal to form up the platoon as they came in, he rode to report. The Town Commandant, who was comfortably at breakfast, knew nothing about him, but believed that the idea of keeping the street clear was quite excellent. There did not seem to be any urgent need for the services of the Cyclists. The vivid picture which the Gaspipe had formed of monstrous labours in deadly danger and a cloud of dust disappeared. Ypres was quiet. He led his men to the Church of St Martin, and went forward to look round.

Beyond the church, an ugly red-brick building hitherto untouched, and a hundred yards or so inside the Lille Gate, there was a narrowing of the road. By craft or luck the German gunners had thrown a shell exactly on this spot, brought down the houses on either side and blocked the road. Some other Cyclists had worked right through the night to clear the street: it was the Gaspipe's job to keep it clear. The cycles were brought under shelter of the broad ramparts, and sentries were posted with orders instantly to report, if still alive, when shells fell near the objects of their solicitude.

Ypres was being shelled very

lazily with big stuff, but nothing came near.

Bill and Jumbo arrived in an hour or so, and, like the Gaspipe, were bravely wishing for excitement. They first strolled up the street for a drink. Something dashed across the street just in front of the Gaspipe, and went with a crash through the door of a butcher's shop. For a wild moment the Gaspipe thought it must have been a great cat—until the butcher noisily and triumphantly produced the fuse-cap of a German shell. They walked a little farther, then returned to the walls, where for the first time they experimented with chewing-gum, and disliked it.

It was pleasant on the walls, looking towards Zillebeke over the moat. They form a wide grass-covered mound sloping gently to the water. Trenches have been cut into them and dug-outs burrowed. On the other side of the moat, which by the Lille Gate is as broad as a lake, runs the infamous Sunken Road. Last October, when Ypres was being shelled very heavily, troops used to prefer the Sunken Road to a march through the city. This the Germans discovered, and the road became a slaughter-house. The Cyclists knew it, for they had walked along it to the trenches of Hooge.

A couple of miles or more away the sky met a range of low and partly-wooded hills, on which the Germans live. They look down from them on to the dwellers in the plain, and because they can see and

not be seen, dwell in a malign and abominable security. . . .

Before the war the old walls of Ypres swarmed on Sundays with burghers and their families in their best. I have always sympathised with fortresses that have become sights for the vulgar, and walls a public promenade. But the veteran ramparts, grown over and neglected, have revenged themselves on time, and, sighing for charge and affray, the creak of the cross-bow, and the hearty shouts of the bluff old warfare, have seen and heard such poor multitudes scientifically killed, that again they must be wearying for the gay Sunday quietude. . . .

They had tea in the *atelier* of a dressmaker, and then, having vainly searched their quarter of the town for a worthy drink, packed up their traps and cycled home to Ouderdom in the growing dusk. A guard was left to warn them if again the Germans should block that very important street to the Lille Gate.

All this time there had been bestial fighting on Hill 60. No battalion could remain on the cursed pile of dirt thrown out from a cutting for more than a day and a night. The Hill was death. But the Fifth Division has never let go, and never will. They stuck to the Hill while the sappers put up wire and made it defensible. Everybody had thought we had bitten off more than we could chew, but as nobody said it, we chewed.

So the spring came.

VI. THE AFTERNOON OF THE TWENTY-SECOND.

Butcher, the new subaltern, arrived early in the afternoon with a draft for the company. The Gaspiper took him round and showed him the camp and the more important landmarks, Dickebusch Church, the towers of Ypres, the German ridge, and roughly where the Line was. Butcher was duly thrilled, and said a little sadly—

“Nothing doing just now, I suppose?”

“Nothing much. We lost a horrible lot of men taking a hill during the last week, but things should settle down now for some time. There’s talk of a Push, but then there always is. Still, there’s a Show this afternoon—French talking to what’s left of the brigade that took the hill.”

The Brigade, the old 13th, was drawn up in a square. Each battalion was about the size of a weakish company. The General came and told them simply that they were heroes — haggard, laughing men, who, glowing with pride, would afterwards joke about that “damned nuisance, the inspection.” And the Gaspiper wondered bitterly how long he would remain to see the 13th again and again destroyed. In that maimed brigade there were, I think, about four officers and sixty men left of those who had come out in August; but the 13th was still a brigade that could be trusted, a brigade of steady and reliable battalions.

Just after the General had

left, an aeroplane descended hurriedly on the parade-ground with a despatch. There was much consultation, and then a car started off at full speed. It was about four o’clock in the afternoon of the Twenty-second of April.

Bill and Jumbo went into Poperinghe. The Gaspiper and Butcher strolled lazily towards Vlamertinghe.

“Look there, Gaspiper,” said Butcher; “look at those flares going up away to the north. You told me if flares went up before dusk it was a sign of nervous troops. Well, they’re durned nervous over there, because it’s still quite light. Some cannonade you get, too, every evening.”

The Gaspiper looked to the north. Flares were following each other in rapid succession, and the cannonade was become furious. Frankly, he was puzzled.

“I don’t understand it,” he replied reflectively. “It might be those Canadians who have just taken over from the French, but it’s a bit too far north — and I didn’t realise that the salient (the Ypres salient, you know) came round quite so far to the west. And, by G—d, listen to that!”

Butcher strained his ears and heard, above the noise of the traffic and shouts and laughter of the men, a swishing, thrilling, crackling sound. Suddenly it reached a sharper note. Beyond Vlamertinghe a

vast tree of greasy black smoke appeared, and almost at once a great *bo-hoom* reverberated over the fields.

"That's a 'Jack Johnson, G.S., Tommy Atkins, for the use of,'" murmured the Gaspipe, "and what on earth's it doing over there? The Huns are getting uppish. Here are some of my men."

Half a dozen cyclists were riding in rapidly. They had just been relieved from duty on the important street at Ypres. The Gaspipe stopped them.

"Anything up?"

"Yes, sir." The man spoke with an anxious importance. "They've put some mighty big stuff into Yprés, and, as we was coming back we saw a lot of Frenchies with some transport and limbers, and Jim 'ere thought 'e saw a gun—they was tearing like mad across the fields to Vlamertingy."

"What's up?" said Butcher, when the men had been dismissed to their tea.

The Gaspipe thought a moment.

"Huns fed up with losing Hill 60, and bored with the Canadians, look for trouble—start shelling Canadians and plumping a few behind the lines—hit Belgian working-party—rapid and amazed flight of same. Let's go and get some dinner. Rotten place, Ypres, though!"

They went back to their hut, and, after waiting some time for Bill and Jumbo, started dinner. The cannonade to the north grew louder and nearer.

The Gaspipe was not satisfied with his own explanation. Butcher became excited and hoped that something would happen.

It was nine o'clock when Bill and Jumbo came in. Bill was a trifle pale, and Jumbo looked uneasy.

"Any news?"

"Any news! The Germans have broken through between the French and the Canadians! French transport, refugees, and infantry are pouring into Poperinghe from Elverdinghe! Huggie says the road is blocked for miles!"

The heart of the Gaspipe beat with enormous rapidity, and his knees seemed suddenly very weak. He tried to pull himself together. "If the Huns have broken right through," he said with a too admirable calm, "this old division is nicely cut off with one or two others, and there'll be some very pretty rearguard work on hand. You've struck oil fairly early, Butcher."

Bill gave orders for the company to stand to arms and everything to be packed up. Then they sat down to dinner, discussing the situation in detail.

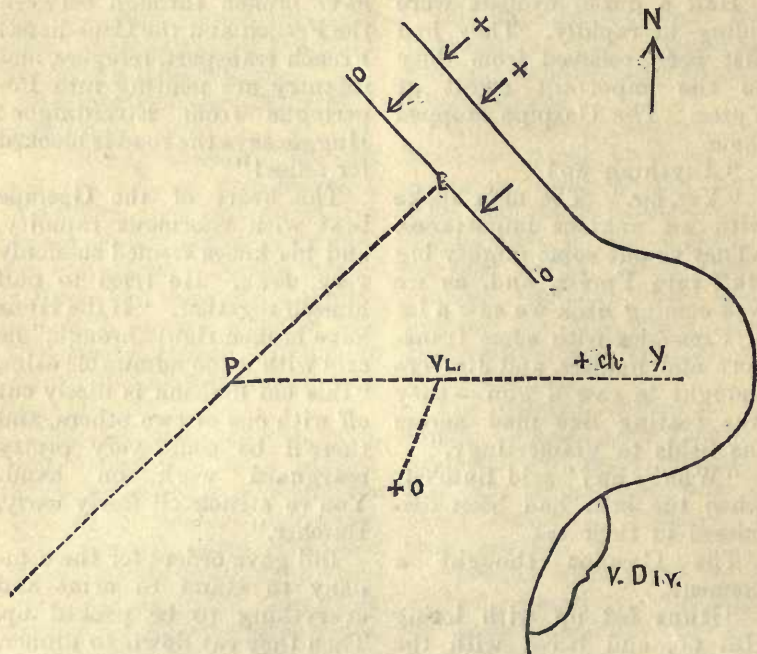
It seemed queer to Butcher that a German break-through three or four divisions up the Line should affect the Fifth Division so vitally. The Gaspipe expounded with the aid of the rough diagram on next page.

The Germans are reported to have broken through at xx, and to be pushing on towards

Elverdinghe. Between xx and the Fifth Division the line is held by the 28th, the 27th, and the Canadians. If the Germans push forward to the line OO, the left of the Canadians will be badly in the air. Again, the line P-VL-Y is the road along which all supplies are sent up to the Divisions holding

the salient. The German occupation of the line OO would literally threaten the British communications. Lastly, behind the line there are very few troops and very many valuable stores and staff officers. . . .

The sergeant-major brought in a despatch. Two patrols,



Y=Ypres. E=Elverdinghe. P=Poperinghe. VL=Vlamertinghe. O=Ouderdom.

Note.—The eccentricities of the line are exaggerated for the sake of clearness.

each consisting of an officer and six men, were to report immediately at Advanced Divisional Headquarters, which were residing at a chateau (CH. on diagram) a couple of miles out of Ypres, on the Vlamertinghe road.

In five minutes Jumbo and the Gaspape were ready to start. Back tyres were blown up; kit was tied on firmly; rifles were inspected. Jumbo shouted the order—

“Prepare to mount! Mount!”

VII. THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTY-SECOND.

The road to Vlamertinghe was almost clear. In front of an *estaminet* on the left of the road "Granny" and her train were drawn up for the night, monster masses of black tarpaulins. On from Vlamertinghe the road was a thick cursing crowd. For some obscure reason we never seem able properly to control the refugees from a bombarded town. It was hugely important to keep clear the road from Poperinghe to Ypres, the one good road running east and west. Yet in a critical moment an endless caravan of waggons and carts and panic-stricken men and women, loaded down with their burdens, shouted and jostled and moaned. Transport of every sort was drawn up on the pathway, and some batteries of guns, awaiting orders. The moon had not yet risen, and the night was blacker than hell. The only way to get through was to blast a way, and this Jumbo did. Walking and riding—almost feeling the road—the Cyclists cursed and damned a path through the craven burghers and the stolid gunners. And the refugees were whispering among themselves and shouting to the Cyclists as they passed—

"The Boches are shelling Ypres as they never shelled it before."

Over the shouts and the curses, the rumble and the creaking and the moans, came

the shattering crashes of enormous shells bursting, and a funny slight sound of roaring—the noise of flames.

They reached the gate of the chateau which was Advanced Divisional Headquarters, and rode up the drive. The Staff Room had a quiet and scholarly air. The Colonel, lean and black, took the Gaspipe and Jumbo over to an immense map which almost covered one wall of the room, and expounded the situation as if he were lecturing to a mixed audience on Ricardo's Theory of Rent.

All the information he had was that the Germans by employing gas had driven back the French from the Lange-marck line. One of the Cyclist patrols was to ride through Ypres to St Julien and report on the position there. The Canadians might have been compelled to bring back slightly and adjust their left brigade. The second patrol was to ride along the western bank of the Yperlee Canal to Boesinghe, find out from the French there exactly what had happened, cross the canal, and proceed back along the road that runs a mile or so to the north-east of the canal.

"I do not think," he concluded judicially, "that the vague reports that have reached us and the surmises we have been compelled to make point to the fact of an enemy force on or in the neighbourhood

of the north bank of the canal."

The Gaspipe was to take the canal patrol, for he spoke some pidgin-French. Outside the Staff Room, Smith, the A.D.C., met him.

"Have a drink, old man, before you go out?"

The Gaspipe refused. He was wondering what would happen if an enemy force *was* in the neighbourhood of the canal. . . .

He pushed off into the deserted outskirts of Ypres and turned to the left just after crossing the railway. There was a trifling lull in the shelling. He rode easily with eyes and ears well open. The moon was rising in a clear sky. Along the canal all was quiet. Some Canadian Engineers had heard only that the French had been driven back. A mile on he came to a temporary bridge held by Zouaves. Trenches were being hastily dug. There was a certain feverish activity.

"We do not know what is going on," an officer replied; "but something terrible is happening on our left."

Ahead there seemed to be much noise of rifles and machine-guns and some shelling. The nervousness with which the Gaspipe had started left him. The affair was interesting.

Just south of Boesinghe the railway crosses the Yperlee Canal and the Dixmuide-Ypres road, which is the road that runs along the western bank of the canal. Fifty yards from

the level-crossing is a ruined cottage. There the Gaspipe left four men and his sergeant, because the village was most undoubtedly being shelled. He walked into the village with the remaining man, and meeting a corporal, asked him the way to the French Headquarters. The corporal replied in a string of words, among which "marmite" and "chateau" predominated.

"Headquarters are in a chateau, and it is being shelled," murmured the Gaspipe wisely. "En avant, mon vieux."

The corporal cheerily led the way through the main street of the village, and he laughed out loud when the nose and eyes of the Gaspipe began freely to smart and water. Then the Gaspipe noticed that the village was filled with a greenish mist. Whatever it was, it was damnably unpleasant. He felt for a handkerchief and found he had none. It was awkward—to interview a French general when one's nose was running and there was no handkerchief to hand. This artificially inspired rheum was a bore.

They came to the lodge gate of the chateau, so, taking leave of the cheery corporal, the Gaspipe and his man walked steadily up the drive. Now, if you hear a shell coming, you can do one of two things—get down or stop up. To get down is always the wiser course, but to get down and then to hear the shell pass harmlessly over

your head and burst quarter of a mile farther on is to lose one's self-respect and the respect of others. To choose aright requires expert knowledge. On the other hand, if you know that with the very shell you hear the Hun is trying to slaughter *you*, don't think at all. Get down. The Gaspipe heard a shell coming and pressed himself flat to the ground. The Germans were endeavouring to hit the chateau, and the chateau was only fifty yards away.

The shell whistled and roared. The Gaspipe thought for a flash absurdly that khaki is invisible in the dark. There was a terrific explosion—just by his right ear, it seemed. All sorts of soft things fell on to his back. He jumped up before the smoke had cleared away.

"All right, Bloomfield?"

"I think so, sir"—very feebly—"but I can't see."

The Gaspipe seized him and dragged him at a run to the side of the chateau, determined in his panic that he would not be between the chateau and the Hun when the next shell arrived: but the next shell, disdainful of mere human reason, burst beyond the chateau. "Marmite" and "chateau"—an unpleasant combination.

He was ushered ceremoniously along dark corridors, a door was flung open, and he stood in an immense room full of tarnished finery. At a table on the right sat the general and his staff. To the left were

the orderlies—behind some indefinite figures.

The general looked up and saw an immense, long, khaki figure, bespattered with mud and leaves, and wiping his nose continuously on the sleeve of his coat. Queer people, these British!

The Gaspipe advanced and made a ceremonious bow.

"Bon soir, mon général—les compliments du général du cinquième division, le fameux cinquième division qui était à Mons (snuffle)—et il veut savoir que se fait—que passe—en bref, quelle est la situation ici."

The general, an upright white-haired old man, came forward, shook hands warmly, and began to explain. This is the drift of what he said, or rather what the Gaspipe understood him to say.

"Give my most respectful compliments to your general. I have heard much of your famous division. The situation is altogether horrible! The Boches are uncivilised brutes.

"At about five o'clock this afternoon there was a cannonade along the line of the brigade which I have the happiness to command. It was nothing much. Then my brave men, ready for anything in reason, saw approaching them rolling greenish clouds. It was the atrocious gas. They are brave—they are brave, I say, but they could do nothing. They were overwhelmed, crushed, massacred. The remnant retired, and the Boches pursued them. Ah, it was atrocious. We have fallen

back about four kilometres, and now we are holding the line of the canal. The Germans are only two hundred metres on the other side of the canal here.

"Of the French division on my right—between my brigade and the Canadians—I have heard nothing, know nothing. Their headquarters are at El-verdinghe, but they have not communicated with me."

The old man sat down again very sorrowfully. His brigade-major murmured something in his ear.

"Ah, les contre-attaques! Yes, I have ordered counter-attacks at Het Sas and Steenstraate, and we hope that the Division on my right will attack the Germans at Pilkem, on their flank."

The Gaspipe made notes on his map, asked many questions concerning the tactical disposition of the French forces, and bowed himself out gracefully.

The shelling had ceased, but the village rattled and rang with rifle and mitrailleuse. Just before the railway-crossing there are no houses on the north side of the street. He hesitated—then took to the ditch, but the water was deep, and stank; so, pulling himself together, he took to the road again, and, running across the open spaces, came safely to the ruined cottage where he had left his men.

There he sat down, borrowed a handkerchief, blew his nose tremendously, and in a minute or so was able to see his note-

book. In the meantime he was cheered by a shell which skimmed the cottage and burst harmlessly in a field on the other side of the road. He wrote a brief report, and gave it to Bloomfield, who was off in a flash.

Obviously it was impossible to cross the canal, because the Germans were on the farther side. He determined to ride back, and, crossing whatever bridges there might be, find out exactly where the line was.

They raced away to the first bridge. Leaving his men, he walked across. In five minutes he returned with the desired information, and made a mental note: Germans four hundred metres from canal.

The ride to the next (Canadian) bridge was not without excitement. The Germans had either pushed forward or woken up during the last two hours. Bullets zeeep-pinged overhead, and shrapnel intended for the road burst just beyond it. There was an empty feeling in the Gaspipe's stomach. Charitably, he put it down to hunger.

They again dismounted at the Canadians' bridge. From an officer on the east side the Gaspipe heard roughly how the line ran. At this point the Germans were beginning to use high explosive, so, pushing through some Canadian waggons, he turned off westwards, picked his way through some lanes, and arrived triumphantly at the chateau.

Although his nose was running and his eyes smarted—the first made him red and awkward: why hadn't he brought a handkerchief?—he determined to bathe in the academic atmosphere of the Staff Room.

"We have received your report," said the Colonel; "please tell the General the details of the situation."

Imagine, then, the Gaspipe holding forth bravely—punctuating each sentence with a snuffle and a shamed wipe of sleeve across nose. On the way back he had put all the facts in fine order. A red-tabbed audience, a large map, and the academic atmosphere inspired him to produce what he himself felt was a nicely-rounded little lecture. . . .

The French left brigade was back on the canal. He doubted whether the canal could be held, for the nerves of the men were badly shaken, and there remained only three weak battalions. The French right Division had disappeared, save for a battalion or two who were holding a position in such-and-such a square. The left flank of the Canadians was badly afloat. Indeed there appeared to be a gap between the Canadians and the right of the French remnant. The Germans, however, did not seem to be pushing through. He suspected they had not looked for such success. Their position was in square so-and-so. . . .

He ended. Sundry questions were asked and answered, and

then he was sent out again to keep a watch on the canal until the whole Company had time to ride up and take over.

So they started off back again, a little tired and stale. At the Canadian bridge there was more and more high explosive. They rode carefully northwards, cursing on the way some Cyclists of another Division who were careering madly along on the wrong side of the road. The German shrapnel was still bursting a hundred yards or so to the west of the road. Once more the Gaspipe felt that empty feeling in the stomach, and this time he put it down to fear. He was thinking too much of what would happen if the Germans registered accurately.

He had told the Staff that he would make a cottage just opposite the French bridge his headquarters. Fifty yards from it Zouaves were holding a line between the road and the canal. The Germans seemed to be on the other bank, from the noise of the rifles and the fierce singing of their bullets across the road. He heard a little sad sob and then another. Two of the blue figures that had been standing fell to the ground and lay there.

He came to the cottage and, dismounting his men, began to lead them behind it. Suddenly the air was nothing but a sheet of white flame—an unbearable, monstrous crash, as if the world were falling to bits. Something pressed down upon

him hard, and then his right leg gave way queerly. He hung on to his bicycle, trembling and stooping. He put his leg to the ground. It was all right, he could walk. Gently he murmured—

“By God, that was near. It does shake one up!”

His bicycle fell from his hand as he turned round and shouted, “All right, Ray?”

There was no answer—only a low groaning and a wee scream. In the sallow light lay a heap of shattered bicycles and men, all muddled confusedly together. He limped into the middle of them.

“Ray, old man, aren’t you all right? What’s happened, Ray?”

There was no answer—only a groan and a wild loud cry—My leg! My leg!

Then a man slowly raised himself and stood up, shaking all over and holding his right hand with his left. The blood fell in great drops.

“Here I am, sir,—they’ve got us this time. Oh, my hand!”

The correct thing under the circumstances, thought the Gaspipe grimly, is to get these men under cover before another beggar comes along. The road is distinctly unhealthy from (a) shells, (b) bullets.

They searched among the heaps and found a man who had been hit in the head. Very roughly they made him understand what he was to do. Then together, painfully and slowly, they carried the men,

one by one, behind the farm and propped them up against the wall. The last time they went out a cow mooed. Both of them started violently—the Gaspipe laughed. He felt almost genial.

“Ray, old sport, our nerves are not what they were.”

Leaving Ray and a Frenchman he had found in charge of the men, he picked up his bicycle and started for the Canadians to find a doctor. He had ridden a little way, when there was a crash behind him. Nearly falling from his bicycle, he pedalled furiously in panic fear to the Canadian bridge. There he waited until a doctor was discovered. After giving the doctor full directions, he turned off again past the Canadian waggons. A parting shell burst in a field beside him.

It was all so melodramatic. How could he report to the Division without being melodramatic? But the road was heavy and crowded, and his leg was weak. Near the chateau he looked towards Ypres. The Great Tower was silhouetted against vast tongues of crude flame. The city was burning fiercely—as if some wrathful god had walked into it and lit monstrous bonfires. There was a rumbling and a clattering, and great distant thuds.

He walked into the Staff Room and leant against a chair, feeling sick. How absurd it would be to vomit in that academic atmosphere! The Colonel was dictating a

long message. It seemed an age before he looked up.

"Yes?"

"I am sorry to report, sir, that my patrol has been knocked out — shrapnel. I thought I had better come back, sir, to report."

Then Baylor came in and took him into the pantry to have a glass of wine. He told his story, and finished with the great news.

"Baylor, I've got a cushy wound!"

They shook hands, and Baylor congratulated him jealously. The wound was displayed, a neat little red hole, and dressed. Everybody congratulated him.

"We'll send you along in the side-car to the nearest dressing-station," said Baylor, "and they'll hoike it out for you. Come along!"

(To be continued.)

FROM A VOLUNTARY SYSTEM TO COMPULSION :
THE PRECEDENT OF '63.

ONE of Abraham Lincoln's many pithy remarks on war is contained in the words: "Never swap horses in the middle of a stream." Yet Lincoln himself ventured on the largest of swaps in the middle of the widest of streams, and carried it out with success. The North began the War of Secession with a regular army on a voluntary system, supported by militia and volunteers, but in the midst of it turned to a system of conscription, fought the last two years of the war largely with men raised by the influence of the draft—and won.

Here is a historical precedent which the lapse of fifty years has certainly not put out of date. Its interest to us now is obvious, yet it is an interest even closer than appears at first sight. There is no other recent precedent of the change from a voluntary system to a compulsory *in the middle of a war*. It is true that the Revolutionary Government in France did something of the same sort, but it did it almost at the beginning. It did not give the voluntary system a chance and then discard it, but it flung itself into the plan of forced service with the same sudden vehemence that characterised all its acts. Conscription was like the taking of the Bastille, the Conven-

tion, the Committee of Public Safety, the guillotine—one of those strange things suddenly brought forth in that abnormal and eruptive time. It was no considerate, well-pondered reform, but the fruit of the enthusiasm—the altruistic enthusiasm it may be allowed—of the Paris mob; yet hasty as it was, it was enforced by all the terrible authority of the Committee of Public Safety. No gentle pains were taken to convince a man of his duty to die for his country: death was far more certain if he ventured to doubt, to expostulate, to resist, and to stay at home,—that at once convicted him of being an enemy of the Republic, and for that there was only one course of treatment, drastic but infallible.

In the American change, however, none of these violent characteristics appear. The compulsory system was neither the fruit of a revolution, nor did it lead to a revolution. A voluntary system had two years of trial, and when it fell short compulsion was forced on unwilling minds by the inexorable logic of circumstances: cold reason, not frantic enthusiasm, commended it. It was accepted by the majority reluctantly, cautiously, deliberately, after much debate, and imposed upon an unwilling minority without any great trouble. Moreover, and here again the

cap fits us, the change was made among an Anglo-Saxon people, equally with ourselves sticklers for the law and the testimony, and at least as strongly tainted with a belief in the sacredness of the right of the individual to do what he pleases in season and out of season.

And if we seek another precedent for a deliberate change from a voluntary to a compulsory system in the middle of a war, we shall find only one other, and that at home, though it happened long ago. It belongs to the beginning of the year 1645, when Parliament decreed the formation of the New Model Army. A common popular error assumes that the ranks of this force were filled, voluntarily, by godly men burning with religious zeal to smite the Amalekite hip and thigh. This is not so. Had this unanimity of religious zeal for military service marked the Puritan party, there would obviously have been no need for a *New Model Army*. The old army would have done the work. In truth there was no more anxiety to go and be killed among the Puritans than there was among the Northerners in the War of Secession. "We heard all through the war," wrote a New York private, "that the army was eager to be led against the enemy. It must have been so, for truthful correspondents said so, and editors confirmed it; but when you came to hunt for this par-

ticular itch, it was always the next regiment that had it. The truth is, when bullets are whacking against tree-trunks, and solid shot are cracking skulls like eggshells, the consuming passion in the heart of the average man is to get out of the way. Between the physical fear of going forward and the moral fear of going back, there is a predicament of exceptional awkwardness, from which a hidden hole in the ground would be a wonderfully welcome outlet."¹ In each case the men were convinced that their cause was good, and in each case they fought with sturdy bravery; but neither Puritans nor Northerners were ready to make all the sacrifices required to end the war, till they were compelled. As the North had recourse to the draft, so the New Model had to be filled with pressed men for precisely the same reason—namely, that enough recruits could not be obtained. With the New Model, as in America, the change was deliberate; not welcome, but admitted to be inevitable; not a piece of self-sacrifice, but imposed from above by a Government that knew, and dared. In each case there was a call for the resolute and fearless mind, ready to face and brush away the lesser troubles in order to gain the grand object. The North had Abraham Lincoln, who was "come to the kingdom for such a time as this"; behind our Parliament we may dis-

¹ *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, vol. ii. p. 662.

cern the grim face of Oliver Cromwell. The two had much in common: both statesmen, both unshakably convinced that their cause was the Lord's cause, and, above all, both of them Men.

If, then, any fruit of political wisdom for to-day is to be gathered from history, we may well seek it in the story of another Anglo-Saxon race, like ourselves a democracy, and like ourselves involved in a great war and employing a huge army supported so far by the uncertainties of a voluntary system. Whether it is time to take the step which the North took in 1863 is a point on which men will differ. But all will agree that the case in point is apt, and that we may well study it if we wish to see, in hard fact, how the change was made, and what did happen when it was made. For, as will be set forth, the conclusions in more than one respect are striking and quite unexpected.

It is well to begin with a brief summary of the war, for from that we may best see what drove Lincoln and his advisers to their momentous resolution.

When on April 12, 1861, the Confederates bombarded Fort Sumter, the North had to face the problem of war—and the problem confronted them thus. The Southern States in rebellion covered an area twice as big as the German Empire and as thinly populated as Russia; much of it was forest and mountain; roads were few and railways

fewer. It is true that the North had one initial advantage. It had a regular Army, while the South had only those officers from the Army who, when the break came, took up the cause of their native States. But the United States army was so small—it was only 15,000 strong—that by itself it could not hope to reduce the South. Even had it been concentrated—which it was not—it would only have provided one man to every fifty-three square miles of Southern territory. It would be a nucleus, but no more. Therefore, at the outset, both sides had to set to work to make armies.

The South started with the hypothesis that it could "whip the North" anyhow. The North was more sane on this point, but in other respects far more foolish. The South authorised its President to accept any number of volunteers up to 100,000 (March 6), and on May 6 removed the restriction of numbers; it enlisted its men for not less than twelve months (February 20); it began levies *on requisition* from each State, leaving the State the task of producing the men (March 9), and on May 11 it laid down that the President might fix the term of service for all, and *that he was to commission all officers*. Thus it early recognised that the war was likely to last at least a year, it did something to secure recruits, and it saw that its army should be as well officered as possible. In reply to this, Lincoln—three days before the affray at Fort

Sumter—called on the District of Columbia for ten companies to muster into the service of the U.S.A., and a week later asked for 75,000 militia.¹ The optimistic modesty of this demand is emphasised by the fact that the men were asked to serve for three months only.

It is worth while to give a little attention to these levies, because they illustrate many things crucial in the war. Not only do the numbers show how hopelessly Lincoln and his advisers underestimated the work to be done and the needs of an army, but the nature of the forces at once displayed them as valueless for any serious business. The Columbia companies, indeed, far exceeded the required 10; eventually 38 of them were mustered, but 35 of them stipulated that they should *only serve in their district*. Many of them were also absurdly weak. Out of one hundred men of one company, only the officers, one sergeant, one corporal, one musician, and ten privates mustered. But the Militia had even greater defects. Being Militia, they were *State* troops, and each State had the officering of its own contingent. Thus, as a rule, officers and men were alike ignorant of war, and with the best will in the world the blind cannot lead the blind very far *in three months*. Indeed, their period of service was running out by the date of the first serious battle of the war, Bull Run (July 21, 1861), and some of them in-

sisted on the very day of battle itself that as their time was up they should be discharged; and accordingly, as their hapless commander, McDowell, said, "They moved to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon."

Before this event, however, the soldiers had opened Lincoln's eyes a little, though not nearly enough. He invited (May 3) the services of thirty-nine regiments of volunteer infantry and one of cavalry *for three years*, and he also proposed to enlist 22,000 men more in the Regular Army, and 18,000 seamen for the Navy. The last were got, but the men for the Regulars were not to be had. The only response was one cavalry, one infantry, and one artillery regiment. Indeed, throughout the whole war the U.S.A. Regular Army never was much increased. At the end, when the North had over a million men in the field, the Regular Army was under 15,000 effectives—barely one thousand more *than it had been at the beginning of the war*.

The defeat of Bull Run, occurring where it did—within thirty miles of the Northern capital, Washington—was a rough awakening for the North. Neither Lincoln nor Congress showed any want of courage, however, and on the day after the battle the President was authorised to accept up to five hundred thousand volunteers *for three years' service*, and a few days

¹ He got 93,000.

later this number was doubled.¹ No formal call was issued to the States, but volunteers came in such numbers that it was plain the North was in earnest. Through the winter of '61 and on into the spring of '62 these were being drilled into soldiers. They seemed to be ample in numbers. Sherman had been called "crazed" because he had declared that the West alone would need 200,000 men. Now it seemed even his crazy demands would be satisfied, for Lincoln's call had been magnificently answered. In place of the six hundred thousand,² he received over seven hundred thousand. When McClellan—the "young Napoleon," as the journalists called him,—had once organised his Army of the Potomac—two hundred thousand strong—it would be a mere march to Richmond.

McClellan, however, was strangely slow to move, and his former belauders began to find a new nickname for him—the "Virginia Creeper." Lincoln humorously observed that he would "rather like to borrow the Army of the Potomac for a day when McClellan did not happen to be using it." But there was some reason for McClellan's inactivity: he was a soldier, and was therefore quick to see the defects of his levies. They had, he knew, little or no discipline. They had been allowed to elect their own officers, and these were therefore chosen for many

reasons, mostly unmilitary. Further, although they had not yet moved from the neighbourhood of Washington, desertion had become epidemic. In January 1862, out of 550,000 volunteers, 46,000 were absent; three months later the absentees had risen to 99,000. If this happened before fighting began, it was a black outlook for the future. However, Lincoln and his adviser, Stanton, were so sure that all that was needful had been done, that on April 3, 1862, volunteer recruiting was stopped by order, the staff scattered, furniture sold, and the offices shut.

The year '62 amply justified all McClellan's forebodings, though it must be admitted that his own over-caution hindered him from taking what chances he had. His invasion of Virginia from the coast got within five miles of the Confederate capital, Richmond, when Lee and Jackson fell on him and drove him back to his ships. (The "Seven Days," June 26–July 1.) Before he could return to the neighbourhood of the Potomac they wrecked Pope's army at the second battle of Bull Run (August 29–30). They invaded Maryland in September, and fought so stiff a fight against McClellan's superior numbers at the Antietam (September 18 and 19) that he dared not renew the fight or threaten their retreat. Meantime nothing decisive had been done in the West. There had

¹ The Acts of Congress were dated July 22, July 25, and July 31.

² 82,000 in May, 500,000 in July.

been hard fighting at Shiloh (April 6 and 7), at Iuka (September 19), Corinth (October 3-4), and Perryville (October 8): in all of them the Confederate offensive had been checked or had broken down, though usually with a heavier loss to the North than to the South. But the one serious offensive which the North undertook, namely, the attack on Vicksburg, failed completely. Grant was baffled by a raid on his communications, and Sherman's attack was beaten off with heavy loss at Haines Bluff (December 29). Meantime Burnside, who had replaced the cautious McClellan, put the crown on the whole by flinging the Army of the Potomac against Lee's entrenched position at Fredericksburg (December 13), and lost fifteen thousand men without even shaking his opponent.

Fighting of this sort soon ate up the "overwhelming numbers" in which the Northerners had prided themselves. The recruiting offices, closed in April, were hastily reopened on June 6. On July 2—the day after McClellan came to the end of his woeful Seven Days of battling against Lee—Lincoln asked for another 300,000 volunteers for three years' service, and again his call was answered and more than answered: he received 430,000. A month later (August 4) he asked the loyal States to find him 300,000 mil-

itia for nine months' service, and here came the first hint of compulsion. If any State had failed to produce its due quota of volunteers under the July appeal, recourse was to be had to a draft to make up the number in militia.¹ Lincoln was confident that he would get the men. He wrote to a friend on August 4: "We shall easily obtain the new infantry, however. Be not alarmed if you should learn that we have resorted to a draft for this. It seems strange even to me, but it is true that the Government is now pressed to this course by a popular demand. Thousands who wish not to personally enter the service are nevertheless anxious to pay and send a substitute, provided they can have the assurance that unwilling persons similarly situated will be compelled to do likewise." This levy, however, proved disappointing. Under the proportionate quotas assigned to each State the yield should have been 334,000. Only 87,000, however, were produced. States varied much in their yield. The District of Columbia, and eleven other States or Territories, produced none; New York only 1700 out of 59,000; Pennsylvania gave 32,000 out of 45,000; Massachusetts, 17,000 out of 19,000, and New Jersey the full tale. But one cannot judge the exact facts by the numbers, because some States had already provided volun-

¹ The States were to apply the draft; they also could decide on the exemptions additional to a vast number stipulated for by the U.S.A.

teers far in excess of their quota, and thus were exempt from the full demand for militia.¹ The main result, however, is clear. The levy only provided one quarter of the men asked for. Substantially, however, Lincoln had received on his two calls about 500,000 men, which seems at first sight enough to go on with. But in reality it was far from satisfactory. Desertion and absence from the ranks had grown rampant. On January 1, 1863, there were 679,000 volunteers present, and 213,000 absent—most of them without leave. Even more serious was a consequence of the haphazard system of recruiting. As not only the various States, but patriotic persons had been in the habit of raising regiments under the system of what was called *individual acceptances*,² the army was constantly added to by *new* regiments, but the old experienced regiments, who were short of men and officers, *never received a recruit*. Regiments dwindled to the strength of companies, and brigades to less than the strength of a regiment. The result was that the seasoned regiments, who knew something of war and discipline, were absurdly weak, and the regiments which were strong in numbers were absolutely without experience either in officers or men. And as they were *State* troops the

U.S.A. could not touch them; it could not draft them to fill gaps, or appoint experienced officers to lead them. It had to do the best it could with handfuls of veterans, or else with hordes of raw troops, who, as soon as they acquired the needful experience of war, would themselves dwindle to mere skeletons.

In the latter part of '62 thoughtful men began to see that this haphazard method of recruiting would not do. The Governors of the loyal States were at one in agreeing that "recourse must be had to the unpopular *but nevertheless truly republican measure* of conscription."³ One of them, Mr Sargent, expressed his opinion in words that are worth quoting somewhat fully, so apt are they.

"I think," he said, "it would have been far better had conscription been enacted at the extra session of July 1861. For want of a general enrolment of the forces of the U.S.A., and a systematic calling out of these forces, we have experienced all the inconveniences of a voluntary system, and have depended upon the spasmodic efforts of the people, elated or depressed by the varying fortunes of war, and the rise and fall of popular favourites in the Army. I believe I hazard nothing in saying that we should have lost fewer men and been much nearer the end of this destructive war had we earlier availed ourselves of the power conferred by the Constitution. For short and irregular efforts no force can be better than a voluntary army. With brave and skilful officers, and a short and active

¹ Thus the New York quota for the July call was 69,000, but 78,000 were provided. Ohio did still better. Its liability was 26,000—its yield 58,000.

² These were terminated by order on February 2, 1862.

³ Which the South had adopted in April '62.

term of service, voluntary troops are highly efficient. But when a war is to last for years it must depend for its success upon regular and systematic forces. Thinned regiments must be filled up, otherwise we may have the spectacle of a vast array of troops on paper, nominally representing an enormous force, while little but the shell of an organisation remains. . . . The present operation of a voluntary system has been that earnest lovers of the country among the people, the noblest and best of our citizens, have left their homes to serve in this war to sustain the Constitution, while the enemies of liberty, those who hate the Government and desire its fall in this struggle, have stayed at home to embarrass the Government by discontent and clamour. By this system we have had the loyal States drained, and the covert foe left behind has opened a fire in the rear. Under the garb of Democracy,¹ a name that has been so defiled and prostituted that it has become synonymous with treason, and should henceforth be a byword and a hissing to the American people, these demagogues . . . have traduced the Government, misrepresented the motives of loyal men, gnashed their teeth at measures designed to crush [the enemy] and punish traitors, and by misrepresenting the object of the war led ignorant supporters and constituencies to refrain from enlistment, and into an attitude of hostility to the Administration that must cause glee in Jefferson Davis's dominions and in hell itself. . . . The system of voluntary enlistment has left these men full scope for their nefarious work, and it would be strange if this Bill found favour in their eyes, for it would cause the burden of onerous public service to fall evenly upon the country, and require of the semi-loyal that he perform his service."²

It is an interesting exercise to bring this to our own date and circumstances. It does not need much altering. And the time when it occurred must be remembered too. The war had gone on about eighteen months from its first fierce fight, Bull Run; it had entered on a period if not of failure, at any rate of grave discouragement. The first great call for men had been answered; then had come a second, and that too had been answered; but the third had been disappointing. As with the North, so with us: we have had near eighteen months of hard fighting, we are in a period of disappointment, and we have had two calls—first Lord Kitchener's, and then Lord Derby's.

On March 3, 1863, the law for raising men by conscription was passed, and that summer saw the tide turn. In May, Lee and Jackson won their marvellous victory of Chancellorsville; but Lee's invasion of Maryland was heavily beaten in the long struggle of Gettysburg (July 2, 3, 4), and on the last day of it Grant in the West at last received the surrender of Vicksburg, with its garrison of 37,000 men.³ From then onward the South had a

¹ The reader will remember that "Democracy" in America was the name of a political cause—that opposed to the "Republican" Lincoln.

² All the Governors were not so minded. Governor Jackson of Missouri (a semi-rebel State at first) wrote to Lincoln, "Your requisition is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical, and cannot be complied with." Yet Missouri supplied over a hundred thousand men to the Northern armies.

³ This, and the taking of Port Hudson (July 9),¹ opened the Mississippi for the North and cut off the Western rebel States.

falling cause: it took Grant close on two years to batter his way to Richmond, but there never was any shortage of men even for his expensive methods. The calls were constant and heavy—300,000 on October 17, 1863; 200,000 on February 1, 1864; 200,000 on March 14, 85,000 on April 23, 500,000 on July 18, and 300,000 on December 19. But the men were found, and the war was won at last.

The measure which achieved this end, the means by which it was applied, and the results—some of them most remarkable and completely unexpected—which flowed from it would, one might suppose, have been the subject of general study just now. Yet it has not been so. The outcome is known: the case sometimes cited, and the words of pathetic dignity with which Lincoln commended the need of conscription to his countrymen, have been quoted more than once of late. But of the working out of the measure few in England know anything—unless it be the Cabinet, who have kept it for a surprise. This is not so strange as it seems, since the information is not easily accessible: it lies buried in the 'Report of the Provost-Marshal-General, 1866,' a work which is neither easy to find nor attractive to read. Yet at this hour there is perhaps no book in the world which bears

so pointedly on our circumstances.

The chief provisions of the Act of March 3, 1863, were these. All able-bodied citizens, and foreigners purposing to become citizens, between the ages of 20 and 45 were declared to be the national forces, were to be enrolled, and therefore liable to be called out (§ 1). Exemptions were given to the physically and mentally unfit, to officers of the U.S.A. service and governors of States, to only sons, if those only sons were either the sole support of a widow or of aged and infirm parents, to an only brother when children under 12 were dependent on him, to the father of motherless children under 12 if he was their sole support, to the rest where two of the family were already serving, and to those who had been convicted of felony¹ (§ 2). The "national forces" were to be divided into two classes: the first, all bachelors of military age and the married men from 20 to 35; and the second, married men from 35 to 45: this last class were not to be called out if the others were enough (§ 3). The business of administration was put in the hands of a Provost-Marshal-General. The country was to be divided into districts, each territory or State being one or more "districts," and to each district was assigned a Provost-Marshal, who was to divide his district into sub-districts, to arrange for

¹ A dangerous exemption, one would suppose. But only two in Illinois claimed this exemption during the war.

boards of enrolment and enrolling officers for the draft (§§ 4-11). A quota (that is, the proper number required from the district) was assigned to each district by the President. The board was to draw this number, plus 50 per cent in addition; the persons drawn were to be notified and a rendezvous fixed. If they did not appear they were "deserters." They might, before the day fixed for appearance, either furnish an acceptable substitute or pay a commutation fee which excused them from liability under that draft (§§ 12, 13). When the quota was full the rest drawn were to be discharged (§ 16). Penalties were decreed against surgeons who received money from persons medically examined, or made a false report; against those who abetted or harboured "deserters," or carried them on a public vehicle; and against those who resisted the draft, or counselled resistance, or hindered drafted men appearing, or who obstructed the officers of the draft on their duty (§§ 15, 23, 24, 25). Finally, the President was authorised to call out forces by draft, to assign drafted men as he pleased, and to consolidate volunteer regiments with others of the same State if they were not above half their proper strength (§§ 33, 34, and 19).

Such were the main outlines—neither, it must be confessed, striking, nor, when set down in this condensed form, very intelligible. They will become clearer as we watch them at

work. But at the outset we must remark two obvious weak points in the Act. It permitted *commutation* instead of service, which meant that from unwilling people the Government would receive money and not men. But men, and not money, was the real need. Further, any system of commutation is inevitably unsatisfactory: if the sum of money fixed is high, it gives a hole for the rich to escape by, while the poorer man is held to service—which is felt to be unjust; if, on the other hand, it is fixed low, a vast number will pay, and the Government will get very few men. The other defect, less serious, indeed, but still a weak point, lay in allowing substitutes. To the Government, indeed, it may not seem to matter whether A fights, or B; but it does matter to the individual, for in the long-run the getting of a substitute is a question of money. Again the rich are favoured above the poor, with this added disadvantage, that while the cost of commutations is known, the price of the substitute will grow higher as the war goes on. Legislation, however, is always a compromise between aims and difficulties, and Lincoln and his advisers perhaps wished to make the pinch tolerable. The screw could be tightened later on.

It will be noticed that the Provost-Marshal-General had at first only the business of dealing with the draft and arresting deserters. Later, the enlisting of volunteer recruits was transferred to him, and also the business of casualties.

Colonel James E. Fry, the Provost-Marshal General, sums up the work thus. In two years the bureau (a) carried out an enrolment, showing at the end "national forces" numbering 2,254,063 men (not including the 1,000,516 under arms at the end of the war); (b) raised 1,120,621 men at an average cost (exclusive of bounties) of 9.84 dollars per man—the 1,356,593 raised prior to its time cost on an average 34 dollars per man—it saved 70 per cent; (c) returned to their regiments 76,526 deserters; (d) calculated and equalised the quotas from each State—an important and intricate business which will need to be explained; (e) compiled a complete list of casualties;¹ it received no extra grant; its whole operations cost 26,366,000 dollars, and at the end it returned to the State a credit balance of nine millions. It is doubtful if any hastily-created office ever did better work, or did it with more modest resources. The Provost-Marshal-General had the rank and pay of a Colonel, the Provost-Marshal in each district that of a Captain. The districts were kept in touch with the head office by Assistant Provost-Marshal-Generals; the district office was to be hired on "the most reasonable rates," and was not to include more than three rooms; three clerks and a janitor made up the staff, in

addition to the enrolling officers; the enrolment board was to sit daily. There was no money wasted on blue hydrangeas in the windows.

The regulations having been drawn up, together with the forms for return (of 81 different species), the boards got speedily to work on the enrolment. Here, of course, ill-wishers and shirkers gave all the trouble they could. The Act had made it legal for the officers to *take* names, but had not imposed the duty on people to give them. Consequently when the enrolling officer called the men were "out" and the women abusive. False ages were given; people alleged that they "resided" elsewhere, and were only temporarily living where the enrolling officer found them. Threats of violence deterred men from undertaking the business of enrolling, and in some cases rioters broke into the offices and tried to destroy the records. An enrolling officer was nearly killed in Chicago, and in all there were a number of casualties. The total amounted to 38 killed, 60 wounded, and 12 otherwise injured in the course of two years; but this does not include the casualties to troops and other forces called out to repress disorder. These may seem heavy, and at variance with the general statement that "there was not much resistance to the draft," which is repeated in the Pro-

¹ The North lost 5221 officers and 90,868 men killed, and 2321 officers and 182,739 men died of disease: no account is taken of men who died after discharge. The proportions are interesting when compared with to-day's.

provost-Marshal's reports, but most Americans of that date carried a pistol or a knife—and were fairly handy in the use of them. It must be remembered, too, that the business of the bureau included the arrest of *deserters*, and these often showed fight. James Oakes, Assistant Provost-Marshal for Illinois, had relatively little trouble over the draft, but had to encounter “bands of deserters, assassins, and desperadoes in woods, swamps, and byroads,” against whom infantry were useless and cavalry alone effective. But Illinois was, as we shall see, exceptional. The real trouble which enrolling officers met was apathy. People at first hoped to evade the draft by escaping enrolment; this was soon proved to be futile, for those whose names were included speedily saw that it was their interest that the shirkers should be included too. *The more there were enrolled the better would be the individual's chance of escaping the draft*, and so the shirker would be speedily handed up by his indignant fellow-citizens. Once this was realised there was little difficulty with enrolment, though no doubt it would have been better, as Oakes's report says, to make it the duty of every one over 18 to put his name on the list, under the penalty of being *ipso facto* held for service at the age of 20 if his name was not enrolled. This, he points out, besides making the lists self-revising, would result also in a vast saving

to the State: one-fifth of the whole cost of the bureau went in compiling and revising the lists.

As soon as the lists were ready a call was made for men, the *quota* of the district was fixed, and this quota divided out to the sub-districts. The quota was fixed on a proportion taking into account (a) the total population, (b) the number of men already serving from the district. This last was a tiresome business, for with the early levies no strict account had been kept by the different States. In some cases, too, men, finding their own district's complement full up, had gone off and enlisted elsewhere; or they had been tempted out to where another State offered a higher bounty. Yet intricate as the thing was, it was absolutely essential to make an account, otherwise when the draft came, virtuous and patriotic districts would be punished, because, having *already sent* a great proportion of their men, they had fewer left to be drawn on, while the lazy, shirking districts had a large supply merely because they had shirked, and men in these would therefore have a better chance of escaping doing their duty now, because they had evaded it hitherto. Many States had furnished *more* men than their quotas in the earlier calls, and the excess of virtue—like works of supererogation—was credited to them when the later calls came. The business of adjusting these quotas and credits took an enormous deal of work,

but it was done—if not to every one's satisfaction, at any rate in such fashion as to be accepted.¹

The Report again points out some defects which working experience revealed. First, the total population at the beginning of the war was not the right basis; it should have been the total *male* population, because in the old long-settled States the proportion of women was high, and in the new States, or in some of the seaboard States, it was low. There, where the adventurous and the pioneer and the immigrant were plentiful, men far outnumbered women. Further, the real thing to take into account was *the male population of military age*: that was the only really fair standard. Finally, the only test should be *residence*. It did not matter in what State or district the man enlisted: the real point was where he came from.²

Quotas being assigned, it remained to proceed with the business of exemptions and the draft. With exemptions the enrolling officer had nothing to do: his job was to enrol *all*, without discretion, provided they were "national forces"—that is to say, of military age. Exemptions came before the

enrolment board, headed by the Provost-Marshal of the district. Medical exemption was not considered till the man's name was actually drawn: statutory exemptions could be urged when the list was published, and if sustained the name was struck off. This done, the remaining names were checked, written on cards, checked again and enclosed in blank envelopes, which were sealed. When a draft had to be made these were placed in ballot-boxes or ballot-wheels, and an official "properly blindfolded" drew them one by one: they were opened, the names read and recorded, and notice was sent to the men so drawn to present themselves at a certain date at a rendezvous. If they failed they were held to be *deserters*.

The men drawn had three options: they could either appear in person, or they could find a substitute, or they could pay a commutation fee fixed at 300 dollars. If they intended to adopt either of the latter courses they had to signify the fact at once. It was not permitted to appear in the hope of being rejected on medical grounds and *then*, having failed in that, announce an intention of providing a substitute or

¹ It became still more intricate when under the later calls men were given an option of one, two, or three years' service. Then both men and period had to be taken into account.

² The following table illustrates some variations:—

State.	Total population.	Total male population.	Enrolled.	Percentage of population.	Percentage of male population.
Wisconsin . . .	775,000	407,000	54,000	7·05	13·43
Illinois . . .	1,709,000	900,000	274,000	16·04	30·46
Kansas . . .	107,000	59,000	23,000	21·47	39·00
New York . . .	3,880,000	1,933,000	431,000	11·11	22·00

paying commutation.¹ A substitute had to be "acceptable"—that is to say, not only medically fit, but also himself exempt from military service under the existing draft. The principal was exempt *for so long only as the substitute was thus quit and could serve as a substitute*. The commuter, on the other hand, was only exempt for that particular draft.²

The medical side may be dismissed briefly. The regulations obviously aimed at not letting men off easily.³ No standard of size was set. Of course there was the usual deluge of frauds: drafted men simulated defects, substitutes tried to hide them; unscrupulous doctors gave bogus certificates. But on the whole the Boards seem to have dealt faithfully with frauds, even more so when the Amending Act of February 1864 gave them greater powers. This Act made any one procuring exemption by fraud *ipso facto* a "deserter," rendered any one bearing false testimony to the board liable to imprisonment for three years, declared that

the fees of attorneys and agents acting for any one claiming exemption were not to exceed five dollars, while surgeons who gave certificates were to receive no fee, on a penalty of a fine of 500 dollars (*half going to the informer*) and imprisonment for one year; examining surgeons making false reports were liable to a fine which ran from 300 to 10,000 dollars, imprisonment at discretion, and cashiering.

Though there was little resistance on the whole—thanks, as the report says, to the fact that "the loyal political leaders and press early realised the urgency of conscription and gradually reconciled the people to it,"—yet "no district was free from the annoyance of ill-disposed persons." This was most marked where the press was hostile. James Oakes, Acting Assistant Provost-Marshal-General of Illinois, speaks vehemently of the "steady stream of political poison and arrant treason which has been permitted to flow from the wicked, reckless, and debauched newspaper press of

¹ So the Provost-Marshal-General ruled at first. The wording of the Act, however, was not clear, and later (18th July 1863) people were given the option of finding a substitute or commuting *after* they had been passed as fit. The result was that many took the chance to abscond.

² So the Provost-Marshal-General decided, and the State Solicitor supported this reading of the Act. Lincoln, whose weakness lay in being kind before he was just, relaxed this to mean "for the whole three years for which the principal was liable," but it was screwed up again in the Amending Act of February 1864—very rightly. The point was of importance since the calls followed at such short intervals. A man might be glad to pay his 300 dollars to escape for three years, but if it was to give him immunity for three months it was another matter.

³ *E.g.*, men were not to be exempt for chronic rheumatism unless such as to incapacitate for marching, nor for near-sightedness, nor for loss of the left eye, nor loss of one finger, nor of the left thumb, nor for bad teeth, though "total loss of all the front teeth, the eye teeth and first molars even of one jaw" did exempt.

this State. The Government has been maligned, calumniated, aspersed, and defied with truculent hatred. Chief among these instigators of insurrection and treason, the foul and damnable reservoir which supplied the lesser sewers with political filth, falsehood, and treason, has been the Chicago 'Times' (which the South regard as their best ally in Illinois). It is as much the duty of the Government to suppress such newspapers in time of war as it is to storm the fortresses, sink the navies, and destroy the armies of the enemy." Similarly the serious riots in New York which greeted the first draft were encouraged by the New York newspapers—the 'World' alleging "the national legislature to be an oligarchic conspiracy plotting a vast scheme of national servitude"; and the 'Daily News' saying that the draft was manipulated on a party basis "to lessen the number of Democratic voters," and "to send one out of every 2½ of our city to Messrs Lincoln & Co.'s charnel-house."

Wild words of this kind, and the sympathy of Governor Seymour, who was hostile to the Government, led to the New York riots of July 13. These began in the 9th District of the city, chiefly inhabited by railwaymen and foreigners. Half an hour after the draft had begun, when the street was filled with an angry crowd, some one fired a pistol. Then came a shower of brick-

bats through the office windows, followed by rioters through the doors; a bottle of turpentine soon set a blaze going, and from that onward for the next three days the rioters had it their own way. Not till troops were brought back *from the front* and had showed their willingness to shoot, was order restored. But as a political demonstration the riot had no value. The rioters "had on their side all the Ten Thousand Grogshops of the town,"¹ and inspired by this spirited alliance, they burnt and looted as mobs will; they hustled and beat women and children, and murdered or murderously assaulted all the blacks they could find. This could not be interpreted for other than what it was—namely, an outburst of the drunken scum objecting to the draft just as they objected to any coercive legislation which interfered with their habits. So, save for a small riot at Boston, New York's example was not followed. There were, as has been said, many cases where force had to be used against desperadoes and deserters, yet on the whole the resistance was little, and grew less with each succeeding draft. By the end of '64 the draft was accepted as a matter of course.

Now for the yield of it. The first draft appears to us to have been disappointing. Under it (in round numbers) 292,000 were drawn. Of these, 40,000 failed to appear, and

164,000 were exempted for physical disability or by statutory exemption. That left only 88,000, and of these 52,000 paid commutation, 26,000 found substitutes, and only 9,800 accepted personal service. Of the men drawn 33 per cent only were accepted, and 2·85 per cent were willing to serve in person. It looks miserable.

We must, however, suspend judgment till we have probed a little further. Anyhow, a beginning had been made; the Government's power and determination had been shown; there were too many loop-

holes and exemptions, but these could be closed. Accordingly the Amending Act of February 1864 cut off all exemptions except for physical and mental unfitness, for those serving, and for those who had served two years and been honourably discharged, and abolished the distinction between the classes, making all men liable from 20 to 45; while another Act of July 1864 put an end to commutation, and ordered the drawing of 100 per cent over the number required.¹ Let us again examine the results, restating those of 1863.²

	Drawn.	Failed to report.	Exempted.	Accepted.	Commu-tation.	Substi-tutes.	Personal service.
Oct. '63	292,000	40,000	164,000	88,000	52,000	26,000	9,800
March '64	113,000	27,000	39,000	39,000	32,000	8,900	3,400
July '64	281,000	66,000	82,000	56,000	1,200 ³	28,000	26,000
Dec. '64	139,000	28,000	28,000	17,000	400 ³	10,000	6,800
Total	765,000	161,000	313,000	200,000	85,600	72,900	45,000

Again these seem bewilderingly and ludicrously bad. All this machinery to secure the personal service of 45,000 men or (counting substitutes) to reinforce the army by 118,000 men: why, we ask, even when the statutory exemptions were cut off, do the Boards get such a huge percentage of "unfit"; why did they persist with such a failure; and why do not the figures set out in columns 1, 2, 3, and 4 tally? Of course the roundness of round numbers will put them a little out, but 765,000 were drawn and

674,000 only accounted for—why?

That discrepancy is chiefly explained by the remarkable fact that close on 50,000 men were discharged when the draft came under the heading "Quota full." They were not wanted. Their particular district had found all the men needed *without the draft*, and perhaps even had an excess credit!

A much wider discrepancy, however, is also remarked. In its summary of its doings⁴ the Bureau claimed to have raised 1,120,621 men. These

¹ Hitherto 50 per cent had been the amount reckoned to make up for exemptions.

² The call was in July; the draft taken in October.

³ Conscientious religious objectors—*e.g.*, Quakers still allowed to commute.

⁴ See p. 102.

four drafts only account for 118,000. Whence came the rest?

Here is disclosed the real value to the U.S.A. of conscription and the draft. *At the time the Act was passed volunteering had almost stopped.* The North had responded to two great calls; the third had failed. Many were weary of the war, hopeless of success, ready to give way, willing to patch up a compromise peace.

But the draft set volunteer enlistment going again. The reason why more men were not obtained by the draft is that they were not needed. They came in not because the draft compelled them, but from *fear of the draft acting upon the whole people.*

This becomes clear from the following table, which shows all the men raised by the North during the war.¹

I. VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

Call.	Nominal Number.	Time of Service.	Assigned by Quota.	Actual Yield.
April 1861 . . .	75,000 militia	3 months	73,000	93,000
May 1861 . . .	42,000 volunteers 22,000 regulars 18,000 seamen	3 years	611,000	714,000
July 1861 . . .	500,000 volunteers			
May and June 1862 }	3 months	...	15,000
July 1862 . . .	300,000 volunteers	3 years	334,000	431,000
Aug. 1862 . . .	300,000 militia	9 months	334,000	87,000
June 1863 . . .	100,000 militia	6 months	...	16,000

II. COMPULSORY SYSTEM.

Oct. 1863 . . .	300,000 } . . .	3 years	467,000	374,000 ²
Feb. 1864 . . .	200,000 }			
March 1864 . . .	200,000 . . .	3 years	186,000	284,000 ³
April 1864 . . .	85,000 . . .	100 days	113,000	83,000 (militia)
July 1864 . . .	500,000 . . .	{ 1, 2, & 3 } years	346,000	384,000 ⁴
Dec. 1864 . . .	300,000 . . .	{ 1, 2, & 3 } years	290,000	204,000
Totals . . .	2,942,000		2,759,000	2,690,000

And taking these calls in a little detail, it will again become evident that what the draft did was not of itself to drag in men, but to impel them to volunteer. Thus,

taking the calls of October '63, February '64, and March '64, these amount to 700,000 men. "Credits" reduced this by 292,908 men.⁵ *That left 407,092 to be obtained.* Vol-

¹ Excluding only those raised for very short periods of service in periods of emergency.

² Including 52,000 paid commutation.

³ Including 32,000 " " "

⁴ Reduced by excess credits. " "

⁵ By reduction in quotas, 45,274
credits for already existing excess, 162,901
for commuters, 84,733

untary enlistments actually came to 489,462, and the draft produced (from districts which were short of their quota) 48,209 more. Thus the whole number obtained was 537,671, or a surplus of 130,579, which was carried forward (in credit) to the next draft. Similarly with the call of July '64 for 500,000: credits were 265,673, which left 234,327 to be obtained. Voluntary enlistments accounted for 188,172, and the draft produced 84,291, leaving again an excess of some 38,000. So also with the next draft—volunteers came to 157,000 and the drafted men to 38,000.

This is a most remarkable and—one may add—unexpected result. Conscription was introduced when voluntary service broke down, but its real effect was to revive volunteering. *The draft itself produced only 168,649 men, but it stimulated no less than 1,076,558 volunteers to recruit.*¹ How did this strange thing come to pass?

The key to the whole is the system of local quotas. If the calls for men had been general to the nation, or even widespread to the whole of each of the separate States, men would have submitted as to the finger of fate. It was not worth their while to bestir themselves personally to get a recruit or two: anything they could do would so infinitesimally lessen

their own chance of escape that it was not worth reckoning. But when it was known that their own district had to produce (say) 100 men, either by voluntary enlistment or by draft, every one became a recruiter, and the more fervently he desired to escape himself, the more enthusiastically did he urge others to enlist. Mr Quiverful, the Messrs Faint-heart, Mr Copperhead, who sympathised with the South, and Mr Squid the Labour Agitator, who had all hitherto believed that they opposed the war and compulsory service from conscientious motives, suddenly discovered that the more they clamoured against the war, the more likely they were to be sent off to fight in it. It was actually proved to them (not merely told them) that the alternative to a voluntary service was compulsion. And they one and all saw it.

The plan had its great merits and some conspicuous defects. It silenced the caviller and the disloyal; it appealed to local patriotism to escape the draft as a thing disgraceful, a proof that the district had failed in its duty where others had succeeded; and it ensured that in any case there would be men for the army. On the other hand, it led some States into the giving of extravagant bounties. The Central Government

¹ So General Scott's report of the Enrolment Branch. I cannot explain the discrepancy between Scott's total and Fry's; it may be due to a reckoning of "commuters" as "men" in one place but not in the other, or to the inclusion of very short-service troops.

gave moderate sums,¹ but the richer districts gave very high ones in order to fill their quotas—often 600-700 dollars—and they paid them down on the nail. At the end prices rose to 1500 dollars as men became scarcer. This tempted the men *not to enlist in their own district* (thereby injuring their neighbours, since it rendered the required draft larger), but to go off to places where the bounties were highest. It also bred a race of substitute-brokers—“vampires who fatten upon this execrable business, a traffic too odious for respectable men,” says Oakes with his usual plainness of speech—and also encouraged the “Bounty-Jumper,” the person who joined only to get the bounty, and then deserted to repeat the trick elsewhere. The record “jumper” was consigned to Albany Penitentiary for four years, having “bounty-jumped” thirty-two times. Another defect was that States interested themselves more in “filling their quotas” than in finding *men*—that is to say, they tried in every way to claim credits to which they were not entitled, or to prove that they had supplied men which they had not done. Yet with all these defects, which the officials admitted and deplored, the main fact was, as Scott stated, that “the most effective way of recruitment was an announcement of

a call and the assignment of quotas”; the fear of the draft was the incentive that filled the army, and, in his words, “*the true turning-point of the war was when the first ballot-wheel began to turn.*”

For the honest mind which refused to blink this unwelcome truth, and for the single heart which kept the winning of the war as the first essential, no matter at what sacrifice of private feelings, party principles, and of personal popularity, Lincoln stands alone among politicians. The year before he made his great decision for conscription he had issued his Proclamation declaring freedom for slaves. This had been greeted with some widely circulated verse, of which the first stanza runs thus—

Now who has done the greatest deed

Which History has ever known?

And who in Freedom's direst need

Became her bravest champion?

Who a whole continent set free?

Who killed the curse and broke the ban

Which made a lie of liberty?—

You, Father Abraham—you're the man!

Yet it is doubtful if the champion's noblest stroke of all was not the one which insisted that “in Freedom's direst need” it was the duty of every free-born citizen to fight for his country, and that if he were too craven, too careless, or too selfish to be willing to do it, then his country was ready to compel him. This, and nothing else,

¹ The United States started by giving 100 dollars for “two years or the war”; after October '63 they gave 300 dollars to all three years' men, and 400 dollars to veteran volunteers—i.e., men who enlisted for a second term of years. Most of the bounty was deferred till the middle and end of service.

"a whole continent set free." It was not proclamations, pens and ink which did the work, but powder and ball, which were stronger than they.

Men will draw conclusions as they please, but these at any rate seem clear.

Scarcely more than fifty years ago a great State in the stress of war, in a time of failure at the front and discouragement and apathy behind, changed over from a voluntary to a compulsory system.

This State was a democratic Anglo-Saxon State, and its people are more imbued with the idea of personal liberty than any other in the world.

It had to face a large body of hostile opinion among its citizens, some of them sympathising with the enemy, and many of them hating the war.

It is a country in which the Press has always exercised an extreme licence of criticism.

It is a country where the central (U.S.A.) government is unusually weak, and the local (State) governments, customs, and feelings exceptionally strong.

The country had always plumed itself on being an unmilitary State; and at the time that the measure of conscription was adopted, the Government had what we call a General Election not far ahead of it.

In spite of all these difficulties, the change was made, and the war won. The effect of the change, however, was not to gather men by conscription, but to recreate voluntary enlistment. Eighty-five per cent of the men who came in under the compulsory system were volunteers.

GEORGE TOWNSEND WARNER.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF IGNORANCE.

A THOUSAND anxious persons, who would if they could turn all events to the profit of their own favourite cranks, are wondering what will happen when the war is over. Some sanguine critics there are, who believe that at the signing of the ultimate peace there will come the heyday of the amateur. Men will paint and write, we are told, not because they can, but because they affect to "enjoy" the ink-pot or the palette. Alas! enjoyment, even if it or its result could be detected, which it cannot be, would prove a poor excuse of fumbling. Chaucer showed a more honest view of art when he wrote the immortal line: "The life so short, the craft so long to lerne"; and we do not believe that the triumph of the Allies will derange by a hair's-breadth the ancient canons of beauty and honour. Then there is another mob of fanatics, who pretend that in fighting Germany we are fighting the battle of democracy, that after the war the People (with a capital) will be secure against the attacks of "reactionaries" for all time. Again, we perceive no comfort for this form of fanaticism in the struggle which is now in progress. If, as we are told, democracy is on its trial, then we may confidently expect a verdict of "guilty." For democracy has shown itself

callous everywhere to the interests of civilisation, and is convicted plainly of preferring doles to the security of its home and State. Indeed, the democrat can get as little comfort out of the war as the amateur, and it is merely his effrontery which, in the moment of his disgrace, urges him to advance fresh pretensions and to make new claims upon political power.

The thing that calls itself the Union of Democratic Control, for instance, is very busy just now in snatching what advantage it can from the war, of which it disapproves. In one aspect it is so severely discredited that it doesn't matter. Its members, in the face of a sympathetic audience rarely found, proclaim themselves openly the friends of Germany, and by a piece of cunning, which all honest men will condemn, prefer to give form and substance to their treacherous views in what they deem the safe haven of an American magazine. Perhaps it is hardly worth while to concern ourselves with such sad personages as Messrs Bertrand Russell and Lowes Dickinson. We can wonder only that a respectable University should patiently tolerate their presence. Their grave solicitude for their country's foe, their fertility in excuse for Germany's outrages upon decency,

set clearly upon their brows the mark of a vain superiority. We all know that the strongest passion their colleagues of the Union of Democratic Control entertain is a passion of sympathy with England's enemy. Whatever happens, they declare, any settlement will be bad "which will have against it the whole force of the united German race." These gentry have unfurled their flag, and upon it may be read the legend, "No humiliation for Germany!" In other words, they are the sworn friends of our foe, and they will never cease their ill-omened energies until they hope and believe that Germany's future destiny is quietly assured.

The power of indignation against England's foes is not theirs. The destruction of Louvain, the outraging of women and children, the wanton shelling of Reims—these things do not shake their imperturbability. They murmur the sacred word "democratic," and pass on arrogantly smiling. The death of a thousand innocent persons will never evoke a protest from these self-satisfied, self-sufficient persons. Only let them be accounted the representatives of the people, and they care not what happens. And by a curious irony, they represent nobody but themselves. They stand before the world as a complete negation of the democratic principle. Of those who disgrace the House of Commons by their presence, if indeed the House of Commons can be disgraced, there is none

who will ever be returned again to the national debating society. This one has been amiably condemned by his constituents to be shot; that other has been so bitterly trounced by his non-conformist supporters that never again will he show himself confidently at the polls. Of all men living, therefore, they are the least entitled to speak for the democracy. The majorities, which they worship with a constant heart, and which they cherish more warmly than the loftiest idea, are ready to pronounce the verdict against them. And since they affect to believe that the voice of the People is the voice of God, they should humbly obey the logic of their own creed, and refrain in future from speaking for those whom they have ceased to represent.

Meanwhile, by a stroke of cunning, the Union of Democratic Control pretends to forget its love of peace at any price, its sensitive regard for German interests, and pleads, in the detached voice of a simple patriot, that it may put its meddlesome finger in the future conduct of foreign affairs. Mr Arthur Ponsonby's 'Democracy and Diplomacy' (London: Methuen) is, in effect, an argument in favour of the principle that the man who knows nothing whatever is the only fit and proper person to settle the subtle problems of diplomacy. To begin with, the author takes it for granted that his confidence in democracy as a form of government lies beyond the reach of argument or attack. A vain assumption!

If democracy do not attain the end at which it aims, if it do not assure prosperity and clean government, then it must be condemned as a wicked and pretentious failure, since there is no element in it which makes it preferable to any other form of government. It will not save our souls from perdition or our lives from misery. By its fruits it must be known and judged, and its fruits have generally proved a fine crop of dead-sea apples. At its best it is a labour-saving device, which makes the proper and deliberate choice of wise men unnecessary. At its worst, at which it has arrived in our midst, it is a wild gamble, which substitutes for truth, honour, and wisdom the hazard of the odd man.

For the last ten years democracy has worked its will in England, and by the substitution of greed for all idealism had brought the people, before the war, to the very verge of riot and rebellion. If we might believe those who assumed to represent the sacred majority, it cared for nothing save for the profit and comfort of a single class. The sanguine Mr Ponsonby speaks about "the undoubted wisdom of not deliberately excluding any considerable section of the adult population from participation in the business of government." It sounds well, doesn't it—yet in the mouth of a democrat these pompous words have no meaning whatever. By the suppression of all safeguards our modern democracy has contrived that none but a single class should

have any effective share in the governing of the country. Two considerable sections—to name but these—the aristocracy and the educated class, are practically disfranchised. The few poor votes which they can contribute to the greedy maw of the ballot-box are but as a drop of water in a mile of mud. The working class, grasping ignorantly at omnipotence, has done no more than insist upon legislation for itself alone, and upon the destruction of an ancient and honourable Constitution. As a mere diversion, it has scattered the seeds of class-hatred up and down the country, and had peace lasted any longer it would have reaped a congenial harvest of civil war. So when injustice was done to the outvoted, the ineffable Mr Birrell, a true democrat, was content to murmur that minorities have no rights; and now at last Mr Ponsonby, having seen democracy at work at home, is all agog that it should stick its hungry, angry claws in foreign affairs also.

The present war, of course, gives him his excuse. "Diplomacy has failed," he says. "The statesmen of Europe did not succeed in saving the nations from a portentous calamity." The calamity is portentous, truly, but it was not brought about by diplomacy. Though Mr Ponsonby does not understand it, the democracy had already taken a too intimate control. The statesmen of England have long been puppets in the people's hands, and they failed to save the nation

from calamity, because they kept their interested eyes glued to the ballot-box. The people was warned for many years to set its defences in order. The statesmen, who should have instructed it in the truth, found a profit in concealing the ascertained facts. We were witnesses of the usual comedy. Those who foresaw what was coming were denounced as disturbers of the peace, while the more cunning ones, who flattered the people to the verge of suicide, were loudly acclaimed as the true lovers of their country. And now Mr Ponsonby tells us that diplomacy has failed! When the history of these times comes to be written, it will be found that it was not the diplomatists who were at fault, but the representatives of the people at home, who feared lest, if they told the truth, they should be forced to the unpopular step of purchasing rifles, and who hoped that if they went on squandering the public funds in buying votes for the next election all would be well.

However, it is not enough to blame diplomacy, if we are to be convinced that the democracy alone is fit to control the management of foreign affairs. And before we are convinced we must have some better proof than Mr Ponsonby affords us. His "glittering generalities"—such as "a latent moral sense resides in the people"—have neither worth nor meaning. Nor are we reassured by the gloomy admission that "the impulse of the herd is lower and less

moral than the impulse of the average individuals that compose that herd." It is not here that we shall find comfort when we have decided to stake the existence of our Empire upon the accidental vote of a handful of uninstructed miners. As little will wise men be persuaded by Mr Ponsonby's contempt of all classes, except the large and narrow-minded clique which he calls quite erroneously "the people." He sneers, as in private duty bound, at the old aristocratic tradition. He wants to throw open the diplomatic service and to dispense with nomination and the rest of it. He regards "fine gentlemen" as no longer fit for the delicate business of diplomacy. He would exclude, if he could, "men who have been trained in our great Public Schools," on the false and irrelevant assumption that they are "impregnated with class prejudice," and lacking in "the capacity to mix with men of all classes."

Mr Ponsonby is evidently not a man of humour, or he would not, in defending the people, charge others with "class prejudice." A grave prejudice indeed underlies his own conception of the people. If the much-disabused word has any meaning, it should include all classes of the community. Yet Mr Ponsonby appears to exclude from it not only his own class—the aristocratic—but all classes who are able to claim any advantage of knowledge or education. The prejudice of jealousy is the ugliest prejudice known to us,

and it is peculiarly foolish in Mr Ponsonby, because whatever he would wish to do he cannot rid himself of the advantage, or as he might regard it, the disadvantage, of his own upbringing and education. His own hands, we imagine, are not horny with toil, and there is a ridiculous kind of inverted snobbishness in him who turns his back upon his past and affects to despise the training which was his own.

After all, it is easier to despise knowledge than to acquire it, and in no profession is knowledge of greater importance than in diplomacy. Mr Ponsonby seems to have some glimmering of this simple fact himself. He admits that few of the labour members "have the leisure or opportunity to travel, or to study foreign questions on the spot." But he hastens to put a stop to all suspicion of good sense, and hastily declares that "the full explanation and exposition of the vital issues connected with our foreign relations do not depend upon the number or ability of the members who have had occasion to gain some knowledge of foreign nations." Upon what, then, should it depend? Upon the ignorance of those who stay at home and vote, and who, in Mr Ponsonby's phrase, do not know the difference between an Ambassador, a Consul, and an Attaché? We suppose so; and upon this arrogant claim that the ignorance of the unlettered is worth more than the knowledge of the highly trained, has foundered and will

founder every experiment in democracy.

Mr Ponsonby, in his contempt for the official diplomatist, says many harsh and foolish things about the prevailing system. He pictures the diplomatist as a booby, interested only in the gossip and scandal of foreign Courts. He sees no virtue save in the representatives of the "people," and describes no ability outside the walls of the House of Commons. He premises that the golden age will come with the assurance of popular control. "The people," says he proudly, "has no desire to nose out official gossip, royal tittle-tattle, diplomatic indiscretions, or any of the more frivolous elements in diplomacy." Of course he is writing out of his head and without any examination of the facts. The people, on the contrary, if we may judge by its press, has always shown itself singularly curious in the matter of royal tittle-tattle. But facts are as nothing to Mr Ponsonby. He has a very simple method of assertion—argument it cannot be called. He is sure that everybody is worthless whom he excludes arbitrarily from the "people." So when he advocates the establishment of a small standing committee of the House of Commons which shall watch over and discuss foreign affairs, he sternly rules out ex-diplomatists and administrators—everybody, in brief, who has a right to speak with the authority of knowledge. "Experts," says he, "are the last

people to be trusted where matters of principle and broad policy are involved." Poor fellows! They are sadly hampered by the bane of experience. They have been abroad and seen, and are therefore incapable of judgment. As for the members of the House of Lords, they are far worse in the eyes of the true democrat than the expert. If they persist, still unashamed of their degradation, in a desire to take part in Mr Ponsonby's brilliant scheme, they may have a Committee of their own. They might, indeed, become a useful instrument in the process of eliciting information! They may never approach the sacred body of the "people." For, let the truth be told: "their unrepresentative character prevents them from contributing in any degree towards the desired object of democratic control." So it is not wise control that Mr Ponsonby wants. He does not wish to engage the best intelligence to serve his country in the difficult conduct of foreign affairs. All he cares about is that our advisers should be "representative" and "democratic." Then, if they do wrong, as he admits they may, "they will suffer for their own folly and pay for their own mistakes, instead of, as now, sacrificing themselves for the faults and errors of the few men who have neglected to confide in them." A pretty theory of government, to be sure! The "people," thinks Mr Ponsonby, will bear the punishment of its folly, like

a man. But what of the wise ones, whom Mr Ponsonby excludes from the "people," who saw the punishment coming and knew how to avert it? They don't matter at all. They are not "representative," and, as we have already seen, "minorities have no rights."

This confidence in democracy is not based upon sense or reason or justice. It is a mere article of blind faith, which persuades the foolish to believe that a man's usefulness increases with his incompetence. Nowhere, save in the sphere of politics, would so childish a pretension be admitted, and we are suffering to-day from the reckless acceptance of this jesuitical dogma. It is not the diplomatists who have betrayed us; it is the members of the Cabinet, who cheerfully risked the security of the country rather than urge an unpopular policy of defence. In other words, the expert was displaced by such ridiculous amateurs as Lord Haldane, whose inability to think and whose acknowledged sympathies with Germany have endangered the existence of the Empire. For in spite of Mr Ponsonby, diplomacy is an art which demands a special training. No mere member of the House of Commons, relying upon a position ill understood abroad, has a right without that special training to disturb the delicacy of international negotiations. The Labour member may have a good heart; he has seldom a sound head, even where his own class-interests are in-

volved. How, then, shall he take part in Mr Ponsonby's silly scheme of a standing committee when he is ignorant alike of foreign history and foreign language? Mr Balfour, in the evidence which he gave before a select committee, brushed aside, in answer to a single question, the Radicals' foolish claim to interfere in affairs which he is not competent to discuss. The House of Commons, he said, "does not know and cannot know, and, if I may say so, ought not to know exactly what passed between the Foreign Secretary and the Ambassador of this or that Great Power in such a conversation on such and such a day. Such conversation must be confidential if you are to work the European system at all, and I do not think it would be any gain to the peace of the world or our national interests if 670 prying eyes were perpetually directed towards these current details of international negotiations." That is a piece of sound sense which will appeal to all save those who worship ignorance in blind faith. As for Mr Ponsonby, his ideal is the beggar on horseback, who will ride straight to perdition and carry his country with him.

And before we accept the monstrous doctrine that no man can profess wisdom or display it who is not representative, we must know precisely what representation means. Is the hero of the House of Commons a mere mouthpiece, paid to interpret

a "mandate," or is he a creature of thought and reason? If he be merely a hired spokesman, the danger of the thing called "democratic control" is intensified tenfold. For then it would mean no more and no less than that we should submit the hazardous question of our relations with foreign countries to a mob, few items of which could find France or Germany on the map. And if we may believe any one of the pompous utterances of Lord Haldane, the "mandate" is still supreme in the Radical breast. It will be remembered that not long since Lord Haldane, the maid-of-all-work in the Cabinet, the profound philosopher, whose activities shift uneasily from war to foreign affairs, attempted to unload the whole burden of his responsibility upon the "people." England, said he in effect, was unprepared for the war, because the electors had not insisted upon the unrest of Europe. A perilous view, truly, especially if we record also that those whose business it was to lead the people were never at the pains to utter a single word of warning. But Lord Haldane, who has no pedantic desire to adhere sternly to this view or that, so long as he can justify himself, has recently modified his opinion. He now confesses that he brought back from Berlin a knowledge that war was imminent, and that he confided the guilty secret to his colleagues. He did not permit the truth to reach the ear of the people, lest it should

do mischief. Now, observe to what an infamy he stands committed! He did not prepare for war because the people did not insist, and he took care that the people should not insist because he deliberately concealed from it the mischievous truth. So he involved the country in a vicious circle, and hoped that when the crash came he might evade all responsibility. "It was not I who left England in the lurch," he might have said; "it was the people which betrayed the country." Thus he consoles his barren spirit, and boasts of the barren cunning, no doubt, which bade him deceive the people, for the people, had it been awake, might have "insisted," even to the depletion of the Radical poll.

We know our Haldane now. We know how desperately he has wriggled to extricate himself from an awkward situation. He wriggles still, and he will never get free. Meanwhile the Cabinet is determined, if it can, to restore him to his ancient place of honour. He is, in the eyes of his colleagues, still "a valuable public servant." We hear of him at the War Office, though we are assured on the highest authority that he is not "constantly" there. His footsteps echo along the corridors of the Foreign Office, and we are asked to believe that he intends no more than a visit to a friend. Yesterday he was sent on a grave mission to France. To-day he is rumoured to be in Switzerland in dangerous prox-

imity to Herr von Bülow. Wherever he is, he is a peril to the State; and because his restoration to office might be accepted by Mr Asquith as a token of forgiveness for all the shortcomings of the Radical party, his movements must be watched with increasing carefulness and suspicion. Not even his affectation of hard thinking should deceive us. He protests too much. A philosopher's thought, like a woman's honour, should be taken for granted. And in every speech that he makes he gives proof of a confused mind and baffled intelligence. For himself and for the State it will be better if henceforth he gives himself to the congenial study of Schopenhauer. The more "hard thinking" he devotes to England, the nearer will she be brought to catastrophe.

Meanwhile our lawyer politicians live at ease, as they did in the golden age. Disaster follows disaster. Salonika comes close upon the heels of the Dardanelles. Even Mesopotamia loses all the blessing of its name. And the advocates smile as their strategy fails. Mr Asquith is perhaps "disappointed." Yet he has his consolations. All is not lost. The poor little Plural Voting Bill, stripped of its promised redistribution, another debt of honour, is still alive, and who shall say that, if only it survive, the Empire is not well lost?

However, despite the momentary survival of the Plural Voting Bill, we cannot be

wholly satisfied with the condition of affairs. Surely the time is come to do away altogether with politics, to recognise the plain fact that lawyers are not the best conductors of a campaign, to replace our fumbling civilians by men who understand the art and exigence of war. Yet at the present hour the difficulties of the conflict seem light indeed compared with the danger of a premature and inconclusive peace. There can be no doubt that peace is in the air. There are ominous goings and comings in Switzerland. Now there is a rumour that America will intervene. Now we hear that the Pope, that earnest champion of the Central Powers, the prelate who believes it possible to be neutral between right and wrong, is ready to lend his aid in patching up a peace. The Germans themselves, we are told, are prepared at any moment to consider terms, and though we have had many warnings that nothing said or written in Germany may be accepted as the truth, though the false and eager cry of want raised last year should arouse us to suspicion, it is still likely that the people of Germany would be glad to exchange the days of scant living for the plenty of a glorious peace. The speech of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg need not be too closely considered. It was but the rodomontade of a man insecure of himself and his position. When he declares that the Allies are beaten, he knows as well as we do that he is not speaking

the truth. The Allies are not beaten; they never will be beaten; and nothing that Herr Bethmann-Hollweg says or does will bring him and his countrymen an inch nearer to the defeat of the French and Russian armies or the demolition of the English fleet.

But the mere extravagance of the German Chancellor's language proves clearly enough that if he could he would instantly make peace on his own terms. The German Army is to-day at its zenith. As we wax it will surely wane. And the Germans are confident that they hold enough territory to enable them to make a bargain favourable to themselves at a peace congress. Their confidence is vain. The Allies oppose still to the German hosts an unshaken unanimity, a firm resolve to conquer. We need the mediation of no man. As we shall finish the war with our own hands, so we shall contrive the terms of peace with our own brains. Even if we distrust the purpose of the Government, we do not doubt the spirit of the nation. The peacemongers in our midst, the furtive members of the League of Democratic Control, the noisy and avowed friends of Germany, the champions of sentimentality, who have no other wish than to live on terms of friendship with their country's foes, are estimated by us all at their proper value. We know that a peace signed now would be no peace, but a truce, which should enable the Germans to prepare for another assault

upon the liberties of Europe. Above all, we differ from the Germans in this: we know what we are fighting for. When Herr Harden asks his countrymen why it is that they prolong the war, he puts a question which in England would be wholly irrelevant. The original purpose of the German Government, which was to impose its rule upon a conquered world, was foiled at the battle of the Marne, and can never again be revived. The Allies, on the other hand, stand to-day where they stood at the declaration of the war. They are fighting still to uphold the causes of freedom and civilisation. They cannot sheathe their swords until justice is done to Belgium and Serbia, until all the reparation that is possible is made to those out-

raged countries. To patch peace now would be to acknowledge falsehood and brutality to be supreme. It would leave unpunished the miscreants who have plotted and intrigued against us in the East as in the West, who wherever they have been admitted have used the dagger of the assassin and the explosives of the dynamiter. It is not with such scoundrels as these that we can discuss terms and provisions in any confidence that the new treaty would not be flouted, as was the old, for a mere scrap of paper. No: we shall not desist, and we will permit no idle, irresolute Minister to desist, until the military power of Germany is broken, and until we can impose our will upon a crushed and beaten foe.

“CARRY ON!”

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER ONE.—WINTER QUARTERS.

WE are getting into our stride again. Two months ago we trudged into Bethune, gaunt, dirty, soaked to the skin, and reduced to a comparative handful. None of us had had his clothes off for a week. Our ankle-puttees had long dropped to pieces, and our hose-tops, having worked under the soles of our boots, had been cut away and discarded. The result was a bare and mud-splashed expanse of leg from boot to kilt, except in the case of the enterprising few who had devised artistic spat-puttees out of an old sandbag. Our headgear consisted in a few cases of the regulation Balmoral bonnet, usually minus “toorie” and badge; in a few more, of the battered remains of a gas helmet; and in the great majority, of a woollen cap-comforter. We were bearded like that incomparable fighter, the *poilu*, and we were separated by an abyss of years, so our stomachs told us, from our last square meal.

But we were wonderfully placid about it all. Our regimental pipers, who had come out to play us in, were making what the Psalmist calls “a joyful noise” in front; and behind us lay the recollection of a battle, still raging, in

which we had struck the first blow, and borne our full share for three days and nights. Moreover, our particular blow had bitten deeper into the enemy’s line than any other blow in the neighbourhood. And, most blessed thought of all, everything was over, and we were going back to rest. For the moment, the memory of the sights we had seen, and the tax we had levied upon our bodies and souls, together with the picture of the countless sturdy lads whom we had left lying beneath the sinister shade of Fosse Eight, were beneficently obscured by the prospect of food, sleep, and comparative cleanliness.

After restoring ourselves to our personal comforts, we should doubtless go somewhere to refit. Drafts were already waiting at the Base to fill up the great gaps in our ranks. Our companies having been brought up to strength, a spate of promotions would follow. We had no colonel, and only our Company Commander. Subalterns — what was left of them — would come by their own. N.C.O.’s, again, would have to be created by the dozen. While all this was going on, and the old names were being weeded out of the

muster-roll to make way for the new, the Quartermaster would be drawing fresh equipment—packs, mess-tins, water-bottles, and the hundred oddments which always go astray in times of stress. There would be a good deal of dialogue of this sort:—

"Private M'Sumph, I see you are down for a new pack. Where is your old one?"

"Blawn off ma back, sirr!"

"Where are your puttees?"

"Blawn off ma feet, sirr!"

"Where is your iron ration?"

"Blawn oot o' ma pooch, sirr!"

"Where is your head?"

"Blawn—— I beg your pardon, sirr!"—followed by generous re-issues all round.

After a month or so our beloved regiment, once more at full strength, with traditions and morale annealed by the fires of experience, would take its rightful place in the forefront of "K(1)."

Such was the immediate future, as it presented itself to the wearied but optimistic brain of Lieutenant Bobby Little. He communicated his theories to Captain Wagstaffe.

"I wonder!" replied that experienced officer.

II.

The chief penalty of doing a job of work well is that you are promptly put on to another. This is supposed to be a compliment.

The authorities allowed us exactly two days' rest, and then packed us off by train, with the new draft, to a particularly hot sector of the trench-line in Belgium—there to carry on with the operation known in nautical circles as "executing repairs while under steam."

Well, we have been in Belgium for two months now, and, as already stated, are getting into our stride again.

There are new faces everywhere, and some of the old faces are not quite the same. They are finer-drawn; one is conscious of less chubbiness all round. War is a great maturing agent. There is, moreover,

an air of seasoned authority abroad. Many who were second-lieutenants or lance-corporals three months ago are now commanding companies and platoons. Bobby Little is in command of "A" Company: if he can cling to this precarious eminence for thirty days—that is, if no one is sent out to supersede him—he becomes an "automatic" captain, aged twenty! Major Kemp commands the battalion; Wagstaffe is his senior major. Ayling has departed from our midst, and rumour says that he is leading a sort of Pooch Bah existence at Brigade Headquarters.

There are sad gaps among our old friends of the rank and file. Ogg and Hogg, M'Slattery and M'Ostrich, have gone to the happy hunting-grounds. Private Dunshie, the General

Specialist (who, you may remember, found his true vocation, after many days, as battalion chiropodist), is reported "missing." But his comrades are positive that no harm has befallen him. Long experience has convinced them that in the art of landing on his feet their departed friend has no equal.

"I doot he'll be a prisoner," suggests the faithful Mucklewame to the Transport Sergeant.

"Aye," assents the Transport Sergeant bitterly; "he'll be a prisoner. No doot he'll try to pass himself off as an officer, for to get better quarters!"

(The Transport Sergeant, in whose memory certain enormities of Dunshie had rankled ever since that versatile individual had abandoned the veterinary profession (owing to the most excusable intervention of a pack-mule's off hind-leg), was not far out in his surmise, as subsequent history may some day reveal. But the telling of that story is still a long way off.)

Company Sergeant-Major Pumpherston is now Sergeant-Major of the Battalion. Mucklewame is a corporal in his old company. Private Tosh was "offered a stripe," too, but declined, because the

invitation did not include Private Cosh, who, owing to a regrettable lapse not unconnected with the rum ration, had been omitted from the Honours' List. Consequently these two grim veterans remain undecorated, but they are objects of great veneration among the recently joined for all that.

So you see us once more in harness, falling into the collar with energy, if not fervour. We no longer regard War with the least enthusiasm: we have seen It, face to face. Our sole purpose now is to screw our sturdy followers up to the requisite pitch of efficiency, and keep them remorselessly at that standard until the dawn of triumphant and abiding peace.

We have one thing upon our side—youth.

"Most of our regular senior officers are gone, sir," remarked Colonel Kemp one day to the Brigadier—"dead, or wounded, or promoted to other commands; and I have something like twenty new subalterns. When you subtract a centenarian like myself, the average age of our Battalion Mess, including Company Commanders, works out at something under twenty-three. But I am not exchanging any of them, thanks!"

III.

Trench-life in Belgium is an entirely different proposition from trench-life in France. The undulating country in

which we now find ourselves offers an infinite choice of unpleasant surroundings.

Down south, Vermelles way,

the trenches stretch in a comparatively straight line for miles, facing one another squarely, and giving little opportunity for tactical enterprise. The infantry blaze and sputter at one another in front; the guns roar behind; and that is all there is to be said about it. But here, the line follows the curve of each little hill. At one place you are in a salient, in a trench which runs round the face of a bulging "knowe"—a tempting target for shells of every kind. A few hundred yards farther north, or south, the ground is much lower, and the trench-line runs back into a re-entrant, seeking for a position which shall not be commanded from higher ground in front.

The line is pierced at intervals by railway-cuttings, which have to be barricaded, and canals, which require special defences. Almost every spot in either line is overlooked by some adjacent ridge, or enfiladed from some adjacent trench. It is disconcerting for a methodical young officer, after cautiously scrutinising the trench upon his front through a periscope, to find that the entire performance has been visible (and his entire person exposed) to the view of a Bosche trench situated on a hill-slope upon his immediate left.

And our trench-line, with its infinity of salients and re-entrants, is itself only part of the great salient of "Wipers." You may imagine with what methodical solemnity the

Bosche "crumps" the interior of that constricted area. Looking round at night, when the star-shells float up over the skyline, one could almost imagine one's self inside a complete circle, instead of a horse-shoe.

The machine-gunners of both sides are extremely busy. In the plains of France the pursuit of their nefarious trade was practically limited to front-line work. When they did venture to indulge in what they called "overhead" fire, their friends in the forefront used to summon them after the performance, and reproachfully point out sundry ominous rents and abrasions in the back of the front-line parapet. But here they can withdraw behind a convenient ridge, and *strafe* Bosches a mile and a half away, without causing any complaints. Needless to say, Brother Bosche is not backward in returning the compliment. He has one gun in particular which never tires in its efforts to rouse us from *ennui*. It must be a long way off, for we can only just hear the report. Moreover, its contribution to our liveliness, when it does arrive, falls at an extremely steep angle—so steep, indeed, that it only just clears the embankment under which we live, and falls upon the very doorsteps of the dug-outs with which that sanctuary is honey-combed.

This invigorating shower is turned on regularly for ten minutes, at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock daily. Its area of activity includes our

tiny but, alas! steadily growing cemetery. One evening a regiment which had recently "taken over" selected 6 P.M. as a suitable hour for a funeral. The result was a grimly humorous spectacle—the mourners, including the Commanding Officer and officiating clergy, taking hasty cover in a truly novel trench; while the central figure of the obsequies, sublimely indifferent to the Hun and all his frightfulness, lay on the grass outside, calm and impassive amid the whispering hail of bullets.

As for the trenches themselves—well, as the immortal costermonger observed, "there ain't no word in the blooming language" for them.

In the first place, there is no settled trench-line at all. The Salient has been a battlefield for twelve months past. No one has ever had the time, or opportunity, to construct anything in the shape of permanent defences. A shallow trench, trimmed with an untidy parapet of sandbags, and there is your stronghold! For rest and meditation, a hole in the ground, half-full of water and roofed with a sheet of galvanised iron; or possibly a glorified rabbit-burrow in a canal-bank. These things, as a modern poet has observed, are all right in the summer-time. But winter here is a disintegrating season. It rains heavily for, say, three days. Two days of sharp frost succeed, and the rain-soaked earth is reduced to the neces-

sary degree of friability. Another day's rain, and trenches and dug-outs come sliding down like melted butter. Even if you revet the trenches, it is not easy to drain them. The only difference is that if your line is situated on the forward slope of a hill the support trench drains into the firing trench; if they are on the reverse slope, the firing trench drains into the support trench. Our indefatigable friends Box and Cox, of the Royal Engineers, assisted by sturdy Pioneer Battalions, labour like heroes; but the utmost they can achieve, in a low-lying country like this, is to divert as much water as possible into some other Brigade's area. Which they do, right cunningly.

In addition to the Bosche, we wage continuous warfare with the elements, and the various departments of Olympus render us characteristic assistance. The Round Game Department has issued a set of rules for the correct method of massaging and greasing the feet. (Major Wagstaffe refers to this as, *Sole-slapping*; or *What to do in the Children's Hour*; complete in *Twelve Fortnightly Parts*.) The Fairy Godmother Department presents us with what the Quartermaster describes as "Boots, gum, thigh"; and there has also been an issue of so-called fur jackets, in which the Practical Joke Department has plainly taken a hand. Most of these garments appear to have been contributed by animals unknown to zoology, or more

probably by a syndicate thereof. Corporal Mucklewame's costume gives him the appearance of a St Bernard dog with Astrakhan fore-legs. Sergeant Carfrae is attired in what looks like the skin of Nana, the dog-nurse in *Peter Pan*. Private Nigg, an undersized youth of bashful disposition, creeps forlornly about his duties disguised as an imitation leopard. As he passes by, facetious persons pull what is left of his tail. Private Tosh, on being confronted with his winter *trousseau*, observed bitterly—

"I jined the Airmy for tae be a sojer; but I doot they must have pit me doon as a mountain goat!"

Still, though our variegated pelts cause us to resemble an unsuccessful compromise between Esau and an Eskimo, they keep our bodies warm. We wish we could say the same for our feet. On good days we stand ankle-deep; on bad, we are occasionally over the knees. Thrice blessed then are our Boots, Gum, Thigh, though even these cannot altogether ward off frost-bite and chilblains.

Over the way, Brother Bosche is having a bad time of it: his trenches are in a worse state than ours. Last night a plaintive voice cried out—

"Are you dere, Jock? Haf you whiskey? We haf plenty water!"

Not bad for a Bosche, the platoon decided.

There is no doubt that whatever the German General Staff

may think about the war and the future, the German Infantry soldier is "fed-up." His satiety takes the form of a craving for social intercourse with the foe. In the small hours, when the vigilance of the German N.C.O.'s is relaxed, and the officers are probably in their dug-outs, he makes rather pathetic overtures. We are frequently invited to come out and shake hands. "Dis war will be ober the nineteen of nex' month!" (Evidently the Kaiser has had another revelation.) The other morning a German soldier, with a wisp of something white in his hand, actually clambered out of the firing-trench and advanced towards our lines. The distance was barely seventy yards. No shot was fired, but you may be sure that safety-catches were hastily released. Suddenly, in the tense silence, the ambassador's nerve failed him. He bolted back, followed by a few desultory bullets. The reason for his sudden panic was never rightly ascertained, but the weight of public opinion inclined to the view that Mucklewame, who had momentarily exposed himself above the parapet, was responsible.

"I doot he thoct ye were a lion escapit from the Scottish Zoo!" explained a brother corporal, referring to his indignant colleague's new winter coat.

Here is another incident, with a different ending. At one point our line approaches to within fifteen yards of the Bosche trenches. One wet and dismal dawn, as the battalion

stood to arms in the neighbourhood of this delectable spot, there came a sudden shout from the enemy, and an outburst of rapid rifle fire. Almost simultaneously two breathless and unkempt figures tumbled over our parapet into the firing-trench. The fusillade died away.

To the extreme discomfort and shame of a respectable citizen of Bannockburn, one Private Bunce, the more hairy of the two visitors, upon recovering his feet, promptly flung his arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. The outrage was repeated, by his companion, upon Private Nigg. At the same time both visitors broke into a joyous chant of "Russky! Russky!" They were escaped Russian prisoners.

When taken to Headquarters they explained that they had been brought up to perform fatigue work near the German trenches, and had seized upon a quiet moment to slip into some convenient undergrowth. Later, under cover of night, they had made their way in the direction of the firing line, arriving just in time to make a dash before daylight discovered them. You may imagine their triumphal departure from our trenches—loaded with cigarettes, chocolate, bully beef, and other imperishable souvenirs.

We have had other visitors. One bright day a Bosche aeroplane made a reconnaissance of our lines. It was a beautiful thing, white and birdlike.

But as its occupants were probably taking photographs of our most secret fastnesses, artistic appreciation was dimmed by righteous wrath—wrath which turned to profound gratification when a philistine British plane appeared in the blue and engaged the glittering stranger in battle. There was some very pretty aerial manœuvring, right over our heads, as the combatants swooped and circled for position. We could hear their machine-guns pattering away; and the volume of sound was increased by the distant contributions of "Coughing Clara"—our latest anti-aircraft gun, which appears to suffer from chronic irritation of the mucous membrane.

Suddenly the German aeroplane gave a lurch; then righted herself; then began to circle down, making desperate efforts to cross the neutral line. But the British airman headed her off. Next moment she lurched again, and then took a "nose-dive" straight into the British trenches. She fell on open ground, a few hundred yards behind our second line. The place had been a wilderness a moment before; but the crowd which instantaneously sprang up round the wreck could not have been less than two hundred strong. (One observes the same uncanny phenomenon in London, when a cab-horse falls down in a deserted street.) However, it melted away at the rebuke of the first officer who hurried to

the spot, the process of dissolution being accelerated by several bursts of German shrapnel.

Both pilot and observer were dead. They had made a gal-

lant fight, and were buried the same evening, with all honour, in the little cemetery, alongside many who had once been their foes, but were now peacefully neutral.

IV.

The housing question in Belgium confronts us with several novel problems. It is not so easy to billet troops here, especially in the Salient, as in France. Some of us live in huts, others in tents, others in dug-outs. Others, more fortunate, are loaded on to a fleet of motor-buses and whisked off to more civilised dwellings many miles away. These buses once plied for hire upon the streets of London. Each bus is in charge of the identical pair of cross-talk comedians who controlled its destinies in more peaceful days. Strangely attired in khaki and sheepskin, they salute officers with cheerful *bonhomie*, and bellow to one another throughout the journey the simple and primitive jests of their previous incarnation, to the huge delight of their fares.

The destination-boards and advertisements are no more, for the buses are painted a neutral green all over; but the conductor is always ready and willing to tell you what his previous route was.

"That Daimler behind you, sir," he informs you, "is one of the Number Nineteens. Set you down at the top of Sloane Street many a time, I'll be

bound. Ernie"—this to the driver, along the side of the bus—"you oughter have slowed down when that copper waved his little flag: he wasn't pleased with yer, ole son!" (The "copper" is a military mounted policeman, controlling the traffic of a little town which lies on our way to the trenches.) "This is a Number Eight, sir. No, that dent in the staircase wasn't done by no shell. The ole girl got that through a skid up against a lamp-post, one wet Saturday night in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. Dangerous place, London!"

We rattle through a brave little town, which is "carrying on" in the face of paralysed trade and periodical shelling. Soldiers abound. All are muddy, but some are muddier than others. The latter are going up to the trenches, the former are coming back. Upon the walls, here and there, we notice a gay poster advertising an entertainment organised by certain Divisional troops, which is to be given nightly throughout the week. At the foot of the bill is printed in large capitals, A HOOGE SUCCESS! We should like to send a copy of

that plucky document to Brother Bosche. He would not understand it, but it would annoy him greatly.

Now we leave the town behind, and quicken up along the open road—an interminable ribbon of *pavé*, absolutely straight, and bordered upon either side by what was once macadam, but is now a quagmire a foot deep. Occasionally there is a warning cry of "Wire!" and the outside fares hurriedly bow from the waist, in order to avoid having their throats cut by a telephone wire—"Gunnery, for a dollar!" surmises a strangled voice—tightly stretched across the road between two poplars. Occasionally, too, that indefatigable humourist, Ernie, directs his course beneath some low-spreading branches, through which the upper part of the bus crashes remorselessly, while the passengers, lying sardine-wise upon the roof, uplift their voices in profane and blood-thirsty chorus.

"Nothing like a bit o' fun on the way to the trenches, boys! It may be the last you'll get!" is the only apology which Ernie offers.

Presently our vehicle bumps across a nubbly bridge, and enters what was once a fair city. It is a walled city, like Chester, and is separated from the surrounding country by a moat as wide as the upper Thames. In days gone by those ramparts and that moat could have held an army at bay—and probably did, more

than once. They have done so yet again; but at what a cost!

We glide through the ancient gateway and along the ghostly streets, and survey the crowning achievement of the cultured Bosche. The great buildings—the Cathedral, the Cloth Hall—are jagged ruins. The fronts of the houses have long disappeared, leaving the interiors exposed to view, like a doll's house. Here is a street full of shops. That heap of splintered wardrobes and legless tables was once a furniture warehouse. That snug little corner house, with the tottering zinc counter and the twisted beer engine, is an obvious estaminet. You may observe the sign, *Aux Deux Amis*, in dingy lettering over the doorway. Here is an oil-and-colour shop: you can still see the red ochre and white lead splashed about among the ruins.

In almost every house the ceilings of the upper floors have fallen in. Chairs, tables, and bedsteads hang precariously into the room below. Here and there a picture still adheres to the wall. From one of the bedposts flutters a tattered and diminutive garment of blue and white check—some little girl's frock. Where is that little girl now, we wonder; and has she got another frock?

One is struck above all things with the minute detail of the damage. You would say that a party of lunatics had been let loose on the city with coal-hammers: there is hardly a square yard of any

surface which is not pierced, or splintered, or dented. The whole fabric of the place lies prostrate, under a shroud of broken bricks and broken plaster. The Hun has said in his majesty: "If you will not yield me this, the last city in the last corner of Belgium, I can at least see to it that not one stone thereof remains upon another. So—yah!"

Such is the appearance presented by the venerable and historic city of Ypres, after fifteen months of personal contact with the apostles of the new civilisation. Only the methodical and painstaking Bosche could have reduced a town of such a size to such a state. Imagine Chester in a

similar condition, and you may realise the number of shells which have fallen, and are still falling, into the stricken city.

But—the main point to observe is this. We are inside, and the Bosche is outside! Fenced by a mighty crescent of prosaic trenches, themselves manned by paladins of an almost incredible stolidity, Ypres still points her broken fingers to the sky—shattered, silent, but inviolate still; and all owing to the obstinacy of a dull and unready nation which merely keeps faith and stands by its friends. Such an attitude of mind is incomprehensible to the Bosche, and we are well content that it should be so.

CHAPTER TWO.—"SHELL OUT!"

This, according to our latest subaltern from home, is the title of a *revue* which is running in Town; but that is a mere coincidence. The entertainment to which I am now referring took place in Flanders, and the leading parts were assigned to distinguished members of "K (1)."

The scene was the Chateau de Grandbois, or some other kind of Bois; possibly Vert. Not that we called it that: we invariably referred to it afterwards as Hush Hall, for reasons which will be set forth in due course.

One morning, while sojourning in what Olympus humorously calls a rest camp—a collection of antiquated wigwams half submerged in a mud-flat—

we received the intelligence that we were to extricate ourselves forthwith, and take over a fresh sector of trenches. The news was doubly unwelcome, because, in the first place, it is always unpleasant to face the prospect of trenches of any kind; and secondly, to take over strange trenches in the dead of a winter night is an experience which borders upon nightmare—the hot lobster and toasted cheese variety.

The opening stages of this enterprise are almost ritualistic in their formality. First of all, the Brigade Staff which is coming in visits the Headquarters of the Brigade which is going out—usually a chateau or farm somewhere in rear of the trenches—and

makes the preliminary arrangements. After that the Commanding Officers and Company Commanders of the incoming battalions visit their own particular section of the line. They are shown over the premises by the outgoing tenants, who make little or no attempt to conceal their satisfaction at the expiration of their lease. The Colonels and the Captains then return to camp, with depressing tales of crumbling parapets, noisome dug-outs, and positions open to enfilade.

On the day of the relief various advance parties go up, keeping under the lee of hedges and embankments, and marching in single file. (At least, that is what they are supposed to do. If not ruthlessly shepherded, they will advance in fours along the skyline.) Having arrived, they take over such positions as can be relieved by daylight in comparative safety. They also take over trench stores, and exchange trench gossip. The latter is a fearsome and uncanny thing. It usually begins life at the "refilling point," where the A.S.C. motor-lorries dump down next day's rations, and the regimental transport picks it up.

An A.S.C. sergeant mentions casually to a regimental Quartermaster that he has heard it said at the Supply Dépôt that heavy firing has been going on in the Channel. The Quartermaster, on returning to the Transport Lines, observes to his Quartermaster-Sergeant that the German

Fleet has come out at last. The Quartermaster-Sergeant, when he meets the ration parties behind the lines that night, announces to a platoon sergeant that we have won a great naval victory. The platoon sergeant, who is suffering from trench feet and is a constant reader of a certain pessimistic halfpenny journal, replies gloomily: "We'll have had heavy losses ourselves, too, I doot!" This observation is overheard by various members of the ration party. By midnight several hundred yards of the firing line know for a fact that there has been a naval disaster of the first magnitude off the coast of a place which every one calls Gally Polly, and that the whole of our Division are to be transferred forthwith to the Near East to stem the tide of calamity.

Still, we must have *something* to chat about.

Meanwhile Brigade Majors and Adjutants, holding a stumpy pencil in one hand and a burning brow in the other, are composing Operation Orders which shall effect the relief, without—

(1) Leaving some detail—the bombers, or the snipers, or the sock-driers, or the pea-soup experts—unrelieved altogether.

(2) Causing relievers and relieved to meet violently together in some constricted fairway.

(3) Trespassing into some other Brigade Area. (This is far more foolhardy than to wander into the German lines.)

(4) Getting shelled.

Pitfall Number One is avoided by keeping a permanent and handy list of "all the people who do funny things on their own" (as the vulgar throng call the "specialists"), and checking it carefully before issuing Orders.

Number Two is dealt with by issuing a strict time-table, which might possibly be adhered to by a well-drilled flock of archangels, in broad daylight, upon good roads, and under peace conditions.

Number Three is provided for by copious and complicated map references.

Number Four is left to Providence—and is usually the best-conducted feature of the excursion.

Under cover of night the Battalion sets out, in comparatively small parties. They form a strange procession. The men wear their trench costume—thigh-boots (which do not go well with a kilt), variegated coats of skins, and woollen nightcaps. Stuffed under their belts and through their packs they carry newspapers, broken staves for firewood, parcels from home, and sandbags loaded with mysterious comforts. A dilapidated parrot and a few goats are all that is required to complete the picture of Robinson Crusoe changing camp.

Progress is not easy. It is a pitch-black night. By day, this road (and all the countryside) is a wilderness: nothing more innocent ever presented itself to the eye of an inquisitive aeroplane. But after nightfall it is packed with

troops and transport, and not a light is shown. If you can imagine what the Mansion House crossing would be like if called upon to sustain its midday traffic at midnight—the Mansion House crossing entirely unilluminated, paved with twelve inches of liquid mud, intersected by narrow strips of *pavé*, and liberally pitted with "crump-holes"—you may derive some faint idea of the state of things at a busy road-junction lying behind the trenches.

Until reaching what is facetiously termed "the shell area"—as if any spot in this benighted district were not a shell area—the troops plod along in fours at the right of the road. If they can achieve two miles an hour, they do well. At any moment they may be called upon to halt, and crowd into the roadside, while a transport-train passes carrying rations, and coke, and what is called "R.E. material"—this may be anything from a bag of nails to steel girders nine feet long—up to the firing line. When this procession, consisting of a dozen limbered waggons, drawn by four mules and headed by a profane person on horseback—the Transport Officer—has rumbled past, the Company, which has been standing respectfully in the ditch, enjoying a refreshing shower-bath of mud and hoping that none of the steel girders are projecting from the limber more than a yard or two, sets out once more upon its way—only to

take hasty cover again as sounds of fresh and more animated traffic are heard approaching from the opposite direction. There is no mistaking the nature of this cavalcade: the long vista of glowing cigarette-ends tells an unmistakable tale. These are artillery waggons, returning empty from replenishing the batteries; scattering homely jests like hail, and proceeding, wherever possible, at a hand-gallop. He is a cheery soul, the R.A. driver, but his interpretation of the rules of the road requires drastic revision.

Sometimes an axle breaks, or a waggon side-slips off the *pavé* into the morass reserved for infantry, and overturns. The result is a block, which promptly extends forward and back for a couple of miles. A peculiarly British chorus of inquiry and remonstrance—a blend of biting sarcasm and blasphemous humour—surges up and down the line; until plunging mules are unyoked, and the offending vehicle man-handled out of sight into the inky blackness by the roadside; or, in extreme cases, is annihilated with axes. Everything has to make way for a ration train. To crown all, it is more than likely that the calmness and smooth working of the proceedings will be assisted by a burst of shrapnel overhead. It is a most amazing scrimmage altogether. One of those members of His Majesty's Opposition who are doing so much at present to save our country from destruction, by kindly

pointing out the mistakes of the British Government and the British Army, would refer to the whole scene as a pandemonium of mismanagement and ineptitude. And yet, though the scene is enacted night after night without a break, there is hardly a case on record of the transport being surprised upon these roads by the coming of daylight, and none whatever of the rations and ammunition failing to get through.

It is difficult to imagine that Brother Bosche, who on the other side of that ring of starshells is conducting a precisely similar undertaking, is able, with all his perfect organisation and cast-iron methods, to achieve a result in any way superior to that which Thomas Atkins reaches by rule of thumb and sheer force of character.

At length the dragged Company worms its way through the press to the fringe of the shell-area, beyond which no transport may pass. The distance of this point from the trenches varies considerably, and depends largely upon the caprice of the Bosche. On this occasion, however, we still have a mile or two to go—across country now, in single file, at the heels of a guide from the battalion which we are relieving.

Guides may be divided into two classes—

(1) Guides who do not know the way, and say so at the outset.

(2) Guides who do not know the way, but leave it to you to discover the fact.

There are no other kinds of guides.

The pace is down to a mile an hour now, except in the case of men in the tail of the line, who are running rapidly. It is a curious but quite inexplicable fact that if you set a hundred men to march in single file in the dark, though the leading man may be crawling like a tortoise, the last man is compelled to proceed at a profane double if he is to avoid being left behind and lost.

Still, everybody gets there

somehow, and in due course the various Company Commanders are enabled to telephone to their respective Battalion Headquarters the information that the Relief is completed. For this relief, much thanks!

After that the outgoing Battalion files slowly out, and the newcomers are left gloomily contemplating their new abiding-place, and observing—

"I wonder if there is *any* Division in the whole blessed Expeditionary Force, besides ours, which ever does a single dam thing to keep its trenches in repair!"

II.

All of which brings us back to Hush Hall, where the Headquarters of the outgoing Brigade are handing over to their successors.

Hush Hall, or the Chateau de Quelquechose, is a modern country house, and once stood up white and gleaming in all its brave finery of stucco, conservatories, and ornamental lake, amid a pleasant wood not far from a main road. It is such a house as you might find round about Guildford or Hindhead. There are many in this fair countryside, but few are inhabited now, and none by their rightful owners. They are all marked on the map, and the Bosche gunners are assiduous map-readers. Hush Hall has got off comparatively lightly. It is still habitable, and well furnished. The roof

is demolished upon the side most exposed to the enemy, and many of the trees in the surrounding wood are broken and splintered by shrapnel. Still, provided the weather remains passable, one can live there. Upon the danger-side the windows are closed and shuttered. Weeds grow apace in the garden. No smoke emerges from the chimneys. (If it does, the Mess Corporal hears about it from the Staff Captain.) A few strands of barbed wire obstruct the passage of those careless or adventurous persons who may desire to explore the forbidden side of the house. The front door is bolted and barred: visitors, after approaching stealthily along the lee of a hedge, like travellers of dubious *bond fides* on a Sunday afternoon, enter

unobtrusively by the back door, which is situated on the blind side of the chateau. Their path thereto is beset by imploring notices like the following:—

THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT DRAWS SHELL
FIRE. KEEP CLOSE TO THE HEDGE.

A later hand has added the following moving postscript:—

WE LIVE HERE. YOU DON'T!

It was the Staff Captain who was responsible for the re-christening of the establishment.

"What sort of place is this new palace we are going to doss in?" inquired the Machine-Gun Officer, when the Staff Captain returned from his preliminary visit.

The Staff Captain, who was a man of a few words, replied—

"It's the sort of shanty where everybody goes about in felt slippers, saying 'Hush!'"

Brigade Headquarters—this means the Brigadier, the Brigade Major, the Staff Captain, the Machine-Gun Officer, the Signal Officer, mayhap a Padre and a Liaison Officer, accompanied by a mixed multitude of clerks, telegraphists, and scullions—arrived safely at their new quarters under cover of night, and were hospitably received by the outgoing tenants, who had finished their evening meal and were girded up for departure. In fact, the Machine-Gun Officer,

Liaison Officer, and Padre had already gone, leaving their seniors to hold the fort till the last. The Signal Officer was down in the cellar, handing over ohms, ampères, short-circuits, and other mysterious trench-stores to his "opposite number."

Upon these occasions there is usually a good deal of time to fill in between the arrival of the new brooms and the departure of the old. This period of waiting may be likened to that somewhat anxious interval with which frequenters of racecourses are familiar, between the finish of the race and the announcement of the "All Right!" The outgoing Headquarters are waiting for the magic words—"Relief Complete!" Until that message comes over the buzzer, the period of tension endures. The main point of difference is that the gentleman who has staked his fortune on the legs of a horse has only to wait a few minutes for the confirmation of his hopes; while a Brigadier,

whose bedtime (or even breakfast-time) is at the mercy of an errant platoon, may have to sit up all night.

"Sit down and make yourselves comfortable," said A Brigade to X Brigade.

X Brigade complied, and having been furnished with refreshment, led off with the inevitable question—

"Does one—er—get shelled much here?"

There was a reassuring coo from A Brigade.

"Oh, no. This is a very healthy spot. One has to be careful, of course. No movement, or fires, or anything of that kind. A sentry or two, to warn people against approaching over the open by day, and you'll be as cooshie as anything!" ("Cooshie" is the latest word here. That and "crump.")

"I ought to warn you of one thing," said the Brigadier. "Owing to the surrounding woods, sound is most deceptive here. You will hear shellbursts which appear quite close, when in reality they are quite a distance away. That, for instance!"—as a shell exploded apparently just outside the window. "That little fellow is a couple of hundred yards away, in the corner of the wood. The Bosche has been groping about there for a battery for the last two days."

"Is the battery there?" inquired a voice.

"No; it is further east. But there is a Gunner's Mess about two hundred yards from here, in that house

which you passed on the way up."

"Oh!" observed X Brigade.

Gunners are peculiar people. When professionally engaged, no men could be more retiring. They screen their operations from the public gaze with the utmost severity, shrouding batteries in screens of foliage and other rustic disguises. If a layman strays anywhere near one of these arboreal retreats, a gunner thrusts out a visage enflamed with righteous wrath, and curses him for giving the position away. But in his hours of relaxation the gunner is a different being. He billets himself in a house with plenty of windows: he illuminates all these by night, and hangs washing therefrom by day. When inclined for exercise, he goes for a promenade across an open space labelled—*Not to be used by troops by daylight*. Therefore, despite his technical excellence and superb courage, he is an uncomfortable neighbour for establishments like Hush Hall.

In this respect he offers a curious contrast to the Sapper. Off duty, the Sapper is the most unobtrusive of men—a cave-man, in fact. He burrows deep into the earth, or the side of a hill, and having secured the roof of this cavern against direct hits by ingenious contrivances of his own manufacture, constructs a suite of furniture of a solid and enduring pattern, and lives the life of a comfortable recluse. But when engaged in the pursuit of his calling, the Sapper is the least retiring of

men. The immemorial tradition of the great Corps to which he belongs has ordained that no fire, however fierce, must be allowed to interfere with a Sapper in the execution of his duty. This rule is usually interpreted by the Sapper to mean that you must not perform your allotted task under cover when it is possible to do so under fire. To this is added, as a rider, that in the absence of an adequate supply of fire, you must draw fire. So the Sapper walks cheerfully about on the tops of parapets, hugging large and conspicuous pieces of timber, or clashing together sheets of corrugated iron, as happy as a king.

"You will find this house quite snug," continued the Brigadier. "The eastern suite is to be avoided, because there is no roof there; and if it rains outside for a day, it rains in the best bedroom for a week. There is a big kitchen in the basement, with a capital range. That's all, I think. The chief thing to avoid is movement of any kind. The leaves are coming off the trees now——"

At this moment an orderly entered the room with a pink telegraph message.

"Relief complete, sir!" announced the Brigade Major, reading it.

"Good work!" replied both Brigadiers, looking at their

watches simultaneously, "considering the state of the country." The Brigadier of "A" rose to his feet.

"Now we can pass along quietly," he said. "Good luck to you. By the way, take care of Edgar, won't you? Any little attention which you can show him will be greatly appreciated."

"Who is Edgar?"

"Oh, I thought the Staff Captain would have told you. Edgar is the swan—the last of his race, I'm afraid, so far as this place is concerned. He lives on the lake, and usually comes ashore to draw his rations about lunch-time. He is inclined to be stand-offish on one side, as he has only one eye; but he is most affable on the other. Well, now to find our horses!"

As the three officers departed down the back-door steps, a hesitating voice followed them—

"H'm! Is there any place where one can go—a cellar, or any old spot of that kind—just in case we are——"

"Bless you, you'll be all right!" was the cheery reply. (The outgoing Brigadier is always excessively cheery.) "But there are dug-outs over there—in the garden. They haven't been occupied for some months, so you may find them a bit ratty. You won't require them, though. Good night!"

III.

*Whizz! Boom! Bang! Crash!
Wump!*

"It's just as well," mused the Brigade Major, turning in

his sleep about three o'clock the following morning, "that they warned us about the deceptive sound of the shelling here. One would almost imagine that it was quite close. . . . That last one was heavy stuff: it shook the whole place! . . . This is a topping mattress: it would be rotten having to take to the woods again after getting into really

cooshie quarters at last. . . . There they go again!" as a renewed tempest of shells rent the silence of night. "That old battery must be getting it in the neck! . . . Hallo, I could have sworn something hit the roof that time! A loose slate, I expect! Anyhow . . ."

The Brigade Major, who had had a very long day, turned over and went to sleep again.

IV.

The next morning, a Sunday, broke bright and clear. Contrary to his usual habit, the Brigade Major took a stroll in the garden before breakfast. The first object which caught his eye, as he came down the back-door steps, was the figure of the Staff Captain, brooding pensively over a large crater, close to the hedge. The Brigade Major joined him.

"I wonder if that was there yesterday!" he observed, referring to the crater.

"Couldn't have been," growled the Staff Captain. "We walked to the house along this very hedge. No craters then!"

"True!" agreed the Brigade Major amiably. He turned and surveyed the garden. "That lawn looks a bit of a golf course. What lovely bunkers!"

"They appear to be quite new, too," remarked the Staff Captain thoughtfully. "Come to breakfast!"

On their way back they found the Brigadier, the Machine-Gun Officer, and the Padre, gazing silently upward.

"I wonder when that corner of the house got knocked off," the M.G.O. was observing.

"Fairly recently, I should say," replied the Brigadier.

"Those marks beside your bedroom window, sir—they look pretty fresh!" interpolated the Padre, a sincere but somewhat tactless Christian.

Brigade Headquarters regarded one another with dubious smiles.

"I wonder," began a tentative voice, "if those fellows last night were indulging in a leg-pull—what is called in this country a *tire-jambe*—when they assured us——"

WHOO-OO-OO-OO-UMP!

A shell came shrieking over the tree-tops, and fell with a tremendous splash into the geometrical centre of the lake, fifty yards away.

For the next two hours, shrapnel, whizz-bangs, Silent Susies, and other explosive wild-fowl raged round the walls of Hush Hall. The inhabitants thereof, some twenty persons in all, were gathered

in various apartments on the lee side.

"It is still possible," remarked the Brigadier, lighting his pipe, "that they are not aiming at us. However, it is just as inconvenient to be buried by accident as by design. As soon as the first direct hit is registered upon this imposing fabric, we will retire to the dug-outs. Send word to the kitchen that every one is to be ready to clear out of the house when necessary."

Next moment there came a resounding crash, easily audible above the tornado raging in the garden, followed by the sound of splintering glass. Hush Hall rooked. The Mess waiter appeared.

"A shell has just came in through the dining-room window, sirr," he informed the Mess President, "and broke three of they new cups!"

"How tiresome!" said the Brigadier. "Dug-outs, everybody!"

V.

There were no casualties, which was rather miraculous. Late in the afternoon Brigade Headquarters ventured upon another stroll in the garden. The tumult had ceased, and the setting Sabbath sun glowed peacefully upon the battered countenance of Hush Hall. The damage was not very extensive, for the house was stoutly built. Still, two bedrooms, recently occupied, were a wreck of broken glass and splintered plaster, while the gravel outside was littered with lead sheeting and twisted chimney-cans. The shell which had aroused the indignation of the Mess waiter by entering

the dining-room window, had in reality hit the ground directly beneath it. Six feet higher, and the Brigadier's order to clear the house would have been entirely superfluous.

The Brigade Major and the Staff Captain surveyed the unruffled surface of the lake—a haunt of ancient peace in the rays of the setting sun. Upon the bosom thereof floated a single, majestic, one-eyed swan, performing intricate toilet exercises. It was Edgar.

"He must have a darned good dug-out somewhere!" observed the Brigade Major enviously.

(To be continued.)

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCIV.

FEBRUARY 1916.

VOL. CXCIX.

SIX MONTHS IN THE DARDANELLES.

BY ZACHABONA.

I. THE PRELIMINARIES.

THERE was snow on the ground when we mobilised at the Tower of London, and there were enemy submarines in the Bristol Channel when we groped out of Avonmuth in a slight fog. An officer told me confidentially that our address would be "British Expeditionary Force, Mediterranean," but it was not until we were almost in Biscay that some one started the whisper "Dardanelles." A corporal reported the matter (unofficially) to the ship's sergeant-major, the warrant-officers' mess masticated the idea with their late dinner, and next morning the blessed word was skilfully but casually dropped into the ship's adjutant's ear. He—the sceptic!—merely paused to say "Rot!" and went on dictating the order for the day. Personally, I recalled a green poster I had seen a night or two before out-

side Piccadilly Tube Station, which said, "British Fleet in Action in the Dardanelles," but at that particular moment, when everybody's mind was bent on the great spring offensive almost due in France, it seemed impossible and more that a fresh expeditionary force was setting out for a destination so far overseas, and that we were the advance-guard of that force. Could it be that we were going to swell the garrison in Egypt? Too many Generals and red tabs on board. Long before Malta we had exhausted most of the theories, and resigned ourselves with the reflection that "ours was not to reason why." But, impatient enough, we wished we knew a little more about the job in hand.

The day after we left Malta—where I lunched delightfully

in two languages with a French sailor, and for my pains was shown the real inside of one of their battleships, from the wireless room below the water-line to the topmost gun-turret—we came in sight of a coast-line, low and apparently somewhat rugged. It could not be Africa, since it was on our port side, and as far as a small atlas could tell us, it could only be one other place, unless we had performed some remarkable evolutions in the night. Greatly daring (as I now see), I approached the Chief Engineer and asked him what cape it was I could see on our port bow. "That," said he, "is Cape Matapan." And the coast, of course, was Corinth. So then there was no more doubt in anybody's mind what was afoot, the Generals and "red tabs" unlocked their tongues a little, and the devil of unrest seized the rest of us, and made every shipboard day until the journey's end drearily long and unprofitable. We longed to be "getting on with it," whatever it was.

Tuesday of the first week in March saw us outside the island of Lemnos, one of the most northerly in the Archipelago. In the absence of any guiding buoys we sounded our way slowly up a channel between two long headlands. So narrow is the head of this channel that what lies beyond is withheld from you until you slip through and find yourself in one of the most perfect land-locked harbours you could well imagine, ringed round with

sheltering hills. And it held a surprise for us that morning.

"Is the whole British fleet here, then?" some one asked, in the first flush of astonishment.

"Yes, *and* the French!" said some one else.

Amongst other things we saw a wireless station already erected, and more ships of all sizes and purpose than we had the patience to count. I should think we steamed a mile and a half up the bay to our anchorage—which gives some idea of the capacity of what is now called Mudros harbour.

Having heard the anchor-chain rattle down, we looked at each other and at the fleet of warships and transports, and asked or thought, "Well, what next?" This, I must remind the reader, was early in March. The first thing to do was to get some news. It was a difficult matter, and we frequently grumbled that folk at home very likely knew all that was happening, while we, who were next door to being on the spot, knew nothing. The flagship at that time, if I remember right, was H.M.S. *Hussar*, and it will therefore be understood that there was no more popular daily caller at our gangway than the *Hussar's* picket-boat. How we plied them with our questions—many of them seeming idiotic to the sailors, but we had been nigh a fortnight at sea—and how they trifled with our enthusiasms! And then, one great day, we heard that the *Hussar* was lending us a picket-boat, and that the

crew would feed aboard our vessel and return to the flag-ship every night. Never was a crew more studiously looked after! For reward we had the privilege, after the early morning trip, of seating the coxswain in a corner and squeezing him of his news. Alas! it was whiles doleful enough, such as the morning he brought us tidings of the *Ocean's* fate and then the *Irresistible's*. But he generally had a crumb of comfort.

"Any news of the forts, cox?" we would ask him.

"Yes, they've had another go at Sedd-el-Bahr, and Kum-Kale's a lump o' history by now, as ye might say. Narrows is next, but them blasted mines. . . ."

"All very well, cox, but you Navy fellows are having all the fun here. Where do we come in?"

"Oh, you," said the cox, drawing his hand slowly across his wizened mouth, to hide a smile, I believe,—“you're a luxury out here, as it were. But I wouldn't lose any sleep over it if I were you.”

Followed a spell of maddening inactivity. We knew so little, and so much was happening. Transports kept pouring in, and warships kept moving out—and coming back with the dawn. Though 40 miles from the mouth of the Dardanelles, we sometimes heard them at work, and if we did not—well, our cox did his best to fill in the blank. As well as we could, we had to content ourselves with the mild exoite-

ment of a pull to shore in the ship's boats and a short route-march. One day two of us went exploring. There was a ridge of hills that had fascinated us, and we longed to see beyond, so away we went in the picket-boat one fine Sunday morning, and landed at Port Mudros, which is on the east side of the bay.

The landing-stage, which at that time looked like a heap of decrepit fish-creels, was a scene of bustle and industry very puzzling to the natives. With something like bewilderment in their faces they stood around, some in goatskin jackets in addition to the peasant dress of bloomers and very elegant hose, watching the Australians and the French disembarking flour and running the sacks up the temporary tramway in trolleys to their respective camps. The French seemed never to take off their dove-blue greatcoats, even in the hottest noon, yet they worked hard and kept cheerful withal.

On our left, as we climbed the road to Port Mudros village, was the British camp, set amid some windmills. Passing the Consul's house, with its staring blue front, we entered the village, and at once encountered the usual enterprising native merchant. All the world over this is the type which believes that the soldier lives by milk chocolate and Sunlight soap, for he never by any accident has anything else to sell. We successfully overbore this attack, only to be invited, a few yards farther on, to get

drunk on penny glasses of what the label said was "Koniac." Escape lay in the direction of the local church. As we passed in, we noticed an Australian tied up to a post: first taste of Field Punishment No. I. Inside the church, which was a square building, and twice the size of any village kirk I know, we were permitted to light a taper. We first made our offerings, over which or some other trifle the two functionaries at the door (the beadle and the senior elder I took them to be) talked with quarrelsome voices all the time we were inside. For ten minutes we trod the tiled floor, noticed the marble etoeteras, and looked with curiosity at the panels, which I took to be oleographs. Then we came outside into the squalor of the dwelling-houses, which seemed also to be hen-runs and pig-sties combined. A group of frowsy women watched us from a mud doorstep. We took to the baked fields.

Rough-going for half a mile brought us to the beginning of our climb. We bent our backs to it, but not before remarking that neither bush nor tree broke the barren slope. Half-way up, a Greek shepherd lad was tootling an air, with the sheep-bells for a clangorous orchestra. Wrapt in his reedy solo, he let us past without a glance. I have rarely been rewarded with such a prospect as burst upon us at the top. Some scenes in the Galloway hills rivalled it in my mind's eye, but for range this view was wonderful. Naturally, our first search was for

the Gallipoli peninsula, which, however, was ten miles too far away to be distinct. But we saw the Samothracian peaks with their snow-caps on, the mountains of Imbros, too, and in another direction the hill-spires of the Balkan mainland. It was a noble sight, like being in a balloon, especially when we looked down on the British Fleet in the bay below, lying like so many toy boats in a bath. We were loth to leave the spot, but a slightly higher hill beyond attracted us, and a nullah gave us easy passage. We found ourselves forestalled by a party of naval officers, and I thought I recognised Rupert Brooke. In after days, when we talked of his lamented death, we liked to think that he had that view ere he quested for vaster prospects. May his soul sing for ever!

Coming down a bridle-path to the fields below, we chanced upon a little stone hut with open door. Inside we found a stone-flagged floor, a wooden bench, a tiny altar, and an ikon in the window. No habitation of any sort stood near it. It was less than a mile from the village. After much speculation we wrote it off a dissenters' meeting-place. Passing through the village to the quay, a band of Zouaves, their arms linked, met us in the way. They broke off their "Carmen" song to give us a happy "B'jour, m'sieurs," which we as happily returned. They were singing again next moment. A glad sight on a glad day.

Late that night we had word

that a large working-party we had sent ashore was marooned in a lighter on a sandbank, the picket-boat towing it being also stuck fast. It looked like a night's lodging in the open for our eighty odd men, but we manned the ship's boats with soldier crews and set off to the rescue. My boat had four oars. It was a hard pull, for they were a goodish way out, the night as black as a tunnel, and the exercise was unusual to the scratch crew. By means of a variety of hails into the night, answered all too flip-pantly from the lighter, we located them at last and pulled alongside. It was plain what had happened. The picket-boat had grounded first, and then the lighter, with the way she had on her, ran out her tow-length and up the bank. We were greeted uproariously by the marooned military.

"Don't mind us," was one expression of Cockney ingratitude, "we was just gettin' aht to wade back." We cut their cackle for them, and ordered so many into each boat. It took us till midnight to get them off, and we were all dog-tired with rowing, but it was a pleasant little diversion at a time when "to do" was the prime need of all of us.

Another diversion was a three days' storm, with appropriate equinoctial gales, which gave us the chance of tasting some real Navy weather in the picket-boat. More than one of the gentlemen of the Staff, whose duties took them out and about in the harbour, paid toll to those heavy seas, which,

land-locked though we were, raced funnel-high for the best part of a week. Ships' boats were smashed to matchwood against the side, lighters drifted ashore, and one Union Castle liner only escaped beaching at the head of the bay by the superb seamanship of her captain. The experience should have been a lesson in the treachery of the sea in these parts, yet similar storms long afterwards found us unprepared, and with how much more at stake! But that in its proper place.

Thus and thus we whiled away the weeks of waiting—a tedious, anxious, gnawing time, when nobody did any work to speak of, because nobody knew exactly what was required of him. Nobody knew that Sir Ian Hamilton had arrived at Tenedos (between us and the Peninsula), and made those fateful reconnaissances he afterwards so finely described. And so, too, nobody had the faintest idea why we all suddenly turned our bows towards Egypt and sailed away. It seemed the strangest proceeding. It was also the wisest and boldest, as things were, if a humble observer may presume to say so. I have heard it said with bitterness that it ruined the ultimate success of the expedition. I venture to affirm that it was the salvation of the initial landing, which otherwise simply must have been an ignominious failure.

By a fortunate chance our boat put in at Port Said instead of Alexandria. This

gave us an opportunity to see the Canal in a state of defence, for it was not long after the abortive Turkish attack, and although the trenches were empty, the men were not far away. Nine hours in the train across the delta land brought us to Alexandria, which was full of American sailors airing pro-German sentiments over their drinks. That sort of thing cost them more than one cracked skull in the ensuing weeks, when British and Australian soldiers were present to hear them. Of course,

most of it was simply braggadocio, and the officers whom we met disclaimed the silly pranks of their men; but it caused a good deal of unpleasantness in the town, for our men were in no mood to stand that kind of "ragging."

In Alexandria we settled down to the hard grind of final preparations—very exacting parades, inspections, administrative arrangements, and the thousand and one things that were necessary. The Great Day was at hand.

II. THE LANDING.

Alexandria was like an oven, and the swarm of "red tabs" did not add to the comfort of the place. (You have to be so mighty particular with the Staff about.) I was passing the Bourse one afternoon with a friend when we encountered two of the "brass hats." Our salute was cordially acknowledged by the senior, a sparse-built man, whose jutting chin as he strode along at a great pace was almost the only feature of his face you noticed.

"About the first cheerful brass hat I've come across," commented my friend. "A General, too." Which seemed to surprise him the more.

"Yes," I said; "and if you'd been in the habit of improving your mind with the picture papers you'd have recognised the C.-in-C."

"Say, my puttees even?"

"You're safe now," I told

him; "the C.-in-C. never looks back, they say."

Which was to be corroborated.

Sir Ian Hamilton stayed about a week; and when the redistribution of troops to transports was complete he was off again to Lemnos, there to confer with the Navy on the how and the when. We who followed him at a week's distance well remember the voyage for the *Manitou* incident, among other things. Our ship was not within sight of the affair, though we had a taste of it the same night; but I had the whole story from a Scots skipper I know. He was in it, and rather enjoyed it.

"Our rendezvous," he told me, "was Skyros [S.W. of Lemnos], and we were nearly there when we picked up a wireless message saying that enemy torpedo craft was about.

I had an Armoured Car Squadron on board, so we were ready for anything that tackled us above water with machine-guns ranged along the sides. The next message we got was that the *Royal George* had been attacked. Well, she was just up ahead of me, with part of the Naval Division on board. That message proved to be an error, though. The *Manitou* was meant, and three torpedoes were fired—every one of which, as you know, missed. There must have been a bit of a turn-up on board, because when we came up—and we had our boats slung out ready—there was any amount of flotsam about—boards, poles, empty petrol-drums, all things likely to float.

“Meanwhile the torpedo-boat (it wasn’t a submarine) had fled for the Asiatic side; but the *Kennet* and another of our destroyers were already racing to cut off the enemy’s retreat, which they succeeded in doing and finally forced her to run aground. The crew, I believe, were mostly Germans, though it was a Turkish destroyer.

“But we had a second surprise to come. When we got into Skyros harbour there was the *Canopus* and several others within ten miles of the affair. And, to crown all, it came out that the Turkish destroyer had been picked up by our signal station, and was seen to be flying the French or Russian flag,—I forget which. That was how she got so close to the *Manitou*—too close, as it

happened, to fire her torpedoes accurately.”

This was the captain’s story. I suppose we shall never know exactly in what danger our fleet of transports stood during that critical time; but it can hardly be doubted that the destroyer which was so effectually put out of action had several submarine or other accomplices in the neighbourhood. Which brings me to the experience we had on board the *Southland* (formerly known to us as the *Vadderland*). The troops on board were the 1st Battalion King’s Own Scottish Borderers, destined for such great deeds before the moon waned, and various Staff details. It was our second night out from Alexandria, and we were in the channel a little to the N.W. of Patmos, which we had seen in passing that afternoon. We had not been out of sight of some island or other all day, and we had decided that every one of them was a glorious bolt-hole for a submarine. It would be about 9 P.M. when some strollers on the promenade deck noticed a small craft racing towards us from the lee of a group of islands on the port side. Somebody voiced the thought which was in all our minds, that it was very likely the marine apache we had all secretly expected. And with that the ship’s engines slowed and stopped. That looked serious, and I think our pulses throbbed a little faster, those of us who stood there by the

rail, watching the approach of —what? In the ship itself there was now absolute stillness. Many had gone to bed. We—a dozen of us—waited in an agony. Yet it was only the agony of being kept in suspense, for if a torpedo had struck us then, I do not believe there would have been any panic, which is the highest compliment I can offer to the 1st Batt. K.O.S.B.'s, whose fine bearing and perfect discipline were to be relied on then as after when they led the way to the slopes of Achi Baba.

The first thing to break the stillness of the starry night was the click-y-click of the signal lamp on the bridge. We saw it was signalling to something on our starboard side. Hurrying round we were all considerably astonished to see the lights and shape of a cruiser cutting across our bows. We went back to see the fun, but there was none, for as soon as the cruiser's lights came in sight, the mystery boat turned tail and ran. A hot pursuit began, and we left them to it and went to get particulars. Apparently, about the same time as we sighted the craft on the port side, H.M.S. *Dartmouth* had flashed us a signal saying, "Stand fast, I am crossing your bows to examine unknown vessel." That explained the sudden stoppage of the engines. The rest we had seen—our signal in acknowledgment and the beginning of the chase. So we filled our pipes and sat down to await events. It never

occurred to us till long after that we made a fairish target for any other apache who might be about, lying there with hardly any way on us at all. It was two hours before the *Dartmouth* came back; and will it be believed that, though consumed with expectation of an exciting story, all we got out of her was "Proceed on your course!" We called it mean and a heap of other things, and went to bed.

Next day was Sunday, and we took part in a church parade that none of us still spared is likely to forget. The chaplain's words about the one thing certain in our uncertain future went straight to the heart of you somehow, and we all stood with tight lips. Exactly a week later, at the same hour, great bursts of shrapnel were spraying the majority of that congregation with bullets, and they were acquitting themselves like men, being strong, though I much doubt if a single company could now be raised out of what remains of that fine battalion.

Sunday, April 25, came to us in Mudros harbour in a dawn of liquid gold that gave a sparkle and a freshness to the air, very invigorating for the high adventure of the day. I had been awakened in my stuffy cabin by the deep booming of the gong which was our submarine alarm, and coming on deck clad in pyjamas and life-belt, had found the harbour nearly empty of craft and ourselves getting under way. The scene at the boat stations was

in some respects amusing. Senior officers in charge of boats were taking the roll-call, uniform—pyjamas and topees; two or three Generals and Colonels, much swollen by their patent life-saving waistcoats, loitered near their allotted boats, disgusted with an adjutant who could conceive the idea of a sham alarm before breakfast; sergeant-majors and suchlike expeditiously did their jobs, and the rest of us chattered our teeth. We were now outside the island, and heading N.E. for the Peninsula. We were once more briefly coached in what to do if “anything happened”—it was so the submarine danger was always referred to—and then we all trooped off to breakfast as a dull rolling sound came down the wind. “Listen! they’re off,” said somebody. “Yes, and in an hour we’re in it.” “Meanwhile, what about porridge and marmalade?” We could see nothing as yet, so why get excited?

It was a pleasant morning, calm as to the sea and warm overhead. Dark wisps of smoke above the horizon ahead of us told of transports and warships on the move. And ever the angry mutterings in the air grew louder. The towering outline of Imbros appeared on our port, and with that we began to see the flashes of the naval guns. It was now only a question of how near we should get, and as it was not our fortune to be of the actual landing-party, our chances seemed poor enough. But we

need not have worried ourselves; it was to fall out that each and all got a fair share and more of the events of that fateful day.

Slowly now, but sure of her way, our ship steamed in among the other transports already at anchor off Cape Helles. Many of them were busy disgoring troops into small trawlers, lighters, horse-boats, and the like. Others were by now empty, with orders to “stand by.” Nearer the shore than the transports were the battleships, and it was (to our great joy) actually in the battle line that our ship came to rest for the time being. We saw everything—the air roared, the land ahead seemed to be spouting great earth and gas clouds where our shells burst, and presently—could it be, that splash near by?—yes, we observed with much satisfaction that they were shelling us—WE WERE UNDER FIRE!

The novelty of the latter experience and of the noise generally wore off incredibly soon, and we settled down to mark the progress of the day. Our binoculars and our maps claimed us, and for the next ten hours of daylight we were never far away from either.

I made it my first concern to discover if and where a landing had been effected. It was a difficult matter. Towards Sedd-el-Bahr (where the forts were beginning to reek with bursting shells) I saw a transport with her nose well up the beach. This was the *River Clyde*, then in the act of letting loose out of her

riven side those unspeakably gallant men of the Munster, Dublin, and other regiments, whom Col. Doughty - Wyllie (amongst us only the day before) afterwards led to the capture of a strong redoubt and to his death.

Between us and the *River Clyde*, in the lee of the low scrubby cliffs, I could make out a flag-pole and a dark cluster on the beach round about it. This was the point of assembly, "W" Beach, imperishably christened Lancashire Landing, to commemorate the daring of those Lancashire regiments which won through here. Gradually a movement became noticeable. The cluster spread out, took the nearest dunes at a run, disappeared—and a crackling undercurrent in the din of big guns firing was all that told of a fierce charge and the first trenches won. All the while the little trawlers, the tug-boats, and the lighters full of the finest soldiers, went agitatedly to and fro through a deluge of bullets, which splashed the water with a hiss like the rain that comes with thunder.

There was now the naval fire to note, and I never expect to see anything so enthralling as my half-hour's close observation of it. Just at first the *Implacable* had been firing with great accuracy quite close to us, but they had the misfortune of a "premature," which we heard had put one turret out of action and explained why this ship had to leave the line. The *Dublin*, standing a little

out to sea, was playing great havoc with the town of Krithia, while on our other hand the *Triumph* (or it may have been the *Swiftsure*, I could never tell the difference, with that high, arching crane across the middle of each of them), *Queen, London*, and *Euryalus* were raising earth-clouds on Achi Baba. Nearer the mouth of the Narrows the bulk of the Fleet had concentrated, which allowed them free fire on Kum-Kale (on the Asiatic side), Sedd-el-Bahr, or Achi Baba as necessity arose. Besides our own ships in this area, several French cruisers could be distinguished by the "cows" on the funnels, and also the Russian cruiser *Askold*, familiarly known to us as "the packet of Woodbines," by reason of her five slim funnels!

Watching the *Dublin's* shots, one had a first impression of siege warfare. My view of the Peninsula off "W" Beach extended from the Sedd-el-Bahr forts along the coast to the higher cliffs at "Y" Beach, and inland as far as Achi Baba. I had therefore a clear view of Krithia, which I first noticed as a collection of whitewashed houses, with here and there a blue front and a red roof. The white dome of a small mosque could be made out, and behind that, on the rising ground of Achi Baba, some windmills. This, then, was the place the *Dublin* centred her attention upon. Her ranging shots were just beyond the town, but once she had corrected herself, she poured shell after shell for the next ninety minutes into the

entrenched town. Sometimes it was a black cloud that spurted up where the shell burst, and sometimes a terracotta or yellow, but whatever the hue of the resultant explosion, every shell did its work, and I could see whole houses being disintegrated, gables coming down solid, and generally demolition everywhere. It gave an eerie feeling, this first glimpse of war's ravages. After a brief lull, which the observer filled in by imagining a wireless message, the *Dublin* roared out again with shrapnel, which burst over the stricken town with a flash and a puff of white, and indicated that Turkish troops must either be concentrating on or retreating through Krithia.

Meanwhile, from different points, a steady, heavy, unnerving fire was maintained on the hill and also on the forts at the cape. As far as we could see, the Turkish guns were not replying as they might have been expected to do. Shells were dropping in the water round about us certainly, perhaps one in fifteen minutes, but the fort guns seemed to be silent, so these were supposed to come from Achi Baba. Which was annoying, because if ever a position was literally battered out of recognition by shell fire, Achi Baba was that same; and how any gun emplacements could live through such a series of earthquakes as were made to happen all round the flat summit of that wholly unimposing hill quite nonplussed us. But they had, for messages began to come in

that the fire from Achi Baba was worrying the right flank, and so on. As the warships started excavating again with high explosives, we said to each other: "It will be interesting when we get Achi Baba to see how they had the guns hidden." After a lapse of six months, when I am still looking at Achi Baba from the wrong side, I repeat it *will* be interesting. We have a theory that the hill is honeycombed in tiers, and that the guns are loaded at the back, run through to the front and fired, and perhaps slid along a trolley into some new gallery to be loaded afresh! I shall hardly be saying anything more than the obvious when I state that six months' intermittent bombardment has made absolutely no impression on the inscrutable face of Achi Baba.

It is no time to dwell on what might have been, but I cannot deny myself mention of the fact that we were actually on the slopes of Achi Baba that first day, thanks to the dauntless K. O. S. B.'s, who pushed through from "Y" Beach to Krithia almost unopposed, fought their way through the ruins on to the farther slopes, — and then, owing to lack of supports, marched all the way back again under a devastating fire. In the advance the battalion's losses were small; coming back they were dreadfully punished, and eventually dug themselves in on the seaward side of Krithia to meet a force of at least five times their number. Here Colonel Koe was killed

next morning, and with the Adjutant (Captain Marrow) and many other officers and hundreds of the men already casualties, the battalion was but a remnant of its former self when it re-embarked for "W" Beach, having, it was said, successfully diverted the attention of the Turks from the advance on the right flank.

"Could you have done anything else?" I asked a Scottish Borderer, as we sat in the scrub looking towards the hill long afterwards.

Very deliberately he took his pipe from his mouth, though he kept his dour eyes on the position under discussion.

"Ah believe," said he, "properly reinforced in the rear, we could 'a taken Achi Baba by 12 noon on the day o' the landin'."

This is the opinion of a serving soldier, one of the 80 odd men still alive who won to the gently-rising slopes of this formidable position, a bone in our throat these six deadly months—and still there.

It would be shortly after midday, while the bombardment was still raging, that the hospital ship *Sicilia* came up and put close in near "W" Beach. Through the glasses I could see the sand near the landing-place speckled with dark objects. These were the first stretcher cases, and they had to be embarked on the ship. The difficulty of this task, with the beach under incessant fire, either from Achi Baba or the Asiatic hillside, may more easily be imagined

than I can describe it. After a time the hospital ship put to sea with all speed, and we met her later in the day, lingering near Rabbit Island, like a thing disconsolate seeking solitude for her sorrow. Her flag was at half-mast, so we lowered ours as we passed on towards the Peninsula; and we learned afterwards that what we had saluted was the burial of Brig.-General Napier, one of the first out of the landing-boats.

The naval fire slackened a little towards mid-afternoon, when one or two facts emerged out of the general inferno of noise and effort, namely: (1) The landings at "V" and "W" Beaches by the 29th Division under Major-General Hunter Weston had been miraculously successful, in view of the elaborate defensive measures prepared for our reception. These latter included, besides the usual barbed-wire contraptions—but such barbed-wire as nobody had ever seen before!—beach traps and contact mines where our men had to leave the boats and wade ashore. Also, the Turkish trenches along the cliff-top were the most finished articles that any army could have turned out, being 10 ft. deep in places and proofed overhead. It was like storming the Embankment out of Thames barges, with the enemy comfortably ensconced with his guns on the second floor of the Savoy, only it was worse than that. So much, then, for the miraculous landing. (2) The Turks having been drawn off by the costly diversion of

the K.O.S.B.'s on the left flank, it became necessary to make good our footing at the cape, and especially to clear out the Turkish remnants in Sedd-el-Bahr, which the French were to occupy. (3) The Australians were credited with a spirited dash inland at Gaba Tepe, farther than was at all safe for their communications. This proved to be a fairly accurate statement of events, though it did the Colonials rather less than justice: a wireless station two miles inland was, they understood, one of the first things to be made possible, and make it possible they did, as far as the mere mileage was concerned. Like the K.O.S.B.'s, they had to suffer the mortification of a retreat, and then dispute with the enemy whether he was to have the privilege of driving them at the bayonet's point into the sea.

This was the general situation as we understood it at four o'clock that afternoon. News was plentiful, but information scarce, so one believed what one could, and kept a sharp look-out.

My first sight of the *Queen Elizabeth* in action was about this time, when she appeared within half a mile of us, manoeuvring into position for the final onslaught on the Sedd-el-Bahr forts. The sound of her first 15-in. shot shook us all up a bit. After that we felt we could never mistake the crack of doom. Down the line the other big guns began to bark, and their terrific fire was seen to converge on Sedd-

el-Bahr, so we knew we were seeing the last of the fortress, even as we watched the high smooth walls crumbling feebly into debris. As far as we could see towards the mouth of the Dardanelles, black shapes against the Asiatic shore were spitting out their fire-flashes and muttering like remote thunder. And Sedd-el-Bahr was rapidly becoming a gigantic rubbish-heap. It was dusk soon after 5, and as the night-clouds drew up over us, and signal lamps began to wink from shore to ship, a flame shot up amid the ruins of the fort, and licked its tongue round the wreckage till the whole heart of what had that day been Sedd-el-Bahr glowed like live coal. Only dimly could we see the land ahead of us now, but out of the darkness of the night came the never-ceasing crackle of rifle fire and the spluttering note of the machine-gun. Now and then a star-shell went up like a sigh out of the earth, then broke into an all-revealing gleam of electric blue or thinnest red. Darkness again, but a darkness full of noise of battle. So the night wore on.

Before I lay down for what sleep was possible, I read Sir Ian Hamilton's message, as there had been no time all day. It was addressed "Soldiers of France and of the King," and ran as follows:—

"Before us lies an adventure unprecedented in modern War. Together with our comrades of the Fleet we are about to

force a landing upon an open beach in face of positions which have been vaunted by our enemies as impregnable.

"The landing will be made good, by the help of God and the Navy; the positions will be stormed, and the war brought one step nearer to a glorious close.

"Remember," said Lord Kitchener, when bidding adieu

to your Commander, 'Remember, once you set foot upon the Gallipoli Peninsula, you must fight the thing through to a finish.'

"The whole world will be watching our progress. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the great feat of arms entrusted to us.

"IAN HAMILTON,
"General."

III. SETTLING DOWN.

We got our orders from the *Queen Elizabeth* next morning, while she was participating in the bombardment of the positions above Anzac Cove. The place was not so known at that time. We knew it chiefly as Gaba Tepe and Fisherman's Hut. But the first batch of christenings gave us Anzac (the initials, I need hardly explain, of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps), as well as Lancashire Landing, and Fort Doughty-Wyllie at the Sedd-el-Bahr end. We steamed up the coast to Anzac at the first sign of day, when already the spits of gun fire were piercing the mist like sudden jets of gas in a dark room. The sun came wanly up behind the Turkish lines. Almost from the beach steep and ever denser cliffs of scrub sprang away inland, fissured pretty freely by difficult-looking gullies, through which the barest path seemed only possible. Not a sign of any movement could we see anywhere, except where bursting shells announced themselves in

fan-tails of rock, bush, and sand hurled upward. Minus these the landscape looked like many a little cove along the Cornish north coast, a trifle bleaker perhaps in the grey haze. The din was almost equal to that at Helles, and certainly the industry about the beaches was as great. Troops were still being landed, and now there was the added necessity of hurrying stores, ammunition, &c., ashore. Meanwhile, big naval guns were having their say, and gradually one was able to note where our field-pieces came into action—though how in a single night they had got them to such craggy heights beat us and made us glad. From the Turkish positions on the Sari Bahr ridge we were all within range, and it was a lively occupation to watch the spouting columns of water of the shells that generally missed their mark but were always excitingly near. Presently, with a scream like the Scotch express coming down from Beattock Summit, a new note

struck into the deep music of battle, and the man in the yellow balloon high above our heads signalled that the *Goeben* was in action away over in the Sea of Marmora. Her shells—9.2" it was thought—livened things up for the warships and transports at Anzac Cove, but when she knew we had the range of her, thanks to the Omniscient Being in the balloon, she discreetly crept under the shelter of the nearest cliffs. Splendidly supported by the Indian Mountain Artillery and by their own reserves landed that morning, the Australians had easily broken the back of their task of the moment, which was to hold on and give no inch of ground. It was a near thing, however—how near may be appreciated when I mention that at one period all transports were called up and ordered to prepare to re-embark troops. That such a calamity was averted must be ascribed to nothing but the steel-true courage of the Anzac warriors, for none knew better than they that they were within an ace of extinction. It was not only that they were fighting with their backs to the wall—they were fighting with their backs to the sea!

Our orders took us with all speed to the island of Tenedos, and though it was an unexpected treat to go to this spot of classic renown, every moment away from the Peninsula while the landing was still being hotly contested seemed a waste, and we were glad to be back at Helles by the after-

noon. Tenedos must therefore stand over until another time.

The scene in the track of any advancing army is wonderful enough, but surely never was there a week of such feverish effort as set in for us that Monday, when the beach was advanced base, rail-head, and rendezvous all in one, and a step from the beach took you into the trenches. Of course, the very first thing to do when you got ashore was to find yourself a hole. I shall not say a dug-out, because it took the Turks a day or two to get used to us, and not till their shell fire began to slacken was it possible to evolve the dug-out from the deep scrape which had somehow served. There was then an outbreak of the most wonderful and fantastic cave-dwellings ever thought of, culminating in a terrace of very desirable underground residences, "sea view," and all, rejoicing in the address "Home Place." And so, with somewhere to give a certain amount of shelter when Achi Baba or "Annie of Asia" (that elusive battery of the Asiatic heights) made life insupportable, it was possible to get on.

From the beginning obstacles simply sprang up around us. Everything was lacking except the spirit to overcome difficulties, and of that, thank God, there was ample. We had learned in our military manuals—many of which looked supremely foolish from the beach at Cape Helles—that a most important factor

in military adventure was proper utilisation of local resources. We remembered this, and looked about us—and lifted our eyes to heaven. Local resources were nil. Thus it was driven in that first week, and never forgotten, I think, in all the succeeding months, that, however we fared, the country we had invaded would give us no help.

Every man had landed with two days' iron rations and a full water-bottle. It was as well, for of course we were on the second day's rations before anything approaching sufficient stores had been got ashore. Even then every single box that came out of the lighters had to be man-handled right up the beach to the field depot in the first instance, and subsequently by whatever means offered in the night-time up to the troops ahead. Ammunition was subject to the same treatment, and let it be judged whether the beach working-parties were wrong in often wishing themselves over the dunes in the trenches—for a rest. As the days slipped past, the Turks shelled the beach less continuously, and at the end of ten days they reduced the thing to a matter of routine, and gave us two performances, at 11 and 5, with occasionally a brisk *entr'acte*. This suited us very well on the whole, and generally made for an increased volume of work being done during the night, to which our enemy took only occasional objection. The battery on the Asiatic side gave

more trouble than anything else. Its waspish conduct was never to be relied on, and the only consolation we had for labours interrupted was the malicious satisfaction its "never-nevers" gave us—that is, the big percentage of its shells which failed to explode. We saw various attempts being made by the warships to silence our "Annie of Asia," but, woman-like, she had the last word in the end of all, and I think the Navy got disgusted wasting ammunition on her. There were three long escarpments on the Asiatic side, and we always suspected that the battery worked from these, but it was never caught.

It very soon became apparent, with the realisation of the magnitude of the task before us and our numerical deficiencies, that so much military labour for the beach could not be spared, and so a band of Greeks was imported. They were recruited in the islands of the Ægean, Mitylene especially, and numbered about a battalion. With the coming of the Greeks fresh beach troubles began. They were accommodated in a special compound along the cliffs on our left, and soon stories began to find their way round of strange lights signalling after dark. Double guards and special watches were detailed, but nothing was ever brought home to the Greeks—at least, nothing definite, though there was ample ground for suspicion. Somehow or other accurate information was always being conveyed to the Turks as to

the exact location of our various depots, ordnance stores, and aeroplane camps, for these were repeatedly singled out for bombardment. The Greek labourers, of course, denied complicity, and went leisurely about their work, disappearing in a body when the shelling started and in calm times working fairly well. They were always well under observation of the Intelligence Department, and so probably their opportunities of betraying their employers were few enough. At first, some of them may have found their way to the Turkish lines after completing their contract of one month, but this was soon made impossible by the simple expedient of packing all the time-expired labourers over to the island of Tenedos, where they remained a week or so before they were given transport back to their islands. Even here, however, they sometimes gave trouble, and a friend of my own saw a small rowing-boat, containing two Greeks fresh from Helles, rammed by a patrol-boat while trying to make the Asiatic coast with information for the Turks.

Not the least memorable of our experiences with the Greeks during the early stage of the campaign was a strike which they declared about the end of May. Needless to say the question in dispute was money. It was settled in a strictly military manner, as dislocation of the supply services at that time could not be allowed. The Greeks did not seem to have much of a grievance.

They were actually being paid at a higher rate than our own Tommies, and fed with practically the same amount of rations. It was really only the proverbial Greek greed, of which we were to see a good deal during the grilling days of summer.

The whole episode had shown the Staff the necessity of securing our position against such unforeseeable circumstances as labour squabbles on the beach, and accordingly a spurt was made to lay in a margin of reserve in every kind of store, as well as ammunition. The erection of a suitable pier, which had been discussed on the second or third day after the landing and then let drift, was again taken up, as also the question of a tram or trolley line from the beach up to the advanced positions. How this had been neglected so long nobody on the spot exactly knew; we all thought that *somebody* had the thing in hand, and while we waited for its coming, we read of the Japanese at Tsing-Tao, "how, almost simultaneously with the landing of their troops, they put ashore materials for building a light railway, temporary shelters, piers, &c. So rapidly were repairs effected that it would seem as though they had spare parts present for every portion, no matter how minute, of the military machine."

This was not cheerful reading when we came to make comparisons with our position as it was then, and perhaps it was as well that a series of

violent "scraps" about this time took our mind away from our difficulties to the one thing that mattered—the assault on Achi Baba. The 29th Division was being daily reinforced by the 52nd (Lowland) Division and the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division, which with the Royal Naval Division and the Indian Brigade afterwards comprised the 8th Army Corps.

These reinforcing Divisions were for the most part Territorials, and I know there was a deal of apprehension in many a breast to see how they would acquit themselves. They never did but magnificently all the time; and if there remain only a few battalions with even remnants of their former strength to show, it is because of the initiative they always took in those early days. They sacrificed themselves so selflessly that they were a constant inspiration to those who had borne the brunt since the day of landing, not excluding our French comrades on the right, who were manifestly impressed. We at Helles had the heavy end of the stick at this time, and it is the glorious and yet tragic index to the career of the 8th Corps that they almost invariably attacked and captured one more trench than they were intended to, with results that must often have been simply heart-breaking to our commanders. Every man who survives the Dardanelles carries in his mind the only epitaph there can ever be for our dead lying there between the fatal hill and the sea:

"They never hesitated." One instance will suffice. It was the night after a big attack, when the clear-eyed heavens looked down on simmering passions in that corner of the earth. The battle was not over; that much, at least, we could rely on. Any enemy movement, real or suspected, was enough to stir the embers of a bloody yesternight. It was real, as it happened—a pretty determined counter-stroke, heralded by vehement invocation of "Allah! Allah!" It was delivered in a part of the line which was badly consolidated, but held stubbornly by the Manchesters. For neighbours, a little to the rear, the latter had the 5th Royal Scots, under Colonel Wilson, and when at length the onslaught by tremendously superior numbers drove the Manchesters back a little, no single minute did the Scots allow the advantage to stand. They were up out of their trenches with a yell that nearly the whole line heard, charging like furies; nor did they breathe easy again till they had cleared every Turk out of our trench, which the enemy was just beginning to find very useful for bombing purposes. Another time it was the Worcesters, I think, who did a similar service for the Senegalese. And so one could multiply: "They never hesitated."

It may seem a singularly unlikely thing to say, but one battle with us was very much like another. In fact, it was between-whiles that

most of the colour came into our lives those long, baking, summer days, and oh! so lonely nights. Letters came to tell us of friends in France who had billets in real farms and cosy villages behind the front, which sounded like war worth while; but when we came to look about us in the pink dawn, ours seemed an outpost affair—and remember that to many it was not only our first taste of war, but of exile too. For this reason, if no other, we were more dependent on each other for all the little considerations that make tolerable the rude life of the open. This may illustrate my meaning: A muffled figure in a slouch hat dropped into our lines one night, and was brought to me by my sergeant. He carried a letter to be delivered personally to the General's next in command, who could not be found at the moment. The messenger was strange to our end of the Peninsula, being an Australian from Anzac, but when we had fed him and made him comfortable with cigarettes, he felt quite at home, and sat down and yarned with us an hour or more, giving us all the news of his zone. It was all too infrequently that we had guests like this, so we made the most of him. When it was time for him to go, he wanted to take a short cut to the beach, and as he was not sure of his way I went out with him and conveyed him so far. It was a very black night. We parted

within sight of the winking lights of battleships lying out at sea. He gave my hand a strong grip, and said: "See here. Your fellows have been real good to me. You're a bonza¹ crowd down this end. Ever you come our way, get a bead on my crush, and I'll see you right to our last Maconochie. So long!" The night swallowed him in an instant, and I stood there laughing at his quaint patois, knowing well enough that I should probably never see him again. I never did, but if I met him to-morrow in Piccadilly — and I should know him at once—I feel sure he would rush me into some restaurant to repay the old score.

It was about this time—the latter part of June, when we made two strenuous efforts to break through the Krithia line to the hill, first on June 21, and then again on the 28th—that we began to feel ourselves in the grip of the climate. This coincided very nearly with the outburst of fly plague, which completed our misery. I don't know whether anybody can say with any certainty what caused the terrible epidemic of dysentery which decimated our ranks as seriously as the Turkish bullets, but I believe that at one time or another every other man went down with the prevailing complaint. In my own experience only one man never had a touch of it, and he was a sergeant-major of the R.A.M.C., with long service in the East,

¹ Popular Australianism, the comparative of "good."

for whom the climate seemed to hold no terrors. For the rest of us there was something sinister in the air we breathed, that got us down by the head and held us there. Or at least so it felt. You were useless: a weak, limp thing for as long as the attack lasted, a burden on your comrades' hands and a nuisance to yourself. *Æons* of agony! Circumstances differed in so many cases that one can only be typical, but I think my unit passed through a pretty average experience. We were all very fit up to the second week in June, when the heat would have been unbearable but for the daily bathe in the *Ægean*. Of course we were specially lucky in being able to reach the sea every day; lots of the boys never got down from the trenches for weeks—a battalion of the K.O.S.B. held on for 42 days, and some of the H.L.I. and Royal Scots for even longer. Happily that was not normal. As I say, for a long time we had our daily bathe, interrupted only when the medical authorities took it into their heads that it was the sea-bathing which was in part responsible for the enduring complaint of all of us. They may have been right. But if not, and there was nothing inherently sinister in the climate, then only two outside influences remain to be considered—our food and our drink. I will go into some little detail about these.

The first source we tapped for water was a spring about a mile from the beach, and it gave us beautiful, clear cold

water which passed the experts and slaked our perpetual thirst delightfully. There was plenty of it, too, and as the doctors at that time always said to cases of incipient dysentery, "Drink a lot," we did. When we changed to another source, in a broad gully, which gave us limey-looking water (and thrice a-day became pink and masqueraded as tea), we did not notice any difference either in the incidence of the complaint or the degree.

As to our food, this was nothing but the rigid field-service ration, with certain equivalents, such as rice for so much bread or biscuit and occasionally dried fruit for jam. Most of us ate biscuit for a while, but bread gradually became available—baked, by the way, under absolutely unprecedented conditions, for the A.S.C. bakers at Helles were shelled from the day they got their ovens going—and sometimes we thought sickness was more rife after the bread had been sour. A spell of biscuit (if a man could eat it) generally restored him to fitness. The meat, too, played us these little tricks. "Bully" was fairly safe, but unspeakably monotonous, and fresh meat made into stew was treacherous, and often started a man sick and drove him from clearing-station to hospital ship, and so to Egypt or Malta.

It was a medical question whether the fresh meat was germ-carrying and responsible for so much sickness, and the doctors cordially disagreed.

But the sickness remained and spread, and stop it they could not. We noticed that the Greeks and other natives, who were engaged for fatigue work, were never affected by our complaint; and a closer observation of their habits showed that they ate a minimum quantity of meat, preferring rice, dried fruit, olives, &c., and drank a good deal of coffee. It never occurred to us at the time to copy them, and even if we had wished to, there was no supply of coffee, for instance, available for us; and we were told it took close on two months for supplies to come from home, by which time it was hoped the epidemic would be over. Oatmeal was another thing we could not get; and indeed, apart from the items of the field-service ration, no "extras" came our way, save by the hands of Greek followers, many of whom must have made small fortunes out of fourpenny tins of condensed milk retailed to us at a shilling and more. The can-teen for the whole force was heralded a very long time before its arrival in the end of August, and by that time we had ceased to hope, and were sorely tempted not to care.

The battle of June 28, which was intended to secure the straightening of our line pivoting on a point in the centre about three miles from the beach, dragged on into the fourth day with intermittent bombardment, attack, and counter-stroke. The Turks were more prodigal of life in this

engagement than we had seen them; and I shall never forget the experience of one of our machine-gunners who commanded a stretch of front with a straggling nullah running through it. Late in the afternoon of the 29th a movement which had been developing culminated in a bayonet rush, the Turks appearing in dangerously close formation at their end of the nullah. They were simply withered by our machine-gun fire, and in a hastily pencilled note that night the gunner, who accounted for practically every man in the charge, wrote to us: "I have just had the innings I've always dreamed about. More when I see you." It was thus that many a Territorial's years of devotion abundantly repaid him.

July stole upon us in a blister of heat. Only the early hours of morning, between 5 and 7, were humanly comfortable, and for the rest of the day till late afternoon, if no attack threatened and you were not on fatigues, you sat about in shirt and "shorts," trying not to remember personal discomfort, and always being horribly reminded of it as soon as you moved by the great black swarm of pestering flies that hung or settled about you all day long. Officers and men went through a trial of endurance and patience the days there was nothing doing that brought to the top their best and their worst. Whatever his job, a man ceased to be useful when the heat made

him fretful, for that was more contagious than any disease. The amazing thing was that so many preserved their good humour. It was accomplished only by making fun of the life as it steadily grew worse. There were, of course, incidents that brought us real gaiety. There had been a few even at the landing, as, for instance, the following metrical experience of the troops that landed at "Y" Beach:—

“‘Y’ Beach,” the K.O.S.B.’s cried
Before the scrubby, steep hillside,
“This climb is sure a little stiff,—
It’s nothing but a ——— cliff,
 ‘Y’ Beach.”

Then the snipers captured behind our lines were a source of amusement, especially those that came down, under escort, got up as bits of landscape. They were generically known as the Father Christmas type, I think, because they bulged so, with little bits of equipment hung amid the foliage of their costumes. By the way, one Turkish sniper, who had to be dug out, was found to be ensconced with about two months’ stores. He could have played great havoc on our line of communication if he had not been spotted. The Turks had little to learn in the art of sniping, that fascinating sideline in war so tragically neglected by us until experience taught us its value. They made use of background for sniping work with a facility that gave us seriously to think. The classic sniping episode of the campaign took place in the Anzac-Suvla zone, where there was a fatal well. Men would

go to draw water after dark, and never return. It became unbearable to think there was somebody lying in wait for every man who approached that well, so a watch was set, and after long vigil a flash was spotted in a clump of bushes. Our men closed in on the place, and dragged forth—a woman. Round her neck they found a unique collection of identity discs—scalps!

Early in July we were still laughing over an incident in the June 28 encounter. When our men charged the trenches in the Turkish right centre, they found a fair number of wounded left behind, of whom no special notice was taken in the excitement of pursuing the enemy down the communications. Most of the bodies were lying face downward. When our men had been in occupation some little time, they were not a little surprised to see one of the prone figures raise himself on one elbow and look cautiously round, at the same time grinning broadly. “Now give ’em some!” he exhorted, sitting up in the bottom of the trench. “And who the devil might you be?” asked the sergeant, covering the “wounded” Turk with his rifle as a precautionary measure. “Oh, you never mind me,” said this remarkable fellow; “you tickle *their* heels a bit first, then you can see about me.” But the sergeant did mind, and a hurried explanation followed. Back in Constantinople on a visit from America, where his home was, this Turk had been impressed for military service,

much against his inclination, and he said he was glad of the opportunity of surrendering himself to the British—an act which he had contemplated and planned since his arrival in the trenches. He volunteered much valuable information to an intelligence officer, and I heard afterwards from a friend who went down to Egypt on the same boat that the little Turko-American was the life of the voyage, constituting himself special guard of the other prisoners, and explaining daily to them that he was the British Captain's Messenger, and they mustn't forget it, and anything he might say to them was to be regarded as carrying the authority of the British Captain himself!

Another amusing feature of those days was the *début* of the "Apricot Artillery." This is a unit which has, I fear, never figured in official despatches, and yet it played a very important part for a long time. It must be confessed that we went to the Dardanelles totally unprepared for bomb-fighting, *inter alia*. Hence it was discouraging when the Turks introduced this method with some efficiency and much vigour. We had no reply. Not at first, at any rate. Then a mysterious order found its way round—"Waste no empty jam-tins; hand them to the nearest R.E. depot." Soon we were in possession of an almost adequate supply of jam-pot bombs, and in the little gullies behind the lines small squads would practise the

ancient art of missile-throwing, with astonishing results. Ever apt, the Australians dubbed this innovation the "Apricot Artillery." It proved a triumph in the economy of resource. A chaplain of my acquaintance preaches a very good sermon about it—he was there—from the text, "What is that in thine hand?" In Gallipoli it was a jam-tin!

The battle which began on the morning of July 12 was the noisiest of the campaign, hardly surpassed by the ear-splitting 25th of April. Everybody knew it was to be a real "push," and the fate of Johnny Turk was regarded as sealed. The bombardment was shared on land by our artillery and the French 75's, supported from the sea by the warships. After an hour of it, we thought the Turkish centre right up to their observation post on Achi Baba summit must be battered out of use. The advance began, and oh! the poor chance we should have had without that preliminary bombardment. One's pen halts here, and the eyes close involuntarily at the recollection of how men fall when hit. . . . Battalions counted themselves in so many score at the close of the awful day. But we had gained; "they never hesitated."

Into battle brings such vastly different thoughts into different men's minds. The thousands of our bravest, brightest lads wounded on July 12 still talk in private about their thoughts as they charged into that Turkish hell-storm. One of them confesses that as

long as his thoughts were coherent at all, his mind was running on the clean hole a bullet drills in the forehead. Another—a Highlander, one of those beloved by the French *pioux-pieux* on our right, because in their kilts they were the nearest approach to the female form they saw for many moons—said in an Egypt hospital that a boyhood's passion for botany came back for a moment as he galloped madly for the Turkish lines, and he found he was looking at the little wild-flowers on the ground, and longing to stop and identify them. Then he had an impression of speeding faster and faster through the air—and after that, mercifully, oblivion.

Long afterwards I was sitting one day at the bedside of a little chap whose plasters and missing leg testified to his share in the wars, and particularly to the costly July 12. We watched the tall Egyptian orderly go from cot to cot, taking temperatures, and then we went on with our memories.

"Do you remember that redoubt on the right?"

"Yes," answered the lad's thin voice; "I got pipped from there in the charge. That was the first thing. But I crawled up to the parapet of the first Turkish trench, for I thought I would be under fairly good cover there. We had captured that trench by that time, so the Turks started shelling it, and it was a shrapnel that burst over it that did the rest for me—this, and this, and my leg that's no' there.

"It was awful hot that day, you'll mind. Well, I was dying for a drink before I had lain there an hour, but it was a good when hours before I was lifted into the trench, and then they couldn't get me away safely. Oh, I was awful helpless. I lay there fourteen hours altogether before the stretchers could get up our length, and then we had a nice quiet dander down to the beach, for it was all over then."

"Michael," I said, "the doctor says you're hardly strong enough yet to be sent home, but I'll be going home soon—would you like me to go out to Bathgate and tell your folk I've seen you?"

"Aw"—and he dropped his brown eyes to the skeleton of what had been his right hand—"I havena ony folk—jist a merried sister."

"How old are you, Michael?"

"Nineteen."

"Is there anything you fancy that I could bring you in?"

"Oh, we get a heap o' things, cakes an' chocolates like, but aw! I'm no' very fond o' they kin' o' things."

"But mebbe there's something else you fancy?"

The little mouth in the drawn face relaxed in a thin smile.

"I tell ye what I would like—a ham sangwich."

The last time I saw Michael was next afternoon, when he was in blissful possession of a large package of ham sandwiches—the boy Michael, a right Royal Scot.

IV. THE GREAT FAILURE.

In the dog-days that followed the fighting round about July 12, we had time and to spare in which to ruminate over our position and the prospects. Constantly we hypothesised that if we had enough men, this and that could easily be done. We never had enough men, not even on the day of landing. It was recognised by all of us, I think, that, short of taking Achi Baba by sheer force of numbers, the advance in the Helles region had reached its limit for the time being. Obviously some plan must be forthcoming to spring an attack on the enemy in a new quarter, and it was not long before we heard soft whispers of what was afoot.

Three new Divisions, forming the 9th Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Stopford, had just arrived from home. They were the 10th (Irish), the 11th, and 13th—the first appearance in the East as units of our New Army men. About the end of July they were moved up to the island of Imbros, where the Rest Camp was, and there they got their first view of the Peninsula, nine miles distant. Some of us who were on Imbros at the time took pleasure in pointing out the various landmarks to our new comrades—Anzac Cove, Gurkha Bluff, “Y” Beach, Lancashire Landing, and, not least, Achi Baba.

“But is that really Achi

Baba?” one of them asked me on the beach at Imbros, “that flat smudge one finger above “Y” Beach?”

Such, indeed, it was—a wholly insignificant protuberance, especially if seen at a distance against the towering peaks of some far-away Asiatic mountains. We were glad, however, the Kitchener men did not begin to tell us how easy they thought such a position should be to capture. That would have been the last straw.

Daily and hourly for some days conferences were called, and gradually the scheme unfolded itself. It was to be a new landing. Where? “A” Beach was all that anybody knew, and speculation placed that point variously at Enos, Bulair, Suvla, and even right round the cape in Morto Bay. So much for the successful concealment of our objective. There remained the Staff details to work out, the required accommodation in hospital-ships, the reinforcements that would be necessary, the amount of transport to be brought up for ammunition, stores, and water, and the host of other things that the hard-working departments behind the front have to think about.

In the early days of August it was observed that a small flotilla of destroyers had taken a great liking for Suvla Bay, a point on the west coast of the Peninsula, a little to the north of Anzac, as they would

g6 up there every night and treat the enemy to a very vigorous monologue. No reply ever came to this bombardment, for the simple reason that aerial reconnaissance had shown that Suvla Bay and the amphitheatre of the Sari Bahr range were uninhabited by Turkish troops. About three miles across country from the Bay was a small town, called Boghali, a supply depot on the Turkish line down to Achi Baba. This was known to be held by about two battalions of infantry. Two miles beyond that across country was Maidos and the Narrows. What if a force landed at Suvla should push inland at dead of night, overwhelm the garrison at Boghali, march on Maidos, and hold up the Turkish line of supply and their only possible line of retreat from Achi Baba? In the light of the known facts and of every fact which has emerged since, it was a plan alike admirable in conception and reasonably certain of success in execution. Dispositions were made, transports provided and troops allotted to them, the Navy accepted the scheme and their share thereof; everything promised well.

On Friday night, August 6, we parted with our friends who were going up to the landing. They sailed out of Kephalos Bay about 11 o'clock, and steamed slowly N.N.E. for about two hours. Nobody slept very soundly on the transports, and those who were being towed up in the lighters couldn't. About 2 A.M. the convoy entered Suvla Bay. Their

presence there, with the warships, was either unnoticed, or (as was hoped) assumed to be the nightly visit of the destroyers. Disembarkation began in the dark quietly and methodically. By 4 A.M. the beaches were thronged with the silent invaders. A short advance was ordered before dawn, but some little way inland, near the dry bed of the Salt Lake, the force was halted. As the grey dragged up the gold of morning in the east, the men were already wet with sweat, digging themselves in. The sun came up to show the astonished Turks a new force landed—but only just. Then began the painful uncertainty of the troops as to whether a blunder had been made. Why couldn't they go on? Their passage was hardly challenged as yet. No orders came. Superior officers looked blank at each other and gritted their teeth. The morning wore on.

And each hour helped to strangle the main hope of success, of which the essence was surprise. So that by breakfast-time our men were being engaged by growing numbers of the enemy, to whom was allowed the choice of the very best defensive positions they could find.

To us waiting "down the line" it was an awful day of suspense. We could see that they were having a brisk time at Anzac, but Suvla was out of sight, and as usual there was a fertile crop of rumours before anything authentic came back. First, news was passed round that the advance was

going on famously, but that report soon wore itself thin, and the later news, that the advance was indefinitely held up, though astounding in itself, seemed all too likely after our previous experience at Helles and Anzac.

And so it was. Some one had blundered. The Naval Transport Staff undertook the safe arrival at Suvla Bay by 7 A.M. on the morning of the landing of all the transports, containing water, stores, mules, and carts. When it was found that these ships had not turned up, the telegraph discovered most of them still lying at Mudros, sixty miles or more away. Corps Headquarters did not see fit to send men forward in an arid land—even for five miles, even for three—before their water supply was assured. And so the essence of the movement was destroyed,

for a few hours' hesitation was all the Turks needed to throw 20,000 men from Bulair into the breach at Sari Bahr.

Thus was a likely plan turned into a tragedy of missed opportunity; and though the new Divisions fought with the greatest tenacity, they had been denied a chance which of a surety they would have seized and brilliantly improved.

Four months of fighting, sweating, and suffering had brought us no more than a limited success; and though one and all were prepared to "stick it" to whatever the bitter end might be, it may be admitted that the minarets of Constantinople now receded in our mental vision. The dog-days of late July came upon us again—and, alas! they were dog-days without the promise of Suvla Bay.

A NAVAL DIGRESSION.

BY G. F.

I.

ON the morning of Thursday, November 5, 1914, the *Invincible* was lying at one of our bases, and somehow or other we were not feeling at all pleased with ourselves; for it was but two days ago that the Germans had carried out their ineffective Yarmouth raid: every one was sore that we had not been able to come to "grips" with them before they had time to flee back to their harbours. Yes, it was rather a "mouldy" crew that was seated round the Ward Room breakfast-table that morning; and swiftly came news not calculated to enliven anybody—news of the reported action in the Pacific, whereby it seemed all too true that the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* had been sunk and the *Glasgow* damaged.

Then, soon after the receipt of these disquieting reports, came Admiralty orders for the *Inflexible* and ourselves to proceed to Devonport to take in stores, &c., "to the utmost capacity." From those four words we guessed our mission, and though it was not till evening that any one save the "powers that be" knew anything definite, yet, as has been said, we all guessed, and were happier at once. The thought of vengeance soon vanquishes gloom!

At 6 P.M. we sailed, and

in due course arrived at Plymouth, being taken up harbour and docked on Sunday evening, November 8. That morning we hoisted the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, K.C.B., C.V.O., C.M.G., who was to be our Commander-in-Chief.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, November 9, 10, and 11, were "whirlwind" days. The amount of work got through—storing, provisioning, ammunitioning (not only for ourselves, but also for the consorts we hoped to meet "down South")—was colossal; and everything was a race against time, as the Admiralty wanted us to be off as soon as possible. We undocked on Tuesday afternoon, and at 9 P.M. secured alongside the coaling jetty in the Hamoaze; coaling began at once, and went on all night.

We were due to leave at 4.50 P.M., Wednesday, November 11, and even up to the very last minute stores, either service, mess, or canteen, were still coming on board; and when we actually shoved off from the wharf there were many tons of gear both above and below decks to be stowed. However, sharp to our programme, we left for the Sound, stayed there till the *Inflexible*, who came down

harbour after us, arrived, and then proceeded.

"Proceeded," I have written; but for where? Well, except for the Admiral and the Captain, no one officially knew. The only information officers and men had been allowed to give their relations and friends was that the latter must not be surprised at a scarcity—probably abso-

lute lack—of letters for some considerable time. Of course, though, we all had made very shrewd guesses. And, as future events revealed, the secrecy with which our movements were cloaked fully earned its reward.

Thus, in the darkness of a stormy November night, we set off from England into the Unknown.

II.

I chose November 5 as the birthday of our exploit; perhaps November 11 would be a more appropriate date, for with our departure from Devonport that evening there began—so far as the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* were concerned—a complete new chapter in the history of the war. Our mission, as we all had guessed, was to seek out and destroy the German Pacific Squadron and any of the enemy commerce raiders which were operating in the South Atlantic or South Pacific Oceans; we were the flagship of a flying squadron with a roving commission, and we felt at the time that once clear of the English Channel there would be little to fear from submarines, Zeppelins, or mines: our battles to come would be fair upstanding fights, more reminiscent of the old days than comparable to the complex nature with which new influences and inventions have imbued modern naval warfare. And the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* from their graves off Coronel were crying for revenge.

We ran into heavy weather on leaving Plymouth Sound, which gave us a most uncomfortable night, but by Thursday, November 12 (noon position $40^{\circ} 17' N. 7^{\circ} 43' W.$), the sea had moderated considerably, and, for the much-vaunted "Bay," was quite kind. Course was set for St Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, but as it was essential for the early success of our mission that the enemy should, if possible, be kept in the dark about us and our whereabouts, we avoided making the land anywhere, and stood well out into the Atlantic the whole time.

As we progressed south, so the weather hourly got warmer, and yet, strange to say, till half-way through the forenoon of Monday, November 16 (noon position $23^{\circ} 55' N. 21^{\circ} 53' W.$), we had not seen the sun since leaving England; but then it shone in all its glory, and gave us a real taste of what we had expected. It was splendid.

On Tuesday, November 17 (noon position $18^{\circ} 5' N. 24^{\circ} 23' W.$), so hot had it become that we dressed in what is

known in the service as "all whites"—i.e., white trousers and tunics for the officers, and white trousers and jumpers for the men: already we were in the domain of the flying-fish, and any one who knows the tropical Atlantic can picture for himself the endless number of those extraordinary creatures, known as "Portuguese men-of-war," that floated aimlessly by, some to get a very rude awakening as our bow wave overwhelmed them in its seething foam.

We sighted land ahead at about half-past two that afternoon, and soon after five o'clock were anchored off St Vincent. As the "killick" dropped, the first gun of our salute to the country was fired, to be answered by a Portuguese gunboat, who then, in compliment to our Admiral, saluted his flag.

Immediately we were surrounded by a swarm of native boats, and the ceaseless efforts of the niggers to sell their wares (they were only allowed to lie off the ship), with the side-shows furnished by the bronze-skinned diving boys, caused much amusement. As regards more serious affairs, the sight of several German merchant ships bottled up in the harbour, and not daring to put to sea, was distinctly pleasing.

Coaling, which began at 8 P.M. from colliers, was a long and heavy job—1700 tons to come in—and lasted into the forenoon of the next day; also, we had not had much of a chance to get acclimatised.

Between 5 and 6 P.M. on

Wednesday, November 18, we sailed on a south-westerly course.

The weather just now was glorious, though, of course, boiling hot, and the canvas baths, one on the fore-castle for the officers and one on the poop for the men (the officers live "forrard" in the *Invincible* class), had plenty of devotees in the dog-watches. What a pleasant change it all was from the dull, grey, and cold North Sea. There, there were no flying-fish to watch, as, startled by the ship's arrival in their midst, they hurriedly got up from the water, flew to safe distance, and then "plopped" in again; one fancied every time that one could almost hear that "plop," so sudden it was. Yet it must not be imagined that we spent our days in idleness; by no means. Gunnery practices of various sorts—each ship at times towing a target for the other to fire at—were going on incessantly, all in preparation for the day so eagerly awaited.

As we were going, we were due to cross the line late on Saturday, November 21, so it was decided to pay the time-honoured homage to Father Neptune that morning, otherwise it meant no ceremony because of Sunday, and we were determined not to be done out of our one day of fun and frolic.

So all arrangements for the great affair were got forward, and on Friday afternoon the Commander-in-Chief made a general signal to say that His Oceanic Majesty would hold his customary court at 10 A.M.

In accordance with his invariable practice, though, Neptune came on board (over the fore-castle head) at 9 o'clock that night to announce in person his royal wishes.

As two bells struck, a deep bass voice from right forward hailed "Ship ahoy!" From the bridge came the Captain's reply, "Aye, aye!" And then Neptune, on being told that the ship he had boarded was His Britannic Majesty's Ship *Invincible*, flying the flag of

Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, bound from Plymouth to the South Seas, claimed his ancient privilege of coming on board on the morrow to rate all who had not previously crossed the line fully-blooded sons of his royal domain.

The Captain welcomed him in the name of all; the pop of a cork was heard, the smacking of lips . . . and then our visitor betook himself again to the deep to rest before the arduous duties of the morrow.

III.

King Neptune was remarkable for his majestic mien and flowing beard. These attractions were enhanced by the fact that his Court was composed of individuals of a most fierce, barbaric, and terrifying appearance, all garbed, too, in costumes which would have shamed the most irregular of Albanian insurgents. But were there not six hundred or more willing (?) subjects to be initiated into the ritual of the deep? Such a task could be undertaken in no faint-hearted manner!

Neptune's spouse, Amphitrite, according to a report spread the night before, was to have been attired with sweet maidenly simplicity solely in a skirt composed of "Portuguese men-of-war," a skirt whose exquisitely beautiful design would have made the most renowned classical dancer blush—with envy; but, alas! when the time came, false modesty won the day, and the Court robes in full were donned.

The Sea King's Court consisted of a Herald, with two sea-urchins in attendance; a band, composed of all the elements essential for the creation of discords; trumpeters qualified to make a blasted (*sic*) noise; a posse of police especially conspicuous for their absence of good looks, and gifted with biceps of a prodigious size; a secretary, whose duty it was to note down the names of those upon whom His Majesty bestowed his favours; doctors to administer the most nauseating physic on refractory "patients"; barbers to shave, with enormous razors, loyal subjects; bears and widgermen, whose place of duty was in the bath, there to give to each novitiate a right warm reception when, the "shaving" over, the barber's chair would be upturned and the sitter thrown into the water.

Such was the regal procession that at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, November 21 (noon position 3° 12' N. 30° 24' W.),

could have been seen slowly making its way, with band playing and banners flying, from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, the royal pair being seated in the state coach, which was drawn along by their faithful henchmen; but why the main part of Neptune's coat-of-arms should have consisted of the word TATE must remain one of the mysteries of the deep.

Drawn up on the quarter-deck to receive their Majesties were all hands, from the Admiral downwards, and there, just at the break of the poop, could be seen the large canvas bath invitingly full of water, the two "ducking" chairs, and all the paraphernalia for the coming ceremonies.

Proceedings opened with a fanfare of trumpets, and the Herald, with fitting pomp and ceremony, proclaimed to all and sundry the object of his royal master's visit. King Neptune then delivered a short address: "Admiral Sir Deveton Sturdee, my queen and I present greetings. We have come on board your ship, as we have done from time immemorial, to greet our children of the sea, and to admit them to the mysteries of our realm. We welcome you as Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in the South Atlantic and South Pacific Oceans, and we are confident that you and the ships under your command will worthily uphold the great traditions of His Britannic Majesty's Navy, will cause confusion to His Majesty's enemies, and will bring the great

mission on which you are engaged to a successful and glorious termination. In view of your great services to your King in the dominion over which we reign, we present to you the Grand Cross of the Star of Neptune, and pray it will bring good luck to you, to the *Invincible*, and the other ships under your command."

The presentation over, the Admiral, in his reply, informed His Oceanic Majesty of the reason which had brought the *Invincible* so far afield, and in a few words very clearly outlined the causes, &c., of the war. After one or two more honours—which took the form of gigantic Iron Crosses—had been bestowed, Neptune and his spouse were conducted to a suitable position from which to superintend the "solemn rites," while his satellites prepared for the fearsome work.

The rules of the Court were that all officers and men who had not previously paid homage had to be fully initiated into the mysteries of the deep, the only exception made being that those over thirty-five years of age could claim exemption from rough handling in the bath on production of a bar of soap.

Then began the business of the day, with those who had already crossed the line interested spectators, and those whose turn was to come, well, doubly interested ones. The officers were initiated first, and great amusement was caused by one candidate of the over-thirty-five brigade presenting a special cake of scented soap, abstracted from the Ward Room

store. So interested in this strange article—very different from the bar of “Pusser’s Yellow” which they expected—were the royal couple that they failed for some time to realise that the donor was still undergoing the preliminary rites, which were thus being abnormally prolonged. When they did give their consent for the second stage in the ritual to be proceeded with, owing to a certain rotundity of girth and superfluity of adipose tissue with which kindly nature had endowed him, the jerk which sent the hero of the episode flying into the arms of the bears in the bath nearly dislocated his neck.

And the Chaplain at church next day *did* hold his head so funnily.

After the officers came the men; and altogether the Court,

with a break at noon, lasted until three o’clock, and so zealous and capable were the police that by that time there were very few who had managed to escape the ordeal.

The Royal Procession then re-formed, the Captain thanked His Majesty for having honoured the ship with his presence, and Neptune, having briefly replied, with a grandiloquent wave of the hand gave the order, “Away, my bonny boys, to the deep”: the band struck up, and in state the Court retired to the depths of the ocean; at least, once they had disappeared through the fore-castle hatch they were seen no more.

So passed a day full of jest and amusement—a day on which, except for those actually on watch, the grim realities of war seemed very far distant.

IV.

By dawn on Monday, November 23 (noon position 5° 21' S. 33° 42' W.), Rocas Island was in sight, and as it was thought that enemy ships might perhaps be using it as a base, we made a thorough search of the coast—but in vain; there was no sign of anything to warrant a belief that the Germans had ever been there. Of course at this time the *Karlsruhe* was still at large, or at least was believed to be, and we were always hoping against hope that we might run across her, or come on her tracks.

Except for investigating and

boarding, if suspicions warranted it, merchant ships, the time at sea passed without anything of great moment happening: yet everything was so delightful, such a complete change from the routine of the first three months of the war, that about the only thing at which the most confirmed “Grouser” could cavil was the lack of news of the outside world and affairs at home; and yet on that point we did not come off at all badly, for certainly we boarded on an average one steamer a day, and the boarding officers invariably brought back with

them a comparatively modern paper, either Argentine or Brazilian. Then the Spanish and Portuguese scholars—and even if there were not many, there were several who claimed to be—would get to work and produce their translations. And it was not till one pseudo-Spaniard (who had denied—and rightly too—any knowledge of Portuguese) brought out a wonderful, flowery, and “too good to be true” edition of the war bulletins of a Brazilian paper, that we began to take our news *cum grano salis*.

In the early morning of Thursday, November 26, we anchored to the eastward of —, and found already assembled there the *Carnarvon* (flag), *Kent*, *Cornwall*, *Bristol*, *Glasgow*, *Orama* (armed merchant cruiser), and several colliers.

So we came across our squadron, and spent all the day in getting rid of the stores, ammunition, &c., that we had brought out from England for the various ships. To see huge cases of tinned meat with an Argentine packing mark on them lying on our upper deck ready for despatch to another ship, seemed rather like bringing coals to Newcastle.

Coaling lasted all through Friday, November 27; it was a trying and wearisome job, as the heat was simply intense.

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning, November 28, we sailed with the squadron for the Falkland Islands, the colliers we had found at — following on behind under convoy of the *Orama*.

From wireless signals we intercepted there seemed to be a flutter in the merchant-ship dovecot, and we gathered that for some reason or other it was suspected that the German Pacific Squadron was somewhere off the mouth of the Plate River, so, although we did not place much faith in rumours, we felt that perhaps during the next few days we might run up against the enemy.

However, as the week passed and there was no sign or further news to warrant these suspicions, we went back to our old conclusion that they were still off the Chilian coast, and any hopes we had of meeting them in the immediate future fell to the ground. But in the end we did meet them earlier than we hoped or expected!

The weather ever since the day of our arrival at St Vincent had been glorious though hot—oh, so hot! and truly thankful had we been for the breezes of the north-east and south-east trades when we passed through their latitudes. After the tropics had been left well behind the heat still remained intense; but on Thursday, December 3, we noticed a sudden appreciable drop in the temperature, and so cool did it become that the next day we dropped our whites and were quite glad to get back into the blue uniform again.

We expected to arrive at Port William, Falkland Islands, on the forenoon of Monday, December 7, and, true to our reckoning, we dropped anchor at 10.30 A.M. The small ships were sent to the anchorage by

Port Stanley — through the Narrows,—while we and the bigger vessels remained off Port William; the *Canopus*, who was awaiting our arrival, was moored head and stern just beyond the Narrows, in a position commanding, over the low-lying land, the approaches of the harbour and also in full view of the town itself. She, chameleon-like as regards paint-work, had turned herself into a land fort to all intents and purposes.

Our arrival was totally unexpected, and when I say that the colony was overjoyed at our presence, even then no one can accuse us of an attempt at self-advertisement—for, truly, the plight of the inhabitants was precarious, and as each day had passed, so, in their minds, had the inevitable attempt by the Germans to wrest the Falklands from British sway grown nearer and nearer. And, as things turned out, we only arrived in time by less than twenty-four hours!

Yet such is the unswerving loyalty and devotion to their King and flag of our Colonies—a devotion which is realised by those of the Mother Country, but which needs first-hand acquaintanceship in time of stress for its glorious magnitude to be fully brought home—that there was hardly a man in the Falklands who had not prepared for “the day,” who was not all too willing to give his life, his all, in what, without our presence, would have been a vain though glorious struggle for his home and his colony, but above all for *Britain*.

The Islands had been put into a complete state of military and naval defence, as far as the rather limited means at disposal permitted. As has been said, the *Canopus* was practically a land fort, with her four 12-inch guns commanding the approaches, while most of her 12-pdrs. had been landed and mounted ashore at strategical points; she had also done much good work by erecting observation huts, range-taking stations, &c., and in addition had laid out an observation mine-field at the entrance to the harbour (we had to be piloted through on our arrival). As regards the local military precautions, the Falkland Islands Volunteers—a standing corps—were fully mobilised, and there were very few able-bodied men who did not belong to them: splendid shots and riders—all horses, ponies, &c., had been requisitioned for their use,—tough and hardy, too, they would have given a very warm reception to any landing-party the Germans could have sent against them, but for the heavy guns of the ships.

Such was the state of affairs on our arrival at the Falklands.

A certain number of colliers were at Port Stanley, ready for the squadron's use, but of course not enough for all ships to coal together, and the *Orama's* convoy could not be expected for a day or two. Some ships began coaling at once, but we ourselves did not start till 4 A.M. the next day, Tuesday, December 8.

v.

"Come along, come along, lash up and stow; show a leg, show a leg, lash up and sto-o-w."

Thus, at the early hour of 3.30 A.M. was December 8, 1914, ushered in for the majority of our ship's company; some of the officers, perhaps, had allowed themselves a few minutes' grace, but a violent shaking accompanied by "Quarter to four, and pretty cold, sir," in a gruff and rather weary voice, very soon brought even the most laggard to the realities of life—and coaling.

And, by jingo, it was cold, too: nothing like so bad as it felt, of course, but somehow or other we seemed in little more than a day to have dropped from that sublime state of boiling in a thin vest to that of shivering in more clothes than one wears in an English winter.

It's five to four, and in so short a time every one (if they are lucky) has swallowed a steaming bowl of cocoa, and seems to have dressed (with a large query against the "dressed," as any one who has seen the divers rigs sported for coaling by the British "Matloe" will understand). Here, plain clothes, cap aslant, stands what could only be taken for a real back-alley bruiser, in eager converse with a superb figure, whom, from his hat, one would mentally dub a member of the Church just returned from visiting a coal mine. Perhaps the Chaplain himself may be

coaling, and then can be seen the sublime sight of the imitation gravely saluting (with a twinkle in the corner of his eye) the real, who as gravely (with twinkle, too, perhaps) returns the salutation, just as if 'twere the commonest thing in the world for him to meet a confrere looking (save for the hat) more like a begrimed fifth-rate showman than anything else in the world. And, of course, the fact that the "real" more resembles a decrepit mechanic with "early morning" look than our mess-mate merely adds to the gaiety of the scene.

The bugle blares out a call: "Clear lower deck, hands coal ship," from the boatswain's mates. For a minute or two all is hurry and scurry as the inmates of our human hive run to their appointed stations—some in the ship, some in the collier: comes the rattle of a winch; the hiss and roar of steam; the creak of block; the whisper of whip; and then, with a dump, the first hoist is landed inboard.

Sharp as eight bells strike coaling has begun.

Everything went along very smoothly, the cool weather giving promise of a speedy job, and at about a quarter to eight "breakfast" was piped. Then at eight o'clock a report was received from the signal station at Sapper Hill (behind the town) that men-of-war (one four-funnelled) could be seen approaching from the south-

ward, and very shortly after further information came through that more smoke was visible beyond these vessels.

The enemy were in sight!

It was a glorious morning, and the cloudless sky and calm sea gave every promise of an ideal day for an action at long range, but . . . we were coaling! We could only hope that the enemy would not be able to detect the *Inflexible* and ourselves over the land, for we surmised that if, as we hoped, they had no knowledge of our presence in the South Atlantic, they must have decided in their own minds that they were competent to engage the ships they expected to find; but directly they should see us, their opinions would inevitably take a different turn.

This was the day on which the secrecy with which our movements had been cloaked earned its reward, for prisoners that we took after the action declared that they had not the slightest suspicion of the proximity of battle cruisers; in their own words, when they saw us rounding the point on leaving harbour, they "tried not to believe it."

Of course coaling ceased at once, and steam was hurried on in all boilers; at half-past eight "action" was sounded, and a quarter of an hour later the collier shoved off and so made it possible for us to open fire, in case of necessity, over the low-lying land to the southward of Port William. The *Macedonia*, an armed merchant cruiser who had joined

us two or three days before, after a visit to Montevideo, was patrolling off the entrance, and now the *Kent* was also ordered out to reconnoitre and make reports of the enemy.

By twenty minutes past nine two of the enemy, still apparently all unsuspecting, had approached to within approximately 17,000 yards, so the *Canopus* opened fire with her 12-inch guns, firing four rounds: the shots all fell short, but they served their purpose, for though not actually frightening them off, they evidently caused the enemy "furiously to think," and so delayed any plan of action they had formed till we were all ready to put to sea. It transpired that their intentions had been to destroy the Fleet and wireless station, and then capture the Islands.

By a quarter to ten the *Glasgow* had joined the *Kent* off the mouth of the harbour, and the *Macedonia* returned again to await orders. And then, steam being ready in all ships but the *Bristol*, the squadron sailed in the following order: *Carnarvon*, *Inflexible*, *Invincible*, *Cornwall*; the *Bristol* and *Macedonia* were left behind for the time being. The *Canopus*, of course, could not come out, as she was intentionally beached on the mud to turn her into a real "army fashion" fort, and prevent her moving or yawing in the very slightest degree with the changes of the tide.

On clearing Pembroke Point Light at about twenty minutes past ten, five of the enemy

ships could be plainly seen over to the south-east of us, and almost hull down on the horizon; they resolved themselves into the *Scharnhorst* (flag), *Gneisenau*, *Dresden*, *Leipzig*, and *Nürnberg*. And what a shock they must have had when they realised that they were caught, hopelessly caught—and in a trap of their own making!

A few minutes later the Admiral hoisted the signal "Chase," and the *Inflexible* and ourselves quickly ran ahead of the other ships and began to draw up with the *Kent* and *Glasgow*. At ten minutes past eleven the battle cruisers eased down, and from then for the next hour were going anything from 19 to 20 knots; this allowed the other ships to catch us up, and as our spurt had told us that we easily had the legs of the enemy and could play our own game, the hands were sent to dinner, at half-past eleven, by watches.

It must sound rather weird to hear that "the hands went to dinner"; one might be excused for imagining that dinner would be the last thought in any man's mind at such a time: most probably it was. But the old maxim that an army fights on its stomach just as well applies to the navy, and all during the chase the cooks had been busily at work in the galley getting the men's food ready should there be an opportunity for them to have it. Both officers and men, too, were just like sweeps, so advantage was taken of the time for a wash and to change out of coaling rig.

At twenty past twelve speed was increased; the battle cruisers again drew ahead, and by ten minutes to one we were doing our maximum, about 26½ knots, or perhaps at times a little more. Five minutes later (12.55 P.M.) the *Inflexible* fired the first shot from her fore turret at the right-hand enemy light cruiser: the curtain had risen on the second act of the great drama.

Three minutes passed, and then we ourselves opened a slow and infrequent fire at the same target, the range being approximately 16,000 yards. Whether at this distance any shots took effect (one appeared to) it was very difficult to see, but by 1.20 P.M. things were evidently getting so hot for them that the German Admiral in the *Scharnhorst* apparently ordered his light cruisers to leave the line and try to break away, for they turned to starboard, to be chased by the *Kent*, *Cornwall*, and *Glasgow*.

It was now that the real action began: the light cruisers were off on their own, and the *Inflexible* and ourselves had pitted against us the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*—the crack gunnery ships of the German Navy. It must have been very thrilling for the crews of the *Kent* and her consorts; they had a stern-chase before them, and there was no possibility of them coming to grips with their quarry for some little time—they could do nothing but watch us as long as we remained in sight. An officer of the *Cornwall* very tersely described the situation in a letter home by saying: "We

left our stations and lined up on the f'xle to watch the big ships fight."

And from here onwards

generalities can no longer be recorded; such great things are on that it is only possible to talk of our ship's doings.

VI.

Up till this stage of the engagement the enemy had been in a more or less straggling quarter-line, and the departure of the light cruisers made the *Scharnhorst* (flagship of Admiral Count von Spee) our best target, and we at once opened fire on her. At 1.25 P.M. the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* turned nearly eight points to port into line ahead, *Gneisenau* temporarily leading, and five minutes later they both opened fire, concentrating on us alone as being the flagship: at first, however, their shots fell very short, and they evidently much underestimated the range. Shortly after this the *Scharnhorst* passed ahead and became leader of the line, but we continued to direct our fire at her.

This alteration of course quickly lessened the range, which by half-past one was approximately eight miles, so we ourselves, with the *Inflexible* astern, turned eight points to port, and thereby put ourselves again on an almost parallel course with the enemy. The latter kept up a very brisk fire, and by a quarter to two, having picked up the range, began to give us quite a warm time, their salvoes falling all around: it was at this stage that we were first hit.

Our courses being slightly

divergent, the range began to increase, and at two o'clock had become so great that from all appearances the firing on both sides was quite ineffective. We therefore made a gradual turn of eight points to starboard, and for the next three-quarters of an hour there was a lull in the proceedings, the guns on both sides keeping silence. This manœuvre compelled the enemy also to turn to starboard at a much greater angle than we had done, so during the lull the affair again resolved itself into a chase on our part to lessen the range and bring them into action once more.

About this time a message came through from the Port Stanley wireless station to say that transports had been sighted on the south side of the Islands. The *Bristol* and *Macedonia* were therefore sent to deal with them, and though it seemed certain that a transport had been there with a landing-party and field guns, all ready for the invasion of the Falklands, she managed to make off and escape, and the only vessels that could be found were two enemy colliers, which were sunk after their crews had been taken from them.

So great had the range been during this first part of the action, that unless a fire ac-

tually broke out as the result of a shell exploding, it was very hard to tell whether we were finding our mark, but it was quite certain that we had made some hits, and the *Inflexible*, too, seemed to be putting in effective work.

With us going at full speed and the staff in the engine-room doing their very utmost (never had we managed to touch such a speed before), the range was rapidly brought down, and at 2.48 P.M. we once more opened fire on the *Scharnhorst*. For a space the enemy kept their course and refrained from replying, but at 2.53 P.M. they both turned to port and commenced.

The next half-hour seemed the most strenuous time of the fight, for the fire on both sides was rapid and accurate; the enemy were certainly considerably battered, while we ourselves were hit several times. It could be noticed, though, that the *Scharnhorst's* fire gradually slackened, and smoke and flames forward of her showed that a serious fire had broken out.

To be able, as a disinterested spectator, and from a safe coign of vantage, to watch a modern naval engagement does not fall to the lot of many, but about this time, at a distance of two or three miles on our port hand, we passed a large full-rigged sailing ship; naturally we had not time to pay any attention to her, and, except for noticing that in the distance her colours seemed to be either British or Norwegian, she was speedily out of mind, though for quite a time not out

of sight. Well, she had a unique experience at any rate.

At 3.15 P.M. we made the first of a series of turns to port, and temporarily directed our fire on the *Gneisenau*, and by 3.25 P.M. we had altogether turned completely round, and a further four points as well. Five minutes later the enemy again turned eight points to starboard, and thus we were once more going on practically parallel courses, but with our port side to the enemy.

Fire was again directed on the *Scharnhorst*, who by now was beginning to present a very sorry appearance, with her third funnel shot away and the whole ship enveloped in smoke from numerous fires: her upper-works seemed to be but a shambles of torn and twisted steel and iron, and through holes in her side could be seen, even at the great distance we were from her, dull red glows as flames gradually gained the mastery between decks.

Her firing had very perceptibly slackened, and yet, from such guns as were still in action, a very good fight was put up. But by 4 o'clock it was apparent to all that she was a doomed ship, and a few minutes later she listed heavily to port; by 4.10 P.M. she was on her beam ends, and seven minutes later she sank. Poor *Gneisenau*! She now had to fight alone two battle cruisers, and also during the next few minutes had to steam through a sea dotted with the forms of those from her sunken consort, who had survived the ordeal by fire and shell only to suffer

death by drowning—firing, too, over their heads.

Could one do aught but pity?

As both German ships had concentrated their fire on us the whole time, it can readily be imagined that we had come through by no means scathless: we had been hit a considerable number of times, but, though a lot of damage had been done, had so far escaped any really serious injury.

It is truly difficult to give any idea of a naval action; the whole affair seems somehow so impersonal, so detached. Right away on the horizon can be seen the enemy—to the naked eye just pigmies belching out clouds and clouds of smoke. On board our own ship the noise is simply deafening, as round after round leaves the muzzles of the hungry, sinister, 12-inch guns. Up in the control position from time to time can be heard the cry of "Six coming!" or "Five coming!" as the case may be, as splashes of fire on the enemy's side announce that a salvo has been fired—at us. Seconds pass, and then come the whirr and shriek of the shells and the final huge "woomph, woomph," . . . as they rain down in the sea just short or just over us. Perhaps some find their billet, and then there is a huge explosion, and for a space we "waggle our tail," just like a duck shaking water off its back. And then on we go firing, firing . . .

For some minutes before the

Scharnhorst sank we had transferred our fire to the *Gneisenau*, and it was soon clear that she was in difficulties and suffering considerably. We rapidly closed the range by a gradual turn to port, and then at about 4.20 P.M. we turned right round on our tracks, as funnel smoke was causing us considerable annoyance. Further large alterations of course on our part during the next few minutes brought us, at about half-past four, on a rather divergent course from that of the enemy, but we were again steaming in the same direction. About this time we were hit frequently.

From a quarter to five onwards the *Gneisenau* had a very bad time of it indeed, although she kept on firing with remarkable rapidity and precision; so, shortly before five o'clock, we increased to full speed, and by a series of small turns to port maintained a position on her bow and well ahead of her.

The range for the last half-hour had been anything from 12,000 to 10,000 yards, and the *Gneisenau* was in consequence receiving very heavy punishment from our 12-inch; but still, even though at 5.8 P.M. her fore funnel was sent over the side and it was apparent that the end was near, at 5.15 P.M. she hit us.

But by half-past five she could do no more; blazing furiously, she turned towards us until she was practically end on, and stopped with a heavy list to starboard. With the *Inflexible* and *Carnarvon*,

the latter of which had caught up and taken part in the last phase of the action, we closed her. Even then, in the sorry plight in which she found herself, she kept spasmodically firing a gun here and there; but at six o'clock she suddenly heeled over, and men could be plainly seen walking on her side as she lay for two minutes on her beam-ends. Then she disappeared beneath the waves, leaving over the spot a heavy pall of smoke and steam.

So, at two minutes past six, the action ended.

All three ships hurried to the spot, stopped, and lowered all boats that were not shot away in the midst of about two hundred men struggling in the water, some swimming, others hanging on to pieces of wreckage or hammocks that had floated out of the ship when she went down.

It was a ghastly sight, and over the scenes of rescue it seems best to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that either by boats or by ropes' ends lowered over the ship's side, we picked up 108 officers and men, some of whom were more or less seriously wounded. But the chill Antarctic current—the water was colder than the North Sea average in winter—claimed its victims, and many went down before they could be reached, and not all that were picked up recovered from the exposure on the top of severe shock.

Altogether the three ships rescued about 170 men, and at 7.30 P.M., as all survivors were picked up, we proceeded in

accordance with the Commander-in-Chief's orders.

Our next thought was as to how the *Kent*, *Cornwall*, and *Glasgow* had fared, but as no news from any of them had as yet come through, we had to possess our souls in patience for a space. But we had not very long to wait for the first tidings, for that evening we received the report of the *Leipzig's* destruction by the *Cornwall* and *Glasgow*; the *Kent*, we knew, had been after the *Nürnberg*, so out of the German squadron there was left solely the *Dresden*, about which we knew nothing, and as she was the speediest vessel of the five, it seemed that she had managed to escape.

As time went on and we heard nothing from the *Kent*, we began to wonder if all was well with her, and it was not till the next forenoon that we heard that she was back in harbour, having sunk the *Nürnberg* after a thrilling chase: her wireless had been shot away during the action, and she had consequently lost all means of communication.

Thus our day's work had resulted in the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig*, and *Nürnberg*, while we ourselves had no ship really even seriously damaged; casualties, too, were surprisingly few, the *Invincible*, out of a complement of 950, having none!

When "pipe down" sounded, although the fate of the *Kent* was unknown, every one put his head on his pillow (or what remained of it!) with a feeling of "something accomplished, something done . . ."

VII.

And what of ourselves, how had we come out of the duel? Altogether we had been hit about twenty-three times, but the damage done, though extensive, was in the majority of cases comparatively unimportant as regards the ship's fighting efficiency. To see the decks torn up, gaping holes in the bulwarks, and steel girders and stanchions hanging in bights and ribbons, certainly looks very terrible and awe-inspiring, but, after all, it very often does not *vitally* matter. As regards details of the damage done, public interest probably dictates that the less said the better, so, except for recounting one or two of the amusing sights, I will remain silent.

And amusing sights were many: one shell had burst inside the Ward Room, riddling the bulkhead with fragments and absolutely wrecking everything. The tables were mere splinters of wood and sawdust, while all that could be seen of the chairs and sofas were wisps of horsehair which had been blown into all sorts of nooks and crannies; a piano which the officers had invested in while at Devonport seemed to have come off best of all, but even then it presented a sorry appearance with the whole of the front torn away and at least half the wires and hammers smashed: firmly embedded in what was left of the keyboard, too, was a fork, a relic of the hasty meal before we opened fire. Yet amateur

hands and a stock of piano wire from the shore got it in working order again, though the less said of the tone the better.

On a part of the main-deck one might have imagined for a second that a philanthropist had been at work, for there, strewn about, were a thousand odd golden sovereigns: a shell had come through the upper-deck, and, visiting the Fleet Paymaster's cabin, had "upset" the money chest. It had then gone through the bulkhead into the Chaplain's cabin next door, and finally passed out through the ship's side, taking with it a large part of the reverend gentleman's wardrobe, and reducing to rags and tatters most of what it had the decency to leave behind.

Another shell was found intact in a mess storeroom; steel decks were nothing to it, but a nice "live" gorgonzola cheese (somewhat matured by the tropics) was an easy victor: not that there was any bad feeling actually, for when found, both "proj" and cheese were most amicably ranged side by side.

We stopped at sea for two more days trying to track down the *Dresden*, but eventually, the coal question forcing us to return to harbour, we dropped anchor again off Port William at 7 A.M. on Friday, December 11. During this time we went once due south of the Horn, but, to the dismay of all who had not previously rounded the Cape,

the old sea-dogs on board adjudged that we could not claim the privileges¹ to which those who have "rounded the Horn" are entitled.

Then began a busy time for the carpenters and artificers—making good as many defects as possible; and as the *Kent* and *Cornwall* were doing the same, and we were all purposely heeled over at weird angles to facilitate the necessary examinations, the ships must have looked much more war-worn than they really were to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's liner that called in the same morning on her way to Valparaiso; anyway she gave us a rousing cheer, and all hands and the cook seemed to be on deck to greet us as she passed by.

Our mission accomplished, the two battle-cruisers were now under orders to return home, but we remained at anchor for a few days to get all possible essential repairs completed; so all who could took the opportunity of getting ashore and seeing for themselves what Britain's southern-most crown colony was like.

As regards the squadron, the *Inflexible* and *Carnarvon*, with the *Bristol* and *Glasgow*, were after the *Dresden*; the *Kent* and *Cornwall* were in harbour, patching themselves up with all speed so as to be off to the chase as soon as ever they could. The *Orama*, too, was at Port William, having safely convoyed the colliers south.

The time while we lay peacefully at anchor till we sailed on December 16 had exciting moments; early one morning we got news of the *Dresden's* reported arrival at Punta Arenas in the Magellan Straits, so we hoped that her days were numbered. Then one evening the mythical invasion of the Falklands took place! At all events, what was apparently authentic news of a German landing at an out-of-the-way spot was brought post-haste to Stanley, and in view of the reported presence of a transport on the day of the battle, we felt there might be something in it. Landing parties were got ready, and our marines with a field gun were on the point of leaving the ship when the rumour was discountenanced.

Perhaps a brief description of the Falklands may be of interest. Altogether in the group there are over one hundred islands, but the two known as East Falkland and West Falkland (Port Stanley, the capital, is in East Falkland) are the only ones of size; the total population is about two thousand, and the majority of the inhabitants are of Scotch extraction. And coupled with the nationality of the inhabitants, the islands in general appearance and characteristics bear a strong resemblance to the Shetlands and Orkneys.

The climate cannot be de-

¹ Service sea-lore decrees that for either of the two Capes (the Horn or Cape of Good Hope) rounded, one is allowed to put a leg on the table—both legs for the two.

scribed as ideal, for on a yearly average it rains two days out of every three; but during our stay the exception proved the rule, for the weather, on the whole, was quite good: but then, of course, we were there at midsummer. The Antarctic currents make it very cold and bleak; for even in the summer the temperature is never very high, and though in sheltered spots the sun strikes as hot as in the south of England, yet out of the sun it always seems chilly. The average temperature for mid-winter is about 37° F., and the mean difference between summer and winter is but 10° F. Sheep-farming is the great industry, and the revenue of the colony is made from the export of wool and frozen mutton.

The visit of so many ships must have taxed in many ways the local ready resources. An amusing instance of this was brought to light in the General Post Office, where one day there was such a rush on the stamps for mementoes, or for presents to swell the collections of youthful brothers and sisters, that by the middle of the afternoon the postmistress had to ask for a further supply from the Treasury to cope with the unprecedented demand. One did not realise at first how self-contained the colony was till it was brought home to one that it had its own War Office, Treasury, &c., &c.

The islands and the water

round them abound in creatures of great interest to the stranger, the most notable being the penguins, sea-lions, kelp geese, shags, Antarctic skuas, and various species of duck. And of all the quaint animals surely the penguin comes first.¹ Standing just under two and a half feet high, with short stumpy legs, which give him a waddling walk, possessed of "flippers" instead of wings, his diminutive head capping a plump body, and conspicuous with his blue-black shoulders and gleaming white front, he presents an appearance which an antarctic explorer (although he was then speaking of the Adélie and not the Gentoo, with which we are concerned) described as "irresistibly attractive and comical."

Two species of the Penguin family are to be found in the Falklands, the Gentoo and the Jackass; and several rookeries of the former variety being close to our anchorage, various expeditions were made to them.

But all good things come to an end, and by Monday evening, December 14, we were again ready for sea; so at 4 A.M. on Tuesday, December 15, we started coaling, with 2150 tons to come in, finishing about 11 P.M.

In the forenoon the *Kent*, *Cornwall*, and *Orama* sailed, and, their yards and rigging manned, they bid us a hearty good-bye with good old ringing British cheers.

¹ If Dr Levick's 'Antarctic Penguins' has unconsciously put words into my mouth, I must apologise, and gratefully tender my acknowledgments.

Then at two o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, December 16, we ourselves left; the *Inflexible*, who was then round the Horn, was to follow us home, while the remainder of the ships were

to stop for the time being in southern waters.

Thus, with band playing and with the cheers of our late consorts still echoing in our ears, we started back for Merrie England.

VIII.

We were to pay a short visit to Montevideo on our way home, so course was shaped accordingly; the weather was gorgeously fine, though the wind struck one as bleak and chill; but after dark we ran into a thick fog.

During the night we intercepted a wireless signal from Port Stanley, which made one realise so very forcibly the gradual subjugation of the world by modern invention. The message was addressed to "Shackleton," and gave the antarctic explorer the latest news, informing him of our little show on the 8th and of the state of affairs in Europe. It seemed uncanny almost to think of Shackleton and his band, by then, we hoped, on the ice barrier, with hut, &c., built, thus getting news of the outside world—the topsyturvy outside world. One felt that the kingdom he had set out to conquer was the only one where peace *did* reign supreme—the Peace of the Great Silent White Unknown.

At 6.30 A.M., Sunday, December 20, we arrived off the Uruguayan capital, anchoring three and a half miles out in the river. Soon after nine o'clock a steamer came out,

bringing in her several of the British community, and when it was discovered that her passengers were allowed on board, others quickly followed.

Every one seemed awfully pleased to see us and to step on British soil, in the form of our quarter-deck, for a space. It was only in conversation with our visitors that we realised the far-reaching effects of our battle, for they frankly said that for a time after the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* debacle, they had hardly dared to show their faces, so strong was the German community and its following; but now everything was altered.

The British Minister came on board later in the forenoon, and we found that he was giving an official lunch ashore, and that an "at home" had been arranged for 4 P.M. Also every visitor that arrived seemed to have a present of some sort for the ship's company—books, tobacco or cigarettes.

So during the forenoon we played the rôle of hosts, showing our guests over the ship, and then they, on their part, took all the officers that could get away ashore with them. Altogether they were too charming for words, and our

only hope after the day was over was that they did realise how much we appreciated all that was done for us.

At the tea in the afternoon the Admiral made a short speech, a speech punctuated with frequent applause.

Six o'clock arrived with a feeling of regret on our part, for then we had to return on board, and soon after seven we sailed.

On Tuesday, December 22 (noon position $34^{\circ} 21' S. 47^{\circ} 35' W.$), we stopped and boarded a large French four-masted barque (the *Europe* of Dunkerque), bound from North Shields to Valparaiso with a cargo of north country coal. With every stitch of canvas set to the faint breeze, she presented a magnificent sight, and one could well understand that indrawn sigh of admiration that escaped the lips of our Royal Naval Reserve Lieutenant, whose time in "sail," though long since past, had been—and always would be—"the time of his life." On our approach she threw her mainyards aback and hove to; the boarding-party, in honour to our allies, took over any papers we had in the ship, and the latest Uruguayan war telegrams; also some tobacco and cigarettes.

The weather was rapidly becoming tropical, so, on Wednesday, December 23 (noon position $30^{\circ} 13' S. 44^{\circ} 55' W.$), we went into whites once more; in the evening the Ward Room dined the Admiral and his staff, and the great pains taken to make the shot and splinter riddled mess look respectable

succeeded admirably, and the ruined and blackened old barn appeared quite gay with its decorations of flags, &c. A well-draped flag covers a multitude of sins! It was lucky that the other ships of the squadron had been able to fit us out with a table and some chairs, or our invitation would have had to contain the proviso, "if you will lend us your furniture."

On Friday, December 25 (noon position $21^{\circ} 2' S. 39^{\circ} 42' W.$), Christmas Day was celebrated to the best of our ability; of course there was not very much scope, but still we did our utmost to keep up the old traditions, customs, and ceremonies—in spite of the tropics! The Chaplain held an early morning Communion Service, and in the forenoon the usual morning prayer and a second Celebration; then at half-past eleven the Admiral asked the officers to his cabin to drink the ship's health, and sharp as eight bells sounded he headed the procession for the time-honoured tour of the men's mess decks.

We all troop out, dive down a hatch, and then the fun begins.

As can only be expected, everything is rather tamer than in peace-time, for, first of all, those two indispensable adjuncts to a real Christmassy atmosphere—holly and mistletoe—are missing; then, again, the various messes have no special dainties or "duff" to offer; perhaps some in the procession inwardly rejoice in consequence, for it is no mean

achievement to pass through thirty or more messes, sample the bill of fare in each, and then eat your own Christmas dinner; the lining of one's cap gets so sticky, too, if you take refuge in the only possible alternative—concealing one's gifts therein!

So the procession makes its rounds, and suddenly, from far ahead in the line of march, comes the sound of miniature firing—one . . . two . . . three . . . and as the Admiral arrives on the scene of action, so booms the last round of the fifteen-gun salute fired—from a home-made cannon, too. Up bobs a cheery

red face with "A Merry Christmas, sir!"

'Tis a pleasing touch, but there are pleasing touches in every mess one visits.

In the Ward Room, later on, with turkeys and plum-puddings that had been kept in the refrigerating room since leaving home, and with crackers unearthed from the store-room—evidence of great forethought on the mess caterer's part—things went with a swing and hilarity that no one could have called forced.

"Peace on earth, Goodwill towards men."

IX.

Early next morning — again hove in sight, and by 5.30 A.M. we were anchored as before. Coaling started at once.

A boat was sent ashore in the afternoon, and a few people who managed to be spared went off on a voyage of exploration. And it was here that our party landed, and, from subsequent accounts, spent a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon in doing the thousand and one foolish, yes, childish, things that men, when quite by themselves, and when they feel able to shake off momentarily that fear of "being laughed at," do, and delight in doing.

At least, I presume that a distinctly portly gentleman did enjoy himself in climbing (or trying to!) cocoa palm-trees. True, also, I've only got the expression on the face of the gnome-like midshipman to tell me that, anyway, he was not

very bored in chasing lizards (whose name was legion), or in abstracting from the nests of fierce wild-fowl eggs, which with unfailing regularity were placed in his tunic pocket one second and smashed therein the next.

Everything in spite of the heat, too!

The coaling through the height of a tropical day was back-breaking work, and did not finish till some time after dark.

We sailed soon after five the next morning (Sunday, December 27) for Pernambuco, where we arrived at 11.30 A.M. on Tuesday, December 29; in a very short time we were welcoming on board the British Vice-Consul.

Although our stay was a brief one—little more than four hours—any officers who could went ashore to explore,

and certainly one of the most pleasing sights was that of twelve German merchant ships laid up in the inner harbour, to all appearances voluntarily interned. When, among the twelve, could be recognised such well-known liners as the *Blucher* and *Cap Vilano*, one felt that the expression "command of the sea" was by no means an empty one.

Our visit was totally unexpected, and its very unexpectedness was the cause of a pretty and pleasing incident as we were getting ready to leave. Those who had been ashore had told us that all the British inhabitants had been loud in their dismay at not having had previous warning of our visit, so that they could have done something to welcome us; and now, coming out from the harbour mouth, could be seen a tug with a large boat in tow, from whose stern gaily floated a huge Red Ensign. The boat contained several of the British community, who, determined to do *something*, had hurriedly chartered the tug and come to wish us God-speed. Cheer after cheer volleyed across the water, and then, as the first swirl astern showed that we were off, every throat in the boat struck up "God Save our Gracious King." It was most awfully

. . . , well what can one call it? . . . "Sporting" perhaps describes it as well as anything. Yes, "sporting" seems peculiarly appropriate, for although it does not so much as hint at any of the motives that impelled those Englishmen—and Englishwomen too—to do what they did, yet it is a word the meaning of which no true German understands, or apparently ever can act up to.

Early on Thursday morning, December 31 (noon position $1^{\circ} 14' S. 35^{\circ} 9' W.$)—just after dawn—we boarded the Lamport & Holt liner *Byron*, from New York to Montevideo and Buenos Aires. The passengers gave us a large bundle of papers and magazines, and from the American dailies we got quite in touch with the outside world again, and incidentally saw the American version of affairs.

At about 7 P.M. we recrossed the line; at midnight, keeping up the old custom, all the officers went on deck, and, with the striking of sixteen bells, ushered in the New Year. As the last stroke of the bell died away, the eerie silence of the tropical night seemed to make itself doubly felt, for of a sudden every one became unnaturally grave; on every one's lips hovered an unasked question.

X.

In due course we anchored at St Vincent (C.V.), and among many other things received a most welcome pres-

ent—a mail. For half an hour after its distribution not much work was done in the ship.

Coaling, of course, was the order of the day.

St Vincent harbour looked much the same as when we passed through in November; the same German merchant ships were swinging round their anchors in the same old billets, and in connection with them we heard a most amusing story. The skippers of these vessels—so runs the tale—had decided among themselves, when they received news of the Falklands battle, that the success of our mission was to be kept secret from their crews; so the obedient German seamen were told that we were not the *Invincible*—“Oh no, she was sunk by our gallant *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*”—but a sister ship renamed and sent out from England to take our place. Such a yarn seems hard to believe, but with our knowledge of German methods and the crass bovine stupidity of the German lower classes, it was quite feasible.

At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, January 6, 1915, we sailed for—; well, again no one knew.

Of course the great question of the hour was as to where we should be refitted: every one naturally expected that Gibraltar would take us in hand, though every one cherished a secret hope that we might be sent to a home yard and thus get a few days' leave; shortly after we received information by wireless that our destination was as expected—Gib.

Course was set accordingly, and little more of interest happened. By Saturday,

January 9 (noon position 29° 41' N. 13° 16' W.), so cool had it become, that we put on blue uniform once more and permanently doffed our whites. It always seems to be the case that trivial incidents bring home certain things to one more forcibly than the most momentous occurrences, and here, as we saw the last of our white uniform, so thoughts of the good, though strenuous and exciting, times we had passed through “down south” surged through one's mind; so, also, with the thought that they were past and finished, did a whiff of the dull, grey North Sea come back to one.

It was early on Monday morning, January 11, that the *Roek* hove in sight, and at about 9.30 A.M. we passed through the breakwater and secured alongside the South Mole, with the *Cæsar* just ahead of us and the war-worn, victorious *Carmania* astern.

All ships in harbour (including a French cruiser) gave us a rousing reception, manning ship and cheering to the echo as we passed by. At five that evening we went into dock, and the work of refitting was taken in hand at once; from then onwards for the rest of our stay the clang of hammer on rivet, the vibrant nerve-racking din of the pneumatic driller, and the multitudinous noises connected with shipbuilding and refitting, reigned supreme.

So, with the good old *Invincible* safely in dock, I put down my pen; the narrative is closed.

BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN A MUNITION FACTORY.

BY A LADY WORKER.

I. BEGINNING.

"It seems rather a good scheme," I said. "I shall try it."

Briefly the scheme was this: that women of leisure should be given three weeks' training in a certain well-known munition factory, and, being trained, that they should undertake to work there at the week-ends, so relieving regular workers, women shell-machinists whose strength and skill could best be maintained in saving them from Saturday and Sunday overtime. Their work and their pay were to be the same as the work and pay of the women whom they replaced: like them, they were to work in eight-hour shifts, beginning respectively at 2.30 P.M., 10.30 P.M., and 6.30 A.M.: during a shift they must stand, save for the half-hour's interval. For their work the weekly wage varied between 15s. and 19s. The prospectus that told me all this ended with a recommendation to bring short skirts, thick gloves, and boots with low heels, and added that evening dress would not be necessary.

No further information was vouchsafed. In the interval between signing on and beginning my training I went about telling my acquaintances

joyously enough how hard I was going to work, and wondering inwardly what manner of thing I had let myself in for. Elders and betters looked disparagingly at me, and said that I should never do. Doleful histories were told: oork soles were prescribed. One kind wise friend asked me urgently and repeatedly if I had realised what the work was going to be like: stung at last into a certain liveliness, I replied that I knew just as little about it as she did. Others, kinder and wiser, said nothing at all.

A hostel was provided for the lady-workers, but it was too full to take me in, and accordingly I went to live in lodgings. At last arrived and unpacked, having put on unaccustomed overalls with a short-lived solicitude, I took my way through the grimy, narrow-streeted town to the factory gates. Other workers were there,—new also, and sheepish also; for a little while we eyed each other, like children at a party, and then fell suddenly into intimacy and the easy friendship of the cast-away. Various persons came and looked at us, and went away again. Some oldish women, also in overalls (these

we discovered afterwards to be the pioneers of the scheme), pointed us out to each other, and talked loudly all at once, and gave the impression, somehow, that they were washing their hands of us. Nobody seemed to love us, or need us, and this unlooked-for possibility was dashing to our spirits. After a while a reluctant clerk was found, and to him we gave our names and ages: he inscribed them with an attenuated pen and an air of tolerant incredulity on slips of paper that demanded much licking of the thumb in handling. "Do you want all of it?" I asked cautiously at his demand for my name. He did. I began in my best catechism manner. "How do you spell it?" he asked. I spelt it. "That'll do," he assured me hastily; "now your surname."

Slacing myself with that ancient Simian proverb, "What one fool can do another can," I followed in the wake of her who was to take us to the workshop where we were to start. It was large, it was full of whirring things and things of outlandish shapes, and every one there seemed to perform amazingly complicated evolutions with incredible deftness. And the noise fell thickly on my ears like the overwhelming noise of a dream. My neighbour caught my arm. "I shall never understand a word they say to me," she cried in my face. "I like it," I said, answering, not her, but the challenge implicit in all that uproar and impetus. A red-haired girl with a pointed face

took me off to learn. "Watch what I do," she said, and picked up a 4.5 shell-case (they look, at this stage, like massive jam-pots, and weigh about twelve pounds). She measured it on a gauge and marked how much of the rough steel was to come off the blocked end; she read illegible letters stamped among the rust there and chalked them on the side; and then she screwed it into a machine that I knew, vaguely, to be a sort of lathe, and started the driving-belt. Leaning her weight on the lever which kept the knife against the base of the revolving shell, she hung her sharp nose over what I should have called its "works," and watched the steel come off it in dust, in shavings, and then in strips of crinkled tinsel. When all the steel up to the pencil mark had been pared away she stopped the machine, unscrewed the shell, and measured it again to see if it had been brought to the right length. Then she stamped on its new and shining base-surface the letters she had chalked on the side, and set it down, one operation being finished. "Now you do it," she commanded. I began. I chose my shell; I measured and marked it with a tremendous expenditure of chalk and pencil; I resisted the temptation to drop it, or to smudge the pencilling, or to fit it into the chuck wrong end out; I screwed up with all the strength that was in me, and then, flushed and elated, I looked to start the machine. She watched me with a smile

like a fox's, and—"Did you read the letters on it?" she asked. Blate I felt; and took out the shell, unscrewing what I had vainly screwed, to look for those A's and B's on its rough countenance which the knife would have obliterated at the first turns of the machine. She knew how to teach, that red-haired girl.

For the second time I set the shell ready for working, and started the driving-belt: and when I took hold of the lever I felt it jolt in my grasp, as if the machine had recognised, and shrugged resentfully at the uncertain hand of a beginner. Thus I made a first step; because to acknowledge and to make allowance for the personal equation somehow native in a mere complication of wheels going round is an intuition or a platitude to the mechanic: he knows with what tact a machine must be humoured or with what tolerant firmness it must be mastered. Indeed, things of humbler horse-power

have temperament also: most women have known days when the sewing-machine was in a nasty temper. This, I suppose, is the secret of that singular passion shown by some mechanics for their work. Without such a realisation of its individuality, a machine is but a corpse, albeit at times as wilful and pesky a one as the corpse of the little Hunchback, that gave occasion for such a deal of trepidation and story-telling in the city of Casgar, which is situated near the farther extremity of Great Tartary: and with that realisation it will become a companion, to outwit whose entrancing vagaries would spice the dullest of jobs. So taken was I with this discovery that the first shift slid by quickly enough. We went off work laughing and swaggering, and only when I had disentangled myself from a new preoccupation did I find out how utterly tired I was.

II. IN THE WORKSHOP.

I hold the injunction,

"Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake,"

to be a golden rule of conduct applicable to all ventures whereon one's destiny might be pleased to send one. The first few days of learning to be a shell-machinist clinched anew my belief in the excellence of this maxim. Off work, an unknown and displeasing feeling in my inside had driven

me out for a walk. I could find no comfort in the shop windows, attentively as I might view them, nor could the passers-by, earnestly as I might consider them, divert my attention from that feeling. Suddenly I realised the meaning of my distemper. I believe it to have been the false teeth displayed in the window of a pawnshop that provided the stimulus to my bewildered intelligence. I walked up to a

policeman and said to him, with that austerity of statement which befits the imparting of a profound truth—"Policeman, I'm hungry." He supposed, Miss, I was a munition-worker, and directed me to a shop that sold pies.

We were all the same: during the half-hour interval, sitting in the yard, we ate and talked of eating. Introductions were prefaced, as among all primitive peoples, with gifts. "But not apples, thank you all the same," I said. "My landlady gives me nothing else. She might be a Serpent. Apple-hat hot. Apple-hat cold. Pie with the apples inside. Tart with the apples outside. Baked apples. Boiled apples. Dumplings (very dumply, you know). Charlotte Russe. And apple-sauce with the meat, hot or cold to match."

"The girl-with-the-dirty-face has got an egg," said some one. "She says it's a country egg, too." We looked admiringly at the damsel thus designated, and registered, each one of us, a silent vow to write home as soon as possible. Perhaps I should explain that the possession of a dirty face is no distinguishing mark among munition-workers. Every face was dirty: but hers was invariably and indubitably the dirtiest.

"My landlady keeps fowls, but not eggs," was the next remark.

"She would: generally speaking, landladies are a generation of vipers."

"But when the alternative

is that parrot-house of a hostel——"

"They have bath-lists, five minutes allowed for each; and when they come out, the superintendent looks behind their ears."

"Food is good and meals are regular up there, though."

"Fancy dossing down with two other unknown females. No more boarding-school for me, thanks."

"We are paying guests," said the pretty girl. "It's fairly painful—the guest part at least. There's a young man of the house, and he says, 'Pleased to meet you' whenever he passes me on the stairs."

"They practise the Black Art where we are," related the girl who had brought the apple as a friendship's offering. "Janet had a pain, and Mrs Jupp said the cure was to tie a threefold cord round the waist. We hadn't a stay-lace handy, or we might have plaited it to try."

"Time to go in," one said. "Look at the way she leaves those egg-shells about. Rank effrontery I call it."

Food is the best-received topic: the war as a thing to be talked about is barred by common consent: and so, naturally enough, is mention of homes and the things that befell us before we came to make shells. Shop may be talked, however, and will be listened to courteously, if without enthusiasm. The rule of the game is simple—as follows. Susan, who is rough-turning, let us say, will be allowed to

acquaint Mary and Fatima with her fortunes on that day—her output, her machine, her mechanics, their demeanour and opinions—provided that Mary and Fatima, who are severally doing different operations and take no interest in rough-turning, having supplied the dominant and tonic close of “Just so; *most* interesting,” to Susan’s protracted roulades, may extemporise to her in their turn. It works quite well. Nobody listens much: a polite toleration is displayed during the recital, and a polite animation at the end of it.

We talked a lot to begin with. It was natural to be sprightly while the dirt could still be washed off and the aches slept off without much difficulty, and while the idea of the extreme picturesqueness and daring of such an adventure as ours still upheld one. True that no one else seemed to see in our blue overalls anything but a uniform: we knew them, secretly, as a vestment. Like Stevenson combating the sensitive plant at Vailima, standing at my lathe I talked wittily and at length with my friends that were not there. Other workers have told me how at first they would pass away the time in picturing to themselves the various things that had happened and were to happen in the making of a shell—the furnaces flaring and bellowing all night, and the molten steel being poured out, statelily, like cream: the shell-cases tumbled

out on the workshop floor all rough and clumsy, to pass through process after process till, slim and polished, they went off to be filled, discreet of curve, demure of colour, Quakerish instruments of death: and that one day when, alive and voiced at last, they would go shrieking over the trenches.

“When I think”—said the lady-who-felt-(and mentioned)-things—“how every shell that I handle, except of course the scraps,¹ is going to help one of our brave men in the trenches, it simply makes me swell with pride.”

“How to increase your bust-measurement in three days,” suggested the girl-who-had-been-proud-of-her-hands.

“That won’t last for long,” said the girl-with-the-dirty-face. It was rather pinched under the dirt. “When you’ve been at it a bit longer you won’t think of your shells as so many dead Boches or live Tommies, but as so many predestined objects that you want to get through with before you go off work—so many dead weights to be heaved up and slipped on a gauge—so many inches of backache.”

While training we worked among the girls whom we were destined afterwards to relieve. I watched them at first with interest, then, having tried to make friends, with affection. It was easy to get to know them: they were no shyer than sparrows, and had, in common with those un-

¹ A “scrap” is a spoilt shell-case which goes back to the foundry.

appreciated birds, an unending flow of chaff and cheerful banalities. I admired their physique—their vigorous movements, their loud voices, their plentiful hair—and I wondered, with an oblique consideration of William James, how much of their good health and good spirits were due to the constant rattle of smartness and vivacity that the custom of their particular type entails on them. *Convertentur ad vesperam: et famem patientur, ut canes, et circuibunt civitatem.* Answering the strident challenges of the town they live in, they go to rinks and cinemas, they read and chatter, kiss and quarrel, and follow new fashions and new ideas as new fashions and new ideas are purveyed to the manufacturing town. As far as the cinema and the ha'penny Press can make them so, they are up to date: in that measure of life afforded to them they are alive. Comparing them with the anæmic and toothless young women that I had seen bicycling listlessly in country lanes, I thought—Gone is the rustic mirth with the rustic junketings. Allegra has painted her cheeks and come to town.

The work of a shell-machinist has an obliterating effect upon one's sense of individuality: however monotonous, it is exacting; it has to be attended to. After a while it begins to flatten one into the essential dough: every shell thief takes a little of one's pride of self. Yet through all the crowded and callous work-

shops where, day by day, killing has veritably become a business, little sparks of personality flash out. For the indomitable complexity alone of the curls and twists in which the work-girls do their often beautiful hair I should admire them: a rebel spirit flew flags in each little daub of colour with which they enlivened their ugly working dresses. On one machine stood up-ended the case of an 18-pounder, with a pattern chalked on it. This was always full of flowers—two or three dahlias, some coarse daisies, or chrysanthemums with their plaintive smell: a tribute of loud and rapturous sniffs was given to it in passing, and the bolder spirits ogled for a button-hole. With my own nose well buried among them, I asked the man working the machine how he got his flowers: he told me that hardly a day went by without one worker or another bringing him a handful of blooms to replenish his posy.

And if the work-girls are gay and kind, the men in the factory, doing the work that is too heavy or too intricate to be given to women to do, are just as kind if not so gay. The shell-cases are brought round in barrow-loads and piled ready for working between the machines. The easiest way to put a shell down is, of course, to drop it. "Arf," shall we call him, was engaged in putting some down this way on one occasion, when, after the twentieth crash, the girl-who-had-been proud-of-her-hands turned

round from her machine and made a face at him. (She was working with a headache, which might explain, although it does not palliate, her unladylike conduct.) The next shell and those following it he put down quietly with his bare hands. This story has a sequel. Smoking is forbidden with a Teutonic strongness in the workshop—some discontented persons think it would be pleasanter if spitting were discouraged instead; however, that is a side issue, and so it has to be practised with much secrecy. One night Arlf, having deposited his tale of shells in neat stacks by the platforms of each lathe-worker, was sitting in his barrow wearing an expression of Sabbath calm and enjoying an illicit and rather crumpled cigarette. He had been working for nine or ten hours at a stretch (the men work in two shifts to the women's three), and was, I suppose, sleepy; hence he did not observe the frenzied signals of those workers who had seen

the foreman coming up behind him. Detection and a row and a fine advanced like creeping shadows upon the unconscious Arlf: they neared him—in a moment they would encompass him.

"Oh, oh, foreman!" said a worker, running up from her lathe, "what shall I do about this shell? Look, I can't get any filings off it, and I know my knife is set right."

The foreman looked at the shell, and spoke in scorn. "You've bin an' turned it once orlready: corse yer carn't git ary more orf it. Tike it out, and gow and fetch another."

Abstractedly that foreman went on his way, immersed in pleasurable reflections on the extreme foolishness justly innate in an inferior sex. Arlf smoked in his barrow undisturbed, and the worker went back to her lathe with a small smile that was wholly unjustified, one would think, by the ignominious part she had just played in the foregoing scene.

III. THE NIGHTSHIFT.

About 7 P.M. the church next door used to ring a small bell for intercession service, and then I, working on the nightshift, knew that it was time to bestir myself, and to begin my dishevelled day. Never have I heard such a despondent bell. "Dingle"—it said—"I don't expect any one to come; Dingle—they never do; Dingle—I'm only ringing

from a sense of duty; Dingle—and because the verger is pulling my tail." Gloomily inspecting my bruises under the meagre gas-light, and wondering how much of them was dirt and would wash off, I used to execrate that bell.

There is little "food for the young soul, Mr Carlyle," to be found in lodgings. Violet, bringing me coffee and cold

pork, told me that she had been to the cinema. (Violet was the landlady's daughter: the other lodgers called her Virelet, but her mother pronounced the name, saving your gentility, to rhyme with harlot.) Needless to mention, the working man was good and his employer was bad: he doth ravish the poor unfailingly at all the cinemas here. Sitting in that bleak parlour, eyeing a large black fireplace like a mausoleum, and eyed, suspiciously, by Violet's late Uncle Albert, as "taken" in the prime of manhood and mouse-coloured whiskers, I used to long for the hour when I might start work: for then adventure began.

Indeed, it began for me as soon as I went out into the dark street and saw the search-light switching restlessly over the sky, like a sick head on a pillow. The workers on the previous shift would be leaving the factory as I went in, their feet stumbling over the cobbles and their voices straggling on the air as they went by: one of them, perhaps, would call out to me with some chaff on the eight hours' work that I must do before morning. The factory yard was like a rubbish-heap seen in a nightmare, with all the old tins grown to the size of boilers. They lolled about on the bruised earth, with one rusty side stove in, opening vast, foolish mouths: their shadows, like the shadows of monsters, lay across the heaps of cinders and of steel-filings. Hooters cried over the waste place with the voices

of fiends. Small stertorous trains trotted about in the darkness, like good housewives going to market on the Last Day: and once a crane descended on me, silently, with the deadly certainty of the Devil who had got me at last.

Through the open doors of the workshop came noise and light and warmth: it looked gay as a ballroom. Once inside it, the place wrapped me round like a familiar garment. Up in the roof the big driving-belts slid over the rollers: I thought of them going on, shift after shift, day after day, like a waterfall sliding over the top of a crag. Shell-cases, 4.5's and 18-pounders, were piled high against the walls and stacked on every spare foot of floor, with numbers and hieroglyphics chalked on their grey sides and sleek faces. "Scrap" was written coldly and briefly on some of them. "Why," I had said, entering for the first time, "this place looks like a petrified grocer's." All the driving-belts in motion dazzle the eyes like a mist, and looking across row after row of machines, the other side of the shop seemed a mile away. Last of all one notices the workers, inconspicuous, inconsiderable—mere human beings among these infallible Titans of iron and belting.

I walked off to my own particular Titan, and cleaned her face slightly: then I began work. My luck was out; I had picked a hard shell. The steel came off it in wicked-looking blue shreds, the hot

surface smoked with an evil smell, and little red sparks jumped out at me. The jar was so strong throughout the groaning machine that, holding the lever which forces the knife against the revolving shell, my hands felt like sand vehemently shaken in an hour-glass. My neighbour, standing about three feet from me, shouted her sympathy and her good advice: by listening attentively I could make out what she said.

Toujours gai, our "street" during the first hour of the shift is a mixture of pandemonium, of that impassioned moment with the gong in the Domestic Symphony and of the close of a wet day in Solomon's nurseries. The shift before has left the place in a tangle,—all shifts do, except one's own. The foreman rushes up and down like a 50 h.p. wasp; the viewer, she too lifts up her voice: people maraud about for tools, and stumble over the precarious erections of shells left in the gangway; these, thereon, settle down on everybody's feet with a prolonged and hideous yell. In short, as a Scotch coachman remarked to me after we had passed two waggonettes in the same half-mile of lonely road—"It's a pairfect Peeca-deely." Even after the first turmoil has been tidied away, there is always some extraneous uproar in the shop, apart from the normal wasp-byke hum of the driving-belts and the clatter of machinery. A deal of hammering goes on: a lathe slips and screams—

there is no sound more blood-curdling than that of a machine in pain—and Boy Scouts throw shells into wheelbarrows with a merry noise. "Let your conversation be Eh? Eh?" should be the apostolic injunction to machine-hands.

At 1 A.M. a bell rings for the half-hour interval. All cast down their tools and hurry out. All, that is, except the earnest and injudicious beginners: and they soon learn other ways.

Most of the workgirls are still young enough to look coltish; as they ran through the shop, dodging between the machines and curvetting over stray shells with awkward and exaggerated leaps, they nuzzled each other with the unthinking affection of animals let loose.

Fortunately the night was fine, and I could stay out of doors. The workgirls had one wooden shed to sit and eat in, and the lady-workers (they are called the Miaows, by the way, among the regular hands) took up another one. I never noticed any difference in the smell. Sitting in the cool dark one resumed one's personality; I remembered my friends, and felt as thankful as a mother that they were all safely abed at last, even the tardiest of them.

Between 1.30 and 4.30 I went on working, and wound up my watch. I used to save it for these three interminable hours, and made the winding of it as ritual as I well could, although it was only a Low Church keyless one. Such an

action should be a solemn thing. Those who on Sunday mornings wind up the clock in the hall are, all unknowingly, priests who, with an antique ceremony, testify to the imposed order of the universe. Whoever winds a clock sacrifices to Phœbus Apollo, Lord of the Sun and the Intelligence, and abjures thereby the dark heresies of chaos. By doing it carefully, one turn at a time between the shells, I could, with luck, make that watch last for half an hour.

Sometimes at an unwonted breath of air I would look round to see a burlesque engine and two or three laden trucks go clanking down the central gangway, or an old dray-horse, such a beast as Albrecht Dürer would have drawn, standing sedate and unconcerned among the tumult of machinery, while shells were thrown into the cart behind him—each descending with the clatter of a brazen fiend.

Then there was the man with the watering-pot. A true bhistic, one of the ignoble army that sweeps up filings, carries shells, and does the chores of the factory, he shuffled down each row, giving an exiguous sprinkle to our wooden platforms. The spout of his "instrument of aspersion," as Martha Brown the celebrated stylist would call it, lacked its rose: instead it was stuck full of twigs, this being a primitive method of spraying the water. Looking at that watering-pot and again at the lop-eared spanner that I had secured by diligent free-booting, and remembering the large fortune that my em-

ployers were making, I applauded the humble-mindedness with which they retained these decayed friends of the family. I pictured a Director walking through our shop. "Ah, yes," he would say, gazing fondly at the aforesaid spanner, "my dear father cut his teeth on this. The rose? No—I can't recollect ever having seen it."

And after the man with the watering-pot, there was Thirst. He evoked it: it was always lurking in one's throat. The air of the shop is feverishly dry, so dry that it feels harsh in the nostrils. It cannot well be anything else, seeing that it is full of microscopic steel-dust and the smoke from hard shells. I thought of all the different drinks I knew: from the chill, slender trickle that wears itself a stony channel among the hillside grasses, to the complex "bosom-caresser"—the kind with flushed strawberries winking at the brim. I remembered beer, the manly; and barley-water, the inoffensively nasty; and the lemonade that I made as a child (I give the recipe for this delicious but unappreciated drink: dissolve one acid-drop in a tumbler filled at the garden tap). While I was thus musing the bell rang for the second interval—one of seven minutes—but it was a long while in ringing. I cannot conscientiously recommend thirst as a method of passing the time.

"Oo, dearie, ain't it caowld," said the girl beside me, wriggling her thin bones against me in an effort to get past. It was colder at 4.30 than it had been at 1, and a little wind

scuffled the fallen leaves together outside on the deserted pavement. A sentry stands there day and night.

At once the usual talk burst out.

"Isn't that a canteen they're putting up?"

"Yus: ter be owpened by some blooming duchess and kep for the Miaows."

"I don't 'old wiv them canteens: everyfink in 'em wot isn't an aipny dearer's a penny nastier."

"Dreamp I saw Bert last night."

"Naow, didjer? Wot was 'e doin'?"

"Smowkin'. Jer fink it's a towken that 'e's comin' back on leave?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"'Ow much didjer get last pai-dai?"

"Fifteen bob."

"Wot a shime!"

"I got nineteen and free."

"Oo, you lucky!"

"Shiff up a bit, dearie."

"'Ev a drop of tea?"

"Oo, thanks!—well, reely, I wos that firsty——"

"Sime 'ere: fair parohed."

"Daown't 'ardly 'ave time for more'n a drink, this brike."

"Crool, ain't it?"

"I 'aites bowltin' my food: gives me such a fint feeling inside."

This is a fruitful subject for conversation. Behind me I heard a gentler voice explaining that the impact of the first hasty meal of pork stunned a digestion, "and it's never said another word, my dear."

"Ai sai, Enid——"

"Oooo!" chorus of objugation: "there's that bell."

"Why! I ain't 'ardly swolered——"

Still grouching, and still good-tempered, they troop in again, jostling each other in the narrow doorway. I suppose men would grumble more effectively. The workgirl, being (after all) a woman, is different. She will accept with the easy philosophy of oblivion heavy work and poor wages: and rail untiringly at five square inches of speckled looking-glass. "If these girls went on strike," I thought, "it would be about that looking-glass: public opinion would overawe them into saying that it was for better pay: then they wouldn't know their ease, and so they'd lose it." Remembering that dirty and inadequate dressing-room, with its bad smell, the wet clothes tumbled together, the drinking-water in the unappetising tap over the stone sink, I wondered if, apart from philanthropy, the experiment of giving these girls a clean room, airy and well lighted, with lots of shiny mirrors, would not be justified by the better work that they would do. And I believe that such an experiment would be so justified.

All at once I noticed a new reflection in the polished steel that had revolved before me all night, and looking at the skylight overhead I saw that it was painted with the lovely blue of twilight seen from a lighted room. Past the windows flashed little lights: they

looked like the People of the Hills, that fly home lest the first ray of the sun should clip the wings from their shoulders. That undelightful guest that lodges, unbidden, within me, chose this moment to remark that the trams begin to run at five o'clock.

Enchantment, alas! was turned off with the electric light. I looked at the other workers, and seeing how tired they were, resembling with their dirty white faces and their dirty blue overalls the personages of some leprous old fresco, I began to feel tired myself, and to stretch myself to find out where the aches had come. And they were many. Such fatigue did away with past and future. It seemed as if I had done nothing all my life long but take up shells, mark them, pare them in a machine, and, one being finished, begin another. All round me were other women doing the same work: no doubt, I thought, but that we had been at it from the beginning of the world; the worst evil that could befall us a hard shell, and an easy one our greatest good fortune, we should go on like this for ever, our only emotion an inarticulate regret when the finished shells piled beside each machine should be taken away from us to be viewed and to be stacked up somewhere else in gaunt pyramids, whence other workers in their turn would take shells and mark them and pare them in a machine, and so pass them on—a hundred and sixty pro-

cesses, didn't some liar tell me?—

“‘Earburn”—explained my friend the largest mechanic, taking away his hand—“comes of pouring cold tea on a hot stomach.” If I was tired, here was some one more tired than I. Bone-weary, working the long hours of necessity, living in the vitiated air of the shop, where the noise eats them like a secret poison, the mechanics go to and fro, tending the machines that have as many ailments as a hypochondriac, and as many whims as a hysteric. Priests of a new rite, they stand before a thousand clattering altars. Unswerving from the most exacting of standards, they set the knives which must be true to a hair's-breadth, and rigid as steel and muscle can clinch them: and going from one machine to another, always watching, always setting to rights, they flirt with all the workgirls—flirtations that are algebraic in their detachment and universality. It is said—I know not with what truth—that the Miaows took counsel together as to the terms that they would be on with these men: and in the end they agreed to treat them with “distant politeness.”

When at last the third bell rang that released us I found myself regretting my fatigue as one might regret a treachery.

Going back through the mean streets, I in my turn met the workers who were coming in on the next shift, and I pitied them with a vast and saturnine pity, as my pre-

decessors had pitied me. The streets were beginning to wake up. Dogs barked, shutters were taken down, the milkman and the paper boy cried their wares, and the fish-shop un-

folded slowly to the sun, like some unlovely flower. Seagoing voices sounded from the wharves, and the pink and tawny sails were moving up the river.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

The exiguously practical nature of our training makes it hard to give any figures about the work done that are not impeded with the slipshod qualifications of "I think so. I believe. I was told," and so forth. The following account gives only the results of personal experience: it is certainly inadequate, and it may be misleading because of its inadequacy, but its limitations exactly coincide with the boundaries of that personal experience.

In all the operations done in our workshop the main fact is the working of a shell-case in a machine to modify in some way its shape; but the time, attention, and strength required for each operation vary considerably. I began on base-facing 4·5's. This is a long operation: the shells must be read, measured on a gauge before and after being worked in the machine, and if they prove correct after the second gauging, stamped—that is, from a tumbled box of little dyes the particular letter or letters marked on them previously to their working must be selected and impressed on the finished surface with a blow of a hammer. Fifteen minutes

is allowed as the normal time to complete the base-facing of one 4·5 shell-case. A bonus of 4d. is given to the workers finishing more than 30 in a shift. I have done 35.

The time allowed for this operation is ample, provided nothing goes wrong. But with one alphabet, one hammer, and perhaps two gauges among some two-dozen workers, one may have to wait a little time to measure and stamp. A hard shell will need to be pared away in two or more cuts, thus taking twice as long to finish; or it may prove unworkable—what is called a dump. Again, a bad shell (combined with bad working) may blunt one's knife: it takes a mechanic anything from five to fifteen minutes to put in a new knife, and one may have to wait for his coming; or the knife may split from badness of heart. Some people will need three or four new knives in a shift: it takes a good worker and some luck to do the seven-and-a-half hours without a change. Then the machine may go wrong in other ways: the supply of shells may run short, tools may be inadequate, and every now and then the power will be cut off and the lights will go out.

Another long operation is rough - turning. No preliminary measuring is needed for this, and the machine runs automatically, so it is usual to work two lathes at a time, and by so doing to turn out anything between 50 and 70 shells a shift. I give these figures from working with 18-pounders: they are smaller than 4·5's, and so one can do more of them in the time.

A short operation is face-lengthing. This is done in the same machine as base-facing: the steel is taken off the rim at the open end of the shell-case. I believe one is supposed to finish 12 an hour. This is a low estimate of what can be done. I have finished in a shift 137 (4·5's), measuring and marking them; and in a machine fitted, as they can be fitted, with a device that makes it possible to tell, without preliminary measuring, when the right amount of steel has been removed, it should be easy to do more than this. The trying part of such an operation is the amount of lifting one has to do. The shell-cases weigh, I believe, about 12 lb. The minimum of lifting involves 24 lb. per shell: say a ton and a quarter in the shift.

A yet shorter operation is turning the copper bands after they have been fixed on the shell. The time required for

each is so short that it is not worth while to fix an automatic action to the machine. So one turns a handle all the time, as if playing an excessively stiff barrel-organ. This is one of the final operations, and so much steel has come off the 18-pounders by the time that they attain to it that their weight is negligible—about as much as a small cat's: what is tiring here is the handle business and the perpetual adjustment of the machine. I have finished 221 of these shells in a shift, also learning the working and waiting three-quarters of an hour for the lathe.

This is a general rule. While the shell is in the machine it cannot be hurried; the worker must gain time by deftness in putting in and taking out, and by keeping the machine in good order, saving the knife, and, as much as may be, doing without the mechanic.

As for the pay for this work, the best week's wage that I got was £1, 1s. and something: this was for the nightshift, which, I believe, is paid on a higher rate. By working for one night, at the week-end I get, as a rule, 2s. 11d. This, as will be seen, is just over 4½d. an hour. I am not doing it for a livelihood, but if I were, I doubt if I should think it good pay.

IV. AND LASTLY.

When I had finished my training I took back with me to my clean home certain con-

clusions. I felt sure that the relieving work I was now competent to do was useful

work. There is no need at this time to praise the women working on munitions: even their employers admit their value. But to keep them at their best for any length of time they must be taken off their work for one shift in the week—better, for two shifts. Generally speaking, the Miaow has a slightly smaller total of finished work per hour than the regular hand whom she relieves; but the relieving shifts have as large a turn-out as the ordinary ones, and, I believe, fewer soraps. There must be a reason for this: I believe it will be found in the freshness of body and mind that the woman working at the week-end only can bring to her work. She brings also a certain slowness and undeftness of hand; but she can work more steadily and more accurately than the girl who has been on all the seven days. It is obvious that a certain point must exist where x's freshness, and y's practice will combine to produce the greatest output; but it is idle to look for that point, and Utopian to speculate on the method of its recognition while a system of payments endures under which a jaded workgirl works overtime while the woman ready to take her place must look on—and ponder.

Accordingly, that it was useful work, I was convinced: that it was hard work, I knew: that it was not needlessly hard work,

I doubted. Looking back, I questioned if my fatigue, and the fatigue of others, was commensurate with the actual labour we had done. Bad air and bad organisation might be responsible for much of it.¹

Our workshop was large and draughty: it was also stuffy. I do not know how the builder combined these apparently adverse qualities of draught and fug; I do not know, even, if he tried to do so: but undeniably he had achieved this feat. Going in to work one chilly autumn night, we found that our benevolent employers were heating the place; excellent, had not their ideas of heating corresponded so exactly with the Devil's. About two dozen large brasiers, exaggerated versions of those used by road-menders, were put about the workshop. These at first gave out no more than a pleasant warmth; but subsequently they added to it some very unpleasant fumes. Owing to that structural peculiarity already mentioned, the warmth was local and evanescent, but the fumes constant and universal. The workshop is in continual occupation, so there seems to be no chance of opening all the doors and windows and giving it a thorough airing: and any more advanced system of ventilation than this would appear to be a thing undreamed of. Accordingly the accumulation of smell goes on, and day by day the

¹ I should explain here that I can only speak of the workshop where I was employed—one department in a vast factory; but as nearly all the lady-workers were put there, there is no reason to suppose it worse than the others.

air becomes more intolerable. As a result of this came a great increase of fainting-fits among the workers. "Girls is very frightful," and where one has gone down others of course will follow her example, as much from sympathy as from anything else. Still, although the work by itself is in no way beyond the strength of the ordinarily vigorous young woman, when slight suffocation is added to the long hours of standing, fainting comes to bear less appearance of feminine unreason.

Here, it is obvious, we have one factor of that needless fatigue. Another, less glaring and probably less reprehensible, causes rather more complaint. The supply of small tools, things like spanners, files, and gauges, is inadequate. A perpetual borrowing and pilfering goes on, and one may be hung up two or three times in a shift because of it. Especially deplorable is the scarcity of gauges. Given a choice between guessing, and likely enough of guessing right, or of waiting five minutes or so to verify a doubtful pencil-mark, it takes, particularly for the girl working for a bonus, considerable strength of mind to resist the temptation to guess—and perhaps to scrap. Quite as galling is it when the supply of shells runs short. The shell-cases for working should by rights be brought round to each machine. Sometimes this happens, but when it does not, the workers must leave their lathes and walk half across the workshop to fetch them :

such an expedition is almost certain to be followed by another in quest of the tools filched during this absence. Such grievances may seem paltry enough, but in working above a certain degree of tension small things like these may fret the strength to an unwarrantable extent. Here is another instance of a somewhat unfortunate lack of consideration. Each worker going out and coming in must "clock"—that is, must pick out her small pay-card from a rack stuck full of similar cards, and must slip it into a machine that stamps on it the hour and minute of its insertion. At the end of the shift the girls going out must meet those coming in. Those going out are consumed with the desire to get away as early as may be, while those coming in (a little late) burn with the resolve to get their pay-cards stamped as soon as possible. Naturally, the change-over is celebrated with an impassioned scrimmage, as they are all clocking at the same place and time. "This," said a voice in my ear on one such occasion, accompanied with an elbow in my ribs—"this is England *v.* Wales, with two hundred a side." "They do these things better in Germany," I replied with some conviction.

At this juncture some one is bound to say: "But with such hardships and privations all round us, mud in Flanders, mud in Gallipoli, sleet in the North Sea, how wrong it is to complain of a few discomforts at home."

This remark is beside the point, but it is irrefutably high-minded. It has furnished a green garnish to a hundred stale discourses, and underpinned a thousand decrepit apologies: akin to the

“Easy speeches
That comfort cruel men.”

I have, nevertheless, seen it embedded in a working-man's manifesto, looking there rather like a trouser button in a Silurian deposit. No munition-worker that I have met would deny its applicability to hardships that are inevitable; but they sometimes grumble, and they have every right to do so, at hardships that are needless, for such hardships are apt to be harmful as well. Each of the three things that I have complained of—bad air, bad organisation, and lack of tools—means waste of time,

waste of power, waste of labour, waste of material, and again, waste of time. Further, a diminished output of shells in one department may mean that workers on succeeding processes will be delayed for want of shells, so that the waste of time, power, labour, and material will not be felt in one workshop alone, but throughout the factory; and in bad cases, felt even, it is not too fantastic to suppose, by factories half the length of England away. The third one of these abuses, lack of small tools, may be unavoidable; but the other two, bad air and bad organisation, are both remediable evils, and could both be bettered, if not wholly abolished—one by the spending of a little more money, and the other by the exercising of a little more thought.

A VISIT TO THE WÂLI OF PUSHT-I-KUH.

IN 1810 two officers of the British Army, Captain Grant and Lieutenant Fotheringham, adventured on a Political Mission into the then unexplored district of Pusht-i-Kuh. They were received by the Chief of that country, and entertained to dinner, but in the course of the meal were fallen upon from behind and bound. The Chief then had them led to the top of a high cliff overlooking the valley of the river Chengouleh, and there offered them the choice between conversion to Islam and death. Both the officers unhesitatingly chose the second alternative, and were hurled over the edge of the cliff, to be dashed to death on the boulders below. Since that event only three or four Europeans—one of whom, at least, is supposed to have met with the same fate as the two Englishmen—have penetrated the country. It is a wild strip of mountains, about 160 miles in length, contained between the highest ridges of the Zagros range and the Mesopotamian plain, and stretching N.W. to S.E. from near Mendeli to the borders of Arabistan. Its name, which may be translated "Back of the Mountains," describes its position from the point of view of Persia beyond the main range. This remote district has been, as far as is known, a quasi-independent State from time immemorial, and thereby

illustrates what appears to have been a point of policy with all the kingdoms of this part of the world: The Kings of Parthia, Persia, and Assyria alike found it a wise plan—though often, no doubt, making of necessity a virtue—to maintain along their frontiers small but practically independent chieftains, whose loyalty could be more or less assured by gifts of money and honorific titles. They inaugurated, in fact, the modern political principle of "buffer States." Of such was Pusht-i-Kuh, and still, to some extent, it is to-day.

Its present ruler is the 14th of his line, and governs for all practical purposes as an autocrat. The authority of the Teheran Government is in his case even more shadowy than in that of his neighbour the Sheikh of Mohammerah, though he is recognised as a Persian functionary, inasmuch as he receives an emolument as Warden of the Marches. It is a peculiar custom of his country that quite a large section of the inhabitants (Lurs by race) are in perpetual attendance on their Chief, and accompany him to his various winter and summer residences: being all of them armed, they form a sort of small standing army. Here also, even more so than at Mohammerah, the chief posts of trust are held by negro *ghulams*. These black men,

who themselves or whose parents were originally brought into Persia as slaves, attain, presumably by virtue of a degree of faithfulness uncommon among the Lurs, to high positions of authority as bailiffs of the Chief, and intermarry freely with his white subjects.

It was after many days of marching through trackless desert that we pitched camp one day within the dominions of the Wâli of Pusht-i-Kuh—for such is the hereditary title of the ruler, somewhat reminiscent, to be sure, of the immortal heroes of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. In the impregnable mountains which form nine-tenths of his domain, there is a gap at the point which we had reached where the Chenguouleh of evil fame issues from the "Red Mountains," and waters a broad tract of desert spreading downwards towards the Tigris. Eighty years before, this had been the site of a flourishing little town standing among groves of date-palms so luxuriant that they earned for the place the name of Baksai, or Baghshahi, "the king's garden." Life and prosperity are precarious possessions, however, on the Borderland, and a single day saw the ruin of Baksai. The Wâli of that day having died, his three sons disputed the succession. One was the owner of Baksai, and his brother, out of spite, descended on it with a raiding party, razed it to the ground and felled the palms, to the number, it is said, of 11,000. At the time of our visit the

only traces of the old days left were a few ruins of mud-built aqueducts and water-mills, some rotting palm-stumps, and a deserted tomb-mosque gaping wide to the four winds.

We pitched our tents amid these tokens of desolation, and on the following day a *mirza* arrived from the Wâli announcing that he himself was on his way down from the mountains to welcome us. We awaited the visit of our host with some curiosity, for there was only one recorded instance of an interview between him and an Englishman before, and that a good many years ago. A present preceded him. It took the eminently practical, if rather unusual, form of a large lump of snow, of which he had brought a quantity down from his mountains, and as the plains were now beginning to stoke up and the thermometer stood high in the nineties, it was quite the most acceptable gift he could have sent. Next day he came himself in full state. His train as it wound across the desert to our camp was, it must be confessed, a trifle suggestive of a circus procession. First came a guard of riflemen, two by two, on foot, then a led horse, the usual sign of rank, followed by the court band, in tattered red uniforms, playing on cornets and a big drum (they were once, it is said, in the service of a Pasha of Bagdad and formed part of the Wâli's spoils of war after a successful engagement with the imperial troops). Next, preceded by his

shâtir, a resplendent individual in scarlet and gold, came the Wâli himself, a tall bent figure with coloured spectacles, riding a fine Arab horse with a leopard skin thrown over the saddle; with him were his two sons, and behind rode the son of Salar-ed-Douleh, that arch-rebel and Pretender to the Persian throne, a handsome little boy in a very smart suit, on a horse with gold bridle and trappings. The rear was brought up by a long string of armed horsemen.

We returned the Wâli's visit next day. Arriving at his tent, we were met by two magnificent footmen dressed in full-skirted red coats, braided across the chest like a hussar, embroidered white stockings, and the most imposing hats you ever saw, of the same inverted-saucepan shape as our Persian muleteers', but of far greater proportions, being about eighteen inches high and twelve across the top, and encircled at the base by a coloured turban. These splendid individuals, each carrying a *bâton* like a drum-major, conducted us to the door of the tent, whence we were ushered by the Master of Ceremonies into the presence of the Wâli himself. The Wâli was installed in a chair at the end facing the door, and arranged lengthways down each side of the tent were two ordinary iron bedsteads. These were, it appeared, intended for our accommodation, so we ranged ourselves along them in two rows facing each other.

A funny little group squatted behind our host, composed of his three youngest sons, the smallest of whom was a little fellow of four, with henna-stained curls and a long green frock-coat, who attempted, with some success, to play practical jokes with the rickety bedsteads during the audience, and the ancient Vizier, a hairy Rip Van Winkle, who, throughout the conversation, croaked hoarse promptings into the master's ear. The only other persons present were the Master of Ceremonies and two grown-up sons, who stood demurely in the presence of their father with arms folded and hands hidden within their sleeves, as Persian etiquette demands.

The Wâli himself had donned a curiously mixed costume for the occasion. He wore black alpaca trousers and patent-leather shoes, with a sort of military frock-coat, the epaulettes of which were adorned with brilliants set in the device of the Turkish *tughra*, or imperial cipher—perhaps of the same origin as his band. He was not very talkative, and conversation was fitful, as becomes an official visit in Persia. He was interested, however, in aeronautics, and asked questions on the subject, whereupon a discourse ensued rather on the lines of that chronicled in the first chapter of 'Eothen,' when Kinglake and the Pasha of Belgrade exchange their views on steam-engines. But the subjects nearest to the Wâli's heart

related to his royal brethren (as he doubtless regarded them) on the thrones of Europe. "Who," asked he, "is the Padishah of Inghilterra?" "Jarge," replied our leading Persian scholar, who was carrying on the conversation (this, by the way, was not gross *lèse-majesté*, but merely in strict accordance with Persian pronunciation). The Wâli turned to his Vizier. "Write down Jarge," he said. "And he of Russya?" he turned again to his guest. "Nee-ko-las" was the answer. "Write down Nee-ko-las," to the Vizier. "And what is the name of the Padishah of Alleman?" Our

spokesman assumed the air of one racking his memory for some obscure and half-forgotten fact, then replied in dubious tones that he thought it was something like Weel-Yâm. The German Emperor's name does not, I have reason to believe, figure in the Royal Gazetteer of Pusht-i-Kuh.

The arrival of coffee presently intimated that the guests were at liberty to go, a hint trenchantly emphasised by the sharp iron edges of the bedsteads. So with the prescribed bows and salaams to our host and his suite we took our leave.

G. E. H.

WÜRZBURG TO ENGLAND.

BY AN EXCHANGED OFFICER.

"*La guerre est fini pour vous.*"

The van drove slowly down the road which runs along the outer fortification of the Castle. Mr Poerringer did not speak again, and I was silently trying to grasp the reality of the situation.

We stopped at the hut hospital barracks where I had been taken on my arrival at Würzburg five weeks before. Mr Poerringer got out and saluted Doctor Zinch, who was waiting outside the gates. The Doctor caught my eye and grinned from ear to ear, behind the back of some other officers; probably he would have spoken to me had it not been for their presence. I smiled at him rather feebly. At this time my mind contained but one idea—the fear that something would occur to prevent my departure from Würzburg. I was frightened to speak lest some word of mine might be made an excuse for detention. The four British soldiers who now got into the van were evidently in a similar state of mind. Two of them had travelled with me from Cambrai. We none of us spoke. The door of the van shut out the face of the still smiling doctor (bless the man! he was perhaps really pleased to see me safely off), and we jogged slowly on.

Our conveyance stopped in

the goods station yard. Three of the soldiers managed to hobble along without help, but the fourth, the same young fellow in the K.O.S.B. who had travelled in my carriage from Cambrai, had to be carried on a stretcher. I followed very slowly across the railway tracks, and then along the platform to where our train was waiting. Two first-class carriages were reserved for us, one for the "officier" I heard them say, and another for the men. The train was full, and passengers at every window stretched out their heads in curiosity, but none made any remark. We did not stay many minutes in the station. As the train moved off, Mr Poerringer was talking to some of the station officials and did not look up. He had not spoken to me since leaving the gates of Marienberg, and perhaps had mistaken my state of stupor for sulks.

It is not often that events in life will so be shaped that the highest state of happiness can be obtained merely from the fact of finding one's self alone in a railway carriage. The absence of a sentry made itself pleasingly felt. The sitting on a soft cushion was a long-forgotten source of contentment. In my selfish joy I nearly forgot the friends I had left at the Festung.

On the left side of the line as you leave Würzburg, the

Fortress stands out on the hillside at a distance of something over a mile as the crow flies. The windows of my former quarters, where we used to stand and watch the trains, could just be recognised, and as I looked a white sheet waved up and down from the "English" room. I answered back with my handkerchief, waving it until the Festung Marienberg had passed out of view.

The soldiers in the adjoining carriage, having discovered that a communicating door between our two carriages was open, came in to keep me company. M——, in the K.O.S.B.'s, remarked that this was a pleasanter journey than the last we had performed together. I asked him about the other men who had been in our party, but he had lost sight of them. M—— looked thin and pale, and in far worse condition than when he left Cambrai. He told me that he had been kindly treated in hospital, but had been given very little nourishing food. Another man who was wounded in the spine and had been in another ward in the same hospital, said the treatment was fair but food short. All the other men complained of the want of food. They said that the able-bodied prisoners were most willing to work to escape the monotony of prison life, but that they were given so little food in the work camps that many of them were unable to stand the long hours, and had to return to hospital.

My recollection of this part

of our journey is most vague. I took a childish pleasure in recognising the country through which we were passing, and in comparing my feelings on the two journeys. Near the first little country station after you leave Würzburg there is a large nursery, and a large notice put up by Herr Somebody with the words "Baumschule." Farther on the train passes close to a large quaintly roofed building bearing the inscription "Jägerhaus." On the journey from Cambrai I had noticed these things, and my thought, anxious to get away from reality, had speculated about the Jägerhaus and its past history, and had wondered if the owners of the Baumschule sold plants at a price cheaper than obtained at home.

But now, during the first few hours of the journey, my mind was incapable of taking in impressions. We stopped at Aschaffenburg, probably outside the station. I have no recollection. We stopped many times in the afternoon, but we took little or no interest. The men had a very small piece of black bread each, and I gave them my leberwurst and the brown bread. Darkness came down soon. We stopped at stations now and again, and rejoiced each time the train moved on.

Night had long fallen when we made our first change. I do not remember the name of the station, but the place appeared to be of considerable size. We were helped out of the carriage by Red Cross attendants, and saw no soldiers

with fixed bayonets. I was offered the choice of a stretcher or a bath-chair! and chose the latter. The night was dark and wet, the station badly lit up.

We were taken along the platform and put into the Red Cross dressing-station, which contained a sofa, two arm-chairs, an operating-table which looked as if it had never been used, and a glass cupboard with medicine bottles, rolls of lint, &c. An oil-lamp hanging from the ceiling threw a dim light.

After five minutes' wait an official looked in at the door, and was about to pop out again, when I asked a question: "Can we have something to eat?" The official said "Wait," disappeared, and promptly returned with three of his fellows. They were surprised at hearing we had not dined (it was, I think, now about 9 o'clock), and seemed doubtful if anything could be done in the absence of special orders. The situation was made easier by my offering to pay. "Für alle?" they said. "Yes, für alle."

I was wheeled off at once in the bath-chair still farther along the platform to the station restaurant, a small, tidy room with half a dozen small tables covered with clean white table-cloths. A waiter came forward, helped me into a chair, and presented the menu. I ordered a beefsteak, with potatoes and peas. It was pleasant to sit down to a clean white table-cloth, with a plate (instead of the trough

used in the Festung) and knives and forks and spoons.

Presently the beefsteak arrived, beautifully cooked and daintily served. I asked for some beer, but this was "verboten." "Well, then, bring me a tumbler and a corkscrew," said I, withdrawing from my greatcoat pocket the bottle of stout which R—— had given me on my departure from the Fortress.

The price of this excellent dinner was 1m. 75, including a cup of coffee. This was at a time when Germany was reported in our papers to be suffering from shortage of food supplies. The menu offered a great variety of dishes, and the only evidence of scarcity to be noticed was the small-sized ration of bread with which I was served.

After the coffee, and cigars! the Red Cross official came in to say that it was time to take places in the train. This time we had no longer the luxury of a first-class carriage, but still there was plenty of room, as we had a whole coach consisting of four or five third-class compartments. The men said they had been given a very good dinner, for which no payment was demanded.

Just before the train started our party was increased by the addition of a sentry. The men had all settled down to sleep in the different compartments, and the new arrival shared a carriage with me.

He was a very different type from the soldiers who had guarded us on the other journey—a young man, prob-

ably of good position, and certainly of good education, very fat, unhealthily so, quite bald, and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles; he spoke with a North German accent, very difficult for us to understand. He desired nothing better than conversation, and told me all about his own adventure with the army that marched on Antwerp, where he had contracted typhoid fever which had left him bald and short-sighted. He was now condemned to transport work for the duration of the war, and did not hesitate to say to me that the prospect was distinctly disagreeable. We both agreed that war was unpleasant for every one concerned.

Our ultimate destination was Flushing, but my friendly fellow-traveller only expected to go with us as far as Osnabruck, at which town we could not hope to arrive before mid-day of the day after next. The train we were now in contained a number of wounded Germans. They came along the corridor during the night and made friends with our party. Some of them could speak a little English. Like all the other German soldiers I have heard discussing the war, these men expressed great reluctance to return to the front, and were hopeful that the war would speedily be terminated. This is probably the normal attitude of every soldier on both sides.

The German soldier is oppressed by the unexpected duration of the war. He is apparently victorious on all

fronts, and still the war drags on. When he goes home on leave there is not much to cheer him up. Every one seems to be in mourning, and all his friends of military age are away. There is one thing only that enables him to face the hardships of war with unquestioning courage. From childhood he has been taught that the highest virtue in a man is loyalty to his Kaiser and the Fatherland.

German patriotism finds its expressions in personal loyalty to the Kaiser, and devotion to the Fatherland which is almost fanatical. Some people would say that conscription has played a large part in the development of this national religion of patriotism, but the history of the German people can hardly be brought to support such a proposition. Nor does the mere fact that patriotism is taught in the schools provide a sufficient explanation.

The source of a flourishing, vigorous patriotism may often be discovered from a study of economic conditions. That patriotism is affected by economic conditions must at once be admitted. In a State, for example, where the majority of the population are slaves, patriotism will be confined to the slave-owners, who will fight vigorously to prevent their slaves being captured by foreign slave-owners. An agricultural country, where the majority of its inhabitants are owners of the soil they till, affords the most favourable environment for the growth

of patriotic sentiment. The Serbians are without doubt the most patriotic people that history has ever known, and Serbia is a country almost entirely devoted to agriculture, where the great majority of the inhabitants are owners of the soil, so that, in the mouth of a Serbian peasant, the words "my country" refer to something more than an abstraction.

But German patriotism stands likewise on a sound economic basis, for Germany possesses an enormous agricultural population, the greater proportion of whom are owners of the soil—the figures, according to last available statistics, being 86 per cent of the total population of the country. Starting with these favourable conditions, the German Government worked hard during peace-time to strengthen by education and discipline the instinctive patriotism of the citizens. Loyalty to the Kaiser and Fatherland, respect for the army, the duties of a citizen to the State, are lessons that the German child is taught at school.

In addition to the economic and educational, there is a third factor—and most essential of all—in which Germany is by no means wanting. This third factor is the influence of history and tradition.

"C'est la cendre des morts qui créa la patrie."

A consideration of these three influences, (1) Economic conditions, (2) Educational appeal to the intellect, (3) Histori-

cal appeal to tradition, will help us to understand the power of German patriotism.

In one of the thoughtful editorials to which readers of the 'Irish Homestead' are accustomed, I find condensed into a single phrase the idea which I have been struggling to express. "Duty to one's race," says "A. E.," "is not inevitable. It is the result of education, of intellectual atmosphere, or of the social order."

It is very necessary, but very difficult in war to keep in view the best side of the enemy's national character. Now among the doctors, hospital attendants, officers and men of the German army with whom I came in contact during my stay in Germany, I occasionally met with straight-dealing and kindness. Three there are among them to whom I would gladly give my hand. But though in the main the Germans are a treacherous race, coarse in pleasure, bestial in drunkenness, viciously brutal in war; they are also brave, disciplined, and patriotic. When the Fatherland is seen to be in danger they will fight to the last loaf, to the last cartridge, to the last man. There will be no sudden collapse. There will be no surrender by attrition. Ours is no easy road to victory.

The night was well on before our visitors retired to their own compartment. The gold-spectacled, bald-headed escort fell into a heavy sleep, uninterrupted by the frequent

stopping at cold, dark, and lonely stations, where the train would sometimes remain quiet and peaceful for perhaps a quarter of an hour, but always started with a sudden rattle and jerk just as I was thankfully dozing off.

Of the following day I have little recollection. Early in the morning we changed trains at a small junction. It was bitterly cold, and the platform, which was covered with snow, was deserted. No stretchers or stretcher-bearers were provided, and those of us who could not walk were wheeled across the station in a truck by two aged porters. Before starting afresh we had a cup of hot coffee and a very small roll of bread each.

The railway now ran through a hilly and thickly wooded country, and our speed, which had never been very rapid, was much reduced by long curved gradients. Snow lay thick on the branches in the dark spruce forests. Rosy-faced children, well wrapped up, on their way to school, stopped on the hard frozen road which ran beside the railway line to watch the train go by and to wave their hands and cheer. A pale wintry sun crept round the horizon.

The railway carriage was almost as cold as the corridor in the Festung Marienberg. Yesterday's feeling of joy merely at the fact of being outside the Fortress was now giving way to impatience at the length of our journey and the slowness of the train.

The picture changed in the

afternoon. The train was crossing the broad corn-lands of Westphalia, which, as one huge field, stretch away to the horizon. Here and there were patches of snow, but no hedges, walls, or fence of any kind, and scarcely a tree, can be seen to break the monotony of the landscape. The farm-houses, few and far apart, present a lonely and desolate appearance.

Yet another month and the newly-sown grain would be sprouting, and six months would see the rich harvest, and perhaps the end of bread tickets in Berlin, for Westphalia is the granary of the German Empire.

Shortly after dark we again had to change trains. The platform was crowded with soldiers and civilians. The snow had given way to a drizzling rain, and as our train was not yet in, we sat waiting on high-backed wooden seats, surrounded by a curious and not too well-mannered crowd. I remember one ugly old man with a pointed grey beard, who shook his fist at us and was full of hate, until the loud voice of a non-com. ordered him to move on. The moment the order rang out the crowd lost interest in our presence, and the irascible old man was one of the quickest to move.

It was a great relief to hear that another night was not to be spent in the train, as the effects of cold and the fatigues of the journey were beginning to tell on the weaker members of the party. How-

ever, we still had three hours to travel before reaching the place where we were to stay the night, and where, the escort said, rooms in a hotel were awaiting us.

It was about ten o'clock before we reached our destination. I am not sure of the place, but think it was Cassel. The station was a large one, and lit up with powerful electric lights. Our train carried a big load of civilian passengers, chiefly women, a great number of whom—in fact, nearly all—were deep mourning. We had to wait till the platform was clear before the stretcher-bearers came to carry us off.

I do not like being carried on a stretcher without straps. That evening at Cassel we had the best kind of stretcher, with a pillow and blankets which were tucked in all round; and then with a big strap across the chest and another about the ankles, one felt quite secure.

We were first taken to the buffet, which is at the far end of the station from our arrival platform. On reaching the buffet we were unstrapped, so we could sit up and take a cup of warm milk, which was served out by uniformed women attendants. We remained in the buffet about half an hour. My stretcher was close beside a table at which four big bony women dressed in black were drinking hot coffee. A typically German notice printed in large characters hung in a conspicuous position on the wall:—

Speak German! Do not use enemy language!

“Adieu” is French; say instead—

Gott beschütze Dich.

Gott segne Dich.

Auf wiedersehen.

Auf baldigeswiedersehen.

Aufsehrbaldigeswiedersehen.

Auf ein rechtherzigesfrohesbaldigeswiedersehen.

We had not seen any official frightfulness for a long time. Some person in authority now came in to the restaurant and lost his temper—not with us, but with the fact of our being in the restaurant. There was no one in charge of our party, so the cursing fell upon the restaurant in general; and shortly after the irate person had departed we were carried away by stretcher-bearers to the waiting-room, which was a few yards farther down the platform.

Here we had to spend the rest of the night, and nothing was said about the hotel and comfortable beds for which our escort in the train had led us to hope. The waiting-room was furnished in a style common to most big Continental stations. The arm-chairs, upholstered in dark-green plush, were ugly and uncomfortable. The two sofas were designed to repel the weariest of travellers. Although large and lofty, the room was efficiently heated by four large radiators, and four enormous crystal candelabra hung in the centre.

At the far end of the room, which was in semi-darkness, as only one of the candelabra

had been turned on, a lady in mourning was sitting alone at a small round marble-topped table. When the stretcher-bearers had gone, the lady spoke to us in perfect English. "Are you the poor soldiers who are going back to England?" she said. "How glad you must be! I read about the exchange of prisoners in the paper." This lady was of German birth, and had lived most of her life in Australia. She said the nations of Europe had gone mad, and that "this exchange of prisoners was the first sign of sanity that she had seen since leaving Australia." She asked if we had had any dinner, and said it was too late now to get anything to eat, but that if we rang the waiter would serve hot coffee.

In answer to the bell the waiter came at once, and I asked him if we could have some beer. He seemed to hesitate a minute until I produced a 20-mark note. The beer was brought in tumblers of frosted glass about a foot high. It was the best Pilsener. Britain can brew nothing to touch it. There was nothing in the waiting-room just then really altogether German except the beer (and the ugly, uncomfortable chairs). There was very little German about the waiter, who, while waiting for our glasses to be emptied, entered into fluent conversation with one of the soldiers.

And the astonishing subject of his conversation was league football. The wounded soldiers, who were inclined to be sleepy when the Australian lady was

bemoaning the European situation, were now thoroughly enjoying themselves. The waiter told us that he had toured the North of England with a German football team during the winter of 1912-13; he knew all the professional clubs and was personally acquainted with many of the favourite players in the north country.

One of the wounded men—Private Henry, Lancs. Fusiliers, who was an expert follower of league football—started a friendly but determined argument with Fritz (as they called the waiter) as to the merits of the different teams.

Fritz was a real football enthusiast. "I shall never play again," he said; "I am to be called up in a few weeks, and even if I get through I can never play in England again."

"Cheer up, Fritz!" I said; "you have got the best beer in all the world, and as we are not likely ever again to get a chance of drinking it, you had better bring in another round."

Some of the Red Cross attendants who were on duty in the station that night, young fellows of fifteen to sixteen, paid us a visit but did not stay long; they could not join in our conversation, and they refused my offer of beer with a regretful "verboten."

A soldier friend of Fritz's came in to see us. He had been slightly wounded in Russia some six weeks ago, and was now on his way to the Western Front, much depressed.

Fritz promised to bring in coffee and rolls at six o'clock

(our train was to leave at seven). Two of the soldiers slept on the floor, and two dozed in the arm-chairs. Even the fatigue of the journey and the soporific influence of beer did not suffice to induce sleep on the sofa.

Our escort of the previous day joined us at the train next morning. Only a single third-class carriage was provided for this part of our journey, and as it was a very narrow one we were all most uncomfortable. We would reach Osnabruck at 11 A.M., and there, we were told, "the exchange would take place." I speculated wildly as to what form or ceremony would be followed. The local morning paper threw some light on the subject with a statement "that the wounded English officers and men about to be exchanged were to be assembled at Osnabruck from all parts of Germany previous to being sent over the frontier."

The train seemed to go slower than ever. We came to a part of the line which had been flooded, and a squad of men were repairing the track and rebuilding a bridge. The men were of military age, and our escort said they were Russian prisoners. I noticed in many places along the line that a lot of rough ground had been broken up and brought into cultivation.

Now this work requires able-bodied, healthy young labourers, especially when trees have to be felled and roots removed, and there is no doubt that the prisoners of war are being used for this purpose.

Indeed, most of the agricultural work is carried on by prisoners, so that the full strength of Germany's enormous agrarian population is released for the fighting line.

We had to change trains once more (the seventh or eighth change since Würzburg). Our escort, who like ourselves was impatient at the continued delay, expostulated with the station-master, who explained that we had followed a circuitous route in order to leave the main lines free for the passage of troop trains. Large bodies of troops were at that time being shifted from East to West or from West to East.

The day dragged on, eleven o'clock passed, the hour we were due to arrive at our destination, and still the train monotonously bumped along the single track of the badly-laid country railroad. Our third-class carriage was very cramped and uncomfortable. Such carriages are really not "third-class" according to English notions. But we did not worry about mere physical discomfort. I do not know what my wounded comrades had in their minds. They hardly spoke. But the expression in the face of each man had been changing from the moment they had left the hospital hut *Baracker* at Würzburg.

In my own mind a change had also been working since leaving the *Festung Marienberg*, with its omnipresent sentries, noisy barrack-rooms, and insolent, ill-mannered commander.

Now that I was no longer treated like a dangerous criminal, I began to think and act in a more rational way. But the change was very slow. For long after I had reached my own home I retained a silent and suspicious manner, which was surprising perhaps to those of my friends who did not know the full story of the Festung Marienberg. I have drawn no exaggerated picture of that prison. I am afraid there are places even worse than Würzburg, although in other prisoner camps, such as Crefeld, Neu Brandenburg, Stralsund, the conditions are very different, and from trustworthy accounts I believe that at Stralsund in particular the officers could not wish for better treatment. They are allowed to play cricket, football, tennis, &c., whenever they wish. They can even visit the town under escort, and have a three-hole golf-course, which one of my friends there tells me is "bogey nine." I am thankful that, owing, I believe, to the action of the American Embassy in Berlin, the four British prisoners whom I left behind at Würzburg have been sent to another Fortress in Bavaria, where they are allowed a considerable amount of liberty, and where life is much more endurable than it was at the Festung Marienberg.

On arrival at Osnabruck at 1.30 P.M. on Saturday the 14th February, my experience as a prisoner of war in Germany came to an end. From that day to the crossing of the

Dutch frontier on the night of Monday 16th, I was treated with all possible kindness, and every material comfort that could be wished for was offered or provided. I was no longer treated as a prisoner.

Two private motor-cars were waiting at the station to take us to the hospital. Three of our party went off in the first car, and I with the remaining soldier was lifted into the other, and carefully covered up with warm rugs by the officer who had come to meet the train. Both cars drove off to the hospital, where my companions were to be lodged. The sun was shining frostily as we drove through the bright clean town, which is more Dutch than German in appearance.

The car stopped in a narrow street opposite a verandah, with a flight of steps leading up from the pavement. On this terrace or verandah stood an old man, short, and heavy about the stomach, dressed in black old-fashioned clothes. He approached me with a bow, washing his hands with invisible soap, "Goot Morgen, sir," "Goot Morgen,"—more washing—"Is there anything I can do for you? You ask me. Komm this way, please." He crossed a large entrance-hall. The floor was tiled and slippery, so I could scarcely walk on it. Sofas were set all round and down the centre, and one or two German wounded soldiers sat reading. They paid very little attention to our arrival. I was shown into an enormously big hall

containing about 200 beds. This (from the stage at the far end) had doubtless been a music hall.

The room, which was lofty, but not well lit up, except at the stage end, where there was but a single large window, had been freshly painted white. The beds were ranged all round, and a double row down the centre.

Everything in the room was new. Beds, sheets, blankets, none had ever been used before. By each bedside was a small iron table, and behind each bed hung the patient's hospital outfit, the ugly striped pyjamas and red felt slippers. Everything new and spotless.

The bald, gold-spectacled escort carried in my luggage, and bade me an almost affectionate farewell. I was becoming quite inured to surprises of this kind.

In spite of a notice on the wall which said that lying down on the beds in the daytime is strictly forbidden, I lay down on the bed nearest the door and tried to forget my excitement in sleep, but before very long I was aroused by voices from the other side of the screen at the door, and R. D. R. walked round in his kilt, looking just the same as when I had last seen him at Joigny la Chaussée.

"Well, I am glad to see you," he said; "we heard you were killed, and then we heard you were in England."

"How have you got into this party?" I replied; "there is nothing much wrong with you."

Four other British officers followed in behind R. D. I had expected to see a far more crippled band. Major D—— was the worst of the four. One arm was badly paralysed. He spoke with difficulty, a bullet having grazed his windpipe leaving a nasty scar, and he had one or two other bullet wounds in the leg.

M—— and W—— were very lame; each had a broken leg, badly set and short. Captain M—— had nothing wrong with his arms or legs, but a shrapnel bullet had hit him in the face, gone down through the roof of his mouth, and stuck somewhere in his neck, which was bandaged up.

The worst case of all was H——, who presently came in, supported and half carried by two orderlies. No man in this war has had a nearer shave than H——. He was shot through the base of the neck, and the bullet chipped the spine, causing partial paralysis on one side and complete paralysis on the other. I think it was his cheery spirit and sense of humour that helped to keep him alive.

All of us had long stories to tell. W—— had the most to say, having been shut up for three months with some Russian officers who knew neither French nor English. The remainder of the party all came from Crefeld, which is not many hours by train from Osnabruck.

For some reason the new arrivals were not allowed to have a bath. We were told that anything we fancied either

to eat or drink could be ordered for dinner, but that if we did not wish to pay for our food, the ordinary hospital fare would be at our disposal free of charge. We ordered, and were served, a first-rate dinner.

During the afternoon a party of French officers walked into the ward. One of them was rather lame, but the others seemed in very good health. Surprise at the meeting was mutual. They spoke but little English. When we said that we were the prisoners about to be exchanged, these poor fellows had just for a moment a gleam of hope that they also by some mistake were to come with us. We had been together only a few minutes when a soldier came in and took them away. In the short time I had, however, found out that these French officers had no complaint to make of the treatment they had received, and they informed me that a special difference was made in their favour as compared with the British.

Soon after a most excellent dinner, we were glad to turn in. German beds are made in some strange manner. The bedclothes are not tucked in at all, but are folded across the bed in a puzzling sort of way. However, the bed was extremely comfortable, and I slept soundly, the first time since leaving Cambrai.

The next day, Sunday 15th, was a very long one. We were not allowed to leave the ward, which, on account of its huge size, the lack of windows, and the uniform whiteness,

was a most depressing place. In the afternoon some kind of religious service took place in the adjoining ward—at least we heard singing of hymns to the accompaniment of a powerful organ—and the proceedings, whatever they were, terminated with “Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.”

The event of the evening was the announcement that next morning we were to appear before a Medical Board, and immediately after would leave for Holland. This piece of information was received with calm. For my part I still had some of the old reluctance to believe in good news, and Major D—— spoke the thought of all when he said, “We are not yet out of the wood.” H——, the most crippled of the party, was the only optimist.

Next morning, shortly after ten o'clock, I was crossing the outer hall—that is to say, I was creeping round by the wall, not daring to venture across the well-polished floor—when “the Board” emerged from a doorway behind me. They stood and watched me make a laborious circuit back to our room.

We stood to attention, those of us who were able to stand, while the seven or eight German officers filed into the room and took their seats at the table which runs across the whole breadth of the ward, opposite the entrance door. These were men of high rank, and all of a large size except one stout, short fellow, who acted as interpreter. Our names were called, and the

examination proceeded in order of seniority. There was no hesitation about any one until Captain M—— was called. His case was the subject of a certain amount of guttural discussion. R. D. R. was the last and longest to be examined, and his fate hung in the balance. The Board seemed to be of opinion that he was not to be exchanged.

The discussion lasted but a few minutes, during which R. D. stood pale and with anxious eyes. They again began to question him. "How many years' service did you say?" "Three." "Can you drill troops?" "Very little." "Are you qualified to teach musketry?" "No."

Again the withered hand was examined to see if any sign of life could be found in the blue twisted fingers.

I think the casting vote in R. D.'s favour was given by the senior doctor (the only one of the party who was in mufti, and one of the few really human beings I have met while in Germany).

Before going out the senior officer present (a General!) made us a speech in German, which was translated to us by the interpreter somewhat as follows:—

"It is all right! You have all passed, and it only remains for you each to come and sign the necessary papers in the doctor's room. The general wishes to know if you have any complaint to make about your treatment, and if there is anything you are not satisfied about the way you have been treated while in Germany you

must tell us about it. We wish you to make now any complaints. We want you to be satisfied. You must go back to England contented." "We want you to go back to England contented." He repeated these words several times, walking up and down the room as he spoke, looking round with a quick glance at our faces, while the Board in the background nodded approval.

There were no complaints. I thought in silence of my journey from Cambrai to Würzburg, and of the Rittmeister at the Festung Marienberg.

Here was the explanation of the sudden change which began the day of departure from the Festung, the explanation of the first-class carriage at Würzburg station, the indifferent attitude of the crowd on our journey, the good-fellowship of sentries, the free and friendly intercourse with wounded German soldiers, the attention and luxuries provided at Osna-bruck! "They" wanted us to go back to England contented!

After the Board had gone the interpreter came back again to make sure—"Please, gentlemen (!), mention anything. You are all satisfied. Is good, that is gut," and out he went at last rubbing his hands.

"They" had evidently given orders that the about-to-be-exchanged prisoners were to be treated with kindness, just as "They" on a former occasion had given orders that British wounded prisoners, officers

and men, were to be treated with a special insolence and brutality.

This affectation of kindness now at the very last moment, the hypocritical pretence, was more repellent than even the insolence of the Rittmeister Nieburh.

There was, however, one member of the Board whose kindness was really genuine. This was the senior doctor in civilian clothes.

When I went along to the room where the papers had to be signed, he made me sit in his arm-chair and examined my head. I cannot explain the difference between his manner and that of the others. Kindness, in the others so evidently sham, official, and by order, with him was second nature.

"You will get well, quite well, in time," he said, "but it will be very long."

"Let me take your arm, you must not fall on the slippery floor. You might hurt yourself badly and not be able to leave us to-night."

Even if I had not understood the German words, there was no misunderstanding the sympathy in the tone of his voice.

The word of deliverance came that evening while we were at dinner. We were told that two motor-cars and an ambulance waited at the door, and in a very few minutes we started off for the station. As the night was dark and wet, there was some delay before the cars could find the platform our train was due to start from. We drove into the station by a goods entrance, and the cars halted quite near

the train. In addition to ourselves a large party of wounded soldiers, about 120 of them, were bound for the frontier.

As I made my way slowly along the platform I saw several of these poor fellows standing about on crutches, one or two of whom I had met before at Cambrai. They were very cheery, and cheering it was to see them and hear the familiar query—"Are we downhearted?" with its answering roar from the train-load of cripples. But the thin pale faces and ragged clothes bore witness to the misery from which they, the lucky ones, were now to be released.

After waiting for nearly two hours a German officer of high rank came along to make a final inspection. He asked us if we had any complaints to make, and again repeated the hypocritical phrase, "We want you to go back to England contented." And at last the train moved off. Osna-bruck is only forty miles from the frontier. The suspense and worry of the day had told on all of us, and when the much-longed-for moment arrived, and the train actually crossed the frontier, we had all fallen asleep.

Würzburg and all that nightmare in German hands was already slipping far away into the past. The reaction found expression not in hilarious excitement or placid contentment, but in a very excessive weariness of mind and body. Quite early in the morning the train stopped at a small station well over the

German frontier. Two ladies came along the corridor with baskets full of cakes, oranges, tobacco, and other gifts. "Oh, you poor men," said a voice in English, "is there anything we can do for you?" It was the first Englishwoman's voice we had heard for a long time (it did seem such a very long time since we left Southampton Water).

The voice and the kind words acted as a stimulant, almost as a shock. Although the incident may seem to be a trivial one, it is stamped in my memory, for it awoke the memory of all that England is, of kind human sympathy, of those qualities so little understood by Germans; it meant to me that I was back among people "who play the game," and knowing this I knew how to sum up in a single phrase German insolence, German treachery, and German frightfulness. "They" in Germany do not play the game.

We reached Flushing about 11 A.M. The British Consul and a number of very kind people came to meet the train and escorted us to the hotel which is just opposite the station. Owing to a very bad headache I had to spend the day in bed.

Those of our party who were able went for a walk as free men in the streets of Flushing. They saw the arrival of German prisoners from England, and compared their well-fed appearance in smart clean uniforms with the ragged miserable state of the unfortunate British soldiers.

About seven o'clock we were allowed to go on board the steamer. In the dining-room of the hotel I met Major C——, who had arrived with all the one-armed and one-legged men from Madame B——'s Hospital at Cambrai. Many stretcher cases were carried down the gangway, some with bandaged heads and smiling faces, but one or two stretchers were completely covered over, and one dared not think of the burden they carried. Yet others there were who, going back to England, would never see England again. "Are we downhearted?" the cry was raised at intervals, and from every quarter of the ship came the answer in a convincing chorus.

During the long and very rough sea passage my mind was taken up with the misery of the sea, which in a bad sailor is able to dominate all else. However, the discomforts of the sea journey only intensified the relief of landing on English soil at last.

It was about 8 P.M. before the hospital train was ready to start for Charing Cross. At the end of the saloon in which we were travelling a large gramophone was playing a lively and rather catching air. I asked an orderly the name of the tune, and he, looking at me with an air of suspicion and hesitation, not knowing the tune was unfamiliar to us, replied at last, "It's a long long way to Tipperary." Indeed the way had been long, but the end was now reached, and we were at home!

GERMANY IN ASIA MINOR.

BY W. J. C.

"Plenty of cotton is coming up the Danube."—THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

ONE recalls having seen in Germany, in the buoyant days before the war, a map of Asia Minor, on which were set forth the country's products, the name of each printed in colour over the areas where it was produced. So in blue one read of cotton, silk, and wool; in yellow, of wheat, barley, maize, and rice; in green, of figs, vines, olives, sugar-cane, and oranges; and in red, of copper, coal, and other minerals. It all made an alluring and suggestive map,—one that took the eye and set imagination wandering in the scenes and sunlight of the Orient; and the sober impression it created was of Asia Minor as a large and pleasant country overflowing with good things and opportunities. Such a map, but on a larger scale, showing Berlin in the north-west, and Bagdad in the south-east, and Egypt in the south, and the connecting railways, must be hanging now, one thinks, somewhere in the Parliament House at Berlin. In these times of German dearth in grains and cotton and copper it would be comforting to Deputies, and help Socialists among them to think imperially.

For it is true enough that with railway communication

established between Berlin and Constantinople Germany may draw such supplies from Asia Minor as the country affords at this time. Just across the Bosphorus is Haidar Pasha, which is the terminus of all, or nearly all, the Anatolian railways. With conveyance across two miles of water the products of Asia Minor, such as they are, may be transported to any point in the German Empire. So it shows plainly on the map. In Germany, therefore, they think of cotton and copper and grains to come that way. They think, also, that other results of the opened railway will be the equipment of Turkish reserves of men, and that great new opportunities for armies have arisen. And further, there is the pushing of German imperial schemes.

Before looking at Asia Minor from the inside, and considering from that standpoint the extent to which German hopes are likely to be realised, a glance may well be given to German aspirations in these regions before the war. They form an interesting prelude to recent developments in the Near East.

For reasons not easy to determine, Asia Minor has had attractions for people of German race during many

years. It has been stated, indeed, that German interest dates from Frederic Barbarossa, as one who gave the lead and provided the glamour: that his romantic march through Asia Minor, the battles he won—particularly the great battle of Konia in the heart of the country—and his death by drowning among the Taurus mountains, made of this national hero a sort of Teutonic Alexander: that his campaign proved Asia Minor to be a country accessible from Central Europe: and therefore, on the whole, that the inspiration of seeking a German outlet in the south-east really derives from him. So it all may be. Looking into more recent times, we find German settlements in Asia Minor before the Bagdad Railway fired German imagination and gave definite form to ambitions hitherto vague. In some of the cities, such as Constantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, and Angora, there have been foreign colonies of merchants, agents, buyers, and the like for centuries, but the German settlements were of another sort. They were composed of people who sought land, and went into country districts to make their homes. They went in the spirit of colonists; settled; prospered in a fashion notwithstanding disadvantages; and sometimes intermarried with native races. The largest and best known of these settlements, one that enjoys the special providence of the German Emperor, is that at the foot of Mount Carmel

in Syria. There were others, however, earlier and much less ambitious, now almost forgotten. Such was one at Amasia, in Northern Anatolia, founded sixty or seventy years ago, and which by this time has merged completely in the native population. Here and there also you come upon isolated German settlers, or three or four together upon a large farm. They live and work in obscure parts of the country, remote from markets and railways, rather than in any other part of the wide world open to German industry and capital. You hear sometimes that they are men of means, whose pleasure it is to farm in Asia Minor. You find Germans of this sort in the country, but you do not find similar English or French or Russians. There are, indeed, Polish, Bulgarian, and even Christian Russian settlements in the land, but these people came as refugees without much choice of where they should go; Germans came, however, because, as they put it, they desired to go nowhere else.

It was a notion widely held among ourselves until the outbreak of the war, that Pan-German schemes were the fantasies of a few irresponsible extremists. How this idea ever gained the credence it received is an example of how little one people is capable of understanding another. Get on easy terms with a German in his own land or abroad, say those you meet casually in travelling, and sooner or later you find him well tinctured with Pan-

Germanism. He might be stronger on one point than another, but the spirit was there to be raised without much summoning. And if the Near East became the subject of your conversation, you were almost certain to find a similarity of ideas, whether you talked in Berlin or Constantinople or on the Mediterranean coast. You might hear a whole logical scheme of German expansion—trimmed a little to suit your own national susceptibilities—detailed down to the events upon which it depended; or you might get one section of the same scheme in a German train, another in Tokatlian's Café in Pera, and another on the balcony of a second-rate hotel in Cilicia. The future of Asia Minor was a subject on which the average German, in the Near East at least, had definite views with which he was quite satisfied. His underlying idea was of the Turkish Empire as a natural German hinterland, with enormous capabilities under German development and tutelage. He assumed that his own country and Austria stood as one in relation to this hinterland. It was a premiss he took for granted; a detail little mentioned though essential. At any rate, he held that the geographical interposition of Austria, and the Balkan States as well, made no real difficulty. Good-naturedly he foretold commercial benefits for them that would smooth over any jealousies or disappointments. As for Turkey, she clearly benefited most of all by the

arrangement. As for Russia, her opportunities in Asia Minor had gone. It was all a fine hopeful scheme, in listening to which one always felt that the speaker had used many euphemisms and yet left much unsaid.

As we heard these views from time to time from different persons in widely separated places, the uniformity of them became impressive. All Germans in the Near East might have belonged to a society for forwarding national aims, and seemed to bring a personal interest to bear on such matters. Each man in his own sphere, labouring for his own profit, seemed to be conscious also of doing something for a large idea. Whether on irrigation works, or harbour works, or on the Bagdad Railway: whether as official, engineer, settler, commercial man, or missionary, each gave the impression that, if labouring in another's vineyard, it was a vineyard in which he had a reversionary interest. If you watched a Consular official at his duties, or a foreman in charge of bridge-building, or a traveller pushing his firm's goods, you saw also a man well trained and equipped for his duties. If knowledge of several languages was necessary, he spoke those languages; if high technical acquirements were essential, you saw a specialist. No other body of foreigners in the country gave you any such impressions. The Greeks—Ottoman and Hellenic,—who have their own cherished national aspirations to strive for, and

support them freely with their private means, make no showing at all by comparison. You feel that the Greek idea is merely an academic aspiration, but that the German idea has immense power and execution behind it.

And the work all these German pioneers turn out is thorough. One supposes there is no better built railway of its sort than the Bagdad Railway. It is permanent and heavy all through; with heavy steel sleepers everywhere, and heavier rails than are used on any other line in the world. It is a main trunk line which is to carry an enormous traffic, they tell you with pride.

After seeing Germans at work in Asia Minor and what they have done so far, and still more the spirit in which they work, one can have no illusions left about the result. In twenty years of undisturbed activity Asia Minor would become like a Germanised Brazilian province, but without an intervening ocean and Monroe doctrine.

That doubtless would have been the way in a time of continued peace, but under the opportunities of war the process is to be a briefer one. Short cuts are to be taken. It is thought that what might have required a generation or more to achieve may be done now in a year or two. Companies are formed to exploit the country. Lectures are given. Maps of fertile areas are printed and distributed. Magazines devoted to the subject of what

may be done in Asia Minor are issued. It is discovered that the territory has suddenly become of vital economic importance to Germany, and not less so strategic and political. And now we have got the length of speeches in the Reichstag foreshadowing developments. Liberal Deputy Herr Wiemer, for instance—

“We must become a united people, politically free and economically strong from Hamburg and Berlin to Constantinople and Bagdad.”

And after the address to “My heroic Serbian people,” by the German Emperor, perhaps we shall hear of him next, as Protector of Islam, addressing “My Moslem people.”

If a line be drawn on the map from Cyprus to Koweit on the Persian Gulf, Turkey-in-Asia above that line contains an area exceeding 400,000 square miles, little of which is desert. On the whole it may be called a fertile land, and much of it is of great fertility. The north-eastern fourth part is exceedingly mountainous. The south-eastern third part is level or undulating. The remainder, which is Asia Minor proper, is a great plateau 2000 to 4000 feet above the sea, with its surface broken by mountain ranges rising generally 3000 to 5000 feet higher. It possesses many fertile plains and valleys, and great expanses of its mountain slopes are cultivable.

In the north-eastern part, and over a belt fifty or sixty miles in width along the Black Sea and Mediterranean coasts

the rainfall is adequate. In the central region it is less, and as much of it falls as snow, which goes off quickly in spring, the land is parched at the end of summer. But the grain crops come early, while the ground still retains moisture, and in quality are excellent and in quantity good, considering primitive methods of farming.

There are forests along the Black Sea coast, and among the eastern mountains, and also in some parts of the south. Great areas of the interior, however, are treeless. You may go a hundred miles, and, except for orchards around the towns, see nothing except a gaunt poplar or two on a distant skyline, or a few straight willows beside a stream. And yet the country was not always treeless; within the memory of man great stretches of oak and beech and chestnut grew where now are no signs of wood.

Winter in the interior is usually severe. I have seen in Northern Anatolia five feet of level snow on the plains, and the thermometer below zero for weeks together; but that was weather out of the common. In the summer are long months of brilliant weather, with the clearest atmosphere imaginable, and the maximum shade temperature by day round about 80° and going sometimes to 90°; and always the nights are cool. On the coasts the heat is greater. At Smyrna, for instance, a shade temperature of over 100° is not uncommon.

This land of nearly half a million square miles is a land of many products, as fine in quality as the world can show. The grape grows in all parts. There are famous tobacco districts. There are no better oranges than those of Dört Yol, on the Gulf of Alexandretta; and in sheltered bays of the Black Sea coast you find the same fruit growing to perfection in spite of the Black Sea winter. All the fruits of Northern Europe are found as well as those of the South. Rice is grown in many places, and sugar-cane on the Cilician seaboard. But it is more especially a country of grain crops—of maize and wheat and barley of the best, which are grown in all parts of the land. Wheat is the grain of the country, wheaten bread and the wheat berry the national food.

Most of the wheat which Asia Minor grows and exports is the planting of small peasant farmers, who merely scratch the ground with a wooden plough. They know little about manuring. Their rotation of crops is generally the alternation of barley and wheat. They sow broadcast from a wooden bowl, and call "four fold" a good return. They grow for their own consumption and to pay their annual tax. The tax-farmer takes his portion of the crop, and it is this tithe, or a part of it, which finds its way to the towns and cities and reaches the coast for shipment. With proper cultivation the country would be a granary.

As it is, one does not see how Germany is to secure any wheat at present from Asia Minor. Wheat is there, but she cannot get it. Samsoun on the Black Sea, four hundred miles from Constantinople, is a great wheat port, but is blockaded by the Russians. The grain must go by sea or not at all, for there is no railway within two hundred miles. If the *Goeben* and *Breslau* had succeeded in controlling the Black Sea, as was intended, more wheat might have been available in Constantinople than now. But cotton is the crop of Asia Minor at which Germany looks with chief interest.

When the German Chancellor spoke of cotton in plenty passing up the Danube, he was, so to say, jingling the coin in his pocket for a purpose. He desired the clink of his gold—of his much gold—to be heard by those around him, and that all should understand he had tapped new and ample sources. More especially perhaps he would have his opulence understood across the North Sea. But what does it all amount to?

Perhaps we are inclined to underestimate the amount of cotton grown in Asia Minor. The quantity exported before the war is no indication of the quantity grown, for the reason that Asia Minor is a cotton-using country in a peculiar way. Raw cotton is the poor man's wool, which he uses for many purposes. With it are stuffed yorghans, the universal quilted bed-covering of the country,

and also the many cushions. Garments for the cold weather—even trousers—are padded with it. A familiar sight is the domestic labour of spinning raw cotton on a primitive wheel; and much of the rough cloth used for peasants' garments is home spun and home woven. Wool is also used for many of these purposes if it can be afforded, and woollen yorghans and cloth are preferred; but raw cotton being half the price of wool, this consideration tells where all are more or less poor. So there is ever a demand for raw cotton which has to be met. You see it being carried on the roads of the interior; you see it exposed for sale in the bazaars of all towns and villages. It is grown in many other districts than those providing cotton for export.

Cotton is cultivated along all the southern and south-western coast for a distance exceeding eight hundred miles. Most is produced, I believe, on the Cilician plain, where cotton-growing, cleaning and spinning, are the chief industries of the district. Large towns like Adana and Tarsus live by cotton. The roads of the plain are filled with carts and animals all loaded with cotton. You pass miles of cotton-fields, yet hear that the quantity grown is little compared with what the plain might produce.

Cotton is grown also round about Adalia. And when you reach the Ægean coast you are in a country that has long traditions of cotton-growing

and prosperity derived therefrom. At Smyrna they speak of a time when that city exported more cotton than New Orleans—a time, one thinks, that must have been a good while ago. You hear also that in competition with American cotton the cultivation in Asia Minor declined. But all those great rich valleys of Western Asia Minor that of old supported the marvellous Greek cities and states of this coast still grow cotton. The valley of the Meander, of the Cayster, Hermus, and Cacus, thickly set with sites bearing famous names, have cotton-growing lands never yet used to the extent they might be. Cotton is grown also on the south side of the Sea of Marmora, but in a half-hearted fashion. The full cotton-growing capacity of Asia Minor is, in fact, much greater than the quantity now produced would cause one to suppose.

The Chancellor's cotton on the Danube is doubtless last year's crop, rounded up, perhaps, by *zaptiehs* and tax-farmers, and collected at Constantinople and Haidar Pasha in readiness for the opened railway. But there is much of the country's cotton that would never get to Constantinople. One cannot think that in Asia Minor there would be the potent influence of a famine price given by German buyers to bring out all cotton supplies. If Germany pays a good price for cotton in Constantinople, between that point and the grower there would be a host of profit-makers, to

say nothing of officials requiring *baksheesh*, and at best the grower would receive little more than he did before. It is more likely that the crop has been commandeered at a normal price. In this way the crops of the larger growers would be secured; but the price would rise to the native consumer, and there would be cotton hiding and smuggling at once. The people are quite familiar with such operations, and practise them daily on a large scale against the tobacco monopoly. The country is not one in which a few can control the comings and goings of many. If it became worth while to hide cotton and sell it illicitly, it would be so hidden and sold in spite of all. Considering these difficulties, and that the cotton area is only partially used, that much of it is in small scattered districts—some of them not served by rail—the present supply would not be great. It would be no substantial proportion of German requirements for explosives. What might be done in another year or two, if the war lasted so long, is, however, another matter.

When it comes to drawing copper from Asia Minor, the immediate difficulties are of the same order as for grain and cotton, but even worse. There is much copper in the country, as any one may see, though not exactly available. It is still, as from earliest times, a land of copper users. Vessels of iron have not yet

ousted vessels of copper. In every house you find heavy basins and bowls and pitchers beaten out of copper and roughly tinned. The great bowl, nearly two feet across, round which a family gather to eat pilaf, is of copper; cooking vessels are copper; the common eating-bowls, four to a company, carried on the back by Turkish infantry, are copper; there is perhaps half a hundredweight of the metal in any small cook-shop. In each town is a copper bazaar—a street given over to the coppersmiths. There they beat out vessels all day, and their ceaseless hammering is one of the characteristic sounds of a Turkish town. In the copper bazaar, too, you generally find the bell-founders, who cast and sell the myriad bronze bells of every size which fill the roads and hillsides of the country with tinkling.

The mines from which all this copper has come are widely scattered over the country. On a large map of Asia Minor one sees various places with "Maden" or "Madenli" as second name—"mine" or "place of mines." They are the sites of lead, silver, or copper mines, these being the minerals best understood in this land. Many of the old mines have been abandoned; seldom, however, from the ore giving out. Water may have come in beyond the power of primitive pumping apparatus to keep down, though as the mines are generally driven into mountain sides this cause is infrequent.

More often the royalty payable to the state has been advanced till the margin of profit disappeared. For royalties are not of necessity strictly proportioned to the value of mineral obtained over a long period; they are based rather on the principle of getting as much as possible from the miners. A royalty of a tenth soon becomes one of a seventh if the miners do well. If they still show prosperity, it goes up again till only the equivalent of a bare wage is left them. And there are always wheels within wheels; always officials to be baksheeshed before work can begin; to be baksheeshed from time to time for the continuance of their goodwill; and again at uncertain intervals in grateful acknowledgment of any semblance of prosperity. European companies working under concessions have more security all round, though they also know something of baksheesh. But the way of native mining adventurers is a difficult one. They are generally Greeks, and all have a share in the undertaking; and a mine may be the co-operative enterprise of a whole village, and have been so for generations.

The most usual cause, however, of a mine being abandoned is the disappearance of forest, for wood is the fuel used in smelting. A large, rich mine long worked clears the country of trees over a wide surrounding area. In proportion to the richness of ore is the distance from which fuel may be carried with profit; but at last a limit

is reached, and then the process may be reversed and the ore carried to fuel. Thus copper of Arghana was smelted for a time in Tokat, at once a mart and wooded district, after being carried 250 miles over mountains on the backs of animals.

Not a few of these mines have been worked from antiquity. They are known to have been used by Byzantines and Romans; there are surmises they were known to Phœnicians. You may see around such old workings incredible quantities of slag; not as heaps, but so widely spread and deep, and overlaid with earth, that at first sight it is taken for natural formation. These ancient mines gather stories around them: they are always of unknown depth and extent; you hear of galleries without end; of a maze which the present workers refrain from entering; of shafts in which a stone falls soundless. And you hear, too, of particular adventures: of lost miners, found dead long afterwards; of exploration in the heart of the mountain. So at Gumush Maden they speak of twelve Greeks who loaded themselves with rope and lights and implements, resolved to follow an old gallery to its end. They went for miles. They descended shafts, and so reached other galleries, and ever fresh. They went on and on, finding no end, until at last ropes gave out, and they returned without a wish to go again.

The largest copper mine in Asia Minor is that at Arghana

in the east, near to Kharput. There is another large one twenty or thirty miles inland from Ineboli on the Black Sea, on the way to Kastamouni. There is yet another somewhere behind Trebizond. Scattered over the country, worked, unworked, or only fitfully worked, are many smaller ones. Copper is produced by these mines in dribblets, though Arghana might be one of the greatest mines in the world. Yet it is the truth to speak of Asia Minor as a country rich in this mineral. The quantity now produced is only a fraction of that which capital and scientific mining would extract from existing workings; and one often hears of new copper lodes being found.

"Copper? Yes," said a mining expert who had just returned from the arduous journey needed to examine one of these deposits. "But who is to build a hundred miles of mountain road, and a dozen bridges, and drive a couple of tunnels to get it to the coast?"

That commentary applies well enough to most of the country's agricultural and mineral products at the present time. Both sorts exist; both might be vastly increased. Indeed, one can easily suppose that with suitable encouragement and direction for a single year much ore could be mined, and much grain produced. But neither could be moved in any quantity to a railway, and the sea-routes are closed.

For, after all, distances in the fertile territory of Turkey

in Asia are respectable, even from an American point of view. As the crow flies, it is 700 miles from Constantinople to the nearest part of the Russian frontier, and 900 to the Persian. In the same direct way Bagdad is distant from the capital 1000 miles, and the Persian Gulf 1300. From the Black Sea to the Mediterranean is a flight of 400 miles. Putting aside Arabia and Syria, the fertile remainder of Turkey in Asia is a great solid block of territory broken by no deep gulfs, and traversed by no navigable river except the Tigris. The Sihon and Jihun in Cilicia might be made navigable, but are not. The Kizil Irmak, or Halys, greatest river of Asia Minor, has a precarious boat traffic on its lower 70 miles, but that is all downward. The river pours through its gorge in the Pontic mountains at seven or eight miles an hour, and the boats return empty, laboriously tracked with ropes by gangs of men—a week of return against a day of going. On its higher reaches are merely logs and occasional rafts.

It is not generally realised how serious for Turkey, and therefore also for German interests, is Russian control of the Black Sea. Turkish command of that sea, in the event of war with Russia, was regarded as a matter of chief importance by Turkish authorities. They were less sensitive—even indifferent—about the Mediterranean, for their western and southern coasts are served by railways; and

further, any hostile military operations on this littoral would be remote from the capital. But Russia commanding the Black Sea is another matter altogether. Hostile military descent close to the capital becomes a possibility; the easiest routes for supplying Turkish armies against the Caucasian frontier are barred; large sources of food supply are cut off entirely. From Trebizond to Erzeroum—calling Erzeroum the base of Turkish armies operating against Russia—is about a hundred and fifty miles on a metalled road. There are roads also from the ports of Kerasund, Ordu, Unieh, and Samsoun, by which Erzeroum may be reached. But with the Black Sea closed to Turkish supply-ships and transports, Erzeroum becomes extremely inaccessible. The best other route is by rail from Constantinople to Angora, followed by six hundred miles of road. Supplementary routes are served by the Bagdad Railway—such as from Eregli (on the northern slope of Taurus) through Kaisariyeh and Sivas, which involves the same length of road; and from Adana and Aleppo, each giving about a hundred miles less of footwork, but over worse roads and through some frightful country.

Beginning somewhere west of Kastamouni, a wide belt of coastal country in Northern Asia Minor, growing deeper as it passes eastward through Sivas, depends entirely upon the sea for sending its products west. Samsoun wheat, barley,

and flour, sheep, eggs, and poultry, cannot reach the capital. Sunguldak, though only a hundred miles away, cannot send its coal, on which Constantinople chiefly depends. The charcoal-burners of the coast cannot send their charcoal—a slight matter in Western eyes, but one involving more than inconvenience to every native home in Stamboul. Constantinople is said to be on short commons these days; of the capitals at war and unoccupied by an enemy, it is certainly faring worst.

Before speaking of the country's railways and the influence they have had, and may have, upon events in these regions, a word or two may be said upon the country's roads.

No country of equal importance is more dependent upon its roads for internal communication; and no such country has worse roads. You find in Asia Minor what I doubt if you will find elsewhere: a very considerable port and town—whose annual imports and exports are valued at millions of pounds sterling—not only without a yard of railway line, but with only one highway to bring in and take away merchandise. Such a port is Samsoun, and such a highway the Bagdad Road. You find also great trade routes from east and west and north and south converging on a single pass, and making it the only passage between areas of territory great as considerable countries. Such a pass is that of the Cilician Gates, the highway through the Taurus Moun-

tains, and only trade route between east and west and sea and interior for two hundred miles. Another interesting feature of the country's primitive ways of traffic is that many of the smaller ports, and also of the larger ones, owe what prosperity they have to some large town far away in the interior. In a special sense each is the port of that town and district, though without relationship being always obvious on the map. So you learn that Unieh regards itself as the port of Sivas; and Ineboli of Kastamouni; and Adalia of Konia; and Selefke of Karaman; and the upstart Mersina of Kaisariyeh as well as Adana; and that Alexandretta is the port of cities like Diarbekr, and Mosul, and Marash, and Aintab, and Aleppo, and yet, at present, has little to show for the dignity. These linkings are due to old caravan routes established through ages: they are now being rudely severed by railways.

The roads of Asia Minor are seldom metalled. The Bagdad road is paved or metalled from Samsoun to beyond Sivas, a distance of 300 miles, but that is the greatest length of formed road in the country. The Cilician Gates road is also well graded and metalled where passing through the mountains, but only indifferently so when clear of them. For a few miles out of cities and large towns there is usually an attempt to provide a hard surface of some kind on the main roads; once clear of these

stretches, however, the way is merely the track taken by traffic. It turns aside to take fresh ground; it spreads in lines of wheel-ruts for hundreds of yards in width. It is a bog in winter in which vehicles are sometimes left; it is a ploughed-up field in summer whose surface is ground to dust.

Efforts have been made lately to improve some of the chief roads, especially in the south, by remaking and rolling with steam-roller. Around Aleppo are long stretches of highway that would be creditable even in Europe. The main difficulty in maintaining these good roads is caused by ox-carts—a ton on two solid wooden wheels with iron tyres an inch and a half in width—whose drivers are prepared to shoot in assertion of their claim to go on the best of roads.

Most of the country's merchandise, however, is carried on the backs of camels, horses, and donkeys, which need no road. One of the busy trade routes of the country goes north from the Cilician Gates towards Kaisariyeh by a mere narrow bridle-track no vehicle could follow, yet within sight you may sometimes count three or four hundred loaded animals. By this path, indeed, nearly all goods are conveyed between that city and the sea. This pack-saddle traffic covers about twenty miles daily on road or track. It has regular stages; and on any great highway, as evening draws on, it crowds into its stopping-place in a seemingly endless line of animals. They make a great show for little

weight carried. A camel's load is from three hundred to four hundred pounds, a donkey's less than half as much; there are drivers, perhaps one to five animals; in this fashion the cost of carriage becomes heavy. Yet they carry grain and flour and paraffin thus as well as silk and carpets. Agricultural produce and minerals cannot be carried far for export when the freight for four days' journey by ox-cart is one pound sterling per ton. That it is carried very considerable distances on the Bagdad road is due to a combination of causes. Chiefly that imported merchandise which is in demand—such as paraffin and manufactured goods—are profitable to carry, and enable the return journey to be made with produce at a cheaper rate. In its own way this highway traffic of the country, particularly upon the Bagdad road, is a delicate and elaborate piece of economical development which has grown up slowly. It has brought together men and vehicles and animals for its purposes. The road has been made suitable; the towns cater for the passing caravans and passengers; farmers beside the route know what to grow, and how to make use of returning transport. It is all an interesting survival, an example of primitive commerce, but no more. It represents the best the country can do for itself. There will be no great exportation of grain or anything else until many more railways have been constructed than at present.

Although one generally thinks of Turkey in Asia as a land served only by bad roads and mountain paths, it possesses about 4000 miles of railway over which trains may run. The various lines are linked together—or are to be so linked very shortly—and therefore may be spoken of as a continuous system. Already one may go by rail the 1800 miles between Constantinople and the Holy Cities of Arabia—or at least a Moslem may, for there is a station on the Hedjaz railway beyond which neither Jew nor Christian may travel.

These Asiatic railways of the Turkish Empire possess at least one interesting feature. Not only have the lines of later construction been laid out to serve the political rather than the commercial purposes of the state, but veiled under these purely Turkish aims is something else. These later railways are designed to serve the political ambitions of a foreign state, and also to forward the hostile schemes of that state against another foreign state. In one way or another—under guise of preserving Arabia to the Empire (especially against the encroaching English); of supporting pan-Islamic ambitions, and of linking Bagdad with Constantinople—they have in fact been designed and executed to serve pan-German ambitions. Looking at the earlier railways of the country, motives entirely Turkish are apparent in their construction; they are indeed well laid out

in every interest of the Turkish Empire.

With Haidar Pasha on the Bosphorus as terminus, a main trunk line goes eastward along the northern shore of the Gulf of Ismid, and then turns south to Eskishehr, 150 miles from Constantinople. At this point it divides, and one trunk line, aiming for the Russian frontier in Caucasia, goes due east, and the other continues southward to tap rich districts of the west and south and south-east. The eastward trunk line was taken to Angora, another 150 miles; and there railhead has remained ever since, in spite of good intentions to carry it forward 250 miles to Sivas. The other trunk line, however, had better fortune, and in continuation became the Bagdad Railway. It was first, however, carried still farther south to Afium Karahissar, and there linked with the considerable railway system which has Smyrna for its centre. With lines built and owned by English and French companies, the Smyrna district has long had the best and most extensive railways in the country—commercial railways in every sense. The great valleys of ancient memories and ancient and present richness—the valleys of the Meander, Cayster, and Hermus—all are traversed by railways. Another line also goes northward from Smyrna to Panderma on the Sea of Marmora. More than a thousand miles of railway in all centre on Smyrna, and account largely for the city's growth and prosperity.

It may be noticed how well, in the laying out of these western railways, Constantinople has been guarded from direct approach along their route. One has heard a Turkish officer comment on this fact from a characteristically Turkish point of view.

"Of course," he said, "if Smyrna must have commercial railways, why should they be made helpful to an enemy desiring to strike at the capital? Smyrna! Is it not Christian? Who knows what may happen at Smyrna! Perhaps the Italians might attempt to advance from Smyrna."

So the railway from Smyrna to Constantinople, instead of going north and taking the old capital Brusa on the way, strikes due east into the interior for nearly 300 miles to the junction at Afum Karahissar. The same sensitiveness or purpose is shown in the line from Smyrna to Panderma. It leads nowhere but to the Sea of Marmora, and is chiefly a strategical line. With the Dardanelles fast held—as Turks always asserted that the passage would be—that sea remains their own quiet inland waters, available only for Turkish purposes. By this railway they carry troops from all the wide south-western area of Asia Minor, and at Panderma place them on Bosphorus steamers which carry a couple of thousand passengers each. Thereafter Constantinople on one hand and Gallipoli on the other are each only six hours' steaming distant. By this line, of course, troops may also

be conveyed quickly to Smyrna. It is, in fact, a line of lateral communication subtending the whole peninsula which forms the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. It was opened only three years ago. In this connection one observes that the Dardanelles and Smyrna now constitute a single command, under Liman Van Sanders.

In earlier plans for the Bagdad Railway the southern trunk line passing through Afum Karahissar was not intended to be part of the scheme at all. The railway to Bagdad was planned as a continuation of the Angora trunk line. It was to pass through Sivas and Kharput, and thus give comparatively close approach to the Russian frontier. But the Kharput route was not the German route. It lay 250 miles north of the German route, which aimed to pass through Cilicia on the southern coast, and Aleppo, thus holding out a hand to the Syrian railways, and a railway to the Egyptian frontier and Messa. And this southern route, with all its possibilities, was the one eventually adopted.

So now the Bagdad Railway goes from Constantinople through Konia, the old Seljuk capital, to the Taurus Mountains, and there passes down the historic gorge which has seen the march of so many conquerors and armies. It leaves the Cilician Gates—the narrow cleft followed by the highroad between two precipices, from which the pass takes its name—eight or ten miles upon its

right and seeks the Cilician plain by a great tunnel, still incomplete. Then for a hundred miles it traverses this rich plain, passing Adana on the way, and linking with a branch railway to the port of Mersina. At Baghtche it leaves the plain by another great tunnel—likewise incomplete at this time. Thenceforward its way to Bagdad is free of obstructions. The Euphrates is already bridged, and long stretches of the line are completed beyond the river. At Aleppo it connects with the Syrian railways, and so with the line which goes down to the Egyptian frontier near Akaba on the Red Sea, and thence to Medina. The scheme of unbroken communication between Constantinople and Bagdad and the Egyptian frontier is not very far from completion; and yet the work would seem to have fallen much behind the date intended. One can scarcely doubt that for certain of its inner purposes it was to have been ready a year ago.

Just how much German influence had to do with originating the railway from Damascus to the Holy Cities of Arabia is not easy to guess. The cost of construction was defrayed largely by subscription among Moslems—offerings of the Faithful, from the pilgrim's mite to the rich man's substantial gift—to bring these holy places within easy reach, and also to safeguard Turkish possession of them. One may sometimes hear it said that no corruption took place in

building this railway of pilgrimage. It was a pious work, to which each man gave what he could, and in this spirit every piastre subscribed was applied to the great object with punctilious avoidance of baksheesh. The line was, however, laid out and the construction supervised by German engineers—to that extent German influence is apparent. It goes east of Jordan and the Dead Sea, as if avoiding Palestine and the Mediterranean coast. Reports are current that German engineers became Moslems in order to carry out the work in those parts of the country forbidden to Jews and Christians.

Of this railway, the best that can be said is that it is a pilgrim way. It opens up no country of agricultural or mineral value, joins no great cities on the way, and does not even help Palestine. The Bagdad line, however, is of another sort. Unquestionably it follows the best and natural route between Constantinople and Bagdad. In any scheme of railway development for Turkey in Asia, this route would require a trunk railway sooner or later. It passes through rich districts and links important cities; and it follows, too, the old caravan route of trade between the Mediterranean and India. But for a Turkey not under German influence, cherishing no fantastic ambitions, intending peace with all its might, yet keeping a watchful eye upon its hereditary enemy on the Caucasus frontier, the Bagdad

Railway would have gone the northern way through Kharput and opened the rich grain country between Angora and Sivas.

As it is, with the railway passing through the Cilician plain, that district has become the chief field for German capital and industry in the country. Perhaps it holds out more opportunities for the investment of capital than any other area of equal size in Asia Minor. It is extremely fertile, and grows everything from wheat to cotton, and yet is only partially cultivated. Already its chief towns, Adana and Tarsus, and Mersina the port, are flourishing on cotton; and Adana, in spite of the frightful massacres a few years ago, has become a town with more than 100,000 inhabitants. There more than anywhere else in the Turkish empire you find bustle and life, with a sense of present prosperity, and better to follow.

Adana stands in the middle of the plain, thirty miles from the sea and fifty from its port, Mersina, to which a branch railway runs that once was English, but now has been acquired by the Bagdad Railway Company. Adana is also, as nearly as possible, the midway point between Constantinople and Bagdad, and its railway buildings—station, goods-sheds, and workshops—have been laid out on a scale commensurate with the hoped-for future before the place. Like all stations on this line, it is built some distance outside the town. There is more wisdom

in the arrangement than apparent on the face. It may be inconvenient to have your station two miles or so away from the town, but that disadvantage will not always exist: the town will presently spread to the railway, with enhanced profit to railway lands. And also, so one is told, the stations are better placed thus for purposes of defence against native violence if that should be attempted. There was no sense of security felt by Germans responsible for laying out the line. So all stations are strongly built and capable of being defended, and have around them a clear field for fire,—and this feature an old soldier Turk will point out to you while calling the buildings “German castles.”

This Cilician section of the Bagdad Railway is the most vulnerable to attack of any between Constantinople and Bagdad or Constantinople and Akaba. For fifty miles it runs comparatively near to the sea, across level, open country. At Adana it is only thirty miles from the coast, and the large bridge by which it crosses the Sihon or Sarus is open to aerial attack from the sea. So also is the considerable bridge by which the Jihun or Pyramus is crossed near Missis, twenty miles beyond Adana. And this bridge cannot be more than fifteen or sixteen miles from the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta, with the low hills of Jebul Nur intervening.

In fact the railway for thirty-five miles beyond Missis

runs nearer still to the sea, and is only ten or twelve miles from it at Toprak Kale, due north from the Gulf of Alexandretta. Possibly it was regarded as safe at this point, for approach from the coast follows a narrow pass, named the Amanus Gates. It is a passage only 200 yards in width, between cliffs, and on either side stretch away the ridges of a defensible chain of hills. In the landward mouth of the gap stands the castle, Toprak Kale, which defended the pass in earlier days. Hereabouts is classic ground, for down this highway to the Mediterranean went Alexander with his army, the Persians following close behind; and the battlefield of Issus, where the hosts met, is distant only twenty miles from the castle. Along the defile, starting from a junction at Toprak Kale, runs now the branch line which connects the Bagdad Railway with the port of Alexandretta. This line crosses the famous battlefield; and somewhere there was destroyed by British warships soon after hostilities began.

The whole of this Cilician section of the Bagdad Railway must be the scene of much German activity just now. Not only is it exposed to attack, but the two incomplete tunnels—of the Taurus, and Arslanli Bel, under the Amanus Mountains, a hundred miles east of Adana—are the only gaps in direct communication between Constantinople and Syria, and far on towards Bagdad. The Taurus tunnel had not been

begun four years ago. Its course had been decided, and boring was about to begin, when the discovery of rich mineral lodes near by caused a deviation to be made, that they might come within railway land—that at least was the local story. At the same time the Amanus tunnel was said to have advanced half a mile from each end. Much tunneling can be done in four years; and at worst the tunnel is not more than five miles in length. Both tunnels, one thinks, must be very near completion by this time. But while still unfinished, each is turned by a good road, especially that through the Cilician Gates pass in the Taurus. The road distance is considerable, however—as much, perhaps, as forty miles. The road over Arslanli Bel is almost direct, and the break here—if it exists—cannot be more than a dozen miles; and the pass is a low one.

For present German purposes the whole value of the Bagdad and Syrian railways hangs upon this sensitive length of line between the Taurus and Amanus Mountains—the hundred miles across the Cilician plain. And not only the railway passes through this neck of a bottle. Following the same course is the highway between Asia Minor and Mesopotamia and Syria. The natural features of the country are such that the only alternative road-route lies through Kaisariyeh, a hundred and fifty miles to the north, and thence eastward and southward

through the wild mountains of Albistan. Turco-German armies in Mesopotamia and Syria have risks and difficulties behind them as well as in front.

Perhaps not the least of German hopes, dependent upon opening railway communication with Constantinople, lay in improving and increasing the Ottoman army. In Asiatic Turkey were men wanting only arms, equipment, and munitions, which Germany could supply. So German newspapers spoke of an Ottoman army proportioned to the Ottoman population, and on this basis saw two million troops under the Crescent. Little attention need be paid to an estimate of this sort, for it takes no account of how the Ottoman population is made up or the man-power really available. Three or four years ago, when army reorganisation was the favourite topic of every Turkish officer, and the army of the future was to be the salvation of the country, the most sanguine official estimate gave it a strength of a million men. That was called the full fighting strength of the Empire, though behind it were certain vague hundreds of thousands as reserve. And this million was to be got by universal service among Moslems and Christians alike. One has no doubt it was the largest figure thought possible after taking into consideration the internal difficulties of the country.

Probably the population of Asiatic Turkey is something

over eighteen millions: comprising, in round numbers, five million Greeks and Armenians, one and a half million Kurds, three or four million Arabs, and eight or nine million Turks, Circassians, and Laz. The Greeks and Armenians are disaffected, to put it mildly. Their men serve in the Ottoman army only when escape is impossible. We may be sure that at this time the mountains are full of those endeavouring to avoid military service—they frequently adopted that alternative during peace—but for ten then there are likely to be hundreds now. Of Kurds, none serve in the regular army. Some come out under their chiefs as irregular cavalry, and others recognise no liability to service at all and cannot be compelled. Of Arabs, probably three-fourths are either hostile or unavailable. They may serve under their chiefs or may elect to stay at home; nor can they be forced. The only reliable fighting population of the Turkish Empire are the eight or nine million Turks, Circassians, and Laz; and these, one has no doubt, have been mustered to the last man. But of Turks and Circassians, it may be said (for the Lazis are comparatively few) that at this time no equal population in Europe contains so small a proportion of men of military age. They have been well bled in the last twenty years. The Balkan War took heavy toll of them, but still more fatal has been service in the Yemen. Only Moslems were used for

the Arabian wars, and garrison duty there hardly less deadly than war. There can be scarcely a Moslem family in Asia Minor which has not lost members in the Yemen by wounds or disease. Of three Moslems who accompanied me at different times in Asia Minor, one had lost two sons, one a brother, and the third two brothers in the Yemen. Every battalion and regiment sent to the Yemen comes back in a year or two as a dozen or perhaps fifty survivors. In a single twelvemonth—1911, I think it was—fifty thousand men died or were killed in Arabia. Men who still would be capable of bearing arms, but that they died in the Yemen, must be numbered by hundreds of thousands; for this blood-tax on the Moslems of Anatolia has gone on steadily year by year. Some even maintain that it has prejudiced the whole future of the Os-

manli race in competition with non-Moslems of Asia Minor.

Considering all these facts, and also recent Turkish losses, one does not well see how even a million Ottoman troops are to be furnished at this stage. It can be done only by including boys and old men, as well as Greeks and Armenians of doubtful value. It would be no army of the sort hoped for in Germany. It would be, moreover, an army at heart as hostile to its German allies as to the enemy; perhaps more so.

Altogether, it is certain that German prospects in Turkey in Asia, whether of aggrandisement, or of gaining immediate supplies, or of finding armies, have not the promise of their outward appearance. Not under such conditions as the present was the political straddle from Berlin to Bagdad to be made. It has to be attempted before its time.

TALES OF A GASPIPE OFFICER.

BY "DESPATCH RIDER."

Military cyclists are popularly known as the Gaspipe Cavalry.—*Daily Paper.*

VIII. COLD CHICKEN AND CHAMPAGNE.

THE Gaspipe Officer squeezed himself into the side-car and waited fearfully for thrills: Tommy's eye judged in quarter inches, particularly when gunners with restive horses were about. They dashed fiercely down the drive, stopped abruptly for a divisional car, and swung off into the spate of traffic on the road from Ypres to Poperinghe. By this time it was flowing with some slight attempt at reasoned order. The monster waggons and high-loaded carts of the now resigned refugees were stranded hopelessly in the mud at the side. The military had usurped the firm centre. Guns and multitudinous ammunition limbers were moving up—wearily, like people waiting their turn at the door of a theatre. Motor ambulances and empty waggons were hurrying west from the poor old stricken city. The flare of the great burning in Ypres cast queer little shadows.

Through it all Tommy steered a wizard course, charming to the trained eye of his cargo. There was a noise of great swearing—Bill and the rest of the Company.

"Hi, Bill! Patrol's knocked out. Got a scrap in my leg. Going to have it hooked out.

Be with you in the morning. No, just a cushy wound. So long! Good luck!"

They wriggled in and out past the Cyclists, who were loudly worming their way through the crush, rattled into Vlamertinghe, and swung left on to the quietude of the Ouderdom road. "Granny" and her enormous train still lay inert close up to the friendly wall of an *estaminet*. Her slaves, the gunners, stared towards Ypres. . . .

Stopping outside the camp, Tommy ran in to fetch Brown and the Gaspipe's kit. A cable cart crawled hesitatingly along.

"Would you mind moving that side-car?"

"Sorry, I can't; [proudly] been hit in the leg."

Profuse apologies and interesting inquiries. A couple of men pushed the side-car very carefully out of the way. The hero was reminded of a time when he had pushed his grandmother down a steep place with a little violence.

Tommy returned, and they jolted over the painful *pavé* to the advanced section of a Field Ambulance. The doctor was hoarse, and talked mechanically, as men do when they are inhumanly weary.

The little room stank of iodine and blood and some cast-off clothes that lay piled in a corner. Iodine was slopped into the wound and a careful injection made. Then the Gaspiper became heroic.

"I think I'll try and walk back to camp."

"All right," said the doctor carelessly.

The first ten paces were a triumph, the second a bore, and the third a torture. He hobbled back on the arm of the faithful Brown.

"Sorry to trouble you again, doctor; I'm afraid you must put me up."

"Thought so," replied the doctor dryly, and offered his own bed. The Gaspiper refused, and settled down finally on a stretcher. He slept a trifle, but for the most part spent the night in cursing his leg.

At the welcome dawn he was lifted into an ambulance, finding there Springett, one of his patrol, who had been hit on the head—not too seriously. This lad had walked a couple of miles on the unhealthiest of roads to obtain help and stretchers, when the doctor that the Gaspiper thought he had secured did not come, obtained them, and made a couple of journeys, carrying his comrades into safety. All this the Gaspiper heard afterwards from Bill.

They came to Reninghelst, where the Gaspiper was labelled and given breakfast, then on slowly to Poperinghe, the most wearisome of journeys. He

was put on a little bed in an ante-room that formed part of a corridor. There was a door into it and a door out of it. Both were always banging, banging. A nurse smiled and asked if his wound were dressed. At last an orderly came and offered him food—cold chicken and champagne! He blessed the giver.

One door led down into a sunken hall crammed full of wounded officers. Most of them were waiting cheerfully for the hospital train, and a fair number left late in the morning, but cases kept coming in. An ambulance would arrive and be unloaded. This you knew by the intermittent shriek of pain, and the hectic complaints of the nerve-shattered wounded that reverberated horribly along the corridors.

There would be a shriek and a long crooning wail—then little childish moans and chatter.

"Oh, do take care. It does hurt so. Move slowly. It burns like anything. Oh, it does hurt. G—d d—n you, man, be careful, be careful! Oh, it does hurt so."

The long crooning wail would begin again.

Some men were brought in, yellow and gasping. The noises they made shivered in your spine. These were the first victims of the gas. . . . The day passed with diabolical slowness. The staff, ever kind, listening reasonably to the most unreasonable of complaints, kept telling how overcrowded they were and how

the hospital trains were being delayed by the supply trains with ammunition. The narrow ante-room begun to fill with "sitting-up cases." There was the subaltern who had blown up Hill 60, and a bunch of young Canadians who talked of affrays in western saloons, camping in far forests, and the price of land.

One lad stumbled in and sat down in a heap. His mouth kept twitching and his eyes were never still. They asked him where he had been hit.

"Not wounded. One shell just to right and one shell just to left. Picked myself up. Nerve gone."

At every sound he shuddered. When the door banged he started as if some one had struck him and cringed fearfully. He would forget himself for a moment and talk feverishly of gasconading days and purple nights in Canadian saloons. The door banged, and again he would cringe and moan and mutter about his nerves.

When it grew dark food was brought—cold chicken and champagne. They ate enormous meals; most of them had been without food for many hours.

There was talk of a hospital train at 8, and then at 10, but the summons never came. Restlessly they sat and could speak of nothing except the train. For the ante-room was so crowded that only a few could sit down. The rest leant against the wall or squatted on the floor. As it grew later they tried to settle themselves

to sleep. The Gaspipe, hobbling out into the corridor, found a stretcher and Brown made him up some sort of bed. He dozed fitfully, wakened by the noise of motor ambulances loading and unloading, the groans and cries of the wounded, and a certain unpleasantness in a nether limb.

About four in the morning he was wakened finally by a gruff voice—"Up with you! Get a move on! The ambulances are going."

Another long wait on the chilly steps and they were sitting comfortably in an ambulance. The convoy fled away along the Steenvoorde road, past dark columns of slow waggons, past interminable columns of French and English guns—away through Hazebrouck.

They reached St Omer in the grey of the morning and drew up at a forbidding-looking infirmary. They hobbled or were carried up innumerable steps and deposited in a cheerful ward, where they were given hot tea and put to bed. It was extraordinarily comfortable, and the Gaspipe, for one, never again wanted to move. There was no noise of guns and no endless rattling of transport over cobbles. Everybody was kind and quiet. Besides, being wounded, he had become a personage to be tended and cared for, a man whom all delighted to honour. . . .

In a couple of hours it was announced that the lighter cases were to go straight to Boulogne. So the Gaspipe dressed and, after telling the

true story of the night of the 22nd to "Eyewitness," was bundled downstairs into a motor ambulance and thence into a hospital train.

They were cherished mightily in that train by a dear nurse who had the Bulgarian medal, and a young doctor who was pathetically eager to supply all wants. The lunch was foretold but the prophecy was false. The cold chicken came, just as good as it had ever been, and—beer.

The Gaspipe travelled down with a young French Canadian

and an oldish subaltern. Beyond Boulogne—the sun was setting—the subaltern exclaimed at the play of light on a pink-and-yellow cutting. It was A——, the artist.

So they came to Etaples. The Gaspipe was informed that he was going to the Hospital of the Duchess. He was lifted into a car with more tenderness than he required, and together with Mirfield, who had been shot through the arm, was whirled along straight, dimly-lit avenues of dark trees to the glowing front of a Casino.

IX. THE HOSPITAL OF THE DUCHESS.

When the Gaspipe had been told that he was being sent to the Hospital of the Duchess, he did not know whether to laugh or cry. Behind the line rumours had trickled through of perfectly charming but perilously inefficient nurses, whose milk-white hands would nervously fumble with the wound, whose chatter was so delicious that it kept you awake, who sat on your bed just where it would hurt you, and then apologise so sweetly that you forgot the throb; who sometimes, when you were very good and kept yourself clean, kissed you good-night. To an 'ero slightly wounded these were pleasant anticipations: yet behind them lurked the thought that a cushy and altogether gentlemanly wound can become a right royal disablement under ignorant care.

He had also heard of other hospitals, very different. In

these, elderly and harsh-featured spinsters with large red hands tyrannised with a horrible efficiency. You were regarded as a Case—and only those most painfully and interestingly disfigured were treated with any consideration. You would see a prophetic gleam in the nurse's eye. She would dose you and starve you until you were ready for the Operation, the high-water mark of hospital existence. Then, most indecently unarrayed, you would be stretched on a cold, white and shiny table, and, in the presence of a group of ghoulissh spectators, be cut scientifically. Afterwards you were violently sick. . . .

During the first few moments the Hospital of the Duchess seemed surely of the former type. He was carried into an immense white entrance-hall where a few cheerful wounded sat critical of the

incomers, and nurses, delightfully attired, appeared and disappeared through mysterious doors. One of them watched the new arrivals with such a kind and melancholy-sympathetic countenance that the Gaspipe, whose leg had ceased to throb, was compelled through very pride to orange momentarily as though in pain. With enormous care he was lifted upstairs and into a cosy little ward of ten or twelve beds. It seemed nothing but whiteness and light and cheerfulness. Two nurses approached him, hiding their sorrow at his condition under a brave smile. He was put to bed, and in a little there came a simple well-cooked dinner on trays.

The ward was more than luxurious—it was comfortable. Everything was neat and well-ordered. There were cigarettes and flowers by each bedside, and a little library at the end of the room.

He was puzzled. The Hospital of the Duchess was a discreet combination of the rumoured types, both decorative and efficient. And the men downstairs called it “more than an ‘ome from ‘ome.” Was this hospital, then, supreme, of a perfect type equalled by none other? They liked to think so. Or perhaps it is only of the few extremer hospitals that they had heard. Most of them may be like the Hospital of the Duchess. . . .

About half-past seven the curtains would be drawn, and the night Sister disappear into a hidden place from which she

would bring tea and biscuits with the help of the orderly. Afterwards there was washing and shaving and dressing. No one who has not been inside a hospital can imagine how interesting these everyday processes can become. So many questions arise. If a man is wounded in the knee and cannot bend his leg without pain, should he or should he not wash his feet? For it was a point of honour to leave as little washing as possible to Sister and orderly. Does Sister want to rub and powder my back this morning? How much dressing can a man with one arm do for himself? Will Sister dress me to-day, or will she leave it to the orderly?

Everybody shaved himself who could. The official shaver was an old sick-berth attendant, and had been used to rougher skins. He swore that he could shave you if you were standing on your head, and boasted of the fact that he was the only orderly in hospital who could shave men in bed. He lied in his mouth. True, he could tie a strop to your bedpost and make much play with the razor. He could lather you well into the eyes and mouth, and then wonder why you were not interested in his reminiscences. But shave? No! All the great barbers of old times and to-day, the barbers of Florence, and Pass and Truefitt, would cry out against the slander. Rather did he take a length of dull metal that dragged out the hairs reluctantly one by

one. It was a tug of war in which the hair, bloody and bowed, but still retaining the greater portion of its old Adam, stood victorious; for the would-be razor showed its acerbity only on the softer spots, where it would rage and bite deep into the quivering flesh. I have heard it said by a patient that he would rather undergo another operation. . . .

Then came a pleasant breakfast and a pipe. It should have been a joyous meal. Everybody was clean and shaved and attired for the day. The night had ended for those who could not sleep. But after breakfast came dressings and the putting of shattered and shrinking limbs into baths, and other things unpleasant that only the cheerfulness of the old surgeon made tolerable.

So with talk and the reading of books and writing of letters till lunch-time. In the afternoon the stronger brethren were allowed out to walk in the pine-woods, saunter along the beach, take tea with their friends, or play mild badminton with the Sisters. The beds of the others would on sunny days be taken out on the balcony, a doubtful pleasure. The curative properties of the sun's rays are probably immense, but the wilful wind would find its way with a worm-like persistence into the bed's *arcana*, blow over your tobacco, and make the reading of a newspaper a herculean struggle. When the beds were taken in, it was time for tea.

Everybody rejoiced when

Mrs Witherington, or Jackson's sister, visited her brother at tea-time. It was not merely that she brought her brother chocolates and sweets and cakes, which were inevitably passed round. She smiled so nicely, and radiated such pleasant goodwill, that for a time they all forgot their aches and pains.

So the day passed till dinner. Some, scarcely troubled by their hurts, just basked in the quietude and cleanliness and comfort. For others the day consisted of long periods of pain between the short agonies of having their wounds dressed. . . .

Hambleton was a study in yellow and mauve, for he had jaundice and mauve silk pyjamas. When he was not scratching, he flirted outrageously or chaffed the night Sister. One morning the doctor told him he was well enough to be moved. From then on he lived in a giggling state of almost restless excitement—till the hour came.

Jackson was their oldest inhabitant. He had lost an arm. Young and dark, he was overflowing with good-humoured wit, and scintillated with anecdote and allusion. His cross-chat to the Sister when she dressed him was a joy. The ward was dull without Jackson.

Then there was Healy, the voluble journalist, recovered from bronchitis, and Carrier, the mountaineering doctor, who had cut his toes while showing some men how to fell a tree. When he was not telling them tales of his patients

and his partner, he would spend his time in disussing with the authorities, over reams of paper, whether he was accidentally wounded or not, and which Army Form they should have issued. Old B—— lay patient and always cheerful, though his thigh was riddled with tubing; and Mirfield, the cricketer, after a hard struggle, kept his arm. They were a very pleasant company. . . .

Doctors should be sure of their own minds. The Gaspiper was to be operated on in the afternoon. Accordingly he was dosed and starved, and cheered by the others with full details of operations they had known. The result of it all was a particularly large tea, as the surgeon forgot, or somebody who was urgently dying had to be ushered out of the world with scientific exactitude. This irregular feeding was repeated on the following day. Breakfast was attenuated with a view to ether, and a dose given. A local anæsthetic was finally decided upon, and lunch correspondingly increased. At the end the Gaspiper could not for his very life have told you whether he was empty or full.

They carried him away to a little white room, and laid him on a table that was much too short. Then they garbed themselves until they looked like members of one of those secret societies that flourish so rankly in Cinemaland. The theatresisters, who were perfectly charming, busied themselves, the anæsthetist was engaged in some trial squirts, the surgeon, a curious blend of a

monk and Mr Carpenter in our childhood's 'Happy Families,' selected an instrument or two, and the Duchess stood by with cigarette and sympathy.

The supposed merit of novocaine is that you know but do not feel what is going on. To appreciate this it is necessary to be a man of great faith. Novocaine is a local anæsthetic, extremely local—so local in fact that it is difficult indeed to find the *locus* or place which it affects.

A certain General said that man was put into this world to hunt. The surgeon agreed heartily with the General. A good half-hour was spent in hunting for the required scrap, in intervals for more anæsthetic refreshment, in warding off cigarette ash from things that mattered, and in acquiring a reputation for conversational facility under the most painful circumstances.

At last the patient felt a harsh grating, and his murmured request for a trifle more anæsthetic was drowned in the triumph of the surgeon. A sharp cut, another, a particularly lusty twinge, and the tiny scrap of metal was brought out and presented to its owner. Everything was stitched up and cleared up. The Gaspiper returned to the congratulations of the ward.

During the night he understood the need for a night-sister, hot milk, and aspirin. . . .

Since first he had realised the fact that he was wounded, he had wondered if there were any possibility of getting home. It was the beginning of May, and the leave of last December

had already vanished like a dream. The authorities were chilling. He would be kept in hospital for the little time that was necessary for the leg to heal. Afterwards there would be light duty in Boulogne. But the doctor consented to aid him in trying his fate. A *chit* was prepared, and the hour and place discovered at which the Medical Board sat.

He dressed carefully, and took into the ambulance with him a small pair of crutches. He was whirled away along the dustiest roads through Etaples to Boulogne.

At the side of a ramshackle school there is a small wooden hut raised slightly from the ground. Outside, along the wall of the school, are some benches on the gravel. Many men sit on these benches and wait their turn hopefully. Some in their restlessness draw pictures in the gravel with their sticks. Others throw stones aimlessly on the roof of a yard. The name is called. The man enters. Brusquely he is questioned, cross-questioned, and examined. No verdict is given, though sometimes a hint is dropped. A day or two later the judgment is announced—a fortnight's sick-leave or light duty at the docks.

It was a long time before the Gaspipe's turn came. Then, his length hunched between

the pigmy crutches, he valiantly assailed the steps. Twice he failed, and the third time he succeeded. This curiously impressed the Board, and his frank assertion that he was perfectly well, so obviously belied by his infirmities, told in his favour. The Board let drop a hint, and he stumped out joyously with more skill than discretion.

They lunched moderately well, and after some shopping drove down to the depot for some petrol. Here gather the motor-ambulance drivers, elderly men mostly, retired merchants and the like, only too glad to be able to make themselves useful. Few men of military age drive these motor ambulances, the Gaspipe was told. Those who are of age and have no excuse of unfitness are gently reminded, it was added, that their proper place is elsewhere. . . .

When they returned to the Hospital of the Duchess the dropped hint was analysed, discussed, and valued. Expert opinion favoured short leave of a fortnight. The word came late that night. The pigmy crutches had achieved their end. Next morning everything was hastily packed, and together with a slightly wounded Intelligence Officer the Gaspipe was driven down to the harbour.

X. WOUNDED 'ERO.

In the first December of the war those on leave experienced fully the quiet pleasure of

being honoured. Just as when a murder is committed, every-body who can claims some

acquaintance with the characters of the crime—the daughter of the murderer always makes a good marriage—so it was the delight of the Briton to cherish the man on leave. The muddied greatcoat had only to enter a car on the Tube and half the men would offer their seats. The women would nudge their husbands, and these, nervously daring, would sidle up and murmur in a deprecating voice: “You have been in France?” Of course nothing important resulted from this touching consideration. Only a few kindly and thoughtful men and women have tried to make leave worth its while. If you meet a gaunt, filthy, and joyous figure, you smile at him, naturally, and granted you are a gentleman of words, turn a neatly-rounded sentence on our brave defenders. You have never thought of organising a clearing-house, of piloting your brave defenders safely home. And certainly you send your brave defenders back filled with the melancholy forebodings that are current among the best informed civilians. . . .

Still a wounded 'ero, particularly a wounded officer, has a tremendous time of it. When the boat reached Folkestone special constables swept on board, throwing everybody aside to make room for the poor fellow with crutches. On landing, the Gaspiper was fiercely attacked with offers of Bovril and cigarettes. He was despairing ever of reaching the train, when suddenly the

mob evaporated. Afterwards he learnt the rumour had gone round that a certain Queen was travelling incognito by the same boat. He seated himself in a Pullman and graciously accepted lunch from a sympathetic manufacturer. London and a long ride in a taxi through black streets . . . that is a far cry from Boesinghe to Burford—from those pitted, ochreous fields and noisy roads and tumbled, broken houses, and nights alive with fighting. The Gaspiper was assured that the war had hit the fourth valley of the Windrush hard. Many had enlisted, and you never knew how late the local trains might be. There was no one in Northleigh or Witney or Burford or Widford who had not some friend or relative at the Front. Burford was full of tales. Timmins's Trouble, who before the war was ever playing truant and raiding orchards, had run away to Oxford and 'listed. Annie's young man had been blown out of his trench. The *Blue Goat* no longer rang on Sunday afternoon with the laughter and jests of the young gentlemen from Oxford. Mary no longer blushed at the compliments she had received for the cakes of her own making. And those lads and girls who had brought to life again those old dances and songs, which the village folk learnt so quickly that they seemed always to have known them, no longer came and danced and rioted and made merry with the *Blue Goat's* fine old ale.

The war had hit Burford hard!

Yet the Gaspipe, back again in the coffee-room of the *Blue Goat* with the proud gramophone, the soberly shining pewter, the hideous chairs, and Mary lightly telling stories of the village, could scarcely remember anything save that day, when, hearing laughter in the courtyard, he had jumped from his bed to the window, and jeered at Alec for a too early walk; of the stroll after tea across the meadows to the old mass-chapel of St Oswald's-in-the-Fields, and home in the dusk along the Happy Valley, and how the spire of Burford Church sticks up absurdly from behind the shoulder of a hill; of the talk by the light of the fire, and how they wrote a little note to her mother, who had gone to bed, asking if Mary might stop up a trifle longer and charm away the thought of "Schools" from their aching heads; of the sharp tramp over the hill to Shipton-under-Wychwood.

In the Happy Valley there was no noise of the transport interminably rattling over cobbles. . . .

And Oxford, filled again with subalterns and gunners, Somerville become a hospital, and Oriel become Somerville—who will be left to carry on the traditions of wise folly and urgent, strenuous living? Will those who come after understand the thrilling pleasure in hiring the Masonic Hall for positively the first debate between Somerville and a college? They will never stroll

down to the *Paviers*' and play shove-ha'penny with the Ancient Order of Buffaloes, debate on the two main methods of wearing pyjamas, see how the walls of Holywell become yellow and pink in the arc-light, shout their curious war-cry under Trinity windows, explore Venice and the goodsyard, suspect their political opponents of illegal breakfasts, or choose with a careful ignorance their favourite Burgundy. No, they will be a military race and despatch essays to their tutors, with covering note:—

Herewith required essay on *Lancastrian Experiment* (University Form No. 101. Undergraduate Co-operative Series). For your information and early return, please. Acknowledge.

Oxford is full now of shrouded remembrances, very present vulgarities and fears. . . .

There is one strong link to old time. The appearance of the wounded 'ero, passing discreetly and affectionately through, brought forth courteous reminders from sundry interested merchants. One night in Flanders we talked together and pictured these solid burglars carefully putting on their spectacles, running fat fingers down the Casualty Lists, and reading the names in terms of indebtedness. Yet surely they must forgive us for our past omissions; their sons, too, are at the war.

We are doing our best to help, for Oxford is a broken city. The colleges are limping along, the weaker with the

help of the stronger. But the landladies who used to batten on us have little custom. The dining-places are silent and dismal. The shops charge "war" instead of "term" prices. Nobody now hires a horse. Nobody's motor-cycle requires continuous repairs. The theatre is turned over to cheap varieties, and the streets that used to be gay are haggard—except for Timmins's Trouble and his fellows. . . .

So the Gaspiper, leaving Oxford and its kindly dons and sharp-eyed tradesmen, came to a certain suburb. All the manhood of it had gone to the war, but little had changed. The mothers did not arrive home so soon after church, for their sons' deeds had to be explained and compared. Tennis parties became feminine and croquet was re-learnt for the benefit of the wounded 'eroes. Yet all the small important policies and politics, alliances and enmities, came out again in the new war-work. The Supply Depôt had to be carefully organised on a social basis, and discipline was enforced and regretted as discipline always is. The stringent class distinctions of the suburbs became loosened. Had not John, the butcher's son, got his commission? Suspected spies were treated with whispering coldness, and much alacrity was shown in the dimming of neighbours' lights. Everybody strongly represented to everybody else what everybody else's particular war-work should be. If some one came and spoke to you, the some one was interfering un-

warrantably with your personal liberty. If you tactfully spoke to your neighbour, you were performing an unpleasant but patriotic duty. The conventions, too, were disregarded. Girls travelled up to London to their war-work by themselves—and the girl postwoman, who had never had a better time in her life, received much sympathy.

Then there was the burning question of military age and fitness. In such a friendly family suburb no one might decide for himself. Other people's chauffeurs were eyed darkly, and the age of one's own gardener was kept in misty doubt. Suspicion fell upon wounded officers who required too long a convalescence, and merely to drive a motor ambulance was more criminal than to remain at home and still flutter on the Stock Exchange. The Gaspiper had never before realised what the driving power of a community, bound together in mutual rivalry and composed mainly of women, can finally achieve. . . .

Again, there were optimists and pessimists and strategists. One dear old lady believed that the war could be ended if only the Kaiser could be captured. She could not understand why we did not concentrate on this all-important end. Another ran round her garden every morning before breakfast, so that if the Huns came she might run and hide herself in the jungle. A third practised vigorously with a revolver, so that she might

shoot at least one German, even if in punishment the whole suburb were destroyed. The more dolorous papers were assiduously read, and in our suburb it is firmly believed that the Germans can detach a million from one front, throw it against another, wipe up the Serbians, land in Syria, and return before the absence has been noticed. Everything English is good, but silly: everything German is wicked, but wise. With a charitable toleration it has been decided that all Germans must be exterminated like rats, though at the same time we must, of course, retain our fair fame and fight only as gentlemen should.

The suburb is like a small, busy, contentious town of old Greece. The Gaspipe wondered idly what would happen if the suburb and Hulluch were suddenly to change places. . . .

So to London which swallowed up the war or thought of it. Tottenham Court Road was still that odd mixture of

gross sensation and business. Cross & Blackwell's had the same ineffable odour. The bookshops off and on the Charing Cross Road had not changed. Leicester Square was still an oasis for a pipe-smoker in a desert of convention. The top of Bloomsbury Square had not altered since that famous murder had been attempted for the delectation of a respectable old man. At dusk the river, the sky, and the chimneys of the Station were as blue as they had ever been from Cheyne Walk.

And a decadent review, full of the old audacities and clevernesses, came out to welcome us home. . . .

The reader must forgive this slight chapter. It is written for the pleasure of remembrance in a tiny workman's cottage—the country is the dirtiest in the world, and there is a distant rumbling of transport, and of guns, and humming of aeroplanes. He will soon return to France.

(To be continued.)

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE SLAVERY OF LABOUR—THE TYRANNY OF TRADE COMMITTEES
—THE CASE OF SIR JOHN SIMON—MR ASQUITH'S SPEECH—OUR
LENIENT TREATMENT OF GERMANY—THE CANT OF POLITICS—DR
ADDISON AND SIR EDWARD GREY.

It is among the most foolish hypocrisies of our modern life that the British working man is a champion of liberty, a creature free as air, who girds instantly at a hand laid upon his shoulder, and who will not bear on any terms the trammels of restraint. It is a pretty pretence when the working man is asked to serve his country. But it is a pretence only which will not bear the haviest examination. The truth is, our working men are not individualists at all. They are one and all well trained and docile slaves. They willingly put themselves in the hands of anybody who finds it profitable to command them. Their tyrants, readily accepted, may be retired shop-walkers, ambitious school teachers, or cunning agitators; and whatever their antecedents are, they have but one object: to dominate their patient victims with their tongues. And so little inured are our working men to the idea of freedom, that, driven into their Unions by compulsion, they are not permitted to use the strength and the skill which God has given them. They are compelled by their slave-drivers to hang back when they might go forward, to produce little when they might

produce much, and thus to impoverish their country as well as themselves. Above all, they are enchained by the bitter prejudices of a narrow class, by the fierce restrictions of a government within a government, by a hostile sentiment which forbids them to indulge the nobler sentiments of patriotism and sacrifice. And then at last, when the alternative is put to them—compulsion or defeat—they exclaim, "Better anything than the chain of compulsion, which the eloquence of our paid leaders has shaken off our backs."

So it is that, deceived by the glib tongues of agitators, the working men have refused to recognise the peril in which England stands. Throughout the whole course of the war they have struck on the smallest pretext or on none, and they have shown themselves very different in spirit from our gallant allies the French. They have not done their utmost to help their sons and their brothers fighting in the trenches, and when Mr Asquith redeemed his pledge, they objected in their mass meetings to his inevitable resolution, on the false plea that they were opposed to compulsion, under whatever guise it

presented itself. Their action reflects as little credit upon their intelligence as upon their love of country, and it is proved once more what an evil work was done by Mr Asquith and his colleagues when they passed the Trades Disputes Act. Of all dominations, the domination of a lawless and irresponsible Union is the worst. "Depend upon it," said Mr Cobden many years ago, "nothing can be got by fraternising with Trades Unions. They are founded upon principles of brutal tyranny and monopoly. I would rather live under a Dey of Algiers than a Trade Committee." And Cobden was not a "bloated aristocrat," intent to devour the British people at a meal.

But even worse than the tyranny of the Unions is their lack of imagination. The working men refuse to understand that England is to-day fighting for her life. They have not travelled an inch beyond the inefficient politicians who have purposely kept them in the dark. They regard with an unnatural suspicion the efforts which are made, tardily enough, to bring the war to a speedy end. That all the young unmarried men, who are not usefully employed at home in the making of munitions, should be forced to fight for their country, seems to them nothing but a step towards industrial conscription. They listen without repugnance to such blind guides as Mr Snowden. Their eyes are not clear enough to see in an instant that if Germany

were to win the war, the principles of "freedom," which they affect to embrace, would be utterly useless to them. If England do not gain the victory, it will not help the working men that they listened to the hired garrulity of their leaders with rapture. Once conquered, they would be forced to fight, not the battles of their country, but the battles of Germany, and they would find no gentle treatment if they refused. Indeed, there should have been nothing but immediate acquiescence. It is not enough for the miners to shelter themselves behind those who are fighting their battle, and to pretend that they have done enough, because so many millions have gone of their free will to the front. "We have never done enough," said Mr Henderson, who should be their sole and trusted leader, "while there was one thing more to be done." Nor is this the moment to speak of party ties and party traditions. We have got beyond all such vague superstitions and idle pretences. "I care nothing for the traditions of my party," exclaimed Mr Ellis Griffith in a speech which should have stirred the men of England like a trumpet call. "What I am concerned about is the interests of my country." And until all Englishmen are of Mr Ellis Griffith's mind, and ready to put aside with the hope of gain the threadbare "principles" of peace, we shall not have done enough to satisfy the demands of England, and to bring our brutal

unscrupulous enemies to their knees.

The heaviest objection which can be brought against the Military Service Bill is that it was not introduced a year ago. It was urgent then, as it is urgent to-day, and had it had the trial of twelve months, we should be far on the road to victory. But, as we know by a sad experience, it is the practice of our dilatory and inefficient Government to put off whatever it is persuaded to attempt until the last moment. As it lacks the power of initiative, so it has always been deficient in vigour. The necessity of compulsion has been preached to its deaf ear for many a month, and we are now accomplishing what should have seemed right to our governors at the outset, after months of ineffectual toil and purposeless sacrifice. No one can doubt what we have lost through lack of men who has read Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch about Anzac and Suvla. In August last he sent home an urgent demand for reinforcements and munitions. His British divisions alone were 45,000 under establishment; some of his fine battalions had dwindled down so far that he had to withdraw them from the fighting line; and when these grave deficiencies were made good, he stood in bitter need of 50,000 fresh rifles. The reinforcements and the rifles were alike denied him, and for the only reason that could possibly be given. Accordingly he was forced to make what fight he could with

the forces and the arms at his command, and the result has been that instead of what might have been a victory, influencing the whole progress of the war, we were forced to retire with our purpose unachieved, and with many thousands of valuable lives sacrificed gloriously to no purpose. If this episode of the war does not bring home to all Englishmen the pressing need of men and munitions, then we must admit ourselves to be a nation of greedy doctrinaires, equally deficient in patriotism and imagination. Thus the argument and the example, the theory and the precept, have coincided. Had we possessed a law of compulsion a year ago, Constantinople would be ours to-day, and we should have been approaching happily a triumphant and a lasting peace.

While the direct result of this belated measure may, let us hope, answer our purpose, one indirect and most satisfactory result is already achieved. Sir John Simon has retired, we trust for ever, from what is foolishly called "the public life" of England. No longer can he interfere in the government of the country. Henceforth he is of no more weight than the common voter, and we must all rejoice that the State is saved from an imminent danger. Long before the introduction of the Military Service Bill, Sir John Simon had proved himself unfit to play any part in the conduct of a great war. As Attorney-General he was ready to allow the repatriation of

German reservists, and indeed appeared to regard the whole conflict as a thing soluble by the processes of law. Of late he has been so darkly obsessed by what he thought the enormities of 'The Times' as to appear not always sane. He has suffered acutely from the mania of persecution; and when at a great crisis of our history he forgot the war, forgot the duty of statesmanship, forgot (if he had ever remembered) the humour of reasonable men, to deliver a violent and irrelevant oration against a newspaper, it was clear that the end must soon come. Even to Sir John Simon it might have occurred that we shall not beat the Germans by attacking a journalist. The fact that it did not occur to him imposes on him the elementary duty of finding a career outside the House of Commons. Within that guilty Chamber we are beset by many dangers. We cannot add to them the risks of affronted vanity and personal pique.

Sir John Simon's opposition to Mr Asquith's modest proposal was expected and foregone. The form and substance of it might have suited a debate at Oxford or Cambridge in time of peace. Thus it was entirely characteristic of Sir John, who has never outgrown the sophistries of the Union. He talked of the liberty not to fight for your country, the freedom of living at ease, while your brothers bled and died, as England's "birthright" and "the real heritage" of her people. Speaking like the lawyer that he is,

he was sure that the number of recruits produced by compulsion would be negligible, and that in the alternative the Military Service Bill would divide and ruin the country. It is only in the Courts of Law that you can have it both ways, and Sir John Simon's cunning oration did but redouble the offence of his opposition. With the Germans battering at all our doors, he can talk complacently of voluntary service as "a vital principle of national life." Vital, indeed! The epithet "mortal" would better befit a system which has brought us to the verge of defeat, which has cost us countless lives in the Dardanelles, and which Mr Asquith himself, having clung tight to it for a year and a half, has denounced as haphazard, capricious, and unjust.

However, Sir John Simon has gone, with his legal sophistries and his academic ingenuities, into the limbo of forgotten things. He is one of those dangerous personages who flourish in all democracies, and who aspire to make a career of politics. Of Sir John Simon's ambition there is no doubt. Less than a year ago he refused the once dignified position of Lord Chancellor. It is not given to all men to sit upon the woolsack, and Sir John must have had a good and sufficient reason for his abstinence. He was indeed throwing over a certainty for what he hoped was a sound sporting chance. He has so utterly mistaken the scope of politics and the measure of his own ability

to befog the country that he will never come into the competition again. By what has been we may judge the peril from which we have escaped. Sir John Simon would doubtless have grown into another Mr Asquith. The two men are not unlike in temper and training. They both owe their education to Oxford. They owe still more to the sad lessons they have learned in the Courts of Law. An adept in making the worse course appear the better, Sir John Simon, like Mr Asquith, is a finished example of the lawyer-politician. Had he ever been Prime Minister, he would have displayed the same lack of resolution, the same readiness to defend a policy as though he were briefed for the purpose, as have disgraced Mr Asquith's tenure of office. He would have counselled deliberation, he would have cried "wait and see" with more than Mr Asquith's cunning and ingenuity. But, indeed, we have had enough of lawyer-politicians. The time will come presently when once more the duty of Government will be put upon the gentlemen of England, upon those who carry in their blood the sound tradition of our English life, who know that in the conduct of affairs character counts ten times more than mere cleverness, and who, having nothing to gain from the pursuit of politics, care not how much they lose in the loyal service of their country.

In introducing his Military Service Bill Mr Asquith

adopted a politician's air of apology. He did not advocate this necessary measure with head and courage high. He is as bitterly opposed as ever he was to "general compulsion," for which, thinks he, "no case has been made out." In accordance with his usual practice of attempting to bring into one pen the divergent members of his coalitions, he was resolved to offend as few persons as need be. "I, at any rate," said he in the familiar accents, "will be no party to a measure which has general compulsion for its object. The Bill that I am about to ask leave to introduce is one, I think, which can be sincerely supported by those who, either on principle or, as is my own case, upon grounds of expediency, are opposed to what is commonly described as conscription." And so, *more suo*, he brought in a measure of compulsion designed to please those who are pledged, through thick and thin, to the voluntary system.

Had it been otherwise it would have been no Bill for Mr Asquith, whose ambition it has always been to conduct war as though we were at peace. In other words, "the Bill is confined to a specific purpose—the redemption of a promise publicly given by me [Mr Asquith] in this House in the early days of Lord Derby's campaign." That the Prime Minister, who has not been too scrupulous in the payment of his "debts of honour," should redeem a promise publicly made is eminently satisfactory.

But was there no other word to be spoken, no other argument to be used? If we might judge from Mr Asquith's speech, we might conclude that the young and unmarried men of England were to be called out upon some peaceful errand. Not a word was said by the Prime Minister about the danger in which the country stands, or about the duty of defence which is laid upon us all, and which every one of us should be only too glad to discharge. From a politician's point of view, it may be well enough to plead that the Bill is only "a little one," that it will not affect a vast number of citizens, that exemptions will make its incidence easy, that it is not a step on the road to "conscription." But it is not with the cold boast of redeemed promises that Mr Asquith will rally the country, and he might at least have given some hint of the necessities of this hour. However, the Bill is introduced and will be passed, and for those who do not wish to put their necks beneath the heel of Germany, that is already a vast deal to be grateful for.

For the rest, the debate proved who are in truth the friends of England. That a cleavage is taking place in the old parties must be evident to all. If only, for instance, the Prime Minister could speak with the voice of Mr Ellis Griffith, we should have a better hope of his exerting, at the eleventh hour, a wholesome influence upon the country. Mr Griffith is a Welshman and

a Radical. He also came forth as a patriot of whom all Britons might be proud. He spoke as a statesman, not as a politician. He recognised no other motive for the Bill than the need and security of England. He was concerned only with the interests of his country, and that, said he, "is the spirit in which every man who is honestly patriotic will deal with any situation as it arises." If all men, in and out the House, thought as Mr Griffith thinks, there would be an end of discussion—a speedy end, also, of the war. He brushed away all the "ans" and "ifs" with which his colleagues are wont to obscure debate. "There are thousands at the front," said he, "who ought to have leave. We are sending wounded men back for the second and third time. His view was, 'Every one once before any one twice.' Did not these considerations give food for reflection to the opponents of the Bill? Was it not also a matter of notoriety that we lacked men in more than one place, and that we should have done better if we had had more? Lord Kitchener had said that voluntarism without modification could not maintain an Army needed to secure victory. Was not that the end of the discussion? The only question before every member of the House now was, 'Do I or do I not want to secure victory?'"

That is the speech not of a lawyer but of a patriot, and it should stir the blood of England like a trumpet call. The

conflict with Germany, as Mr Griffith said, is not a private vendetta but a national war, and no man has the right to rely for his comfort and defence upon the sacrifice of others. In France there has been no discussion and no delay; all citizens recognise their duty and hasten to discharge it. Now our peril is as great as the peril of France, and if we are fighting for our lives upon French soil, that is all the more reason why we should do our very utmost to free that soil from invasion. And in England we find not unanimity. We may cross out Sir John Simon and his handful of misguided followers, who wish to profit by other men's toil. After all, they are but prigs and pedants. They call themselves democrats, and if they are sincere in their worship of democracy they will recognise that they have been out-voted by ten to one, and will obey in silence the expressed will of the people. The noisy objectors outside the House may prove a greater danger, because it is their habit to repudiate their leaders and to spurn the processes of the democracy which they vaunt. Moreover, they have been petted and pampered for ten years by those who have been interested to win their votes. Messrs Lloyd George and Churchill thought it worth their while to spoil the temper of the country. Maybe they found some momentary profit in doing so. We do not know. We do know that England has suffered immeasurably by their action.

How shall you expect patriotism or self-sacrifice from those who have been taught that class-hatred is the first duty of man, and that citizenship carries with it the privilege of getting something for nothing?

And yet, in spite of busybodies and sentimentalists, we have a good hope that all will be well. The promises of Messrs George and Churchill have been proved illusory, and the people of England are already looking about them for worthier leaders. Unhappily, we have not yet got rid of the politicians. We are still governed by men who have neither foresight nor imagination. Those blind leaders of the blind—Messrs McKenna and Runciman—who assured the people that Germany, of which they knew nothing, would not go to war, still have a hand in directing the councils of the nation. How should they be competent to aid in the conduct of a campaign against the Germans, whose character and aspirations have always escaped them? And Sir Edward Grey, the only begetter of the Declaration of London, is there to take care that our Navy does not too rashly interfere with Germany's ease and comfort. Wherever we look we see an indulgence extended to our foes which can fill us only with apprehension. It is as though a German assessor watched over our debates and checked our actions. The blockade, which might be complete, is still platonic. We are feeding the Germans with all the zeal of philanthropists. It

is not wholly our fault if our enemies are not supplying themselves with the raw material of warlike munitions. The greatest neutral, in point of size and wealth, is impatient because it is not permitted to pour enough stores of food and cotton and copper into Germany. It seems to believe that we hold the sovereignty of the seas for no other purpose than to facilitate the trade of the United States with Germany. We hear rumours of fresh notes, composed by that expert in the use of the deadly typewriter, President Wilson, and shortly to be presented with threats to the British Government. Though we need not regard too seriously the threats of a power which does not resent the drowning of its citizens, nor the impudent and murderous intrigues of Count Bernstorff, it is as well to foresee what is coming, and to take particular care that, if the notes are not thrown into the waste-paper basket, they should be answered, not by England alone, but by all the Allies in a concerted agreement. Meanwhile the more modest neutrals are doing their best to smuggle the sinews of war into Germany, and our Foreign Office, instead of deputing the work of exclusion to the Navy, which is keen and able to perform it, busies itself more actively than ever with the humanitarian task of seeing that Germany does not starve. It is a hopeless situation, and one which permits us not even dimly to see the end of the war.

And while our Foreign Office

insists upon crippling the Navy, our Board of Trade with equal insistence keeps alive in England the commerce and enterprise of Germany. The Trading with the Enemy Act appears to be designed especially to aid our foes. When the war is over they will find that in Great Britain at least their interests have not suffered, and it is not for nothing that we hear of the "invisible hand" always put forth in London to help the Central Powers. That it is the fault of the politicians is obvious. Men trained to the law cannot refrain, as we have said, from looking upon the Germans not as enemies but as parties to a suit. They will not oppose them with any greater energy than is required to make the German cause appear the worse on paper. If they had their own way they would argue the case out as though no blood was being shed, and then invite somebody else to sum it up impartially. Nor does it seem likely that we shall ever attain the courage and pitilessness necessary to win the war until we have got rid of our politicians. They were called into their present positions in a time of peace, and the sooner they return to their briefs and their wigs the better for them and for the Empire.

But, we are told by an eminent journalist, the demand that the politicians should be replaced by soldiers or sailors or business men is mere cant. What the eminent journalist means by cant we do not know; but if we accept the dictionary's definition that it

signifies "the words or phrases peculiar to a sect, party, or profession," it seems to us a far worse piece of cant to extol the politicians, who have failed us at every turn, merely because they are politicians. It would be wonderful indeed if our politicians proved themselves able to conduct such a campaign as now confronts us. They are a set of men who were elected to the House of Commons for a trick of eloquence showed off at the hustings, and for a power of imposing upon a mob of uninstructed simpletons. What should they, what do they, know of the dark problems of warfare? We ask of them no training, no experience. They are not chosen for the career of politics by any gifts that they possess, by any tradition which might shape their characters. They choose themselves for the game, because they believe that it will give scope to their ambition. There is no enterprise so great as the faithful government of a country in time of peace, except the infinitely greater enterprise of governing a country in time of war. The politicians who now misguide us have failed lamentably in peace. Therefore we are told they are the only possible governors that we can hope for in war. We do not believe it, and can dismiss the statement only as cant in the truest and worst sense.

The politician is most often, by the very condition of his life and craft, an amateur. He is chosen for one quality in order that he may exercise another. Let us take a case

with which all are familiar—the case of Dr Addison. Not many years ago this gentleman followed the calling of a doctor in Hoxton. He dispensed pills and potions to the satisfaction, let us hope, of his suffering clients. Then on a sudden Hoxton chose him for her own. He was sent to Parliament, the representative of those whom once it was his business to cure of cold or fever. He bravely stood by Mr Lloyd George while that demagogue was imposing the Insurance Act upon an unwilling country. And what has been Dr Addison's reward? A post in the Ministry of Munitions! We know nothing about Dr Addison more than the papers tell us. He may be a man of genius, who was fed upon bombs in the cradle, and who dreamed of high explosives before he could speak. Though he may be all this, it is not probable; and we assert that nowhere outside the region of farce would a doctor be chosen to see that our Army fighting in France is properly supplied with the munitions of war. Yet, according to those who declare that the demand for special knowledge and practical competence in the business of Government is cant, Dr Addison is, we suppose, exactly the sort of man who should be trusted to assist in a bellicose department. No sooner had Hoxton returned him at the head of the poll than he suffered a sea-change into something rich and rare. The mere approval of a few odd men made him fit for any enterprise, and since he sup-

ported Mr George in his attempt to shackle the working classes, he was marked out naturally to supervise the making of munitions. If this anecdote of a doctor's progress be reasonable, we prefer the blind unreasoning cant which suggests that the best assistant of a Minister of Munitions is a soldier, who knows one end of a shell from another, and who has learned, far away from the dispensaries of Hoxton, what are the needs and requirements of a modern Army fighting in the field.

Dr Addison is what the mathematicians call an extreme case. Let us consider the more modest example of our Foreign Secretary. Sir Edward Grey is a politician, of course. Has he not enjoyed a seat in the House of Commons for many a long year? Nevertheless, but for the accident that he has been elected by a faithful constituency, it would be difficult to discern in him any qualification for the post which he has held since 1906. So far as is known, he is an untravelled man. He speaks, we are told, no language but his own. He has never known the lives of foreign men and foreign cities. What he has not been able to learn by experience, he has been forced to discover in books or to pick up from others. Moreover, he is said to feel a strong repugnance even for a necessary war. We believe that since August 1914 he has let no day pass without a mistake. He never understood the German menace, which

it was his business to unmask and announce. He has bungled in the Balkans, as he has bungled in the United States. And for his reward he is proclaimed everywhere as an inspired Minister. One of his colleagues described him not long since as an "idol," and we believe that there is not one of them that is not ready to bend the knee before him in humble obeisance.

What, then, is the secret of this popular adulation? Sir Edward Grey, we believe, is worshipped because he is the very type and exemplar of the official mind. He is the kind of politician that the people can understand. There is no nonsense about him. He knows no more than "the man in the street." Then the papers have told us that he is an expert fisherman and an accomplished naturalist. And there is nothing that the British public has loved so well in its flippant past as a politician who did "something else." The trees which Mr Gladstone cut down played as great a part in his career as the speeches which he made in Midlothian. But in this hour of war the levities of politics should be forgotten, and we should ask about Sir Edward Grey one question, and one question only: Has he guarded our interests with fearlessness and circumspection?

The answer has been sent from Washington: assuredly he has not. The export trade statistics of the United States leave the matter in no doubt. Through neutral countries

wheat and maize, bacon and boots, cotton and motor-cars have been poured into Germany. The blockade is proved a dead letter; the function of our invincible fleet is made a laughing-stock. When we might deprive Germany of food and munitions, Sir Edward Grey permits a free ingress into the enemy countries of those very things of which they stand in need. The boots in which the German soldiers march to the attack, the cotton of which their high explosives are made, the bacon which sustains their strength and flatters their appetite, the wheat and maize which are the staff of their lives, the motor-cars which convey their officers to the battlefield,—all these are sent into Germany with the permission and approval of Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues. And as if all that were not enough, by agreement with the German Government we are sending barley to Belgium to be made into beer! Surely our rulers are the kindest and most considerate people on the face of the earth—and the most foolish. What is the motive of their complaisance it is difficult to surmise. Perhaps it is mere indolence. It is such a bother to give a definite order. Perhaps it is the softness of sentimentality which takes fright at the suffering or discomfort even of a foe. But whatever be the motive, it is clear that these men may not longer take the side of our enemies against England. Again and again we have been told categorically

that nothing that is useful is going into Germany, and we know now that what we have been told is false. We should have known that it is false months ago, for "the word of a Minister" has long been a byword of ridicule and distrust. If the spirit of indignation still breathes in Englishmen, the supine personages who have aided Germany, and thus made themselves responsible for the waste of thousands of English lives and millions of English money, should be swept from office, never to recover for a single hour their power of evil-doing.

That there is a reaction in the country is already evident. We shall hear little more of the cant that politicians are the only possible guardians of the public safety. Too well we know what the superstition has cost us which makes lawyers and doctors Ministers of Munitions, and turns fishermen into Foreign Secretaries. Even the demagogues themselves are hastening to recant their opinions and to sit as nonchalantly as may be upon the stool of repentance. Like rats they are leaving the sinking ship of Free Trade. They know well enough where for the moment their profit lies. They have been persuaded by what their obsequious admirers call "the hard logic of facts" to change the views, whose mere expression once carried them to what they called "victory" on a wave of popular enthusiasm. Victory, indeed! It has been a bitter defeat for them as for us. Men of quicker

imagination and deeper knowledge saw what was coming. They did not wait for the "hard logic." They knew that they had heads on their shoulders before they were clubbed. But Mr Runciman and the rest, who are now valiant in their attacks upon German trade, learned nothing and forgot nothing. It was Mr Runciman, a true *rond de cuir*, if ever there was one, who did not believe that war between England and Germany was inevitable, and who dared to apologise for a statement of Lord Roberts, which he impudently called "deplorable, pernicious, and dangerous." The hard logic has been too much for him. Had he foreseen that the Free Trade, so profitable to his party, was enabling the Germans to build their fleet and to strengthen their army, we might have thought something of him. Now, he protests too late, and were he gifted, as he is not, with humour, he would laugh when he heard that 'The Westminster Gazette' was converted with him. Cheapness meant votes before the war, and he was all for votes and cheapness. Yet had he pondered on the supreme peril of cheapness, even he might perhaps have drawn back. The words of warning were there for him to read, and he closed his eyes.

"You talk about making this article cheaper," said Coleridge nearly a hundred years ago, "by reducing its price in the market from 8d. to 6d. But suppose in so doing you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralised thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class of society and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundredfold?" Mr Runciman and his colleagues might have known all that Coleridge and the truth had to tell them. But Mr Asquith, like the sly old Ulysses that he is, had closed their ears with wax, and had tied himself securely to the mast of a lucrative office, so that they knew and he cared nothing about what happened in Europe. And now what good sense and knowledge might have accomplished long since has been done in a moment by "the hard logic of facts." But we have no belief in sudden conversions; and we know that Mr Runciman and 'The Westminster Gazette' will turn back into their old ways at the bidding of the first voter. It is a sound maxim never to trust those who take their wisdom from the ballot-box.

"CARRY ON!"

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER THREE.—WINTER SPORTS: VARIOUS.

HUSH HALL having become an even less desirable place of residence than had hitherto been thought possible, Headquarters very sensibly sent for their invaluable friends, Box and Cox, of the Royal Engineers, and requested that they would proceed to make the place proof against shells and weather, forthwith, if not sooner.

Those phlegmatic experts made a thorough investigation of the resources of the establishment, and departed mysteriously, after the fashion of the common plumber of civilisation, into space. Three days later they returned, accompanied by a horde of acolytes, who, with characteristic contempt for the pathetic appeals upon the notice-boards, proceeded to dump down lumber, sandbags, and corrugated iron roofing in the most exposed portions of the garden.

This done, some set out to shore up the ceilings of the basement with mighty battens of wood, and to convert that region into a nest of cunningly devised bedrooms. Others reinforced the flooring above with a layer of earth and brick rubble three feet deep. On the top of all this they

re-laid not only the original floor, but eke the carpet.

"The only difference from before, sir," explained Box to the admiring Staff Captain, "is that people will have to walk up three steps to get into the dining-room now, instead of going in on the level."

"I wonder what the Marquise de Chilquichose will think of it all when she returns to her ancestral home," mused the Staff Captain.

"If anything," maintained the invincible Box, "we have improved it for her. For example, she can now light the chandelier without standing on a chair—without getting up from table, in fact! However, to resume. The fireplace, you will observe, has not been touched. I have left a sort of well in the floor all round it, lined with some stuff I found in Mademoiselle's room. At least," added Box coolly, "I think it must have been Mademoiselle's room! You can sit in the well every evening after supper. The walls of this room"—prodding the same—"are lined with sandbags, covered with tapestry. Pretty artistic—what?"

"Extremely," agreed the Staff Captain. "You will

excuse my raising the point, I know, but can the apartment now be regarded as shell-proof?"

"Against everything but a direct hit. I wouldn't advise you to sleep on this floor much, but you could have your meals here all right. Then, if the Bosche starts putting over heavy stuff, you can pop down into the basement and have your dessert in bed. You'll be absolutely safe there. In fact, the more the house tumbles down the safer you will be. It will only make your protection shell thicker. So if you hear heavy thuds overhead, don't be alarmed!"

"I won't," promised the Staff Captain. "I shall lie in bed, drinking a nice hot cup of tea, and wondering whether the last crash was the kitchen chimney, or only the drawing-room piano coming down another storey. Now show me my room."

"We have had to put you in the larder," explained Box apologetically, as he steered his guest through a forest of struts with an electric torch. "At least, I think it's the larder: it has a sort of meaty smell. The General is in the dairy—a lovely little suite, with white tiles. The Brigade Major has the scullery: it has a sink, so is practically as good as a flat

in Park Place. I have run up cubicles for the others in the kitchen. Here is your little cot. It is only six feet by four, but you can dress in the garden."

"It's a *sweet* little nest, dear!" replied the Staff Captain, quite hypnotised by this time. "I'll just get my maid to put me into something loose, and then I'll run along to your room, and we'll have a nice cosy gossip together before dinner!"

In due course we removed our effects from the tottering and rat-ridden dug-outs in which we had taken sanctuary during the shelling, and prepared to settle down for the winter in our new quarters.

"We might be *very* much worse off!" we observed the first evening, listening to the comfortably muffled sounds of shells overhead.

And we were right. Three days later we received an intimation from the Practical Joke Department that we were to evacuate our present sector of trenches (including Hush Hall) forthwith, and occupy another part of the line.

In all Sports, Winter and Summer, the supremacy of the Practical Joke Department is unchallenged.

II.

Meanwhile, up in the trenches, the combatants are beguiling the time in their several ways.

Let us take the reserve line first—the lair of Battalion Headquarters and its appurtenances. Much of our time

here, as elsewhere, is occupied in unostentatious retirement to our dug-outs, to avoid the effects of a bombardment. But a good amount—an increasing amount—of it is devoted to the contemplation of our own shells bursting over the Bosche trenches. Gone are the days during which we used to sit close and "stick it out," consoling ourselves with the vague hope that by the end of the week our gunners might possibly have garnered sufficient ammunition to justify a few brief hours' retaliation. The boot is on the other leg now. For every Bosche battery that opens on us, two or three of ours thunder back a reply—and that without any delays other than those incidental to the use of that maddening instrument, the field-telephone. During the past six months neither side has been able to boast much in the way of ground actually gained; but the moral ascendancy—the initiative—the offensive—call it what you will—has changed hands; and no one knows it better than the Bosche. We are the attacking party now.

The trenches in this country are not arranged with such geometric precision as in France. For instance, the reserve line is not always connected with the firing lines by a communication-trench. Those persons whose duty it is to pay daily visits to the fire-trenches—Battalion Commanders, Gunner and Sapper officers, an occasional Staff Officer, and an occasional most devoted Padre—perform the journey as best

they may. Sometimes they skirt a wood or hedge, sometimes they keep under the lee of an embankment, sometimes they proceed across the open, with the stealthy caution of persons playing musical chairs, ready to sit down in the nearest shell-crater the moment the music—in the form of a visitation of "whizz-bangs"—strikes up.

It is difficult to say which kind of weather is least favourable to this enterprise. On sunny days one's movements are visible to Bosche observers upon distant summits; while on foggy days the Bosche gunners, being able to see nothing at all, amuse themselves by generous and unexpected contributions of shrapnel in all directions. Stormy weather is particularly unpleasant, for the noise of the wind in the trees makes it difficult to hear the shell approaching. Days of heavy rain are the most desirable on the whole, for then the gunners are too busy bailing out their gun-pits to worry their heads over adventurous pedestrians. One learns, also, to mark down and avoid particular danger-spots. For instance, the south-east corner of that wood, where a reserve company are dug in, is visited by "Silent Susans" for about five minutes each noontide: it is therefore advisable to select some other hour for one's daily visit. (Silent Susan, by the way, is not a desirable member of the sex. Owing to her intensely high velocity she arrives overhead without a sound, and

then bursts with a perfectly stunning detonation and a shower of small shrapnel bullets.) There is a fixed rifle-battery, too, which fires all day long, a shot at a time, down the main street of the ruined and deserted village named Vrjoozlehem, through which one must pass on the way to the front-line trenches. Therefore in negotiating this delectable spot, one shapes a laborious course through a series of back-yards and garden-plots, littered with broken furniture and brick rubble, allowing the rifle-bullets the undisputed use of the street.

The mention of Vrjoozlehem—that is not its real name, but a simplified form of it—brings to our notice the wholesale and whole-hearted fashion in which the British Army has taken Belgian institutions under its wing. Nomenclature, for instance. In France we make no attempt to interfere with this: we content ourselves with devising a pronounceable variation of the existing name. For example, if a road is called *La Rue de Bois*, we simply call it "*Roodi-boys*," and leave it at that. On the same principle, *Etaples* is modified to "*Eatables*," and *Sailly-la-Bourse* to "*Sally Booze*." But in Belgium more drastic procedure is required. A Scotsman is accustomed to pronouncing difficult names, but even he is unable to contend with words composed almost entirely of the letters *j*, *z*, and *v*. So our resourceful Ordnance Department has issued

maps—admirable maps—upon which the outstanding features of the landscape are marked in plain figures. But instead of printing the original place-names, they put "*Moated Grange*," or "*Clapham Junction*," or "*Dead Dog Farm*," which simplifies matters beyond all possibility of error. (The system was once responsible, though, for an unjust if unintentional aspersion upon the character of a worthy man. The C.O. of a certain battalion had occasion to complain to those above him of the remissness of one of his chaplains. "He's a lazy beggar, sir," he said. "Over and over again I have told him to come up and show himself in the front-line trenches, but he never seems to be able to get past *Leicester Square*!")

The naming of the trenches themselves has been left largely to local enterprise. An observant person can tell, by a study of the numerous name-boards, which of his countrymen have been occupying the line during the past six months. "*Grainger Street*" and "*Jesmond Dene*" give direct evidence of "*Canny N'castle*." "*Sherwood Avenue*" and "*Notts Forest*" have a Midland flavour. Lastly, no great mental effort is required to decide who labelled two communication-trenches "*The Gorbals*" and "*Cocaddens*" respectively!

Some names have obviously been bestowed by officers, as "*Sackville Street*," "*The Albany*," and "*Burlington Arcade*" denote. "*Pinch-Gut*"

and "Crab-Crawl" speak for themselves. So does "Vermin Villa." Other localities, again, have obviously been labelled by persons endowed with a nice gift of irony. "Sanctuary Wood" is the last place on earth where any one would dream of taking sanctuary; while "Lovers' Walk," which bounds it, is the scene of almost daily expositions of the choicest brand of Bosche "hate."

And so on. But one day,

when the War is over, and this mighty trench-line is thrown open to the disciples of the excellent Mr Cook—as undoubtedly it will be—care should be taken that these street-names are preserved and perpetuated. It would be impossible to select a more characteristic and fitting memorial to the brave hearts who constructed them—too many of whom are sleeping their last sleep within a few yards of their own cheerful handiwork.

III.

After this digression we at length reach the firing line. It is quite unlike anything of its kind that we have hitherto encountered. It is situated in what was once a thick wood. Two fairly well-defined trenches run through the undergrowth, from which the sentries of either side have been keeping relentless watch upon one another, night and day, for many months. The wood itself is a mere forest of poles: hardly a branch, and not a twig, has been spared by the shrapnel. In the no-man's-land between the trenches the poles have been reduced to mere stumps a few inches high.

It is behind the firing-trench that the most unconventional scene presents itself. Strictly speaking, there ought to be—and generally is—a support-line some seventy yards in rear of the first. This should be occupied by all troops not required in the firing-trench. But the trench is empty—

which is not altogether surprising, considering that it is half-full of water. Its rightful occupants are scattered through the wood behind—in dug-outs, in redoubts, or *en plein air*—cooking, washing, or repairing their residences. The whole scene suggests a gipsy encampment rather than a fortified post. A hundred yards away, through the trees, you can plainly discern the Bosche firing-trench, and the Bosche in that trench can discern you: yet never a shot comes. It is true that bullets are humming through the air and glancing off trees, but these are mostly due to the enterprise of distant machine-guns and rifle-batteries, firing from some position well adapted for enfilade. Frontal fire there is little or none. In the front-line trenches, at least, Brother Bosche has had enough of it. His motto now is, "Live and let live!" In fact, he frequently makes plaintive state-

ments to that effect in the silence of night.

You might think, then, that life in Willow Grove would be a tranquil affair. But if you look up among the few remaining branches of that tall tree in the centre of the wood, you may notice shreds of some material flapping in the breeze. Those are sandbags—or were. Last night, within the space of one hour, seventy-three shells fell into this wood, and the first of them registered a direct hit upon the dug-out of which those sandbags formed part. There were eight men in that dug-out. The telephone-wires were broken in the first few minutes, and there was some delay before word could be transmitted back to Headquarters. Then our big guns far in rear spoke out, until the enemy's batteries (probably in response to an urgent appeal from their own front line) ceased firing. Thereupon "A" Company, who at Bobby Little's behest had taken immediate cover in the water-logged support-trench, returned stolidly to their dug-outs in Willow Grove. Death, when he makes the mistake of raiding your premises every day, loses most of his terrors and becomes a bit of a bore.

This morning the Company presents its normal appearance: its numbers have been reduced by eight — *c'est tout!* It may be some one else's turn to-morrow, but after all, that is what we are here for. Anyhow, we are keeping the Bosches out of "Wipers," and a bit

over. So we stretch our legs in the wood, and keep the flooded trench for the next emergency.

Let us approach a group of four which is squatting sociably round a small and inadequate fire of twigs, upon which four mess-tins are simmering. The quartette consists of Privates Cosh and Tosh, together with Privates Buncle and Nigg, preparing their midday meal.

"Tak' off your damp ohup, Jimmy," suggested Tosh to Buncle, who was officiating as stoker. "Ye mind what the Captain said aboot smoke?"

"It wasna the Captain: it was the Officer," rejoined Buncle cantankerously.

(It may here be explained, at the risk of another digression, that no length of association or degree of intimacy will render the average British soldier familiar with the names of his officers. The Colonel is "The C.O."; the Second in Command is "The Major"; your Company Commander is "The Captain," and your Platoon Commander "The Officer." As for all others of commissioned rank in the regiment, some twenty-four in all, they are as nought. With the exception of the Quartermaster, in whose shoes each member of the rank and file hopes one day to stand, they simply do not exist.)

"Onyway," pursued the careful Tosh, "he said that if any smoke was shown, all fires was tae be pitten oot. So mind and see no' to get a cauld dinner for us all, Jimmy!"

"Cauld or het," retorted the gentleman addressed, "it's little dinner I'll be gettin' this day! And ye ken fine why!" he added darkly.

Private Tosh removed a cigarette from his lower lip and sighed patiently.

"For the last time," he announced, with the air of a righteous man suffering long, "I did not lay ma hand on your dirty wee bit ham!"

"Maybe," countered the be-reaved Buncle swiftly, "you did not lay your hand upon it; but you had it tae your breakfast for all that, Davie!"

"I never pit ma hand on it!" repeated Tosh doggedly.

"No? Then I doot you gave it a bit kiek with your foot," replied the inflexible Buncle."

"Or got some other body tae luft it for him!" suggested Private Nigg, looking hard at Tosh's habitual accomplice, Cosh.

"I had it pitten in an auld envelope from hame, addressed with my name," continued the mourner. "It couldna hae got oot o' that by accident!"

"Weel," interposed Cosh, with forced geniality, "it's no a thing tae argie-bargie about. Whatever body lufted it, it's awa' by this time. It's a fine day, boys!"

This flagrant attempt to raise the conversation to a less controversial plane met with no encouragement. Private Buncle, refusing to be appeased, replied sarcastically—

"Aye, is it? And it was a fine nicht last nicht, especially when the shellin' was gaun

on! Especially in number seven dug-oot!"

There was a short silence. Number seven dug-out was no more, and five of its late occupants were now lying under their waterproof sheets, not a hundred yards away, waiting for a Padre. Presently, however, the pacific Cosh, who in his hours of leisure was addicted to mild philosophical rumination, gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

"Mphm!" he observed thoughtfully. "They say that in a war every man has a bullet waiting for him some place or other, with his name on it! Sooner or later, he gets it. Aye! Mphm!" He sucked his teeth reflectively, and glanced towards the Field Ambulance. "Sooner or later!"

"What for would he pit his name on it, Wully?" inquired Nigg, who was not very quick at grasping allusions.

"He wouldna pit on the name himself," explained the philosopher. "What I mean is, there's a bullet for each one of us somewhere over there"—he jerked his head eastward—"in a Gairman pooch."

"What way could a Gairman pit my name on a bullet?" demanded Nigg triumphantly. "He doesna ken it!"

"Man," exclaimed Cosh, shedding some of his philosophic calm, "can ye no unnerstand that what I telled ye was just a mainner of speakin'? When I said that a man's name was on a bullet, I didna mean that it was *written* there."

"Then what the hell *did* ye mean?" inquired the mystified disciple—not altogether unreasonably.

Private Tosh made a misguided but well-meaning attempt to straighten out the conversation.

"He means, Sandy," he explained in a soothing voice, "that the name was just stampit on the bullet. Like—like—like an identity disc!" he added brilliantly.

The philosopher clutched his temples with both hands.

"I dinna mean onything o' the kind," he roared. "What I intend tae imply is *this*, Sandy Nigg. Some place over there there is a bullet in a Gairman's pooch, and one day that bullet will find its way intil your insides as sure as if your name was written on it! *That's* what I meant. Jist a mainer of speakin'. Dae ye unnerstand me the noo?"

But it was the injured Bunle who replied—like a lightning-flash.

"Never you fear, Sandy, boy!" he proclaimed to his perturbed ally. "That bullet

has no' gotten your length yet. Maybe it never wull. There's mony a thing in this worrld with one man's name on it that finds its way intil the inside of some other man." He fixed Tosh with a relentless eye. "A bit ham, for instance!"

It was a knock-out blow.

"For ony sake," muttered the now demoralised Tosh, "drop the subject, and I'll gie ye a bit ham o' ma ain! There's just time tae cook it——"

"What kin' o' a fire is this?"

A cold shadow fell upon the group as a substantial presence inserted itself between the debaters and the wintry sunshine. Corporal Mucklewame was speaking, in his new and awful official voice, pointing an accusing finger at the fire, which, neglected in the ardour of discussion, was smoking furiously.

"Did you wish the hale wood tae be shelled?" continued Mucklewame sarcastically. "Put oot the fire at once, or I'll need tae bring ye all before the Officer. It is a cauld dinner ye'll get, and ye'll deserve it!"

IV.

In the fire-trench—or perhaps it would be more correct to call it the water-trench—life may be short, and is seldom merry; but it is not often dull. For one thing, we are never idle.

A Bosche trench-mortar knocks down several yards of your parapet. Straightway your machine-gunners are

called up, to cover the gap until darkness falls and the gaping wound can be stanchd with fresh sandbags. A mine has been exploded upon your front, leaving a crater into which predatory Bosches will certainly creep at night. You summon a *posse* of bombers to occupy the cavity and discourage any

such enterprise. The heavens open, and there is a sudden deluge. Immediately it is a case of all hands to the trench-pumps! A better plan, if you have the advantage of ground, is to cut a culvert under the parapet and pass the inundation on to a more deserving quarter. In any case you need never lack healthful exercise.

While upon the subject of mines, we may note that this branch of military industry has expanded of late to most unpleasant dimensions. The Bosche began it, of course—he always initiates these undesirable pastimes,—and now we have followed his lead and caught him up.

To the ordinary mortal, to become a blind groper amid the dark places of the earth, in search of a foe whom it is almost certain death to encounter there, seems perhaps the most idiotic of all the idiotic careers open to those who are idiotic enough to engage in modern warfare. However, many of us are as much at home below ground as above it. In more peaceful times we were accustomed to spend eight hours a day there, lying up against the "face" in a tunnel perhaps four feet high, and wielding a pick in an attitude which would have convulsed any ordinary man with cramp. But there are few ordinary men in "K(1)." There is never any difficulty in obtaining volunteers for the Tunnelling Company.

So far as the amateur can penetrate its mysteries, mining, viewed under our present head-

ing—namely, Winter Sports—offers the following advantages to its participants:—

(1) In winter it is much warmer below the earth than upon its surface, and Thomas Atkins is the most confirmed "frowster" in the world.

(2) Critics seldom descend into mines.

(3) There is extra pay.

The disadvantages are so obvious that they need not be enumerated here.

In these trenches we have been engaged upon a very pretty game of subterranean chess for some weeks past, and we are very much on our mettle. We have some small leeway to make up. When we took over these trenches, a German mine, which had been maturing (apparently unheeded) during the tenancy of our predecessors, was exploded two days after our arrival, inflicting heavy casualties upon "D" Company. Curiously enough, the damage to the trench was comparatively slight; but the tremendous shock of the explosion killed more than one man by concussion, and brought down the roofs of several dug-outs upon their sleeping occupants. Altogether it was a sad business, and the Battalion swore to be avenged.

So they called upon Lieutenant Duff-Bertram—usually called Bertie the Badger, in reference to his rodent disposition—to make the first move in the return match. So Bertie and his troglodyte assistants sank a shaft in a retired spot of their own selecting, and pro-

ceeded to burrow forward towards the Bosche lines.

After certain days Bertie presented himself, covered in clay, before Colonel Kemp, and made a report.

Colonel Kemp considered.

"You say you can hear the enemy working?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Near?"

"Pretty near, sir."

"How near?"

"A few yards."

"What do you propose to do?"

Bertie the Badger—in private life he was a consulting mining engineer with a beautiful office in Victoria Street and a nice taste in spats—scratched an earthy nose with a muddy forefinger.

"I think they are making a defensive gallery, sir," he announced.

"Let us have your statement in the simplest possible language, please," said Colonel Kemp. "Some of my younger officers," he added rather ingeniously, "are not very expert in these matters."

Bertie the Badger thereupon expounded the situation with solemn relish. By a defensive gallery, it appeared that he meant a lateral tunnel running parallel with the trench-line, in such a manner as to intercept any tunnel pushed out by the British miners.

"And what do you suggest doing to this Piccadilly Tube of theirs?" inquired the Colonel.

"I could dig forward and break into it, sir," suggested Bertie.

"That seems a move in the

right direction," said the Colonel. "But won't the Bosche try to prevent you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"He will wait until the head of my tunnel gets near enough, and then blow it in."

"That would be very tiresome of him. What other alternatives are open to you?"

"I could get as near as possible, sir," replied Bertie calmly, "and then blow up his gallery."

"That sounds better. Well, exercise your own discretion, and don't get blown up unless you particularly want to. And above all, be quite sure that while you are amusing yourself with the Piccadilly Tube, the wily Bosche isn't burrowing past *you*, and under my parapet, by the Bakerloo! Good luck! Report any fresh development at once."

So Bertie the Badger returned once more to his native element and proceeded to exercise his discretion. This took the form of continuing his aggressive tunnel in the direction of the Bosche defensive gallery. Next morning, encouraged by the absolute silence of the enemy's miners, he made a farther and final push, which actually landed him in the "Piccadilly Tube" itself.

"This is a rum go, Howie!" he observed in a low voice to his corporal. "A long, beautiful gallery, five by four, lined with wood, electrically lighted, with every modern convenience—and not a Bosche in it!"

"Varra bad discipline, sir!" replied Corporal Howie severely.

"Are you sure it isn't a trap?"

"It may be, sirr; but I doot the oversman is awa' to his dinner, and the men are back in the shaft, doing naething." Corporal Howie had been an "oversman" himself, and knew something of subterranean labour problems.

"Well, if you are right, the Bosche must be getting demoralised. It is not like him to present us with openings like this. However, the first thing to do is to distribute a few souvenirs along the gallery. Pass the word back for the stuff. Meanwhile I shall endeavour to test your theory about the oversman's dinner-hour. I am going to creep along and have a look at the Bosche entrance to the Tube. It's down there, at the south end, I think. I can see a break in the wood lining. If you hear any shooting, you will know that the dinner-hour is over!"

At the end of half an hour the Piceadilly Tube was lined with sufficient explosive material—securely rammed and tamped—to ensure the permanent closing of the line. Still no Bosche had been seen or heard.

"Now, Howie," said Bertie the Badger, fingering the fuse, "what about it?"

"About what, sirr?" inquired Howie, who was not quite *au fait* with current catch-phrases.

"Are we going to touch off all this stuff now, and clear out, or are we going to wait and see?"

"I would like fine——" began the Corporal wistfully.

"So would I," said Bertie. "Tell the men to get back and out; and you and I will hold on until the guests return from the banquet."

"Varra good, sirr."

For another half-hour the pair waited—Bertie the Badger like a dog in its kennel, with his head protruding into the hostile gallery, while his faithful henchman crouched close behind him. Deathly stillness reigned, relieved only by an occasional thud, as a shell or trench-mortar bomb exploded upon the ground above their heads.

"I'm going to have another look round the corner," said Bertie at last. "Hold on to the fuse."

He handed the end of the fuse to his subordinate, and having wormed his way out of the tunnel, proceeded cautiously on all-fours along the gallery. On his way he passed the electric light. He twisted off the bulb and crawled on in the dark.

Feeling his way by the east wall of the gallery, he came presently to the break in the woodwork. Very slowly, lying flat on his stomach now, he wriggled forward until his head came opposite the opening. A low passage ran away to his left, obviously leading back to the Bosche trenches. Three yards from the entrance the passage bent sharply to the right, thus interrupting the line of sight.

"There's a light burning just round that bend," said

Bertie the Badger to himself. "I wonder if it would be rash to go on and have a look at it!"

He was still straining at this gnat, when suddenly his elbow encountered a shovel which was leaning against the wall of the gallery. It tumbled down with a clatter almost stunning. Next moment a hand came round the bend of the tunnel and fired a revolver almost into the explorer's face.

Another shot rang out directly after.

The devoted Howie, hastening to the rescue, collided sharply with a solid body crawling towards him in the darkness.

"Curse you, Howie!" said the voice of Bertie the Badger, with refreshing earnestness. "Get back out of this! Where's your fuse?"

The pair scrambled back into their own tunnel, and the end of the fuse was soon recovered. Almost simultaneously three more revolver-shots rang out.

"I thought I had fixed that Bosche," murmured Bertie in a disappointed voice. "I heard him grunt when my bullet hit him. Perhaps this is another one—or several. Keep back in the tunnel, Howie, confound you, and don't breathe up my sleeve! They are firing straight along the gallery now.

I will return the compliment. Ouch!"

"What's the matter, sirr?" inquired the anxious voice of Howie, as his officer, who had tried to fire round the corner with his left hand, gave a sudden exclamation and rolled over upon his side.

"I must have been hit the first time," he explained. "Collar-bone, I think. I didn't know, till I rested my weight on my left elbow. . . . Howie, I am going to exercise my discretion again. Somebody in this gallery is going to be blown up presently, and if you and I don't get a move on, p.d.q., it will be us! Give me the fuse-lighter, and wait for me at the foot of the shaft. Quick!"

Very reluctantly the Corporal obeyed. However, he was in due course joined at the foot of the shaft by Bertie the Badger, groaning profanely; and the pair made their way to the upper regions with all possible speed. After a short interval, a sudden rumbling, followed by a heavy explosion, announced that the fuse had done its work, and that the Piccadilly Tube, the fruit of many toilsome weeks of Bosche calculation and labour, had been permanently closed to traffic of all descriptions.

Bertie the Badger received a Military Cross, and his abettor the D.C.M.

V.

But the newest and most fashionable form of winter

sport this season is The Flying Matinée.

This entertainment takes place during the small hours of the morning, and is strictly limited to a duration of ten minutes—quite long enough for most *matinées*, too. The actors are furnished by a unit of "K. (1)" and the rôle of audience is assigned to the inhabitants of the Bosche trenches immediately opposite. These *matinées* have proved an enormous success, but require most careful rehearsal.

It is two A.M., and comparative peace reigns up and down the line. The rain of star-shells, always prodigal in the early evening, has died down to a mere drizzle. Working and fatigue parties, which have been busy since darkness set in at five o'clock, —rebuilding parapets, repairing wire, carrying up rations, and patrolling debatable areas, —have ceased their labours, and are sleeping heavily until the coming of the wintry dawn shall rouse them, grimy and shivering, to another day's unpleasantness.

Private Hans Dumpkopf, on sentry duty in the Bosche firing-trench, gazes mechanically over the parapet; but the night is so dark and the wind so high that it is difficult to see and quite impossible to hear anything. He shelters himself beside a traverse, and waits patiently for his relief. It begins to rain, and Hans, after cautiously reconnoitring the other side of the traverse, to guard against prowling sergeants, sidles a few yards to his right beneath the friendly cover of an improvised roof of

corrugated iron sheeting, laid across the trench from parapet to parados. It is quite dry here, and comparatively warm. Hans closes his eyes for a moment, and heaves a gentle sigh.

Next moment there comes a rush of feet in the darkness, followed by a metallic clang, as of hobnailed boots on metal. Hans, lying prostrate and half-stunned beneath the galvanised iron sheeting, which, dislodged from its former position by the impact of a heavy body descending from above, now forms part of the flooring of the trench, is suddenly aware that this same trench is full of men—rough, uncultured men, clad in short petticoats and the skins of wild animals, and armed with knobkerries. The Flying *Matinée* has begun, and Hans Dumpkopf has got in by the early door.

Each of the performers—there are fifty of them all told—has his part to play, and plays it with commendable aplomb. One, having disarmed an unresisting prisoner, assists him over the parapet and escorts him affectionately to his new home. Another clubs a recalcitrant foeman over the head with a knobkerry, and having thus reduced him to a more amenable frame of mind, hoists him over the parapet and drags him after his "kamarad."

Other parties are told off to deal with the dug-outs. As a rule, the occupants of these are too dazed to make any resistance,—to be quite frank, the individual Bosche

in these days seems rather to welcome captivity than otherwise,—and presently more of the "bag" are on their way to the British lines.

But by this time the performance is drawing to a close. The alarm has been communicated to the adjacent sections of the trench, and preparations for the ejection of the intruders are being hurried forward. That is to say, German bombers are collecting upon either flank, with the intention of bombing "inwards" until the impudent foe has been destroyed or evicted. As we are not here to precipitate a general action, but merely to round up a few prisoners and do as much damage as possible in ten minutes, we hasten to the *finale*. As in most *finales*, one's actions now become less restrained—but, from a brutal point of view, more effective. A couple of hand-grenades are thrown into any dug-out which has not yet surrendered. (The Canadians, who make quite a speciality of flying *matinées*, are accustomed, we understand, as an artistic variant to this practice, to fasten an electric torch along the barrel of a rifle, and so illuminate their lurking targets while they shoot.) A sharp order passes along the line; every one scrambles out of the trench; and the troupe makes its way back, before the enemy in the adjacent trenches have really wakened up, to the place from which it came. The *matinée*, so far as the actors are concerned, is over.

Not so the audience. The avenging host is just getting busy. The bombing-parties are now marshalled, and proceed with awful solemnity and Teutonic thoroughness to clear the violated trench. The procedure of a bombing-party is stereotyped. They begin by lobbing hand-grenades over the first traverse into the first bay. After the ensuing explosion, they trot round the traverse in single file and occupy the bay. This manoeuvre is then repeated until the entire trench is cleared. The whole operation requires good discipline, considerable courage, and carefully timed co-operation with the other bombing-party. In all these attributes the Bosche excels. But one thing is essential to the complete success of his efforts, and that is the presence of the enemy. When, after methodically desolating each bay in turn (and incidentally killing their own wounded in the process), the two parties meet midway—practically on top of the unfortunate Hans Dumpkopf, who is still giving an imitation of a tortoise in a corrugated shell—it is discovered that the beautifully executed counter-attack has achieved nothing but the recapture of an entirely empty trench. The birds have flown, taking their prey with them. Hans is the sole survivor, and after hearing what his officer has to say to him upon the subject, bitterly regrets the fact.

Meanwhile, in the British trenches a few yards away, the

box-office returns are being made up. These take the form, firstly, of some twenty-five prisoners, including one indignant officer—he had been pulled from his dug-out half asleep and frog-marched across the British lines by two private soldiers well qualified to appreciate the richness of his language—together with various souvenirs in the way of arms and accoutrements; and secondly, of the knowledge that at least as many more of the enemy had been left permanently incapacitated for further warfare in the dug-outs. A grim and grisly drama when you come to criticise it in cold blood, but not without a certain humour of its own—and most educative for Brother Bosche!

But he is a slow pupil. He regards the profession of arms and the pursuit of war with such intense and solemn reverence that he *cannot* conceive how any one calling himself a

soldier can be so criminally frivolous as to write a farce round the subject—much less present the farce at a Flying *Matinée*. That possibly explains why the following stately paragraph appeared a few days later in the periodical *communiqué* which keeps the German nation in touch with its Army's latest exploits:—

During the night of Jan. 4th-5th attempts were made by strong detachments of the enemy to penetrate our line near Sloozleschump, S.E. of Ypres. The attack failed utterly.

"And they don't even realise that it was only a leg-pull!" commented the Company Commander who had stage-managed the affair. "These people simply don't deserve to have entertainments arranged for them at all. Well, we must pull the limb again, that's all!"

And it was so.

CHAPTER FOUR.—THE PUSH THAT FAILED.

"I wonder if they really mean business this time," surmised that youthful Company Commander, Temporary Captain Bobby Little, to Major Wagstaffe.

"It sounds like it," said Wagstaffe, as another salvo of "whizz-bangs" broke like inflammatory surf upon the front-line trenches. "Intermittent strafes we are used to, but this all-day performance seems to indicate that the Bosche is really getting down to it for

once. The whole proceeding reminds me of nothing so much as our own "artillery preparation" before the big push at Loos."

"Then you think the Bosches are going to make a push of their own?"

"I do; and I hope it will be a good fat one. When it comes, I fancy we shall be able to put up something rather pretty in the way of a defence. The Salient is stiff with guns—I don't think the

Bosche quite realises *how* stiff! And we owe the swine something!" he added through his teeth.

There was a pause in the conversation. You cannot hold the Salient for three months without paying for the distinction; and the regiment had paid its full share. Not so much in numbers, perhaps, as in quality. Stray bullets, whistling up and down the trenches, coming even obliquely from the rear, had exacted most grievous toll. Shells and trench-mortar bombs, taking us in flank, had extinguished many valuable lives. At this time nothing but the best seemed to satisfy the Fates. One day it would be a trusted colour-sergeant, on another a couple of particularly promising young corporals. Only last week the Adjutant — athlete, scholar, born soldier, and very lovable schoolboy, all most perfectly blended — had fallen mortally wounded, on his morning round of the fire-trenches, by a bullet which came from nowhere. He was the subject of Wagstaffe's reference.

"Is it not possible," suggested Mr Waddell, who habitually considered all questions from every possible point of view, "that this bombardment has been specially initiated by the German authorities, in order to impress upon their own troops a warning that there must be no Christmas truce this year?"

"If that is the Kaiser's Christmas greeting to his loving followers," observed Wagstaffe drily, "I think he might

safely have left it to us to deliver it!"

"They say," interposed Bobby Little, "that the Kaiser is here himself."

"How do you know?"

"It was rumoured in *Comic Cuts*." (*Comic Cuts* is the stately Summary of War Intelligence issued daily from Olympus.)

"If that is true," said Wagstaffe, "they probably will attack. All this fuss and bobbery suggest something of the kind. They remind me of the commotion which used to precede Arthur Roberts's entrance in the old days of Gaiety burlesque. Before your time, I fancy, Bobby?"

"Yes," said Bobby modestly. "I first found touch with the Gaiety over *Our Miss Gibbs*. And I was quite a kid even then," he added, with characteristic honesty. "But what about Arthur Roberts?"

"Some forty or fifty years ago," explained Wagstaffe, "when I was in the habit of frequenting places of amusement, Arthur Roberts was leading man at the establishment to which I have referred. He usually came on about half-past eight, just as the show was beginning to lose its first wind. His entrance was a most tremendous affair. First of all the entire chorus blew in from the wings — about sixty of them in ten seconds — saying "Hurrah, hurrah, girls!" or something rather subtle of that kind; after which minor characters rushed on from opposite sides and told one another that Arthur Roberts was coming. Then the band

played, and everybody began to tell the audience about it in song. When everything was in full blast, the great man would appear—stepping out of a bathing-machine, or falling out of a hansom-cab, or sliding down a chute on a toboggan. He was assisted to his feet by the chorus, and then proceeded to ginger the show up. Well, that's how this present entertainment impresses me. All this noise and obstreperousness are leading up to one thing—Kaiser Bill's entrance. Preli-

minary bombardment—that's the chorus getting to work! Minor characters—the trench-mortars—spread the glad news! Band and chorus—that's the grand attack working up to boiling-point! Finally, preceded by clouds of gas, the Arch-Comedian in person, supported by spectacled *coryphées* in brass hats! How's that for a Christmas pantomime?"

"Rotten!" said Bobby, as a shell sang over the parapet and burst in the wood behind.

II.

Kaiser or no Kaiser, Major Wagstaffe's extravagant analogy held good. As Christmas drew nearer, the band played louder and faster; the chorus swelled higher and shriller; and it became finally apparent that something (or somebody) of portentous importance was directing the storm.

Between six and seven next morning, the Battalion, which had stood to arms all night, lifted up its heavy head and sniffed the misty dawn-wind—an east wind—dubiously. Next moment gongs were clanging up and down the trench, and men were tearing open the satchels which contained their anti-gas helmets.

Major Wagstaffe, who had been sent up from Battalion Headquarters to take general charge of affairs in the firing trench, buttoned the bottom edge of his helmet well inside

his collar and clambered up on the firing-step to take stock of the position. He crouched low, for a terrific bombardment was in progress, and shells were almost grazing the parapet.

Presently he was joined by a slim young officer similarly disguised. It was the Commander of "A" Company. Wagstaffe placed his head close to Bobby's left ear, and shouted through the cloth—

"We shan't feel this gas much. They're letting it off higher up the line. Look!"

Bobby, laboriously inhaling the tainted air inside his helmet,—being preserved from a gas attack is only one degree less unpleasant than being gassed,—turned his goggles northward.

In the dim light of the breaking day he could discern a greenish-yellow cloud rolling across from the Bosche trenches on his left.

"Will they attack?" he bellowed.

Wagstaffe nodded his head, and then cautiously unbuttoned his collar and rolled up the front of his helmet. Then, after delicately sampling the atmosphere by a cautious sniff, he removed his helmet altogether. Bobby followed his example. The air was not by any means so pure as might have been desired, but it was infinitely preferable to that inside a gas-helmet.

"Nothing to signify," pronounced Wagstaffe. "We're only getting the edge of it. Sergeant, pass down that men may roll up their helmets, but must keep them on their heads. Now, Bobby, things are getting interesting. Will they attack, or will they not?"

"What do you think?" asked Bobby.

"They are certainly going to attack farther north. The Bosche does not waste gas as a rule—not this sort of gas! And I think he'll attack here too. The only reason why he has not switched on our anæsthetic is that the wind isn't quite right for this bit of the line. I think it is going to be a general push. Bobby, have a look through this sniper's loophole. Can you see any bayonets twinkling in the Bosche trenches?"

Bobby applied an eye to the loophole.

"Yes," he said, "I can see them. Those trenches must be packed with men."

"Absolutely stiff with them," agreed Wagstaffe, getting out

his revolver. "We shall be in for it presently. Are your fellows all ready, Bobby?"

The youthful Captain ran his eye along the trench, when his Company, with magazines loaded and bayonets fixed, were grimly awaiting the onset. There had been an onset similar to this, with the same green, nauseous accompaniment, in precisely the same spot eight months before, which had broken the line and penetrated for four miles. There it had been stayed by a forlorn hope of cooks, brakesmen, and officers' servants, and disaster had been most gloriously retrieved. What was going to happen this time? One thing was certain: the day of stink-pots was over.

"When do you think they'll attack?" shouted Bobby to Wagstaffe, battling against the noise of bursting shells.

"Quite soon—in a minute or two. Their guns will stop directly—to lift their sights and set up a barrage behind us. Then, perhaps the Bosche will step over his parapet. Perhaps not!"

The last sentence rang out with uncanny distinctness, for the German guns with one accord had ceased firing. For a full two minutes there was absolute silence, while the bayonets in the opposite trenches twinkled with tenfold intent.

Then, from every point in the great Salient of Ypres, the British guns replied.

Possibly the Imperial General Staff at Berlin had been misinformed as to the exact strength of the British Artil-

lery. Possibly they had been informed by their Intelligence Department that Trades Unionism had ensured that a thoroughly inadequate supply of shells was to hand in the Salient. Or possibly they had merely decided, after the playful habit of General Staffs, to let the infantry in the trenches take their chance of any retaliation that might be forthcoming.

Whatever these great men were expecting, it is highly improbable that they expected that which arrived. Suddenly the British batteries spoke out, and they all spoke together. In the space of four minutes they deposited *thirty thousand* high-explosive shells in the Bosche front-line trenches—yea, distributed the same accurately and evenly along all that crowded arc. Then they paused, as suddenly as they began, while British riflemen and machine-gunners bent to their work.

But few received the order to fire. Here and there a wave of men broke over the

German parapet and rolled towards the British lines—only to be rolled back crumpled up by machine-guns. Never once was the goal reached. The great Christmas attack was over. After months of weary waiting and foolish recrimination, that exasperating race of bad starters but great stayers, the British people, had delivered "the goods," and made it possible for their soldiers to speak with the enemy in the gate upon equal—nay, superior, terms.

"Is that all?" asked Bobby Little, peering out over the parapet, a little awe-struck, at the devastation over the way.

"That is all," said Wagstaffe, "or I'm a Bosche! There will be much noise and some irregular scrapping for days, but the tin lid has been placed upon the grand attack. The great Christmas Victory is off!"

Then he added, thoughtfully, referring apparently to the star performer:—

"We *have* been and spoiled his entrance for him, haven't we?"

(To be continued.)

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCV.

MARCH 1916.

Vol. CXCIX.

A SHIP'S COMPANY.

BY G. F.

I. THE HIVE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE.

ABOUT nine hundred of us there are, fallen in under the White Ensign, which floats, shimmering in the summer sunlight, from the flagstaff of the Royal Naval Barracks—a motley crowd, seamen, stokers, engine-room artificers, artisans, sick-bay men, stewards, &c.; just—one ship's company.

And the date is Sunday, August 2, 1914.

Things have moved with a whirl the last few days, and for no one more so than for the officer in charge, Lieutenant Roy Langton. A brief forty-eight hours ago he was at Osborne, bidding good-bye to the cadets of his term just setting off on their summer leave, and now here he is, on the sun-baked parade-ground, waiting for orders to march the men lined up before him to their—and his—ship, all in

response to a one-word official telegram, "Mobilise."

"Pick up your bags and hammocks!—By the right, quick march!"

With shuffling tread the long procession gets under way. Precise marching is rather out of the question when one's left arm encircles what the rate book describes as "hammock, seamen's, 1, No.," and over one's right shoulder is balanced the huge cylindrical bag which has to contain all the average "matloe's" belongings. No, not quite all, for to the head of each bag is lashed, by rope or spun-yarn, according to the individual's appraisal of its intrinsic value, a well-scrubbed ditty box, unfitting but only possible home for his scanty *Lares et Penates*.

Across the barrack square we march, through the massive

gates, round which is clustered a small and ever-changing crowd—mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts; along the public road for a few hundred yards, then through the dockyard gates, to be lost for so very very long from the wistful eyes, some tear-dimmed, of those who have been watching us.

On we go, round docks and basins, now shuffling more laboriously than ever over a thickly-cobbled old-world road, which, with the tarry smell wafted out from the frowning, begrimed storehouses alongside, brings to us a breath of bygone times and bygone seamen—now picking up the step again as we come across a stretch of modern macadam—halted here and there to let pass a puffing, panting dockyard train, whose every truck is filled brim-high with stores for vessels which, like ours, are being hurriedly commissioned for WAR.

At last the ship looms up, towering grey, silent and majestic, at the basin side—OUR ship. In the ordinary course of events she would not have been commissioned for some time yet, but many pre-arranged plans and programmes are going by the board just now. The leading file arrives abreast the sloping gangway. "Ship's company" (already we are a family), "Mark time! —Halt!"

On the poop stands a figure surmounted by a "brass hat"—the Commander. Does he realise that every one of those men on the jetty is forming a swift mental opinion about him? If he does, his face be-

trays not one whit of embarrassment. For a space his eye runs over us, and it is easy to imagine his thoughts and hopes—then, with an almost imperceptible jerk, he brings himself back to the realities of affairs.

"Have all the men got their commissioning cards, Master-at-Arms? Yes? Then march them inboard, Mr Langton."

The oracle has spoken.

And with that steady procession up the gangway comes the sudden transformation of a lifeless, sullen mass of steel, guns, and intricate machinery into the hearth and home of wellnigh one thousand souls—nine hundred of us, and a detachment of "Jollies" from the Royal Marine Headquarters. The inanimate ship all in a moment becomes the animate "she," for once commissioned a vessel almost takes on herself the personality of those who man her.

It needs but little imagination to liken the scene to that at the hive when a virgin swarm is brought to the entrance and invited to enter. As the bees, clustered ready on the alighting board, shaking off lethargy at the portent of a great work, one by one in a seemingly endless, though ordered, procession enter their home, so do the men in one long stream take possession of theirs. And the "queen," about whom all interest and work centres in the bee world, is present too in this human hive of ours, even if it be only in the spirit. "Esprit de corps" we might term her in peace time; what

she is in war needs no explanation.

Aye, Maeterlinck himself

would have agreed that there was nought amiss with the spirit of our hive.

II. FITTING OUT.

There is just one point, though, where the simile breaks down, utterly and irretrievably: no one would ever put a swarm of bees into an unfinished hive, for even should the "workers" stand it, the drones would certainly strongly object to a continual fiendish hammer, hammer, hammer on the walls of their home. Perhaps the fact that we are all workers (though one or two drones appeared later on!) made it possible for us to live through our first fortnight on board and still to-day—the day on which we are pronounced ready for sea—be sane.

For nerve-racking is about the only description to give to those fourteen days that seem all the more awful now that comparative peace and quietness, cleanliness and orderliness, hold sway,—now that things seem to be running in a well-oiled groove.

Everything, when we arrived, seemed just incomplete, just not ready. A horde of dockyard men were working on board day and night, and every second was made hideous with the clang of hammer on rivet, the vibrant din of the pneumatic driller, the thousand and one odd noises that are inseparably associated with ship-building and refitting. Nothing seemed to go quite right. If the electric light failed once

it failed a hundred times, and then for a brief space a glorious quietness (treason, this!) would reign in the locality affected till the "short" was found or the "earth" detected.

And in this turmoil we had to eat, sleep, and have our being. The eating went off all right, the work went on swimmingly, and we were much too busy to worry about how we "had our being" till it came to sleeping; and that at first was a wee bit difficult.

It was all rather trying, and doubtless when Angus Morrison, Seaman, Royal Naval Reserve—late first hand of a Stornoway trawler—was kept awake practically the whole of his scanty sleeping hours by a demon working with hammer, drill, and brace on the bulkhead within a foot of his hammock, his sentiments on things in general were very similar to those of Assistant-Paymaster Saxon, who, after wrestling all day and burning the midnight oil (220 volt!) over the ship's books and accounts, would manage perhaps to snatch a troubled hour's sleep, what time an identical demon carried out identical work on the steel wall of his cabin. Perhaps Morrison might be able to express himself a little more forcibly,—probably he did.

But demons always are very

thick-skinned; the situation does not appeal to them in the same light when they have the day in which to sleep.

But we none of us really groused; at least, not very much. When Lieutenant Sandall ("Torps," from being a torpedo specialist and consequently in charge of the torpedo and electrical department of the ship), after being summoned into the presence of the powers that be for the *n*th time in one day, announced to all and sundry of his fellow-officers that he was "jolly well fed up with the whole blooming show," he did not mean it. It was merely a *façon de parler*. Just in the same way, when Private Spooner, Royal Marine Light Infantry—Cockney, bad-hat, and King's hard bargain,—confided to his bosom pal, Gunner Murphy, Royal Marine Artillery (same attributes, substituting Irishman for Cockney), that he was "—— well going to chuck his —— hand in," his remark, though forcible enough

in all conscience, was not sincere. He, too, did not mean it.

Both Private Spooner and Gunner Murphy doubtless would have bartered their very souls for a pint or two of what they familiarly termed "hops" (it was the failing of both their lives that they never knew just when to stop imbibing, and so, to avoid that awful possibility of giving up too early, they invariably kept on too late); yet they were two of the best workers in the ship.

But now our "moving in" troubles are over, and to-day, as at sea we easily touch, and pass, the contract full speed, we feel supremely satisfied with the thought that a very short space of time will find us in the battle line, ready for anything. Sundry trials of guns and machinery have to take place, and then—away to join our myriad consorts.

Another link will have been added to that sure shield of Britain's defence.

III. "SHAKING DOWN."

Yesterday we did our first coaling.

We are now seven days out of dockyard hands, have been in commission three whole weeks, and though as yet we have not joined up with the Fleet, we have nosed our way to one of the northern bases, and, incidentally, have played our first game of mine-dodging in the "German Ocean."

A fine butt for sarcasm those two words. Why English map-printers should continue to

give the North Sea the alternative title, goodness only knows. Private Spooner quickly summed up the situation on "make and mend" afternoon as he laboriously studied a well-thumbed atlas in the marines' mess. "German —— Ocean: I don't fink!"

But Private Spooner, as has already been shown, is apt to be unduly expressive.

Yes, we have quite "shaken down." "Guns" no longer deems it absolutely necessary

for us to go to general quarters all day long; even the Commander is inclined to think that if a lighted match were allowed to work its will in, say, the sail-room for a whole minute, the fire party might possibly be able to successfully deal with the resultant outbreak. The Captain seems more or less convinced that the torpedoes *perhaps* may run at the critical moment. And when the powers that be will admit even that much to their juniors, there is but one verdict to pronounce—we are in tip-top fighting trim.

Of the multitudinous drills, evolutions, and duties that we have been carrying out for the last week (and shall carry out—*ad infinitum*), there is only one job that really does put one's back up—coaling. At the perpetual watch-keeping—on the bridge, at the guns, as submarine look-out, down below feeding the ever-hungry furnaces, in the wireless room, coding, *anywhere*—no one grumbles, but already we can see that coaling will become a very sore point. After a strenuous time at sea, to be welcomed at your anchorage by a dirty black collier that seems aggressively eager to present you, "free, gratis, and for nothing" (except as regards the work part of the question), with a thousand or more (generally more!) tons of coal is, to say the very least, distinctly depressing.

But still it is all in the day's work, and even coaling has its lighter side. As witness Able-Seaman Dodds yesterday, who, after tipping his barrow-load

down one shoot, only missed falling down another one by the skin of his teeth. "Streuth," he ejaculated, striking a serio-comic attitude, and making certain at the same time that a half-smoked woodbine was still in position behind his left ear, "nearly down the gloomy chasm" (ch as in church).

Now, to-day, we are having a certain amount of relaxation, as, beside the fact of our being in harbour, it is Sunday, and the Chaplain gets his first opportunity for anything more than a hasty stand-up service. "Real Church" is being held on the mess-deck, and up the open hatchway is wafted the swell of voices—

"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

.
."

The Padre is a brave man, for bitter experience has taught most naval chaplains that it is advisable to put a ban on Hymn No. 160. Although the British Blue is by no means irreverent (many "shore-going parsons," could they but have a glimpse of the Navy, would sigh for such attentive congregations), there is one temptation that he simply cannot conquer, and from a certain number of throats will almost invariably come an awful perversion, "Coaling, Coaling, Coaling!"

But perhaps the Reverend Charles Golightly, M.A.—cricket blue, rugger international, and, above all, jolly good fellow—has realised that war is working some subtle

changes in the minds of the six hundred or so men before him. Anyway, his experiment is plainly justified, for clear and strong each verse of the four starts off, "Holy, Holy, Holy!"

The service proceeds; comes another hymn—

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,

."

"A bloomin' sight more than ever I'd ask for." Stoker Peter Gibbons, passing on tiptoe through the flat above, did not mean to be profane; he does not even realise that his remark was profane, but (and here is the flaw) he would never have made it had the service down below been one of his own.

"R.C." is stamped on Stoker Gibbons' identity disc.

"Church" is almost over. From the hatchway one can hear "Hymn No. 595," and then from voices in unison—

"Holy Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,

."

* * * *

"Bless them, guide them, save them,
keep them

Near to Thee. Amen."

* * * *

A charming simplicity is the keynote of our services—the good old-fashioned chants, well-known hymns, and a ten-minute heart to heart talk for the sermon. The surroundings—just a part of the marines' and stokers' mess-deck—do not lend themselves to anything elaborate. But nothing is lost in impressiveness because of that.

Up the ladder steps the Chaplain, books under his arm. Down below the Commander gives an almost imperceptible nod to a figure that has magically appeared at his side. Comes a shrill pipe, then a hoarse bawl, "Stokers unrig church, boys return books."

God's House, for another week at least, is no more.

IV. A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

Sealed orders! Magical words those; words which, in a story, never fail to thrill, be one old or young, staid or excitable; words which bring to any undertaking a breath of Romance (with a capital R).

And yesterday morning we put to sea—with sealed orders. Now, as a glorious August sunset gradually fades from the sky ahead of us, we are making our way "home" with a share

in the Heligoland victory to our credit.

Obviously we had come out for blood. The course we steered, once clear of land, alone was enough to make our hopes run high. We knew, too, that various other squadrons and destroyer flotillas were preceding us, steering an identical course.

In the ward-room last night everything was absolutely settled by the "school of

strategy" that has sprung up. "I take it," Langton had said, "that the destroyers will make right into the Bight, having the light cruisers as supports in the background. We ourselves" (and here he meant the squadron of which we were just one unit) "will remain still farther behind, ready to dash in should anything big come out."

As things went, he was not far wrong.

A perfect dawn ushered in Friday, August 28; altogether we had an ideal setting for our drama, but when the curtain should rise rather depended on brother Bosche.

And at about seven o'clock, so persistent had "the gods"—in the shape of our destroyers—become, that it went up with a bang, and twenty minutes later the action proper started.

So here let us recount something of what was happening, though actually at the time we ourselves knew none of the details. All the information at hand was gleaned from a wireless, intercepted soon after eight, saying that the flotillas were engaging the enemy.

In reality what transpired was this: A division of destroyers first sighted the enemy at 6.53 A.M. They gave chase, and soon the whole of that flotilla, with their leader, the *Arethusa*, were in the thick of it.

Then on the latter's port bow up loomed two hostile cruisers—rather heavy odds. For eighteen minutes she had a very hot time of it, giving, though, as good as she received,

when the *Fearless* arrived on the scene and relieved pressure somewhat.

Ten minutes passed, and the *Arethusa's* opponent—much damaged—made off in the direction of Heligoland, which was sighted just then, and our ships had perforce to withdraw to the westward to get out of range of the German stronghold.

And in that short half-hour the *Arethusa*, living up to the example of her illustrious forebears, inscribed her name on the roll of fame.

But, crippled though she was, there was further work for her yet, for, just before eleven, a large enemy cruiser came up and opened a heavy and rapid fire at her; again her fairy godmother, the *Fearless*, came to the rescue, and, the destroyers also attacking with torpedoes, the German deemed it advisable to retire. Which she did, and disappeared in the mist that had suddenly risen.

For a short time only, though, as very soon after she loomed up again and the engagement was resumed.

At this stage the light cruisers were ordered in to give support.

Meanwhile we, with our four consorts, had remained in the background.

The time passed slowly, and though every one was itching to know exactly what was happening, all we could do was to possess our souls in patience. At a quarter to eight the action bugle had sounded and we dashed to our

fighting stations, hoping that the next half-hour or so would see us in the thick of the "real thing."

But in that we were doomed to disappointment. It was only a routine practice; the stage manager was merely making a final survey of his properties.

Round and round we went in circles, a feather of steam from the quivering safety-valves showing that nothing more than the order would be needful for us to be off at full speed and into the fray. The waiting was maddening; came nine o'clock—ten—eleven,—and six bells had just struck when we got our first thrill. Suddenly, and most unexpectedly to the group of officers on deck, the 4" guns on the superstructure opened fire, and the Padre, who was standing close by and nearly underneath one, lost his hat (quite), his hearing (almost), and altogether had the shock of his life. Submarines had appeared, but all their attacks were frustrated, though we ourselves had one anxious moment when a torpedo passed under our stern, so very very close.

Then off we started, as things were getting warm in the Bight.

While we were making at full speed to the scene of operations, the affair progressed considerably. The *Arethusa* and *Fearless* gave their foe a bad battering, and again forced her to seek the refuge of Heligoland.

Then the German *Mainz* appeared and came in for a

very warm reception. For twenty-five minutes she fought before she fell into the hands of our reinforcing light cruisers, who quickly reduced her to a ghastly condition.

It was just after noon that action was sounded on board us—the first time that a lot of us had ever heard the stirring call blown in earnest. Ten minutes later from on deck could be seen the *Fearless* and her flotilla returning to the westward and the light cruisers engaging the *Mainz* with deadly effect.

Sounds of firing came to us from the north-east, and fifteen minutes later the lamed *Arethusa* and the third flotilla were sighted engaging the *Koln*. Soon, ahead, the leading battle cruisers opened fire in succession, and shortly after we ourselves commenced.

The enemy tried to break away; evidently she hoped to escape in the mist, which was fast making the range of visibility very small.

We took up the chase, dealing with the German *Ariadne* in our stride (she was left burning furiously, and in a sinking condition), and at 1.25 P.M. again opened fire on the *Koln*. In ten minutes she was no more, and for the poor wretches on board those ten minutes must have been awful, as our squadron's big guns literally raked her fore and aft; 'twas little wonder that she so quickly caught fire, turned over and sank. Destroyers were sent on an errand of mercy, but not a single survivor could be seen.

At 1.40 P.M. we turned and retired, and when we eventually dispersed from our stations, though years seemed to have passed, it was but two o'clock.

So ended the battle of Heligoland. Not a very big affair as far as we ourselves

are concerned, and all the honour for the decisive victory is due to our small brothers, the light cruisers, flotilla leaders, and destroyers.

But as a ship we can consider ourselves very lucky; twelve days out of dockyard hands, and here we are, blooded.

II.

"Submarines!" Again the one word signal runs down the line like lightning. The retirement evidently is not to be carried out without a parting effort by the enemy, and it is a rotten feeling to know that any minute you may be blown sky-high without having seen your antagonist. At least it is to some people.

Surgeon Dannatt, however, treats the affair in airy fashion. True, his nonchalance may be a pose; if it is, it's very successfully done.

"Come on, Saxon," he says, "up on deck, and if there's a chance, mind you get a photo." (Saxon and he own a joint "war camera.") Or perhaps it is the commercial instinct coming out (the papers are offering large sums for photos), and of course we are a nation of shopkeepers, are we not?

But this second attack, like the first, is unsuccessful.

We have plenty to talk about now, and at present it is rather hard to accurately decide what has happened. A careful review, however, reveals the fact that three enemy protected cruisers have been sunk and also one destroyer; while

it is certain that very considerable damage has been done to several other small craft.

On our side we have sustained no vital injury. The big ships and the light cruisers are unharmed; the *Arethusa* is temporarily crippled, and a few destroyers are slightly damaged.

But of those gallant gentlemen—both officers and men—who went into battle so eagerly this morning, some, alas, are no more.

"Well, that's all over," observed Lieutenant-Commander Martin to Langton. "How did your turret go?"

"All can do; not a hitch anywhere. What about yours?" rejoins Langton.

"Absolutely splendid. I only wish we had been up against something more our own size. What I cannot understand is why some of their big ships did not come out."

"Nor can I; but 'discretion, &c.' apparently is the Huns' motto." Then, turning towards Sandall who had just joined the little group assembled in the favourite de-

bating place—round the empty stove: "Well, what did you think of it? No chance for a 'mouldy,' I suppose." (Sandall's specialities — torpedoes—sport the pet name of "mouldies.")

"No. But wasn't the whole show top-hole?"

"Yes, though rather devilish," says Martin.

And unconsciously he voiced the opinion of most of us. In a way it is a rotten job, sea-fighting; modern invention has made it such a very cold-blooded affair.

There is little more to relate, though perhaps one further incident of the day deserves passing mention, for over it hangs a halo of true romance.

Suddenly two submarines popped up close by, but they caused neither excitement nor consternation, for those on the look-out rather expected, and were watching for them. They were our own, and one of them calmly semaphored that she had nine men belonging to the *Defender*, and three German prisoners on board.

The explanation is thus: During the fight the *Defender* lowered boats to pick up survivors from one of the German

ships, and while this was going on an enemy cruiser arrived on the scene and opened fire. The *Defender* had to flee at top speed.

The submarine's skipper had seen all this through his periscope. He dived to attack the cruiser, but she made off before he could get within range; so he returned to the abandoned boats, to find that they had picked up two German officers and twenty-four men, eighteen of whom were wounded.

A pretty problem: What to do with twenty-six Huns as well as the nine destroyer's men?

He solved it as best he could by taking on board the submarine our own people and one German officer and two men—all he had room for. The remaining Germans he left in the boats, gave them water and biscuits, told them the course for Heligoland, and departed.

Whether they arrived, we know not; if they did, probably the enemy exhibited the boats as evidence that they had sunk at least one of our destroyers.

We take the three prisoners on board and set off again. To-morrow we should arrive in harbour.

V. OUR DAILY COURSE.

We have been at sea for nearly six weeks. September is fast waning, and already we are absolutely inured to—though, it must be confessed, somewhat bored with—the rather monotonous routine. Days in harbour are few and

far between, and nearly every minute of such days, when they do come along, is occupied by that abomination—coaling. Well may the "all-oil" ships keep a brightly burnished shovel, "suitably inscribed" (the inscription is

"Lest we forget!"), in a prominent position, so that their ships' companies may gaze thereon with reverence and—thank their lucky stars!

But even coaling is somewhat alleviated by the fact that mails are inseparably connected with it, for (Admiralty and G.P.O. *volentibus*) where we coal there we should get a mail; and, let us bestow a passing word of praise, we generally do.

But as time goes by and, from no timidity on our part the dear old British Public may rest assured, the only entry, save generalities, that we can put in our diaries is "nothing doing," so does the awful feeling that "der Tag" is becoming more remote rather than nearer gain ground.

Regarding the day's work. Long before dawn the "housemaids" are out and about, scrubbing decks, washing down, and generally cleaning up. We (the Watch Below) soon follow *en masse*, lash up our hammocks, grouse, think of breakfast, wait for it, and in half an hour's time get it. Of course, the morning-watch men are, and since four have been, on the bridge, at the guns, in the tops, &c., there to remain till their reliefs of the forenoon take on, when for a space they will become the Watch Below. And so it goes on throughout the day and night—*ad infinitum*.

Every forenoon we go to action stations, and the rest of the time is occupied with "cleaning quarters," where the guns are given a "wash and brush up," divisions, prayers,

and various drills and exercises. The afternoons pass in much the same way. After evening quarters, when we are mustered and inspected by the officers of our divisions, the band strikes up (how we wish the bandmaster had more music than "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Charley Brown," and "The Robert E. Lee" in the small card form), and for a quarter of an hour or so all hands can be seen doubling round the deck for exercise, this to be followed, perhaps, by a few minutes' "Swedish."

Then till supper-time, except for various odd jobs here and there, such as "darken ship" soon after sunset, those off watch have the time free to themselves—to write letters, wash their clothes, read, or amuse themselves in whatever way they fancy.

Later on come the Executive Officer's rounds, and by ten a silence, punctuated at times with a snore, has settled over the ship—a silence broken only just before midnight and 4 A.M. by the pipe of the boatswain's mate, "Watch close up."

And once a week, if circumstances permit, we get a "make and mend," which, being interpreted, means one afternoon off wherein we may make our clothes, mend them, wash them, read, write, or sleep. The majority of us do the last named, and every blue-jacket in some mysterious way readily acquires the faculty to sleep in extraordinary places—Blondin-like on a narrow mess stool, on tables, on deck, in a gangway where an endless

stream of people is passing, amid deafening noises, *anywhere*. And (here is a tip for the medical faculty) if you see a "matloe" sleeping with his boots on, or a marine doing the same with his off, beware. They must both be ill, for unwritten law decrees otherwise.

So much for the trivial round. Written down in black and white it probably appears rather more monotonous than it really is, for there are alleviations.

Beside the ever-present hope of meeting the enemy—*i.e.*, the visible enemy — proceedings are enlivened occasionally by a submarine "stunt," a mine "chasse," or by boarding merchant ships. Perhaps as regards the last named it were more proper to say "have been," for with ships like ourselves it is no more.

Stroll into the ward-room during the dog-watches. There we shall find the officers not on duty—some reading, some writing letters, others playing one of the numerous games that friends, relations, and a beneficent public have presented.

Observe the "Popping into Potsdam" hero; his score to date is 81 (not out, in that the puzzle is still, even after hard usage by most members of the mess, unbroken, and so long as it remains so his score will increase). To the uninitiated it may be mentioned that "Popping into Potsdam" is merely a modernised version of "Pigs in Clover."

At the end of the table is the "Subway Puzzle" king; his record is 32 times in and 31 times out at one effort.

We are all heroes in our own special line!

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. . . . The alarm rattlers are stuttering out their warning that has but one meaning—submarines! Up dash the executive officers to their stations, and in the mess there are left but the Fleet Surgeon, Fleet Paymaster, and Chaplain.

"After you with that paper, P.M.O.," says the Padre, managing to fit in the sentence between two rounds from a 4-in. gun overhead.

"I hope they sink the swab," is the only remark Pay makes as he calmly puffs at his pipe.

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

Mines are rather different. They form a slight diversion, it is true, but there is not much scope for excitement with mines.

It is only of the surface variety that we can speak: submerged ones we have not yet met (touch wood!), and if we do, well, up we go. And there, for us, will probably be the end of all things. But when an odd one is met gaily floating on the surface, we get as much amusement out of it as possible: First come the marines with rifles; if they fail to explode it, the maxim tries its hand; should "doddering dick's" efforts be abortive, one 4-in. proj. generally does the trick.

Then comes a loud explosion, an imitation waterspout—and the fun is over.

There remains the diversion of "boarding." And that now, for big ships at least, is finished—killed by the submarine menace. But while it lasted "boarding" was a great event of the day.

Boom! A white cloud of smoke drifts away from the muzzle of one of the foremost Q.F. guns; "Away sea-boat's crew, man the port boat," from the boatswain's mate, and there on the port bow can be seen the ship we have so peremptorily summoned to stop.

On the stage the representation of such a scene would probably be a pleasing item in a naval play. To Assistant-Paymaster Saxon, one of the two boarding officers, it invariably presented itself in a very different light.

SCENE.—*A cabin, plunged in darkness. Outside a bluejacket messenger has been knocking for some time with no result; in desperation he steps inside and switches on the light, which reveals Mr Saxon asleep in his bunk.*

*Messenger (shaking him).—*We shall be boarding a ship in a quarter of an hour's time, sir.

*Saxon.—*Um?

(Messenger repeats.)

*Saxon (very sleepily).—*O'right. What's the time?

*Messenger.—*Half-past five, sir.

*Saxon.—*What's the weather like?

*Messenger.—*Fine, sir, but pretty rough.

The only difference between this little tragedy and a similar one on shore is that Saxon, with a faculty that all naval

men seem to develop, by now is wide awake. It is the work of a few minutes only for him to dress, which consists of putting on all his clothes over the top of his pyjamas, donning sea-boots, and wrapping a blue muffler—a fair cousin's gift—round his neck; by the time the last member of the sea-boat's crew has manned the boat he himself is climbing the jumping-ladder up to her.

Everything is as it should be. Etiquette decrees that as regards preliminaries it is the right of the senior officer to arrive on the scene of action last, and, unwittingly, Saxon has conformed to custom, for as yet his fellow-boarder (Lieutenant-Commander Martin—a "two-and-a-half-stripe" officer, while Saxon, in the relative rank, wears but two) has not arrived.

In another half minute Martin is in the boat.

"Tried the pin?" he asks the coxswain.

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Keep hold of the life-lines, every one."

Down below them—a long way it seems—a boiling sea is running. There is not an actual gale, but enough wind to make that nasty short breaking sea for which these regions are famous.

"It will be a dirty trip, if they send us," Martin remarks to his *confrère*.

"Pas demi," comes the reply.

For twenty minutes they remain at the davit-heads. In the early morning light the suspect ship—a black tramp, stopped and wallowing in the trough of the sea—looms nearer

and nearer, is abreast of us, and, without our stopping, drops astern.

"Fall out, the sea-boat's crew," is the order from the bridge; apparently the powers that be have decided that it is too rough for boat-work.

Then, of course, there is one more "stunt" which deserves mention—the daily performance at the spotting table.

The preliminaries for this consist of fixing up at one end of a large flat the instrument which provides the name for the entertainment, which — (sh-h-h —, it's a secret); rigging up as many flexible voice-pipes as possible in the space available; providing stools and tables on

which are displayed divers abstruse instruments.

The minor essentials comprise stop-watches, forms—on which to inscribe the progress of affairs,—binoculars, and, in the individual, patience.

Enter the *dramatis personæ*. They take up their appointed positions.

"Start the run," says "Guns," the villain of the piece.

Then ensues what to the average person seems pandemonium—a mere Babel. "Nine—o—five—o" from one corner; "Up two hundred" from somewhere else; "Five—o closing" from a third; "Fire" from somewhere else—all apparently at the same time.

Yet things seem to progress; the experts say that it is very good practice.

II.

As regards other relaxations—some we have provided for us, others we make for ourselves.

Of the former variety the mail undoubtedly holds the place of honour. After a week or ten days at sea its receipt becomes the goal of our lives, and he who draws a blank when the time comes is deserving of all pity (friends and relations please note).

Letters, of course, are the greatest joy; parcels generally arrive sadly mutilated; papers, except of the weekly illustrated variety, are not appreciated quite as much as might be expected, for the reason that the sudden arrival of ten days' news at one fell swoop creates some-

what of an *embarras de richesse*. Also the actual information in the earlier ones is often stale, for (and here we are very lucky) we generally manage to take in the wireless press telegrams every night—our own, the French, and the Wolff Agency's perversion of the truth.

"Is there a Poldhu?" is the invariable remark of each arrival at the breakfast table, and blank indeed is a day at sea without one. The name probably explains itself; in case it does not, it may be mentioned that the British press wireless is sent out by Poldhu, the high-power station in Cornwall.

But on our very last trip we were told that we must not expect "Poldhu"; the "exigencies of the service would not permit" (a grand expression that, which in peace time may cover anything from the refusal of forty-eight hours' leave to cancelling a royal review). Nevertheless, after the fifth day, the following appeared on the ward-room notice-board:—

PHOOLDHU TELEGRAM.

The situation in France is as it is. The Press Bureau, while not vouching for the accuracy of this statement, does not object to its publication.

It is reported on excellent authority that four Zeppelins, disguised as barn-door fowls, were seen on Tuesday last to drop bomb-shaped eggs over Bills Rock; on examination, the bombs proved to be hard-boiled, which is evidence of the great speed the airships attained in their flight. This statement is vouched for by the village schoolmistress, who broke her sole remaining molar in trying to masticate one of the eggs.

Eight German submarines reported to have been seen at Brighton by prominent local inhabitant on emerging from the Hotel Metropole at 10.50 P.M. The Press Bureau, while not vouching for the correctness of the number, says that it would be unwise to discredit entirely the report; perhaps four may have been the actual number seen.

Seven columns of smoke reported at Margate; on investigation traces of ship's tobacco discovered on the beach may account for this unusual spectacle; there is no confirmation of the report that they emanated from German ships.

It has transpired that on September 17 traces of 500,000 Russian Kromeskis were found at Wick; this is considered positive proof that a Russian force was landed there the previous day.

It is reported that the British Fleet are laying mines of a most deadly nature to the north of Heligoland. These are barrel-shaped, and have painted on them in large letters "LAGER BIER."

There is no truth in the rumour that the President of Liberia has offered his services as intermediary between the belligerent powers.

Can. Paos. 108½, Pan Cakes remain hard.

St Kilda 2, Lundy Island 1. Ephesians v. Brighton Blue-noses scratched, teams too wet to play.

"What on earth ——?" Lieutenant Wilson, who is not renowned for a vast sense of humour, checks himself, but not quite in time.

"So it did after all?" says Saxon, whom we may strongly suspect of being one of "its" authors.

"Did what?"

"Look at the first word of the title."

TWO AND A HALF YEARS IN MESOPOTAMIA.

BY SIR WILLIAM WILLCOCKS, K.C.M.G.

"CURSED be Pharaoh, who said in his pride, 'Am I not Pharaoh, King of Egypt?' If he had seen Babylonia he would have said it with humility." Such were the words reported to have been uttered by Maimun, the son of Harûn-el-Rashid, when he had ascended the Mokattan Hill and seen the land of Egypt stretched beneath his feet. He undoubtedly exaggerated. Egypt will always remain the queen of the irrigated countries of the earth; but next to her may certainly be placed the wonderful land irrigated in ancient days by the Euphrates and the Tigris.

Bagdad lies at a height of 120 feet above sea-level, removed 560 miles from the Persian Gulf as measured on the Tigris, and 350 miles as the crow flies. Around Bagdad lies a country desolate today, but which was once the crown of the possessions of the Powers which swayed the East. Wherever we go within a hundred miles of Bagdad we are indeed on classic ground. Descending the Tigris from north to south, we see first Dura, the intake of the great Nahrwan Canal, and the plain on which Nebuchadnezzar erected his golden image, may be to commemorate the thorough restoration of this very canal; then Tel Alig, where the Emperor Julian died of his wounds, and the expulsion of the Romans from

these regions meant the surrender of the Eastern world to the Persian kings; Opis, the wealthiest mart of the East for many generations; Bagdad, the capital of the Khalifs, where Harûn-el-Rashid held his court; Ctesiphon, the capital of the Sassanian Kings of Persia; and Selucia, the capital of the Macedonian kingdom of the East. On the Euphrates, opposite Bagdad, we have Cunaxa, where Cyrus the Younger was killed, and Xenophon and the ten thousand began their retreat; between the Tigris and the Euphrates, to the north and east of Cunaxa, was the Median Wall; south of the Median Wall lay Sepharvaim or the two Sipparas, Kutha, and great Babylon itself; and to the west of the Euphrates are Kerbela and Nejef, where lie buried the mutilated corpses of the son-in-law and grandson of the Arabian prophet. Farther south we have Niffur, Lagash, Erech the walled, and Ur of the Chaldees, which take us back to the earliest dawn of civilisation; while near the Gulf is Basra, the port of Babylonia, and the home of Sinbad the Sailor in the days of the Khalifate. Basra in British and Indian hands will soon regain its old commercial importance; while our forging ahead and the laying down of the rails of the Bagdad Railway will be an assurance to

the Arabs of our determination to stay on the Shaat-el-Arab, and the whole country will hasten to seek our alliance or protection.

When the Young Turks came into power in 1908, Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier, summoned me to Constantinople and entrusted me with the preparation of a project for the restoration of the ancient irrigation works of the country. Accordingly in November 1908 I left Egypt with a dozen engineers, and by the end of April 1911 handed over the projects, maps, reports, and estimates to the Ottoman authorities.¹

Before starting for Bagdad, I asked H.H. the Khedive for advice as to the way I could best work with the Turks in Irák. He told me to call again in three days' time, and when I returned he said—

“(1) Never fall out with the Germans on any point, or they will wreck your work.

“(2) Never mention the word India, as the Turks look with dread upon the entry of Indians into the Euphrates delta.

“(3) Every Turkish official will pretend to be stupid in order to draw you out. These men are no fools, and in their presence you keep your own counsel.”

The advice was sound, and stood me in good stead all the time I worked for the Turks.

Travelling *viâ* Bombay, Karachi, and the Persian Gulf, I

touched Ottoman soil at Basra, and had my first experience of Turkish administration. The British India steamer had to undergo five days' quarantine on account of plague in India. The quarantine boat which guarded us had its food regularly supplied from the steamer, and took care to be on the other side when any of the residents of Basra paid visits in the “bellums” or pleasure-boats, and left with cases of cigars and liquor. Leaving the steamer we had to be disinfected, but as the officials charged with the duty came near me, I followed the example of the more experienced travellers, and handed over five rupees, in addition to the seven rupees eight annas quarantine fee, and was allowed to pass on with a little clean water squirted over my coat. Basra itself was indescribably filthy and untidy. We travelled up to Bagdad on one of Lynch's steamers, with a large number of Indian pilgrims on their way to the Shia shrines of Kerbela and Nejef.

On arriving at Bagdad I was the guest of Colonel Ramsay, the British Resident, and Mrs Ramsay. The Wali of Bagdad was old Mahomed Pasha Daghestâni, with an interesting history. He was the nephew of Shâmil, the Circassian hero, and, as a young man, had been taken to Petrograd and made an Aide-de-camp to the Czar. He told me that he had been to

¹ This report, with its plans and estimates, has been published by Messrs E. & F. N. Spon, of 57 Haymarket, with the title of ‘The Irrigation of Mesopotamia.’

London in the suite of the Czar Alexander and seen Queen Victoria. When the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 broke out, he went to the Czar and asked his permission to go to Constantinople and serve the Sultan, promising never to draw his sword against Russia. Abd-el-Hamîd made him his aide-de-camp and took a great liking to him. He was walking one day behind the Sultan at the Yildiz Kiosk Palace, when a lion escaped out of its cage and ran towards them. The Sultan fled for shelter, but Daghestâni drew his sword, attacked the lion, drove it back to its cage, and locked it in. That evening the spies, of whom Constantinople was full, persuaded the Sultan to banish him as he was a dangerous man. "He is not afraid of a lion," they said; "he will not be afraid of you, and one day may lock you up." He was forthwith banished to Bagdad, and it was there that I found him in 1908. Though the Young Turk *régime* was established, he spoke of the Sultan with great feeling; and when I asked him how he could respect a man like Abd-el-Hamîd, he replied that if the Sultan of Turkey, the head of his religion and country, were to tell him to kill himself, he would retire into the next room and plunge his dagger into his heart. Everybody told me it would be easier for him to do it than to say it.

My first excursion was down the Tigris to Amara and back. We took many discharges of the river, and lived on black partridges and ducks, which

are very common. Every one had warned us to be careful about the Arabs, so we went about with armed escorts. We found the Arabs strangely respectful and conciliatory, and concluded that the Bedouin were not half so bad as they were painted. On our way back, when we were about 150 miles from Bagdad, we thought we might dispense with an escort, and two of us went into the country by ourselves. We had only our walking-sticks in our hands. We had walked about a mile when we noticed a suspicious-looking Arab with a rifle in his hand following us at a distance of about 200 yards. Before long we saw the man go down on one knee and take a deliberate shot at us. The bullet just missed us, while the Arab got up and walked briskly to some tents on the horizon. We followed him, came up with him at the tents, and asked him why he had fired at us. He calmly replied that he had fired in self-defence, as we had first fired at him. I told him that he lied, because neither of us had a gun. As soon as ever they heard that we had no weapons, some twenty armed and unarmed men and boys from the encampment rushed upon us, took our watches, and emptied our pockets in an incredibly short space of time. They even wanted to cut off the buckles of my braces, as they insisted that they were made of silver, but I persuaded them to take my word that they were of some base metal. We walked back to our steamer,

returned to the camp with a strong escort, and made them give up our watches and the money they had stolen. We reported the matter to the nearest Mudir, who promised to help us to recover our chains if we would not tell the Wali about it. We refused, and reported everything to the Wali, who got them back for us. The chains were in pieces, but were easily repaired. Three men were eventually captured and brought into Bagdad, and we immediately recognised the sinister features of the man who had fired. He was the brother of the Sheikh, so a wretched slave kept swearing that he himself had fired the shot and then robbed us. The slave must have been about twenty-five, while the culprit was forty-five, and the third man a little younger. The three appeared at the trial dressed exactly alike, and each had the same tale to tell. "I am just nineteen, and young and thoughtless." All three were condemned to three years' imprisonment by the Turkish judges. I did my best for the slave, for he was the only man in the encampment who had helped us to find our steamer, but the judges refused to disbelieve him.

Life in a Turkish prison in the provinces is no light matter. The authorities provide no food, and, if a prisoner's relations do not look after him, he dies of hunger, and the Government grudgingly pays for his burial. An Arab postman of mine was taking £T25 of Government money from Bagdad to the

Hindia Barrage, and was robbed on the road. He was put into prison and ordered to be kept there till he or his people had refunded the money. I tried to defend him in the court, but without result; and as he left for the prison I took a sovereign out of my pocket and handed it to him. About three months after this occurred I was in my office when an emaciated man walked in, accompanied by a soldier. I asked him who he was, and he said that he was the postman, that he had finished the pound I gave him, and saw nothing but starvation before him. When I had last seen him he had been a powerful, well-set-up Arab. I took him to the judges and remonstrated with them, but they said that the man had lost twenty-five Government pounds, and that he must stay in prison till he paid up. I told them that the man was a Bedouin from far away, that his people, knowing nothing about his difficulties, could not help, and that he would in all probability die of hunger. They said that I was quite right, for he would certainly die of hunger. I asked them if they would release him if I paid the £T25. They said "Certainly; we do not want the man, we want the money." With great pleasure I paid the money and got the man his release.

The winters in Bagdad are very cold, and the only way I could keep warm in camp was by providing myself with sheepskin coverings and carpets. They told me that the shepherds kept themselves warm in the bitterest part of the winter by

sleeping curled up round sheep. In January 1911 we had three falls of snow, and surveying parties in tents had a rough time of it; but there is always some soul of goodness in things evil, and the engineers were able to level and survey large stretches of marsh-land which were frozen hard, and which in the two previous winters they had been unable to move over. They told us in Bagdad that such heavy and continuous snow had not been seen in the country for thirty years. Hundreds of thousands of date-palms died in the oases bordering on the Euphrates and on the Euphrates itself.

In March 1909 I went down the Euphrates from near Kerbela to Basra on a launch, with Colonel Ramsay and Mr Van Ess, the American missionary at Basra. The floods had begun, and though it was easy to hurry down the river as far as the beginning of the Nejef marshes, it was difficult work traversing the marshes themselves. The Euphrates channel past Babylon and Hilla, which the river had occupied for 4000 years, had silted up, and the flood was tearing out a passage for itself down the Hindia Branch and filling up the Nejef marshes with silt deposit. Through the middle of this deposit the Euphrates was working out a new channel to the outlet at Shinafia. The fresh deposit in the marshes was exceedingly rich, and was being planted with rice by the Arabs. We passed a large encampment of Turkish soldiers who were trying to collect the land taxes from the

cultivators. Navigation was easy from Shinafia to Nasrieh, opposite Ur of the Chaldees, and on the Suk-es-Sheyûk, as the river was in its old channel; but beyond Suk the launch had to pick its way through the marshes. Up to thirty or forty years ago the Euphrates preserved its old channel from Suk-es-Sheyûk to Gurna, where it met the Tigris, but we found it spread over the country and working out a new passage for itself to Garmat Ali, about six miles above Basra, where it now meets the Tigris. Here, at any rate, we meet all the fresh water of the Euphrates. After wandering through the marshes for many hours, we struck the old deep channel of the river near Chabaish, and followed it to Gurna. The water was clear, marshy, without a particle of mud, and with very little velocity.

We passed five bridges of boats, of which all but two were simply obstructions across the river, where they extracted toll from us for opening the bridges, though there was nothing to open. Later on we found two more of these sham bridges of boats on the Tigris, where we again paid toll. In the wilder parts of the Nejef marshes the Arabs had extraordinarily long legs and rushed through the water to try and board our steamer and extract bakhshish, but they never succeeded. At Shinafia one can see the end of the bank Alexander the Great constructed to separate the marshes from the channel of the river, and it was while

he was working here that he contracted the malarious fever of which he died. Opposite Erech we were unable to leave the river to see the ruins, as the country was so unsettled no one dared to escort us. In places here we could see the remains of the old Babylonian banks of the Euphrates, which were always about a hundred feet wide. A narrow strip of country on both banks of the river was cultivated with barley and wheat, irrigated by a very large number of buckets worked by oxen. The Arabs here seemed fairly numerous. Just before we reached Nasrieh we passed two very extensive encampments of the Muntefik Arabs. At Nasrieh we found a Mutesserif in charge, but he dared not move outside the town unless he was accompanied by a representative of the Muntefik Sheikhs. When we rode out to see the country or the ruins of Ur of the Chaldees we were escorted by the Muntefik Arabs. Between Nasrieh and Suk-es-Sheyûk we were fired at three times by Arabs on the bank, but fortunately missed. They slung pellets at us, which also took no effect. Reaching Suk-es-Sheyûk we reported the matter to the Kaim-Makâm, who told me that I made a great mistake in not taking a Turkish police officer with me, and that he would send one with us as far as Basra. After we had been a couple of hours on the road I noticed that we were not flying the Turkish flag, which I had always carefully displayed. On my asking the

escort why they had not flown the flag, they said that the police officer had thrown it overboard, and that it was just as well he had or we should have been fired at by the marsh Arabs. These lower marshes were the feeding-ground of great herds of buffaloes, which moved about in two or three feet of water, while the Arabs used numerous canoes. At Chabaish all the Arabs were running round and round in rings, with their rifles held up in the air above their heads, shouting and stamping the ground. This was preliminary to making a raid on a neighbouring tribe. The Turkish Government encouraged these inter-tribal wars in every way it could. At Gurna we met the Tigris, and passed immediately out of the clear marshy water of the old Euphrates into the comparatively muddy stream of the other river. The joint stream of the Tigris and the old Euphrates is known as the Shaat-el-Arab, and from Gurna to Fao has a total length of 110 miles. This river is credited with irrigating ten million date-palms along its banks, which constitute the greatest date grove in the world. Certain of the plantations are veritable gardens of Eden, where one sees wide stretches of clover, out of which rise closely-planted date-palms sheltering the ground from the excessive cold of winter and the parching heat of summer. From date-palm to date-palm are festooned luxuriant vines, from which hang rich clusters of purple grapes.

In the marshes at the junction of the ancient Euphrates and the ancient Tigris, in the neighbourhood of Gurna, was the Garden of Eden of the Sumerians.

By the construction of earthen banks in the shallow lake traversed by the Euphrates, areas were reclaimed and cultivation began. Irrigation was easy with fresh water all round at a higher level than the land. Suk-es-Sheyûk is much like this to-day. Once security is established in these regions there should be a great increase of such reclaimed land. I have estimated the cost of the reclamation works carried out in compartments of 12,500 acres as follows:—

	Per acre.
Fully equipped bank per acre	£1 10 0
Drainage cuts	0 4 0
Masonry works and structures	0 8 0
Pumping plant erected at site	1 18 0
	£4 0 0

The maintenance charges would be 5s. per acre. There are over 250,000 acres, which could be reclaimed at an expenditure of £1,000,000. If reclaimed, they would be worth £40 per acre. Such reclamation would need neither barges nor important public works of any kind. It would be as easy to take up 500 acres as it would be to take up 12,500 acres, but the cost per acre would be greater.

In the time of the early Khalifs 50,000 acres of the land which is under fresh water to-day was covered with date groves, gardens, and

orchards, and considered at that time as one of the four earthly paradises. From the description of the Arab historians, it is easy to understand how they reclaimed this land. The Euphrates joined the Tigris at Gurna. A channel was dug from the Euphrates to Zobeir, which was then known as Basra. This channel took a right angular bend at Zobeir, and made straight for the Shaat-el-Arab, down the line of the present Ashar creek, to the modern Basra, which was then known as Uballa (Apollyon). This rectangular canal, which was known as the "Faid" (or flood canal) of Basra, and provided the irrigation water for these lands, owed its existence to the initiative and energy of the Emir Hajjaj, the first Arab Governor of the country.

What I have said above refers to the low land under water between Suk-es-Sheyûk and Garmat Ali. This shallow lake, covering 600,000 acres, has its bed about three feet above mean sea-level, and is in communication with the Shaat-el-Arab by one very large opening at Garmat Ali, up-stream of Basra. Through the middle of this stretch of water the Euphrates is at present cutting its course to join the Tigris at Garmat Ali. Immediately downstream of the open water past Basra, Zobeir, the heads of the Khor Abdalla, and up to Fao, stretches a belt of comparatively high-lying land, about five feet above mean sea-level, and 500,000 acres in extent. As the Tigris and

Euphrates traversing these swamps, which cover 2,500,000 acres, could never have brought down this deposit, the comparatively high land has evidently been formed by the Karun river. In ancient days, when the joint waters of the Euphrates and Tigris entered the Persian Gulf by the western head of the Khor Abdalla and the Karun by its eastern head, the muddy waters of the Karun swept over these lands and laid down this deposit. The Karun, unlike the Tigris and Euphrates, traverses no swamps, but comes straight down from the Persian hills at a high velocity and carries its muddy water into the Persian Gulf, and is capable to-day, as it was in the past, of forming such a delta.

Of these 500,000 acres a fraction is covered by the existing Basra date groves. All these palms are irrigated by very numerous canals or creeks taking out at right angles from the Shaat-el-Arab. Under the action of the 10-foot tide of the Gulf, the water flows up the creeks and down them. The existing irrigants are fed from one end only, and that on the river; and the difficulty of extending irrigation is due to this fact. The palms receive their water from the rising tide, and cultivation extends only as far as the water can travel. I have often followed the water of an irrigant or creek, and seen it reach the last clumps of miserable, half-starved date-trees, deprived of their water by the outgoing tide just as they were going to receive it.

Canals fed from both ends would remedy the evil. The works I have proposed are described in 'The Irrigation of Mesopotamia,' already mentioned by me. If a barrage is ever constructed at Garmat Ali, it would be interesting to estimate the cost of a canal past Zobeir to Koweit. The Euphrates water at Zobeir has no deposit to speak of, and could be carried in a canal with very little slope.

I was able to leave Basra for Bagdad by the last steamer which traversed the Tigris for some months. The Beni Lam and Albu Mahomed Arabs, between Kut and Gurna on the Tigris, had risen against the Turks, and were firing into the steamers plying on the river. The Tigris near Kila Saleh, downstream of Amara, is about 100 yards wide, and the Arabs had thrown up banks and dug trenches along the river in which they sheltered themselves. They were all armed with Martini-Henrys, and generally fired at a range of 200 yards. As they scarcely ever put their heads above their shelter, they generally fired into the air, and the bullets went far above us. On the 5th of April the *Bagdad*, accompanied by other steamers and a small gunboat, carrying between them 650 soldiers from Bagdad, proceeded down-stream to Amara, joined some 800 friendly Arabs, and attacked about 2000 Arabs near a strong fort about 3500 yards from the river. We had a couple of Krupp guns with us, and

from sunrise till about 5 P.M. we seemed to be carrying all before us. We were armed with new Mausers and they had old Martini-Henrys, and they should not have had a chance. The Arabs on our side burnt two villages, drove the enemy off the left bank of the river, and brought in some horses, sheep, and other booty, and our men began preparing their evening meal on the shore. Our Arabs cut off the head of the first enemy who was killed, stuck it on a pole and carried it about in a procession! Suddenly, at 5 P.M., about 500 Arabs, with a score of banners, holding their rifles high above their heads, rushed headlong on our soldiers, who lost their heads and bolted. The Arab rush was something worth seeing, for cavalry could not have come quicker. All the Arabs fight stripped, with a cloth tied round the loins, bare-legged, and bare-footed. Our men fired wildly, hit the ground some fifty yards in front of themselves, and kept shouting out that these were the bullets of the enemy. We had two men killed and twenty wounded. The Arabs who rushed us must have had twenty killed and forty wounded, though an official report spoke of 600 killed and 1000 wounded. I had never seen a panic before, and at one time it seemed as though the Arabs would board our steamer. However, their courage failed them, and they retreated. Captain Denne of the *Bagdad* and I had to jump on shore and loose the ropes so that the steamer might not be

rushed by the enemy. The moment we were away from the shore the soldiers wanted to steam away, but the Captain refused to move until the last straggler and the last wounded man were on board. He and I eventually drew the pegs and removed everything on shore, so that it might appear that we had retreated and not run away. The other steamer went off without its stragglers and wounded, and we found room for them while they prayed for blessings on our heads. The gunboat acted in such a cowardly manner that, when it returned to Amara, it anchored in mid-stream, and all the soldiers and sailors hid themselves on board, for the friendly Arabs had sworn that they would shoot any of the crew who touched the shore.

During the 400 years that the Turks have held the delta, they have never given an Arab a title-deed for any of the land they cultivate. Turkish pashas and beys have received them, and Sultan Abd-el-Hamid gave himself deeds for hundreds of thousands of acres, but no Bedouin or Arab had one. During the first year of my stay in Bagdad there was much excitement, as the Young Turks said that they were going to remedy the mistakes of the past and give title-deeds to the Arabs. The Sheikhs wanted the deeds made out in the names of the tribes or the sections of the tribes, while the cultivators wanted them in the names of individuals, and the Turks took advantage of this difference of opinion to give them to nobody.

During my stay in the country it was only in connection with this agitation that I was on two occasions offered bribes. One Sheikh sent me, as a souvenir, an extraordinarily jewelled watch and chain, which I, of course, refused; while a much wealthier Sheikh, with whom I had ridden for some days in the deserts and whose mare I had greatly admired, asked me to lend him £6 and keep the mare as a pledge. The mare was worth considerably over £100, and I knew that the Bedouin never part with their mares. He had often heard me say that the deeds should be made out in the names of individuals, and he wished to convert me. If even I had been weak enough to take the mare, she would have been of no use to me, as one of the Egyptian engineers bought a mare for £110, but she was never allowed to leave Beirut. Eventually, I believe, she was commandeered by the Turkish Government on the breaking out of some disturbance in the Hauran.

The Arabs everywhere in the delta want to settle down and cultivate the land, as their numbers have so increased that they can no longer exist as shepherds; but it has always been Turkey's policy to displace chiefs, take heavy bribes from the new chiefs, and put one tribe against another, so that the country has always remained unsettled. Every Arab carries a gun over his shoulder, and finds it cheaper to buy guns and ammunition than to pay taxes. During the year that Nazim Pasha was Wali of

Bagdad, he was so feared by the Arabs that they obeyed his orders and went about unarmed. It was the first time, they said, that the Arabs had moved about without weapons in their hands for generations. To the engineers at the Hindia Barrage it was a great relief to give out and measure work for labourers who did not carry loaded guns. Previously to that, the man who held up the levelling-staff had a gun slung over his shoulder, which the engineer saw through his telescope every time he took an observation, while the man whose earth-work had to be measured stalked the engineer with a loaded rifle in his hand. On the occasion of a dispute between two gangs of labourers, one gang fired into the other and killed three men.

Seeing the country on the lower Euphrates and the lower Tigris in the Basra vilayet so very hostile to the Turks, I was nervous about sending engineers there, and mentioned the fact to Mr Van Ess, the American missionary. He said he could get a pass from the Muntefik Arabs which would ensure the safety of the survey parties over the whole vilayet, and he was as good as his word. We surveyed the country during two seasons, and not only were we never molested, but the head Sheikh of the Muntefik made Mr Watts, the senior officer on the survey, a present of a camel. The Wali was jealous of our moving about freely where no Turks were allowed to go, and eventually insisted on our leaving the

country before the survey was finished, on the plea that our lives were in danger. As a matter of fact, he thought we were intriguing, and I told him so, but he insisted on our leaving the plans and levels unfinished, probably owing to orders from Constantinople.

Nazim Pasha was the strongest Wali Bagdad had seen for many years. He was no friend of the Committee of Union and Progress, and when, to ensure his removal from Constantinople, they prevailed upon him to accept Bagdad, he insisted on his powers being greatly extended. All his demands were accepted, and he started for Bagdad with a numerous staff of able officers. He travelled down the Euphrates from Aleppo, and, as I was then travelling up the river, I met him near Dêr Zôr. I had seen a number of men in very bad humour putting up tents and collecting firewood and fodder at an out of the way place, far from any caravanserai, and they told me they were preparing a camp for the Wali of Bagdad. About three hours later I met the Pasha, a short, stout, determined-looking Turk. Asking him why he had chosen such a strange place for his camp, he replied that he was a soldier, and had laid down his journey before he started, and meant to keep to his itinerary of a certain number of miles per day, regardless of caravanserais. As the Euphrates was in flood, and had cut away the road in many places, he had doubled and trebled the work of his camp-followers. He told me that he had very extended

powers, and meant to leave his mark in Irâk. On my return to Bagdad I found that the Young Turks had done their best to make it difficult for me to work with him. We had a common credit of £250,000 for Public Works between us, and all cheques had to be signed by both of us. Unless he was humoured in every way, and allowed to take three or four times his share of the money, he refused to countersign my cheques. And even when the cheques were duly signed, the Defterdar, or chief cashier, who was under the Wali's orders, raised every kind of difficulty in cashing my cheques, while the Pasha drew his money easily enough. I had undertaken the starting of the Hindia Barrage works at the suggestion of the British Ambassador, but when difficulties arose in the matter of payments, the Embassy told me that they could not go out of the way to help me, as they were engaged in securing an order for the construction of two Dreadnoughts in England, and were concentrating their attention on them. The diplomatic world is the diplomatic world, but fortunately the French had lent the £250,000 per annum for Public Works, and their Ambassador, when appealed to by me, kindly secured my being paid. The merchants from whom the materials had been ordered had informed me that they held me personally responsible for the payments, and if the Turks had not paid I was to have been prosecuted in the mixed tribunals at Cairo.

In September and October cholera broke out everywhere, and the Turks had a splendid opportunity of harassing everybody. Irâk put the whole world into quarantine, and every town and village in Irâk put every other town or village likewise into quarantine. To move from Bagdad to any one of its suburbs, like Kazemain, one was delayed for five days, and then another five days to return. The wretched Persian pilgrims were mulcted of every penny they possessed. One of my engineers, coming from England, did five days' quarantine at Basra, five to get into Bagdad, and five more to get out of it; and if he had come a fortnight later he would have had another five days at the Hindia Barrage, as the right flank of the Barrage put the left into quarantine. The Wali reduced the pay of the doctors by one half, as he said they had splendid opportunities of adding to their income.

After we had worked for six months at the Hindia Barrage, the Arab workmen trusted us implicitly, and were paid by cheques which were cashed at Hindia and Hilla. This saved us infinite trouble, as we could not always be sure of a sufficient quantity of silver to pay for our labour. We had just begun to congratulate ourselves on the fact, when Nazim Pasha heard of it, and immediately insisted that payments must be made in cash. The obtaining of cash from the Defterdar was so difficult that on occasions I had to obtain by telegram as much as £3000

from my bankers in Cairo and London to keep the works going. We had just received two tugs and a thousand tons of coal for transporting materials from Basra to the Barrage, when the Wali commandeered both the tugs and the coal under the plea that they were needed for the army. A two-foot gauge railway along the twenty miles where the Euphrates and Tigris approached each other, for the transport of material, was strongly approved of by the Wali, but rejected by Constantinople, as it would have interfered with the future Bagdad railway. Every detail of the work was so interfered with, and the harassing became so systematic, that though I had a five years' contract with the Turkish Government I left them after two and a half years. The Minister of Public Works asked me as a favour to say that I left on account of my health and not on account of my difficulties. The British Ambassador thought it strange that I could not get on with the Turks, while the Commissioner of Customs, Sir Richard Crawford, could. Unfortunately for my works I was spending money, while Sir Richard was collecting it. The £250,000 borrowed annually for the Mesopotamian Irrigation Works were considered lawful prey by the military authorities. When Nazim Pasha stopped the works on the Habbania Escape, though they were the key to the irrigation system on the Euphrates, he excused himself by saying that his soldiers were without bread,

while these works could not give a return for some years.

Nazim Pasha will be best remembered in Bagdad by his attempt to construct a wide street through the middle of the city. The streets of Bagdad are ridiculously narrow, and in most places two carriages cannot pass each other. The Pasha set himself to remedy this by widening the existing main road, and, as he had little money besides what he commandeered from me, he applied an old Turkish law which allows the authorities to add a third to the width of the road on either side by the removal of existing buildings without paying compensation. He began by cutting off the fronts of the houses of the most prominent Englishmen and the wealthiest British subjects in the place. The enclosing wall of a mosque was dismantled, and the native community realised that nothing could stop the road. Nazim, who had been educated in France, and was no friend of the Germans, made his road through the garden of the German Consulate and over their tennis ground. When the kavass of the Consulate tried to stop the work, he was brushed aside by a squad of soldiers. The British Consul-General in Bagdad is known as the Resident, and has a very fine house and garden, and barracks for a guard of seventy sepoy, while the gunboat *Comet* is moored in front of it on the Tigris. Nazim aligned his road straight through the garden and over the tennis court of the British Residency, and put up two

flags on the alignment, one outside the north wall and the other outside the southern one. The Bagdad world used to turn out every evening to see if the Wali's workmen under Gaudet Bey would knock down the wall of the British Residency. At right angles to this new road, outside the northern wall of the Residency, was another road, away from the river, on which the Nekib of Bagdad (the highest Sunni Moslem in Arabia after the Sherif of Mekka) had a house with an overhanging balcony. He, too, used to sit on his balcony and look out for the dismantling of the Residency wall. The British Resident telegraphed to India for orders, and was directed to hand out ball cartridge and resist by force any attempt to destroy the wall. As soon as the Wali heard of this he turned his road through a right angle, and cut off the balcony of the Nekib's house!

The last tale I shall tell of Nazim Pasha will take us back to the days of Harûn-el-Rashîd. Many years before he became Wali of Bagdad Nazim had been imprisoned there by the Sultan Abd-el-Hamîd, and would have died of hunger had it not been for the devotion of an Armenian servant who earned money by working in the city and daily supplied his master with food. Nazim brought this servant with him to Bagdad, and was greatly attached to him. In one of the best houses in Bagdad lived an Armenian girl of eighteen, who was very pretty,

very wealthy, and an orphan. All the young Armenians in the Turkish Empire were eager suitors for her hand, but she would have none of them. The Wali sent for her to his palace, and told her that in her unprotected condition she might get into trouble, but that if she were to marry a countryman of hers in his household she would have both a sterling husband and his own protection. She accepted, but on reaching her home sent Nazim word that she preferred remaining single. "You shall remain single for life," said the Wali, and put a cordon of soldiers round her house, which prevented her from leaving it. She escaped to the French convent one day, dressed as a French nun, and the cordon of soldiers moved to her new residence. After some delay she escaped as a French monk, took refuge on Lynch's boat, and sailed for Basra under the British flag. Boats full of soldiers surrounded the steamer at Basra, but the girl ran across the deck, jumped into the Russian Consul's boat, and took refuge under the Russian flag. The Consul saw her safely on to the British India steamer, and she descended at Bushire in Persia, where she settled temporarily. Not many months afterwards Nazim Pasha himself was deposed and ordered to return to Constantinople. He was afraid to return there by the Euphrates, as he might fall overboard by accident, so he confined himself to his house on the banks of the Tigris. Very early one morning

Lynch's steamer descended the Tigris, stopped opposite the Pasha's house, took him on board, and went on to Basra. At Basra he hurried across the deck of the steamer, entered the French Consul's boat, and was taken to the British India post-boat, on which he went to Bombay. The Arabs of Mesopotamia had the greatest respect for Nazim Pasha's honesty, and, in their impressive way, said that he was a Wali who never went to Kerbela to say his prayers. No Wali had ever been to Kerbela and returned empty-handed from the richest shrine in the world. On his way down the Tigris the Arabs offered to place 150,000 men at his disposal if he would take their leadership and help them to throw off the Turkish yoke, just as Mehemet Ali had freed Egypt. He was loyal to Constantinople, returned there, and was, as we all know, murdered by the Yeung Turks, and possibly by Enver Pasha's own hand.

Some one with leisure for such studies should write a popular account of the Turk in Mesopotamia, showing how he came to be there, and what he has done there. People suggest to-day that the Turk should be sent back to his ancient capital, Bagdad. It is as though one were to say that the English should be sent back to their ancient capital, Calcutta. In Mesopotamia the Turk is an absolute stranger, hating the country, and the country hating him. There are not fifteen hundred resident Turks in the Tigris-Euphrates delta.

I can best describe what he has done by quoting the last paragraph of my report accompanying the Project for the Irrigation of Mesopotamia, submitted in April 1911 to the Turkish Government: "The last voyage I made before coming to this country was up the Nile from Khartoum to the great equatorial lakes. In this most desperate and forbidding region, described by travellers as a damp hell, I was filled with pride to think that I belonged to a race whose sons, even in this inhospitable waste of waters, were struggling in the face of a thousand discouragements to introduce new forest trees and new agricultural products, and ameliorate in some degree the conditions of life of the naked and miserable inhabitants. How should I have felt if, in traversing the deserts and swamps which to-day represent what was in antiquity the richest and most famous tract in the world, I had thought that I was a scion of a race in whose hands God had placed, for hundreds of years, the destinies of this great country, and that my countrymen could give no better account of their stewardship than the exhibition of two mighty rivers flowing between deserts to waste themselves in the sea for nine months in the year, and desolating everything in their way during the remaining three. No effort that Turkey can make can be too great to roll away the reproach of these parched and weary lands, whose cry ascends to heaven."

The Walis of the Turkish

vilayets are well paid, but the other officials, especially the Mudirs of the districts, are badly paid. A Mudir of a district used to receive £4½ per month, though his expenses were never under £12 to £16 per month. The result was that the Turkish name was everywhere dragged through the dust. When in Constantinople, after my first year in Bagdad, I implored the Ministers to raise the salaries of their junior officials, as no empire could exist with such bribery as one saw every day in Turkey. They assured me that they had decided to raise the salaries, and that this would be one of the first reforms of the Young Turk party. On my way back to Bagdad I met the Mudir of Feluja on the Euphrates, and asked him if his salary had been raised. He said that it had been reduced to £4 a month; but that the Ministry of Finance had informed the Mudirs that they often went without their salaries in the past, and as they would always receive it in the future they were really much better off with £4 to-day than with £4½ under the old régime! The perquisites of Turkish officials are accepted by all, even by those who suffer. The English Church Medical Missionary at Bagdad had a house with a stable attached. Visiting the Hospital, I was surprised to see the Mission carriage and horse in the Hospital courtyard, and asked the doctor why he did not make use of his stable; he replied that the Wali had moved his carriage and horses into it. He added that if he

had objected to the action of the Wali, the latter would have made it impossible for him to practise in the city. On my remarking to my Arab clerk that the Wali had taken possession of the missionary doctor's stable, he answered, "Is that all? Why, the Wali never pays for the meat, bread, and other provisions used daily in his house. His servants go to the bazaar and take what they like." "That must be ruinous to some of them." "Oh no, the butchers and bakers are visited in rotation, and they raise the prices of their provisions proportionately for all the other purchasers, and it is you and I who pay our share of the Wali's food." The smaller officials take their perquisites in ways which are not quite so royal. The Euphrates dyke at Mosaib was degraded and a source of danger in flood-time to the Hindia Barrage works lower down the river. The Wali ordered the Mudir to call upon the inhabitants of the district to execute about £200 worth of work and strengthen the bank. As the flood was at hand and nothing undertaken, I saw some of the principal landowners and asked them why they had done nothing. They replied that the work would have cost £200, but as the Mudir had threatened to fine them £100 if they failed to carry out the work, they had paid the fine. They added, "If we had carried out the work and not paid the fine, the Mudir would have starved, as the Government only paid him a fraction of the money he had to spend every month."

Tens of thousands of Shia Moslems from Persia and some from India pass through Bagdad every year in order to visit the shrines of Ali, Hussein, and other members of the Prophet's family. Every one of the Prophet's family met with a violent death, and their history is truly tragic. Every Persian, man or woman, rich or poor, makes the pilgrimage at least once in his or her lifetime, if it can possibly be managed. In long wooden boxes they bring the bodies of their deceased relations with them for burial near the shrines, and are in consequence a considerable source of revenue to the Turks in the way of import and other duties. The Turks themselves are Sunni Moslems, while all the Arabs of the Tigris-Euphrates delta are Shias. An Egyptian engineer, who was with me at Kerbela, told me that the authorities at the mosque charged from £40 to sixpence for a burial certificate, according as the body was buried near the mosque or far from it. My informant, who was a Sunni, added that the Persians believe that, at the day of judgment, Hussein will rise among the very first, and that those buried near him will assuredly rise much sooner than those far away, and they will consequently have an early choice of the houris awaiting them. Kerbela is considered the richest shrine in the world. The Government of India alone, as the trustee of pious Shias, distributes at the mosques Rs. 40,000 per month. Most of the pilgrims walk, some ride donkeys or mules, and some

travel in rough carriages without springs which are hired at Bagdad and seat about a dozen people each. The pilgrims sit bolt upright, jammed in the carriages, and swathed from head to foot in heavy blankets and quilts, as the winters in Irák are very cold. To get a man to move once he has settled himself is nearly impossible.

A railway from Bagdad to Kerbela and Nejef will be a very profitable undertaking. Under ordinary conditions the pilgrims are worried in scores of ways by the Turkish authorities, but during the cholera epidemic of 1910 they were harassed to the very limit of their endurance and mulcted of every penny they possessed. The quarantine delays were doubled and trebled when a pilgrim died in an encampment, and consequently few deaths were reported. One of my engineers was encamped outside a khan, and was waked up at night by the thud of two dead bodies thrown over the wall up against his tent.

Bagdad is credited with 200,000 inhabitants, of whom 50,000 are Jews. These Jews are very strict observers of the Sabbath day, and though the wealthy members of the community are some of the most important notables of the town, the ordinary Jews are as a rule treated contemptuously by the Moslems. Owing to their rough treatment they have ceased being martial altogether. Travelling to Aleppo on one occasion, two Arab coachmen fell on

each other and had a really good stand-up fight. On my asking one of them the cause of the strife, he replied that the other had struck him as though he had been a Jew.

I have stated that the Jews of Bagdad are very strict observers of the Sabbath day, which is Saturday. I always got my cheques countersigned on Thursday evening, and could draw no money on Friday as it was the Moslem holiday, on Saturday because it was the Jewish holiday, or on Sunday as the Christians took their day off. The Defterdar, after this long break, was too busy to attend to cheques on Monday, so he approved of the payment on Tuesday evening, and, if my credit at the Bank had not been transferred to the Army, I got the money on Wednesday.

Shortly after I arrived at Bagdad the Committee of Union and Progress sent down one of its spies to look after me. I lent him one of my servants at his request, and he refused to pay him his full salary, alleging that I doubtless paid the man with Government money. He then refused to move out of a room I had lent him, because he said that doubtless I paid for it with Government money. I got hold of the man and told him that I paid for my servants and house out of my own funds, and if he did not at once pay my servant and then immediately cross the river, I should have him and his belongings thrown into the Tigris. He promptly paid up and left for

the other side of the river. These creatures are as great cowards as they are bullies. Some time afterwards I had a visit from the highest official of the Committee, who was touring the Empire, and who told me that they knew in Constantinople how shamefully Nazim was treating me; but, he added, if I would send him a weekly letter pointing out all Nazim Pasha's irregularities, over my signature (which he added would carry conviction), he would guarantee my cheques being promptly cashed. I told him that he was wasting his time; and he there and then jumped up, shook me warmly by the hand, and said that Turkey was to be congratulated on having such a servant. He then went round the office and engaged one of my employees to spy on me. I know that every time I posted a letter at the Residency post office it was reported in Constantinople, until I found the man, who was reporting on me, himself posting a letter there instead of at the Turkish post office.

There are places in the world where the thermometer goes higher than it does at Bagdad, but there is no place where the heat is prolonged for so many months without a break. I remember well one hot Sunday after a week of terrible weather late in July, when the shade thermometer kept between 117° and 120°, and sixty children died in Bagdad, and every turkey. No breath of the monsoon ever reaches Bagdad. Whenever I have passed the battlefield of

Cunaxa in summer, I have marvelled how the heavy-armed sections of the army of the Ten Thousand Greeks fought through a long summer's day and were not positively roasted.

Beginning at Beled, the Tigris-Euphrates delta to-day consists at first of bare plains of clay with the silt banks of countless canals, showing what a desperate fight the wretched agriculturists made for existence when the dams were carried away and the level of the water fell. We have then alternate stretches of level country covered with a thorny leguminous plant which dies down in winter, and the same bare plains which we met in the north. Near the rivers in places are jungles of liquorice plant and the same leguminous thorn. Here and there on the foreshores of the Tigris, but much more frequently on those of the Euphrates, are luxuriant growths of poplars. On the Upper Euphrates, and as one approaches Babylon, are great stretches of salted land interspersed with bare plains and low sand-drifts. One is never out of sight of the giant banks of old canals and the ruins of ancient towns. As one goes south, the salted land increases in area, and then the marshes begin with their stretches of rice. Beyond the millions of acres of fresh-water marsh lies Basra and the Shaat-el-Arab country. Though there are date groves and stretches of cultivation along the river banks, and along a small number of canals, it is only when one approaches the low-

lying marshes traversed by the Euphrates and part of the Shaat-el-Arab that one sees extensive date groves and gardens, mingled with wheat and clover, and a look of prosperity which brings back the memory of ancient days. The delta of the Dyala river to the north-east of Bagdad is well irrigated and cultivated.

Before any serious irrigation works are undertaken in the delta it will be absolutely necessary to control the floods of the two rivers. For the Euphrates I proposed to the Turkish Government the excavation of a more powerful escape into the deserts than the ancients disposed of. The head-works were to have been just down-stream off Ramadi. By cutting through a low hill of salted marl and gypsum, about seven miles long, lying between the Habbania and Abu Dibis depressions, it will be possible to gain a head of 40 feet over what the Babylonians possessed. This will enable us to completely control the Euphrates and dispose of every difficulty on its banks. There remains the Tigris. So far I have estimated for and recommended the same dykes and canals which the ancients employed on the right bank of the river, but they are only makeshifts, and I have said so. The project for the control of the Tigris could not be completed in the two and a half years we were in Mesopotamia, as the depression into which it was proposed to escape the excess floods was at the time debatable ground between the Shammâr and Dillêm Arabs,

and we were never able to properly survey it. We were only able to learn that the tail of the Tarthar river is a salt pan 14 feet below sea-level, and 200 feet below the level of the Tigris, thirty miles distant. The size of the depression has still to be studied, and I have great hopes that within six months of order being evolved out of chaos in that part of the world, this point will be settled. If the depression is capacious enough, the construction of the escape is only a question of money. If the depression is not sufficiently capacious, it will be necessary to continue the escape another twenty-two miles to the head of the Habbania Escape on the Euphrates, and turn the Tigris water as well as the Euphrates into the Abu Dibis depression. With the aid of a small earthen dam at the outlet of the Abu Dibis depression, north of Kerbela, this would mean for Babylonia a reservoir of extraordinary capacity, as well as a powerful escape. The Tigris, at the proposed head of the escape, is 30 feet higher than the Euphrates fifty-two miles distant, and by means of a barrage constructed on a shingle bed, could be raised 22 feet higher, and this almost at the site of Nimrod's ancient dam.

With the Euphrates and Tigris floods both really controlled, the delta of the two rivers would attain a fertility of which history has no record, and we should see men flocking in from India and making of the plain of Shinar a rival of the land of Egypt. The

value of every acre of land in the joint delta of the two rivers would be trebled before the irrigation works were carried out, and again increased many fold more the day the works were completed. Every town and hamlet in the valley from Bagdad to Basra would find itself freed from the danger, expense, and intolerable nuisance of flooding, and the resurrection of this ancient land would become an accomplished fact. The Bagdad Railway between Bagdad and the Persian Gulf would be taken through the middle of the cultivated land, and not through deserts as proposed up to the present. The cost of the escapes might with perfect fairness be charged against both the railway and the canal expenditure. For the alignment between Bagdad and the Mediterranean Sea I have again and again advocated the Euphrates Valley instead of the present line *via* Mosul and Aleppo. 'The Geographical Journal' of London for January 1910 contains my proposals on this important question, and from it I extract the concluding paragraph of my lecture, which is far more applicable to-day than it was when the Young Turks began the *régime* with every promise of success.

"Though zealously advocating the direct railway connecting the Tigris-Euphrates delta with the Mediterranean, as without it the full development

of the country will not be possible, my hopes are centred in the delta itself, where it is my ambition to see the works carried out which we are planning to-day. I know that in the western countries of Europe, where rainfall is timely and abundant, and where ruin and disaster cannot overtake a country in a day, we are apt to imagine that works of restoration must also take long years to bear any fruit. But in the arid regions of the earth it is not so. There, the withdrawal of water turns a garden into a desert in a few weeks; its restoration touches the country as with a magician's wand. In her long history of many thousands of years, Babylonia has again and again been submerged, but she has always risen with an energy and thoroughness rivalling the very completeness and suddenness of her fall. She has never failed to respond to those who have striven to raise her. Again it seems that the time has come for this land, long wasted with misery, to rise from the very dust and take her place by the side of her ancient rival, the land of Egypt. The works we have proposed are drawn on sure and truthful lines, and the day they are carried out the two great rivers will hasten to respond, and Babylonia will yet once again see her waste places becoming inhabited, and the desert blossoming like the rose."

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

TERRA MARIQUE.

I.

I HAVE given this odd name to the hero of these events, not so much because it resembled any to which he ever admitted, as because, if you have a hero, it is necessary to have a single and convenient name whereby to call him, and Terra Marique's aliases were so many and so strange that there is no keeping track of them. Ever an artist, he seems to have changed his title with every branch of his business, and it is quite possible that as he went from one sphere of employment to another he was conscious of divesting or assuming a different personality. In his early days of pocket-picking and petty theft, he went by a variety of single-barrelled low-caste appellations; as a house-breaker he added to all his names the elevating adjunct of "swami"; and as a forger—where perhaps his best work was done—he took to himself the rank of Nayudu, and, to bear this out, ran a very respectable business in gingelly and turmeric. When, subsequent to the Nayudu period, he turned dacoit, he reverted to savagery and called himself Something Singh, which is of all most likely to have been the name his parents gave him: what he chose to be styled during the episode that has temporarily ended his activities

I am not in a position to say. His was a great career: at one-and-twenty he had nine previous convictions, and at forty or so there was no branch of legal procedure or jail etiquette in which he was not versed. He could tell always just how his case was going, and on one celebrated occasion when his pleader—in his better days he always had a pleader—was shouting the roof off the Court in a magnificent peroration, accused glanced at the Magistrate's face, announced calmly that he would take rice diet in jail, and prepared to leave the dock. This is an incident worthy of record, for it shows that even in earlier days he was gifted with that independence of the ways and channels of other minds which brought him to his final and unique achievement.

The cities which contended—according to his own statements—for the honour of his birth would rival the case of Homer and fill pages; but it seems reasonably safe to say that in the beginning he belonged to one of those nomadic bodies known to the Government of India as Criminal Tribes, and registered as such under a special Act of their own. His earliest days would therefore be spent among a circle of filthy tents pitched

on some bleak and undesirable spot, and he would sojourn with a people who, if they are only half as dishonest as they look, should be able to teach one almost anything. To this he himself never admitted; latterly he always said he was born in Madras, and his first conviction did indeed take place there at the age of eight, when he broke into a shop and stole cheroots—not to smoke, for he was a criminal even then, but to sell. But there was nothing of the Madras gutter about him; his manners were courtly and his countenance serene, and he spoke with the curiously precise accent of the South Indian nomad. He had beautifully waving hair and a small pointed beard, and his smile would have disarmed a Sessions judge; and the tone of cultured and forgiving reproof in which, when taking the oath, he denied the suggestion that he should speak anything but the truth, made even hardened magisterial clerks uncomfortable. Magistrates, wearied by a procession of vehemently tearful or sullenly mendacious accused, referred to him as “something out of the common,” and so indeed he was.

He did not attract the attention of the really great until he set up as a dacoit in the Maharoy Hills in Bom-mari; but as a dacoit he was a conspicuous and instant success. It was more in his blood, probably, than constable-dodging in the alleyways of Madras, or poring and niggling over account-

books in the back room of the Nayudu's shop. His chief and most dangerous attributes were the facility with which he acquired quite respectable firearms, and an extraordinary knack of hopelessly diffusing his band one day and having it all present and in good order twenty miles away the next; and he worked up and down a stretch of the Haiderabad border till the upland villagers of Bommari could hardly call their souls their own. The Haiderabad border is a splendid place for dacoits, for by crossing a ditch or overstepping a bund they can bring extradition warrants and the like into play; and what a business these are only those who have wrestled with them know. He finally assassinated a Deputy-Superintendent of Police, and at that the District Superintendent and a Deputy-Inspector-General came out after him with terrible threats and menaces. Terra Marique was nothing if not thorough, and he promptly made a movement upon the bungalow where these exalted officials lay. It was an old bungalow, and one of the few which still contained that beastly thing a ceiling-cloth. Terra Marique got through the roof, and sent down his uncle through the ceiling-cloth armed with a long and effective knife; but either the uncle was past his best and a little clumsy, or the ceiling-cloth was hopelessly rotten, for it ripped loudly, whereat the D.I.G. woke up and with great promptitude seized the uncle's legs. There

ensued for a brief but exciting minute a tug-of-war of the finest; but Terra Marique's foothold was poor, and the uncle came down very suddenly into the D.I.G.'s arms—minus his head, which had been neatly removed. Terra Marique and his friends did not believe in approvers, and intended to preserve the complete incognito of their band. It is only supposition, of course, that it was Terra Marique himself who was on the roof; but I think from the events it must have been.

This incident is recorded only to show that Terra Marique was a man of resource, not quite as other men: but in justice to the D.I.G. and the D.S.P. it must also be said that they cornered him ten days later: and Terra Marique, against whom personally the evidence proved disappointing, retired for a period of years to the Central Jail at Vellore.

There was once a man in the North of India who went to

the United States of America and sojourned there for a period—which did him little good. He became interested in the manufacture of aeroplanes, which was blameless enough; but it occurred to him what a splendid thing it would be to have these engines of warfare brought over to India in parts and constructed in the depths of the jungle by simple villagers, so that intelligent patriots riding forth on the completed articles might drop bombs upon the oppressive and the undesirable. That man never made any aeroplanes, and he is now either dead or removed to a place where he can do no harm. He has nothing whatever to do with this story, save as an illustration of those sublime heights to which the mind of the Oriental, criminally disposed, can soar. In a way,—so far as pure imbecility of conception, general impracticability, and staggering novelty of departure, so far as these can go—Terra Marique's final effort was something of a parallel.

II.

As a prisoner, Terra Marique was ever docile and lovable, and as a result the pleasant gates of the Vellore Jail opened before him towards the end of that historic month September 1914. He was met at the prison gates by a relative from Madras, who invited him with great cordiality to share his roof for the time being—not so much, I fear, out of family sentiment, but

rather from a belief that there must exist somewhere some of the fruits of those long months of dacoity, which might conceivably, if one made oneself agreeable, be tapped. From the relative Terra Marique first heard that the British Raj was desperately at war, and now also he first learned of the Germans. He remarked, speaking with bitter experience, that those to whom the

British Raj succumbed would be heroes of no uncertain order, and retailed the damnable cunning and strategy of the D.S.P. and D.I.G. above referred to. The friend, while admitting this, hinted that it might be a closer thing than Terra Marique imagined, and told many strange tales. That was a glorious afternoon—all the way along the hot railway journey from Vellore to Madras the talk was of wars and prodigies,—meat and drink to Terra Marique, who had been weaving carpets to the dictation of a droning Mahomedan for many weary days. There were some villagers in the carriage from the Mysore side, who told of nightly airships that hovered around them, and a rather unpopular Chetty merchant, who bewailed his losses up to date, and spoke at length of the terrible and drastic increase in all prices that must needs ensue. But things rose to a height at Arkonam, where there got in a fat and wheezing vakil, —travelling third class and charging his client second all for the glory of the Bar. Before this oracle all tongues were dumb, and here Terra Marique had his first news of the *Yemden*, that weird and Frankensteinian creature of the baleful deep. This was really interesting; villagers were always telling some lie or another, and if Chetties put up their prices then one would help one's self and throw them in the tank; but this was crime, this was the very soul of dacoity itself. The Captain

of this *Yemden*, it seemed, was a fellow of the first water; he eluded the Police with a wave of his hand, sank ships by the score, and enriched himself with their cargoes to the point of bursting: this may not have been strictly historical, but so it was represented by the vakil. Bang! went his cannon, and in a crack there was your ship at the bottom and all trace of the business wiped out; no puling villagers calling in the Police to view the battered homestead, and handing out those clues and tokens some one was always fool enough to drop. But by a curiously misplaced humanity it appeared this wonderful warrior first removed the crews: was that, inquired Terra Marique, interrupting the pleader, the proper thing to do? The pleader snorted and delivered himself of some noble moral sentiments: Terra Marique gathered that the *Yemden's* procedure was quite according to rule. Other Germans, it was true, said the pleader, would not do this, perhaps; but any one who did not wish to be regarded as a German assuredly would. To be deformed, or leprous, or outcaste might be bad, but to be a German—! The pleader had much to say of the *Emden*, its general fearsomeness, and the apparent impossibility of doing anything against it. Terra Marique's mind was fired.

The relative's house was in one of the maze of small streets that run beachward

from the big Mylapore bazaar, and he had arranged all that was necessary for the comfort of his distinguished guest. From the point of view of one who had habited a goat-skin tent in the monsoon, it left little to be desired; but the atmosphere of Madras in September will drive the most hardened forth in search of air,—and after a noble repast the relative and Terra Marique stripped to the waist and laid themselves upon the mud-pials on the street side of the house. The relative, with a diplomacy of which he was justly proud, was skirmishing round the question of the profits of the dacoity business, and making little of it, when on a sudden their conversation was interrupted by a dullish noise and then a rending crash. There came another such, and presently another, and a bright light appeared and blossomed in the sky to the north-east. Even then one had an inkling of what it must be; but presently there came a man rushing madly, and screaming out “The *Emden!* The *Emden!*” at the pitch of his voice; and at that the relative’s heart gave way within him, and he rose from the pial with the teeth rattling in his head. “It is the *Emden,*” said he. “Let us run. Let us run to the station and take train to my wife’s cousin at Arcot.”

“Nonsense,” said Terra Marique. “I am going down to the beach to see this ship.”

It was the relative’s last chance of the dacoity money;

but he was not equal to it, and Terra Marique went alone.

He went down through the crowded streets and presently across the stretch of open country that lies between Mylapore and the beach, and as he went there howled and wailed over him that solitary southward shell which penetrated as far as the residential quarter of Nungumbankum and there burst harmlessly. He tried to see it as it passed, and calculated its weight and size—both of which he underestimated considerably. From the beach he had a fine view of the great and spreading blaze at the Burma Oil Company’s tanks, and once in the glare of a searchlight he caught a sight of the monster itself—much smaller than he had thought. He ran a little way down the beach and got a peep at the Madras Artillery returning fire; and though he could not see at all clearly he gathered that to load and aim a cannon was an easy thing enough. The whole performance was over far too soon, but the next day he inspected some of the damage done with much interest.

That evening he bade farewell to the relative—who had passed a terrible twelve hours in the Central Station, and, failing in the end to get a place in any train either for Arcot or anywhere else, had come back to his house. The relative strove to dissuade him.

“No,” said Terra Marique, “I have business. I cannot stay.”

"But have you money?" "Plenty," said Terra Marique, said the relative anxiously. and left him at that.

III.

The East Coast of India is, generally speaking, as flat as a table, but here and there one comes upon curious isolated headlands, bulking enormously because of their surroundings, standing out into the sea. There is such a place about three miles south of the disused port and active headquarters station of Rangole. It is a sort of double or twin hill, and it thus enters the sea in the form of two headlands, with a rocky and almost landlocked cove between. This is called Bettson's Cove, because of a collector of that name who either fell or threw himself over there long, long ago, when collectors were allowed some licence. From the top of the rocks you may look down into this cove, as into a well, but to climb up or down is as impossible as to get round the base of the headlands, where even in calm weather a very considerable sea leaps and surges under the cliffs.

Hobby, the Port Officer of Rangole, was a man of normal habits and aspirations, save in one particular, in which he was very remarkable—he stuffed birds. He had followed this pursuit with an enthusiasm akin to mania in his early years, and instead of giving it up, as any decent man would have done, he had continued it in all quarters of the globe.

Rangole, from this point of view, was extremely disappointing—all except the headland before mentioned, where he found some species—far be it from me to suggest what species—of rock-breeding birds. Thus it came about that on a pleasant morning of late October Hobby, accompanied by two of those theatrically-attired retainers germane to the Marine Department, came crawling over the brow of the rocks above Bettson's Cove. Thus again he was the first to witness the derelict of Mr Govindasami's cargo-boat.

The thing was a full-sized *masula* boat, one of those plying between Rangole and Rastavaram, a semi-obsolete and silted-up port fifty miles to the south. It belonged as aforesaid to Mr Govindasami, Nayudu of Rangole, a gentleman doing a thriving trade in rice, flour, chillies, gram, and similar commodities. Mr Govindasami did not himself travel with his boat, but lived in a large house at Rangole; and he had been a thorn in Hobby's flesh for some twelve hours back over the non-arrival of his boat. Hobby had been somewhat brusque, and had told him that nothing could possibly have happened to it. He now began to revise this opinion considerably.

The boat lay in the cove plumb below him, broadside on

to the land, rolling this way and that with the swell, the big brown sail with its multitude of patches swinging to and fro. It was apparently in perfect working order, sail set, decks cleared, and everything just as it might have left Rastavaram. The only difference was that there was obviously no one on board. Like all men who follow the sea in any way, Hobby was acquainted with the story of the *Marie Therese*, and had spent many a weary hour wrangling over possible explanations of that sinister tale. Here before him was apparently another case in point.

"Washed overboard by a big sea," suggested Hobby to himself; but this was obviously untenable, for any such sea must have been remarkably local, since the bay had been lying in a dead calm for days; moreover, Hobby could scan every inch of the deck through his glasses, and there was not a sign or mark of violence or rough usage of any kind. "Well, then," said Hobby, "they got drunk, ran her in here, and then, finking old Govindasami, they bolted."

But in the first place they must have been quite abnormally drunk to do any such thing, and in the second, as has already been shown, there was no possibility of landing here at all, and ordinary coasting cargo vessels do not carry boats. "Well, they ran her in farther down and bolted, and she's drifted," said the determined Hobby; but he had to admit that there was no con-

ceivable bit of coast from which they could not again have pushed her off, and further, that she must have drifted dead against an extremely capable current. Except in stories of the supernatural ships do not do this. It was only when he found himself raking up the good old *Marie Therese* theories of colossally muscular madmen, sea monsters, and the like, that Hobby realised he had come in contact with a problem for once beyond his powers. He gave up his birds for the day and started back to Rangole, where he learned from Mr Govindasami and several disinterested persons that not one of the ill-fated crew had been seen or heard of. Govindasami, who was a kind-hearted man, though a shark of a merohant, was almost in tears.

The *Marie Therese*-like aspect of the case, however, was considerably diminished when the boat was brought in and it was found that the more valuable and less bulky portions of the cargo were entirely missing. "Come," said Hobby to his subordinates, "this is something tangible, anyway. Mr Govindasami, your men have bolted with part of your cargo, and there's an end of it. They've put in somewhere and set her adrift. It's as simple as A B C." On the word there entered an excited band of ryots from the village of Dustapalem, which stood at the mouth of the Oddanadi, with the news that a large cargo-boat, after several remarkable evolutions,

had drifted slap on to the bar beside their village, and was there at that moment. The sail had been up, and the boat apparently perfectly seaworthy, but there was not a soul on board. "Any marks of violence?" said Hobby; apparently none. "That's nice," said Hobby; but he became perfectly violent when, about six in the evening, a peon arrived with a note from Simmons, the port officer at Rastavaram. "Great rag here," wrote Simmons; "derelict ashore at Adimbi. Rather a rum case"—and proceeded to the usual details. "This is the first thing that's happened since I've been here," said Simmons. "Come down and have a drink on the strength of it. Don't suppose it's anything, really."

"Don't you, my lad," said Hobby, after a brief but virile oath; "I do. I should say personally it was a damned queer business!" And so indeed it was.

Your attention one moment to the question of dates. Hobby saw the derelict at Bettson's Cove on the morning of the 24th of October. The Dustapalem derelict was seen to come in about 6 A.M. also on the 24th. The Adimbi case, which so delighted Simmons, was the earliest of all, for it drove in in fine style before the evening breeze, and beached somewhere about five o'clock on the evening of the 23rd. There does not seem to be much to be learned from this chronology, and neither there ever proved to be; but it has

a certain bearing on the case, because the 23rd of October was Grierson's birthday.

Grierson was a dismal sort of man, fairly senior in the Salt Department, and to the ordinary dismalness of fairly senior men he added two hobbies which became in his hands also dismal—Oriental languages and photography. He was much better at the first than at the second—in fact he was really quite remarkably good. There is always something disagreeable or curious about people who are particularly good at Oriental languages; most men are not. Grierson was no exception; with him it took the form of a mania for solitude; if he heard of the approach of another European he fled at once; it is of him that it is told how once his Chief, having business of import, wired to him, being then ten miles off, that he would see him at twelve noon; and arriving on the stroke found Grierson had managed to get himself off to camp in the interval. It was the photography, however, that brought him down to the mouth of the Oddanadi on his birthday—though it was his solitary impulses that led him to spend this festal day in the most remote spot of his domain. He was one of those people who insist that the camera can be made to produce an art to which the brush can never rise, and in support of this view he was engaged at the moment in collecting a series of sunset effects, principally on

water. To achieve these he paddled about the various lagoons and backwaters of this part of the coast in a thing he called a portable canoe, which any ancient Briton would have instantly recognised as a coracle. The sunset effects at the Oddanadi mouth are exceedingly fine, and on this 23rd of October they were rendered finer than ever by a huge mass of thundery cloud that came sliding down the hills from the north. Grierson was so intent on his sunset that he did not observe that this cloud had split upon the summit of Devakonda, and was coming down that venerable mountain in sheets. Indeed, the first thing of which he was clearly aware was that the Oddanadi had suddenly risen about three feet, and that he and his canoe were half-way across the bar and steering, after the example of the schooner *Hesperus*, straight for the open sea.

The storm was a land storm only, and made no difference whatever to the sea, which, outside the bar, continued to run its usual choppy course. The sensations of attempting to steer a coracle under such conditions have been set on record by a far abler pen than mine, and indeed this whole adventure so much resembles that which befell Jim Hawkins when he essayed on board the *Hispaniola*, that to describe it in detail would be mere recapitulation. The last thing Grierson expected to encounter was a vessel of any sort, for the Bay of Bengal is here-

abouts a sailless sea; but then he had not been looking seaward. A tail of the big landward cloud swung round and fell about him in a sweep of blinding rain, and out of the dimness and vapour of this there leapt at him with great suddenness a big *masula* cargo-boat careering headlong through the blast. The thing came straight at him, and was obviously going to strike him full tilt. Exactly as in the case of Jim Hawkins quoted above, there was a long untidy trail of fibre rope hanging over the side; and again, exactly as did Jim Hawkins, he stamped his coracle finally under water in springing at it. The boat, however, lay very low in the water, and he reached the deck without much difficulty.

Grierson's first impression was that he was alone on board; but the sail hid a large part of the deck, so he could not be sure; moreover, it occurred to him that he heard the sound of voices—many voices—somewhere in the interior. He walked into the bows to prospect, and discovered among a litter of paddy-sacks a strikingly unusual sight,—nothing other than a fair-sized brass cannon, of the type that is—or was—used for firing salutes. The paddy-sacks gave the impression of having been thrown over this fearsome weapon as a concealment, and having subsequently been disarranged. He was studying this phenomenon when a voice spoke to him in a peculiar accent, and

turning he saw an elderly man with a greyish beard smiling at him charmingly. This person, said Grierson, took him gently by the arm, and, with the compelling personality of one who directs a child, led him into the middle of the boat. Here Grierson found that it was not quite as other boats of its class, for the hold or belly of it had been divided into three compartments by partition walls of wood. The middle one, which was small and narrow, was open to the deck, and was furnished something after the manner of a cabin; the others were presumably reached by fore and aft hatches, for there was no connection with the centre room. Into this place Grierson found himself guided and set upon the only chair it contained, while the elderly man, still smiling like a seraph, inquired his history. Grierson, feeling rather like the Arabian Nights, complied, and learned in return his host's destination and much of his family affairs. They were getting on immensely when the old man, with the manner of a French courtier, made an excuse to step on deck for an instant; Grierson acquiesced with a neat vernacular compliment, and almost instantly, as it seemed, with a clap like thunder, there came down a huge wooden flap or hatch, and there was Grierson alone in the dark.

As was natural, he spent the first few minutes in loud and violent outcry, which came booming back to him from the

hollow walls of the ship. He attempted to push up the hatch, but it was fast. He then ceased to make any noise and sat down again, and as he sat there came to him again the voices of many people murmuring close at hand. He listened for a space and came to the conclusion that they must be through the partition wall on the stern side, and he strained every nerve to hear, but the rush and thunder of the sea against the thin sides of the boat was so loud that nothing but the same confused murmur came through. Grierson pounded on the partition and shouted at them in various vernaculars, but they went on with their talk unheeding. In the end he decided that they heard him perfectly well and were paying no attention.

Grierson boasted a wrist-watch with a radium dial, and so he knew that he had been sitting there for two hours when the unexpected again happened. The hatch above flew up with a bang, and the courtly accents of the elderly gentleman invited him to come up. Grierson complied, with murder in his heart, and found it a dark night sprinkled with stars, shallow water apparently about them, and the lights of a village hanging in the sky to port.

"The sahib may favourably condescend to land here," said his friend, "the village is close at hand."

"Not just yet, O pearl of wisdom," said Grierson. "First a question or two. To begin

with, why did you shut me into that damnable hold?"

The elderly gentleman's face was a study in surprise.

"Maharaj," said he, "the thing is impossible. How could you have been shut in? Why did you not cry out?"

"Cry out!" roared Grierson, and then the inadequacy of argument against this sort of thing struck home to him, and he took himself in hand.

"That is the first question," said he. "The second is, 'Who are all these people aft?'"

"Mah'prabhu," said the elderly gentleman, "it will ever be a grief to me that such persons should have intruded their vile selves upon your honour. They are my wife's relatives, and they cause me to curse the day in which I was married. The best of them I should have presented to your honour, but they are all *komati* people, store-keepers and dealers in candles and oil, and being unaccustomed to the sea, huzur, they are one and all sick. Hence they have made outcry and disturbed the presence to my everlasting disgrace."

"Two questions," said Grierson, "and two lies. I do not leave this boat until I have answers, and the true answers. Is it understood?"

"It is perfectly understood," said the elderly gentleman, bowing. "Does the sahib see that village?" He pointed to the distant lights hanging in the sky.

"Yes," said Grierson, and in that instant he was neatly tripped and shot over the side.

"This is murder," thought Grierson, as he soused into four feet of mud and water. He came up and saw the *masula* boat setting out seaward like a liner, and had a brief instant of realisation. Then he set out towards the lights. As usual the distance was deceptive, and it took him over an hour to reach them, wading knee-deep most of the time.

He went into Rangole at the first possible opportunity—which was on the morning of the 25th, and sought out Hobby. Hobby was a talkative man, but for once Grierson had anticipated that he might hold the floor. He was disappointed. He found in the place of Hobby a gibbering creature, who shouted about the *Marie Therese*, and told amazing tales of derelict cargo-boats beaching under incredible circumstances.

"It's beyond me," said Hobby, "it's fairly and utterly beyond me. Simmons thinks it's a joke, but it's too much for me. Upon my soul, it looks as though there was a small-scale *Emden* in charge of a raving looner barging about. It does really."

At the chance phrase there suddenly shot into Grierson's mind something to which he had so far given but little thought—the vision of a small brass signalling cannon inadequately concealed by paddy-sacks.

"My godfathers!" he cried, "I verily believe that's just what it is. You listen to me. . . ."

IV.

They caught Terra Marique in the end without much difficulty. *Masula* boats are clumsy things to handle, especially if you are single-handed, and the Rangole port officer's launch was new and speedy. Terra Marique made little resistance, but his silent rage was awful to behold. He did not even respond to Grierson's jibe when the after-hatch was opened and the crews of Mr Govindasami's and two other cargo-boats emerged in a dazed condition. "What a lot of relatives your wife has," said Grierson, but Terra Marique answered never a word.

His mouth was opened, however, in the port office, while they waited for the police. He addressed Grierson, and took no notice of Hobby at all.

"I have been a fool," said he. "How can a dhoby expect to make money by mending shoes. This was not my trade. The labour was worse than any jail, and these swine whom I

took on board ate so much that I should have had little profit when all was done."

"What I don't understand," said Grierson, "is why you left the boats. Why didn't you sink them? I suppose that's what your cannon was for."

"Sahib," said Terra Marique, "I said I was a fool. Let one saying suffice for all. There is a man in a bazaar—I will not say his name, for he can wait—who sold me the gun. With it I bought at great price twenty-five cartridges. He said they were well and truly loaded, and the best. Sahib, they were blanks."

Terra Marique said no more, was taken away, and still saying no more went quietly to jail. But there lives a man in a bazaar—his name has not been said—who once dealt in a brass saluting cannon and cartridges to match; and him, a period hence, I should not care to be.

HILTON BROWN.

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

BY A RED CROSS PRO.

CHRISTMAS IN THE WARDS.

I. PREPARATION.

"WASH the tops of the lockers, Lamb," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish briskly, as she bustled about trying to get everything in order for the coming festivities.

"You are not expecting me to do work and it Christmas evening morning," said Lamb, in injured tones.

"Of course I am. We are all working."

"I do call it hard. Last Christmas I had nothing but bully beef and biscuit in the trenches, and this Christmas I am asked to do work in hospital," continued Lamb plaintively, although had any one else touched the lockers he would have deeply resented it, as he regarded them as his own special province.

"Yes," added Baker, "we could read in the papers how the troops dined off roast-beef and plum-pudding, and I saw nowt but a dry biscuit all day long. It is put in to please the public, I suppose."

"They want to feel that Tommy is having a good time, so enterprising newspapers sent smart young photographers to take fancy photographs of Tommy enjoying his Christmas fare, and never mention that they are taken in billets ten miles behind the firing line, so the deluded public think it is a faithful picture of home

life in the trenches all the time," said Kilbride, as bitter memories of the rock-like consistency of the biscuits twelve months ago came over him.

"It may be all very well for chaps behind the firing line, but how much plum-pudding did we see in the trenches?" asked Jones bitterly.

"Well, you can all have a good Christmas dinner this year to make up for what you missed last year, so what is the use of grumbling?" said Staff Nurse M'Tavish. "Now do set to work and get things ready. You don't want your ward to be the shabbiest in the Hospital, and it will be, unless you work."

Every one in Blacktown was striving to acquire that intangible feeling of exhilaration known as the spirit of Christmas, but so far without any striking success. The wet cheerless weather, and the uncertainty which prevailed amongst the patients whether stout would be included in the Christmas dinner, were untoward influences, and even well-meant efforts to stimulate the feeling seemed somehow to go wrong. Perhaps of all the people at Blacktown Mrs Noggs was the one who most truly possessed the Christmas spirit, as in her maiden days she had acted as ward-maid at the local

infirmary, and she had a long and varied assortment of experiences on which to draw. Every one else was more or less handicapped by having no standard of comparison, as this was their first Christmas in hospital, with the exception of Staff Nurse M'Tavish, and she held Christmas of little account.

"I shall be glad when Christmas is over, it makes a deal of work," Mrs Noggs would remark dolefully, at the same time subtly conveying the impression that no one would be more bitterly disappointed than herself if the calendar gave a sudden leap and passed over Christmas altogether. On Christmas eve, she arrived in the morning carrying an enormous flower-pot, which had an intricate crimson pattern on a purple ground; a brilliant blue and red crinkled paper doyley, and a large mechanical spider, which she laid before Staff Nurse M'Tavish as votive offerings to the cause of Christmas.

"Not but that I shall want them back when Christmas is over," she explained hastily, cutting short a peroration of thanks; "and the spider is to bring you luck."

Fortunately for Mrs Noggs's reputation as a prophetess, she did not specify whether the luck was to be good or bad; and Jones, who was delighted with the loan, suspended the spider over the entrance to the ward, where it ran up and down an elastic wire in the most entrancing manner. Unluckily the Colonel, who was making an unofficial tour to

see that everything looked Christmas-like in the wards, received the unexpected obstacle full in the face.

"What the——," he began, for the spider was both hard and scratchy, and then checked himself abruptly as he became conscious of the restraining presence of the Head Sister beside him.

"It is some of the men's little preparations for Christmas, I suppose," said the Head Sister, smiling indulgently, for she had been behind the Colonel and had escaped contact. "Not quite in a suitable place, I am afraid."

So the spider was forthwith consigned to an uninteresting strip of wall over the fireplace, where it could run up and down its wire without coming in contact with intruding colonels.

Sad to relate, Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who prided herself on her artistic eye, did not view Mrs Noggs's plant-pot and doyley with any enthusiasm.

"Put a palm in the pot and place it on the locker in the corner. It won't show so much there," she remarked to her probationer as soon as Mrs Noggs was safely engaged in scrubbing the passage. "The colours are really awful." So the darkest corner of the ward was chosen, and the vase safely enshrouded in encircling gloom. But Nemesis was not long in coming.

"Well," said Mrs Noggs, who had slipped into the ward for another glance at her cherished pot, "I do call it

'ard that the vase my poor 'usband gave me when we were first married should be used for nothing but a plant. I should never have taken the trouble to carry it 'ere if I had known."

As the pot was at least a foot in diameter, and the price of flowers at Christmas-time is regulated by an overwhelming demand for a very moderate supply, the task of filling it with flowers seemed likely to prove an expensive one; and Mrs Noggs's feelings might have gone unsoothed if the happy expedient had not been suggested of using holly as the ground plan, and contributing to the floral element by massing as many chrysanthemums as could be spared in the middle.

To stimulate enthusiasm amongst the patients, a prize was offered for the best decorated ward in the Hospital. There was a good deal of difference amongst the Staff Nurses, as some welcomed the thought of decorations, and for weeks before Christmas devoted all their energies to devising schemes and securing the necessary appliances with which to carry them out, whilst others were content to adopt a *laissez-faire* policy and did nothing, or, as they themselves preferred to express it, "allowed the men to carry out their own ideas." Staff Nurse M'Tavish belonged to the latter school of thought, as in the depths of her heart she regarded the keeping of Christmas as an English folly, when all the rejoicings could be held

so much more appropriately at the New Year. She poured scorn on the efforts of her friend Staff Nurse Brown, who was slaving feverishly to transform her ward into a bower of apple blossom.

"I like my men to enjoy themselves at Christmas, so I am letting them decorate their ward in their own way," remarked Staff Nurse M'Tavish.

"But my men are enjoying themselves. They are hard at work making apple blossom and covering baskets with silver paper to hang from the ceiling; even the bed patients are helping. Our ward is going to be called 'Spring-time.'"

"Those are your ideas, not theirs. When did a man ever think about apple blossoms?" said Staff Nurse M'Tavish scornfully. "I did think of having a Scotch ward with bunches of thistles round the walls, as Kilbride could make fine thistles with cyanide wool, but since the Colonel won't allow any wool to be used, I am not going to fash myself."

For the Colonel had interfered in the Christmas rivalry which was going on amongst the wards by making two stringent prohibitions—no wool was to be used for the decorations, and no nails were to be knocked into the walls. Clergymen have the same foolish prejudice about nails in their pulpits and choir stalls, and every one who has tried to decorate knows how impossible it is to hang anything up unless there is something to hang it on. Ward B. speedily solved

this little difficulty to their own satisfaction, and as became good citizens obeyed the letter but not the spirit of the law. They purchased three penny-worth of tacks through their intermediary, Mrs Noggs, and gaily knocked tacks instead of nails into the walls with the heels of their hospital slippers.

"No one has forbidden us to use tacks," said Lamb triumphantly.

"I always wondered why the soles were so hard, but we have found a use for them at last," said Jones, balancing precariously on one leg while he performed prodigies of valour with his slipper.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish discovered that the patients were almost as confirmed exponents of the *laissez-faire* policy as she was herself, she became rather uneasy. Undoubtedly this is an excellent policy for your adversaries, but not so suitable for your friends. When Christmas eve came, the ward still presented a bare appearance, whereas their rival Ward C. was overflowing with triumphal arches and flowery bowers.

"Oh dear, we shall have a shabby ward," she exclaimed. "The men in C. have made over a thousand paper flowers already, and you have not even made a start."

"Never mind, Sister, we will do better than make, we will buy," cried the patients un-animously.

True to their word, they made a shopping expedition into the town in the afternoon, and returned laden with strings

of flags and paper streamers and accordion-like festoons of every conceivable shade. This solved the problem of the ceiling and upper regions of the ward, but the lower part still looked prosaically bare and unadorned.

"What are feeble imitations of Nature worth?" asked Kilbride scornfully. "Any one can do that, but we will have something better, we will make a dug-out." They all set to work with a will, and by means of two empty lockers, two mattresses, and several ground-sheets, constructed a most realistic dug-out. The parapet consisted of sandbags, and the whole was sprinkled with glistening frost to give a wintery appearance. In front Lamb fastened a large placard which said—

SUICIDE CORNER.

LET THOSE COME HERE WHO DARE.
BRITONS NEVER SLEEP.

—and a khaki-clad warrior mounted guard day and night. The first idea had been that Jones should be the picturesque sentry, with a sheepskin coat over his arm, a gas cylinder at his feet, and a respirator over his mouth; but it suddenly occurred to the prudent youth that he might miss a large part of the Christmas festivities while playing this *rôle*, and he opposed the suggestion so vehemently that it had to be abandoned and a substitute rigged up out of bolsters and greatcoats. Jones was looked upon as a highly selfish individual, who preferred his own

comfort to the glory of the community. However, every one felt that they had really made a beginning in their decorative scheme, and set to work to find fresh ideas.

"Where is that prehistoric dragoon?" cried Baker, after several moments of profound reflection. "Why should not he make us a machine-gun?"

Clyne's qualification for this novel form of decoration was due to the fact that he had been attached to a machine-gun section after his transfer from the 5th Dragoon Guards. As he had no weak pleas of unfamiliarity with this weapon to avail him, he sat up in bed and demanded cardboard and grey paint. This reduced Baker to silence, as Clyne had confidently expected, for none was forthcoming; but the afternoon shopping expedition soon remedied this trifling defect. "Now you can set to work," said Baker, dumping a bulky parcel on the bed, and in the course of the evening Clyne rigged up a model of a machine-gun and tripod, which was placed facing the entrance of the ward, in a position calculated to mow down any unwarranted intruders.

This, with the aid of cardboard trench mortars and hand grenades, served for the ground plan of the ward, and Baker, carried away by a sudden inspiration, set to work to embellish the upper regions by constructing a model of a tractor biplane. By means of wires and strong white linen, he made a most successful aeroplane, with a cardboard

propeller which revolved, to the delight of the Ward. This was suspended from the ceiling and seemed to be skimming gracefully through the air in full flight, and as the taste of one generation never commends itself to the generation which succeeds it, so were the garlands and paper wreaths, which had met with such unqualified approval a few hours before, condemned as bad taste and ruthlessly torn down to give an uninterrupted vista from the door of the new marvel.

"Apple blossoms indeed. Who would look at apple blossom when they could see aeroplanes?" exclaimed Baker, moved to commiseration by the lot of those unlucky fellows in C. who had only replicas of nature on which to feast their eyes. "Ours is a real War-time Ward."

"Yes," said Jones, pointing proudly to a pile of hand grenades he had manufactured. "There were plenty of those about where I was last Christmas, but I prefer this kind."

"What were you doing last Christmas eve, Frankie?" asked Kilbride.

"I had just come out of the trenches and I went to a French civy's funeral. I never missed a funeral if I could help it," said Jones proudly.

"Fancy talking about funerals on Christmas eve. It is enough to bring bad luck on us all," said Mrs Noggs indignantly.

Fortunately at this moment the arrival of the postman created a diversion, and the

patients speedily forgot all about funerals in the pleasure of opening and commenting on their parcels. The G.P.O. might have learnt many candid opinions of the treatment of parcels committed to its care.

"Call this a parcel! I call it raspberry pulp," said Akerman, holding up a shapeless, cornerless mass out of which crimson trickles were slowly exuding. Evidently the offering of some female admirer had suffered shipwreck on the way.

"What's the sense of a woman sending trash like this? Bought cheap in the market, I suppose," exclaimed Baker, examining with disgust several over-ripe bananas, which had been forcibly jammed on the top of two khaki silk handkerchiefs, with most detrimental results. A stained brown card was still legible, and said, "From your loving wife, Mary," which seemed to show that whatever her capacities in wifely affection may have been, she did not excel in the common-sense treatment of fragile commodities.

Kilbride was even more unfortunate, as his wife sent him a haggis, with strict injunctions, "If you are not wanting it yourself, give it to the Medical Officer, and maybe he will be letting you away sooner"—whether out of gratitude or from fear of receiving a second haggis was left to the imagination. But the haggis was eaten neither by Kilbride, nor by the Medical Officer, nor by Mrs Noggs's little boy—who

seemed to be a most omnivorous child judging by the number and variety of articles secreted for his consumption—for prolonged travelling in closely-confined quarters had worked havoc on the once excellent constitution of the haggis, and it was consigned *nemine dissentiente* to the nearest dust-bin.

Jones also received a parcel, and, unlike the majority, being firmly wrapped in strong brown paper and securely tied, it arrived in perfect condition. He cut the string and found to his delight a large tobacco tin. Nothing could have been more acceptable, for Jones, who in his civilian days had been debarred from smoking on the score of expense, had lately developed an enormous capacity, stimulated by lavish gifts of cigarettes both in the trenches and in hospital. Indeed he seemed likely to be reduced to an impecunious old age when the source of these free gifts once more ceased to flow.

He took off the lid, anticipating a pleasant smoke—for thirty cigarettes a day had become a mere trifle to him—and found to his disgust that the tin was no longer dedicated to its primary purpose, but had been used to pack a razor and a pair of woollen gloves.

Such surprises are too much for human nature to bear with equanimity, especially at Christmas-time, when all wounded soldiers rightly expect to be pampered.

"I think all women of forty

ought to be dead," cried Jones bitterly, for it was a maiden aunt who was responsible for this thoughtless act.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who was still on the sunny side of thirty, could afford to view this outrageous statement with complacency, and allowed the remark to pass unchallenged. Not so the Sergeant-Major, whose bald head and portly figure told of declining years. He promptly appropriated the remark as aimed at himself.

"If you can't talk sense, it is better not to talk at all," he observed irritably.

"But it is sense," maintained Jones. "People are no use after they are forty."

"It is very wrong to talk like that."

"Well, women anyway," continued Jones hastily, feeling he had overpassed the bounds of discretion. "Women are no use when they are old and wrinkled."

This was too much for Mrs Noggs, who had been an unwilling auditor while engaged in washing the ward floor. Flinging down her house flannel, she marched out of the ward to pour her woes into the sympathetic ear of her friend Mrs James.

"Fancy!" she exclaimed in an agitated voice. "There is a man in our ward saying that women are no use after they are forty. It is awful to think how wicked men can be."

"It is, indeed," said Mrs James. "And the young ones are the worst of all."

Meanwhile the Sergeant-Major was continuing the con-

genial task of dressing down the young.

"I suppose you have no mother?" he began.

"Yes, I have. Both a mother and a father."

"Then you can have no respect for them, to wish them dead."

"You have no right to say such a thing," protested Jones indignantly. "I have a great respect for them both."

"All I can say is that you have a queer way of showing them respect. I am glad you are no son of mine."

Jones was probably equally glad, but he deemed it unwise to say so. Indeed he was growing rather alarmed about the amount of attention his statement had attracted.

"If you don't know a joke when you hear one, I can't help it," he murmured nervously.

"What you said was no joke," was the crushing reply. "Age is no subject for jokes."

"Well, I meant it for one, anyway," repeated the unappreciated humourist. "If you can't take a joke, I can't help it."

The Sergeant-Major, either because he felt that he had done his duty by the young, or more probably because further arguments failed him, graciously permitted the matter to drop.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish had paid little heed to the conversation, as she was deeply immersed in the question of diet-sheets. Christmas does indeed bring penalties as well as pleasures in its train. The

whole hospital was to be put on chicken diet for the great day, with fruit, pudding, bacon, and a bottle of beer, stout, or lemonade, as extras. This was delightful for the patients, but involved a considerable amount of clerical work on the part of the staff nurses, as every individual diet-sheet had to be filled with these extras and duly signed by the medical officers. It was well to seize a propitious moment for this, as the thought of appending his signature 105 times can put even the most amiable medical officer in a bad temper. A regrettable incident was narrowly averted in the case of Ward B., which would have annoyed Lieutenant Burn considerably. Jones, from sheer exuberance of spirit, seized his diet-sheet and constructed an imaginary diet for himself, which extended over a whole week. It comprised one cask of beer, one dozen bottles of stout, one turkey, one pineapple, three dozen bottles of whisky, and for the last day of the year he put "Napoooh, fini." This remarkable document was slipped in amongst the authentic sheets, and was very nearly signed inadvertently by Lieutenant Burn. At the last moment Staff Nurse M'Tavish detected some eccentricities in the writing and snatched the sheet away from the medical officer's bewildered gaze.

Naturally the patients were delighted at the prospect of extensions to their daily fare. Only Viney failed to be cheered.

"I don't see that I am getting much out of it," he re-

marked judiciously, "except another bottle of stout."

"As you are on chicken and stout already, you cannot expect to get much change," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish in bracing tones.

"But I get two bottles of stout, don't I, Sister?" Viney asked anxiously, gloomy possibilities beginning to occur to him for the first time.

"Of course not. No patient gets more than one bottle."

"I have a bottle every day, so it is not fair that I should not have an extra bottle of stout for Christmas like every one else."

"Don't let me have any more grumbling."

"Well, I call Christmas fare a failure. I don't like turkey, and I have to have it instead of chicken, and I don't even get an extra bottle of stout. I do call it hard."

"Listen to old Viney. Always worry, worry, worry about his stout," said Lamb. "He will wear himself to a shadow over it."

In the afternoon the decorations of the ward were finished. Three large flags—the red, white, and blue ensigns—covered a large portion of the walls, and over the dug-out a Union Jack had been hoisted. Certainly *Ars est celare artem*, and from the distance the framework of mattresses and ground sheets was hardly noticeable. The electric lights had been covered with thick red paper and gave a subdued crimson glow. The patients were delighted with the results of their efforts.

"It is as good as going to the pictures," sighed Jones rapturously. This is the highest form of praise possible, it is more eulogistic than any superlative.

"If we don't get the prize, we ought. That is all I can say," said Akerman. "Why, looking in at the door any one would think they were back in the trenches."

As Akerman had never been in the trenches, this testimony was hardly as convincing as it sounded, but his fellow-patients accepted it generously, and refrained from ungraciously drawing attention to the fact.

The passage still remained to be decorated, but the scheme aroused little enthusiasm amongst the wounded, as it had been decided upon for them by the Head Sister. It consisted of chains and arches of frosted holly, with scarlet-breasted robins perching amongst the foliage. Sad to relate, the interiors of the robins were made of cotton wool, but being enveloped in crinkled paper with brightly painted breasts, it was considered beyond the bounds of possibility that the Colonel would perform anatomical ex-

periments upon the robins to discover if his mandate had been disobeyed. The men were distinctly bored by the scheme, which came in sharp antithesis to their own preparations, but they refrained from open criticism, and merely withdrew, leaving the work to be carried out by the Staff Nurse and Probationer. Instead, they devoted their energies to rehearsing Christmas carols, and hastily robing themselves in screen covers, dressing-gowns, sheets, or any covering near at hand, sallied forth to entertain the adjoining wards with their rendering of the carols. So great was their success, that many of the patients from these wards joined the band of carol singers uninvited, and a large body sallied out to sing beneath the windows of the Sisters' quarters, and finally arrived at the great gate of the Hospital, where they sang the carols once again, to the great delight of the passers-by, who assembled in numbers to listen to the unexpected music. At ten o'clock the patients retired to bed, not to sleep, but to await the passing of the hours until Christmas Day should have dawned.

II. THE DAY.

"Christmas Day in the workhouse!" cried the patients.

"I little thought I should be spending Christmas in the workhouse as a reward for serving my country in the trenches," said Jones.

Whatever their views on

workhouses, the patients were determined to make the most of Christmas and not to miss a moment's enjoyment. Accordingly they started the day early. By 4.30 A.M. the wards were resounding with the mingled strains of mouth-

organs and gramophones, which made a noise if they did not succeed in making music. Official festivities began at 6 A.M., when the choir from a neighbouring church came to salute the wounded by singing "Christians, Awake!" although, as Kilbride remarked, this was a mere matter of form, as all Christians had been awakened long hours before.

This was Staff Nurse M'Tavish's first experience of an English Christmas, and in the depths of her heart she thought it a poor substitute for the New Year; but she determined, things being as they were, to do her duty and keep it as thoroughly as possible. So every one was provided with a substantial grey stocking to hang at the foot of his bed, and Santa Claus, in the guise of the Night Nurse, was deputed to fill the stockings in the still small hours of the night. The patients were much gratified by the dimensions of the stockings, and were delighted when they awoke on Christmas morning to find them bulging. Unfortunately the gifts did not come up to expectations, and the failure of this part of the programme threatened to cast a blight over the whole day. For Staff Nurse M'Tavish had invested in a quantity of penny toys, which she had distributed in what she considered a delightfully humorous way. The worst part about possessing a sense of humour is that it may not happen to be the same as other people's, and in

that case the jokes are liable to fall extremely flat. So it was in Ward B. The toys which seemed to Staff Nurse M'Tavish to combine subtle humour with the virtue of cheapness, were regarded by the patients as so many insults. Jones, diving enthusiastically into his stocking, pulled out apples and oranges and a large brown-paper parcel which, when divested of its many coverings of brown paper, was found to contain a baby's rattle. This was too much for Jones to bear calmly on Christmas morning, for age is ever a tender subject upon which to jest. As soon as he saw the words "For Baby," printed in large letters, he flung the rattle on to the ground and rolled over sullenly in bed. Nor was Kilbride much more fortunate. Thrusting his hand deeply into his stocking, he grasped not only a thistle pin-cushion, but also the points of the pins, which were very superficially concealed. Staff Nurse M'Tavish had taken considerable trouble in choosing this national emblem for her compatriot, and would have been deeply incensed had she seen Kilbride fling it on the bed and heard him mutter that there was no sense in hiding pin-cushions in stockings. Viney next tried his luck, and seemed to be more favoured by Fortune, as he drew forth a small wooden box, which possessed distinct possibilities. Filled with triumph, he seized the lid forcibly and pulled it open, receiving to his disgust a sharp

spike right on his thumb. His present had been one of those so-called humorous toys, which contained a spike worked by a hidden spring, ingeniously contrived to inflict a severe prick upon the opener of the box. Viney at least had no delusions about the humour of this toy. Filled with mingled rage and disappointment, he seized the box and hurled it violently across the ward, where it narrowly escaped coming in contact with Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who was just hurrying into the ward to give her patients all the good wishes of the season.

"A Merry Christmas to you all," she cried brightly, although a little surprised to find solid wooden bodies passing through the air.

"The same to you," said the patients in tones of deepest melancholy.

"Why, what's the matter?"

Unrestrained gloom, amidst which Viney sucked his thumb, Kilbride nursed his hand, while those who had not yet investigated their stockings regarded them as possessing unfathomed potentialities for evil.

"Do cheer up," cried the bewildered Staff Nurse. "What is wrong? We want to have a Merry Christmas, and not gloomy faves."

It seemed as if nothing could invigorate their drooping spirits, and they ate their breakfast in the same spirit of silent martyrdom. As soon as breakfast was over Staff Nurse M'Tavish announced that on Christmas Day every one might do what they liked in the

ward. She made the statement quite clearly, to prevent all misunderstandings, although at the same time she could not help feeling regretfully that it was highly subversive of discipline, and that it would be hard work to get the patients back into good ways.

"You can lie on the beds and smoke all day and play the gramophone," she announced.

The atmosphere perceptibly thawed after this, and became almost cheerful again. The morning passed quickly with the help of a service in the Hospital chapel, at which the Christmas hymns were sung with tremendous vigour.

Dinner, which constituted the *pièce de résistance* of the day, was served in the large dining-hall, which had been specially decorated with large flags and long paper chains of red, white, and blue rosettes. The effect was patriotic, if not restful to the eye. All who could leave their beds found their way into the dining-hall and took their places at the long tables. Five large turkeys were carved and distributed by the strenuous efforts of five Medical Officers,—for even a highly specialised knowledge of anatomy does not necessarily make a doctor into a skilful carver,—and in one or two instances a severe struggle ensued between the bird and the Medical Officer. However, in the end every patient received his portion of turkey, supplemented by a substantial slice of roast beef. This was an afterthought on

the part of the authorities, who had been afraid that the turkeys might not go round. Next the Christmas puddings were carried in, each with a traditional sprig of holly, and surrounded by leaping flames. The patients were delighted, but when Sister Grayson seized the bottle of brandy to add fresh life to the dwindling flames, a wail of despair arose.

"Don't waste it, Sister," they cried as one man.

"Don't pour on any more. Remember it is war-time."

So the Head Sister desisted, and served out liberal slices of pudding. Proceedings were concluded when the Colonel gave the toast of "The King," and the Sergeant-Major seized the opportunity to say a few words on behalf of the patients. This was an unexpected addition to the programme, and hardly a welcome one, as the Sergeant-Major was an unappreciated orator, whose rhetorical efforts always gave infinitely more pleasure to himself than to his audience. If the old saying, "Practice makes perfect," were true, the Sergeant-Major would have been a finished speaker long ago, as he never lost an opportunity of securing a little practice. So the patients saw him rise with gloomy forebodings, as he was well known to be a deliberate speaker, who always left an unpleasant doubt when he would see fit to terminate his remarks. However, on this occasion he kept within the bounds of strict moderation, and even

delighted his audience by imparting a touch of unconscious humour to his words.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I rise to-day, on behalf of my comrades, to thank you all for the great care and many kindnesses we have received from you since we have been inmates of the Blacktown Military Hospital. In the name of my comrades, I may say that none of us will ever forget our Christmas here. Dear brethren" (unrestrained laughter on the part of the patients brought the Sergeant-Major to a compulsory pause, and the end of the speech was much interrupted by giggles and chokes), "I should say dear comrades, may I not in your name give expression to our heartfelt gratitude, and ask you all to join me in drinking to the Colonel, the Staff, and to Victory!"

Tremendous applause followed as soon as it was realised that the Sergeant-Major had really finished, and the slight confusion which had marred his closing phrases passed unheeded. Indeed the wonder was that, amidst the undercurrent of suppressed giggles, he had been able to finish at all. However, he sat down, well content that his self-enforced task was over, and the patients went to prepare for the Variety Entertainment and Christmas Tree, which were the afternoon programme of festivities.

In the kitchen a less cheerful scene was being enacted, as the sight of five almost bare carcasses had reduced Mrs Noggs

to the verge of tears. The ward-maids and orderlies were busy washing up the piles of plates, and the remains of the dinner were strewn about the kitchen.

"Call this Christmas," said Makin gloomily. "What's Christmas unless you have the luck to be a patient. It is nothing but extra work."

"It is as well I belong to a Goose Club," began Mrs Noggs, "and have a goose waiting for me for supper to-night, for it is awful the food you get here. No turkey nor potato, not even a scrap of pudding, and women in other blocks can get big slices of turkey and mince-pies and glasses of port. I call it a shame to starve poor, honest women." If Mrs Noggs had been a wounded soldier unjustly deprived of his Christmas dinner, she could not have expressed her views more poignantly, whereas, as she was perfectly well aware, she was not entitled to any food at all. "Why, there is nothing left but a carcass."

This testimonial to the excellent appetites of the patients failed to cheer her, and she flounced out of the kitchen on another fruitless quest to the dining-room to see if anything had been left.

The Variety Entertainment was provided on the assumption that the British soldier, like his Elizabethan ancestor, prefers his entertainments to be lengthy, and the programme lasted from 2.30 until 7 P.M. Naturally there were intervals and breaks in the sequence of events, and to tell the truth the patients enjoyed the inter-

vals considerably more than the efforts of the kind-hearted amateurs on their behalf. Not that they were ungrateful or unappreciative. Far from it. But during the intervals they entertained themselves. In Ward B. the native ingenuity of Lamb suggested that the hospital suits should be turned inside out and the fleecy white lining exposed, as a change from the monotonous blue. Every one seized his suggestion with alacrity, and with scarlet handkerchiefs on their heads, scarlet neckties as cummerbunds round their waists, and dinner-knives slung from their belts, they soon converted themselves into a Pirate Band. Lamb, Jones, and a few of the more exuberant spirits completed their disguise by blacking their faces and talking to each other in guttural grunts and snorts which they declared to be Senegalese. Kilbride and M'Vean remained true to their country by rolling their trousers above the knees and fashioning wonderful kilts of black crinkled paper, in which they wandered about the ward, making weird noises on walking-sticks, which they declared to be playing the bagpipes. The other members of the Pirate Band played their part by giving a spirited rendering of "Tipperary" on mouth-organs and tin whistles, with occasional divergencies from the original, which made Staff Nurse M'Tavish shudder.

The entertainment was proceeding merrily, when Ward B. suddenly learnt the bad news—rumoured at first and after-

wards confirmed—that the prize for the best decorated ward had been won by another block. At first they received the tidings with frank incredulity, so certain had they been that their scenes from life in the trenches would carry all before them. When the news became a certainty, their indignation knew no bounds.

“Fancy,” cried Lamb,—“fancy any one preferring mere prettiness to originality. What is the world coming to?”

“It must have been judged by some old lady who was afraid of the machine-gun when she caught a glimpse of it, and never got farther than the door,” cried Clyne.

“It’s absolutely reedicrous,” shouted M’Vean. “Who wants roses and paper flowers at Christmas? It’s a sinful waste of good paper making them.”

Such is the frailty of human nature, that Ward B. found their greatest consolation in the fact that their rivals in C., in spite of their untiring efforts and their magnificent record of 1300 apple blossoms, had likewise received no prize. It is better for a stranger than for a deadly rival to carry off the honours of the day.

When 7 o’clock came, the kind-hearted amateurs packed up their songs and music, and went away with the pleasant feeling that they had done their share to give Tommy a

happy Christmas. Hardly had they disappeared from sight, than M’Vean turned to his friends. “What do you say to having the gramophone?” he asked.

“Yes,” cried every one enthusiastically.

It is no wonder that even our enemies are forced to admire the tenacity of the British soldier.

Supper-time came all too soon, and included liberal extensions to the ordinary diet of bread-and-butter and cocoa. These took the form of sardines and mince-pies, and however incongruous they might seem to an ordinary mortal, were thoroughly appreciated by the wounded. The Army is a splendid training-ground for meeting any contingency which may arise with unflinching courage.

At ten o’clock the patients retired, wearied but happy, to their beds.

“It’s been a great day,” said M’Vean with a sigh of relief.

“In spite of not getting the prize,” qualified Lamb.

“Perhaps to-morrow they will find they have made a mistake, and we shall get it after all,” added Jones hopefully.

“Good night, every one; sleep well,” cried Staff Nurse M’Tavish.

“I doubt they’ll be fractious in the morning,” she added in an undertone to her friend.

(To be continued.)

THE CIVIL SERVICE—OLD AND NEW.

It has long been the boast of this country that its Civil Service was one of its best assets. That Service has lived upon old and honourable traditions. Even in a corrupt age, Samuel Pepys—inclined as he was to intrigue and jobbery—yet shows that the efficiency of the Navy was his prime and absorbing object, and all his petty trickery and selfish schemes were never allowed by him to interfere with that supreme aim. Even when patronage of the older (and not unduly scrupulous) type prevailed, and the lotus days of the Circumlocution Office afforded an easy subject for satirical denunciation, no one pretended that corruption had made its way, to any appreciable extent, into the ranks of the Civil Service. The defects of the old patronage system may easily be exaggerated. Even if the entrance to the Service was readily open to those who possessed more influence than brains, yet it is certain that promotion to responsible posts was possible only to the competent. No head of an office was fool enough to advance to the higher positions men who were not competent to maintain the reputation of his office, for which he was responsible. Our Civil Service was free from a defect which is admitted to be prevalent in other countries, and which is not incompatible with a very high standard of

efficiency and zeal. In more than one Continental nation the complaint is made that the Civil Service constitutes a caste by itself, isolated in its social sympathies, often preserving an hereditary tradition, and forming a close trade union with aims, interests, and occupations separate from the rest of the community. With such a caste its very efficiency is apt to be a danger to the public welfare. In our own country no such danger has hitherto been felt. The Civil Servant of the higher rank has taken his place, easily and naturally, along with other professional men. He has been educated, at school and university, with those destined for the professions generally, and his choice of a career in the Civil Service is generally the result of accidental circumstances; nor does it, as a rule, lessen his interest in the other professions, nor his constant association with those who belong to these other professions, and in sympathy with whom his habits of thought are formed. The higher Civil Servant abandons the hope of the great prizes of the law and of medicine, as he does those of a successful commercial career. He has found a compensation in a certainty of a moderate competence, in the practical independence of his position (provided that he obeys a code of well-understood conditions), and in his pride in belonging to a profession whose honour-

able traditions have hitherto stood very high, and which gives opportunity of effective influence in public affairs far beyond the pecuniary reward.

All these are traditions of old date and of inestimable value for the nation. Some sixty years ago the anomalies—perhaps we should say the abuses—of the old patronage system led to the establishment of admission by competitive examination or upon some prescribed test of intellectual qualifications. Such a test, of course, may fail to guarantee that element of character which is, after all, the most essential ingredient of a successful administrator. The product of competitive examination may lack precisely those qualities of tact, discretion, and instinctive honour which belong to the best type of Civil Servant. On the whole, however, it may safely be said that, as a general rule, during the last two generations, the competitive system has enhanced the intellectual calibre of the Civil Service, and has not led to a lowering of the social respect which it has earned, or of the high tradition of inviolable integrity which it has maintained. The demands upon the Civil Service caused by the continuous development of administrative functions during the latter part of last century were greatly increased. They were met with an alacrity and efficiency which prove abundantly the general competence of a staff selected by competitive examination, but still

maintaining its own pride of tradition.

It is at least remarkable that the first disregard, on a large scale, of the competitive principle, which was introduced in order to break down a privilege, has been seen under the rule of a Radical Government. If the same thing had occurred under a Conservative Government, we can almost hear the echoes of Radical denunciation which would have been aroused!

The maintenance of the old high standard was possible only by the strict observance of certain well understood conditions. To a man of energy and ambition there is a peculiar pleasure in bearing some influential share, at the centre, in the larger spheres of administration. A trusted and competent Civil Servant could always exercise such influence. But he could do so only subject to the observance of the unwritten rules. In the first place, his must be silent and unrecognised influence, and it must seek no advertisement. In the second place, just the right element of mutual confidence must exist between the Civil Servant and his political chief. That confidence ought not to rest upon identity of political sympathy. The opinions of the Civil Servant may differ from those of his chief, and it would be unworthy of either to simulate an identity where it did not exist. But both alike must recognise that in questions of administration political bias can only be allowed to inter-

vene on occasions when its influence is open and avowed. In such a case the Civil Servant might place his experience unreservedly at the command of his political chief, provided that he was assured that the rules of the game would be observed and that no secret or illegitimate political bias would be introduced. With a change of political chief precisely the same rule would prevail. Perfect confidence could be maintained with chiefs of divergent political opinion, provided that no attempt was made to debase administration into a tool of party politics. The responsible Civil Servant was the expert professional adviser, always ready to place all his knowledge at the disposal of his political chief. He never allowed himself to be degraded into the political henchman. Common political sympathies were only an accident, and co-operation on such lines was rather to be avoided than cultivated.

But during the last ten years influences have prevailed which have materially altered the position of the Civil Service. Their evil effects have made themselves widely felt, and are, we believe, leading to some pernicious results on the organisation of national resources at this supremely critical moment in our history. Some of the most valuable of the traditions upon which we prided ourselves have been seriously undermined.

In the first place, recent social legislation has, in an abnormally short time, led to

a very large increase in the number of Civil Servants; and this, without any imputation of corrupt influence or of political favouritism, in itself involves very considerable danger. In any circumstances, a sudden and exceptional increase of numbers is very apt to weaken the unwritten rules of conduct, and to break down older traditions. The new recruits cannot all be young men, and they have not learned the intricate organisation which gives cohesion and continuity to administration. Beginning their work at a mature age, they bring with them the various heterogeneous methods peculiar to their previous occupation, but often injurious to systematic unity of aim. In commercial callings the dominant motive must be the success of one's own object, in obedience to the law of the survival of the fittest. It is not very easy for those who have had that experience all of a sudden to adapt themselves to a rule new to them but instinctive to the Civil Service—that individual motive must absolutely disappear, and that the common administrative aim must take its place. Furthermore, without ascribing any undue political bias, we must remember that the probabilities are that recent recruits have been drawn mainly from one school of political opinion. Schemes of social legislation are heralded by a devoted band of henchmen, whose enthusiasm in the cause recommends them to the Minister, and upon whose help he probably had largely to

rely in carrying his legislation through. It is only natural that he should find in their ranks men who in his eyes are eminently qualified to put his legislative schemes into operation. They are introduced into the ranks of the Civil Service by the score or by the hundred: and it is only too likely that they may conceive that their new duty is not confined to carrying into effect certain legislative enactments, but bids them to continue their old propagandism and to promote by administrative means new advances in the same pathway of social legislation of which they were the pioneers. Viewed in that light, the Civil Service is apt to cease to be the servant of the State, and to become the effective ally of the political caucus. We firmly believe that this tendency has recently developed to a very alarming extent. In connexion with Land Valuation, the Old Age Pension Scheme, National Insurance, and the Labour Exchanges, vast numbers of people have been brought more or less into contact with the State machine, and have become, in whole or in part, agents in administration. Only a small proportion of these are borne on the Estimates voted by Parliament. But if we confine ourselves only to those enumerated in the Parliamentary Estimates, they form an army of many thousand recruits, a very large proportion of whom doubtless were before engaged in promoting the legislation which they now administer. It is

difficult to believe that they bring to that administration the judicial spirit by which it should be dominated. They are a miscellaneous crowd, lacking the discipline which is the very foundation of proper co-ordination. The deficiency does not, of course, trouble them. They can easily flatter themselves that the absence of discipline is a sure symptom of energetic initiative. They will tell you, with the greatest complacency, that they have broken the fetters of red tape. A little experience might perhaps teach them that if you discard system in administration you will soon find that you have exchanged red-tape conventions for the meshes of barbed-wire entanglements. In its proper place red tape may be a useful instrument. When it becomes ravelled it is apt to be an irritating tyrant. Many of our new masters soon find themselves its most helpless victims.

In filling up the ranks of the new administrators, called for by the rapid harvest of social legislation, it was only natural that haste should lead to some doubtful results, just as political association gave rise to suspicions of political bias. For the higher appointments there was the usual crop of disagreeable jobs in which political services were held to be a sufficient ground for overlooking the lack of administrative experience, and for conferring well-paid and responsible posts upon men who were entirely unused to administrative work. The difficulty of censuring such

transactions as they deserve lies in the fact that they recur with undeviating regularity, under the different parties in the State, and have apparently come to be accepted as amongst the elemental facts of our political life. Some day, perhaps, they will be recognised as acts of gross and culpable dishonesty.

We do not assert that there has been any abnormal symptom of conscious favouritism in these recent appointments. They have necessarily been made in haste, and with too little discrimination. The nominees have been drawn from a miscellaneous crowd, with no common training, no administrative experience, and no traditional standard of conduct. They cannot divest themselves of their previous bias, and their measure of administrative efficiency is too often the success with which they can bend administration to purposes which they happen—no doubt quite honestly—to think desirable. They believe that they can best show their zeal by proving themselves to be zealots. They show no lack of energy—possibly of the kind which might more fitly be called fussiness. But there could be no greater contrast between their standard and that which had so long characterised the Civil Service of this country. And we venture to say that the change is one of evil import and of grave danger.

It was, indeed, the avowed intention of the late Government, in certain directions, to accomplish by administrative

means certain objects which they had failed to attain by legislation. This applied particularly to the sphere of education; and in carrying out this threat the late Government did not hesitate to give a bias to their administration which was absolutely contrary at once to constitutional doctrine and to administrative tradition. Had the best standards of the Civil Service been preserved, the permanent staff would have refused to be made the tools of a partisan policy. As it now is, or as it was until a very recent period, the Board of Education has become so imbued by that partisanship, that it was idle to expect impartial dealing in any case in which the interests of Voluntary Schools were concerned. The whole machinery of administration was employed, not in holding the balance even between contending theories, but in pressing an advantage against the Church Schools of which the anti-clerical partisans had been baulked in Parliament. The staff of the Department has been saturated by party spirit.

We regret to say that the Board of Education is not the only Department of the State into which, during the last ten years, the poison of political bias has been introduced. Those who are familiar with certain lines followed by the Colonial Office in recent years, and who know the bias of some who have formed part of its permanent staff, are not inclined to repose unbounded confidence in its unbiassed

administration. Nor is the Board of Trade quite free from a suspicion of partisanship of a very marked kind; and this is all the more dangerous because the present crisis puts very large powers in the hands of some of these partisan officials. Memory recalls two names—one in the Colonial Office and the other in the Board of Trade—who both represented admirably, although entirely opposed in their political views, the best traditions of the older Civil Service. We wonder what Lord Farrar or Sir Robert Herbert would feel if they now revisited their old offices!

In many Departments the high standard of the past has been fully maintained, and the permanent servants of the Crown have preserved their independence and integrity. Against others there is at least ground for more than suspicion.

It would, without a doubt, be unfair to create the idea that there is any taint of maladministration or of corrupt action on the part of the Civil Service generally. If any such suspicion existed, it would be needful to deal with it drastically, as such a poison undermines the health of the State more surely than any other. Not only must proved guilt be in such a case ruthlessly dealt with, but the very breath of suspicion must be dissipated if a healthy condition is to be preserved. But we can easily predict what are the conditions under which that breath of suspicion will arise, and by which the gangrene of corrup-

tion may strike its roots. Large and sudden additions to the ranks of administrative agents; hurried and promiscuous recruitment; heterogeneous standards of honour and of administrative probity; the neglect of systematic principle and the substitution of arbitrary individual methods, which justify themselves on the plea of energy and independent initiative,—all these form a soil on which the evil seeds of administrative laxity, culminating in corruption, are easily propagated. The cry for "business" methods, and for "business" men in place of those who have devoted themselves to administrative work, is an attractive one, and is adopted with parrot-like docility by many of our politicians. Let us remember exactly what it means. That a man should be entrusted with grave national interests who has no business instincts, and no adaptability to business methods, is a suggestion so obviously absurd as hardly to require statement, and probably did not demand the mature wisdom of the modern platform orator for its discovery. But to jump from that to the conclusion that the proper man to be entrusted with national Finance or national Economy, is one whose relations to Finance and to Economical problems have been purely personal and have been intertwined with his own individual interests, is to draw a wholly fallacious inference.

It is the business of any competent financial administrator to be in touch with

every aspect of the question, and to be familiar with the views of all grades of men who are habitually involved in such affairs. But he must keep to his own sphere, and the very strength of his position is due to the fact that the material with which he deals never has been, and never can be, a determining element in his own personal prosperity. It is his business to unravel the intricacies, and to take due account of the divergent tendencies, of various conflicting interests. The supreme qualification for his doing so is his own complete detachment from these interests. Let us be careful how we sacrifice the solid and certain advantage of such an attitude in order to follow the delusive will-o'-the-wisp, created by the specious ideal of a commercial Pegasus harnessed to the shafts of the state-coach. The Pegasus may move on the wings of speculative boldness and energetic initiative, but he may easily overturn the coach into the ditch while he is engaged in his speculative flights.

The methods of the market-place mean the irresponsibility of the market-place. By degrees they come to mean the speculative hazards of the market-place. Sooner or later they will involve the lower ethical standard of the market-place.

We do not assert, and would not admit, that as yet the taint of corruption has penetrated our Civil Service. But we do assert that there has been serious deterioration, and that there is need for grave caution

against a lowering of its high standards, more especially at a moment of necessarily lavish and unchecked expenditure such as the present. The enormous and sudden increase of the unremunerative caste which lives upon the State is in itself a danger. The facts, that the recruitment has been free from the ordinary check of competitive examination, that it has been entirely in the hands of one political party, and that it has been effected chiefly from the ranks of those who had been engaged in the political propaganda which advocated sweeping schemes of social reform, all render it less easy to feel confident about impartial administration. These suspicions have been confirmed by ample experience of real, and almost avowed, political partisanship,—principally in certain Departments which have earned an evil name,—but to a certain extent in all. If all these tendencies are to be allowed free expansion, the country will indeed have lost, in a few years, all that inestimable asset which it possessed in a Civil Service of unexampled purity, independence, and honour, and in an administrative system the impartiality of which was the sheet-anchor of our constitutional government.

The danger is all the greater because of an evil habit which has impressed itself upon recent legislation, which, if unnoticed and given free course, may insidiously undermine the very essentials of constitutional government. We refer to the

pernicious and constantly increasing practice of entrusting what are really legislative and judicial powers to the executive departments. An Act of Parliament nowadays leaves it to the departments to legislate by orders, and withdraws from Law Courts matters which properly belong to them, in order to hand them over to a State department, whose decision is to be final. There is no more vicious part of the hurtful work that ten years of Radical administration has wrought for us. And these far-reaching and irresponsible powers are entrusted to a new and irresponsible bureaucracy chosen at haphazard.

We must refer to one new and very unseemly custom which has grown up of late years, and which would have been repugnant to every tradition of the older Civil Service. We mean the increasing habit of highly placed Civil Servants, who have been largely responsible for important Government action, which gravely affected commercial, manufacturing, and financial interests, accepting, immediately upon their retiring with the usual pension from the State, positions of lavish emolument in connection with some commercial or manufacturing firm deeply involved in contracts of the class for which these ex-Civil Servants have been responsible while in office. We do not hesitate to say that this habit is a most pernicious one, and that it has recently been followed, in certain notable cases, with a callousness to

any consideration of decency and public honour which is positively scandalous. We do not, of course, assert that there is any thought of a corrupt negotiation of favourable terms of contract to the detriment of the State. But it is idle to pretend that these large contracting firms would offer positions of high emolument to men who are necessarily ignorant of the details of a trade which they enter only at sixty years of age, unless they anticipated some commercial advantage in the offer. Are we to believe that the man who has lately been the Government representative, and who now appears in the new rôle of the outside dealer, has not, in making a bargain with the Government representatives who were lately his colleagues and subordinates, a distinct and totally unfair advantage as compared with other firms in the trade? We confess to a feeling of astonishment that these self-evident considerations did not suffice to suggest to men whose public service has received ample recognition, not in emolument only, but in the bestowal of honours, that their acceptance of such positions was damaging to the prestige of the Civil Service. But since they have failed to do so, we trust that no time may be lost in raising an effective barrier against any such action in the future. Of course these gentlemen know themselves, as we know them, to be impeccable, and therefore beyond the risk of suspicion. But what of the Civil Service

itself, if the custom becomes usual? Is it likely that we shall trust our responsible agents to be always vigilant in our interests, if they hope on their own retiral to find a position of opulence offered to them by the very firms with whom it is now their business to make the hardest bargain possible in the interest of the State? Would any of us like to know that our own solicitor was open to an advantageous offer from the other side as soon as he had thrown off our business? How would the Law Society deal with any such practices amongst their licentiates? Does it become the State to be less vigilant in guarding the stainless integrity of her own servants?

Under the existing Superannuation Acts there is no protection against this hurtful and unbecoming practice. The omission is due to the fact that, according to the standards which once prevailed, the danger could not have arisen. We deeply regret that certain former members of the Civil Service have chosen to set aside those standards. The inexpediency of the practice has only to be stated in order to be admitted. Where good taste and a sense of what was becoming have not availed, more stringent steps must perforce be taken, or the high name of the Service must be smirched.

We have dealt with certain disintegrating tendencies which may grievously affect a Service the high standard of

which is a great national asset, and we have indicated their dangers. They are certainly not lessened at the present moment of pressure. Lavish expenditure is now imperatively demanded in the interests of the Empire which override all other considerations. No one would wish that such necessary expenditure should be hampered by conventional rules or restrained by official timidity, or even delayed by an undue insistence upon meticulous attention to ordinary official safeguards. Ripe official experience should be able to rise to a national emergency, and fails in its duty if it does not know how to meet such an emergency with boldness. But that does not mean that lavish expenditure is to make its own rules, and that efficiency will be increased by reckless waste. Is there not too much reason to fear that the habit, bred in recent years, of forgetting to count the cost of new State efforts, has run riot in the war expenditure of the last year and a half? It has been necessary to leave a free hand to those entrusted with providing for the necessities of the war. But freedom is best exercised by those accustomed to remember that watchfulness is quite consistent with boldness, and that wastefulness is not the parent of efficiency, but oftentimes its most destructive enemy. Those only who are trained to economise national resources can distinguish between the bold initiative which pursues its aim without painfully counting

the cost, and the recklessness which identifies thoughtless expenditure with conquering energy. We have of late years flooded our Civil Service with new and untried men, and in the pressing emergency of providing in haste for neglected organisation we have been obliged to add enormously to these untried novices, who have to be the agents of vast expenditure, uncurbed by long and well-organised checks upon extravagance. Such curbs, when habit has made them an instinct, adjust themselves to primary necessities, and stimulate instead of retarding energy. Unfortunately the emergency has come upon us just when sound traditions had been impaired, when new and untried elements had been imported, which weakened the discipline of the service, and when, during a series of years, economy had been flouted as parsimony, and financial prudence had been stigmatised as reactionary timidity. It has come upon us at a time when the Treasury has ceased to be a Department Controlling expenditure, and has been changed into a Spending Department. We are paying the penalty in the countless examples of waste which make themselves visible to every eye. No Minister could perform a greater service to the nation than he who could once more permeate its public service with the instinct of administrative economy. The nation, as one man, is resolved to spend its last shilling in defending all the priceless inheritance that our Empire stands for. But it has an uneasy feeling that its lavish expenditure is not accompanied by that sleepless attention to economy which can alone ensure its success, and that the last shilling may, under present methods, be reached sooner than it ought to be.

TALES OF A GASPIPE OFFICER.

BY "DESPATCH RIDER."

Military cyclists are popularly known as the Gaspipe Cavalry.—*Daily Paper.*

PART II. WITH THE IRISH DIVISION.

I. THE NEW COMPANY.

IT is a starlit night with no moon, dark on the road and very still. Through the window drifts the heavy odour of the horses and the broken sound of their champing and uneasy movement. There is a certain liveliness to-night—the little thumps of the field-guns, the deeper interrupting boom of the big guns, the deliberate tapping of the machine-guns, and, if you listen, you can hear the soft crackle of the rifles. Half a mile away a solitary waggon is rattling and creaking over the *pavé* of the great high-road. The engines whistle at the distant station. From the factory drones a monotonous slow hum. In the next cottage a woman is weeping quietly in the gloom of her room and listening: the news came suddenly while she was scrubbing the floor for Sunday. It is midnight, and the Company should be sleeping peacefully after a hard day. But an officer, hearing the discontented thunder and idle chatter and rumble of the guns and the rifles, is wondering how the old Fifth is faring many miles away.

By chance a despatch-rider,

warned for the next "priority," may read this. Let him know there is one who would give much to be sent once more to find the Divisional Train, or even take some maps to the 14th. Why, these Divisional Trains in the new divisions don't realise that it is possible for them to be clean lost with motor-cyclists sweeping the country for them! In those days the Train was merely the Train, the efficient, vagrant, humble servant of the fighting man.—And is old Ginger cooking still for the Headquarters' Section?

Next motor-cyclist, please! The 15th are in this farm just off the main road where this wood begins. No, I can't lend you a map. This is the only map we have. Hurry up, you're all out now except old Grimers. . . .

Those who spent last winter and spring in Flanders have never seen the famous "emergency blue," know nothing of the travail that produced a battalion from a mob, had not even met the horrid blast of patriotic songs. The New Armies were to them what the latest favourites of

Cinemaland are to the leaveless now, interesting novelties that make those returning feel dowdy. Still, these New Armies could come to the 'osses without a cackle. Somebody even ventured that it would be a fine job to see a battalion grow and help it through its pains. There was much speculation, and accounts were eagerly read.

Like many another junior sub., the Gaspipe, after a delicious convalescence and soft lazy weeks, when to all seeming everybody official had forgotten him, found that he was parted finally from the "the Div." and posted to the Irish Cyclists.

He had served "the Div." in that sweltering march to Bavai and to Dour: in the sullen retreat to Reumont: on that tragical day and ghastly night of Le Cateau: through the weary days and wearier nights of the Retreat: over the Marne, when, tired but triumphant, it had stumbled after the enemy: during the hard days of the Aisne and the hardest days of all by La Bassée and Ypres: through the patient winter of the trenches, the slaughter of Hill 60 and the excitements of Boesinghe. From the hot morning when Bill and his cyclists had tasted blood north of the Mons Canal the Division had been in the Line or marching or travelling. And the Signal Company, the Cyclists, his platoon,—he was to leave all these and go to a "new" division. . . .

The Gaspipe departed for

his first command, and in course of time the train came to a little Irish town. A car brought him to D.H.Q. The Staff was interviewed, and finally he was set down at a gate. He waded through mud as sticky as any in Flanders, to tents round and in which some men were resting. A fat sergeant was tending a supercilious goat. His work gave an air of energy to an otherwise unconvincing scene. These were the Irish Cyclists. It was necessary to stalk in. . . .

In the afternoon the Company was paid, and dismay entered the heart of the Gaspipe, who recalled a line of men carefully cleaned and brushed, briskly saluting. And that night he slept in a tent for the first time.

Early next morning they moved into the roomy barracks of the Irish town.

This "new Div." was formed when the "old Div." was fighting at La Bassée. First, there would be a handful of officers, some in mufti, and a few N.C.O.'s. They would drill each other, and be grateful for the opportunity, until the men arrived. From battalions still in embryo men were demanded to form a Cyclist Company. The wise selected carefully and the foolish sent their worst. These bunches of men were trained separately for a while, then brought together and the Company formed.

Think, then, of this Company—a strange and ignorant but hotly enthusiastic crowd slowly becoming disciplined, men and officers learning for themselves

—picking up cyclist work from an obsolete text-book and the fierce advice of the Staff, with scarce a cycle or rifle among them. They struggled hard in the face of enormous difficulties and the vilest weather, until something began to emerge. It was rough and cheerful, keen and blundering, but a Company.

Those must have been great days, at Mallow, Ballyvonare, and Ballyhooly, when everybody was experimenting, discussing, and most thoroughly enjoying life. Sometimes they grew disconsolate in the mud. Sometimes the Division seemed to be left too much by itself to muddle along. Things happened very slowly, but some time they must go out.

We who thought ourselves old campaigners, but were young enough to be cynical, had laughed at the burning desire that flared through the letters from those in the New Armies at home. Surely they couldn't be as eager as all that to experience the discomfort and the danger! There must be a bit of pose in it. When we came home we knew the truth. It was a muddled emotion, compounded variously of patriotism, impatience with routine, and a craving for excitement—but it made these new divisions. "When we go out"—it was an ultimate event which they could scarcely picture. Certainly they could not look beyond it. They used to debate furiously and uselessly about it just as we out here debate about the end of the war. It became almost an

academic problem. And when one circumstance after another pointed to the nearness of the day—when musketry was finished and all equipment was issued—when we were *ready*, the excitement was tense and breathless. . . . There is no romance surely like the raising of vast armies. Out of lawless crowds of sturdy individuals respecting themselves too much, are fashioned splendid instruments that the careful general can confidently use. It is a hideous and magnificent pastime.

At Fermoy the Company was "breached." The gigantic barrack square and all the paraphernalia of a measured and orderly barrack-life gave pride and discipline. There were opportunities, too, that mud and a cramped existence in tents had never provided. And the rain was not so persistent—while the new C.O. realised that military life was extraordinarily complicated. He fell suddenly into a new and rigidly unsympathetic world of Army Forms and States and Returns and Traditions and Rules.

Set in this world, entirely unfamiliar, he stood between his three hundred Irishmen and a swarm of institutions—offices and personages who fed, supplied, paid, and inspected his men. Then in ruling these Irishmen he must be a cautious and understanding despot. Nine months had taught him a few of the vices and virtues of the English mercenary, but these Irishmen, waking up

dimly to a consciousness of the fact that they were soldiers, were just about as different from the Englishmen as they could be. That was where Cicero came in.

Cicero had been one of the Company's midwives and was now second in command. He knew something about Irishmen and something about Army Forms, so the Gaspiper, throwing himself on Cicero's knowledge of the men, endeavoured to learn, in an inconspicuous way, something about Army Forms.

"Now, Cicero, how would you reply to this? Of course each Division has its own rules, and you in the New Army work things not quite in our way,"—thus assuming the superiority of the Regular, but in reality making a pathetic search for information. So the Gaspiper, too, learned, as is the New Army method, by teaching and his mistakes. He learned, like those famous Highlanders in K(1), to play the Round Game, laugh at the Practical Joke department, make love to the Fairy Godmother, and treat inspections in a proper perspective.

He found out that no self-respecting medical officer makes an inspection without finding something wrong. If one day the doctor objects to bread in quarters, they pass the word along for the bread to be well hidden in the remaining stairs. He discovered that the papers, by their great campaign against Waste, had made life miserable for all commanding officers. Inspectors were ever

coming round. They would poke their noses into refuse-tub and cook-house, then, turning sharply to him, fiercely demand—

"And what do you do with your surplus dripping?"

To which the best answer was that you had a bread-pudding on Monday to finish up the surplus bread—an idea which intrigued the inspectors greatly.

But training went forward. The Company began to find itself. The unfit were weeded out and packed off to an infantry battalion, where presumably they were weeded out again. Excellent recruits came in. The men began to take a pride in what they did. How the men of No. 3 walked on air when the General praised their guard and awarded them the prize for competition drill! They began with one accord to despise the infantry, and that was the most hopeful sign.

Peter, who had sailed as engineer all over the globe in liners, tramps, and every kind of ship, and had driven hard coolie crews and lascars and stout white men, would stand in the middle of the barrack square, make his platoon ride round it for hours, and by dogged swearing and an infinite care for detail, train them until each man rode in his allotted place as if mesmerised. Did the wretched lag when he should have sprinted, or sprint when he should have lagged? An awful rumbling would come from the middle of the square, followed trippingly by a wild

blast of Spanish invective. If some evening in Flanders you see a platoon of cyclists riding with perfect interval along a straight and cobbled road, caring nothing for mud or lorry, then know that this is Peter's platoon; for although Peter has left us to organise a factory—as the workers are girls he is sorely handicapped—his gruff voice is still humbly and affectionately remembered:

“*Madre Dios!* Call that a line!—It's more like a dog's hind leg!”

Then there was Fitz, who had rushed home from Chile. Fitz would give his last pair of breeches to one of his men. He was in charge, too, of the Signallers, and the Gaspipe began to know that preparatory smile—

“Don't you think, sir, we might buy two signal-lamps out of the C.O.'s fund?”

If Fitz had had his way, all his men would have crossed to fight the Hun clothed in the purplest of purple and the finest of fine linen—and his signallers would have marched proudly between twenty or thirty waggons containing their equipment.

George, Schnapps, Bill from the Far East, and the irrepressible Child,—they all worked their hardest to bring nearer that day when the dreaded inspector, whoever he might be, would give the certificate of fitness.

And behind it all was a deeper feeling. These were the cyclists of the Irish Division. The Irish Brigade was billeted in the town. Only those who

know Ireland and Irishmen can know what that meant. . . .

A rumour trickled through that the Division was going to England to complete its training. That was half the battle. In Ireland they felt they were forgotten and neglected, but if they went to England the day must be coming near. All available sources were searched to discover how long divisions remained at Aldershot or Salisbury before they embarked. Surely they could not be left to spend another Christmas. . . .

The order was given, and the Child, to his huge delight, was left in charge to clean up. At the harbour they marched along a narrow lane between two surging crowds, triumphant but embarrassed.

“Eh, misther, and will the Dublins be coming?”

“Mercy on us! Look at that long gentleman! He's as good as a corpse already.”

The recipient of this shaft, not being an Irishman, gave a sickly smile, as his men tittered and hurled back retorts into the welter. The women were fierce and tearful. One escaped the constable, and, rushing up to an officer, lifted an imploring face to his.

“Bring him back safe, misther; bring him back safe! He's the only one I have, and a good boy;” then, changing to a cheerful scream—“Kill the murderers; kill them, and bring me back a helmet.”

So for a brief moment they were the heroes of their women-kind, and crammed full of glorious thoughts that disappeared hurriedly at the irri-

tated voice of the embarkation officer—

“What are your men standing about there for? Bring them along, man, if you want to get away to-night. You’re only going to England. There’ll be time enough for good-byes. Get a move on!”

And the Company learned the most elementary fact in modern war, that heroics have a proper place and time. It is pleasant to think of your future gallantry and pat yourself on the back because you are going to be a fine fellow,

but, if you do, your Fighting Strength Return will inevitably be late. Still, on the chilly crossing as they looked back on those elementary days in the workhouse at Mallow, at those night schemes, at the hard, fine days at Fermoy, with the packed cinema and lazy evenings on the river, and the great billiard matches and the indiscreeter delights of “the Roche”—muddled, interflowing thoughts of pleasure and duty—they felt that they were entering the last phase before they “went out.”

II. THE MONTHS BEFORE.

It is not generally known that the body-belt is an effective instrument of prophecy. Soon after arrival at Pirbright, they indented for “belts, body,” and were told that they would be supplied immediately before proceeding overseas. The history, then, of the months before going out was a history of gradual equipment, culminating in body-belts. Twice a week the Quartermaster-Sergeant went down to the Field Stores and was given anything from rifles to pantaloons, cook’s cart to coaster hubs. Twice a week when he returned we asked a question. There were rumours, of course. We were going post-haste to the Dardanelles. Salonica was crying for us. Irishmen never fought so well as they had to fight in East Africa. A raid on Schleswig was contemplated, and everybody knew that the Danes were particularly fond

of Irishmen. General Joffre had earnestly requested that the Irish Division might be sent to fight side by side with his brave fellows in the Vosges. Irishmen, when they had seen them, had always been enthusiastic about the Vosges. The orderly-room sergeant had it on unimpeachable authority that January 22 was the date. These dates, he said loftily, were of course arranged months beforehand for the benefit of the Navy, or so as not to interfere with trade. All these rumours we treated with the credulity they deserved. Stoutly maintaining in the Mess that they were worthless, it was pointed out to the more sceptical that there is no smoke without fire—and secretly believed. Yet very deep down in our hearts we trusted in the body-belts alone. When they really had come, the great measles scare

tested our faith. Schnapps, sitting on the edge of his bed, held his auburn head in his hands and groaned aloud—

“And to think that after all these months we should be held back because the Munsters have a case or two of measles!”

But, as you will hear, body-belts triumphed even over measles.

During these last days the Fairy Godmother lavished her utmost. We had arrived in England with a few old rifles, some ancient cycles, and little else. When first the flow of presents began everybody was tremendously excited.

“Have you heard that the new Vests have come?”

“Yes, and they say our Field Stationery Box is due to-morrow.”

Then we grew more careless, yet insisted more on smartness, and felt a little more soldierly. The disreputable cyclists gradually came to be modern soldiers, workmanlike beings hideously attired and compassed about with so many implements and fancies that they jingled and swung—like those harassed men who march bravely along the street playing five instruments at once.

During these “months before” polish was vigorously applied. First there was Platoon Training, when Peter, riding upright with low saddle and high handle-bars, would pedal rapidly into the distance with his men in perfect interval behind him. No one quite knew where he went. Chobham and Worplesdon must

have echoed to his emphatic and many-tongued advice. Then punctually to the moment Peter would reappear, pedalling unconcernedly at the same even, rapid pace (up hill or down hill it never varied), and his men, keeping an even more perfect interval, would have a far-away look in their eyes and be murmuring certain new phrases for private use.

Then came Company Training, when our Bill would be set to stem the Company’s advance, or when, spread over a wide front, the platoon commanders would endeavour to keep touch by an eternal succession of messages. Everybody always claimed to have captured everybody else, so everybody returned cheered.

The two great days were those on which the Company took the field against the myriad cyclists of the Training Centre. Will Fitz’s platoon ever forget how they held a bridge for the morning, and then, when ordered to retire, were pursued at top speed through the streets of Old Woking—how Fitz, barely a hundred yards in front, dashed up a byroad, and, turning, shot down the enemy as they passed? And that same day our Bill laid a neat little double ambush and collared a platoon.

The Training Centre had its revenge, a foul, misty night. With a Hunnish subtlety they defended themselves with grenades, and the Irish Cyclists, indignant at this reception, retaliated fiercely

until they were outnumbered. Cuts and black eyes called for revenge. The Gaspiper took counsel with Bill the Bomber, and prepared sundry explosive devices against a second night. And the attack, carefully planned, never came off, because, though Peter led his platoon secretly along an undiscovered path, the reserve platoon got hopelessly lost.

That was the first night of service conditions. The Gaspiper had ordered Cicero to find a headquarters in Chobham, and Cicero, with a skill he has since maintained, found a charming, discreetly-furnished little house, warm and comfortable, where the Gaspiper, after an excellent dinner, wove plans at his ease for the destruction of the enemy.

One afternoon the Gaspiper sent Cicero to Ockham to find a billet for the Company, which came to Ripley late in the evening. At last they reached the farm prepared, made a huge fire, and slept through a freezing night in barns and lofts. It was horribly realistic to wake up in the night with frozen toes and wriggle desperately trying to find out whether it is better to put the hardest or the softest part of oneself next the boards.

Towards the end of the third month certain definite signs appeared that put anxious joy into the Company's heart. The body-belts were promised at an early date. Musketry was nearly finished and inspections had begun.

There was that first inspec-

tion when a certain C.O., not hearing the bugle, found himself saluting nothing in particular by himself. The inspecting general galloped round and, when immediately behind the Gaspiper's back, started putting questions—a situation that demanded consummate and gymnastic tact. Should the Gaspiper turn, his cycle would be certain to strike some horse's leg. Should he look straight to his front, his soldierly answer would be lost in the wind. So in a spirit of compromise he turned his head, and, looking upwards, as one looks at a second-storey window, he replied.

The march-past, too, had its difficulties. Cyclists march past in lines, and officers, of course, salute with the right hand, looking the inspecting general full in the face. The cycle, which is on the right, must therefore be pushed by the left hand. Let the uninitiated experiment. Push a cycle with the left hand on the right side, while saluting with the right hand and gazing fixedly to the right—this on a sheet of the slipperiest mud with a strenuous endeavour to keep a straight course. The usual result is that the cycle slips farther and farther away, so that, unless a rapid recovery be made immediately after passing the saluting-point, a regrettable incident is bound to occur.

Then came the Queen's Parade—when, Nationalist and Unionist, we all cheered Her Majesty as lustily as we could—though distinctly out of

time, because the attendant aeroplanes made so much noise that we on the right of the line could not hear what was going on. The Gaspiper glanced to the left and saw the Staff waving vigorously and silently. For a moment he was too shy to start cheering on his own, so the Cyclists were a little late. . . .

Sundry problems vexed our last weeks—the problem of “Love Marriage.” The Gaspiper longed for that delightful counsellor, Miss Annie Swan, to come to his aid. Marriage and Birth and Leave were unfortunately related. The Gaspiper would be sitting by the fire with a comfortable pipe when M’Gee, the mess-waiter, would come in, and after doing nothing in particular for a long while, at last approach, standing sternly at attention.

“Well, M’Gee, what do you want?”

M’Gee blushed and choked.

“I’m afther getting married, sorr.”

“Well?”

“I’m wondering if I could be getting leave, sorr.”

“All right, M’Gee. I’ve no objection to marriage in general or yours in particular. When do you want to go?”

“On Wednesday, sorr. We’ll be getting married that day.”

“Don’t you want to go before to make arrangements?”

“No, sorr. The young lady says she would prefer to make them herself.”

“All right; you can go. But bring back a certificate, and

don’t be late.” The certificate had to be produced, because a word in favour of marriage that the Gaspiper had let drop produced a host of applications. When certificates were demanded, the number dropped but was still high. He was not sure whether marriage was endured because of the leave, or leave requested because of the marriage. One lad was heard to remark judiciously—

“On the whole, it’s worth it.”

But when a man put in two applications for marriage-leave within three months, and a leave to be present at the birth of his first-born a few weeks later . . . Leave for births required as careful discrimination. Finally, there was the adventurer who, in an access of probably assumed and certainly confused emotion, asked in grief-stricken tones—

“For leave, sorr, to wrong the young leddy that I’ve righted.”

The second problem was that of battle-wear. A discreet compromise had to be struck between smartness and safety. Our pioneer battalion appeared one morning in “battle-tunics” that suggested the potential airman with a dash of old-fashioned gunner. Like the advertisements, they were “different,” and undoubtedly practical. Should the Cyclists also wear high collars and remove their badges of rank to the inconspicuous, sober shoulder-strap? Should they wear putties or gaiters or field boots? It was a hard problem, but spiced deliciously with the

excitement of impending danger. They pictured the Hun lying in wait and murmuring to himself—

“Ah, that is an officer. I will shoot him!”

They saw the Hun inevitably missing, and themselves dashing forward to complete his capture. Still, it was scarcely wise to give the fellow even a chance. Some, however, contended that whatever the battle-wear, the Hun would perceive in their grace of bearing and attitude of command the symbols of their rank. George settled the question by remarking drily—

“If you’re frightened of showing your necks, turn up your collars and use safety-pins.”

One fine day the body-belts arrived, and the Company was speechless with joy. The Gaspipe consumed his last Christmas dinner. A farewell concert was given, with a dance, for which a number of seemly damsels were brought from the neighbouring town and sent home under the eager escort of Cicero in a motor-

bus. Kit was hastily gone through, and deficiencies made good. But still the order did not come.

And there was one bitter circumstance that blunted our happy excitement. Peter was claimed by the Ministry of Munitions. He could have refused, but a man who can organise a factory is more important than a man who can organise a platoon. With a cultured cruelty Peter was not taken at once, but was left to wander round aimlessly on the night of our departure, a lost and blasphemous soul. That is why in the future records of the Irish Cyclists you will read not of Peter but of Samuel, who came in his place. There is a hope that, when Peter has finished his job, when the factory has been organised so that the machines run as smoothly as his platoon and the girls work as strenuously as his men, Peter will return to us. Then once again will our fervent objurgations fall lifeless to the ground, pale by the side of his richly coloured phrases.

III. GOING OUT.

One morning the Gaspipe was sitting as usual in his office with his neatly piled papers before him. On the walls were pinned plans and parade states and a list of those returns which, whatever betide, must be punctually and accurately sent in. Corporal Carmody sat opposite, composing laboriously one of those

many documents that a Company is supposed to hand out to Embarkation Officers, Landing Officers, Transport Officers, and all the other officers that carefully pilot a unit overseas. A despatch-rider, half hidden by an enormous revolver, dashed in. He looked very important. Perhaps, like all good despatch-riders, he knew the contents of

every despatch he carried. The despatch was secret. Faintly hoping—there had been so many false alarms—the Gaspiper tore open the second envelope. He read the message, gave a receipt, and, when the despatch-rider had disappeared, turned to his faithful clerk—

“Carmody, we’re going immediately!”

The clerk turned a lustrous red and choked out—

“Oh, sir!”

It was not a remarkable answer, but it was expressive. It contained all the mad desire of the Irish Division, which had been so long training and so wearily, to get out—to get out to the Front at any cost.

A rough rumour of the despatch’s contents flew round the camp, and the preparations that were made turned rumour into likely truth. Fitz was all laughter. George smiled grimly. The Child shrieked with joy; and Schnapps? If I could describe to you the face of Schnapps, I should be describing all the wild delight that has ever been seen. . . .

The last night came. We played a little bridge, and talked and pretended that, after all, going to the Front was a very ordinary matter. The Padre came in to say good-bye, and we proudly thanked him for his kind wishes. And Peter, utterly disconsolate, wandered from one room to another and did little useful things.

At midnight we banqueted off sausages and toast and tea. Then the officers, wearing all their equipment, went out on

parade to their waiting men. The Gaspiper, collecting the last oddments, followed. The men stood eagerly in the darkness. Some of those who were being left behind clung enviously to the edge of the parade-ground.

“Good-bye, Peter. Are we all ready now, Cicero? Right. Advance in file—from the right of platoons. Headquarters leading!!”—and they moved off into a steady tramp, singing a few songs.

When they came to the station there was old Harry Tatton, one of the rejected, down on some excuse to see them off. Finally, they were entrained, and at last—after an age, it seemed—the train slid out of the station, and poor old Harry was left shouting on the platform. So the Irish Cyclists started overseas. . . .

Now, if an account of this journey were to be written from the instructions that preceded it, the chronicler would describe how the Gaspiper at every stop handed out returns to the dignified Staff, how the Company on detraining or disembarking formed itself glibly into little parties, each knowing its own job. Unfortunately, the War has dealt sadly by many instructions.

The train steamed in alongside an immense covered platform, and a one-armed Australian took charge—

“No, thanks. I don’t want that particular return—it’s washed out. Get fifty men and have these waggons off. Put the rest of the men over there. You’ve got a party

specially told off to unload? Never mind, anybody can get a waggon off. Come along with the nearest fifty men."

Jumping on to the truck, he started to cast off the lashings himself. The Gaspipe sighed at the thought of his carefully organised parties, but, with the skilful Australian to pull and push and untie and direct, the train was cleared in no time at all. Then after the Gaspipe had signed papers the Australian made tea, and over the cake talked about Gallipoli, and of how, when he had recovered from his wound, he had importuned everybody he knew for a job.

All day they were kept at the docks. Then, as it grew dusk, they were marched on board the transport. The Gaspipe, remembering the time when he had spent the coldest of nights on some coils of rope, looked round his cabin with delight. After supper he turned in. In the middle of the night his head collided with something violently. The ship seemed to be moving in all directions at once. George lay utterly miserable. On deck the guard hung limply over the rail, wished for a submarine or anything to take away his attention from that burning problem. . . .

Feeble but happy, they landed in the morning and marched through the warehouses to another quay. What pure delight it was to be told to keep to the right! The French air too, had a different smell. It would have all been wonderfully exciting if they

could only have got rid of that queasy feeling in the stomach.

They spent the morning unloading their bicycles and transport, and then braced themselves to ride over that *pavé* which the Gaspipe had described to them so vividly. He had said that it required months of daily practice to ride well on greasy *pavé*. He, of course, had had that practice—in fact, had never "come off" a bicycle in his life, but he fully expected them to be all over the road at the start. Very gingerly they mounted. They had scarcely ridden a hundred yards when the second platoon heard a dull crash in front and a muttered oath. They rode on and saw—the Gaspipe standing indignant by the wayside pathetically testing an injured knee. . . .

In the afternoon the Gaspipe went in search of some old friends. There was the station which he had searched so feverishly for his Company, and the street in which he had left his useless bicycle. Along that road were the Wool Warehouses where they had slept with fleas, or on the stones the night before they entrained for Landrecies. The girls did not come now with garlands in adoration. The town was not humming with rumours of an immediate victory. The small boys did not stand and gaze in wonder. Perhaps the indifference was due to the winter weather—for now the boys came pestering with English magazines, the barber thought there was nothing in this rumoured German offen-

sive, and the girls, instead of flowers, brought collecting-boxes. Would the kind officer spare a sou for the children of those who had fallen in defence of their country?

The zest of war had hastened away.

Yet, just as those despatch-riders—Fat Boy and Huggie and Grimers and Boo and the rest of them—had stood waiting in fatigued excitement at *Point Six: Hangar de Laine*, so Fitz and Schnapps and George stood now with their men waiting. The Irish Cyclists were entraining at *Point Quatre*, where the 2nd Cavalry Brigade entrained in the first August of the war. Things had changed a little. In entraining and detraining there are always long hours of waiting. The despatch-riders shivered hungry in the cold, but the Irish Cyclists filed past a canteen, where the most charming of ladies, with a little aid from Schnapps, dispensed hot tea and cocoa and cakes with an untiring patience. The canteen was a godsend. It is good to drink a scalding cup of coffee off the bar at the bottom of Oakley Street in the dark hours of the morning, to dine late at Milan while waiting for the Riviera Express, to take coffee and rolls at Pontarlier or Bâle or Flushing, to breakfast at leisure on the Irish Mail or at Covent Garden, when all wise people are in bed; but nothing is better for a soldier than to find a canteen on his cold, uncomfortable, and infinitely tiring journey.

We rumbled out an hour before daybreak, and slept a little, though it was very cold. Early in the morning we stopped and found another canteen, at which we made our breakfast. The inevitable occurred. Cicero, awakened from a heavy slumber, was late in buying his cakes. The train started, and Cicero, hearing shouts, rushed out to find it moving slowly past him. At this moment of crisis he showed his greatness. A lesser man, in an agony at the thought of being left behind, would have jumped on the nearest waggon. But Cicero, with a bottle of hot coffee in one hand and cakes in his pocket, solemnly pounded after the train. His face was very serious, and his fierce auburn moustaches bristled with determination. Cicero and his carriage reached the end of the platform at the same moment. For a second there was breathless suspense. Then, still grasping the bottle like an inveterate old tippler, he was hauled in triumphantly. . . .

Late in the afternoon we came to Abbeville. The Gaspipe made a dash for the square. When last he had seen it, the square had been crammed full of troops and of transport in preparation for that forced march which brought us opposite La Bassée, on the left of the French. Now it was empty, save for one or two Indian troopers.

In the gathering dusk we trundled north—past the Hospital of the Duchess, past Boulogne, and on. We stopped

again. Instructions and a map were handed in. So we knew at last to which sector of the Line we were going. There was no more sleep. Eagerly we discussed our prospects, and papers were searched for the latest news. The train proceeded very slowly, and stopped again and again.

Finally, a corporal of police put his head in at the window. He was to be our guide, and we questioned him in a furious desire for knowledge. How many miles were we from the firing line? Were things going well? What divisions were here? Had the rest of the division arrived?

The Company unloaded in the ochreous light of great flares. Rations and kit were piled on the waggons. The Irish Cyclists filed out of the station and then started after their guide. They came to the crest of a rise that overlooked the country to the east. Far away there was a little flash, just like the flashes in the air that the trains make on the District Railway. Then, after a long interval, came a little low threatening murmur. And somebody behind the Gaspipe said slowly, in a tone of deep reverence—

“The guns!”

(To be continued.)

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

IN all the wars we have fought since the end of the Middle Ages the Freedom of the Seas has been often named. It is an ear-filling phrase, and to all seeming significant of much, but like many another resounding formula, it is susceptible of very varying applications and interpretations. Macaulay could say that Napoleon entered into "a frantic contest" against "the liberty of the sea." Yet the Emperor claimed, and his subjects could assert on his behalf, that it was for this very liberty he fought. When Queen Elizabeth told the Portuguese and the Spaniards that the ships of her subjects were to have freedom to sail the ocean, she had something in her mind which differed very widely from the Freedom of the Seas as it is conceived by German controversialists to-day. The two are separated by all the distance which divides the claim of the trader in peace to sail the world over in search of a port where he can sell his goods and buy a lading for his homeward voyage, from the demand of a belligerent that his sea-borne commerce shall not be interrupted in war.

The ages when the Freedom of the Seas in the first of these senses was maintained in theory by the civil lawyers, but was in practice effectively denied from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and from the Antilles to the Spice Islands, lie far behind us. They have left masses of controversy, and a few phrases

which are still in use and still influence the thoughts of men. Nor is the controversy all dead, at least not that part of it which was carried on by men who were endowed with the capacity to state their views in a memorable manner, and to mingle some element of principles which endure for ever in the disputes of their time. We can afford to leave Johannes Baptista Valenzola, a Spaniard, and Laurentius Molinus, a Roman, whom Selden had read—what had he not read?—and could dismiss as not worthy of serious refutation, to dry-rot at ease till the Judgment Day. They were, one gathers, useful persons who wrote at the instigation of that fantastical Spaniard, the great Duke of Osuna, who was Viceroy of Naples. They disputed the right of Venice to dominion over the Adriatic. The Duke's schemes vanished like the smoke of burnt-out straw in his own lifetime, and his counsel's opinions have gone the same road. Bartolus, Baldus, and Angelus are not to be lightly spoken of, yet a man must have a special training before he is entitled to express an opinion of their merits. A moderate endowment of common-sense, and a proper exercise of modest attention, are enough to enable the plain man to appreciate the point at issue between Hugo Grotius and John Selden. Their methods may be antiquated. They lived in an age

when it was still permissible to tear lines out of a Latin poet and apply them, without regard to their context, to subjects with which they had nothing to do. Grotius quoted Virgil to prove that the sea is free by the law of Nature. Selden played a quotation from Seneca the Tragedian to show that the sea is subject to the law of man. To-day this practice of adorning controversy by an ostentation of classical scholarship passes for being pedantic, and such quotations are justly held to prove nothing.

Our lawyers are inclined to be somewhat impatient with Grotius. They consider him, and even the International Law he expounded, as being rhetorical, full of moral disquisitions, and viewy. Selden, with his endless citations of treaties, or proceedings in Parliament, and his insistence on the fact that dominion had been exercised on the sea, is more to their taste. And yet the non-professional reader finds the rhetoric of the Dutchman's dissertation "*de Mari Libero*" less tiresome than the hidebound pedantry of Selden, and quite as convincing. Our countryman, with all his parade of documents and matter of fact, is essentially as "metaphysical" and as viewy as Grotius. He cannot away with the rashness of such persons as affirm that Sea Dominion is based on the possession of powerful fleets. Mere pirates, said he, might have that kind of right. He will have no more to say to them than to the poor creatures

who are "miserably carried away by the authority of Ulpian" to accept his doctrine that the sea is not subject to human dominion. No, sovereignty over the sea is an affair of prescription and of law. If you ask what prescription, he quotes nearly a score of examples of such as have exercised dominion one after the other simply because they had the strongest fleets for the time being. If you ask what law, he replies with the Cimonian treaty (its reality had not been denied in his day), or treaties between Romans and Carthaginians, by which the ships of one of the parties were debarred from portions of the Mediterranean, or by proceedings in the Parliaments of Edward III. We ask in what sense are treaties law to those who do not sign them? and why should the Hanseatic League, or the Flemings, or the French have gone for their law to the Parliaments of Edward III.? Selden was consistent enough when he quoted the Bulls of Alexander VI., by which such "prodigious" grants were made to Portugal and Spain, as proofs that the sea is subject to private dominion. It was none the less a strange contention in the mouth of a man born four years before the defeat of the Armada, and therefore the contemporary of the great Queen, of Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Cavendish, Dudley, and Lancaster. He was consistent, but whether he was honest is another question. From time to time one is aware of something like

Addison's assent with solemn leer in Selden. Clarendon, who loved and admired him, has to allow that he was unduly careful of his own safety, and would never tell the truth to the point where it would put him in danger. In 1635, when he published the *Mare Clausum*, with a dedication to Charles I., the King was making great play with his Sovereignty of the Seas as an excuse for levying ship-money, the amount to be fixed by himself, and the money to be spent as he pleased, and so providing himself with a revenue independent of Parliament. Selden was quite capable of flattering His Majesty to the top of his bent, so long as he did not commit himself in plain words against his friends of the Country Party.

By his master does he stand or fall. We have to thank him for what is still a very useful statement of the actual practice of nations during by far the larger part of recorded history. The poets might proclaim the freedom of the sea in their figurative language. The civil lawyers might agree with Ulpian. But the very unpoetical and unlegal minded rulers of States, who directed the strength of powerful fleets, did in fact use their forces to exclude all competition from such parts of the sea as they could dominate, and until they were compelled to let go their hold. Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthagenians, Romans, the Hanseatic League and the Sovereigns of England, and the Italian Republics, all did alike. Kings of Scotland who

lacked the power still advanced the pretension. When the German Hanse laid hands on English seamen whom they caught on the coast of Norway and threw them into the sea, it was doing precisely what Venice would have done in the Adriatic. A competitor was an enemy to be suppressed by force. First occupation, or a treaty, or a Pope's Bull, was excuse enough for asserting rights of dominion. The claims of Spain and Portugal were perfectly in harmony with the practices and rules of policy of the Middle Ages. England and Holland tacitly, if not expressly, conceded the principle. For when they began to wish to reach the eastern seas and the Spice Islands, they tried to open routes by the North-West Passage or the North-East, and so avoid the Spanish and Portuguese preserve. If they could have succeeded they would, so far as in them lay, have kept those routes to themselves. When they found that the ice barred their way, they intruded sword in hand into the dominions of Portugal and Spain on the sea. The sixteenth century was not only a great age of discovery: it was the great epoch of the vindication of the Freedom of the Sea. The cause for which Grotius argued had been decided before he wrote his dissertation, because, while freedom was a universal interest, dominion was a particular interest which only one power was concerned to maintain. The seas had in fact become open as between nations before Selden laboured to show

that they could be lawfully closed.

Yet the old particular interest took a new form, then lived long and died hard. In place of the old claim to possession of this or that sea, there came the Colonial System and the chartered companies which arrived at identical results. Every nation which owned colonies kept the trade with them to itself as against other nations. Within its own jurisdiction the State gave privileges of trade to certain persons. So there arose under another name a new fight for the Freedom of the Sea, in which the combatants were Custom-house officials, colonial governors, colonists, privileged companies, interlopers, and smugglers. The two last named showed a deplorable alacrity in sinking into downright piracy.

There was, it is true, a fine distinction between the new and the old form of dominion. It gave Selden no trifling satisfaction to remark that the King of Spain did not claim dominion over the sea but only over the islands and mainland—*islas y tierra firme del mar oceano*. Did the Catholic King and his lawyers see any difference? Probably not, for they made a practice of seizing, whenever they could, whatever ships they found cruising without licence near the coasts of those islands and that mainland. Their example was well flattered by imitation. England, France, the Netherlands did precisely as did the Spaniard so soon as they had colonies and possessions in the

Eastern Seas and America. The old vague claim to dominion of the open sea was tacitly dropped, but all nations alike claimed to mark certain spaces on the coasts of their dominions which were to be "King's Chambers." The King's Chambers, it is perhaps not superfluous to add, were the spaces enclosed by the shore and lines drawn from headland to headland round the English coast. No foreigner was entitled to trade, fish, or fight within them save by licence of the King. They were the forerunners of the modern territorial waters. All colonial waters, Spanish, British, Dutch, and French, were "King's Chambers." In the wide-spreading Spanish colonies, to which the mother country played the part of dog-in-the-manger, for she could not supply their commercial needs herself, and would not let others take her place, smuggling was rampant. But the other nations intruded less on one another's preserves. In their cases the trespasser was ordinarily the interloper, who was one of themselves. No sooner was a chartered company formed to carry on some valued trade in distant seas than the interloper was produced by spontaneous generation, or at least by the union of greed and envy, to feed at its expense. The Dutch United East India Company suffered less than our own. It was a national enterprise in which all the United Provinces shared. The old Royal Company of the Merchants of London was local and privileged at the expense of other ports, and was envied

and attacked accordingly. It suffered much from the interlopings of Michelborne and Courten and the New Company of the Merchants of England set up against it by Parliament. In the end it had to come to terms with its enemies in 1708, and turn itself from a mere London into a general English company. From outside it was attacked by the colonists of New England, who for their part simply pirated on the coast of Malabar and in the Persian Gulf, and sold the proceeds at Boston, or Salem, or New York. The South Sea Company was harassed by interlopers. The Dutch West India Company had to give up the fight and throw the trade open.

The interloper was indeed bad to beat. It was a matter of course that he would sell the goods he brought back at a cheaper rate than the privileged company. He was not bound to maintain costly establishments, and then when he returned from poaching on the Company's preserves he had no scruple whatever in cheating the revenue by smuggling. Therefore he had the sympathy of the consumer. In many cases he was a discontented or dismissed servant of the Company, and knew all the secrets of the trade. When too sharply watched at home, he could take a foreign country as his base.

The true inwardness of the interloper's part in the fight for the Freedom of the Sea can be studied with every convenience in the history of what is commonly, though not accurately, called the Ostende Company. When the spoils

were divided at the Peace of Utrecht, the former Spanish Netherlands fell to the House of Austria. The much-im-poverished inhabitants were naturally eager to fill their empty pockets, and the East India trade offered them a tempting field. So first single ships sailed with licences from the Emperor Charles VI., and then a company was formed. The diplomatic and political history of that company, ending in its final suppression at the reiterated demands of Holland and Great Britain, are told in masses of written and printed matter. Our present concern with it is that it was a huge interloping and smuggling affair. The capital came from abroad. Even Frenchmen, who would not put a *sou* into their own mismanaged company, invested in the Ostende one. Supercargoes, who had learnt their business in England or Holland, came for good pay. So did skippers and seamen. The company was excellently organised, and its work was well done. All this looks harmless enough, but what became of the cargoes when they were brought home to Ostende? There was as good as no demand for Indian and Chinese silks, and still less for tea, in the Austrian Netherlands, or in other parts of the Emperor's dominions. Yet they were largely imported and were sold at a good profit. The explanation is of the simplest. All this oriental produce, and in particular the tea, was smuggled wholesale into England. The heavy duties imposed by the State,

and paid by our own company, which dared not risk the forfeiture of its charter, rendered smuggling highly profitable, even when it had to be carried on at a considerable expense. Therefore the zeal of the Honourable Company for the suppression of the Ostende interloper was perfectly intelligible. Even when he was at last squashed, the smuggling did not stop. There was a modest Swedish Company, which sent a few ships yearly to China and ran its cargoes from Gottenburg. Mr Pitt was the real destroyer of this industry, and he killed it by reducing the tea duties. A generation or so later the Company's trading monopoly was taken away. When it no longer paid the interloper to interlope he turned to honest trade. But he was able to become a virtuous trader because he had forced the door and had won.

Nowadays all this is ancient history. The truth as to the normal state of things on the water now was quite accurately worded by the 'Scientific American' last November. "We as Americans believe in this freedom of the seas, but let us insist upon its being the same freedom of the seas which we and Germany have enjoyed during the past half century." The sea has been in our time the pathway of nations, and the German carrier has plied his trade on it in growing numbers and with increasing success. What more is needed? No greater measure of freedom would seem to be possible. The Germans

must want something different. And what is it they demand? It is by no means easy to discover an answer to the question. Some of them show more or less naïvely that they look upon themselves as subject to the maritime tyranny of the British Empire simply because the British fleet is far stronger than theirs, and because Great Britain has a better geographical position for purposes of maritime commerce than they have. But this is unreason, and irrational protest against the nature of things, and therefore not to be answered by mere argument and sense. There are Germans who are not quite so foolish. Professor Liszt, for one. The Professor makes some remarks on history which do no credit to his *kultur*, but we can take his word for it when he tells us what he, and presumably other Germans who do not confine themselves to scolding, mean by the Freedom of the Seas. His view, as quoted in our papers from the 'Deutsche Juristenzeitung,' strikes us as being an old friend. He asks that neutrals shall not be prevented from carrying on commerce in wartime with belligerents. It sounds very simple, but of this also one has to ask what does it mean?

When one drops vague and sentimental phrases, the demand of Professor Liszt and those of his countrymen who agree with him, who may be taken to be very many of them, amounts to maintaining that war on sea should be made far less injurious to the weaker

party than war on land. We can reply by asking why, on the principles laid down by the German war-book itself, there should be any such difference? The very essence of war is the ruin of the enemy's power by the destruction of his resources, and there is no visible reason why such part of them as are on the sea, or are brought across it, should be more leniently treated than others. A blockade is a siege,—neither more nor less. When a town is besieged no relief is allowed to come into it. It is not so easy to blockade a country as to besiege a town, but the principle is the same.

Innumerable difficulties and causes of dispute do undoubtedly come up when one Naval Power is endeavouring to besiege another. The interests of third parties become very closely concerned. Nor can it be denied that the disputes which arise have never been settled on any definite principles. International Law, as Mr Bagehot has said, is unstable. When the belligerents are weak and the neutrals are strong, then its rules tend to be interpreted in favour of the neutral. When the belligerents are strong and the neutrals are weak, then the tendency is the other way. In the Seven Years' War, France endeavoured to keep her trade with her colonies going by throwing it open to neutrals, who had hitherto been excluded. Great Britain replied by laying it down as a rule of "International Law" that no neutral could be allowed to enjoy in war a liberty which was denied

him in peace. In this way it countered the device of the French Government. This has always been quoted as an example of our "tyranny" on the sea. But in the war which came next—*i.e.*, the War of American Independence—the British Government was forced to make real concessions to neutrals, because it had excellent reasons for wishing to avoid the hostility of the Armed Neutrality organised by Catherine II. of Russia. And that story has a sequel which is perhaps as instructive as anything in the history of International Law. No sooner did the wars of the French Revolution begin than the very Powers which had joined Catherine in the Armed Neutrality, and she herself, all with one accord exhorted us to display our much-abused "tyranny" on the most ample scale for the purpose of suppressing the revolutionaries. Moreover, when Russia and Sweden went to war, or when Russia was at war with Turkey, they all of them followed the very rules against which the Armed Neutrality protested during the American War of Independence.

International Law is, after all, "law" only in a very peculiar sense. In peace it stands for a collection of useful understandings among nations. In war it is apt to become little more than what the respective forces of all the parties and their readiness to fight allow it to be. Many of those parties are always neutrals, but that does not alter the case. When they think them-

selves injured by the act of a belligerent they have no effectual means of defending themselves except by using some form of force. The most conspicuous and easily understood is a threat to declare war. But a refusal to permit the export from their territory of some commodity, be it wood-pulp or munitions, which a belligerent requires, is a form of the use of force. It might be a more convenient one than an actual declaration of war, and quite as effectual.

If far more has been heard of Great Britain's maritime tyranny, and floods of eloquence have been shed in order to vindicate the "Freedom of the Sea" against her, the reason is obvious to any one who will look at the facts. It is that since the reign of Queen Anne the British Navy has been very much the strongest, and therefore the British Government has been better able than others to assist its "belligerent rights." The claims we have made have been made by others. Louis XIV. went further than we have ever gone, while he had the power, and other nations have gone every whit as far. When Napoleon, who never respected any rights on land or sea, clamoured against our tyranny, he was simply canting. And Germany to-day is following his example. The so-called "Freedom of the Seas" which they claimed, or are claiming, is nothing but a device for escaping the consequences, or some of them, of war with the strongest of Naval Powers. It stands to reason that the

Naval power of Great Britain is not unlimited. We might, if we were possessed by the demon of arrogance as Napoleon was, and as the governing class of Germany has been since its head was turned by three successful wars waged in very favourable circumstances, band the whole world against us. If we went mad to that degree we could provoke a spontaneous repetition on a world-wide scale of Napoleon's compulsory Continental blockade. And then the punishment would follow; and it would be disastrous, for a trading nation lives by access to markets for purchase and sale. We who import so large a part of our food are by no means invulnerable. It is an idle supposition that we mean, or could mean, to fall into such insanity. For long years now we have allowed a freedom which no Naval Power ever suffered before, and few consent to give to-day—even to the opening of our coasting trade. Since the war began we have not been extreme in enforcing our belligerent rights, and if we will not allow Germany to draw resources to be used against us through neutrals, we are not in any way infringing the "Freedom of the Sea." German newspapers note with glee that Austria has subdued Montenegro largely by cutting off its food. They clamour loudly when the same form of pressure is applied to themselves; and yet the principle is the same, though, to be sure, the sufferer is different.

DAVID HANNAY.

EXPERIENCES OF AN O.T.C. OFFICER.

I. IN PEACE.

I. THE BEGINNING OF IT.

"THE Headmaster wishes to see you, sir." The inevitable answer, "Not guilty, my lord," sprang to my lips that July afternoon in 1908; long experience of headmasters and their ways had taught me that this message was generally the prelude to a bad quarter of an hour, while "The Headmaster's compliments, and he would like to see you, sir," often meant nothing worse than that Jones minor required extra coaching in mathematics. I was wrong after all; for the Headmaster's first words were, "Do you know anything about a corps?" At moments like these it is always the ridiculous that flashes to one's mind, and I was back again to my school days, and, in particular, to one certain day when, arrayed in newly arrived uniform, with broomsticks instead of rifles, we stood out in the scorching sun of a summer's afternoon awaiting the arrival of Lord E. to inspect us. He arrived, and we presented arms, or rather broomsticks—no mean feat, when with long usage they are covered with splinters as a porcupine with quills. A pause, and then to my horror the inspecting officer rode straight up to me and, with a twinkle in his eye, examined my uniform and that of the sergeant next

me. Now the uniforms had only arrived the day before. Mine, with some difficulty and a shoehorn, had been coaxed over my unwilling limbs; the sergeant had merely opened the top of his and swung himself in by the collar. "Who the devil made these uniforms?" roared Lord E. Extreme shyness and tightness of the collar combined to make my answer unintelligible. Lord E. was a man of few words, and those few much to the point. "Strip, you two, and change uniforms," he shouted; and there in the midst of the field, before an admiring crowd, we changed clothes, and I, for the nonce, became a sergeant. One more picture. Our first consignment of blank had just arrived, and in honour of the occasion we had a field-day. My section, which in peace time acted as school fire-brigade, was now making its last desperate stand as rear-guard. It was a battle of brains against numbers at the very gate of the school—brains sending for the fire-hose as the last hope, numbers creeping closely in the dusk with exalted company in their midst, though we knew it not. A yell, and the enemy are on us! A turn of the fire-cock, and the hose is streaming full bore in their midst! A

strangely familiar voice shouts to us from the drenched and tangled mass, but we heed it not. "Cease fire!" blows, and we prepare to bring in the wounded. One of them, however, needs no bringing in. Internal fires of wrath take no heed of the water streaming from his clothes. Let us draw a veil over a painful scene! It was the Opposition Headmaster! These two pictures flashed through my mind

while still the Headmaster waited for his answer. For a moment I debated whether I should tell him my thoughts or no. Headmasters are, after all, only human, and ours was, perhaps, more human than most. So I told him. "When can you start?" was his only response, and I knew my fate was sealed; it was thus I became an officer commanding a contingent of the Junior O.T.C.

II. ALDERSHOT.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and this is specially true in military matters. Schoolmasters are supposed to be accustomed to teaching new subjects at a moment's notice by keeping a chapter ahead of the class, but I felt that to take on the command of the Corps in the same way would hardly be fair either to the cadets or to the dignity of the King's uniform. Fortunately the *deus ex machina* appeared in the shape of the father of one of the boys, who was Colonel of the Second South Lancashire Regiment, and who offered to have me attached to his regiment for as long as I could come. Needless to say I closed with the offer without any hesitation, and it was entirely through his kindness that my six weeks at Aldershot were so pleasant and well spent.

End of term 1908 found me hurrying off to town for a couple of days to get the necessary uniform and kit—in

those days not a matter of merely twenty-four hours as now. My only chance was, of course, a second-hand rig; and a trip along Holborn, with one's eyes open for the first Hebrew name one could see, soon solved the difficulty. And so behold me, in the early days of August, travelling to Aldershot with a complete second-hand kit from Mr Jacobs. The chief difficulty was to settle my rank, for, of course, I had not been gazetted. In volunteer days, any one who was to command a Company was *ipso facto* a Captain. I felt rather shy of taking upon myself this exalted rank, so we compromised, and I arrived one wet afternoon at Blackdown Barracks, nominally a Captain, wearing a Lieutenant's uniform, bringing with me a Sergeant's knowledge (and rather rusty at that), and as it turned out, with the prospect in the near future of being gazetted Second Lieutenant. However queer

all this must have seemed to the regular officers, the kindness of my hosts was such that I never had occasion to feel at all uncomfortable on this score.

A great many of the officers were away on leave, and I was forthwith put in command of "D" Company. Fortunately for me, my Colour-Sergeant was quite equal to the task of commanding a Company through me as a mouthpiece, and really, I believe, rather enjoyed it than otherwise.

The brigade was going to do night operations, and we set out about 2 P.M. to put Chobham Ridges in a state of defence. All afternoon we dug trenches and made entanglements. Having lived most of my life in the country, I was more or less accustomed to pick, shovel, and barbed wire, and I felt by the time we had finished the job and were ensconced in the trenches waiting for the attack, that I had gone up several degrees in the estimation of my Colour-Sergeant, seeing that I had neither wounded myself with the pick nor torn my clothes to ribbons on the barbed wire. We manned the trenches about 10 P.M., and the men immediately went to sleep. At eleven, the enemy started searching the position with their searchlights, and the Artillery opened fire. Almost immediately a battery, which unknown to me was posted just behind my trench, fired, and our searchlights accepted the challenge. Rudely awakened from my slumbers, I was much too excited to notice that all my men were still snoring peaceably, and that my frequent exhortations to "keep your heads down" were falling on deaf ears. To me it was quite an eerie experience to keep watch over the parapet of a trench with the enemy's searchlights playing on one, and the knowledge that somewhere out of the darkness in front another brigade was creeping quietly to the attack. When the attack did come, it was all over in no time. A first glimpse of the enemy, a hurried crawl down the trench wakening men and giving fire orders, a rattle of fixing bayonets right in front, then the call of the bugle and the hiss of a rocket through the air, and a screaming mob flung themselves upon us. I marched back to barracks feeling very pleased with myself. Only yesterday I had been an ignorant civilian—to-night I had learned something of what a night attack is like. The next day, to my delight, I heard the same operations were to be repeated, but that the tables were to be turned, and that we were to do the attack. We marched out about 6 P.M. across Pirbright and Bisley ranges to Donkey Town where the brigade was to rendezvous. Our objective was Strawberry Hill, and orders were to advance steadily unless the enemy's searchlights found us out, when we were to lie down at once until a further opportunity for advance came along. This sounded very simple. In actual practice the enemy al-

ways seemed to switch their searchlights on us when the only place to lie down was a gorse bush. Like the golfer who boasted he had been in every bunker on the course, I really could boast that I fell into every gorse bush between Donkey Town and Strawberry Hill that night. When the searchlights were not the cause, my sword or telephone wires or the rough ground took their place, and when at last we reached the barbed wire, it was with a feeling of relief that now, at any rate, it was a new kind of prick, which did not (so to speak) leave the sting in, that was ahead of us. While we waited for passages to be made through the wire, we were reinforced, and when at last the charge was sounded, two battalions, mixed in extricable confusion, poured up the slopes shouting at the tops of their voices. The first duty of an officer after a successful assault is to reorganise his men; taking this as my text, I set to work to sort my men out of the confusion. They seemed rather unwilling, but I put this down to their not knowing me in the pitch darkness. Anyway, I got them together somehow and marched them off to the rest of the battalion. The way home seemed unaccountably long, but I was still feeling quite proud of what I considered my smart piece of work when we at last got back. The Colonel told the officers to dismiss the men by companies, and, after inspecting their rifles, I dismissed my company, and was gaz-

ing round in the dark trying to locate my quarters when an officer at my elbow said: "Thanks awfully for marching my company home and dismissing it." "Your company," I replied in amazement; "who are you, and what company is it?" "I am Captain A. of the South Staffordshire Regiment, and that was 'B' Company," he replied. Then at last flashed through my sleepy brain the full realisation of what I had done. I had reorganised and marched home a company of another regiment, and was now at Ash, some miles from my own quarters. It was 2 A.M., and with a map and compass I spent the rest of that night going across country to Blackdown. Pride indeed only too truly goes before a fall, and I was not allowed to forget this escapade for many long weeks.

Those first two days were red-letter days, too good to last, of course, and on the following Monday, after the week-end in which we all made up the two nights' lost sleep, I was handed over, body and soul, to the Sergeant-Major to learn things that would be more useful to me than night operations when I started the corps.

My daily time-table was something like this: Recruits musketry instruction for an hour before breakfast; an hour's physical training and two hours' drill in the morning, and generally some more or less specialist subject, shooting, range-finding, signalling,

or the like for a couple of hours in the afternoon.

The weather was vile, and very often I was forced to work indoors at the textbooks instead of being able to get out on the range. But wet or fine, I generally felt I had had quite enough by tea-time. Among my many friends must not be forgotten a four-footed one, a splendid bull terrier, whose acquaintance I made in rather trying circumstances. I had been playing bridge in the Mess and went rather late to my quarters. It was dark inside, and while lighting my lamp I was surprised by an ominous growl. On my bed lay my future friend, apparently with no intention of letting me share that comfortable place. Threats and blandishments were alike useless, and the show of a very good set of serviceable teeth warned me that I had better not carry my threats to extreme measures. It was obvious I must find the bull terrier's owner or else sleep on the floor. By this time everybody had turned in, and after I had roused one or two possible owners, only to find that they disclaimed in very forcible language all knowledge of my friend the bull terrier, I had almost made up my mind to sleep on the floor when a happy inspiration came to me. The sentry might know the owner, and I sought out the guard-room and inquired. There I found that no one in the regiment owned a bull terrier, but that perhaps one of the officers of the

Leinster Regiment, whose barracks were next door, might be the owner. So once more I started my unpleasant duty of knocking up, and by great good fortune found my man the very first time. With unexpected good-humour—for it was now 2 A.M.—he came along to my quarters, solemnly introduced me to "Bill the Bruiser," who deigned to lift a paw to be shaken, and then most unceremoniously kicked him out of my room. Ever after that Bill became a fast friend of mine. Nearly every evening he slept on my bed, but never showed any resentment when I bundled him off when I turned in, and very often he slept in my arm-chair all night.

It is proverbial that attached officers must be prepared to take on all the odd jobs going, and it fell to my lot to put several parties of "casuals" through their course on the range. This often meant making a start for Ash ranges at 5 A.M., but I learned a great deal about shooting and range practices by doing so, and when the time came, profited by it by making a full score in my recruit's course, and by appearing for the first time in my life in a prize-list at the command rifle meeting. This double success I duly celebrated with the Sergeant-Major in the Sergeants' Mess the night before I left for home.

The regiment went on manoeuvres two days before I was due to leave, and I marched out the first day with them and had my first experi-

ence of sleeping under the stars in bivouacs; then, much to my disgust, I had to say good-bye, as the winter term began in a few days.

My last recollection of a most pleasant six weeks was the surprise of receiving what seemed a very large draft for pay and allowances. Naturally I made no objections, and forgot all about it until many weeks later, when, on being gazetted to a commission as Second Lieutenant, I received a very polite note from the Army Pay Department, saying that by

mistake pay had been issued to me for the rank of Captain, and would I kindly, at my earliest convenience, return the difference between Captain's and Second Lieutenant's pay? Subsequent experience has shown me that this was a unique mistake on the part of the Pay Department. It does not fall to every officer to have them, as I had, for some weeks, suppliants to the extent of £10 odd, and it made a very fitting finale to six weeks' most enjoyable work, of which, perhaps, I was unduly proud.

III. A RAW RECRUIT.

To the uninitiated it might appear that now that I had been through a recruit's course of drill and musketry, to say nothing of physical training, shooting, signalling, &c., I ought to have been fully qualified to start a corps. Certainly, I thought so myself. But I soon found that I was quite wrong. For the present a course of Army Forms and how to use them was the one thing I needed, and this was just what I had not done at Aldershot. The ordinary unit has an orderly-room and staff to transmute their wishes into military form. The O.T.C. has no such luxuries, and the C.O. must do it all himself. Not only had no supply of Regulations yet arrived from the War Office, but also the necessary forms had to be sought for far and wide, from units that already possessed them, before I could even sit down to con-

template how to work with them when I had got them.

The history of the arrival of our first rifles will illustrate the difficulties I had in store. With some trouble I obtained the necessary forms, filled them in to the best of my ability, and sent them off to the chief Ordnance Officer, and they were returned in due course with the following in red ink upon them: "These forms are obsolete and should have been wasted. Please forward indent on latest print." I thought of retorting that obviously they had been quite successfully wasted, to say nothing of my time and trouble, but discretion was the better part of valour, and I hunted afresh for new forms and started again. This time, after being returned several times for minor alterations, they evidently found favour in the sight of Ordnance Officer, and I

heard no more of them, or of the rifles either, for many weeks. The term was drawing to a close before I plucked up courage to ask them to expedite the rifles. This was the reply I got—"S.S. *Ajax*: by which rifles were sent, sank in a gale off Kinghorn. I have given instructions for rifles to be raised and sent to you." In due course they arrived, after being in the sea for some weeks off Kinghorn. We opened up the cases, peeped inside at the mass of old iron and rust and mud they contained, and hastily screwed them up again. Then along with an issue voucher reading: "Please receive—Rifles MLE. D.P. 50; Mud Black Submarine; Several cwts.," we packed them off, by rail this time, back to the Ordnance Office. By return they came back with a note saying: "No stores must be returned to Ordnance without permission from the Chief Ordnance Officer, nor must they be sent otherwise than by Government transport. Please settle the enclosed Railway Bill for carriage both ways."

It does not do to jest with the Ordnance Office. We paid up, and then with proper humility wrote off for authority to return the stores. No answer to this request has, up to date, seven years later, ever arrived, and eventually we reluctantly undid the cases and sorted the old iron from the black mud, and set to work to make the best we could of cleaning the rifles.

Meanwhile the corps had

been enrolled, measured for uniform, and had started on the stony path of recruit drill. How stony that path was for the instructors may be imagined when I say that, for several weeks they spent every hour they were not in school shouting themselves hoarse on the field, where their reputations—from the boys' point of view—and their voices—from their own,—soon became more and more like those of that ill-omened fowl of the nether regions, the raven. After many weeks we ventured on our first company parade, with high hopes that at last our hard work was to bear fruit. The instructing officers shouted away the remaining remnant of their voices through a megaphone. Alas! The time was evidently not yet ripe, and the company was soon in inextricable confusion. Neither curses nor blandishments could unravel that tangled mass, and feeling very sick with life, we gave the word to fall out, and made our way in the growing dusk to solace ourselves with common room tea. I had hardly poured out my first cup when there was a knock at the door. I went out, and there in the passage found all my N.C.O.'s. A sudden fear that they were all going to resign gripped me, but I put as bold a face on it as I could, and asked: "Well, what do you want?" "We have come to apologise, sir, for the dreadful show this afternoon," they asserted; "if you will give us another chance, we will do our best to make the company a

success." In a moment the world was a glad place again. "Another chance," I cried; "you shall have fifty chances, and you and I together will make it the best school corps in Scotland!" And so we have, or jolly near it.

IV. CAMP—A FIRST EXPERIENCE.

During the Christmas holidays, January 1909, I spent a week at Wellington College on a regimental tour. Every day we went out into the country, and studied the intricacies of advanced guards, outposts, attack and defence on the actual ground. In the director of the tour we were fortunate indeed. Brigadier-General Haking is now a name to conjure with, and we thoroughly appreciated getting from his own lips many of those chapters now published in his book 'Company Training.' One day when we were busy on outposts at Hartford Bridge Flats, a general officer came to see us. He set us an outpost problem involving the defence of a bridge, and gave us half an hour to work it out. Off we all went, determined to do well, and posted innumerable imaginary pickets and sentry groups. He listened to us recounting solutions, one by one, at the end of half an hour, and then with a smile he said—"Gentlemen, you have all, like the proverbial robin, walked straight into the brick trap laid for you. There are no fixed rules in war, and because pickets are mentioned in the book, you need not always use them. Personally, I should have entrenched my outpost company round the bridge,

and posted one sentry group, that is all." Afterwards we discovered he was General Sir Ian Hamilton. This regimental tour was such a success that I determined to take the first opportunity to go on another, and duly attended the next tour arranged at Dunbar, in April of the same year. We had lovely weather, and spent a most enjoyable four days on the defence scheme against a possible invasion. The northern part of Haddingtonshire is somewhat sparsely populated, and places of refreshment are often few and far between. On the last day it was extremely hot, and we had been particularly unlucky in this respect. The director and his adjutant travelled in a motor with a good lunch, and several bottles of beer, and the temptation was too strong when we found the car empty—with its two late occupants far away on the hilltop—not to finish the last two bottles. No mention was made of the theft, but that evening, when our papers were returned, we found written across our solutions in red pencil—"This scheme shows signs of alcoholic confusion." Field glasses are evidently useful on occasion for other than military purposes.

During the Easter and sum-

mer terms of 1909 we struggled hard at our elementary drill to make a good show on our first annual inspection at the end of June. In the old days inspection was more or less a farce. Under the new system we were supposed to prove ourselves worthy of our name of Officers' Training Corps, and on the report of the Staff Officer sent from the War Office to inspect us depended our sole means of existence—viz., a Government grant of £1 for every efficient cadet. We did well—better even than I expected—and were highly complimented on the progress we had made during the nine months we had been at work. This was great encouragement, and we were all looking forward to our eight days in camp when that dread spectre of all summer terms, an infectious disease, stalked suddenly into our midst. It was a long time since we had been afflicted with measles, and the cadets fell in shoals. By camp time it was quite obvious the corps could not go, so I and my brother officer had to set out to Barry by ourselves to be attached to a University contingent. This particular contingent had already been in camp some days, and as it was very short of officers, the Major in command literally fell on our necks when we arrived, and henceforward we had almost complete control of its work. The first morning we reported at his tent at 6.45 for orders, and were told to take on the early morning parade; after breakfast, on

reporting again, we were told that we had looked very nice at what we did before breakfast, and that we were to do it all over again. Nothing could have pleased us better, and for eight days we had the experience of our lives. The work was varied: an inspection, several field days, night operations, range practices, and elementary field engineering occupied our time to the full. The first amusing incident happened at the inspection, when, after the ordinary ceremonial drill, the inspecting officer asked some of the N.C.O.'s some simple questions. "How would you post your section on the outpost duty?" he asked one N.C.O. That worthy, without any hesitation, proceeded to divide up his section into pickets, sentry groups, supports, &c., down to a cook. Just as he was going to march them off the inspecting officer said to him, "What is the first duty of a sentry?" The N.C.O. had never thought of this. He scratched his head for some time, and then said, "To keep his water-bottle full!" I am afraid we all roared with laughter.

One day on the range I had quite an alarming experience. One of the fellows was very blind and was called "the owl" from the large circular spectacles he wore. A very heavy thunderstorm came on, and while the marking-party in the butts stood by until it stopped, "the owl" dropped off to sleep. With great care two wags pasted large black patches on his glasses without

waking him, and so turned over the edges of the patches that they practically excluded all the light. A vivid flash of lightning and a roar of thunder woke him with a start. For a moment he stood stock still, and then ran wildly down the gallery shouting, "I am struck—I am blind," until he collided with a pillar and collapsed. I found out afterwards that the poor devil had for years lived in terror of going blind, and the practical joke must have given him an awful fright.

The last night of camp was given over to night operations, which turned out a very chapter of accidents. Our objective was the lighthouse where the enemy were supposed to be landing. I was in command of the attack and detached a party to worry the enemy's flank, while we drove at him straight in front. Unfortunately the officer in charge of this party had forgotten to expose his compass to light

before starting. Consequently it was quite useless. Moreover, the lights of the lighthouses which we had blindly relied upon to guide us were, we found, screened from the land side, and showed not at all. The flank party lost its way, wandered round in a semi-circle, and came across our front, where it opened fire upon us. A desperate battle between friends ensued, which only ended miles away from the lighthouses. On the return journey I was marching just in front of my company, when the earth suddenly opened beneath my feet, and I fell into a sand-pit. So near were the men behind that the three leading fours all fell on the top of me before I could shout. It was a very sore and bruised Company Officer that reached camp late that night, to find that the defence had given up hope of ever seeing us, and had been home and asleep long ago. So ended our first camp.

V. THE RUNGS OF THE LADDER.

In the old volunteer days promotion of officers in school corps was a matter of luck rather than a reward for hard work or efficiency. As often as not a man started a captain and stayed at that rank all his life. Nowadays O.T.C. officers being just ordinary Territorial officers have to pass the usual examinations and attend the usual courses before they can get promotion, and, moreover, a newly appointed officer always starts as a Second Lieutenant.

In the early days of the O.T.C.'s life, that is, in the years 1908-10, the War Office realised that O.T.C. officers were at a grave disadvantage in the matter of opportunities for promotion to their brethren in the Territorial Force, as they could only take the necessary courses and promotion exams. in their holidays. They therefore arranged courses and exams. almost every holiday specially for O.T.C. officers. Officers were thus enabled—

though, be it remarked, only by giving up a large proportion of their holiday — to qualify for promotion more or less equally with the ordinary Territorial officer. Teaching is a great nerve strain, and at the end of a thirteen-week term it is only the strong, keen man who feels inclined to sit down and learn new subjects and to be examined himself, and it says a great deal for the enthusiasm of the O.T.C. officers in general that so many of them took advantage of these holiday courses. Personally—and I believe my own experience common to the large majority of O.T.C. officers—I spent about twenty weeks out of a total of forty weeks' holidays in the first three years of my service on these courses, exams., or regimental tours. Now that war has come, I am very thankful I did so. I remember at the time, however, that it was often very hard work and a considerable strain, albeit one generally thoroughly enjoyed it. In 1908 I spent, as already mentioned, six weeks at Aldershot; in 1909 two regimental tours and Certificate A exam. occupied my time; in 1910 a Musketry Course and a Physical Training Course; and in 1911 Certificate B exam. finished my requisite qualifications for the rank of Captain. In addition, eight days' camp a year were also taken out of the holidays.

For Certificate A I spent many needless hours on hard work at the books, only to find that quite an elementary knowledge of them, and ability to

drill a section and a company, was required. However it all came in very useful later on for Certificate B. One of the candidates, at least, evidently had not the same idea of the exam.'s difficulty, for I heard a few of his answers and saw his efforts at drilling a company. When one says that V. I. in map reading means six, and manages to land the leading section of one's company half over the stone wall of the Castle Esplanade, while the others career gaily down the High Street on an unknown errand, one can hardly expect to pass even Certificate A.

Several incidents at the Musketry Course still stick in my memory. After three days we had an oral exam. on the elementary work. A squad of recruits from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was brought to us to practise on, and after I had given what I thought was a learned disquisition on trigger-pressing, the examining officer asked the recruits I had been instructing, "Do you understand what the officer has told you?" For a moment they opened their mouths and gaped in blank astonishment, and then one of them replied: "I dinna ken, sir, I no hae the English." Another day we were marching down the High Street on our way to the country for a Judging Distance Test. I had had the misfortune to tear my uniform badly in the morning, and so was in plain clothes, and, much to my astonishment, an old dame put her head out of a top window and screeched:

"Puir laddies, they hae but ane recruit!" One of the instructing sergeants was not over popular with the rest of the Hythe staff, and we were the witnesses one day of a nice piece of revenge. The victim was taking ranges with the mekometer, and on one occasion had to do so from the tow-path of a canal. Just at the critical moment, the sergeant at the other end of the mekometer moved purposely in such a way as to make it necessary for the range-taker to step back a couple of paces to get his reading. Without thinking, he did so, and landed head-over-heels in the canal.

At the end of the course we fired tests both on the miniature and full ranges. Each instructing sergeant had, I fancy, backed his squad to win, and there was a good deal of excitement in the miniature range competition when I lay down to fire with the rest of the last detail. My squad was leading by a long way, and was practically certain of winning so long as I hit the target at all. We were firing at a target on which half the inner and all the bull were black. Now, I had shot all my life, and had behind me years of experience of miniature rifle

shooting, though the sergeant in charge did not know this, and I did not feel very doubtful of my ability to put all the shots into the black at least. Each officer of the last detail fired their first shot; there was no sign of mine on the white fairness of the target. "Pull yourself together, sir," said our instructor to me a little nervously. Again we all fired, and still no visible result on my target. "Blessed if he ain't missed again," I heard behind me. When all five shots had gone, and still no apparent result, I got up to find myself the most unpopular man in the world. Our squad instructor had given me up, and was grumbling his disgust to the others, who were busy counting up points among themselves to settle the winner. So I strolled over to him and said quietly: "Congratulations, Sergeant, we win hands down, I fancy. You might fetch in my target while the others work out who is second." For a moment, I thought even army discipline was going to fail, but he did as I suggested, and found five shots in the black. We had won by about twenty points.

VI. THE ROYAL REVIEW.

It was a case of starting at five o'clock in the morning, and on the evening before many heads were shaken over the feasibility of the attempt. Who could be found to call us at such an hour? And who

would rouse the caller? As it turned out, the whole school was humming by 3 A.M. next morning. In due course the chosen half Company marched off to the station escorted as far as the gate by a noisy, well-

disposed group of supporters clad in pyjamas and dressing-gowns. No. 7 train laboured out of the Waverley Station packed tight with many school contingents at six o'clock, and despite the difficulty of finding room for ourselves and our marching equipment at the rate of ten in a carriage, we set off with a cheerfulness quite undimmed by the prospect of a fourteen-hour journey. The Railway Companies have a knack of putting trains which happen to be congested with a defenceless throng of human beings such as we were into every available siding, but these waits, numerous and lingering as they were, only furnished opportunity for a little much needed exercise. The whole of the passengers were usually either on the platform or the permanent way when the whistle blew, but not for nothing had we practised entraining, and no one was ever left behind. A halt at Newcastle was quite dramatic. One of the schools had ordered forty pounds of strawberries to help to wile away the tedium of the journey. When we arrived, truck after truck of strawberries stood waiting for us on the platform. The Company had misread the telegram, and ordered four hundred pounds instead of forty. To solve the difficulty, the schools fell upon them regardless of whether they had been ordered for them or not, and the no mean feat of entraining four hundred pounds of strawberries was carried out without a hitch.

It was eight o'clock when No. 7 train crawled into Windsor. A Railway Staff Officer met us and handed us over to a mounted policeman who piloted us to our camp. There were two camps; we found ours contained the Fourth and Fifth Brigades, including most of the Universities and a host of English schools. The Scottish schools comprised the Twentieth Battalion. We ultimately found our lines, took off our marching equipment, and began to think of a meal and sleep. In our orders which had been made out was mentioned an "arrival ration," which was to be issued to us when we reached our destination. Bedding also had to be drawn. Accordingly a party was despatched in the growing dark to draw blankets from the quartermaster, while another proceeded in the direction of a sort of small inferno of bonfires, where a cook-sergeant and men of the Coldstream Guards presided over the boiling of a line of camp kettles. We were over two hours late, and of course our arrival ration had gone the way of all rations whose destined consumers arrived behind time. But after all, others were to come in later than we were, and we secured one of theirs, so no harm was done. Presently, by the light of wax vestas, since nobody had thought of bringing candles, we sat down on our bedding outside our tent doors and ate pressed beef and other luxuries, chiefly off looking-glasses, with the

aid of tooth-brushes to cut it. We had not yet found the whereabouts of the camp knives and forks. The next day, Sunday, was a day of rest, the only event being the church parade. Several thousand strong, with the band of the Coldstream Guards to accompany the hymns, we stood in the baking hot sun, and various members of the congregation showed their appreciation of the heat by swooning in no uncertain fashion into the arms of orderlies of the R.A.M.C. How many more would have done so, had not the rumour spread rapidly that sal-volatile instead of brandy was the only remedy to be found in the hospital waggon, goodness only knows.

Monday broke fine and bright, and settled down to a baking hot summer's day. Twenty-four hours' rest had done wonders, and we had now got accustomed to the fact that one got nothing unless one fended for oneself. On Sunday the unjust had obtained the lion's share of the breakfast, while the just had sat patiently in their tents in the vain hope that more would be found for them. By Monday, just and unjust alike crowded round the food when it arrived, and grabbed as much as they possibly could reach.

As a preliminary to the review we had a battalion drill that morning. Like most rehearsals, it was a complete failure. Our commanding officer was without his horse, and consequently inaudible. More-

over, the leading Company, the only English school in an otherwise completely Scottish battalion, had but a very hazy idea of what it was supposed to do. The review itself was held at three in the afternoon in the great park. Long before that hour five brigades were drawn up into the form of sides of a square, about one thousand yards each way. The open side was the Royal enclosure and the stands. One spot of brightness which relieved rank upon rank of khaki uniforms and flat-topped caps was the Scottish battalion on the extreme left. Presently the National Anthem called us to attention, and the officers took post in front of their battalions, while the King rode on to the ground followed by his Staff. Then the bugle rang out, and instantly twenty thousand undergraduates and schoolboys presented arms and stood rigid, with the blazing sun glittering on their bayonets, until the King returned the salute. The Royal party then moved slowly round the square inspecting the various contingents. Standing so long stiffly at attention was no mean feat for boys who had lately travelled fourteen hours in the train, and had but a few hours' sleep during the two nights they had spent in camp; but I had given very strict orders that nobody on any account was to fall out, and even though my back was to them, I heard these orders were carried out to the letter. Just as the King was approaching, one of my cadets gave

signs of an impending faint, but with great presence of mind a sergeant immediately behind him dug his bayonet well into the back of his knee, and by the old-fashioned process of letting blood, soon brought the delinquent to a saner frame of mind. After that the Royal party returned to the enclosure, and the King took up his position at the saluting-base, while we marched in fours round the three sides of the square so as to get into position for the march past. It was a long time before our turn came, but at last, with the help of the Life Guards band, which broke into "Highland Laddie" on the appearance of the Scottish battalion, a very good line was kept, and the Fourth Company of the Twentieth Battalion swung past the King in excellent style. The spectators, tired of the endless array of khaki figures, cheered lustily at the sight of the swinging kilts and sporrans. We marched off the ground to enjoy an *al fresco* tea under the trees, and we enjoyed it to the full, for we knew that two weary hours of clearing-up camp and returning stores was to follow. There was a review of the Boy Scouts there next day, and already they were swarming thirty thousand strong all over the camp. How the Scoutmaster, who had my tent,

enjoyed the sight of himself in my looking-glass, which had been used for the last three days as a plate, I naturally did not stop to inquire. Our train was timed to leave at half-past ten, but orders from Headquarters told us to leave camp at half-past eight. Whether they thought we should lose ourselves in Windsor, and so take two hours to reach the station two miles away, nobody seemed to know. The result was that we arrived at the station at nine, and in ten minutes every odd nook and corner was tenanted by snoring cadets; and when train time eventually came, it was only with extreme difficulty we found them and bundled them in. Number 7 train had been spending a tropical week-end in a siding at Staines, and the atmosphere in the carriages could be better imagined than described. Dog-tired, but fit and hearty, we reached Edinburgh at 11 o'clock next morning; and in spite of twenty-six hours' railway travelling and little sleep, the Royal Review, and a rather primitive commissariat, we marched back to the school in great style, feeling that we had in our own way contributed something to history. This was the first public appearance of the Officers' Training Corps.

VII. THE RECORD OF THE O.T.C. IN PEACE.

It must not be for one moment supposed that because the old school corps had been

reorganised and renamed in 1908 that henceforward the powers that be in the school

world were going to open their arms to what many, I feared, called militarism. On the contrary, the O.T.C. officer-in-charge had to fight hard for every hour he could get in which to do his thousand and one different bits of drill and training. Not only headmasters, house-masters, and games-masters—and often their difficulties, were real,—but even form-masters with their flimsy pretext, tried to put a spoke in the wheel of the O.T.C. chariot. Even so late as July 1914, the Headmasters' Conference passed a resolution suggesting that the Schools competition at Bisley, which, had they known it, was the fountainhead of all keenness on shooting in the O.T.C., should be put a couple of weeks later in July, because, forsooth, it occupied two or three days of school time. A few days later we plunged into the greatest war in history, and many thousand O.T.C. cadets must have found reason to bless these yearly visits to Bisley. So, perhaps, it was not mere chance that persuaded the War Office to make attendance at forty drills a necessary qualification for efficiency and the £1 grant per head. Most schools have thirty-nine weeks of term time, and had the minimum number of drills been a few less than forty, how many poor O.T.C. officers would have been told that one drill a week would meet the case,—I wonder! As it was, in making allowance for the number of drills missed, for reasons of absence, sickness, &c., a minimum of two drills a

week was necessary, and those could probably be taken as a fair average of what most schools have. In these two drills a week had to be included close and open order drill of all kinds, musketry, and the firing of every cadet either on the long or miniature range, practical demonstrations of fire control in attack and defence, and the employment of outposts and advance guards. Side shows, such as signalling, band practice, map reading, coaching an eight, a course of lectures for Certificate A. candidates,—though they did not employ the whole corps at a time,—still all had to be got in to the two hours a week or else taken in the cadet's own time. And thus it happened that only the enthusiasts who were willing to give up their own time could be specialists in any of these excellent but possibly non-essential subjects. Small wonder that the officer-in-charge looked forward to those eight days in camp each year, when, from reveille to last post, the day was his, and as much instruction could be got into it as into a month at school. Yet camp, too, has its anxieties, a wet camp in particular being no bed of roses. The health and well-being of possibly one hundred cadets falls on the shoulders of the officer-in-charge. For the time being he realises the worries of house-masters and headmasters, for during those eight days he combines in one their responsibilities and his own.

I shall never forget one wet

camp—it had rained for fourteen consecutive days before we arrived, and went on steadily after that. The camp was a sea of mud and water. Tents and bedding were alike soaked, and hospital arrangements were hopelessly inadequate. One night the Company orderly sergeant reported two cadets sick; they proved to be more or less seriously ill, and I went off to see my Second in Command to see what should be done. I found him in bed, steam rising off his wet blankets as if he were in a hot bath. Hospital being out of the question, we decided to give up our beds to the two patients. We dried our own blankets before the cook-house fire, installed the two sick cadets in our beds, and then got what sleep we could on the floors of our tents under any odd clothes we could scrape together. As it turned out, our patients narrowly escaped rheumatic fever and pneumonia respectively, while we both got the colds of our lives. One other *contretemps* is still fresh in my mind. One of my cadets had smashed up his ankle, and had to be carried back to camp. I sought out the medical officer, and got him to come round to the cadet's tent and examine him. To my horror he looked very wise, and then, in the cadet's hearing, said he would have to operate. This, and a wink on the part of the hospital orderly, had roused my suspicions as to the fitness of the medical

officer at the moment to deal with the case, and I overstepped the bounds of all discipline and forbade him to touch the boy. He went away threatening to report me to the Colonel, which apparently he did to his own undoing, for we heard afterwards that he had been given twenty-four hours' notice to leave the camp or be put under arrest. Meanwhile the boy's ankle, which was dislocated, was bound up by the hospital orderly, and we drove the patient home in a motor. These are, however, all in the day's work, and fortunately do not represent the general run of affairs. Given fine weather, one can laugh at the responsibilities and anxieties of camp.

Correspondence is one of the worst thorns in the side of the commanding officer. Letter-writing, keeping of innumerable returns—of which the equipment return is by far the most formidable—making out indents for equipment, ammunition, &c., and the keeping of the Corps balance-sheet, all fall to be done in his spare time. The latter is generally a case of trying to make bricks without straw. With a Company of two hundred cadets, his annual income from Government sources may, with luck, be £200. Upkeep and renewal of uniform will cost at least £100; a sergeant instructor another £100; field days probably £50; camp at least another £150; a total of four hundred pounds before he be-

gins to take into account a band and shooting, expenses for which may run to anything. Then the question arises: "What subscriptions must he extort from the cadets, and how are these to be so arranged that the son of both rich and poor parents can alike enjoy the advantages of O.T.C. training?"

A few field-days, the long preparations for Bisley during the summer afternoons on the ranges, and then Bisley itself, round off the probable sum of O.T.C. yearly activities. In actual hours of time, an O.T.C. officer in charge of a school corps spends about 150 to 250 hours of his spare time during the year, and in addition eight days in camp, and such holiday courses as he may attend. This is actual work, and does not take into account the many hours spent on organisation and administration, without which the wheels of the O.T.C. chariot would soon be-

gin to tire under the brake of management and lack of enthusiasm. Yet to their credit be it said, I have never yet run across one who did not grumble that he could not get enough time for his corps, thereby showing that not only did he shoulder the burden willingly, but even cried for more. This, too, when for all his work he draws not a single penny of pay from the Government, except when he is in camp or on some course of instruction. Yet he is helping to turn out a regular supply of officers for the Special Reserve and Territorial Force, and to give the necessary military training to that enormous reserve who only waited their opportunity to take a commission, and who turned out in their tens of thousands on and after August 4, 1914. Surely the country has, without knowing it, solved the riddle of getting something for nothing.

II. IN WAR.

I. THE CALL TO ARMS.

All the summer term of 1914 I had been very unfit, and had been ordered to go to Harrogate as soon as the holidays began. I was there practising the direct attack of strong sulphur water on my old enemy when war broke out. It went very much against the grain to plead sickness at such a time, more especially as I had the offer of a temporary job at

the War Office for the holidays; but wiser counsels—or, perhaps I ought to say my doctor's very definite orders—prevailed in the long-run, and I stopped there my allotted time. Feeling just then ran rather high. On one occasion at least I was presented with a white feather, and often, I fear, it was as well I did not hear the remarks of passers-by, if

by any chance their looks were a fair guide to their thoughts. When our orders came, they were to "carry on," and indeed there was a vast amount of work to do. Day by day innumerable letters came from cadets—some wanting advice, others asking for recommendations for commissions, and before I left Harrogate I had helped at least seventy towards getting the desire of their hearts.

Back at school, the whole scheme of work had to be recast to meet the requirements of the new situation. With a batch of about fifty cadets training on for commissions, I felt that as much time must be given to their training as could possibly be spared from school hours. The school authorities backed me up nobly, and very shortly we were at work on a basis of at least six hours a week for every one, and more for those going for commissions in the near future.

An officer must not only know his job, but must also be able to instruct others in it, and to meet this the Corps was divided into eight sections, each section having attached to it five or six candidates for commissions, who were responsible to me for the whole work of their sections. They made out their own timetables and divided the work up amongst themselves, so that for the first fortnight one took all the close order drill, another the musketry, another signalling, and so on; the next fortnight they all changed round, so that by the end of

the first three months every candidate for a commission had instructed his section in every subject for a fortnight, and had it more or less at his finger ends. In addition, a regular scheme of lectures on various subjects was arranged for them which the rest of the school did not attend, and outdoor work and small field-days, in which they had complete command, were of frequent occurrence. By this means, those who left us at Christmas 1914 were thoroughly well-grounded in most of the necessary subjects. Nor did our activities cease at the end of the Christmas term, for I persuaded the headmaster to let us have the run of one of the boarding-houses for a week, and there we foregathered from immediately after Christmas till the New Year for a course of instruction in tactics. The weather was very kind to us, and we spent the greater part of the day out of doors on various small tactical schemes, and in the evenings we kept up our signalling by an hour's practice at reading the Morse Buzzer. At our official inspection, just before the end of the Easter term, we received an extremely flattering report which contained the much-prized remark: "The system of training is excellent, and candidates for commissions are obviously taught to think and act for themselves."

Perhaps a few figures may not be out of place here. The average strength of the Corps which I commanded over the seven years of its existence up

to September 1915 had been about 130, with an annual leave of about 40. Actually 283 cadets who had been through the Corps had left by that date, of which 52 left with commissions between August 1914 and September 1915. These 283 were accounted for as follows:—

Known to have taken	
commissions . . .	240
Enlisted	29
Others	14

For the whole O.T.C. figures are only available up to March 1915, and they read:—

Known to have taken	
commissions . . .	27,000
Enlisted	12,000
Others, probably about	10,000

Comment is needless. Whatever may have been the opinion of the critics of the value of the O.T.C. before the war, there can be but one opinion of its value since the war began.

II. "CARRY-ON."

There are about 930 officers on the unattached list of the Territorial Force appointed for duty with the O.T.C., and the War Office issued orders that none of these—except those who could be spared without the work of the O.T.C. suffering—should leave their posts. Although we had realised long ago that the O.T.C. from its very nature was a non-combatant unit, and though these orders were probably the highest compliment we could have received, and implied an appreciation of the work we were doing, yet I am afraid we were all extremely jealous of those 130 odd who managed to persuade the powers that be that their services were not essential to the O.T.C.

Personally, after being turned down by the doctor when I had a job both in the Artillery and in Kitchener's Army offered me, I came to the conclusion that I had better stay where I was until I was

fit at least. This, however, did not prevent my wanting to do something in the Christmas holidays of 1914, and I was lucky enough to find a regiment that wanted an officer to lecture and help to train recruits. Both battalions of the regiment wanted an officer; but the Third was at Nigg; now, I had once had experience of Nigg in summer, and I did not think it was the place to choose spending Christmas in. So on December 18, 1914, I travelled to Greenock for five weeks' work with a battalion of the Special Reserve. As things turned out, I was not far wrong in choosing Greenock—depressing spot though it is—in preference to Nigg, for I heard afterwards that the Third Battalion were still under canvas in weather which alternated between deluges of rain and ten to fifteen degrees of frost.

When first I arrived there were no quarters available, so

I had to stay in a hotel. When I inquired about a room, they told me only one was available, and that seemed ridiculously cheap. On investigation, it turned out to have no window and no fireplace. As the door practically led straight out into the hotel hall, and would have to be shut at night, I did not quite see myself sleeping in a hermetically sealed room which smelt as though it had not been tenanted since the year One. I was just going to try my luck elsewhere when a naval officer, already staying in the hotel, heard of my predicament and offered to let me share his room until another was vacant. Naturally I was only too pleased to do so, and when I told him I had three brothers in the Navy, he became quite communicative and told me a lot of most interesting things about the Service.

One night as we were standing outside the Mess after dinner, I had my first experience of being under shell fire. The greater part of the channel of the Clyde was closed, and only a narrow fairway close to the Fort Matilda shore was open to ships, which all had to pass the patrol ship and get permission to proceed. That night a steamer tried to slip past the patrol ship without permission, and without warning the fort on the far side of the Clyde opened fire on her. The shot struck the water quite close to us, and ricocheted over our heads, eventually knocking out the bathroom of a house on the hill behind us, but

without doing further damage. My work consisted of doing ordinary duty with A Company, and also lecturing to the officers and men of the battalion every afternoon. The latter was rather a thorn in the flesh; for the Colonel, in asking me to do it, warned me that they had had a lecture every day since war broke out, and were getting very tired of the ordinary things. So I had to cudgel my brains for something which, with a slight stretch of imagination, was of some military value, while at the same time it must be interesting, for no man after a day's work wishes to listen to a dull lecture. I lectured on subjects varying from "The Falkland Islands Naval Battle" to "Protective Colouring," and had to work hard to keep my end up for five weeks. Mine was a most appreciative audience, and after a couple of lectures, when they had tumbled to the fact that they were not *too* instructive, I often had to repeat them on wet mornings in the huts at the men's own request.

To my delight, A Company Commander believed in plenty of out-of-door work, and day after day, regardless of weather, we tramped the moors towards Looh Thom. The men grumbled incessantly, and from outward appearances you would have thought them always bordering on mutiny, but I am convinced they really infinitely preferred it to endless company drill or bayonet fighting on the esplanade. Anyhow, A Com-

pany Commander was not by any means the least popular officer in the battalion, as was proved one night when we sent off a draft at 2 A.M. He had been ill and was in bed, so I was seeing off the A Company party of the draft for him. Just as the train started one of them leaned out of the window and said to me: "You can tell M. that I'm not going to climb any more of his — hills!" Just at that moment M. appeared on the scene attired in a dressing-gown and overcoat, and the roar of cheering that greeted him was an eye-opener to any one who had imagined that the men did not appreciate his work on their behalf.

To the uninitiated like myself, the preparation of a draft was a matter of much interest. Accustomed as I was to schoolboys and their proverbial habit of losing things, I was considerably surprised to find that even grown men can, under similar conditions, outdo the schoolboy. The draft was detailed the day before it had to start, and was at once fitted out with boots, clothing, and every necessary that it lacked. The sight of a new pair of boots and clothes which would fetch a good price at the nearest pawn-shop was too much for one of the draft: that night, having collected all his outfit that could readily be changed into cash, he went absent without leave and returned the following morning with the clothes he stood up in, and nothing more, except

a distinct smell of stale whisky. Funnily enough, he apparently never imagined that his absence would mean being struck off the draft, and, after hearing the Colonel's remarks at orderly room, I saw him retire for the nonce from the regiment's ken with tears in his eyes.

But to return to the draft. It was to be inspected by the Fortress Commander at 11 A.M., and by 8.30 A.M. every Company was in the throes of preparing its quota of the draft. Each man had practically to be dressed from a nude condition, to ensure that he had all the necessary articles of clothing and equipment somewhere on his person; and even when this had taken place one by one under the eagle eye of the Company Commander, as likely as not the man would put down something and leave it behind before he got on parade. A final inspection of packs was taken by the majority as an opportunity for a demonstration in conjuring: the fact that a man would be razorless or toothbrushless when he got to the front did not prevent those whose packs had been passed as complete from throwing across the hut articles which they possessed but which were sadly missing from the packs of their companions. For the moment, until the game was spotted, the hut looked like the stage of a third-rate music hall with the "Brothers Bimbo" doing their celebrated razor-catching turn.

But time is getting on, and

willy-nilly the draft must be got on parade, trusting that the Fortress Commander will not find any man without his identity-disc or pay-book or other more obvious articles of equipment. The train does not leave until 12.30 A.M., and how many of these hardly collected articles will still be in possession of the draft by train time I should not like to hazard a guess. It is perhaps just as well that the Fortress Commander does not inspect them again on the platform.

It rained without ceasing almost every day, and the camp soon became a quagmire of bottomless mud. Walking the greasy pole was as nothing compared to the journey on floating planks to the orderly room. The planks were supposed to be continuous, but then so too was the mud, and the latter, like the Pharisees of old, seemed to have the knack of getting the upper seat. So when a gap appeared it was a case of jumping to the next plank—a gymnastic feat that was always watched with much interest—or taking one's chance of finding the submerged and

missing plank not too deep in the mud, and then woe betide one if some scallywag had found a use for even a mud-soddened plank and had abstracted it the night before.

During the last week I had command of A Company, as the Colonel was away on leave, and Major M—— was temporarily in command of the battalion. Work in the huts in wet weather did not appeal to me, so we spent our time out of doors. One day we had field sports. These consisted of relay races, obstacle races through hedges and barbed wire, hill-climbing, and marching across country by the map. What most impressed me was that the old soldier, despite his age, was generally much better at these than the younger and slacker members of the Company. Competition for a small prize amongst the platoons kept the interest going until the end, and I never want to see a better-contested cross-country race than we had that afternoon for a final after two platoons had tied for first place. I was quite sorry when January 18th came and I had to return to the more humdrum work of the O.T.C.

III. A NEW SPHERE OF WORK—AND THE PRESENT WORTH OF THE O.T.C.

By March 1915 I was passed fit by the doctor, and was just wondering what I should do, when the War Office appointed me Instructor at one of the New Schools of Instruction for

young officers which were being organised in considerable numbers all over the country. These schools were intended to give, preparatory to joining their regiments, a preliminary train-

ing as officers to those who had just got their commissions. The original length of the course was one month, and every month a batch of seventy-five newly gazetted officers was sent to us: the courses have latterly been lengthened to six weeks, and their scope somewhat increased.

The experience gained during twelve years' teaching cannot be lightly cast aside, and although one would prefer a more strenuous job, teaching is probably the work for which I am most fitted—by no means a small consideration in these days, when one should turn one's hand to what one can do best.

Thus at last I have joined the small band of O.T.C. officers who have been allowed to devote their whole time to the work they have most at heart. Fortunately I am able to combine both the work of Instructor at the School of Instruction and the responsibility of an officer commanding an O.T.C.; for although I have not been at school since March 1915, I am still nominally in command of the corps there, and have to supervise the training and obtain commissions for those cadets who are old enough to get them. Now that the first rush is over, we have settled down to turning out our usual number of cadets per year—probably about forty. Taken as a whole, the schools turn out about 4500 cadets a year, and these, with the few exceptions of those who leave at too young an age, will all

take commissions. Thus, without any expense to the country, an annual draft of 4500 officers is being provided by the schools.

To obtain this result, about 800 O.T.C. officers are still employed at the schools, and they have been lately the subject of considerable criticism and controversy. Needless to say, they are all as keen as oaks to be spending the whole time on military work, but they are torn two ways. They cannot go unless, in the opinion of the War Office, they can be spared; whether they can be spared must of necessity be settled by their various headmasters. If they take the law into their own hands and go, they will probably render a good many schools unworkable owing to shortness of teaching staff; and thus will fall foul of the powers that be, and will have no guarantee that when the War is over their places will still be there to fall into again. If they stay, they have every good excuse—they are indispensable—the War Office does not want them to go, or would have ordered them elsewhere: they are doing better work where they are than they could possibly do as an ordinary regimental subaltern. Yet human nature is such that it is not satisfied these days with good excuses: one wants to be up and doing all the time, with all one's force.

It really comes to this. To let the whole 800 go would close down the O.T.C., and

would stop at the source the 4500 officers per year that the schools supply; to take away any appreciable number of the 800 would mean a proportionally serious reduction in the military efficiency of the officers turned out.

The schoolboy is now a military enthusiast; he is given the best of chances of becoming efficient in every sense of the word; he quite realises that his work may be a matter of life or death not only to himself but to his men later on, and the O.T.C. is now

probably the most popular institution amongst the varied occupations of school life.

The O.T.C. is a goose that lays 4500 golden eggs a year, but requires 800 people to feed it. Which is the better plan—to kill the goose and liberate its feeders, or go on collecting golden eggs? “*Quien sabe!*” There is one other solution. Why not keep the 800 to feed the goose, but make them feed the gander—in the form of Derby Recruits not yet called to the Colours—too? Why not?

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MR ASQUITH'S ECONOMY—THE CLOSING OF MUSEUMS—SCIENCE AND THE HUMANITIES—THE CUCKOO OF LEARNING—THE LESSONS OF HISTORY—BLOCKADES, PAST AND PRESENT—ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE OPERATIVES OF MANCHESTER.

THERE have been few more highly edifying spectacles of late than that of Mr Asquith pronouncing a panegyric on economy. The occasion was suitable for this exercise of his talents. The proposed economy did not touch the pocket of any politician. It was not designed to alienate a single voter from the great cause of Radicalism, or to lessen by a halfpenny the war-chest of the Party. The closing of the Museums, our one great public achievement in the cause of economy, will endanger no interest vested in the House of Commons. It is, moreover, peculiarly fitted to satisfy the soul of the politician, because it combines with the smallest amount of saving the largest amount of inconvenience. It will set free a few policemen for other and more laborious work, and it will put in the Treasury's pocket a very modest sum. In exchange for these trumpety advantages it will curtail the highest of our pleasures and check the zeal of many a scholar, still important even in time of war.

If the closing of the Museums aided, by a feather's weight, the conduct of the war, we should make no protest. But it is of no more real profit to

the country than the saving of a single halfpenny stamp would be in the balance-sheet of a great commercial house. It is merely a specimen of the false economy which is dear to the heart of our Ministers. The men who have flung away money with both hands in pressing high wages upon the working man; who, rather than check expenditure, have paid boys of seventeen as much as £7 a week; who have coldly contemplated a prodigal waste of timber and meat and bread—have after a great effort pulled themselves together and closed the Museums. It is as though a spendthrift, who has lost £100,000 on the turf, should deny himself an egg at breakfast-time. The spendthrift glows, for a moment, with an unearned satisfaction. He has not brought himself one inch nearer to solvency.

But that resolute economist, Mr Asquith, turns a deaf ear to the argument that the money saved by the closing of Museums is "a mere fleabite." He is inclined by temperament to defend any project of which he approves on the ground that it is a little one. No one will ever accuse him of harbouring lofty ideals or of sketching heroic projects. Give him a

“fleabite” and he is happy. “Every pound,” said he in his most unctuous manner, “that could be saved without serious detriment to the permanent interests of the country was a contribution which it was the duty of the Government not to neglect.” It sounds well, doesn’t it? and it means precisely nothing. Economy is obviously the Government’s duty, and we have Mr Asquith’s word for it that in economy the Government has failed. That money has been squandered, as though it had no value whatever, in camps and upon contracts, is a menace to our national security. That butchers, bakers, and tinkers, wholly unqualified persons, should be paid to inspect factories of munitions, is fresh evidence of the rottenness of our system. With all these failures to conduct the war according to sound principles we are familiar. We deplore them, and despair of improvement so long as Ministers chosen to disturb the peace in a time of tranquillity are entrusted with the management of warlike operations. But there are many pounds which can be saved “without serious detriment to the permanent interests of the country,” and which as a contribution it is Mr Asquith’s duty “not to neglect.” We do not know precisely what the House of Commons costs us year in, year out. The gallant twenty-two, having insisted without precedent and without shame upon pooling their salaries, divide among themselves considerably more than

£80,000. Remember that we are at war, and ask yourself whether these public servants could not sustain life on rather less than £4000 a year apiece. Mr Asquith, in the clearest statement that ever he made in the whole course of his career, a statement hedged about by no “ifs” and “whens,” declared that he meant to stick to his salary, and his colleagues doubtless will stick to him. But it is not only our Ministers that we pay for. The whole House now lives or can live at the public charges. To pretend that the salary of £400 a year, which each member receives, is well laid out in war-time is absurd. The services of the members, always of doubtful value, should have been freely given or withheld even in peace. Now that we are engaged in a death-struggle with Germany, the first luxury we should deny ourselves is payment of members. The money was granted easily enough without the support of an Act of Parliament; it can be withdrawn with equal ease; and the sooner it is withdrawn the more willing shall we be to believe in the sincerity of Mr Asquith and his colleagues when they utter pompous platitudes about economy. After all, a pint of example is worth a gallon of precept.

The truth is that of late years we have taken the House of Commons and its members and its squabbles far too seriously. A country prosperous and at peace looks about it for a mimic warfare. And

England has found its distraction in the football field and in the vast circus of politics. Like the idlers of imperial Rome, we have indulged too freely our love of faction. The "ins" and the "outs" are to us what the "greens" and the "blues" were to the Romans. We parade our fanciful colours, and ascribe to them divine powers and mysterious origins. We pretend that their respective victories announce to us, as the triumphs of this or that faction announced to the Romans, a plentiful harvest or a prosperous navigation. Gibbon condemns "the blind ardour of the Roman people, who devoted their lives and fortunes to the colour which they espoused." Has our ardour been any less blind? Are our hustings the places of saner thought than the hippodrome of old, where a favourite charioteer made profits which "sometimes exceeded those of an advocate"? We do not think so. For many years the democracy has held undisputed sway in Great Britain, and its leaders have taught it no single lesson of patriotism or good government. It has found at the hustings the chance of a fight, and no more. The colours which it has displayed have meant as much and as little as the green and blue of Rome. When it has been swayed by any other emotion than excitement, it has been an emotion of greed. And if England is to recover herself after the unparalleled loss and exertion of the war, she must put politics in their

proper place and go quietly about her business, conscious at last of the simple truth that the wisest ruler is he who makes the least fuss and the fewest promises.

The closing of the museums is but a symptom of a growing disease. A desperate attempt will be made after the war to infect England with a worse than German materialism. We are to learn, so it is said, from our enemies. If a noisy faction has its way we shall be permitted no longer to study anything whose profitable end cannot easily be foreseen. We are to prove the sincerity of our attacks upon Germany by doing our best to imitate her. And the first act of imitation will, we are told, be the abolition or transformation of our older Universities. That there are many new Universities, a proper field of experiment, does not carry any weight with the reformers, who are resolute to destroy the quiet growth of many centuries. So the attack has already been begun in force. Whatever happens is lightly presumed to be the fault of Oxford and Cambridge. We are unprepared for war with Germany—it was the fault of Oxford and Cambridge. Our men of science have not been invited by the Government to co-operate in the conduct of the campaign—it is the fault of Oxford and Cambridge. Our commercial travellers were outstripped by the Germans in Russia and the East—it is the fault of Oxford and Cambridge. And so on in a foolish progression of false charges.

In answer to those who tell the world what Oxford and Cambridge have not done—things be it remembered which they never undertook to do—it should be enough to enumerate what Oxford and Cambridge have done in the war. No foundations in England have given better or more gallant service. If only the envious detractors of our Universities would visit their empty colleges and silent courts, they might begin to understand the contribution which learning, proudly and willingly, has made to the defence of the country. It has made the greatest sacrifice possible—it has effaced itself. All those of military age and strength, dons and undergraduates, have joined the armed forces of the Crown. What they have accomplished on the field of battle is known to us all. The names of hundreds, who have given their lives to their country, stand imperishable upon the roll of honour. Here, at any rate, in Oxford and Cambridge, there should be no disdain, as there is no regret. Yet not for a moment is the carping of envy silent.

First of all, there are those who tell us that safety alone lies in the multiplication of professors. We are invited to adopt as our own the much-abused system of Germany. It was said about the beginning of the war that the cynical spirit of deprecation which drove our enemies to attack Belgium was encouraged and applauded by the German professors. Scholars, who hitherto had won and

held the respect of Englishmen, came forward to proclaim their contempt of law and decency. On all sides we heard the State-paid professor denounced as the enemy of the human race, as indeed he has proved himself. Perhaps he couldn't help it. He was part of a monstrously bad system. Powerless to claim for learning the freedom in which alone it can thrive, he did and said what he was paid to do and say. Had he pursued his own path of research, indifferent to the voice of authority, he would have been incontinently dismissed. If Treitschke held his Chair at Berlin, he held it because he seemed to be useful to the State, whose omnipotence he himself resented. He was paid not to serve the cause of history, but to preach the aggrandisement of Prussia. And so well did he earn his stipend that his name will go down the ages as one among the few begetters of the bloodiest war the world has ever known. Yet let it be remembered to his credit that at the end he saw only too plainly that his teaching, designed to glorify the ambitions of Berlin, had found a natural result in gross materialism and moral perversity.

Indeed it is clear enough, if our Universities are to be the haunts of State-fed professors, that we shall get served out to us not learning, but whatever policy our Government deems for the moment profitable. Had the German system prevailed in England during the last ten years, we

should have heard in the lecture-room little else than the beauty of disarmament and the exquisite wisdom of peace at any price. With a vague pretence of historical or economic research, we should have been invited in dulcet tones to prepare our throat for the knife. And as it seems wiser to us that our Universities should still be content to pursue knowledge for its own sake, so the recent history of Germany should provide an awful warning to those who pretend that England can be saved only by the instant appointment of innumerable professors.

Professors! There are those who find a delicate music in the word, which of old was properly consecrated to conjurers and hairdressers. They were busy before the war, these champions of the professorate; they are busy to-day; they were busy sixty years ago. Dean Mansel knew as early as 1852 what the University reformers were about. In his 'Phronlisterion' he made his Commissioner, Socrates, shudder at the mere mention of Tutor—

"Tutor! benighted wretch! did'st thou say Tutor?"

Who talks of Tutors now? The coin's not current.

Professors, man, Professors are the thing.

They'll mould and model English education

On the best German plan: 'tis quite delightful

To see how German students learn of them.

No bigotry, no narrow-minded feeling,
Nothing sectarian."

Such was the nonsense talked

sixty years ago by the friends of Germany. And such will be the nonsense talked as soon as the war is over by those who cannot observe the difference which separates the English from the German temperament, and who are wholly impervious to the later lessons taught by the war.

If our reformers secured their professors, they would take care that they taught nothing but science. For some years science, as a missionary force, has been under a cloud. The influence of Huxley and Tyndall, who preached a new gospel with all the energy of capable rhetoricians, has waned. And to-day science has taken as an ally the violent materialism which Huxley and Tyndall would have despised, and which insists that nothing shall be taught that does not help the hapless boy in his future career. So we are told we can secure a brilliant future only by becoming a nation of chemists. Henceforth the army of civil servants shall be enrolled wholly and solely from students of science. Chemistry is the creed, biology is the only learning fit for men. The argument is dangerous. Chemistry certainly is an excellent thing for chemists. There is no reason why we should all be chemists. Think of the fierce competition among the thousands of excellent citizens thus nurtured! Why, indeed, should the chemists run this risk, when hundreds of modest scholars are quite content to study the barbarous tongues of Greece and Rome, or to recover

from the records of the past the true thoughts and actions of our ancestors? Yet there are certain men of science, blind to their own interests and to the interests of their country, who would abolish all teaching but their own from school and university. They would devote three-quarters of marks given, and therefore of time spent, to natural science and mathematics, and into the fourth quarter they would pack, as into an omnibus, all languages, ancient and modern, all histories, all literatures, geography—every study, briefly, in which the taint of man's hand may be perceived. It is a strange thing this ferocious attack upon the humanities, and it proves that the war has killed in some unbalanced minds the sense of humour and proportion.

Nor do the men of science understand that if they killed all other learning than their own they would commit suicide. For all men there is a need of verbal expression, which can be satisfied only by the study of languages, and which is most easily satisfied by the study of Greek and Latin. Even those who think themselves the supreme heroes of our time, the more arrogant among the men of science, cannot breathe upon paper and be plain. There is no finality in the pursuits of men, and scientific treatises live, if they live at all, by their gift of expression. In this respect they differ not from other works of art in prose or verse. Why is it that the books of Euclid have

survived all the shocks of chance and change? Because their author displayed a superb economy of style. We are told by mathematicians that Euclid is old-fashioned and worn-out. He is to-day excluded even from the paradise of the Little-go. Yet he has conferred a greater boon upon mankind than a thousand impeccable geometers. For he has taught many generations of willing pupils the difficult art of rejecting unseemly and unnecessary words.

And then after the man of science there comes along the "breezy" champion of practical success, who believes that a full breeches' pocket is the one symbol of salvation, and who is sure that if only our colleges had all been real commercial academies before the war we should have beaten the Germans easily. He forgets that Treitschke was not a captain of industry, and that Herr Wilamovitz-Möllendorff, who admits that he learned the art of textual criticism in England, is Rector of Berlin's University. So that even when he thinks he is aping a bad model he falls below it. Here is the ideal of our "breezy" champion. He insists that the Universities should be permitted to exist only on such conditions as these: (1) That not less than two-thirds of their fellowships and scholarships should be allocated for proficiency in the natural sciences, and always with due regard to the applicability to the industries of the country; and (2) that the

holders of fellowships should keep in immediate and constant touch, and should have close knowledge of, the captains of industry throughout the country. And this champion of stern utility was once the headmaster of a public school.

Thus our new reformers, intimidated by the war, would put an end at a single blow to humanity and disinterestedness. They would urge the coming generation to do nothing, to learn nothing, that did not make a sure and speedy profit in hard cash. And a precious race of cynics they would rear—a race compared with which the modern Germans would appear angels of light and gentleness! Here, indeed, is a fine “culture” to fight for, a “culture” of greed and selfishness, a “culture” stripped of gracious memories and of all respect for the beauty and heroism of ages dead and gone. Were we to accept these new gospels of education, we should start for the race, as it were from scratch, on the day we were born. There would be nothing behind us, not even the thought of an old tradition. We should come into the world spiritually naked, spiritually naked we should go out of it. Cut off harshly from the past, we should grow up in the belief that the world began with the last balance-sheet, that there was nothing worth doing for its own sake, that even Science herself, the one bright, shining goddess of us all, was respectable, because

she jingled the fairy gold in her hands.

Now the men of science and the professors of education, who have set up those false idols, seem to us not merely to be the victims of a panic fear, but to misunderstand the whole purpose of a University. It is the business of Oxford and Cambridge not to ensure their *alumni* a full pocket, but to educate them. And education means something more than a knowledge of chemistry and biology. The system which now exists at our seats of learning is no accident, nor is it the contrivance of a private malice. It has as little to do with vested interests as with the ledgers of commerce. It is an expression of our temperament, the slow growth of many centuries. The study of Greek and Latin demand no apology at this hour. No man shall understand his own tongue save through the knowledge of other tongues. And if there exist languages better suited to train the mind or to express in prose and verse the high thoughts of men, let them be brought instantly to our ken. Yet we doubt whether Choctaw, or Zulu with all its clicks, could wisely replace Greek and Latin, for the literature of Greece and Rome are the parents of all modern literatures; and if we would understand our origins, if we would not miss a thousand quick allusions, then we must still betake us to Homer and Virgil. He who would read Milton or even Shakespeare

without a knowledge of the Classics would feel his way to their true meaning through a mist of error.

It is a strange thing, the animosity to Greek, which seems to possess the minds of those who deal in "progress." It is based not upon reason, but upon a kind of wild hatred. Perhaps it is that the Greek characters seem barbarous to the modern eye; perhaps the odd ferocity survives unconsciously from an old strain of Puritanism. But true it is that the Radicals of to-day join hands, in their attack upon Greek, with the reactionaries of the sixteenth century. The monks, as Erasmus tells us, knew but one virtue—an ignorance of Greek. A set of false scholars at Oxford styled itself Trojans: one of the band called himself Priam, another Hector, another Paris; and the object of them all was to throw ridicule upon the Greek language and literature. They recognised no study but the study of theology, just as the pedants among men of science recognise no study but the study of science. They were castigated by Sir Thomas More, in a passage which is as true to-day as when it was written. "Students," said he, "are sent to Oxford to receive general instruction. They do not go there merely to learn theology. Some go to learn law, some to learn human nature from poets, and orators, and historians—forms of knowledge useful even to preachers, if their congregations are not to think them

fools. Others, again, go to universities to study natural science and philosophy and art; and this wonderful gentleman is to condemn the whole of it under one sentence. He says that nothing is of importance except theology. How can he know theology if he is ignorant of Hebrew and Greek and Latin? . . . A certain preacher calls those who study Greek heretics. The teachers of Greek, he says, are full-grown devils, the learners of Greek are little devils. . . . It is not for me to defend Greek. You know yourselves that it needs no defence. The finest writings on all subjects, theology included, are in Greek." Change, as you may, theology for science, and you will see that the confusion of the bigot is as great now as it was in the sixteenth century.

As Sir Thomas More says, men go to Oxford and Cambridge to receive general instruction. For those who design to follow commerce at once the city is the best training-ground. Meanwhile men of science, as they know perfectly well, are made welcome at our older universities, and if science be not adequately taught within their walls, who is to blame but the men of science themselves? Upon them are lavished a great part of the endowments and emoluments of the universities. Not a penny is grudged that may aid their researches and encourage their enterprise. If money be saved, it is spent, too freely we think, upon the

natural sciences. To satisfy the increasing demands of the popular study, literature is starved. But the appetite of science grows with what it feeds on, and it will satisfy its greed, we are told, with nothing less than the extinction, partial or complete, of other studies.

Its further encroachment, largely a matter of fashion, will be strictly and successfully opposed. The cuckoo is not yet esteemed as the wisest of our birds. We shall not return to the thievery of 1852, when it was calculated that six fellowships of Corpus, six of Merton, twelve of Magdalen, and twenty-four of All Souls would provide for fourteen professors. Nor have we fought this war merely to fall into a pit of Teutonic pedantry. After the signing of the peace we shall do our best to remain Englishmen in our highest development, and shall not accept the invitation of scientific bigotry to become sham Germans. The chain which connects the members of our universities with the captains of industry is already forged, and the captains of industry have decided that they prefer those who have been trained in the older studies to those who have taken a degree in triposes of a later growth. Not long since a commercial house in the east sent to Cambridge for a chemist. A chemist was despatched, a marvel of our newest training; the commercial house found him wanting and sent him home, on the ground that, being

nothing but a chemist, he was ignorant of the world; and thus was the truth exemplified that a mere chemist is of no greater use to his fellows than the mere pedant who has graduated in any other school.

And those who cry aloud for the exclusive study of natural science forget, as we have said, the works of man. They would have us believe that it is better to dissect the leg of a frog than to get a glimmering, faint it may be, of the mind of a poet. Yet we shall still learn the lesson of courage and nobility that Homer has to teach in a language that is not Pope's. Plutarch shall still be our breviary, and not always in the prose of Amyot or North. The pomp of Æschylus, the exquisite moderation of Sophocles, shall never compete for our favour with the fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. There is work for science to do, and that work it will achieve without cutting us all down to fit its bed of Procrustes. And as for those who would follow the study of letters and yet condemn the classics on the ground that they have stood the test of twenty centuries, let them still remember that verily in the kingdom of art a dead lion is better than a thousand live dogs. In conclusion, our universities are marked by the stain of no disgrace. They can hold their heads high; they may refrain from making any excuses to the tyrant science. The war has given them the chance of vindicating themselves, and magnificently

have they taken it. From their despised studies they have learned and taught the habit of command, and more effectively perhaps than any other institutions in the country they have performed the duty which was laid upon them of fashioning not Greek scholars, nor chemists, nor historians, nor agriculturists, but men.

And those who would imprison the study of the past in a tiny corner of space and time count not the injustice they would do to the proper government of their country. If politics be anything better than a jumbled empiricism, it is a form of applied history. They who know not what has been can neither understand the present nor divine the future. The problem of the blockade, for instance, which has perplexed the timid minds of our Ministers, can be solved only in accordance with the known practice of the nations. Whenever it is suggested that the Fleet should do the work for which it was called into being, we are told that the feelings of the neutrals must be considered. So tenderly are the feelings of the neutrals considered that they are having, in Lord Devonport's phrase, the time of their lives. They are amassing huge fortunes out of the sufferings of the belligerents, and not content with the heaps of gold which they are piling up, they talk loudly of their rights and mutter ominous phrases about the freedom of the sea. Our Foreign Office, more tender of

the neutral susceptibilities than of the safety of the Allies, forgets the precedents with which history abounds, and resolutely ignoring the lessons of the past, not only lengthens the war but endangers the security of the Empire. Yet there is before us all the precedent of the Civil War in America, which might prove at once a stimulus to the fading energy of our Ministers and a check upon the selfish policy of President Wilson. The lesson is the better worth learning because the positions of England and America are to-day reversed. In 1862 the operatives of Manchester were brought to the verge of starvation because the blockade of the Southern ports of the United States deprived them of cotton. They did not whine nor whimper; they did not plead that the feelings of neutrals should be respected. They took what aid they might from their own Government, and sent a message of sympathy to Abraham Lincoln. The incident confers credit upon both parties; it also makes clear what the position of a belligerent should be towards a neutral. The answer which Abraham Lincoln sent to their message is so nearly pertinent to the present circumstances—it is, moreover, so fine a piece of plain eloquence—that we think it right to quote it at length. After setting forth the duty which he was called to discharge on his election as President of the United States, Lincoln thus proceeds—

"I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people; but I have at the same time been aware that favour or disfavour of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging or prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has served to authorise a belief that the past actions and influences of the United States were generally regarded as having been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances—to some of which you kindly allude—induce me especially to expect that if justice and good faith should be practised by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of amity and peace toward this country may prevail in the councils of your Queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic.

"I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the working men at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and

to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favour of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens the working men of Europe have been subjected to severe trials for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under the circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is, indeed, an energetic and reinspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, humanity, and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem, and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exist between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual."

It were well if all the neutrals, and the United States especially, were to read over this passage whenever they take up their pen to address a note of expostulation to Great Britain. They would see with how different a meas-

ure our loyalty of fifty years ago has been meted out to us again. If Mr Wilson is able to read the glowing words of his predecessor without shame, then truly he is proof against the common emotions of humanity. Abraham Lincoln reckoned, rightly, upon our forbearance. His successor would strike "forbearance" from his vocabulary. Lincoln deplored the sufferings to which the working men of Manchester were exposed. Mr Wilson would flout precedent in order to increase the store of dollars which is heaped higher and higher every day. To Lincoln the "decisive utterances" of the English operatives seemed "an instance of sublime Christian heroism." There is neither sublimity nor heroism in Mr Wilson's contention that America, in defiance of our blockade, shall be permitted to pour out through neutral ports whatever supplies our enemies may demand.

We to-day stand where Abraham Lincoln stood in 1863; we ask of the United States a tithe of the sacrifice which we gladly faced when they were in the throes of civil war; and we ask it in vain. We are fighting the same battle of "justice, humanity, and freedom" which Lincoln fought, and in requital of our ancient "forbearance" we are met with the inhuman arguments of lawyers, with the pedantry of a "college-professor." How then shall the friendship between the two nations be, as Lincoln hoped it would be, "perpetual"? Let Mr Wilson ponder the words of the greatest President who ever sojourned at the White House, and ask himself what Lincoln would have done and said in the crisis of to-day, and whether he, the last upon whom the mantle of Lincoln has descended, is worthily upholding the traditions of a great office.

“CARRY ON!”

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER FOUR.—UNBENDING THE BOW.

THERE is a certain type of English country-house female who is said to “live in her boxes.” That is to say, she appears to possess no home of her own, but flits from one indulgent roof-tree to another; and owing to the fact that she is invariably put into a bedroom whose wardrobe is full of her hostess’ superannuated ball-frocks and winter furs, never knows what it is to have all her “things” unpacked at once.

Well, we out here cannot be said to live in our boxes, for we do not possess any; but we do most undoubtedly live in our haversacks and packs. And this brings us to the matter in hand—namely, so-called Rest-Billets. The whole of the *hinterland* of this great trench-line is full of tired men, seeking for a place to lie down in, and living in their boxes when they find one.

At present we are indulging in such a period of repose; and we venture to think that on the whole we have earned it. Our last rest was in high summer, when we lay about under an August sun in the district round Béthune, and called down curses upon all flying and creeping insects.

Since then we have undergone certain so-called “operations” in the neighbourhood of Loos, and have put in three months in the Salient of Ypres. As that devout adherent of the Roman faith, Private Reilly, of “B” Company, put it to his spiritual adviser—

“I doot we’ll get excused a good slice of Purgatory for this, father!”

We came out of the Salient just before Christmas, in the midst of the mutual unpleasantness arising out of the grand attack upon the British line which was to have done so much to restore the waning confidence of the Hun. It was meant to be a big affair—a most majestic victory, in fact; but our new gas-helmets nullified the gas, and our new shells paralysed the attack; so the Third Battle of Ypres was not yet. Still, as I say, there was considerable unpleasantness all round; and we were escorted upon our homeward way, from Sanctuary Wood to Zillebeke, and from Zillebeke to Dickebusche, by a swarm of angry and disappointed shells.

Next day we found ourselves many miles behind the firing line, once more in France, with a whole month’s holiday in

prospect, comfortably conscious that one could walk round a corner or look over a wall without preliminary reconnaissance or subsequent extirpation.

As for the holiday itself, unreasonable persons are not lacking to point out that it is of the 'busman's variety. It is true that we are no longer face to face with the foe, but we—or rather, the authorities—make believe that we are. We wage mimic warfare in full marching order; we fire rifles and machine-guns upon improvised ranges; we perform hazardous feats with bombs and a dummy trench. More galling still, we are back in the region of squad-drill, physical exercises, and handling of arms—horrors of our childhood which we thought had been left safely interned at Aldershot.

But the authorities are wise. The regiment is stiff and out of condition: it is suffering from moral and intellectual "trench-feet." Heavy drafts have introduced a large and untempered element into our composition. Many of the subalterns are obviously "new-jined"—as the shrewd old lady of Ayr once observed of the rubicund gentleman at the temperance meeting. Their men hardly know them or one another by sight. The regiment must be moulded anew, and its lustre restored by the beneficent process vulgarly known as "spit and polish." So every morning we apply ourselves with thoroughness, if not enthusiasm, to tasks which

remind us of last winter's training upon the Hampshire chalk.

But the afternoon and evening are a different story altogether. If we were busy in the morning, we are busier still for the rest of the day. There is football galore, for we have to get through a complete series of Divisional cup-ties in four weeks. There is also a Brigade boxing-tournament. (No, that was not where Private Tosh got his black eye: that is a souvenir of New Year's Eve.) There are entertainments of various kinds in the recreation-tent. This whistling platoon, with towels round their necks, are on their way to the nearest convent, or asylum, or École des Jeunes Filles—have no fear; these establishments are untenanted!—for a bath. There, in addition to the pleasures of ablution, they will receive a partial change of raiment.

Other signs of regeneration are visible. That mysterious-looking vehicle, rather resembling one of the early locomotives exhibited in the South Kensington Museum, standing in the mud outside a farm-billet, its superheated interior stuffed with "C" Company's blankets, is performing an unmentionable but beneficent work.

Buttons are resuming their polish; the pattern of our kilts is emerging from its superficial crust; and Church Parade is once more becoming quite a show affair.

Away to the east the guns still thunder, and at night

the star-shells float tremblingly up over the distant horizon. But not for us. Not yet, that is. In a few weeks' time we

shall be back in another part of the line. Till then—Company drill and Cup Ties! *Carpe diem!*

II.

It all seemed very strange and unreal to Second-Lieutenant Angus M'Lachlan, as he alighted from the train at railhead, and supervised the efforts of his solitary N.C.O. to arrange the members of his draft in a straight line. There were some thirty of them in all. Some were old hands—men from the First and Second Battalions, who had been home wounded, and had now been sent out to leaven "K(1)." Others were Special Reservists from the Third Battalion. These had been at the Depot for a long time, and some of them stood badly in need of a little active service. Others, again, were new hands altogether—the product of "K to the *n*th." Among these Angus M'Lachlan numbered himself, and he made no attempt to conceal the fact. The novelty of the sights around him was almost too much for his *insouciant* dignity as a commissioned officer.

Angus M'Lachlan was a son of the Manse, and incidentally a child of Nature. The Manse was a Highland Manse; and until a few months ago Angus had never, save for a rare visit to distant Edinburgh, penetrated beyond the small town which lay four miles from his native glen, and of whose local Academy he had

been "dux." When the War broke out he had been upon the point of proceeding to Edinburgh University, where he had already laid siege to a bursary, and captured the same; but all these plans, together with the plans of countless more distinguished persons, had been swept to the winds by the invasion of Belgium. On that date Angus summoned up his entire stock of physical and moral courage and informed his reverend parent of his intention to enlist for a soldier. Permission was granted with quite stunning readiness. Neil M'Lachlan believed in straight hitting both in theology and war, and was by no means displeased at the martial aspirations of his only son. If he quitted himself like a man in the forefront of battle, the boy could safely look forward to being cook of his own Kirk-Session in the years that came afterwards. One reservation the old man made. His son, as a Highland gentleman, would lead men to battle, and not merely accompany them. So the impatient Angus was bidden to apply for a Commission—his attention during the period of waiting being directed by his parent to the study of the campaigns of Joshua, and the methods em-

ployed by that singular but successful strategist in dealing with the Philistine.

Angus had a long while to wait, for all the youth of England—and Scotland too—was on fire, and others nearer the fountain of honour had to be served first. But his turn came at last; and we now behold him, as typical a product of K to the *n*th as Bobby Little had been of K (1), standing at last upon the soil of France, and inquiring in a soft Highland voice for the Headquarters of our own particular Battalion.

He had half expected, half hoped, to alight from the train amidst a shower of shells, as he knew the Old Regiment had done many months before, just after the War broke out. But all he saw upon his arrival was an untidy goods yard, littered with military stores, and peopled by British privates in the *déshabille* affected by the British Army when engaged in menial tasks.

Being quite ignorant of the whereabouts of his regiment—when last heard of they had been in trenches near Ypres—and failing to recollect the existence of that autocratic but indispensable *genius loci*, the R.T.O., Angus took uneasy stock of his surroundings and wondered what to do next.

Suddenly a friendly voice at his elbow remarked—

"There's a queer lot o' bodies hereaboot, sirr."

Angus turned, to find that he was being addressed by a short, stout private of the

draft, in a kilt much too big for him.

"Indeed, that is so," he replied politely. "What is your name?"

"Peter Bogle, sirr. I am frae oot of Kirkintilloch." Evidently gratified by the success of his conversational opening, the little man continued—

"I would like fine for tae get a contrack oot here after the War. This country is in a terrible state o' disrepair." Then he added confidentially—

"I'm a hoose-painter tae a trade."

"I should not like to be that myself," replied Angus, whose early training as a minister's son was always causing him to forget the social gulf which is fixed between officers and the rank-and-file. "Climbing ladders makes me dizzy."

"Och, it's naething! A body gets used tae it," Mr. Bogle assured him.

Angus was about to proceed further with the discussion, when the cold and disapproving voice of the draft-sergeant announced in his ear—

"An officer wishes to speak to you, sir."

Second-Lieutenant M'Lachlan, suddenly awake to the enormity of his conduct, turned guiltily to greet the officer, while the sergeant abruptly hunted the genial Private Bogle back into the ranks.

Angus found himself confronted by an immaculate young gentleman wearing two stars. Angus, who only wore one, saluted hurriedly.

"Morning," observed the

stranger. "You in charge of this draft?"

"Yes, sir," said Angus respectfully.

"Righto! You are to march them to "A" Company billets. I'll show you the way. My name's Cockerell. Your train is late. What time did you leave the Base?"

"Indeed," replied Angus meekly, "I am not quite sure. We had barely landed when they told me the train would start at seventeen-forty. What time would that be—sir?"

"About a quarter to ten: more likely about midnight! Well, get your bunch on to the road, and—Hallo, what's the matter? Let go!"

The new officer was gripping him excitedly by the arm, and as the new officer stood six-foot-four, and was brawny in proportion, Master Cockerell's appeal was uttered in a tone of unusual sincerity.

"Look!" cried Angus excitedly. "The dogs, the dogs!"

A small cart was passing swiftly by, towed by two sturdy hounds of unknown degree. They were pulling with the feverish enthusiasm which distinguishes the Dog in the service of Man, and were being urged to further efforts by a small hatless girl carrying the inevitable large umbrella.

"All right!" explained Cockerell curtly. "Custom of the country, and all that."

The impulsive Angus apologised; and the draft, having been safely manœuvred on to the road, formed fours and set out upon its march.

"Are the battalion in the

trenches at present, sir?" inquired Angus.

"No. Rest billets two miles from here. About time, too! You'll get lot's of work to do, though."

"I shall welcome that," said Angus simply. "In the depôt at home we were terribly idle. There is a windmill!"

"Yes; one sees them occasionally out here," replied Cockerell drily.

"Everything is so strange!" confessed the open-hearted Angus. "Those dogs we saw just now—the people with their sabots—the country carts, like wheelbarrows with three wheels—the little shrines at the crossroads—the very children talking French so glibly——"

"Wonderful how they pick it up!" agreed Cockerell. But the sarcasm was lost on his companion, whose attention was now riveted upon an approaching body of infantry, about fifty strong.

"What troops are those, please?"

Cockerell knitted his brows sardonically.

"It's rather hard to tell at this distance," he said; "but I rather think they are the Grenadier Guards."

Two minutes later the procession had been met and passed. It consisted entirely of elderly gentlemen in ill-fitting khaki, clumping along upon their flat feet and smoking clay pipes. They carried shovels on their shoulders, and made not the slightest response when called upon by the soldierly old corporal who led them to give Mr Cockerell

"eyes left!" On the contrary, engaged as they were in heated controversy or amiable conversation with one another, they cut him dead.

Angus M'Lachlan said nothing for quite five minutes. Then—

"I suppose," he said almost timidly, "that those were members of a *Reserve Regiment of the Guards*?"

Cockerell, who had never outgrown certain characteristics which most of us shed upon emerging from the Lower Fourth, laughed long and loud.

"That crowd? They belong to one of the Labour Battalions. They make roads, and dig support trenches, and sling mud about generally. Wonderful old sportsmen! Pleased as Punch when a shell falls within half a mile of them. Something to write home about. What? I say, I pulled your leg that time! Here we are at Headquarters. Come and report to the C.O. Grenadier Guards! My aunt!"

Angus, although his Celtic enthusiasm sometimes led him into traps, was no fool. He soon settled down in his new surroundings, and found favour with Colonel Kemp, which was no light achievement.

"You won't find that the War, in its present stage, calls for any display of genius," the Colonel explained to Angus at their first interview. "I don't expect my officers to exhibit any quality but the avoidance of *sloppiness*. If I detail you

to be at a certain spot, at a certain hour, with a certain number of men—a ration-party, or a working-party, or a burial-party, or anything you like,—all I ask is that you will be *there*, at the appointed hour, with the whole of your following. That may not sound a very difficult feat, but experience has taught me that if a man can achieve it, and can be *relied* upon to achieve it, say, nine times out of ten—well, he is a pearl of price; and there is not a C.O. in the British Army who wouldn't scramble to get him! That's all, M'Lachlan. Good morning!"

By punctilious attention to this sound advice Angus soon began to build up a reputation. He treated war-worn veterans like Bobby Little with immense respect, and this, too, was counted to him for righteousness. He exercised his platoon with appalling vigour. Upon Company route-marches he had to be embedded in some safe place in the middle of the column; in fact, his enormous stride and pedestrian enthusiasm would have reduced his followers to pulp. At Mess he was mute: like a wise man, he was feeling for his feet.

But being, like Moses, slow of tongue, he provided himself with an Aaron. Quite inadvertently, be it said. Bidden to obtain a servant for his personal needs, he selected the only man in the Battalion whose name he knew — Private Bogle, the *ci-devant* painter of houses.

That friendly creature obeyed the call with alacrity. If his house-painting was no better than his valeting, then his prospects of a "contract" after the War were poor indeed; but as a Mess-waiter he was a joy for ever. Despite the blood-curdling whispers of the Mess Corporal, his natural urbanity of disposition could not be stemmed. Of the comfort of others he was solicitous to the point of oppressiveness. A Mess-waiter's idea of efficiency as a rule is to stand woodenly at attention in an obscure corner of the room. When called upon, he starts forward with a jerk, and usually trips over something—probably his own feet. Not so Private Bogle.

"Wull you try another cup o' tea, Major?" he would suggest at breakfast to Major Wagstaffe, leaning affectionately over the back of his chair.

"No, thank you, Bogle," Major Wagstaffe would reply gravely.

"Weel, it's cauld onyway," Bogle would rejoin, anxious to endorse his superior's decision.

Or—in the same spirit—

"Wull I luft the soup now, sir?"

"No!"

"Varra weel: I'll jist let it bide the way it is."

Lastly, Angus M'Laohlan proved himself a useful acquisition—especially in rest-billets—as an athlete. He arrived just in time to take part—no mean part, either—

in a Rugby Football match played between the officers of two Brigades. Thanks very largely to his masterly leading of the forwards, our Brigade were preserved from defeat at the hands of their opponents, who on paper had appeared to be irresistible.

Rugby Football "oot here" is a rarity, though Association, being essentially the game of the rank-and-file, flourishes in every green field. But an Inverleith or Queen's Club crowd would have recognised more than one old friend among the thirty who took the field that day. There were those participating whose last game had been one of the spring "Internationals" in 1914, and who had been engaged in a prolonged and strenuous version of an even greater International ever since August of that fateful year. Every public school in Scotland was represented—sometimes three or four times over—and there were numerous doughty contributions from establishments south of the Tweed.

The lookers-on were in different case. They were to a man devoted—nay, frenzied—adherents of the rival code. In less spacious days they had surged in their thousands every Saturday afternoon to Ibrox, or Tynecastle, or Parkhead, there to yell themselves into convulsions—now exhorting a friend to hit some one a kick on the nose, now recommending the foe to play the game, now hoarsely consigning the referee to perdition. To these, Rugby

Football—the greatest of all manly games—was a mere name. Their attitude when the officers appeared upon the field was one of indulgent superiority—the sort of superiority that a brawny pitman exhibits when his Platoon Commander steps down into a trench to lend a hand with the digging.

But in five minutes their mouths were agape with scandalised astonishment; in ten, the heavens were rent with their protesting cries. Accustomed to see football played with the feet, and to demand with one voice the instant execution of any player (on the other side) who laid so much as a finger upon the ball or the man who was playing it, the exhibition of savage and promiscuous brutality to which their superior officers now treated them shocked the assembled spectators to the roots of their sensitive souls. Howls of virtuous indignation burst forth upon all sides.

When the three-quarter-backs brought off a brilliant passing run, there were stern cries of "Haands, there, referee!" When Bobby Little stopped an ugly rush by hurling himself on the ball, the supporters of the other Brigade greeted his heroic devotion with yells of execration. When Angus M'Lachlan saved a certain try by tackling a speedy wing three-quarter low and bringing him down with a crash, a hundred voices demanded his removal from the field. And, when Mr Waddell,

playing a stuffy but useful game at half, gained fifty yards for his side by a series of judicious little kicks into touch, the spectators groaned aloud, and remarked caustically—

"This maun be a Cup-Tie, boys! They are playin' for a draw, for tae get a second gate!"

Altogether a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, both for players and spectators. And so home to tea, domesticity, and social intercourse. In this connection it may be noted that our relations with the inhabitants are of the friendliest. On the stroke of six—oh yes, we have our licensing restrictions out here too!—half a dozen kilted warriors stroll into the farm-kitchen, and mumble affably to Madame—"Bone sworr! Beer?"

France boasts one enormous advantage over Scotland. At home, you have at least to walk to the corner of the street to obtain a drink: "oot here" you can purchase beer in practically every house in a village. The French licensing laws are a thing of mystery, but the system appears roughly to be this. Either you possess a licence, or you do not. If you do, you may sell beer, and nothing else. If you do not, you may—or at any rate do—sell anything you like, including beer.

However, we have left our friends thirsty.

Their wants are supplied with cheerful alacrity, and, having been accommodated with seats round the stove,

they converse with the family. Heaven only knows what they talk about, but talk they do—in the throaty unintelligible Doric of the Clydeside, with an occasional Gallicism, like, "Allyman no bon!" or "Compree?" thrown in as a sop to foreign idiosyncracies. Madame and family respond, chattering French (or Flemish) at enormous speed. The amazing part of it all is that neither side appears to experience the slightest difficulty in understanding the other. One day Mr Waddell, in the course of a friendly chat with his hostess of the moment—she was unable to speak a word of English—received her warm congratulations upon his contemplated union with a certain fair one of St Andrew (to whom reference has previously been made in these pages). Mr Waddell, a very fair linguist, replied in suitable but embarrassed terms, and asked for the source of the good lady's information.

"Mais votre ordonnance, m'sieur!" was the reply.

Tackled upon the subject, the "ordonnance" in question, Waddell's servant—a shock-headed youth from Dundee—admitted having communicated the information; and added—

"She's a decent body, sirr, the lady o' the hoose. She lost her husband, she was tellin' me, three years ago. She has twa sons in the Airmy. Her auld Auntie is up at the top o' the hoose—lyin' badly, and no expectin' tae rise."

And yet some people study Esperanto!

We also make ourselves useful. "K (1)" contains members of every craft. If the pig-sty door is broken, a carpenter is forthcoming to mend it. Somebody's elbow goes through a pane of glass in the farm-kitchen: straightway a glazier materialises from the nearest platoon, and puts in another. The ancestral eight-day clock of the household develops internal complications; and is forthwith dismembered and re-assembled, "with punctuality, civility, and despatch," by a gentleman who until a few short months ago had done nothing else for fifteen years.

And it was in this connection that Corporal Mucklewame stumbled on to a rare and congenial job, and incidentally made the one joke of his life.

One afternoon a cow, the property of Madame *la fermière*, developed symptoms of some serious disorder. A period of dolorous bellowing was followed by an outburst of homicidal mania, during which "A" Company prudently barricaded itself into the barn, the sufferer having taken entire possession of the farmyard. Next, and finally—so rapidly did the malady run its course—a state of coma intervened; and finally the cow, collapsing upon the doorstep of the Officers' Mess, breathed her last before any one could be found to point out to her the liberty she was taking.

It was decided to hold a *post-mortem*—firstly, to ascer-

tain the cause of death; secondly, because it is easier to remove a dead cow after dissection than before. Madame therefore announced her intention of sending for the butcher, and was upon the point of doing so when Corporal Mucklewame, in whose heart, at the spectacle of the stark and lifeless corpse, ancient and romantic memories were stirring—it may be remembered that before answering to the call of "K (1)" Mucklewame had followed the calling of butcher's assistant at Wishaw—volunteered for the job. His services were cordially accepted by thrifty Madame; and the Corporal, surrounded by a silent and admiring crowd, set to work.

The officers, leaving the Junior Subaltern in charge, went with one accord for a long country walk.

Half an hour later Mucklewame arrived at the seat of the deceased animal's trouble—the seat of most of the troubles of mankind—its stomach. After a brief investigation, he produced therefrom a small bag of nails, recently missed from the vicinity of a cook-house in course of construction in the corner of the yard.

Abandoning the rôle of surgical expert for that of coroner, Mucklewame held the trophy aloft, and delivered his verdict—

"There, boys! That's what comes of eating your iron ration without authority!"

III.

Here is an average billet, and its *personnel*.

The central feature of our residence is the refuse-pit, which fills practically the whole of the rectangular farm-yard, and resembles (in size and shape *only*) an open-air swimming bath. Its abundant contents are apparently the sole asset of the household; for if you proceed, in the interests of health, to spread a decent mantle of honest earth thereover, you do so to the accompaniment of a harmonised chorus of lamentation, very creditably rendered by the entire family, who are grouped *en masse* about the spot where the high diving-board ought to be.

Round this perverted place of ablution runs a stone ledge, some four feet wide, and round that again run the farm buildings—the house at the top end, a great barn down one side, and the cowhouse, together with certain darksome piggeries and fowl-houses, down the other. These latter residences are only occupied at night, their tenants preferring to spend the golden hours of day in profitable occupation upon the happy hunting ground in the middle.

Within the precincts of this already overcrowded establishment are lodged some two hundred British soldiers and their officers. The men sleep in the barn, their meals being

prepared for them upon the Company cooker, which stands in the muddy road outside, and resembles the humble vehicle employed by Urban District Councils for the preparation of tar for road-mending purposes. The officers occupy any room which may be available within the farmhouse itself. The Company Commander has the best bedroom—a low-roofed, stone-floored apartment, with a very small window and a very large bed. The subalterns sleep where they can—usually in the *grenier*, a loft under the tiles, devoted to the storage of onions and the drying, during the winter months, of the family washing, which is suspended from innumerable strings stretched from wall to wall.

For a Mess, there is usually a spare apartment of some kind. If not, you put your pride in your pocket and take your meals at the kitchen table, at such hours as the family are not sitting humped round the same with their hats on, partaking of soup or coffee. (This appears to be their sole sustenance.) A farm-kitchen in Northern France is a scrupulously clean place—the whole family gets up at half-past four in the morning and sees to the matter—and despite the frugality of her own home *ménu*, the *fermière* can produce you a perfect omelette at any hour of the day or night.

This brings us to the kitchen-stove, which is a marvel. No massive and ex-

travagant English ranges here! There is only one kind: we call it the Coffin and Flower-pot. The coffin—small, black, and highly polished—projects from the wall about four feet, the further end being supported by what looks like an ornamental black flower-pot standing on a pedestal. The coffin is the oven, and the flower-pot is the stove. Given a handful of small coal or charcoal, Madame appears capable of keeping it at work all day, and of boiling, baking, or roasting you innumerable dishes.

Then there is the family. Who or what they all are, and where they all sleep, is a profound mystery. The family tree is usually headed by a decrepit and ruminant old gentleman in a species of yachting-cap. He sits behind the stove—not exactly with one foot in the grave, but with both knees well up against the coffin—and occasionally offers a mumbled observation of which no one takes the slightest notice. Sometimes, too, there is an old, a very old, lady. Probably she is some one's grandmother, or great-grandmother, but she does not appear to be related to the old gentleman. At least, they never recognise one another's existence in any way.

There are also vague people who possess the power of becoming invisible at will. They fade in and out of the house like wraiths: their one object in life appears to be to efface themselves as much as possible. Madame refers to them as

"*refugiés*": this the sophisticated Mr Cockerell translates, "German spies."

Next in order come one or two farm-hands—usually addressed as "'Nri!" and "'Seph!" They are not as a rule either attractive in appearance or desirable in character. Every man in this country, who *is* a man, is away, as a matter of course, doing a man's only possible duty under the circumstances. This leaves 'Nri and 'Seph, who through physical or mental shortcomings are denied the proud privilege, and shamble about in the muck and mud of the farm, leering or grumbling, while Madame exhorts them to further activity from the kitchen door. They take their meals with the family: where they sleep no one knows. External evidence suggests the cow-house.

Then, the family. First, Angèle. She may be twenty-five, but is more probably fifteen. She acts as Adjutant to Madame, and rivals her mother as deliverer of sustained and rapid recitative. She milks the cows, feeds the pigs, and dragoons her young brothers and sisters. But though she works from morning till night, she has always time for a smiling salutation to all ranks. She also speaks English quite creditably—a fact of which Madame is justly proud. "Collège!" explains the mother, full of appreciation for an education which she herself has never known, and taps her learned daughter affectionately upon the head.

Next in order comes Emile. He must be about fourteen, but War has forced manhood on him. All day long he is at work, bullying very large horses, digging, hoeing, even ploughing. He is very much a boy, for all that. He whistles exorciatingly—usually English music-hall melodies—grins sheepishly at the officers, and is prepared at any moment to abandon the most important tasks, in order to watch a man cleaning a rifle or oiling a machine-gun. We seem to have encountered Emile in other countries than this.

After Emile, Gabrielle. Her age is probably seven. If you were to give her a wash and brush-up, dress her in a gauzy frock, and exchange her thick woollen stockings and wooden sabots for silk and dancing slippers, she would make a very smart little fairy. Even in her native state she is a most attractive young person, of an engaging coyness. If you say: "Bonjour, Gabrielle!" she whispers: "B'jour M'sieur le Capitaine"—or, "M'sieur le Caporal"; for she knows all badges of rank—and hangs her head demurely. But presently, if you stand quite still and look the other way, Gabrielle will sidle up to you and squeeze your hand. This is gratifying, but a little subversive of strict discipline if you happen to be inspecting your platoon at the moment.

Gabrielle is a firm favourite with the rank and file. Her particular crony is one Private Mackay, an amorphous youth

with flaming red hair. He and Gabrielle engage in lengthy conversations, which appear to be perfectly intelligible to both, though Mackay speaks with the solemn unction of the Aberdonian, and Gabrielle prattles at express speed in a *patois* of her own. Last week some unknown humorist, evidently considering that Gabrielle was not making sufficient progress in her knowledge of English, took upon himself to give her a private lesson. Next morning Mackay, on sentry duty at the farm gate, espied his little friend peeping round a corner.

"Hey, Garibell!" he observed cheerfully. (No Scottish private ever yet mastered a French name quite completely.)

Gabrielle, anxious to exhibit her new accomplishment, drew nearer, smiled seraphically, and replied—

"'Ello, Gingear!"

Last of the bunch comes Petit Jean, a chubby and close-cropped youth of about six. Petit Jean is not his real name, as he himself indignantly explained when so addressed by Major Wagstaffe.

"Moi, z'ne suis pas Petit Jean; z'suis Maurrice!"

Major Wagstaffe apologised most humbly, but the name stuck.

Petit Jean is an enthusiast upon matters military. He possesses a little wooden rifle, the gift of a friendly "Écos-sais," tipped with a flashing bayonet out from a biscuit-tin;

and spends most of his time out upon the road, waiting for some one to salute. At one time he used to stand by the sentry, with an ancient glengarry crammed over his bullet head, and conform meticulously to his comrade's slightest movement. This procedure was soon banned, as being calculated to bring contempt and ridicule upon the King's uniform, and Petit Jean was assigned a beat of his own. Behold him upon sentry-go.

A figure upon horseback swings round the bend in the road.

"Here's an officer, Johnny!" cries a friendly voice from the farm gate.

Petit Jean, as upright as a post, brings his rifle from stand-at-ease to the order, and from the order to the slope, with the epileptic jerkiness of a marionette, and scrutinises the approaching officer for stars and crowns. If he can discern nothing but a star or two, he slaps the small of his butt with ferocious solemnity; but if a crown, or a red hatband, reveals itself, he blows out his small chest to its fullest extent and presents arms. If the salute is acknowledged—as it nearly always is—Petit Jean is crimson with gratification. Once, when a friendly subaltern called his platoon to attention, and gave the order, "Eyes right!" upon passing the motionless little figure at the side of the road, Petit Jean was so uplifted that he committed the military crime of deserting his post while on

duty—in order to run home and tell his mother about it.

Last of all we arrive at the keystone of the whole fabric—Madame herself. She is one of the most wonderful women in the world. Consider. Her husband and her eldest son are away—fighting, she knows not where, amid dangers and privations which can only be imagined. During their absence she has to manage a considerable farm, with the help of her children and one or two hired labourers of more than doubtful use or reliability. In addition to her ordinary duties as a parent and *fermière*, she finds herself called upon, for months on end, to maintain her premises as a combination of barracks and almshouse. Yet she is seldom cross—except possibly when the *soldats* steal her apples and pelt the pigs with the cores—and no accumulations of labour can sap her energy. She is up by half-past four every morning; yet she never appears anxious to go to bed at night. The last sound which sleepy

subalterns hear is Madame's voice, uplifted in steady discourse to the circle round the stove, sustained by an occasional guttural chord from 'Nri and 'Seph. She has been doing this, day in, day out, since the combatants settled down to trench-warfare. Every few weeks brings a fresh crop of tenants, with fresh peculiarities and unknown proclivities; and she assimilates them all.

The only approach to a breakdown comes when, after paying her little bill—you may be sure that not an omelette nor a broken window will be missing from the account—and wishing her "Bonne chance!" ere you depart, you venture on a reference, in a few awkward, stumbling sentences, to the absent husband and son. Then she weeps, copiously, and it seems to do her a world of good. All hail to you, Madame—the finest exponent, in all this War, of the art of Carrying On! We know now why France is such a great country.

(To be continued.)

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCVI.

APRIL 1916.

VOL. CXCIX.

IN THE HANDS OF THE AUSTRIANS.

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I. CAPTURED.

BEFORE the arrival of the Austrian army at Vrnze on 10th November we expected much to happen which never came to pass. We expected an outburst of drinking and rioting and general disorderliness. We had meetings of directors of units; we decided on lines of action, and we destroyed the bulk of our stores of whisky and brandy. However, but for the fact that the Austrian uniform seemed suddenly to swamp the town, and that hundreds of troops camped for the night and were marched off to the hills next morning, nothing unusual happened. It was difficult even to believe that one was really a prisoner of war.

A week or two elapsed, and I had time to recover from the agreeable effect produced by

the excessive politeness of the Austrian officials in these early days. I think now that there was in it a strong element of the velvet glove hiding—whatever you like to call it! At the close of one interview I not only found my hand being warmly and repeatedly shaken, but was assured by the Austrian in question (a high official) that he hoped “I would be very happy with them.” Think of it! This same official at the close of an earlier interview leant across the table and said to me in a would-be friendly tone: “Well, Frau doktor, so now you are a prisoner of war.” To which I replied: “No, I am not, as the Geneva Convention forbids the making prisoners of hospital *personnel*.” “True,” he replied, “but it allows the enemy to

indicate according to his own convenience by which route the hospital *personnel* shall travel home, and I doubt it will be a year or more before we can indicate *your* homeward route!" That Austrian official stands out in my memory as a *rara avis*, who knew his Geneva Convention. My experience as a prisoner of war has been as follows: So long as I offered no resistance it was hard to believe I *was* a prisoner of war. Once I began to offer resistance (chiefly in a desire to protect my hospital property), I found myself up against a wall. Two courses remained open then — either to continue to offer resistance and accept the consequences, or to offer no further resistance. Being the head of a unit, and realising that any "consequences" would affect the whole unit, I decided on the latter as the wiser course of action. I decided it clearly after an uncomfortable interview with a bully, who got more infuriated every moment when he found I waxed calmer as he roared louder.

The officer I speak of demanded, among other things, that I should supply him with blankets for their wounded. I replied (and believed myself to be speaking the truth) that all our blankets were in some trucks which had gone astray. The same day I learnt that we had a remnant—about fifty blankets—among our things, and I also learnt that the officer I speak of had threatened to shoot an orderly in another hospital if about that number of blankets were not

taken off beds and given to him. I was in a dreadful predicament, for if our goods were searched and the blankets found, our position would be unenviable in the extreme. We found also that we should need the fifty blankets for ourselves when borrowed ones were restored. A very select council of war was held, and the following morning a few specially trusted members plied between the "Balkan Villa" and the pavilion where our goods were stored, till every blanket was safely away. In other words, we stole our own blankets, and we did it at considerable risk, as the pavilion was on the main street. Fortunately the weather was bitterly cold, and one or two blankets pinned tightly round one under a topcoat only gave an appearance of being unusually warmly wrapped up.

Peasants whom we spoke to in our walks complained bitterly that Austrians had taken their cattle, their produce, and even their household goods, without payment; but on several occasions I found they had receipts which looked quite official. *If* all the receipts are made good, then I should say the Austrians have on this, their fourth, trip into Serbia behaved not badly. Things *have*, however, happened in outlying villages which merited sharp punishment. As could only be expected, the passage of a large army through a country where provisions were already running short led to considerable

shortage of food. Bread became a most precious commodity, and as we joined the queue in front of a baker's shop, and then pressed forward with outstretched hand holding up the necessary money, it seemed to me that the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," was strangely alive with meaning. An armed soldier had to be posted in the doorway of each baker's shop, as a free fight was the usual close to this doling out of bread.

Our winter stores had failed to reach us before the outbreak of hostilities, and a small amount of luggage had been lost. Some members were therefore beginning to feel the pinch of poverty and to wear an air of shabbiness. We shared what we had, the administrator directing or herself doing the resulting necessary alterations. Two members were supplied (thanks to the administrator's skilful fingers) with skirts made out of dark-coloured blankets. Several members adopted clumsy men's boots of a small size which had been offered us by another unit.

About a fortnight after the entry of the Austrians we gave up our hospital and prepared to depart to the next station down the line. This supposed departure, however, never came to anything, and various Austrian officials seemed to be a little at variance as to the ultimate fate of any unit. I confess that at this time (and even more strongly later) one was impressed with

the lack of organisation among the Austrians: counter-orders followed quickly on orders, and there seemed to be no "head" with a final say in anything. It seemed strange that a victorious army should arrive with no provisions in a country devastated by four years of warfare. Stranger still did it seem that they had no hospital equipment and no money. Their soldiers looked starved and ill and shabbily clothed. In a word, we were not impressed by the victorious Austrian army.

Heavy snow came down soon after the entry of the Austrians, and we learnt that of the Austrian army which passed through in pursuit of the retreating Serbians some hundreds had been frozen to death on the high hills surrounding Vrnze. It was a common incident to see an ill and half-starved-looking Austrian soldier begging bread from any Britisher or Serb civilian.

Suddenly I got orders to leave the following morning for Kruschevats, an altered destination—the carts to be loaded with the remnant of our equipment that very afternoon. A funny incident happened during the loading. A very elegant Austrian officer was in charge, so elegant that it took him about ten minutes to get (with the aid of his orderly) slowly and elegantly into his fur-lined coat. As we were getting towards the end of the loading, Prince Lobkovitz (the Austrian Commander) being by then an

onlooker, three packing-cases were rejected as being too heavy for the light horse carts in use. Repacking was the only alternative. I got empty baths and oddments of tent sides, and soon we were feverishly emptying the packing-cases, and finally roping up the baths and bundles. To my amazement the elegant officer cast his coat in the twinkling of an eye, and was soon diving his elegant form into the packing-cases, and handing sheets and other things to the packers. Before the Prince left, he expressed his great admiration for the expeditious and businesslike way in which we had tackled the work.

The next morning saw us starting off on our walk to Turstenik (12 kilometres), from where we got the train in the afternoon for Krushevats. Arrived at our destination we found there was no one to meet us. Outside the station we came on a youth with a large six-seater motor, who offered to take me to the Prefecture to make inquiries. This young Austrian, Lieutenant —, became our guide, counsellor, and friend during our stay at Krushevats. He not only took me to the Prefecture, but all over the town, in an attempt to find some one who expected myself and my unit. Alas! no one had been notified of our arrival, and no one expected us. The Ortskomando (all Hungarians) finally took us under their care, procured us a meal, and got us packed in tight as herrings in a barrel

(some lying on the floor) into the Hotel de Paris. Hotel de Paris sounds so well, and is such a deception, that I feel bound to make it known that it is a filthy, shabby, third-rate hotel, where we were badly housed and most insufficiently fed.

Yet the tone of our treatment in Krushevats was kindly. Krushevats was overcrowded, and it was only possible for officials to do their best, and they took the trouble to do their best for the few days we were there. During my peregrinations over the town I came on Dr Inglis and her unit. If I had up till then felt that we in no way merited the title of "the heroic band of women," I came away from Dr Inglis' hospital feeling that they *had* earned it. Picture over twenty people, including the head of the hospital, living and sleeping and eating and washing in one room; picture all their equipment gone, and they condemned to look after Serbs the best way they could in hospital corridors. They were, however, wearing no air of martyrdom. Krushevats remains in my mind as a horrid nightmare. For the first time we saw the German uniform, and especially the German spiked hat, swarming everywhere. The streets were filled with a continuous stream of soldiers and transport waggons going—where? Almost all the shops were closed, large notices in German directed one to the various headquarters, and a German flag floated boastfully from the Denkmal.

All day long numbers of Serb prisoners streamed into the town with bent heads and faces. The sight of them gave me a feeling of sharp heart-ache for Serbia, and I tried (when I could do so unnoticed) to say a kindly "dobardan" in passing.

When I found the remainder of our equipment was to be kept for a mythical hospital called 2/6, I demanded (according to the terms of the Geneva Convention) that receipts should be written out before I handed it over. Some demur was made, and I was asked what good a receipt could do me. "To recover the money from you later, of course," I replied. How bitterly one now regretted all the wasted time, energy, and even sleep in the effort, at any cost, to hold on to it. The next morning at 4 A.M. we shook off the dust of an hotel which had proved none too friendly, and set off in four large motor-lorries under the kindly guidance of the lieutenant whom I have already spoken of. We had discovered that half his relations were English, and we had our suspicions that he had hopes of marrying an English cousin. His friendly attitude towards us was a great solace, as we had already had so much evidence of unfriendly feeling. I gladly acknowledge, however, that the Austrians have shown us such a large measure of kindness and consideration that it will stand out sharply against all the unpleasant memories.

Arrived at Ctalach we found that our train, which was to depart at 6 A.M., might not leave till night or the following morning. A cheerful prospect for us! I at once set off with Lieutenant — to claim our rations for the day at the Ortskomando. One great advantage in being a prisoner of war is the knowledge that one can insist on being fed without payment. We have learnt since, however, that it is possible to feed so inadequately that the words can be reduced to a mere farce.

After a frugal breakfast of bread, coffee, and kraut, we settled ourselves into the two horse-trucks which had been reserved for us. This we had recognised through previous experience to be a most agreeable way of travelling, and so made no objection, though we saw that German soldiers were provided on our train with third-class carriages. We were now under charge of a guard, and were requested not to attempt any walk without his escort. Many German officers and men had freely passed comments on us during the day, but as evening approached, and our simple meal of bread, cheese, and coffee came round, an angry crowd of German soldiers collected round our doors openly objecting to the fact that we were getting better rations than they, and passing vulgar remarks on us. At last I went off to the Ortskomando with our guard (a kindly but most inefficient person), and asked the Austrian

Commandant for protection. When I had finished my tale of woe, he simply said: "Wait and I shall come to the station with you." A special sentry was posted, and I was given permission (previously denied) to bolt the doors on the platform side and keep them open on the far side, and the conduct of the soldiers was reported at once to their head officer. We then spread ourselves over the floor and slept as best we could till morning. At 6.30 the train set in motion, but we had fortunately wakened early and washed at the station pump. During the remainder of our journey I had occasion many times to recall what Lieutenant — had said at parting. He expressed great regret at being unable to accompany us to our journey's end, and added: "I greatly fear that you will have many difficulties and much unpleasantness before you reach home." We were in complete uncertainty at this time as to whether we were to work at Temesvar, work elsewhere, or go home.

Another point which impressed us more and more at every step of the journey was the fact that no love is lost between Austrians and Germans. Lieutenant — and others frankly expressed their great dislike of the Germans, but Lieutenant — added: "However, German soldiers are the best soldiers, and so we *must* fight with them in order to get forward." I was interested to hear him frankly acknowledge that Germany

hated us "because we had spoilt her game."

No provision was made for food; we started without breakfast (except the tea we made ourselves), and only succeeded in getting soup at Lapovo by pursuing the German Red Cross official who was superintending the feeding of soldiers on our train, and begging that our unit might be fed too. The soup was strong and delicious, and we got as much of it as we could eat, along with four loaves, to divide among the company.

An interesting incident occurred on the train. Realising that one of our Union Jacks had gone astray with lost equipment, and had almost certainly been trampled in the dust, we determined to rescue the second one and carry it home at any cost. Between stations the packing-case was opened in which it was known to be and it was taken out. The C.M.O. then did a little superficial undressing, wrapped the flag proudly round her body, and re-dressed. We determined that once over the border it would be waved tauntingly in our former captors' faces.

Arrived at Semendria at 3 P.M. the worst of our troubles began. Semendria is on the northern Serbian frontier, in a line with Belgrade and on the Danube. I clearly remembered reading at the commencement of the war that the Serbs had blown up the big bridge across the Danube at Semendria, but I did not think then that it would one day be the

scene of some trying moments for myself and others.

During the journey from Ctalach to Semendria we had been parted from our guard, following upon angry disputes between him and German officials at Jagodina. Fortunately I had refused to leave Kruschevats without a copy of the general orders for our journey. This I at once presented to the Commandant on arrival in Semendria, who had however been notified of our coming. I gathered my flock on the platform (each of us carrying light luggage), and then we filed past the Commandant to allow him to verify our number as correct. A guard was sent with us, who, I was told, would show us where we were to spend the night. I asked no questions, as I had already met with so much rudeness that I wished to avoid rousing any more of it. As we walked through the streets to the landing-stage on the Danube, German officers and soldiers openly jeered at us, and passed remarks which I shall not write down. Arrived at the landing-stage we were told we should have an hour to wait, so we settled ourselves as comfortably as we could on some logs of wood, and tried to shut our eyes to the objectionable crowd which surrounded us and passed comments on us. One hour dragged itself out into four and a half hours (about 8.30) before the temporary steamer, consisting of large boats lashed together, set out with us on board for the opposite bank. We were

old and tired and hungry, and a request for anything in the shape of food had been refused. By the time the boat started my blood was at boiling-point as a result of the way in which we had been hustled, shouted at, and coarsely commented on. When our guard (a kindly fellow, though a German) told me we had five kilometres to walk over very bad road after landing on the far side, I felt the time had arrived to speak out plainly. I therefore told him that I absolutely refused to allow my unit to set out on the proposed walk until we had been fed, as we had tasted nothing since 10.30. I asked him to report what I had said to any officer he could find on board, and to say that I was willing to repeat my statement personally. Of three officers on board, one would have been kindly, and given us motor-lorries, but number three, of whom I cannot speak too strongly as a most objectionable creature, refused to do anything. I am glad to say that the following day I got my chance of snubbing him thoroughly. One member christened him the C.A.D. lieutenant.

As the steamer moored on the opposite bank all three walked away and left me to tackle the situation as I liked. I repaired to the 'phone with the guard and got in touch with the Commandant (an Austrian) of Kevevara. From him I learnt that the German Commandant at Semendria had lied in saying arrangements were made for us, that we were

not expected, and that the road was quite impossible by night. He expressed great regret, but advised me to let the unit spend the night in a temporary wooden hut which had been erected for the work of rebuilding bridges. Food was quite out of the question.

One thing which I shall never forget was the kindness of the Austrian soldier at the 'phone. He asked me to regard him not as an enemy but merely as a man. It interested me to recall that an Austrian officer had said the same thing to me in Krushevats. Well, this soldier got down his own bread and some preserved meat and would accept no refusal. Both Miss Jack and I had to at least taste them.

Arrived at the wooden hut, which was within a stone's-throw of the landing-stage, we found a stove blazing, about eight Austrian soldiers in possession, and a stenching atmosphere. Windows were soon thrown open, kettles quickly boiled, and tea served round along with any remains of bread or biscuits. We then settled ourselves on forms, tables, or two together in some stretchers which chanced to be there. Of the behaviour of the Austrian soldiers I cannot speak too highly. They were not only most polite and respectful, but some shared their bread with us, and even relinquished their sleeping places. I slept but little, and as I glanced round from time to time I thought I had never seen a stranger scene. Every

available space was covered with sleeping forms, members of the unit often lying side by side with Austrian soldiers. In the centre, under the glare of the electric light, sat two soldiers who chatted in undertones till early morning, then began to doze where they sat, and finally curled up to sleep on the floor.

About six o'clock some of us rose and crept out of doors in the dim morning light. I shall always remember the fresh feeling of the air which seemed to caress me as I stepped out of the heated room. The gentle lap of the Danube could be heard against the wooden planking of the temporary pier and of the two mighty boat bridges under construction. To the left could be made out the silhouette of a sentry standing at attention with fixed bayonet, and beyond the expanse of water was a long deep red band, marking the spot where we were soon to be cheered by one of the most wonderfully beautiful sunrises I have ever seen. As I stood watching its development with a strange sense of being soothed and strengthened, our guard came up to me and commented on its beauty, then added: "But how much more beautiful it would be if there were no war." "Amen to that," said I.

Ablutions had next to be considered. The pump in the vicinity of the wooden hut would yield no water, so we repaired in twos and threes to the river's edge and washed in the Danube's waters. Kettles were then set agoing, and soon tea

and cocoa were handed round. I think it was a distinct surprise to many of us to find that we could still go on without food (in another two hours we should have touched twenty-four hours) and yet have no feeling of hunger. Before we actually got food, however (which was about 3 P.M.), the best of us felt cross and tired and faint.

We walked about or sat and watched the Austrians at their bridge-building till between 11 and 12 o'clock, when we were accidentally discovered (so we learnt later) by two officers from Kevevara, a German military doctor and an Austrian officer. I had to show what credentials I could to prove what we were. From the German we received the usual rough and unmannerly treatment which we had now learnt to expect, but the behaviour of the Austrian at this interview, and at one the following day when we saw him alone, was an interesting study. From these and other such interviews we came to depend on a general rule. An Austrian, when interviewed *with* a German, gives one the impression that he feels bound to try to play up to the general roughness and rudeness of the German. Get him alone, however, and you will find him much more kindly and tactful.

After the interview at the riverside, the majority of us set off on the 5-kilometre walk which I had refused the previous evening to undertake on an empty stomach. Needless to say, our stomachs were still

in statu quo. Two or three of our number remained behind to accompany the heavy baggage. The afternoon saw us settling into quarters where we were to live through many strange and interesting experiences—our palatial residence, the house which is utilised as night quarters for refugees; our sleeping accommodation, fifteen in a room on straw mattresses on the ground. The mattress part of it we owed to ourselves, the authorities having only supplied a none too ample dole of straw. We had a guard of three day and night, without whom we might not even go to the well—a stone's-throw from our door. We lived on the meagrest of prison fare—strong soup made from tins of preserved meat, heavy black bread, and coffee. Exercise could only be taken in the back yard. The explanation of all this was that we were being quarantined, as some Serb captives had developed cholera. Although the unit as a whole might not exercise beyond the back yard, two of our number were allowed to go daily into town to shop, and the two cooks were allowed to work daily for us in the hospital kitchen. Numbers of women and children passed constantly through our inner court to reach houses at the back. Instead of being kept away from the well, we were forced to go to draw water for ourselves. I need not go into more details to show the weak points of the quarantine theory. The Oberstlieutenant was in

Semendria, and all my protests did not avail us much. We know now that many lies were told me as a means of hushing my protests. Truth to tell, I was afraid to fight further for the treatment due to myself and my doctors as officers, lest we should be separated from the remainder of the unit. Our salvation could only lie in standing together solidly. On the fourth day of "quarantine" the Oberstlieutenant returned from Semendria, and came to interview me at my request. We had laid bare a few lies by then, and so I was able to open the attack with confidence. I had also a strong card to play in my intimate knowledge of how Austrian soldiers and doctors had been fed in Serbia. As I told the Oberstlieutenant, we were getting about half the fare of an ordinary Austrian soldier in Serbia. While with me, the Oberstlieutenant took the position that we had no cause for complaint; but during the three minutes' walk to the hospital kitchen he had evidently decided to save his face in a way which is favoured by many cowards—*i.e.*, by throwing the blame on subordinates. Every subordinate got a hauling over the coals for not having supplied us with proper food and given us the privileges due to us. The point of importance, however, was that our feeding improved. A light-brown bread replaced the black bread. The latter was so hard the first day that it could hardly get any

harder on succeeding days, and seemed to us to be an apt illustration of "I asked them for bread, and they gave me a stone."

During the five days of complete captivity, we developed a forgotten prowess at rounders and other games in the back yard. Some of us are confident that the change in the bearing of our guard towards us dated from the day they first saw us playing rounders! During the first day or two they showed themselves distinctly rough and unmannerly.

The spirits of the unit never fell far, or, to put it more correctly, they remained at a wonderfully high level. I had truly never greater reason to be proud of my flock. In the evening Squad A (our room) and Squad B (the other room) rivalled each other with entertainments. Our first entertainment consisted of charades, the final act being the return arrival of the unit at Victoria Station. I shall never forget the shriek of delight which greeted my appearance on the stage *with* our guard (who were supposed to have been sent in charge of us). To have made our gaolers join in our sport seemed to every one a most delicious triumph. On succeeding evenings it became a recognised thing that they should be dragged into some scene or another, and to tell the truth I think they quite enjoyed it as a break in the monotony of the day.

As our first night's entertainment (which had several

song items in it) was drawing to a close, we heard movements at one window which opened into a back lane. A dog was then held up above the cross-sheet which served as curtain and made to clap its front paws in approval. I at once brought the entertainment to a close, fearing we were going to be molested by our usual tormentors. This time, however, I was wrong. Bottles were next handed up over the cross-curtain containing tomato sauce, preserved pears, pickled vegetables. It was, of course, impossible to see who the donor was, but it was clearly a well-wisher. The following night more gifts were brought, empty bottles removed, and an attempt to express thanks was cut short. Still another night, on returning to our room after acting in Squad B's room, we found a gigantic loaf of white bread had been pitched through the window on to one of our beds. It was circular, $1\frac{1}{4}$ feet in diameter, and (our administrator judged) about 6 or

7 pounds in weight. You can imagine that by now we were on the tiptoe of excitement. We even thought of high officials in Kevevara as possible donors. As we were allowed no visitors, there seemed small chance of solving the mystery. One morning a member of the unit returned much excited from water-drawing at the well. She said a little lady had managed to converse with her while apparently being engaged in drawing water. She told that the gifts came from her house, and were handed in by her son, a boy of eighteen, at risk to himself. That night a conversation was held with the boy at the window, who told us that all Kevevara was indignant at the treatment being accorded us, and that they greatly feared we should leave Hungary with a very incorrect idea of Hungarians. The C.M.O. then wrote a note of warm thanks in the name of the unit, which was to be handed over with the next empties.

II. HOPE DEFERRED.

It is five weeks since the Austrians entered Vrnze, and we have already been here ten days. What is to become of us we do not know. One official tells us we are to work here; two days later another official tells us something absolutely different; and so day follows after day, and we seem no nearer a decision. I have asked to be allowed to go to see the American Consul at

Buda Pesth, or to wire or 'phone to him,—each request has been refused. Yesterday I wrote asking him to deal with a letter which I enclosed for the Hauptquartier at Vienna. In that letter I gave a short *résumé* of our doings since the entry of the Austrians, and demanded the release of myself and my unit. I pointed out that, according to the terms of the Geneva Convention, I

was well within my rights in making such a demand, as a hospital unit can only be detained if it is needed for work. Five weeks had passed not only without our being put to work, but during that time we had more than once been told by senior officials that there was no work for us.

We hope for the best, as the prospect of working in the enemy's country and under his direction is hateful to us. Our spirits rose many points two days ago, as a paper had to be filled in giving full details about every member of the unit. This paper, a friendly Unteroffizier told us, had been at once despatched to the American Consul at Buda Pesth. Could it be, we wondered, that negotiations had already started with home for our release? Alas! Christmas draws nearer every day, and we begin to picture ourselves making the best of it somewhere in Hungary. The days go by with a painful similarity, and each morning we say: "What will the day bring forth?" And each evening: "What will the morning bring forth?" Every attempt to batter at the Oberstlieutenant's sense of pity invariably ends with an assurance on his part that the reply from Vienna must be patiently awaited.

The rigours of salt porridgy soup and incredibly tough meat are tempered by the addition of eggs, jam, and fruit to the dietary. The latter are of course bought with our own money. Midday sees the

arrival of the pots or pails containing the soup and meat for the unit. Round them soon group themselves the various members armed with plate and cup, while the house-sister presides over the proceedings ladle in hand.

The problem of keeping clean is great, as no bath exists. An "arras" (we believe in keeping up a certain glamour) is erected near the stove, and from five o'clock onwards we wash in rotation. The washing-down process is complicated by the fact that one must at the same time feed the fire and see to it that a saucepan full of water is at boiling-point for the next member. Woe betide the member who emerges from the "arras" having failed to attend to these duties. We hear that the town has commented on the cleanly appearance of the unit, and consequently has expressed a desire for English wives. Needless to say the unit regards the latter point otherwise.

The back yard, which we cheerfully call the "mead" (in spite of an ever-present aroma of pigs), is the daily scene of clothes-washing, clothes-drying, &c. Daily walks are arranged, with the inevitable guard at our heels.

To-day, December 16, I have been told we shall almost certainly be sent home soon, in exchange for others. We have been speculating whom we can possibly be exchanged for, certainly not for German fighting men. Apart from the fact that we feel sure that would not

be done, I think the unit as a whole would prefer to remain in captivity rather than consent to such a thing.

I dread the journey home, especially if it lies through Germany. From my experience of Germans up to the present, instead of inclining to doubt Belgian and other similar horrors, I am ready to believe in the possibility of things ten times worse. I marvel not at one Lonsdale striking his gaoler, but rather that numbers of British Tommies haven't done the same. I shiver to think what German soldiers could do if incited to it by their officers. I feel in them an innate boorishness and brutality, and I realise, as I never did before, the disaster it would be for the whole world if Germany is finally victorious. Am I not right, too, in feeling certain (judging from the analogy of daily life and history) that Austria will one day pay dearly for selling her soul to Germany?

18th. Yesterday was a trying day for the unit. The previous evening I was sent for at 7 P.M. to the Oberstlieutenant's office. Dr and Mrs Hope accompanied me. There we were told by Dr Fischer and the Oberstlieutenant that the whole unit, during its waiting period, was to take charge of the Serb cholera block. I brought up several points which must be conceded before I could agree to let my unit undertake the work. These were, shortly, that I should have the right

to insist upon satisfactory conditions of work, and that our proper status as doctors and nurses must be recognised. I pointed out that up to the present we had been treated as common prisoners of war, and produced my Geneva Convention book to prove such treatment wrong. It was quite evident that they (senior officials) studied these clauses of the Geneva Convention for the first time!

Returned home, we drew up a list of conditions, beginning with the necessity for inoculation and pay. Inoculation meant a delay of from eight days to three weeks, dependent on the serum used, and we were supposed to take over our quarters the following day, as the Germans were leaving with their whole *personnel*.

Arrived at the doctor's, at the hospital, by appointment, the following morning, we found the idea of inoculation jeered at, and Dr F. too busy with the German doctors to pay any attention to us. After hanging about in undignified fashion for an hour and a half we went off to the Oberstlieutenant's office, leaving word for Dr F. that we had done so. The Oberstlieutenant was seen for five minutes just as he was leaving the Etappenkommando. He was most kindly and understanding about the position, and promised to return in half an hour and arrange the matter with the doctor. We waited in his office. Towards the end of the half-hour he and the doctor met in the anteroom,

and from the heated discussion which ensued I expected the worst. They entered the room where we were together, and the Oberstlieutenant told us with much decision that, after talking over the matter with the doctor, he understood that inoculation was quite unnecessary, and (in very peremptory tones) I would kindly see to it that my unit was at work the following morning. I replied most politely but firmly that I was responsible for my unit, and regretted that I could not allow them to start work without inoculation and the lapse afterwards of a reasonable interval of time. Then came a torrent of the most uncontrolled abuse and threats that I have ever been subjected to—incarceration to the end of the war, starvation, treatment as ordinary prisoners, &c. The abuse and threats naturally got worse as the Oberstlieutenant and the doctor saw they were unavailing. In the end I tried to turn my thoughts on other things so as to shut out the angry shouting. Suddenly I was recalled to a consciousness of the situation by hearing the doctor say (or so I thought) that if I would go to work uninoculated to-morrow the unit might wait for inoculation. I asked him to repeat what he had said, and found I had heard aright. I am certain it was thrown at me only as an angry taunt; but it was my chance, and I seized it. Never have I seen the wind knocked so completely out of any one's sails; never

have I seen a storm fall so suddenly to a dead calm. They were, I think, flabbergasted, and retired at once from the room to discuss what was to be done. On their return I was told the unit would have five days' delay for inoculation, and I was to be at work the following morning. The doctor (one of the most untruthful, brutal, and inconsistent men I have ever known) tried to make out at first that he had *not* said all the unit, but I held him firmly to his original offer. The Oberstlieutenant (a kindly but weak man) was, I could see, not altogether happy. My doctors at once insisted on sharing the risks with me by starting work uninoculated the following morning, but they were not listened to. The order for inoculation was given for the afternoon, and an appointment was made with Dr Fischer for the evening in the Oberstlieutenant's office. This appointment was only made through the intervention of the Oberstlieutenant, as I insisted there were further points which the doctor must go over with me. Although I describe this scene calmly, it was an extremely painful one, and it tired me more than days of hard work.

With the doctor who came to inoculate came a written order for *my* inoculation too. Once again the cowardly way of saving one's face without acknowledging oneself in the wrong. *If* I had developed cholera, being uninoculated, the scandal would have been great,

therefore it was wiser to climb down without appearing to do so, and grant the delay I had asked for without attaching conditions. As Dr Fischer expressed it when I asked for an explanation: "You see, Fräulein, I didn't wish you to be able to say that an Austrian colleague had tried to kill you with cholera."

Arrived at the office in the evening, we found no doctor. After half an hour's wait in the passage we were discovered by the Oberstlieutenant's assistant and ushered into the Oberstlieutenant's room. We soon felt the change in atmosphere. Seats were pressed upon us, then tea, coffee, and cigarettes, each in turn. One and all I politely but firmly refused. Nevertheless a few minutes later a ready-laid table was brought into the room, with coffee, hot milk, tongue, beautiful white bread, and mineral waters. With difficulty did I swallow a few mouthfuls of coffee and milk rather than appear rude. Fortunately Dr Fischer arrived opportunely. After discussing with him the points I had to bring up, we rose to go. As I drew on my gloves I noticed two paper parcels on the table, which the Oberstlieutenant kindly explained were the bread and tongue which we had not eaten, and a bottle of his best wine. After all that had gone before (treatment as common prisoners and the unpardonable abuse of that very morning) I felt that the Oberstlieutenant showed an utter lack of fine feeling in not

realising that it was a positive insult to expect us to carry away the untasted food. Our self-respect held stronger than ever. I shall not soon forget the expression on the Oberstlieutenant's face as I again refused the proffered parcels with a "Nein, ich danke," bowed, and left the room followed by my doctors.

We have been busy getting over our cholera inoculation. Fortunately none of us have suffered much.

On Sunday we took a long walk to view the scene of our one night's sojourn on the banks of the Danube. The hut was unchanged and the Danube as muddy as ever, but we were amazed at the progress the mighty wooden piers had made. We conjectured these would be continued across the stream to form a bridge. Soon there will be at least one complete connection between this side and the long island which stretches so extensively up and down stream, that it almost gives the appearance of being itself the opposite bank. The three pierheads are on this side being continued over the stretch of marsh and water which borders the Danube, in the form of solid wooden raised roads. These preparations appealed to me beyond the fascination of their personal interest because of the meaning that lay behind it all.

23rd. We are anxious and perturbed to-day, for we feel sure there is some change in our arrangements. Our second

inoculations were to be done by appointment the day before yesterday. No one came to do them, no one has been today, and I have had no communications from headquarters here. I learnt two days ago that Dr Fischer had been called to Temesvar (German headquarters), and during an interview with the Oberstlieutenant (when I got the above information) I felt indecision in the atmosphere. We daren't be cheered, lest something worse should be in store for us. During this interview I found the Oberstlieutenant quite remorseful about the conditions under which we are living,—so much so that he urged me to move some of my members out to the Jaeger hospital without delay. I argued, however, that I gained nothing by doing this until it was definitely decided that we were to work there. In the meantime we are busy-ing ourselves with preparations for Christmas Day, not knowing where we shall spend it.

Whatever else could not be achieved, I was determined that Christmas Day should be made as jolly as possible. We wish it were possible to do something for the Serbian and Russian prisoners here. That, however, is not encouraged. We give them surreptitiously bread or any oddments of food we have left over, and they accept it surreptitiously, glancing to left and right lest they should be seen. I shall never forget the combined feeling of horror and pity which came over one as the Serbs greedily

seized their bits of bread and began to devour them wolfishly. That was immediately after having had their mid-day meal. We compare this with the days in Serbia, when kindnesses were shown openly to Austrian prisoners, and no one interfered or objected.

When I started dressing on Christmas morning I could only find one stocking. I hunted high and I hunted low, but no stocking could I find. I then began to realise that several members were laughing, as if over some private joke. My request to be allowed to share in the joke only made them laugh more. My eyes at last lighted on my stocking—where? It was hanging beside my straw couch, crammed full of things! Little incidents of this sort upset one more easily than rudeness, and it is long since I have had my stocking filled.

When I went to greet the next room, I found all their stockings hanging from a common tape at our door. Such childlike faith was *too* touching. Squad B was charmed with Father Christmas' generosity!

Every one was kept busy. Plum-puddings, which had been mixed and boiled the previous day, had to be superintended through a second boiling. Geese had to be taken to and later fetched back from the hotel which had kindly undertaken to roast them. The Christmas tree (my present to the unit) was decorated by the early afternoon, and our rooms underwent a magical trans-

formation. The Union Jack was fastened up on the wall near the Christmas tree, and so gave its blessing to the proceedings and rejoiced our hearts. After goose, plum-pudding, and claret-cup (the administrator's gift) had been duly appreciated, we arrived at the toasts. When the toast of the King had been proposed and drunk, we dared to sing in a soft undertone, "God save the King." What a deliciously daring feeling it gave us! Among other toasts we had "Our fellow-prisoners" and "Absent friends," the latter being drunk in silence. One toast was proposed which I had not on my list, and had therefore been given no warning about it. It was "Our chief." I felt that the words in which that toast was expressed added *the* consolidating touch to the bonds which have been steadily drawing us together, especially during these last few weeks of adversity.

I feel proud to think that a body of women of all sorts and kinds has shown itself capable of standing solidly together, and of cheerfully facing physical discomforts which none of us were accustomed to. When the toasts had all been proposed and drunk, we lit up our tree and sang carols. One would almost have thought that the little tree was animated by a special desire to cheer us, for it soon lit the room so brightly that we put out our lights and finished our carol-singing in its soft glow.

All our walks have the bring-
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ing in of firewood as the one object in view, and we go armed with bits of rope or with baskets. A photograph exists which was taken as we entered our own courtyard. In it some are shown with a small log balanced on the shoulder, others dragging behind them large branches or other pieces of wood tied together with rope. Last Sunday we went back to the Danube, as such a plentiful supply of wood and chips are found floating close to the shore. As we were coaxing these out with bits of stick, a crowd of Austrians and Germans watched us with amused interest. Then, without saying anything, a German stepped forward and began to fish out larger pieces till we were all supplied. He then took my bundle out of my hands as I was trying to tie it together, did it up neatly, and handed it to me with the words: "There is a travelling-bag for you to go to England with." I thanked him warmly for helping us, and made a mental note of him as one more man who was decent *in spite of being German*. The average German we have learned more and more to dread and distrust. When we meet them on the roads we look through them or beyond them, as the surer way to escape impertinence. The Austrian common soldier, on the contrary, we find almost invariably respectful and polite. Of the Austrian officials I cannot write so confidently. The amount of lying and cheating which has gone

on over our feeding is incredible—only latterly have I known that I had the right to have a daily note of our supplies, and that “daily note” has revealed a few things. A visit to the Oberstlieutenant leads to an inquiry about some one complaint, there is improvement for a day or two, then everything relapses again to its usual state of muddle.

With the close of the year it seems to some of us that we shall end our days in the desolation of Kevevara. No word from home, no knowledge of whether negotiations are really being carried on for our release, no work to act as a counter-irritant and compensation, and the smart of being forced to put up with treatment which we know we should not get. Our white bread has once again been replaced by the heavy black bread, and so we are forced even to spend some precious money in buying a little white bread. I went once again on a weary pilgrimage to the Oberstlieutenant's office, to speak out my mind, but the “speaking out” had to be postponed as the Oberstlieutenant was from home. An incident occurred at breakfast which I think you would hardly credit. I was clearing the crumbs out of my bread-bag, when I found some stale white bread. “Any one have this?” I asked apologetically. “Rather,” said one member eagerly; “anything rather than eat that black bread.” “And here's a hard crust,” I

added. “May I have it?” said another member, hurrying forward to secure it. “Hurrying forward” may sound an odd term to use at meal-time, but we have of course no table. Most of us sit on our straw couches, which serve at the same time as tables, while others make a form serve the double purpose.

I interviewed the Oberstlieutenant on his return, with the usual unsatisfactory result, *except* that we have once again got white bread and fresh vegetables. It is easy to understand why things are in a muddle here with such a weak man at the helm. No one really respects his orders, and so they have to be constantly reinforced.

Our spirits ebbed daily to an increasingly lower level, and it seemed as if we must soon come to an end of every effort to vary the monotony of our existence. Then a rumour spread that Sisters wearing the uniform of our unit had been seen in the town. Some of our number set off at once in search of them, and returned with the thrilling news that nineteen members from Dr Inglis' hospital at Krushevats were staying at the quarters of the Grenz-Polizei (Frontier Police), and expected to go direct home after five days' quarantine. We learnt that these nineteen, having made up their minds to go home, gave the office at Krushevats no peace till the matter was settled. *How* the matter had been arranged they

knew not and cared not. You can imagine the babel of tongues that night, and the multitude of offered suggestions to explain the inexplicable why.

I repaired to the Oberstlieutenant's office to act advocate for myself and my unit. To my question why one unit was stranded here when other members could get home, he replied that he knew nothing about the presence of any other members in Kevevara. To this I replied (in polite language) that I didn't believe a word of what he was saying. I was forced, however, to credit his words when he called in his second-in-command, and worked himself into a towering rage against this officer because the information had been withheld from *him*, the military head of Kevevara. I felt my brain getting giddy, so to speak, at such a disclosure, and implored the Oberstlieutenant to shut his eyes and allow the party to go on their way. This he agreed to do so willingly (although he at the same time assured me they would come to grief farther ahead) that I felt more and more bewildered. It became "curioser and curioser." I then used every power of pleading I possess to get freedom for myself and my unit on the same terms that the others had got it. I offered to pay feeding, travel money, anything, so as to get away. To each plea the Oberstlieutenant replied that he had no power to act in the

matter, and that we must wait the reply from Vienna regarding exchange negotiations. I returned, sad at heart, to report matters to my unit. The same day I agreed to hold a daily German class for my room. Anything to save our brains from stagnation and ourselves from losing even the outward semblance of cheeriness, which we have studiously cultivated and regarded as a point of honour to assume. Two days later, in the evening, I was sent for to the office of the Grenz-Polizei, and was interviewed by the head of the department, Captain Horvath, who is also a doctor of law. Before the interview was well begun I wondered whether I could be dreaming, so impossible was it to grasp the situation. To put it shortly, I was told that from to-morrow morning we ceased to be prisoners of war (which, I interrupted, we never had been), and were to be treated as interned people. Being no longer prisoners of war we must pay all our own expenses, come to live at the Grenz-Polizei Station, and—most amazing fact of all—be sent home in five or seven days. I had to apologise more than once for plying the Captain with questions in a vain endeavour to understand something. I was told that the Minister of the Interior had discovered that Kevevara was in Hungary (marvellous discovery!), and that therefore he had the right to deal with our case through the Grenz-Polizei without referring the matter to Vienna. I asked why it had

taken nearly five weeks to make this discovery, as also the companion one that we were not prisoners of war, and *that* in spite of active protests on my part and an offer (two evenings previously) to do anything or pay anything in order to get my unit home. At last the Captain said: "To tell you the truth, the matter is being done secretly." "And yet," I replied, "you tell me that the Oberstlieutenant knows everything, and has, as a matter of fact, handed us over to you." "Oh yes," he said, "it's possible for a lot of people to know about a matter and yet for it to be secret." Then he said: "You know we don't *want* you here." "No less than we *want* to be here," I replied. I finally decided that it would be wiser to press no further inquiries, but try to trust the Captain. I especially decided this after the Captain showed very distinct signs of getting annoyed with what he described as "my suspicious attitude." I then told him that my "suspicious attitude" was entirely the result of the consistent lying I had been treated to since coming to Kevevara. I now, I told him, found it extremely difficult to believe in any one. My confidence in the Captain has, however, increased, though he is best described as a "gentlemanly official," the term Diana used to describe her first husband. For the fact that he is gentlemanly I am most thankful; indeed some of us have arrived at feeling most ridiculously grateful for the smallest show of politeness.

The "gentlemanly official" wears corsets, has high heels to his boots, and wears a top-coat bespangled with gold cording. These adjuncts constitute the Captain. Deprived of them, I fancy one would fail even to find a man, only a lay figure.

We have been touched beyond words at the many kindnesses which the inhabitants of Kevevara (Hungarians and some Serbs) have shown us. We are stopped as we walk home, and eggs are slipped into our pockets, or a bottle of milk pressed into our hands, or a log of wood offered for the fire. Everywhere regret is expressed by the townspeople for the treatment we have received, and also regret lest we should misjudge all Hungarians.

Jan. 10th. We are living now at the Grenz-Polizei, to which we flitted five days ago. If we were closely packed in our former house, I can only describe our present position as being comparable to herrings in a barrel or sardines in a box, or any other comparison which suggests the minimum of comfort. Picture a room 16 feet by 17, and fifteen people passing the night in it on mattresses on the floor. The complexity of finding room to stand for dressing and undressing becomes extreme. Everything, including one's washing things and towel, has to be kept either under one's pillow or under one's mattress. We feel ourselves to be truly each in her island home, with unfortunately a great lack of "salt estranging

sea" between us. It has often been a marvel to me that good-humour has reigned in spite of everything. Hope grows stronger every day that at last we are really within sight of freedom, but the long strain has told on many of us. A mere suggestion of delay gives one a feeling of despair, and I for one shall not breathe freely till we are over the Swiss frontier.

We are causing difficulties to the Grenz-Polizei by our walking capabilities. After returning from his first walk with us, the guard presented a formal complaint to the Captain, and closed with the words: "If they would even walk, but they fly like geese over the mud!" We accept it as the most stunning compliment that has ever been paid us. After this formal complaint it seemed as if not only our liberty but our walks were going to be daily more stringently curtailed. In despair I went to-day to talk over the matter with the Captain's substitute (the Captain being from home). I pointed out that active exercise was an absolute necessity to us, and expressed my surprise that an Austrian soldier should be unable to keep pace with Englishwomen. Here is the sequel. Our first guard has been replaced by two strapping-looking soldiers—the one which might be described as slightly less strapping accompanies the morning shopping party, while the other is sent to rest in preparation for our afternoon walk! When I reported the result of my interview to the

unit they laughed themselves into a state of utter helplessness. The new guard has fortunately a sense of humour, and they join in the laugh, when on returning from our walk I express the hope that they don't find themselves too exhausted! One of our number remembers that our interned marines in Holland had to be accompanied by a guard on horseback! We fervently hope the Austrians have been led to reflect: "If the women are like this, what can the men be like?"

Two women doctors from another unit have arrived to travel home with us, and a wire has gone to Buda Pesth for final directions. We are fearfully nervous in case we are held back still longer for some more English people who are being sent forward from Serbia. Whenever I am sent for to the Captain's office I arrive all breathless with anxiety, though I try to hide it under the calm exterior which befits the head of a unit. It seems incredible to think that we shall soon bid farewell to the stagnation of Kevevara. I shall only remember it in after years as consisting of one long desolate main street, with some still more desolate side streets which lead on to the waste of Hungarian plains. I shall hear screeching geese, and grunting, squealing pigs, and the cow-bells of sheep and cattle at early morning and evening. The latter I shall always associate with the vivid red of a winter sunset sky, for

we shall have the recollection of many beautiful sunsets, which burnt the dreary hungry plains to a fantastic red colour.

To the banks of the Danube we shall never go again, as we are under suspicion of spying on the bridge building. At our last visit the Danube had risen so high that the memorable little hut was standing in a waste of waters. Alas that we have no photo of it!

A telegram has come from German Headquarters in Temesvar saying we are to be handed over to the boundary police, await further orders, and that a list giving detailed information about us is to be sent at once. As a matter of fact we have already been eight days with the boundary police, have been promised a quick departure for home, and the requested list was handed in four weeks previously to the Oberstlieutenant at Kevevara. I can make nothing of it, and get no help from the Captain. Alas! I no longer believe in even the Captain's veracity, for he has told me untruths. Now I believe nothing he says.

The 19th of January and still no word of our departure. Our money is daily lessening, and we see ourselves faced with the humiliating possibility of becoming paupers in the enemy's country.

I gather now from the Captain (not as an open acknowledgment, but through roundabout questioning) that the attempt to get us secretly

out of the country has failed, and that we are still waiting for exchange. Every day I spend in Kevevara impresses me more and more with the splendid condition of the German soldier and the futility of the average Austrian. I see the German sturdy, broad-shouldered, well-fed, with clothes of excellent material and good fit. Every detail seems perfect, and his bearing is military to the last degree. I see the average Austrian as an underfed, slouching-looking individual, with badly fitting shoddy-looking clothes, and most unmilitary bearing. Yet from the Austrian (especially the Hungarian) we have almost invariably had kindly and human treatment—from the German only in very isolated instances.

24th. Two days ago I rose from my straw couch determined by fair means or foul to take some definite action to relieve the hopelessness of our outlook. I set forth to wire to the American Consul, a request which had been officially refused me more than once. At the post-office I learnt that no civilians may send a wire, and I pondered over the revolution which would be caused in England by the enforcement of any such law, even in war-time. To cut a long story short, every effort was fruitless.

The same evening I walked into the Captain's office and said with as unconcerned an air as I could assume: "I wish to go to Buda Pesth to-

morrow with a guard." Instead of regarding me as a mad woman, he asked what I wanted to do there, went into full particulars, and finally agreed to telephone the following morning to the Minister of the Interior at Buda Pesth, and do his utmost to obtain permission from him for me to go there in charge of a guard, in order to plead my own cause with the American Consul and other officials. The fact of getting the Captain to do this was regarded by the unit as a great triumph. The best part of the forenoon was spent by the Captain in trying to get a trunk call to Buda Pesth. When he finally got in communication with the Minister, I had once again to face the disappointment of a refusal. The refusal was tempered by would-be kindly messages. The Captain was to calm me (I suppose I had been reported as agitated!) and assure me our cause was being urgently pushed, and any day an end

might be expected. The suggestion of the Captain calming me was met by the unit with much merriment, as it has become a common experience for the Captain to send for me to calm him when fresh British arrivals appear on the scene and agitate him in sundry ways. I suppose the Captain thought he might resume the even tenor of his existence after these unprecedented efforts on my behalf, but it is not the way of our race to give in so readily. That evening I appeared at his office with a letter for the American Consul. In the letter I sketched our position urgently, and asked the Consul to obtain our release at once. I of course refrained for diplomatic reasons from making any complaints about treatment. I asked the Captain to have the letter translated to him, and should there be nothing in it he objected to, to forward it in an official envelope so that it would escape delay by censoring.

III. FREEDOM.

January 27th. At last a break has come in the appalling monotony of our days here. The Captain has had a wire saying we are to be sent on to Kecskemet, near Buda Pesth, and we start the day after to-morrow in company with five more British people who are expected to arrive to-day. We are far from being hilarious over the move, as it may only mean another period of internment

in new surroundings. At the same time, we welcome the new surroundings as a break and a mental stimulant.

Kecskemet, February 3rd. Here we are in our new quarters at Kecskemet. Our departure from the house of the Grenz-Polizei was punctuated by a final flourish of telling lies and cheating, and the threatened loss of our treasured English gold. At the last moment we were

allowed to keep our money on my pledging my word that no member would attempt to make her escape on the journey to Kecskemet. How any one could attempt to escape over the desolate expanse of plain, and with no knowledge of Hungarian, Heaven only knows! I consequently pledged my word full lightly. We travelled in company with a guard actually in our compartment, and the Captain and an "Unteroffizier" in a neighbouring carriage. I pass over the interval of time till 4 A.M., during which we made the best of the discomforts of travelling closely packed in a Continental third-class compartment (*i.e.*, on wooden seats). Arrived at Kecskemet at 5 A.M., we had an unexpected entertainment during the process of being handed over by the Captain to the Staats-Polizei. As the process of counting us came to an end, an agitated wail arose on the air, and I had the intense satisfaction of seeing the "gentlemanly official" hurry to and fro like a clucking hen, with an entire abandonment of his usual wooden stateliness. "There are only thirty-eight—one is amissing,—*where* is the chef aerztin?" The chef aerztin (myself) attempted to recount the flock, but was so convulsed with inward merriment that she only made matters worse by counting *three* short. The whole unit was then drawn up in one long line, and I stood aside till they were counted by two

officials. Once again arose the wail: "There *are* only thirty-eight." I then stepped forward and asked with a most inoffensive and gentle smile, "Have you counted *me*?" "No," was the reply; "and I believe I omitted you last time too."

We then proceeded to the hospital where we were to be temporarily housed (37 in 28 beds!). Without going into details, I feel bound to mention here that by next morning we discovered we were being housed in the Hospital for Venereal Diseases, and the scenes witnessed there by some members of the unit made me determined to have our quarters changed before nightfall. I had a battle royal to effect it, as the Austrian officials' sense of refinement and seemliness is fairly blunted. True, one old gentleman said he hoped a report of the matter would not go to England (a remark which I met with silence), but the remainder seemed unable to grasp our attitude. I have arrived at summing up the average Austrian (or rather Hungarian) official as entirely lacking in humour, very slow in the uptake through his woodenness, and impervious to sarcasm for the same reason. When driven desperate one day by the calmness with which one official expected the most impossible extent of roughing from us, I cried—"Have you really any ladies in Hungary?" I meant, of course, that their whole attitude towards us led to the opposite assumption. Instead of scenting any sarcasm,

he replied quite innocently: "Yes, we have. Why do you ask?"

Well, we got lodged in two rooms which would have been overcrowded ordinarily with twenty people. Because thirty police had at one time fitted in there on straw mattresses, the Keeskemet officials considered that ladies could do considerably better and fit in thirty-seven! The following day two more rooms had to be secured to relieve the dangerous overcrowding. Rooms have to be paid for at the rate of 30 to 40 kroners a month, and we have barely enough money to take us home.

Although the unpardonable mistake was made of putting us in a venereal hospital, and although immediately afterwards we were moved to shockingly cramped quarters with straw sacks, yet the atmosphere here is somehow kinder. We have not been allowed to pay for luggage transport or lighting or firing. In Kevevara the last penny was wrung out of us for these expenses. The Staatshauptmann is a cheery little creature, who always stops short of entirely losing his temper, and then bobs up to the surface again as smiling as usual. He and the other officials are most anxious (and express it with childlike openness) that we should have a happy impression of Hungary and of our time there. What could I reply? On the spur of the moment I said that all the kindnesses which we had received we should certainly

never forget. Quite a safe reply! We are given complete liberty to go about the town without any guard, but may not go beyond the town boundaries. So used have we become to going about in a company that I had quite an uncomfotably desolate feeling when I found myself for the first time alone in the street.

We were six days at Keeskemet, and left with no *certainty* that we were going home, only a hope that some of us hardly dared to cling to. I need not say much about the journey from Keeskemet to Vienna. It had no particular interest. I should, however, like to express my gratitude to the Police officials through whose hands we passed at Buda Pesth, and especially at Vienna. All were polite, and some even showed themselves friendly and most desirous to do everything possible for our comfort. But the anxiety connected with each preliminary interview! Were we really going home, or were we merely going to be interned again farther ahead? With painful anxiety I followed not only every remark addressed to myself, but I strained my ears to catch each scrap of conversation between officials, hoping thereby to arrive at some certainty about our position. At Vienna we were told we must spend a night to allow of our passports being viséd for Switzerland. We would possibly go on the following day. The American Embassy Secretary assured me

we were going home, and in reply to many questions explained that he had been trying by every possible channel to get in touch with the various units in Serbia, but had only succeeded quite recently through the arrival of our previous party at Vienna.

Oh! Oberstlieutenant Czlan, may you die an uneasy death for all the lies you told me, and for the fact that you failed to forward my first letter to the American Consul!

Before leaving Vienna we had to give up all photos, negatives, and undeveloped films—a heartbreaking proceeding, even though tempered by the prospect of a future reunion. We were warned that the search at the Austrian frontier town (Feldkirch) would be severe in the extreme. It was! I almost decided to destroy the previous pages of this diary, which I had sewn into a dilapidated-looking travelling feather cushion. Had it been found, I was damned. In the end I decided to run the risk, as only a *very* severe pommelling of the cushion would have aroused suspicion. Arrived at Feldkirch, and at the counter at which several members were already displaying the contents of their hand luggage for examination, I found an official awaiting me. Fortunately his attention was distracted for an instant by another official, at which moment I dropped my cushion on the floor at my feet and stood on it. The examination of my hand luggage over, I remained to translate for

others, then at a suitable moment I recovered my cushion, passed on, and in a quiet corner rammed it into my kit-bag already “passed.” Three officials supervised the examination of my box, which was emptied of every article, while many books and papers of interest to myself only were taken from me. How can I express the disgust one felt at seeing one’s possessions handled by men whose bearing was obnoxious to one, apart from the fact that they were the enemy! One who had the cold cruel face of a Nero especially excited my hate. For some of us the examination (including the personal examination by a woman) lasted five hours. Translating for others also took up time. While helping the member of another unit in this way I got myself into trouble, thanks to “Nero.” This member’s gold had been taken from her, and she wished to dispute the rate of exchange given her. Finding I could achieve nothing, I said quietly to her: “Just take what they are offering, we have been deceived too.” As I turned to go away, “Nero” called me back and taxed me with having said the above. I acknowledged it, inwardly regretting his knowledge of English. I was told I was under arrest, and would have to remain behind, and was made to take a seat apart from the others. Imagine the profound dismay of the unit. During an exchange of words with the administrator I was urged even to retract everything, so

as not to forsake the unit. Most willing was I to say that I believed the rate of exchange quoted to be correct, but to say we had never been deceived was beyond me. During the ten minutes spent at the Police Office I decided on the line I should take. Arrived at the Bezirke Anhalt, I was taken before a head officer who asked for an explanation. I told him that in Kevevara we had been so badly deceived at banks that the Grenz-Polizei Captain himself asked me not to change money without his help. I therefore concluded that the same thing was happening to the member for whom I was interpreting. "But," roared the officer who charged me, "you said you had been deceived *here*." This was untrue, and I said so, and added quite innocently, but with malicious inward joy: "How *could* you have deceived me here, you never had a chance; you only examined my boxes and took away papers valuable to me alone,—beyond that you have had nothing to do with me." To cut my tale short, a statement was drawn up of my explanation, lengthy and cumbersome in the extreme. I had no objection to anything in it except its length. I cheerfully signed it, returned to my unit, who greeted me with joy, and after a meal we departed for Buchs, the Swiss frontier station. The nightmare horror of this almost brutal treatment, with the exception of one or two officials, of ourselves and our goods had made a profound

impression on us, and we only breathed freely when we stepped out on the platform at Buchs. Buchs had expected us at mid-day, but still made a fair show on the platform. People ran cheerfully to provide food and rooms for us. A young Russian, all jerks and spasms in speech, and gait, and gesture, a veritable Pickwick character, attached himself to us and scoured the town with me till every member was provided with a bed. At 11 P.M. I was on the point of accepting his own bed for myself, when a kind neighbour came to the rescue and saved him a flitting, which he undertook only too cheerfully. Soon after 11 P.M. I laid me down to sleep, once again a free woman, but too tired to fully appreciate the fact.

In the morning I did not don the Union Jack as usual, and as the train steamed out of the station we waved it joyfully, and shouted out "God save the King." One member remarked that this did not give her half the pleasure which it used to be to see me flaunting it in the enemy's face without his knowledge at the Polizei room where we reported ourselves daily at Kecskemet. To explain. The atmosphere of the room was appalling, the interviews were long, and so I always cast my coat on arrival, and took great joy in the knowledge that the broad blue and red stripes of the Union Jack stood out beautifully under the thin muslin blouse which I wore at that time. The unit rejoiced equally.

At Zurich the Vice-Consul met us, and saw us into the Bern train. I also had the pleasure of finding with him an old acquaintance, a Reuter correspondent, who undertook to wire to Edinburgh announcing our departure from Zurich. What a joy to us all it was to send that wire! At Bern a great surprise awaited us. We were met at the station by the British Minister, his wife, the Consul, and various other people attached to the Legation. The ladies brought basketfuls of violets and snowdrops, with which we were all soon lavishly decked, and the sight of which almost reduced some of us to tears. Some were dismayed to find that this unexpected kindness could affect us in such a way when rudeness and insult had had no power to do so.

For the day we were taken care of and fêted as honoured guests. We were questioned about our experiences and told that England was proud of us, and that Bern counted itself honoured in entertaining us! A crowd saw us off that night, and by special request the Union Jack, our pride and joy, was waved again to the strain of "God save the King," as the train steamed out of the station.

At Pontarlier we were almost detained all night for lack of an Austrian certificate of health. My offer to write one for my unit was, however, finally accepted! I was then

questioned minutely about our time in Serbia, and when I realised why information was desired I gladly gave every scrap I could. I minutely described the building operations on the Danube, which I have spoken of before, and suggested that the destruction of these roads and bridges would help us materially. How I then regretted that I had never specially noted the regimental numbers of the Austrian and German regiments we saw, as these were specially asked for. If these wooden roads and bridges are ever properly destroyed, I hope that Oberstlieutenant Człani and Captain Horvath will attribute the espionage to me, and swear at their inability to court-martial and shoot me.

Just a word in conclusion.

Often, while in Kevevara, I used to wonder what impression our own soldiers would make on me after the splendid appearance of the Germans. My heart jumped for joy when I studied them, and studied them critically, while crossing the Channel. Straight-backed, shoulders well back, clothes of good fit, sturdy and physically fit in appearance, I soon realised that in addition to all this they have an agility and liteness which shows up well against the more solid appearance of the German.

Here endeth the true tale of my doings as a prisoner of war.

THE DÉBUT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

BY ONE WHO WATCHED IT.

ON that bright June day in the year 1887, when the great Jubilee Procession passed through the streets of London, the figure that attracted most attention after Queen Victoria herself was a tall bearded man in a white uniform glittering with Orders and surmounted by a shining helmet with a golden eagle. Few indeed could have surmised that, even at the moment, a terrible disease was undermining his powerful frame. No doubt gloomy rumours had been heard, but one glance at the Crown Princess's radiant face as she entered the vestibule at Buckingham Palace and received the congratulations offered on all sides, on her husband's recovery, was sufficient to dispel any anxiety.

"Yes, we have been very anxious, but it is all right now," she said in reply to inquiries from those about to take part in the procession. But even in the midst of the general rejoicings a discordant note made itself heard. It was murmured that their son, Prince William, was not satisfied with the position assigned to him and his wife in the Jubilee Procession. It has been said that

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

But no German is ever convinced against his will.

It was utterly useless to point out that precedence in Great Britain is settled by Act of Succession, and that it would have needed a new Act of Parliament to alter the arrangement by which all precedence is regulated by the nearness of relationship to the British Sovereign, and not by the rank of the individual, however exalted, and that therefore the younger sons of the Sovereign and their wives must precede her grandson and his wife. The German courtiers would not listen: they were all convinced that this matter had been purposely arranged—some believing that it was the result of an intrigue of the Crown Princess, who wished to humiliate her son and daughter-in-law, and had persuaded her mother to help her in her design; others, the equally ridiculous notion that the British Cabinet was to blame, and that perfidious Albion was as usual denying the representatives of poor ill-used Germany "their place in the sun."

When asked, "What impressed you most to-day?" an intelligent German, who had been present in the Abbey, replied, "The devout reverence of the congregation; I had no idea that the English were so ohurohy" (*kirchlich gesinnt*).

Certainly that remark could not have been made with

reference to the Germans at the service. During the most solemn prayers they were chattering to one another, and standing erect looking about them, unthrilled and unimpressed, when the multitude assembled, including Turks, Hindoos, and Chinamen, all bent before the Great Being they named so differently in their various languages, and offered in divers tongues their thanksgiving for the many benefits that had accrued to humanity during half a century of responsibilities bravely borne and duties nobly fulfilled.

Who could have thought, when a few short months had passed, the Crown Princess, no longer radiant, would be weeping bitterly in the gilded and crimson-brocaded salon of Villa Zirio, as she saw all her dreams of helping humanity passing away for ever, and for the first time may have felt a dim foreboding of the feelings that overwhelmed another Empress mother, the unfortunate Agrippina, on the shores of that same tideless sea?

Much has been written and many strange tales told of that sojourn at San Remo, the hurried journey, and the brief reign of a hundred days. One of the many false rumours has been so widely spread, it is perhaps well to refer to it—that it was at Empress Frederick's desire an English doctor was called in. As it happens, Emperor Frederick himself had heard of Sir Morel Mackenzie's skill in treating throat cases from a well-known singer he had met at Balmoral, and

on feeling the first symptoms of throat trouble at once sent for that physician before even informing the Empress of the fact. No doubt, with her well-known love of her native country, she was well pleased at her husband's decision, and when the German Medical Authorities and the German Press attacked the English doctor, she rushed into the fray with her generous but unfortunate habit of invariably championing all who were oppressed, or who seemed to her to be oppressed, whether right or wrong. Surely Mrs Browning showed a true insight into women's nature when she said, that if Cervantes had been Shakespeare, he would have made his *Don a Donna*.

The blow so long impending fell at last, and the worn-out frame was laid to rest in that beautiful Potsdam church, the *Friedenkirche* or Temple of Peace, where the statue of the Redeemer by Rauch stretches out welcoming arms to the weary and heavy laden who lay down their loads there.

And now a new era had dawned for Germany. At the time of Emperor William's accession, the great Bismarck was undoubtedly the real ruler of Germany. His word was law; to oppose him, however slightly, meant social and political extinction. None dared visit or invite any one, even privately, who was under his displeasure. His wrath was easily excited and difficult to appease. To make matters worse, he was founding a dynasty. He appeared very

little in society, and was represented by his son Count Herbert, at whose feet Berlin grovelled.

"Do not be civil to so and so, Herbert Bismarck does not like them," was a remark frequently heard in Berlin. Herbert Bismarck's dislikes were numerous, and he made no secret of them. Those who were honoured by his presence took the greatest trouble to include in their parties none but people who were agreeable to him. He was more feared than beloved; he was rough and coarse in manner, and only assumed an appearance of geniality when it suited him to do so. His great delight was to invite the members of the *corps diplomatique* to his house, and to ply them with drink till he loosened their tongues. He prided himself on never allowing his guests to leave his house sufficiently sober to walk home. Yet he was too powerful for his invitations to be refused, as no one was allowed to remain in Berlin who offended the omnipotent Foreign Minister. "What will happen to the Bismarcks now?" was the question on every one's lips. Would the new Kaiser, who was himself, it was rumoured, of an autocratic disposition, be contented with divided authority; would two kings be possible in Berlin any more than in Brentford?

To every one's surprise, the new Emperor seemed on the best of terms with the Bismarcks; he even insisted on taking Herbert Bismarck with

him in his suite to England, even though it was known that owing to the disrespectful way in which he had spoken of the Empress Frederick he was anything but a welcome guest there. Was William, after all, to be merely a cipher in the hands of the Bismarcks, and was Germany to continue to groan under their iron despotism? But the triumph of the Bismarcks was short-lived. The Emperor, wisely, was learning the ropes before dropping the pilot. Indications were not wanting of an impending change. Hinzpeter, the Socialist tutor, who had instructed the Emperor in his boyhood, was frequently at the Palace; and every morning at eight o'clock punctually the Emperor might be seen driving to the Generalstab to breakfast with Count and Countess Waldensee, the disciples of Stoecker, the Christian Socialist. The actions by which, in his earlier days, he had seemed to wish to show disrespect to his father's memory, such as the decoration of Puttkammer, the prosecution of Geffken, and the resumption of the name Neues Palais instead of Friedrichskron, now ceased; his relations with his mother and his English relatives assumed a more friendly tone; and during the labour conference which was held at Berlin in the spring of 1890 Berlin was suddenly convulsed by the intelligence that the great Chancellor had been three times asked to resign, and on the third occasion had unwillingly consented. A dinner

party was in progress at Bismarck's house in the Wilhelmstrasse, where the Chancellor was entertaining the members of the labour conference, when a message was delivered to the aged Prince informing him that an aide-de-camp of the Emperor's was waiting to speak to him. Excusing himself to his guests, he rose from the table and passed into an adjoining room, where the Emperor's messenger informed him that he had orders not to leave the house until the Chancellor had signed his resignation. The Prince signed the required form and returned to his seat at table, resuming his interrupted conversation with his guests, who only afterwards became aware that an important historical event had taken place in their host's few minutes' absence.

The panic that ensued in Berlin was indescribable. "The people will never stand it," said some. "There will be a revolution," said others. Even Bismarck's enemies were staggered by his sudden downfall.

"I have no cause to love Bismarck," exclaimed Frau von Bethmann-Hollweg, the niece of the Arnim whom Bismarck imprisoned, "but I cannot help, as a German, feeling that we, as a nation, may get on badly without our big bow-wow, whose bark kept other nations in order." These words voiced the general feeling. Even Empress Frederick said, in bidding farewell to Princess Bismarck,

"My dear Princess, this is the beginning of the end."

But the people were singularly quiet. On the day that Bismarck left Berlin, a crowd waited in the Wilhelmstrasse to see him leave, though the hour was not announced. It was the same day as the Annual Meeting of the Committee of the English Governesses Home, at which Empress Frederick presided. As the exiled Prince drove down the street cheers rose from the crowd. "I am glad that they are giving him a good send-off," said the Empress, "he has served his country so long." She moved towards the window as she spoke, but did not reach it till the Prince had passed, which was fortunate, as her presence might have been misunderstood. She was far too generous-minded a woman to feel anything but sympathy for an old servant somewhat harshly dismissed.

General von Caprivi, who succeeded Bismarck in the Chancellorship, never wielded any special power.

At first people were inclined to overestimate the influence of Count and Countess Waldersee. Count Waldersee was a distinguished General, who succeeded Moltke as head of the Generalstab, and his wife was the clever American daughter of General Lee, whose first husband had been a Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, a great-uncle of the German Empress, and who took the title of Count von Noer and dropped his princely rank in order to marry her. This lady

was noted for her great and sincere religious enthusiasm, and her keen interest in all social and political questions. Like Empress Frederick, she was horrified at the materialism of the life round her in Berlin. Both these ladies, the two most influential in Berlin at that time, devoted their whole energies and dedicated their lives to striving to regenerate Germany. But their efforts were fruitless, and, unfortunately, they not only differed widely in their ideals, they were bitterly hostile to one another's methods, and unable to realise the good in one another's schemes.

The Empress believed in higher education and the soothing influences of art and culture. She favoured philanthropic endeavours to extend these advantages to the working classes, and regarded with horror Bismarck's militarism and his view that what the lower classes needed was a whip and an iron hand, and that all individuality and progressive movement should be ruthlessly crushed.

To Countess Waldерsee's puritanical soul, on the other hand, both higher education and artistic culture were anathema: the former because it might lead to biblical criticism and philosophical atheism, and the latter because of its affinity with the Roman Church, which she regarded as the Scarlet Woman. She detested Bismarck's theories as much as the Empress did, and naturally, as an American, upheld the right of every

individual citizen to improve his position, and believed it to be the duty of the rich to assist in the elevation of the masses. But she believed that this could be accomplished by preaching the Gospel on the old Evangelical lines, and she, unlike the Empress, favoured the military side of Bismarck's programme; only whilst with him it was a means to accomplish schemes of world-wide Teutonic dominion, with her it was valuable as a training in self-denial and discipline which she believed would assist in producing that "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

Both these women realised that the forces of materialism and unchecked brutality were a menace to the civilisation of Europe, and would culminate sooner or later in world-wide disaster. The contrast between these two would-be world-improvers was accentuated by their divergent views on the Jewish question. Empress Frederick, realising that the only remnants of soul left in the wave of materialism that had swept over Germany were to be found amongst the more cultivated and artistic Hebrews, flung herself heart and soul into seeking to remove the social disabilities under which they suffered. Almost the first act of Emperor Frederick's short reign was to take the insignia of the Black Eagle from his own neck and place it on the neck of the Jew Friedberg, who, though a Cabinet Minister, had hitherto been denied that honour.

Countess Waldерsee, on the

other hand, like her favourite Pastor the famous Stoecker, was animated by the most bitter hatred against all Jews, whose influence represented to her luxury, effeminacy, and anti-christianity. If she could, she would have banished them from the land. The 'Kreuzzeitung,' the organ of the Waldersee party, was full of bitter attacks on that race. Yet despite all opposition the Jews throve. In the year 1888, it was remarked that there was more accommodation for worshippers in the beautiful and numerous synagogues in Berlin than in the dilapidated and neglected churches. The reason of this was that German Protestantism had been fatally wounded in the house of its best friends. The evening Frederick William III. and his friend De Bunsen sat up all night to devise a State Church that would reconcile Calvinists and Lutherans, they unwittingly signed its death warrant. Strangled by the State, the German Church henceforward became a mere department of the State under a Minister of Religion, who exercises no more influence on the spiritual life of the community than a road surveyor or inspector of nuisances.

Amongst the Roman Catholics no doubt some spiritual life still lingered, greatly to the annoyance of Bismarck's autocratic soul, and even survived his constant efforts to crush and undermine that religion.

Every one was wondering

what line the young Emperor would take when confronted with these problems. What were his own sympathies? What were his ideals? Everything depended on that.

When a youth at Cassel, the Emperor had been trained in Socialist principles by his tutor Hinzpeter; he was then exposed to the ultra-conservative and military influences of Bonn; and after that he was subjected to a long course of training under Bismarck and his Imperial Grandfather. Those two aged autocrats did their utmost to obtain an influence over the young man who was to occupy such an important position.

At first, as we have seen, the Emperor seemed to yield to the Bismarck party, then he broke loose. What would be his next move? For some little time the Waldersees seemed well to the front. During those daily breakfasts at the Generalstab, the Kaiser listened patiently to his great-aunt's evangelical views; he even delighted the soul of that excellent lady by stopping horse-racing on Sunday, and by encouraging the devout young Empress in building a Cathedral and various other churches. Hinzpeter was sent as arbitrator in the miners' strikes; in short, the Christian Socialists seemed to be gaining the upper hand. But this phase was short-lived. When once the Christian Socialists had served his turn in helping to get rid of Bismarck, they like him had to learn that Emperor William would brook no divided

control, that in his scheme of government *l'état c'est moi*.

Pastor Stoecker was the first to fall; he was banished from Berlin and forbidden to preach. At some manœuvres where the Emperor was commanding, Count Waldersee acted as umpire, and thought it his duty to point out to the young officer that in real warfare the disposition of his troops must have led to disaster. The result of this candid criticism was that General Waldersee was banished to a distant provincial command. Great was the consternation of the Waldersees and their friends. At a concert held at the Palace the young Empress made no effort to conceal her feelings, her eyes were red and swollen, and those nearest her could see tears trickling down her cheeks; she was grieving not only at the loss of an old and valued friend, but at the extinction of a religious movement which commanded her warmest sympathy.

"You have heard that I am banished," said Countess Waldersee to a friend. "It is not for myself that I mind, but what will become of work I have been trying to do for God in this godless place?" "God will take care of His own work," was the reply. "He may summon His workers into a desert place to rest awhile, but the work goes on in His way though perhaps not in our way." "Yes," she replied, "you are right. This banishment is not from the king, but from the King of kings. I must bow to His decree."

Henceforward in Berlin there was but one mind, one will directing everything. The new era had begun.

Shortly afterwards the last of the great men who had made the German Empire, Field-Marshal von Moltke, passed away from the changing scene. "Germany won the last war," he is reported to have said, "because she believed in God and in the fatherland. She no longer believes in anything; next time she will be defeated."

As that wonderful funeral procession, the grandest sight this generation has seen, surpassing the funerals of Queen Victoria or King Edward VII., swept through the Königsplatz and wound round the golden figure of Victory, which commemorates Moltke's achievements, it being the first cortége to cross the newly built Moltke Bridge just finished in time for that day, it was impossible not to wonder if here was the passing away not merely of a great personality, but of a glorious era. As the coffin receded from sight at the station, as the last guns were fired and the last notes of the Dead March smote the ear, the sun, which had been shining brilliantly on that spring morning, was suddenly obscured in the most dramatic fashion by dark lowering clouds, and one could not but feel a chilly foreboding. Was this indeed Ichabod? had the glory of a great age departed, and was the new era to bring nothing but

"The darkness of that battle in the west,
Where all of high and holy dies
away"?

ALONG THE BLACK SEA COAST OF ASIA MINOR.

BY W. J. C.

THOSE who speak of this coast, more especially its eastern half, as one of the most beautiful and interesting in the world, have a good deal of truth on their side.

Yet it is a seaboard that hitherto has been little known to us. British steamers do not often visit its ports, though at Batoum, a few miles beyond in Russian territory, they appear frequently. British capital, too, finds little employment between the Bosphorus and the Caucasian frontier, therefore we get no geographical knowledge from the Stock Exchange. Nor are there British tourists to bring home travellers' tales of Trebizond and the mountains and gorges of old Pontus and wild Lazistan, and to display as curios the silver work, and inlaid swords and daggers, and other characteristic wares of the land. Sometimes, perhaps, you see upon the coast a British Consul or official travelling to or from Erzeroum or Van or Tabriz, or a mining engineer—discreet on the subjects of oil and copper—or other casual wanderers of your race; but just as often you are the only representative of your country, and figure as a quite remarkable foreigner, on board the large French and Austrian steamers which ply here, with Marseilles and Trieste as their home ports. These vessels

potter along from one coast-town to another, competing with Russian, Italian, Turkish, and Greek steamers, and take a week to cover the eight hundred miles between Constantinople and Batoum. They make a very pleasant voyage along this sea-route of early history.

All English ideas of the Black Sea and its coasts have been affected by traditions of the Crimean War. Storm and shipwreck, deep snow, intense cold, suffering, death by water and cholera—such are the notions conjured up by the name. It is thought a region almost arctic in its weather. Confirming this view, dimly-remembered Greek legends are recalled which tell of Euxine icebergs. Some also have read that ice-floes came down the Bosphorus from the same cold Euxine, and piling up against the seaward walls of Byzantium, overthrew them. The Black Sea, indeed! A horrible region, well suited in its name!

So you hear much of its winter, but nothing of the long summer, nothing of the early spring and late autumn. Now, the Black Sea in winter is often tempestuous, and its cold bitter; but it is a considerable sheet of water—seven hundred miles in length and four hundred across—and between the climate of its

north and south, and also of its east and west, there is a great difference. If the Sea of Azov in the north freezes over each winter, snow rarely falls at sea-level on the southern coast about Trebizond; and there are bays where it is said never to have been seen at all. Storms which whiten the coast mountains and leave the high plateau of Asia Minor under deep snow, fall as rain on this favoured seaboard.

It is a seaboard of high mountains, rising steeply from the water, in latitude 41° N.—the same latitude as Sardinia and Southern Italy—and even in summer shows glimpses of snow-covered ridges behind the coast range. It has long days of hot sunlight and blue skies, yet abundant rainfall. So its vegetation is rich and varied, and sometimes ascends in a single view from orange, fig, and olive, arbutus, myrtle, and azalea to walnut, oak, and beech, and thence to pine. Towns and villages are scattered along its shores on wooded bays and little promontories. There are castles and fortresses of Mithridatic, Roman, and Byzantine origin. There are remains of almost forgotten Greek cities, and of ancient harbours and sea-walls. And for speculation there are tumuli and rock-hewn façades and tombs of which tradition and history record nothing.

Little wonder that this coast attracted the early Greeks. It is not a coast so rich in legend and historical association as that wonderful fringe which extends along the *Ægean*; but

it does not do badly, and some of its legends are among the most widely known. To ancient Greeks it was a region of adventure and far-off colonisation—a very America in the point of time required to reach it. With their timorous voyaging, seeking land each night, waiting for fair weather, waiting too for a fair wind, perhaps six weeks would be spent in getting from Miletus to Sinope. For Miletus was the city from which most of these colonising Greeks came. She planted numerous colonies round the Black Sea, most of them upon the southern coast, and there they flourished, and in turn swarmed off and founded other colonies like themselves. So Sinope claims descent from Miletus, and Trebizond and others from Sinope. To this day the inhabitants of the seaboard are largely Greek, of whom it may be said at least that they were there before the Moslems came. One likes to think of them as descendants of those colonists who made a new Greek world around the Euxine 2500 years ago.

On this coast one gets glimpses that seem to be of another and far-off age. There are hints of ancient knowledge, and of customs followed unconsciously, such as in the matters of boat-building and rigging and management. You may see a boat, her high receding bows surmounted by a stumpy beak, rowed with oars, yet at the same time carrying a single large square-sail. Up to a certain point her ap-

pearance seems merely curious. But while watching her, some slight change of course is made, or the light upon her alters, or the rise and fall of oars become more evident—I know not what—and suddenly she is the original of an ancient craft such as perhaps you have seen represented on a Greek coin. The same involuntary recognition is also forced upon you from time to time by Greek boatmen of the coast. You catch a fleeting, unconscious poise of body and limb or head, or a cast of feature, or a turn of bare throat that reminds you irresistibly of Greek sculpture. You catch the view for an instant, then it is gone, and though you watch for a return, it does not come. But at another time, in another man, when the subject is not in your mind at all, you get a flash once more of the same elusive kind. You do not find these suggestions in any but the Greeks. The easy attitude, the mercurial, lissom movement which conveys the impression, you may look for long and never see in the slower and more clumsy Turk or Armenian, or angular Circassian. Travelling along this coast brings many such suggestions of the past, and not only among boats and people. Two old cities, each in its own way, throw over you the same spell.

After your steamer—bound, say, for Batoum—clears the Bosphorus and passes the old Genoese castle, she stands across the wide bight which here indents the coast of Ana-

tolia, and is out of sight of land for 150 miles. It is picked up again the next morning about Filyas; and there, for the traveller, the coast begins. It is wooded and bold and lofty, and the mountains have the peculiarity of rising directly out of the water. They waste no space in coastal plain or gentle rise at foot. From the merest fringe of steep pebble-beach or naked rock they go up at once, darkened with scrub and forest, in abrupt, uncompromising slopes that often are unbroken from water to summit. Unlike the more famous coast of the *Ægean*, this has no deep bays and gulfs, no long, finger-like peninsulas, no scattered islands and islets. It is an irregular line of shallow bays between great spurs flung out from a mountain-range parallel with the sea. Here and there on the upper slopes are grey cliffs, perhaps with wisps of morning vapour trailing across them; and now and then a dark gorge opens, scarcely noticed till you get abreast. At these points you understand better the scale on which this bold yet simple-looking coast is cast. A pine-tree upon the cliff may give a height of many hundred feet for the face of rock, yet that is but a small fraction of the whole mountain-side. And the gorge, which measures its depth by the divided mountain, has its majesty shown by the insignificance of a village standing at its mouth.

Ineboli is the first place of call on this voyage. It is a

little town in the seaward opening of a narrow valley, and its houses and gardens mount high on the tree-covered slopes. Up the steep-sided valley goes a road to the interior, climbing through forest to a high pass. There is no harbour. The mole of a former port has been washed away, and all that remains are a few half-submerged blocks. The town is said to have been founded by Neapolitans, but its people show no trace of Italian blood at this time, and seem to be chiefly Greeks. Nowhere are the characteristics of Greek boatmen displayed more fully. The clamour and excitement and frantic energy with which they put out to an anchoring steamer might belong to a medieval sortie, or a sally of pirates to secure a rich prize that looked like getting away. Until the gangway is lowered the boats are fighting for position. Men are knocked or fall overboard in the struggle. Perhaps several boat-hooks, belonging to rival craft, fasten on an inner boat and drag it out; but there is no agreement about taking its place, and fresh fighting arises. Hail a boatman at this stage and you add definite purpose to the efforts of all; and when at last the gangway goes down, a swarm of wild fellows, pushing and execrating each other, come tearing towards you across the deck, each being the one you had hailed. Once having got you into his boat, the owner's next endeavour is to secure other passengers, though you

had hired the craft for yourself. There is not much trouble, however, in going ashore: you are not in the boatman's power, and also are going towards the police. But coming off is another matter, particularly if the steamer is about to leave. Then, indeed, you learn what a Greek boatman can do, especially if the police boat has withdrawn. If she is not in sight everything will depend upon yourself, for Greek opportunism will not let the occasion pass without a demand for double fare, made before the steamer is reached.

So, at this place, one has seen a Frenchman treated, who returned as the vessel was moving. He was short and slight, a cheerful little fellow with pointed black beard; to the eye, not a man who could enforce his rights by might. Thirty yards from the steamer the boatman halted and refused to put his passenger on board without double payment. The dispute grew shrill, but the boatman remained obdurate and insulting, and saw sure gain, he thought. Suddenly the little Frenchman became calm in manner and speech, and seemed willing to pay, as with slow reluctant movement and shrug of resignation he stood up. He appeared to be making up the exact money, for he felt first in one pocket, then in the other, while the Greek looked on well pleased. The fare demanded was produced at last—so we onlookers regretfully thought. But it was a revolver instead, and with that in hand, and the

clear intention of using it, the little Frenchman soon reached the gangway.

A hundred miles beyond Ineboli comes Sinope, a decayed town, with no visible reminders of its long history as a Greek city, or that once it was mistress of the Euxine. It possesses the only good harbour between the Bosphorus and Batoum, an endowment to which it owed much of its earlier importance. A bold peninsula, rising several hundred feet, juts out here three or four miles and forms the anchorage. The town is built across the mainland end of the narrow isthmus. Viewed from the sea at a distance Sinope appears as a most brave and alluring little city—another happy survival of the older world. Seen thus, with the low sunlight of early summer morning striking on its old Turkish walls and towers and embrasured stone batteries, it stands compact and white and romantic above a blue sea, with a background of green and purple mountains. Perhaps, as you approach, a few glistening sails come stealing along under the shadowy green of Boz Tepe Peninsula. It all makes a scene like a painter's fond representation of the Greek coast in old days, though with more verdure than rightly that should show. But gazing thus, from afar and in early sunlight, on Sinope as it is, you look, indeed, upon something that conveys the spirit and atmosphere of the ancient world. It was a city larger in those

days, and whiter, and glittering more with marble buildings; but such differences have been softly veiled by distance, and the rest is still there for your understanding and appreciation.

Having seen Sinope in this manner, however, you will not, if wise, press for a nearer acquaintance; for so doing woeful disillusionment follows. The ivory walls and towers of distance are there—in truth they are greatly out of proportion to the town, and make of it a sort of castle—but they are of plain grey stone, and dilapidated and mournful, and yet have not the picturesque quality of ruin. The streets, too, are narrow and filthy, and the buildings mean; and nowhere does the inexpressible shabbiness of a Turkish town oppress you more. Fatalism, sloth, decay, and a dying quietude characterise Sinope of the present time.

Yet in its life it has seen conditions quite different, and has never been so low as now. It is one of the world's elder cities. Miletus founded it so long ago that in the seventh century B.C. it was rich enough to be destroyed by a barbarian horde from Europe. It was rebuilt and repeopled by the mother city, and then for many centuries was of great importance. It was the chief city on the Black Sea, and notable in the old Greek world; independent, making wars and alliances of its choosing, and supported a powerful navy. Here was born Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher.

So also was Mithridates the Great, whose father, the King of Pontus, captured the city and made it capital of his realm. It became Roman and Byzantine in turn, next passed to that picturesque State known as the Empire of Trebizond, and at last to the Turks six years after Constantinople fell. With the rise of Russia to power on the Black Sea in the eighteenth century it gained fresh importance. It became a great Turkish arsenal and dockyard, and as such was heavily fortified. But this period came to an end when the Russians destroyed the Turkish fleet at anchor in its harbour in 1853; thenceforward the dockyard went out of use, and the city sank to its present melancholy state.

Far removed though it was from regions usually traversed by Crusaders, Sinope once saw a body of these Western Europeans, but in unhappy circumstances. Early in the twelfth century a force under Raymond of Toulouse, having their southern and western retreat from Angora cut off, struck northward for the Black Sea coast. The column, which numbered several thousands, passed down the valley of Halys and reached Vizier Keupru. But then being headed off the Sinope road, or, what is more likely, being attracted by the prospect of spoil, the little army turned west, and, after painful wanderings, arrived at Kastamouni, a town behind Ineboli. Here they took possession awhile, but not for long, as the townspeople

presently rose and massacred most of them in the streets. A remnant escaped, however, and continuing their retreat across the wild mountains of this district, at last found shelter and friendly treatment at Sinope.

Boz Tepe Peninsula, which in early summer looks so green from the sea, is also disillusioning when you get up to it, and still more when upon it. On its southern side is a lazaretto. It is one of several which medical science has placed round the Turkish coast in order that quarantining may be done on the grand scale. In time of cholera—and it comes nearly every year—detention between Constantinople and Black Sea ports takes place here, as the writer well knows. Here they bring shiploads of deck passengers, too, land them, fumigate them, impound them, and after due delay pass them on to their destinations east or west. The hillside of Boz Tepe is covered with forlorn corrugated-iron buildings, where this medical ceremonial is performed, and where, penned in by fencing and watched by troops with ball cartridge, travellers pass the time.

In the days of Sinope's greatness a rival came into being a hundred miles to the east. This was Amisus, another settlement of Milesian blood some say; but there are modern Greeks who hold, as a more fashionable belief, that it was Athenian. While Sinope declined Amisus rose, became a great and wealthy city, and

then merged into the Kingdom of Pontus. At this stage it was captured by the Romans after a long and obstinate defence. However, it grew in spite of misfortune, and at the beginning of the Christian era had overshadowed Sinope and become the chief port and largest city on the Black Sea. A few fragments on the hillside and some walls of the old harbour are all that remain of Amisus now. But hard by its site has risen Samsoun, a modern town, to which has fallen the same commercial importance that Amisus took from Sinope, and for the same reasons. The road from the interior to Sinope lay over exceedingly difficult mountains; but to Amisus was a natural route, fairly easy for traffic; and, further, along this route lay a wide and fertile country. Since those days commerce has kept to the easier way, now the great artery known as the Bagdad Road, which, beginning at Samsoun, goes winding across mountain and valley and plain for 900 miles to the city of Haroun el Rashid. Not that any direct traffic between the two extremities is carried on. The northern three hundred miles of road is the portion that affects Samsoun, and has made it the port of all the rich country up to and around Sivas. The varied traffic that enters Samsoun daily in the exporting season is almost incredible. Camels and other pack-animals, bullock-carts, rude waggons, aratas, riders, pedestrians, begin to arrive in

the forenoon, and then for several hours pour in incessantly.

They come with dust and jingling and creaking and cries and a riot of colour, and fill the narrow street to overflowing with Eastern sights. It is a spectacle without equal of its kind in the country, but will soon be no more than a tradition. For a railway is being built from Samsoun to Sivas, that will traverse the country passed by this road, and also serve the extensive coal-area, fifty miles inland, where seams ten feet thick may be seen in mountainsides, and coal is excavated like clay. A harbour, also, is projected, which shall make Samsoun a port in more than name. In a few years the town will be no longer the haunt of picturesque caravans, but the only possible outlet of a rich district, greater in area than Ireland; a city with quays and coal-shoots and heavy goods trains. And this change will come whoever the future rulers of the country may be.

Samsoun appears now as two miles of shabby Turkish buildings stretching along the beach of a shallow bay. Scattered houses and gardens climb up the mountain-side behind, and a few white minarets rise above the lower line of roofs. For some twenty miles around the town the mountains carry little wood, and show instead fields of tobacco and wheat and maize wherever cultivable. This space of vanished forest and bare mountain-side marks the long demands of Amisus and Samsoun for fuel.

The eastern side of Samsoun bay is formed by the triangular delta of the Yeshil Irmak, or Iris, as it was called of old. More than ordinary interest belongs to this stretch of seaside plain dotted with clumps of trees. To it belongs a famous legend of the early world. Across its farther side runs the Termeh Su, a stream once known as the Thermodon, and the mountains behind from which it breaks are the mountains of Amazonian legend. Those who contend that legends are embellished fact, and that every legend had its origin in some authentic happening, may perhaps find support for the theory in this district now. There are native stories that between Amasia and the sea-coast mountain villages exist in which women bear the part of men. That the women are bigger and stronger than their men folk; do work usually done by men; and that they also rule and the men obey. It may be a fable—there are many such on other subjects—but if so, it is at least singular that this particular fable should have been fitted to the land of Amazons.

After the Yeshil Irmak delta is passed the sea-board grows finer. Hitherto the coastal range has not exceeded 5000 or 6000 feet; but now it rises, and becomes more irregular, and at the same time its main ridges draw away a little from the sea and allow greater diversity of coast-line. The climate of this part also is warmer than

in the west, as the vegetation shows. Instead of bluff headlands there are fringes of gentle slope next to the sea; there are little bays and peninsulas; the coast is more kindly, and in consequence villages and towns appear. They are often half hidden in foliage, even beside the sea; and behind them the mountains go up, broken by glens and gorges, with cultivated patches, and thickets of myrtle and arbutus and azalea below, and forest above. It is a country famous for nuts—which are exported in large quantities—and for lemons and oranges which ripen in many of these bays notwithstanding Black Sea storms outside. There are many streams, and sometimes you get the glint of thin waterfalls,—it is a fair land of mountain and wood and water and hot sunshine.

And it has also the charm of mystery and legendary association and historical past. As your steamer goes you look into valleys and gorges, and get glimpses of distant mountains, which convey the idea of being known to none but a few of the native population. Hardly even they, you think, can ever have penetrated into these upper solitudes. And yet there must be little hidden twisted paths: for the morning being still and clear you can see, now and then, thin columns of smoke rising above green slopes and shoulders from charcoal-burners' fires. They do not go up near villages; they keep to high out-of-the-way positions. They give scale

to the mountains. And here, as always in a mountainous wooded country, they impart a sense of mystery. They bespeak the presence of strange men who follow a very ancient calling. Charcoal-burners the world over—even in England—are a race apart, full of strange knowledge and superstitions; recluses of a sort, like shepherds, only that they pursue their hereditary calling in the gloom of forests. In Asia Minor more than elsewhere they seem to be of other blood and traditions. One can readily think them survivors of some very early race. All along this Black Sea coast, wherever there is forest, you see their fires at night and smoke by day upon the mountains. But eastward of Samsoun the sight has an especial interest; for hereabouts charcoal-burning and iron-smelting go together, and this was the coast of Argonautic legend and the fires and smith-work of the Chalybes. And some say it was also the land of Meshech.

In the matter of castles Asia Minor possesses more, one thinks, than any other two countries together. It is even possible for you to discover a ruined castle, in the sense that the country people knew nothing of its existence before. Along this coastline, well peopled as it was in old days, you would expect to see many strongholds; nor will you be disappointed if you take the trouble to look. No one knows how many there are. Every town had its fortified place; and wherever nature provided a position of unusual strength

and advantage, there the State, or some ancient freebooter, or perhaps some well-intentioned lord, saw an opportunity and built strongly. You hear that these castles belong to Mithridatic and Byzantine times, but you hear no more. They merely hint at unrecorded history and past conditions of life in a turbulent and remote land. They have seen wild events before their walls and romance and intrigue and crime within,—so much you can well believe,—but they are linked with no definite story, and therefore, except as picturesque structures, have little interest.

Three small seaport towns come in the two hundred miles between Samsoun and Trebizond; they are idyllic places seen from afar, but less so on a visit. Each has some connection with ancient history, and possesses old fortifications or ruins. The present interest of these towns, however, has another source. Like Samsoun and Trebizond, they have come into the orbit of the war, and events in their obscure waters settled or at least greatly affected the fate of Erzeroum. Between Samsoun and Trebizond the Russians speak of having sunk over 1500 vessels from first to last, chiefly small sailing coasters. Through these five ports Erzeroum received its supplies.

Unieh is the first of the three small ports. From it, as from Samsoun, a road goes to Sivas and thence to Erzeroum. Ordu comes next, forty or fifty miles away, and here is another road by which Erzingan and

Erzeroum may be reached. Ordu is known throughout the country as having the largest Protestant Greek community in the world. In numbers they exceed 1200; and by Orthodox Greeks this body is regarded with astonishment and indignation. Much less surprising by comparison, and exciting much less hostility, would be a community of 1200 native Roman Catholic converts in a little English seaside town, even if, like the Ordu Greeks, they always mustered in full strength at their Sunday services. At Ordu they show you remains of an ancient harbour at which tradition says the Ten Thousand embarked for Byzantium after their wanderings.

Kerasund is the last of these small ports, and the most important and interesting. It has two roads to Erzingan and Erzeroum. Kerasund was an important fortress in the kingdom of Pontus, and here an old-time royal tragedy was enacted. During his last war against the Romans, Mithridates the Great sent his family, and relatives, and treasure to the castle of Kerasund, considering that the place of greatest safety. And there, when his cause was lost, his wives and sisters were killed to ensure that they should not become Roman prisoners. The town still has fortifications belonging to Byzantine times.

Trebizond, which is five or six hours' steaming beyond Kerasund, has no equal in beauty or historical interest among cities on the Black

Sea. It stands, with Constantinople, Smyrna, and Amasia, as one of the four cities in the Turkish Empire most favoured by nature. It has the sea; it has mountains behind it more lofty than those of its rivals; and it has the great advantage of being in a verdant region. In extent and preservation of its medieval structures it is before Smyrna or Amasia.

Though a daughter city of Sinope it is old—so old that as a prosperous city it saw and welcomed the Ten Thousand when they came over the mountains behind it from Cunaxa. That must have been a great event in the city's history. What fabulous stories its citizens must have heard as they entertained these Western Greeks who had come so unexpectedly from unknown regions in the south-east! What lively details of the great adventure must have circulated! What torrents of words must have flowed in Trebizond at that time! One cannot recall, either before or since, a similar event containing so much of romance and surprise.

Trebizond became Roman in its turn—capital of a Roman province. It next became Byzantine. And when the leaders of the Fourth Crusade were installed on the Golden Horn, it was advanced to independence by the ambition of Alexius Comnenus, grandson of a Byzantine Emperor. Knowing the country well, for the seat of his family was in Pontus, he seized his oppor-

tunity. He collected an army of Georgian mercenaries and established himself as Emperor of Trebizond, with the title of Grand Comnenus. Thus the Empire of Trebizond began, and the romance of its founding clung to it always. Its territory extended westward beyond Sinope and inland beyond Amasia. For two hundred and fifty years it preserved a kind of independence, partly by fighting, partly by adroit diplomacy and suppleness. It had wars with Genoa and with the Mongols, but its chief enemies were the Seljuk Sultans of Rum; and once at least a Seljuk army was repulsed from the walls of Trebizond with every circumstance of disaster. In the end the little Greek State, hard-pushed though it was sometimes, outlived the Seljukian. And by its remoteness it escaped a visit from Timur. But in 1461, during the same campaign in which he captured Sinope, Mahomet the Conqueror made an end of independent Trebizond.

Curiously enough a fictitious fame was conferred on Trebizond by the Romances of Chivalry. And yet after seeing the city as it is, one can well understand how this fame arose. For there is a certain glamour about Trebizond still that must have been much more apparent in the days of its magnificence. And to it came many adventurers from Italy and Spain at the time when stories of chivalry were in the making. The Court of Trebizond, also, was gay and romantic; jousting took place

there; and with so much for foundation, helped by the half-Eastern and wholly romantic atmosphere of the place, the city became in story an Asiatic Camelot with a touch of Bagdad added.

The topography of Trebizond is simple in its main outlines, but much might be written about its old fortifications and churches. The old portion of the city stands on a small plateau which falls in cliffs to the deep ravines which bound it on two sides; on the third side is the sea; on the fourth side the plateau goes up to higher ground. Along the edges of the plateau are the old walls with towers. Two castles form part of the fortifications. Spanning the gorges are massive bridges of masonry which connect the old town with the surrounding suburbs. There are narrow, dirty streets, picturesque in their way; there are medieval Greek churches, and mosques that were churches of the same period. Seen from the sea you get a jumble of picturesque old creeper-grown walls and towers, irregular red roofs, and much foliage; above these lower features rise many minarets and various domes, and behind and above them all are wooded hills and then mountains. The suburbs of Trebizond have now spread along the coast, for the city has grown to fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, and the old walled portion is only a small portion of the whole.

Trebizond has no harbour, and therein lies one of its dis-

advantages as a commercial city. But a harbour is projected, and, as at Samsoun, was to have been constructed by a British company. Some call Trebizond the western port of Persia, and so in a sense it is, but with comparatively little traffic resulting. Nor could it well be otherwise without railway communication: only travellers, and valuable merchandise of slight bulk and weight, can be brought from Western Persia along a road that is liable to be closed for part of the year, and which traverses hundreds of miles of mountains and climbs passes 8000 feet in height. Unlike Samsoun, there is no great fertile region behind Trebizond. Geographically it is not only the port of Western Persia, but of wide areas in Eastern Asia Minor as well: the greater part, however, consists of mountain and highland, capable of producing little. The future of Trebizond is not to be judged by the extent of country it serves.

In a very definite way, Trebizond is the port of Erzeroum, for from it to the great Turkish fortress runs a good metalled road. As a means of ready communication its excellence is only comparative. In a straight line the two cities are less than a hundred miles apart: the road, however, covers nearly two hundred, and climbs three main passes, one of them 8000 feet in height. The lightest vehicles require a week of fine weather to make the journey.

Owing to the Black Sea

being controlled by the Russian fleet, and the general absence of roads and railways in north-eastern Asia Minor, Trebizond in this war hangs, so to say, by Erzeroum. It can be reached by various routes west of Erzeroum, but they are merely unformed roads and tracks that at various points between Erzeroum and the sea strike into the great metalled highway. With Erzeroum in Russian hands and cut off by sea, Trebizond is left in the air, and its capture becomes a foregone conclusion.

The city seems destined to a change of rulers now, and one finds interest in wondering what they will do with it. Will they bring in the wide streets, the blaze of electric light, the raw modernity which so many southern Russian cities show? One hopes not. Let them build a new Trebizond of this sort if they must, but retain the old city and treat it reverently. Let them keep their railway stations away from the old walls and bridges. They have had little experience so far in dealing with places of great archæological interest, and now that they are coming into the old historical places of the world, let them go charily with their improvements. Ancient bridges and walls and viaducts and churches, and even old mosques, are better value than boulevards.

Beyond Trebizond comes the country of Turkish Lazistan, less known perhaps than even the territory of the Dersim Kurds. It is a strip of mountain-land upon the coast, a

hundred miles in length and fifty or sixty depth, in which the beauty of this southern seaboard reaches its highest. Its mountains are the most lofty, its vegetation the richest and most varied, its streams the most abundant.

Roads do not exist, except as mere horse-tracks, and the only lengthwise route skirts the coast. Riza, the chief town, is another little open port, enchanting from the sea — white houses nestling among trees, with noble wooded hills and great mountains behind.

The Laz race has a reputation of being the most lawless in Asia Minor, yet the men are distinctly likeable. They are sailors and boatmen by nature as well as mountaineers. You find them everywhere along the coast; and there are many in Constantinople, where they work on lighters and the various small shipping and boats with which the Bosphorus abounds. They have some roving instinct too, which takes

them inland as well; you meet them on interior roads far from Lazistan, seeking employment or returning to their own country. Setting aside their reputation and taking them as found, one who has met them in remote lonely places confesses that he prefers the Laz to men of several other more reputable races. Yet life in Lazistan itself is rated cheaply. The Chief of Police at Riza once stated, in illustration of his difficulties, that amongst a population of 15,000 in his district there were more than seventy homicides during a single year. Not in massacre, but as the outcome of private feuds and quarrels between men always armed and expert with firearms.

In 1878 Russia annexed a portion of the Lazistan country. Now, perhaps, the rest is to follow. If it does, she will have added to her many provinces one that will be counted among the most beautiful, and with it acquired a very fine and interesting little race.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

A DAY'S WORK WITH THE SOMALILAND CAMEL CONSTABULARY.

SOMEWHERE vaguely south of the Red Sea littoral, and below Aden on a schoolboy's atlas, is a restless little Protectorate which has figured in the Daily Press for the past fifteen years with a prominence out of all proportion to its size or importance.

British Somaliland is the naughty boy of the British Empire, an urchin who has been cuffed and re-cuffed for his sins, by the fat lady who represents Britannia in the Sunday Paper cartoons. Despite, however, admonition and punishment, neither the "Mad" Mullah and his Derivishes (our open enemies) nor the friendly Somalis of the West (whom we protect from that old ruffian) can be said to have yet fully appreciated the lessons that the distracted Imperialist would have them learn.

In a country where camel-raiding and cattle-stealing enjoy a permanent popularity, and where the blowing off of your neighbour's head with a heavy-bore rifle excites less comment in the community than a cab accident in the Strand does in London, it is easy to imagine that the Policeman's lot is not a happy one. In fact, not only is he not happy, but he would also be perfectly impotent to suppress crime were he left to tackle, unassisted, Somali guile and the Somali "Bush."

For this reason, Force (with a big F) is placed behind the Majesty of the Law in the shape of an irregular corps of Camel Constabulary, composed of friendly Somalis, who are trained and led by officers seconded from their own respective regiments for this purpose.

This corps, which owns no barracks or cantonments, may be said to be a living embodiment of perpetual motion.

To patrol constantly the interior, to swoop upon Dervish raiding parties, and to prevent the amiable "Friendly" from murdering his father for the sake of a sheep, a lady, or a rifle, are among its restless missions in life. Orthodox lines of communications it despises as a drag on mobility, its advanced bases are represented by the nearest spots that can be temporarily used as dumping-grounds for supplies and water; and if these are not available—well,—camel's milk is a perfectly practical substitute for both food and drink. In fact, it is not a corps of which General D'Ordel and his School would approve in the least; yet upon its vigilance and energy depends the sanctity of life and property of a whole people under the British Flag. Taking into consideration certain local conditions, social, political, and military, the corps, con-

sidered as a unit, is probably unique.

It is about 2 A.M., and you don't want to get out of your blanket a bit. The black darkness outside the zariba is intensified by the red-hot glow of the wood fire at your feet, for it is chilly at night on this inland plateau. There is a particularly persistent hyena airing his grievances in the dry river-bed to the north, and your Somali boy is brewing ink-like tea with much energy and optimism. In fact, you remember it is time to get up, for there is a "stunt on." You begin the "stunt" at this unearthly hour for two reasons. One is that the camel, like the schoolboy's amphibious beast which could not live in the water and which died upon land, dislikes both heat and cold intensely; and if overworked on a long trek in the sun, will probably expire out of pure malice, and if left to rest undisturbed too long in the cold will give up the ghost from—apparently—sheer ennui. The other reason is that if you wish to find a Somali with a guilty conscience "at home," you must time your visit before he expects you.

The conscience-stricken Somalis that we are going to visit to-day are not our open enemies the Dervishes, but a certain tribe of our friendlies. Their country lying farthest of all the other similar tribes from the centre of British administration, they have naïvely taken advantage of the fact

to raid their fellow friendlies—the Mullah, their real common enemy, being too tough a proposition to tackle,—and at this moment they are probably in unlawful possession of at least a thousand head of milch camels.

It is our mission to surprise them at dawn when the animals are grazing, recover the stolen property by *force majeure*, and, after sorting it and noting the different tribal brands, return it to its rightful and highly incensed owners. In England, I suppose, various legal documents and warrants would be served upon the offenders, and they would be brought to book by less crude methods. One advantage, however, of our African usage is that nobody has any legal expenses in recovering their own property, and everybody concerned gets a day's sport in the open air as opposed to the stuffy Law Court.

Your brain having slowly assimilated the above programme, you rise painfully from the sand and shiver over the fire as you pull on a pair of dew-drenched riding-breeches, or grey flannel trousers,—we are not dressy in the Bush. A yawn or two, a good stretch, and a swallow of the hot but doubtful beverage your boy has prepared for you, and you are ready for another day's "bush-whacking."

You stumble cautiously over hummocks of grass and through shadowy lines of recumbent riding-camels, the latter pleasing

animals making vicious darts at you with their snake-like oscillating necks as a protest against your intrusion. However, you have not come to disturb them: the main body of the corps will, as a matter of fact, remain in zariba until dawn, with camp fires lit as a blind, while one company, under cover of darkness, slips out unnoticed on its mission.

The rendezvous for the fall-in is fifty yards from the bivouac. X Company is already mustering there, and shadowy, whispering figures leading their silent-footed camels pass and re-pass in the darkness. For once, X Company is falling-in in silence,—as a rule the Somali is the most garrulous of mortals,—but this silence, which no discipline yet discovered can enforce upon a formal parade, is easily obtained when its necessity is obvious and the matter becomes one of individual common-sense. Are there not milch camels to be looted if the enterprise is successful? and the camel is to the Somali what the dollar is to the Yankee.

Each fuzzy-haired native sergeant reports his section present; a subaltern, whose *négligé* attire, dimly seen, recalls that of a Dutch burgher on the war-path, canters past with a dozen scallywag followers, all on lean, hard-bitten country ponies. They are pushing on ahead of the company to form an advance-guard, for camelry are unsuited for reconnaissance in thick bush or over broken ground, while

the local pony, on the other hand, is as clever as a cat, and can twist and turn and go anywhere.

The chief danger while moving in this sort of country is the risk, in local parlance, of being "dirty-tricked" or ambushed; hence the necessity for a mobile and energetic advance-guard. We "barrak" our camels on the ground, mount them there, and with a simultaneous "swish" of soft-padded feet and knees rasping on the sand, they rise swiftly to their feet. Too swiftly for some of us, for, with a stifled laugh and the clatter of a rifle, one luckless trooper, poised momentarily half in and half out of his saddle, takes a toss into an "irgin" bush. Not waiting to make his camel lie down again, he is up on its back like a monkey, and we relapse into the usual steady shuffling trot of the desert, which is said to resemble the movement of a ship at sea. There is a cool breeze blowing in our faces, bringing a scarcely perceptible scent of aromatic grasses and wild herbs that are strangers to Europe. After the heavy, camel-tainted atmosphere of our camp, it brings a sense of freshness and well-being that is more than pleasant. At intervals our silent-footed advance (the lack of noise of a large body of camelry on the march is almost uncanny if you are used to the clatter of cavalry) brings us upon startled birds and beasts. A greater bustard rises with a clumsy "whirr" and flops down heavily in a thicket on

our left, and some antelope of sorts (it's too dark to see them) go leaping away in alarm on the right. Of all things monotonous, a trek through a certain kind of bush country is the most unrelieved. It is not irritatingly so: on the contrary, it seems to mesmerise you until you and your camel seem part of some vast machine which has been wound up as if by clockwork, and which you know will continue to jog and jerk along in rhythmic evenness until the springs are run down. You resign yourself to this feeling, and the hours slip by with amazing swiftness, only broken by the occasional halt which appears to your mind in the light of a temporary dislocation of the machinery.

Did we notice that bustard and those antelope at the same moment, or within a few minutes of each other, or did an hour—or two hours—elapse between their respective flights from our path? Anyhow, there are faint signs of dawn streaking the eastern horizon over there, so it must be about five o'clock, and unless we have gone out of our course we should now be nearing the grazing area of the recalcitrant tribe and must move with greater caution than ever. Not that they are likely to resist us by force of arms; one tribe cannot resist single-handed both the British Government and the Mad Mullah simultaneously; but in Africa we do not take any chances (friendlies have been known to transfer their allegiance from

us to the enemy before now): besides which, putting all thoughts of a "scrap" aside, we do not wish to give them time to rush their stolen stock off in the opposite direction, hide it, and play the "innocent and injured" sort of "palaver." No one can do it better than our plausible little black friends of the ——— tribe.

The sun rises at length, and after the dew and chill of the night air its warmth is pleasant; but we are not unduly grateful, because we know that in an hour's time, and until dusk, we shall be grilling, and our beasts sweating, and there is no probable chance of striking water before to-morrow night.

With the light, you can now see (if you have not met him before) the appearance of the Somali trooper. He is of a slight, almost boyish build, with well-cut Aryan features, and must in no way be confused with the negroid races of Africa. He is a bundle of nervous energy and vitality, each muscle and nerve being permanently tuned up to concert pitch. He is small but athletic, admirably well-proportioned, and while not in the least suited to heavy, manual labour, which he despises, he is a born scout and sportsman, with the eye of a hawk and the wiriness of a cat. The men of the constabulary wear a simple uniform: a green jersey, football shorts, and natty, blue puttees, which kit, in conjunction with the men's size and build, emphasises their neat alertness of manner and movement.

They are no respecters of persons, and the white man neither overawes nor embarrasses them. Their manners are charming, and their sense of humour immense. They will treat their officers as (racial) equals off parade, and the artificial servility of the Oriental is unknown to them. Further, they will chaff you and argue with you, but since no disrespect is intended, nobody minds. They are honestly convinced that the Somali is the finest fellow in the world, that Somaliland is the only country worth living in, and, finally, that the Somali camel is the king of beasts. He is—in one sense.

However, there is no more time to observe them further, attractive and unique as an African race though they be. A pony "sowar" from the advance-guard comes galloping back, obviously bursting with information of importance; he reins up with a whirling jerk that nearly dismounts him, and gives a voluble account of how they have sighted the animals grazing some few miles ahead. The O.C. company hesitates for a second as to whether he should make a fast dash forward and round them up by a *coup de main* before the main body of the tribe are aware of his presence, or whether he had better "illalo" them first, lest a premature move should spoil everything. To "illalo" means anything from sending a spy into Dervish country on a mission of "espionage," to

despatching a patrol on a tactical reconnaissance. Loosely translated, it means to scout or "observe." He decides on the former course, and manœuvring his 150 rifles into a loose and elastic formation, puts on the pace, and leads them at the fast, swinging trot that the Arab loves so well when showing off his beast. The little ponies of the advance-guard in front have now to gallop as hard as God will let them, to keep ahead of the great, striding camels behind.

It is like watching a low-gearred bicycle keeping pace with a high-gearred one, and their diminutive little legs and hoofs flash by in a scurry of dust and sunlight. The bush thins out, and patches of open grass-land relieve its former denseness. Stunted trees, with dead and jagged boughs, spring up and try to sweep you from your saddle; your camel stumbles clumsily over their exposed and sun-dried roots, and, like Jorrocks, you "vish you mayn't" take a toss. Two or three shots are fired in the far distance, well away to the right. Our commander throws a brief glance in that direction, but after a word with his native Colour-Sergeant does not alter his course. It is probably only a decoy to mislead us as to the stolen animals' real direction, which has already been accurately reported by the advance-guard. Easy to write this afterwards, but in the excitement of the moment any officer not well acquainted with the Somali

character might be excused for being temporarily misled and so diverted, and lose the whole game. Not so easily, however, is the Commander of X Company misled. He has been in the country ten years or more—it seems to have an uncanny attraction for him—and what his shrewd perception has not taught him about the bush is not worth knowing.

Another quarter of a mile and we are in the midst of the grazing animals, purposely stampeding them away from their unlawful owners into what appears, to the European eye, to be hopeless and galloping confusion. How in the world can this mob of panic-stricken camels and sheep, at present careering all over the wooded countryside, be rounded up? *How* they are rounded up, you cannot say; let it suffice that they *are*, in the twinkling of an eye. The Somali trooper is now in his element. To him it is child's play. And before you have realised what has happened, order has succeeded chaos, and the mob of beasts is being rapidly driven in a compact herd towards a low range of hills some twenty miles away, closely attended by the now exultant and chattering company. Yells of anger, mixed with the conventional wail that the African lady uses on all occasions to express her displeasure with life in general, ring in our ears, as we push our booty along at a spanking trot towards the horizon.

But the tribe have no intention of pursuing us. Given a

chance, they would have hidden the stock and sworn their innocence and honesty on forty copies of the Koran. Caught red-handed, they will sigh philosophically over their loss, and presently come in to the Political Officer to recover any of the animals which may in reality be their own property, and which were mingled with the others. The Political Officer will talk to them like a Dutch uncle, and they, like truant schoolboys, will be very repentant—until next time.

We reach the hills at midday, and, contrary to expectation, find that some local showers have left a few very welcome pools of water in a rocky river-bed, and so are able to water our charges. The soil here is impregnated with saline products, and quite undrinkable from a white man's point of view; but this affords our Commander an unholy satisfaction, for the camel, being the most perverse creature in the whole of Allah's creation, prefers water with a bit of taste in it to the fresher variety, even as he enjoys thorn bushes and despises in his heart of hearts good honest English hay.

We call a halt and form up in square, the camels facing outwards, for it is seldom prudent to halt in bush in any other formation. The camels lie down, and those of the constabulary are unsaddled, each heavy saddle with all its gear being piled upright and opposite the animal it belongs to. Presently the camels, now freed from all their equipment, will be mustered and driven

off under a small guard, to be watered and grazed in the bush around us. In case of alarm, the saddles arranged as described above will form swift rallying-points, as each man knows his own gear, and forming up upon it in an emergency, the original square in which we halted will be automatically re-formed without further orders.

The saddlery and equipment are worth examination, if only on account of the fact that we can carry from four to six days' rations for man and beast upon them, and so are independent of transport, and therefore self-supporting for such periods. This in addition to ammunition, a couple of days' water, and a blanket. Truly, in one sense, the camel is the ship of the desert.

Our saddles are of the Indian pattern, and, unlike the Egyptian variety, are fitted with stirrup-irons. A bulky canvas saddle-bag is fitted pannier-wise on each side, and these hold most of our worldly goods, the rest being (according to the nature of the article) strapped upon pommel and cantle, or hung on with string, like toys from a Christmas-tree. The effect of all this is picturesque, if not strictly martial. To see the mess leg of mutton (raw) flogging a camel's flank through thirty miles of sun and dust is scarcely an incentive to appetite; but very possibly the distinctive odour of camel at dinner which results from this method of transportation is perfectly innocuous to the human system. In any

case, the human system accommodates itself to an unsavoury style of existence very readily in Somaliland. The words of the Camel Corps "march past" record this fact in no uncertain language. Unfortunately they cannot be printed here, graphic and romantic though they be.

The camels, both ours and those we have "recovered," having been watered, and "grazing guards" posted around them, the bulk of the company is free to doss down during the heat of the day. Blankets are cleverly arranged over thorn bushes to provide shade, and we find that the faithful Abdullahi Jarma and Ibrahim (our "boy" and orderly, respectively) have prepared breakfast, or is it lunch? We start on tinned oatmeal and end on Irish stew, so it is a matter of opinion. Both, under the skilled treatment of a Somali cook, taste like nothing on earth; but our early "trek" has made us both hungry and tired, so we eat and sleep without undue grumbling or comment.

The remainder of the corps from which we parted last night is expected to join hands with our company this evening, and thus reunited we expect to push back at midnight towards—what we call for the sake of argument—our advanced base, where the "friendlies" concerned will meet to claim their animals.

So, at 4 P.M., having mustered all our animals back in bivouac, we provide a temporary thorn zariba around them against

the possibilities of the night, and, pipe in mouth, await the tall column of dust that, hanging above the bush, usually marks the progress of any column in this country. It never comes. Nothing expected ever *does* come in Somaliland. In the place of the Camel Corps, a small pony patrol, dusty, sweating, and (as usual) galloping "ventre à terre," arrives to tell us of a new and more exciting "stunt." Brother Dervish is out again on the war-path. A party (strength unknown) of Dervish horsemen, armed with the usual French "gras" rifle, are about to raid the very tribe of "friendlies" we have just muloted of *their* stolen property! Wheels within wheels; big flies and little flies! The — tribe, it would appear, have *no* luck at all! Anyhow the main body of our Constabulary is already in hot pursuit, and we are warned to look after our own skins, our recovered animals, and (if it becomes necessary) our main body's line of retreat. When the Dervish party you are seeking may be anything from 30 to 3000 strong, it is as well to *allow* for a return ticket. The Camel Corps have learned this in the past from experience.

We of X Company curse our luck at being out of the main operation, and tell each other sarcastically that anyhow (referring to our own day's work) we are excellent cattle-thieves. A weary and disillusioned subaltern, who, belonging in normal life to one of our most historical regiments, finds scallywag

warfare rather trying during the progress of a European war at home, is despatched with a pony section of M.I., on what in Europe would be called outpost duty. But as here he has to combine the tactical protection of X Company with a sort of strategical cavalry reconnaissance in the interest of the main body, it is difficult to give any definite name to his mission.

He departs in a cloud of bitter blasphemy and dust devils.

The sun sets and night falls upon us wondering what the morning has in store for us, —preposterous little atoms in an eternity of desert, sun, and space.

And so the outpost routine of Empire goes on, even amid the crash of war around the very citadels of civilisation in Europe. The work is humble, compared with that of luckier soldiers in France, and it is an irony of Fate which sent men here before the war, in order to see "service," a few months before Armageddon broke out at home. It is difficult to rejoin their regiments now at the Front, much as they have worked the wires to do so. They are wanted here in this country, God-forsaken though it be. But even Somaliland does not lack excitement of sorts, as the unmarked graves of many a "very gallant gentleman" of our acquaintance testify. Though these men have died obscurely, in a skirmish here or of a fever there, far remote from the

glamour of the pitched battles of Flanders and Turkey, their lives have not been wasted. One day British Somaliland—this blazing wilderness of gold and blue outside the tent door—will repay the Empire for the blood and money lavished upon it; not for ever will its latent resources (mineral oil) lie entombed under its sand and rocks. Not for ever, when we have settled with the Kaiser, will his twin-brother, the Mad Mullah, exert his fanatical sway over his cut-throat freebooters; and with his power and prestige broken, and with our friendlies deterred from suicidal strife among themselves by the advent of that prosperity which the future development of the country will bring in its train, British Somaliland will yet be a credit to those pioneers who for the last fifteen years have been grappling, in successive batches, with what appeared at times to be a hopeless and a thoroughly discouraging task. A little more patience and their dreams will be realised, for the great European War has galvanised the Imperial soul into active consciousness again, the Elizabethan spirit has been

reawakened, adventure is in the air. After the War we shall take stock of our Empire, and put our house in order from pole to pole before resettling to our secure and normal Imperial life. Somaliland cannot be—will not be—ignored during that great Imperial Spring Cleaning.

No account of the Somaliland Camel Constabulary would be complete without a humble tribute to Richard Corfield, who trained the first nucleus around which the present very efficient corps has since developed. He lies out there, desert-wards, in the "land of beyond," with a Dervish bullet in his brain. No more need be said of him (it is an epitaph after his own heart) save to add that the Somali liked, trusted, and feared him. It is, however, good to think that his spirit, still moving through the bush, as the phantom of John Nicholson moves across the Punjab (ask any Pathan—it is true), sees the shadowy advance of the new and stronger Camel Corps protecting his much-loved "friendlies." That is his reward.

"ZERES."

A SHIP'S COMPANY.

BY G. F.

VI. ". . . THE KING'S HIGHWAY!"

—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

To come into harbour for a short time is always good; especially so after a long spell at sea in the equinoctial gale season. And this morning, as we approach our base and have just opened the hatches and scuttles after eleven days "battened down"—eleven days of life (with a very small "l") on tinned air and tinned everything—the distant land looks tantalisingly beautiful. Daylight came with a gorgeous dawn, and now the scene is superb, with the near hills in their proper colours of green and brown, and those of the middle distance changing, as the light each moment grows stronger, from grey to wonderful blends of mauve and purple; while capping them all far away stand the distant mountains, sombre in their misty neutral tints.

During the last eleven days we have been on patrol work; have been, in fact, in charge of a certain patrol composed of a sister ship and a non-descript collection of small gunboats. On the surface, not a very appropriate duty for a vessel of our size and importance, but one needs to look a long way below the surface these times. Canada's sons are crossing the ocean just now. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

Life on such work is apt to be rather dull and monotonous, for it is somewhat difficult to enter into the routine with quite the same zest as usual, when it is known that the operation on which the ship is engaged is what the authorities call merely a "precautionary measure."

But it is only right to take the rough with the smooth, and we cannot expect to be always doing the same sort of "stunt" as our last one, when we appeared off Heligoland again and openly offered battle to the enemy—but to no effect. It was a wonderful sight that day when, after all hopes of a "scrap" had been abandoned, practically the whole of the striking force of the British Navy assembled in a few square miles of the North Sea, and then, under the supreme command, proceeded to manœuvre and exercise just as in peace-time.

What a landsman's feelings would have been, could he have been present, it is impossible to guess. The ordinary Spithead review, with the ships anchored in seemingly endless lines, is impressive beyond words, but here, with the flower of the Empire's naval might cleared for action, was a scene to baffle adequate de-

scription. Would that the Kaiser might have had just one glimpse; perhaps he would have described it after the fashion of impressionable people—too beautiful to be seen twice in a lifetime.

So the exploit from which we are returning seemed very drab in comparison, and of course dirty weather always brings to the fore the grey side of things.

Most people's ideas of "dirty weather" consist of a hazy remembrance of the sight (if they were not actual sufferers, in which case they shared the feelings) of a large number of green-faced individuals being solicitously tended in their infirmity by sympathetic stewards. But if they rack their brains still further they will remember that the general life of the ship went on much as before; that for the unafflicted things were (save for the motion) just as nice and comfortable, meals just as tasty and well served, life just as interesting as in the days when a calm sea and an azure sky were all that the universe as far as the horizon had to offer.

That is dirty weather *de luxe*.

For it is very different with us, where as regards the ship's construction alone comfort has to go by the board in favour of efficiency—as is but right. We are lucky in one way, though, for there are not many of the green-visaged brigade in our midst. Even if there happen from time to time to be a few, they are not allowed to be drones in consequence; how-

ever green they may become, still they have to remain workers.

But taken on the whole, our life during a prolonged spell of gales is—rotten. The motion, though all part of the day's work, puts a premium on most recreations. Exercise is impossible, for the upper-deck is sea- and spray-swept, and an unnecessary visit to it only invites a wet back. Writing, when half one's thoughts are centred on preventing the inkpot gracefully gliding to the deck, is too tedious to be indulged in more than necessary (but of course we *all* use fountain pens—*vide* the advertisements in the press!). Meals are beastly. The atmosphere in the living spaces is—well, it just is not! And everything one touches is clammy and sticky. The *tout ensemble* is inclined, to say the least, to make one a trifle peevish, and of the customary alleviations to the trivial round there remain but two—the one literary (reading), the other rhetorical (discussions, arguments, and yarns).

And that makes it necessary to introduce fully a fresh personage: Sinbad the Sailor he is called in the ward-room; Cargo Bill is his nickname on the lower-deck; Lieutenant George Henry Marks, Royal Naval Reserve, is how the Navy List describes him. Sinbad is our great "yarnster."

It would be hard to find any one more vitriolic in his sentiments against the Germans than Sinbad. Perhaps this is for the reason that before the

war he was regularly sailing in and out of Hamburg on the West African trade, and the worthy Hamburgers apparently did not like to have the peace and quietness of the "Bier Halle" invaded by the rowdy Engländer. For when Sinbad and his confrères went in for what he styles a "rough house," evidently they made the fat, beer-swilling Germans sit up "some."

But it is when Sinbad talks of his dealings with the West African nigger that he is most amusing.

By now we know his views so well—that you cannot rule a nigger by kindness. Probably he is right, and he has a long first-hand experience of the western African coast on which to base his opinions, but we always disagree on principle for argument's sake.

"Come across a nigger in your path," he says, "and get out of his way: a look of contempt at once passes over that black man's face as he says to himself, 'Dat man, he 'fraid ob me.' But go straight on, and if he does not move off give him a jolly good kick: 'Ah,' says the nigger, 'dat man my master; he proper white man!'"

But there are different grades of white men in the nigger mind, apparently, and Sinbad illustrated this by a little story.

"I was Chief of a ship," he says, "with a German third officer. Up came the head Krooboy: 'I speak to you, massa?' he asked.

"I nodded.

"Well, massa, be like dis. I take beating from you. I take beating from first or second. But if third officer he try beat me, I knife him. He no white man; he bush white man; all German bush white man."

Which, to our minds, shows the black man to be of great wisdom. But that he himself lays no claim to such a qualification is illustrated by another little yarn of Sinbad's.

"I once saw a nigger watching a monkey with unconcealed admiration," so he tells the story, "so just to pull his leg I asked him if a monkey was not much cleverer than a nigger."

"Yes, sah," the Krooboy answered, in no way insulted, 'monkey he very clebber. Can do anything 'cept talk, and he really can do dat but nebber will, cos he knows once he talk he made work all same nigger.'

But Sinbad's most humorous yarns could not possibly get into print.

The ward-room discussions cover a vast range of subjects, but up to the present in only two has anything like unanimity of opinion reigned. It was last night that we decided by an overwhelming majority—

(a) That all lawyers should be shot.

(b) That the universal payments of £400 a year to M.P.'s was a scandal.

Perhaps it should be stated that no personal animus was shown or meant in arriving at these conclusions!

Certainly it seems incompre-

hensible why the major part of our prize money should go into the lawyers' pockets, as (when distribution is made) it undoubtedly will. But of course they deserve it. The Prize Court work is so much more tiring, nerve-racking, and generally arduous than ours!

Sandall voiced most people's opinions when he heatedly declaimed, "It's too late to become a lawyer, but after the war I'm going to chuck this job and get into Parliament. Four hundred a year is much more easily earned that way than as a Commander (if I ever rise to that exalted rank) of one of H.M. ships or vessels. Besides, once elected, you need not appear more than once a year."

"That's one good thing, anyway, about our parliamentary system," interposed Martin,— "attendance not compulsory; thus some Guardian Angel saves poor old England from absolute ruin."

Here, for the first time, we noticed the presence in our midst of Lieutenant Fraser, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, *M.P.*!

On the lower deck things are much the same. Sleep, reading, writing—the average "matloe's" correspondence is not extensive enough to become tedious even under the vilest weather conditions—and yarning seem to fill in the few leisure moments of the day.

There, seated in an odd corner, laboriously balancing a ditty box on his knee, can be seen Private Spooner, keeping

up his correspondence (in the intervals of sucking an indelible pencil with dire results to his tongue) with the fair sex; and though the letter is full of ardent terms of endearment, the envelope is addressed to a town at least a hundred miles from Balham.

But Spooner is a man of many loves.

A very comprehensive range of literature is covered by the "matloe's" taste — abstruse professional text-books, sentimental love stories (Charles Garvice has quite a following on the lower-deck), and "Deadwood Dicks." Discussions and yarns do not generally deal with matters of such grave moment (!) as those in which the ward-room delights; the reminiscent "touch" figures largely, and "do you remember" is a very frequent opening.

Yet, though the "dirty weather" existence seems rather dreary, we generally get the news of the day (actually of the day before yesterday). Poldhu provides us with our 'Times,' 'Morning Post,' 'Daily Telegraph,' 'Standard,' 'Daily Mail,' 'Daily News,' 'Daily Chronicle,' 'Observer,' 'People,' &c., and from the mysterious precincts of the coding office we often glean tit-bits of news which our wireless has intercepted. Though we ourselves do not seem to come across much of the Romance of the High Seas, the wireless now and again gives us a breath of it.

How two such "intercepts" appealed to some one's imagin-

ation and inspired his contribution to the initial number of 'Flap! A magazine of originality' (it appeared the first day we came to sea), the following verbatim extracts will show:—

SOME "INTERCEPTS."

— to *Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet.*

"Zeppelin reported here last night. Was seen by local shepherd."

Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet, to —

"If you have not already done so, send an officer ashore to interview the man who saw the Zeppelin. Report result."

* * * *

"Yes, zur, Oi zeed un; a-sailin' over the tree-tops beootiful, she wor. By goles, sez Oi to meself, that's one o' them there airyships."

"Noa, zur, I couldn't rightly zay what she looked loike; jest a gert big mass a-scuddin' across the sky that quick Oi could 'ardly keep my eyes on 'er."

"What toime was it, zur? Why, jest arter closin' toime at the 'Are and 'Ounds.' I come out o' the door—landlord doant gie ee a minute arter toime—and started off for 'ome. . . . And when Oi picked meself up from the middle of the road, I looked up into the sky and zeed un plain. Oi scratched me 'ead, and sez Oi to meself, That might be one o' these yere

Zellepins—and then agen, sez Oi, it might not."

"Noa, zur, Oi 'adn't 'ad what you might roightly call much. Jest me usual six pints. Oh yes, zur, Oi zeed un plain."

* * * *

— to *Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet.*

"Investigation has shown that no credence can be attached to the report of a Zeppelin having been seen here."

Admiralty to Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet.

"British sailing vessel — left — on July 15 with a cargo of nickel for Hamburg. Owners ask that she may be sent into a British port."

* * * *

The captain of the British sailing ship — was walking up and down the poop with his mate. Every few minutes he stopped to level his telescope at a certain spot on the horizon—a spot where, though at first to the naked eye there appeared nothing, gradually showed up a smoke cloud, then masts, and shortly after the tops of four funnels.

"There's one of those durned men-o'-war coming up," he said, snapping the glass to and tucking it under his arm; "and," inconsequently, "I hate men-o'-war's-men."

Together they watched her, as minute by minute the cruiser loomed up bigger and bigger.

"An' she's coming right for

us," said the mate; "some speed too."

Fascinated against their will, the two men stood watching the cruiser as she approached them. She was a bare mile away when a puff of smoke came from one of her smaller guns, and then the loud boom of the charge followed through the air. A string of flags at her yard-arm gave a peremptory signal to the — to stop.

Sullenly the sailing-ship's captain gave the necessary orders. As he had said, he entertained no love for men-of-war, and on the high seas to be ordered to heave to, and apparently to be boarded—the cruiser by now was almost alongside and was lowering a boat—was just about as much as he could stand. "One of their manœuvre stunts, I suppose," he growled between his teeth.

With frigid politeness he received the naval lieutenant. The latter wasted no time over what he had to say.

"You left — on July 15 with a cargo of nickel for Hamburg, didn't you?" he rapped out.

"And might I ask what that's got to do with you?" rejoined the skipper, making a mental note that his ship's doings seemed to be pretty

well known in His Majesty's Navy.

"Now, no nonsense, please; I've no time to waste," said the lieutenant, obviously ruffled and annoyed. Then suddenly a gleam of illumination spread over his features.

"Have you spoken any one since you left?" he added.

"No," was the reply.

"Well then, Captain——"

"Thomson," the blank was filled for him.

"Well then, Captain Thomson, it may interest you to know that the country under whose flag you are sailing has been at war since August 4 with the country to which your cargo is consigned. Your owners want you to go to Liverpool. Good-bye."

And almost before the astonished Captain Thomson and his mate had recovered their senses, the cutter was well on her way back again. At the cruiser's yard-arm another signal in International Code intimated to the — that she was "to proceed in accordance with orders given."

We are a mile from our anchorage now. Awaiting our arrival we can espy (glorious sight) the mail drifter, and a little farther off a —; yes, it is a collier.

Ugh!

VII. A LAND BREEZE.

"Wet!" — "Dry!" —
Splosh! — Scrub, scrub,
scrub.

To Roy Langton, in that

blissful state between sleeping and waking, the noises in the flat outside seemed a part of his dream, and subconsciously,

when a few seconds later his servant switched on the light, he expected to see—not the bare chipped walls of his cabin, but the fairy spot whither his sleep-fogged fancy had led him. Then slowly he realised just where he was—realised that the scrub, scrub, scrub outside was not the splash of waves, that the voices of the cleaning party were not the confused murmur of a summer beach.

Fully awake now he listens, for this is the hour when little gems of lower-deck badinage fly around, but apparently today is an off-day, and Able Seaman "Nobby" Clark, evidently realising the lack of the customary sparkling wit, tries to rise to the occasion.

"What is the Navy doing?" he banteringly asks, reiterating a question that a certain thoughtless section of the B.P. seem, if we read aright, to be asking.

"Mopping up water," laconically answers the recognised wag of the party, as, on his knees, he "mops up" with the "dry" that has just been thrown him by one of the wizards at the steaming tub in his rear.

"Nobby" returns to the attack. "Ah, Percay, my bhoy," he observes to a grimy individual busily engaged in cleaning brightwork, "how d'ye do?"

"I don't."

This is too much for "Nobby." Contemptuously he gazes on his fellow-workers, sucks his teeth, and then delivers himself of the following homily:—

"Of all the mouldy perishing pessimists, you blighters take the blinkin' bun. Stepped out of yer 'ammicks on the wrong side, I presoom, or," and here he specially addressed the grimy individual, "per'aps that pint o' port wine" (we always drink our port by the pint on the lower-deck) "we 'ad together at the Chatoo Frontenac last night" ("Nobby" has a passion for airing a spurious knowledge of high life in far-off cities) "still lies 'eavy on yer stummick!"

He pauses, but his indignation is not completely worked off yet. "Pah," he observes, "you remind me o' the yarn o' the little girl and the school teacher."

"What's that, Nobby?" asks Ordinary Seaman Read, who feels that something must be done to appease the great man's wrath ("Nobby" is somewhat of a bruiser).

"What, ain't none of you 'eard it?" "Nobby's" face brightens as he begins. "Well, it's like this yere. Schoolmarm she sees a little girl a-settin' down at the back o' the room long after the rest o' the kids 'ad gone away, cryin' 'er 'eart out. 'What's the matter, 'Ilda?'—'Ilda was the youngster's name, I should 'ave mentioned—she sez, 'you ought not ter be cryin'; just think 'ow lucky you are. 'Asn't the Good Gawd given you eyes to see with, a nose to smell with, feet to run with, ears to 'ear with——?' 'Yes, Miss,' sez little 'Ilda; 'but 'E must 'ave gotter bit mixed up with me, 'cause it's me nose

wot runs and me feet wot smells.' And," concludes "Nobby," "from the look o' all your ugly dials——" but disgust cuts dry any further remarks.

"Per'aps I am a bit down-earted, Nobby," says he of the grimy face, "bat so would you be if you was in the rattle same as me. Lost me 'ammick, I 'ave; cawn't find me boots; Gawd 'ates me; don't arf wish I was dead, I don't."

By this time the party have finished their job (and perhaps *you* have gained a fleeting insight into the meaning of this chapter's opening lines, and into the solemn service ritual of "scrubbing out"). They move off, taking their woes with them.

To-day is a great day, Langton suddenly remembers. Yesterday we arrived in harbour early in the morning, did a big coaling, washed down, and turned in with the pleasant news that provided the notice for steam was not altered tomorrow, as many as could be spared would have a chance of going ashore. The fates, too, must be working for us, for an afternoon ashore with no money in our pockets would be a very barren affair—but "October 1" reads the calendar, and on the Quartermaster's slate is written, "11.25 A.M. monthly payment."

The forenoon passes on leaden wings, but at last comes the pipe, "'A-a-nds fall in for payment starboard side of gunroom flat."

Quickly the first hundred (we fall in by hundreds under

our own officers) are mustered and ready. At the pay-table stands the Fleet Paymaster, idly fingering a £500 pile of Treasury notes as one does a new pack of cards; at his side Saxon faces a huge heap of florins and shillings, while seated on a high stool is the ship's office writer, ledger spread open before him.

"First hundred, 'Shun!—— Left turn!——By the right, Quick march!——Halt!"

"Jeremiah Tucker," the writer calls out.

"Number one, sir," and up steps Petty Officer Jeremiah Tucker; deftly he removes his cap and holds it in front of the Fleet Paymaster.

"Two pounds fifteen," says the writer, and in a second on Tucker's upturned cap repose two one-pound notes, a ten-shilling one, two florins and a shilling. Tucker passes on and round to the port side of the flat, where the other members of the Accountant Officer's staff—the ship's steward and his satellites—are waiting to issue the monthly allowance of soap and tobacco.

Here there is not so much ceremony. "Two," says Tucker, and in reply is quickly furnished with two bars of soap (Pusser's yellow) and a pound of leaf tobacco. That comparatively modern production—the tinned variety—is looked upon with contempt by him, as a raw steward's assistant found to his cost last month when into the P.O.'s hands he had thrust two tins. "'Ere, what are you giving me?" Tucker had observed;

"do you think I'm a young lady and a-going to smoke this in my boodoir?"

At the pay-table things move apace. The routine is well known by the active-service members of the ship's company, and it is not till the Royal Naval Reserve men are reached that the first hitch occurs; they are not yet quite conversant with the recognised procedure.

"Angus Morrison," the writer calls out.

No movement takes place in the waiting queue.

"Angus Morrison," he repeats in a louder voice.

Morrison, temporarily mesmerised, receives a jab in the ribs from the Master-at-Arms' pencil, whereupon he shuffles up to the table and stands there sheepishly.

"Number," simultaneously from four voices.

"W seven four two five, sirr." Morrison feels that he is getting on all right now.

"Not your official number, your ship's books' number," snaps out the Master-at-Arms. The group at the table (the Fleet Paymaster, Saxon, and the Officer of the Watch) begin to wear a resigned expression, as, from the previous experience of R.N.R. men at annual manœuvres, they know what to expect.

"Two, sir."

"One pound ten," announces the Writer.

The Fleet Paymaster holds out two notes, but there is no cap outstretched on which to place them.

"Cap," from four voices in unison.

Morrison doffs his cap, out of which drop a half-smoked "woodbine," an envelope, a small quid of tobacco, and a stumpy clay pipe; the latter breaks on reaching the deck.

But at last his troubles are over and he moves out of the limelight.

As one bell strikes the last man is paid. "An hour," says Saxon, checking the time with his wrist-watch; "pretty rotten." But really it is not bad work accurately to deal out about two thousand pounds, two-thirds of which is in notes, to a thousand men in one hour.

"How much have you made, Pay?" facetiously asks the Officer of the Watch.

"Made?" queries the Fleet Paymaster; "if I don't have to put in something to square off, I shall be very much surprised."

One o'clock sees the picket boat off to the shore with a heavy complement of officers, and then, a few minutes later, the Quartermaster shrilly pipes, "Landing party, fall in!"

How we enjoy ourselves! What a blessed relief it is to step once more on shore, to get away for an hour or two from our over-familiar surroundings.

But of course some—both officers and men—cannot get away, and in the ward-room, at the "seven bell" tea-time, a rather dejected company sit down at the table.

Here are the Commander

(ever busy), the Fleet Paymaster and Saxon (who have been occupied in "clewing up" the payment), Martin (who has the first dog-watch), Terence (Engineer Commander, *pro tem.*), the Young Doctor (P.M.O., *pro tem.*), and one or two more.

The duty servant enters in response to a violent prolonged ringing of the bell, and is at once assailed by Terence with, "What about tay, it's gone seven bells?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replies the duty servant. "Tea just being wetted." (We never "make" tea, we always "wet" it!)

Another waiter, with a very apparent "afternoon caul fat head," appears and noisily scatters plates, knives, bread, butter, and jam about the table.

Suddenly, as if some mysterious force had made them of one mind, nearly all the officers present bombard him with a single word, "Tea!"

At this stage the trap-hatch to the pantry shoots up, and in company with a rather nauseating smell mysterious noises float through; evidently the wetting process is well in hand.

A few minutes pass, every one preserving a dignified—albeit "mouldy"—silence. Then the Pay in an aggrieved voice summons the duty servant. "Waiter," he says, "take this away; it's absolutely black. Get me some weak tea, please."

Again that mysterious force that makes so many minds think as one gets to work,

for suddenly there ensues a perfect babel of "Milk please, sugar please, bread please, jam please, butter please."

Saxon, who up to now has not been served, reaps the result of his boss's observation on the tea, for his, when it arrives, is suitable enough for even the most delicate nerves. "Take this away," he says, "and get me some TEA. And," handing the waiter the milk jug, "some MILK too; this is pure water at present."

The duty servant takes the milk jug, but having put his hand into the butter whilst handing that commodity round a few seconds previously, lets it slip through his fingers. The jug falls upright on the table and for some reason does not break, but plentifully sprinkles Saxon and Wilson with a fluid which would appear to belie the statement that its contents were pure water.

Saxon and Wilson make but one observation, "Damn."

"Marmalade please, waiter," demands the young Doctor.

"No marmalade, sir."

Exasperation is writ large on the young Doctor's countenance. "I asked for jam at breakfast and was told there was none," he says, "now there's no marmalade. Have we got a mess committee——?" Hastily he stops, having suddenly remembered—the first time since his election—that he himself is a member of that select body.

Here a hitherto unheard but aggressively cheerful officer remarks, "We shall quite dis-

like fresh milk when we do get any again, shan't we?"

The others merely glare at him. The meal finishes in silence.

Five o'clock comes long before we are ready for it, but although there are one or two stragglers, full numbers eventually arrive back on board. A few have fallen by the wayside, and perhaps *you* (who by now know so much about us and our ways) can guess the names of one or two of the delinquents?

Yes, you are quite right, for among the small group of those who have not been allowed to fall out stand—or rather sway—Private Spooner and Gunner Murphy. And besides imbibing their favourite "hops," these two have been marketing, for in his right hand the former clasps an enormous crayfish, one claw of which he playfully nibbles.

"Anything to say?" the Officer of the Watch asks each one.

"No, sir," is the invariable thick-voiced reply, till comes the turn of Private Spooner.

At first it seems that his brain is too fogged for anything. "No, sir," he manages to get out; and then, a second after, momentarily bracing himself up, he bursts forth, "Yes, sir, I 'as. I know I'm drunk; I know yew're a-goin' to put me dahn below; but" (here he brandishes the crayfish in the Officer of the Watch's face) "can I take this perishin' canary with me?"

"Master-at-Arms, put your men below; Sergeant-Major, yours too; but first of all throw the canary overboard."

Officers of Watches, though they generally possess a keen sense of humour, must not be too sympathetic. And it was Wilson, as has been said, who had the first dog-watch.

VIII. PRESENTS.

Yesterday each of us was presented with a swimming-collar—a sausage-shaped, stock-ingette-enclosed, rubber affair, to be inflated after the fashion of an air-cushion.

Engineer-Lieutenant Terence Rooney, with great gusto, blew his up to well-nigh bursting point, and then, red-faced and panting with exertion, regarded it curiously.

"Well, if they expect you to wear it round your chest," he said, "they must think the Navy's manned with pygmies."

"Shure, and it's not afther puttin' it round your chest you must be," mockingly answered Saxon.

"Pwhere, then?"

"What's the thing called? Personally, though no doubt it would be very 'toney,' I never wear my collar round my chest."

"Ah," said Terence, suddenly enlightened, "round your neck!"

This morning there appeared on all the various notice-boards the following:—

The swimming-collars which have been issued are to be always at hand: by day, deflated, on the person; by night, inflated and hung from the hammock clews. Punctures are to be reported to officers of divisions.

Thus we are compulsorily made to safeguard ourselves to a small extent "from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy." A great blow, this, to the fatalists who, quite happy in leaving matters (if it ever does come to swimming!) on the knees of the gods, had rather scoffed at those among us who had provided themselves with various forms of life-saving apparatus. And certainly some of the improvised articles merit the jeers they have brought down on their owners' heads, for they are ludicrous in the extreme.

A *sine qua non* of any device is that it must be of such a nature that it can be permanently worn, or at least kept in the pocket. Thus such things as the regulation cork life-belt are rather beyond the pale, for you simply cannot spend your whole day rigged up as a lifeboatman. The field of choice is practically narrowed down to pneumatic contrivances.

One officer has provided himself with an air-cushion of the double square variety, which he has fitted up so that it can be worn—with great inconvenience and to the detriment of his personal appearance—under his monkey-jacket.

Another owns a similar

affair of the circular type, with a large hole in the centre, to be sported (so we suppose, though he will not actually acknowledge it) à la Elizabethan ruffe.

Several carry (when they remember) motor-bicycle tyres in their pockets.

And one (he shall be nameless, as perhaps it is not his fault; he has been married very recently!) is the proud possessor of all the three contraptions just mentioned, and in addition a "Quido's" jacket and a board of trade life-belt. We beg and pray him not to take to the deep (if ever the necessity arrives) clad in all these articles; besides the risk of being used as a raft, he could not possibly avoid being taken for a submarine by any rescuing vessels that might arrive on the scene. (As doubtless will have been guessed, we are only safeguarding ourselves against the dangers of an involuntary swim if "submarined.")

Now, here he is presented with a swimming-collar in addition.

But as the days go on we wonder—if we ever think about it at all—whether when the time comes (if it does) we shall want to prolong the agony. For the cold weather approaches apace in the North Sea, and already, though October is little more than half spent, we seem to have suddenly dropped into mid-winter. The calm clear day that comes now and then—when the sun beats down as in the spring—makes the chill grey morrow seem all the colder in comparison.

By now, though, we are well equipped for the most rigorous weather that these regions can possibly spring on us; the Admiralty and a charitable public have seen to that. We have mufflers galore, beautiful thick socks, gloves, mittens, Balaclava helmets, and—well—everything needful to keep out the cold. A narrative such as this is not the place to discuss the masculine wardrobe quite so fully as certain illustrated weeklies (and *not* the ones intended for ladies only) describe that of the opposite sex.

“What do we know about that?” He who runs may read, and when papers are so precious that even the advertisements are almost learnt by heart, it stands to reason that we are not going to miss a long article whose illustrations, too, are so very *chic*.

Yes, we have all we can possibly want in the clothing line. And till the novelty wears off and familiarity breeds contempt for the “dressing up” entailed, we shall probably wear during the next week or two an absolutely unnecessary quantity of gear; *probably* during the day (if we can escape from the watchful eye of “authority”), *certainly* when on duty at night.

Some of us wear Balaclavas in our hammocks!

But the “matloe” is a weird “kettle o’ fish.”

And writing of gifts in the shape of “warm comforts” brings to mind presents of other descriptions that are showered on us. Though our

doings must of necessity be wrapped in silence and secrecy, evidently we are not forgotten. Every visit to harbour seems to bring something fresh—one day huge cases of books; another, evaporated apples from far-off Ontario; another, tobacco from Rhodesia, and so on.

To-night our duffle suits and Balaclavas are very welcome. Day had ended with a vivid sunset, blood-red storm-clouds scudding across the face of the sun as it sank below the horizon. For a space a watery moon had fitfully shone through the racing clouds, to be gradually blotted out by the rolling greyness. Now, as through the inky darkness the chill nor’easter each moment blows stronger, as the ship, dipping her nose into the sea, “takes it green” over the length of the forecastle, as the spray and spume reach right up to the massive height of the bridge, we know that we are in for a dirty night—and dirty days and nights to come.

“What’s the barometer now?” asks the Captain of Lieutenant Fraser, R.N.V.R., “makee-learn” officer of the watch under Langton.

Fraser does not know. He is still rather bewildered at the multitudinous items of knowledge one must have at one’s finger-tips when officer of the watch. But he has quickly picked up the seagoing faculty (or did he learn it in Parliament?) of preserving an unruffled countenance and answering something.

"27.75, sir," comes out pat.

"Oh, I cannot quite credit that," says the Captain, with (could one but see it in the darkness) a twinkle in the corner of his eye. "What do you make the barometer, Mr Langton?"

"29.75, sir, and dropping fast."

"Um!" muses the Captain, "even with that it's knocking the bottom out of itself quite quickly enough for my liking."

Fraser discreetly retires for a time to the corner of the bridge. For the benefit of those who generally couple barometer readings with the words "Rain, Changeable, Fair," &c., it may be mentioned that the record lowest reading is somewhere about 27.50.

And the gale is only just starting.

Eight bells strike—midnight. Muffled forms laboriously make their way up to the bridge, clinging for dear life to ladder or stanchion as they meet the full force of the wind, tucking their chins further into the necks of their duffle coats as the spray lashes them.

From different spots in the pitch blackness scraps of hurried conversation drift astern; the watch just going off duty are "turning over" to their reliefs.

"Everything's all right," says Langton cheerily, "the fleet is as usual, the — is ahead, you can just see her. It's a filthy night and the glass is simply tumbling down!" Then follow a few directions as to course and speed, guns' crews, &c., and a reference to some one called "the old man." "So long."

A grunt signifies Sinbad's acquiescence. What a huge difference there is in the "going off" and "coming on" watch manner!

Langton and Fraser clatter down the ladder. Sinbad checks his bearing and distance from the phantom next ahead, satisfies himself that everything is all right, and settles down to the four-hour vigil.

"Mr Barclay!" he suddenly calls out.

"Sir!" from the blackness, and a very young midshipman sidles up to his elbow.

"What is it to-night?"

This seemingly ambiguous question has, however, no ambiguity for Barclay.

"Soup, sir. I thought you would be getting a bit tired of cocoa."

It is an unwritten law that the midshipman of a night watch brings up with him all the necessaries and impedimenta for concocting something warming to the inner man.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO GREAT BLOCKADES : THEIR AIMS AND EFFECTS.

HAD any one set to work to foretell our measures of war against Germany, his first utterance as a prophet would have been to declare an immediate blockade of the German coast. Thereby he would have qualified for admission into unquestionably the more popular branch of that ancient and dignified society—namely, the False Prophets—for no such blockade has been declared. Clamour reverberates over why and why not; fact cites the submarine, and shows that the old-fashioned watch off an enemy port is impossible nowadays—sentry-go over the cockatrice's den being too hazardous; law lays down that, whatever blockades be, they must be the same for all, and that if we cannot close the Baltic to Sweden and Denmark—as we cannot—we have no right to close it to other neutrals; Ministers declare that we are getting everything we want by an extended application of contraband and the doctrine of continucus voyage, and their critics strenuously deny the same; and History, poor muse, is tweaked hither and thither in the affray in order to justify contradictory conclusions from defective premisses. Most of these appeals are made to the two great blockades—that of the Napoleonic War and that of the Southern States by the North from 1861 to 1865. Doubtless these are precedents

—of a sort—but while the likenesses are seized, the differences are frequently ignored.

Blockade as a belligerent measure has one aim—to put stress on and to reduce the enemy by use of sea-power—but many methods. It may be used to keep the enemy fleets in port, to prevent their combining, or to secure a battle immediately they do venture out; it safeguards us against attempts of invasion; it will stop the egress of commerce-raiders, and so make the sea-routes secure for our shipping; it destroys the enemy's commerce; it cuts off neutrals from supplying the blockaded coasts; it robs the enemy of sea-borne supplies, hampers his troops, puts stress on the civilian population, forces up prices, throws his finance into confusion, and ruins such of his industries as depend upon raw materials; it might, in certain cases, reduce the enemy by actual starvation.

This is familiar enough; but what is less commonly grasped is that, though the great blockades in the past have done some of these things, they have none of them done all. For example, our blockades in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars did not always keep the French fleets in port. Ville-neuve escaped, and was at large for months before Trafalgar; Napoleon got safely across to Egypt with a fleet and transports numbering close on 300

vessels. Hoche's expedition reached Bantry Bay without interference. We did not keep French privateers from infesting the sea, and our merchant shipping paid heavily for it; nor did the Northern blockade prevent the raids of the *Alabama* and her kin, though these raiders did not issue from the Southern ports. Our blockade did not seriously hamper Napoleon's troops, nor materially disturb his finance.¹ Nor, least of all, did blockade starve him into surrender any more than it starved the South. Neither the continent of Europe nor the vast area of the Southern States could be "starved," for the simple reason that they were accustomed to supply themselves with food, and did in war as they had been used to do in peace.

Indeed the reduction of an enemy by starvation, by the actual straitening of food till the pinch becomes too severe to be endured, is a thing which demands exceptional circumstances in a blockade. The blockader must be able to control all the avenues of approach—or practically all,—and the blockaded country must have a population so dense, compared with its area of fertile land, that it cannot supply itself. The case will not arise unless the enemy is entirely surrounded by hostile territory, or unless it is an island with its

foe supreme at sea. It is easy to picture such a case in imagination. It is our particular sword of Damocles. But so far history hardly knows such a thing in fact. France in 1793 was ringed round with enemies—the Netherlands, the Empire, Austria, Savoy, and Spain—every land frontier hostile except Switzerland, and little could come from there; and Great Britain held the sea. But France was not and could not be starved into surrender, nor did her multitude of enemies ever expect that she would be. Again, the North held the Southern States entirely in her grasp when once she had secured the line of the Mississippi by the taking of Vicksburg in 1863, which cut the Confederates off from their one neutral frontier, Mexico; but though she could profoundly influence the war by her blockade it was not possible to starve the South—for the South, like France, could grow enough food for her people. Small islands here and there have been reduced by famine, but it has seldom been worth while to adopt so lengthy a method. It is almost always simpler, briefer, and more sure to land a force and beat down the garrison.

One precedent there is of a powerful State starved into surrender through losing command of the sea; and the case concerns us singularly closely, for it was the great maritime

¹ We could borrow much more easily than France could, but Napoleon did not try to borrow. The Continental Exchange was heavily against us, and our funds dropped more than the French funds.

State of its day, with an over-sea empire. That is Athens. True, it was not an island by nature: it made itself an island by art. Its fortifications secured it against the feeble siege-work of the day; the "Long Walls" which joined it to its port, the Peiræus, gave it a safe avenue of supply. It could disregard the Spartan armies encamped at its gates so long as its fleets held the sea. So long—but no longer; let its command of the sea fall and nothing could save Athens. And when "the day" came at last and Lysander—far away on the Hellespont—captured all the hundred and eighty Athenian ships save ten, then Athens was a State without hope. The fatal battle at Ægospotami—seekers after menacing precedent will note that it lay away to the north-east of the doomed Athens, that the antagonist was a military State that had forced itself to become a naval power, and that the Athenian fleet was caught unprepared and half-manned with what we may risk calling nucleus crews—took place in September, but the victorious Spartan admiral did not hurry to present himself before Athens. He cut off the corn-ships from the Euxine; the Spartan force at Deceleia in Athenian territory kept the Athenians from getting supplies overland. That was enough. Not till November did the Spartan fleet show itself off the Peiræus and begin the blockade. Athens starved till the next April, when stark famine made it surrender—and it surrendered itself, its insular

position (for the Long Walls were to be demolished), its maritime power, its dockyards and arsenals, its empire—all, in brief, that had made it, politically, the greatest Power of its world.

Here is a case where maritime blockade did overthrow a powerful State—powerful, that is to say, when compared with its rivals—a State, too, against which military power had had practically no effect, and did end a long dubious war with a thunder-clap. Yet it must be remembered that Athens did not supply itself with food, but trusted to imported corn, and that its population was dense compared to the area of the State; moreover, it had no land frontier available; to all intents it was an island. Everything conspired to make a blockade deadly. The circumstances were exceptional; it is well to bear in mind that they are not unique.

Although neither our blockade of the Napoleonic Empire, nor the North's blockade of the rebel South, had the same swift deadliness as Lysander's blockade of Athens, each of them had much to do with the decision of a war. It is worth while to examine in a little detail their aims, their methods, their difficulties, and their results. A good deal will be found that resembles our position to-day, yet there are differences, wider perhaps than would be suspected at first view.

For the first three years of the Napoleonic war the British blockade of enemy territory

had been aimed at the enemy's fleets and privateers, and therefore was in the main confined to his naval ports. It should be remembered, however, that we had other means of dealing with his commerce besides blockade, some of them in existence to-day, one lapsed, and the other out of date. We could stop British subjects from trading with him (if we wished), because trading with the enemy was illegal, and we could stop contraband from reaching him on neutral ships; these are familiar. But we had two other engines: one was the "Rule of War of 1756," by which we claimed the right to forbid any neutral to engage in trade between a belligerent and its colonies, on the ground that as this trade was jealously forbidden to outsiders in time of peace, an enemy only opened it in war-time *because he could no longer keep it shut*, and therefore any neutral embarking in it was doing the enemy a service; finally, we claimed the right to capture *enemy goods on neutral ships* anywhere except in neutral waters—and it may be assumed that our courts would take a wide view of "enemy property," and not recognise a neutral's title too leniently.

Yet in spite of the shackles of blockaded ports, contraband and capture, and the irksomeness of "visit and search," neutral commerce had prospered. Though France seldom had a fleet at sea, even the privateers

sent up British insurance rates a good deal, and for many things it was safer to trust to a neutral carrier, more particularly as France professed (though she did not always practise) the rule of "free ships, free goods." Thus the commerce of the United States thrived exceedingly: Monroe, writing from London, said in 1804, "Our commerce was never so much favoured in time of war." Prussia, up till then a nation of no maritime importance, suddenly appeared as the possessor of a considerable merchant navy. In 1806 there were upwards of three thousand ships flying the Prussian flag.¹ They were not indeed Prussian owned; they mostly belonged to French, Dutch, and Spanish merchants; but as these did not dare to sail the seas under their own colours, they took refuge under Prussia's eagle. Similarly the flags of Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, and other German neutral States began to display themselves, and the amount of tonnage which went to Hamburg and the other Hanse towns grew apace. Denmark and Sweden also thrived.

These halcyon days for neutral commerce were, however, rudely brought to an end. When early in 1806 Prussia took Napoleon's bait of Hanover, we retorted with a blockade of the Elbe and Weser. That was widened in May 1806 into a blockade from Brest to the Elbe, though in

¹ When we fell out with Prussia in 1806 we found in our waters 400 "Prussian" ships to put an embargo upon.

practice we only enforced it rigidly between the Seine and Ostend. Taking this as a pretext, Napoleon, when he had overrun Prussia, issued his famous Berlin Decree in November 1806—the first step in his later “Continental System”—by which he declared the British Isles to be “blockaded.” The fact that he had no ships at sea to enforce this blockade did not—as might be supposed—make his decree a dead letter, for once the British Isles were declared to be “blockaded,” it followed in law that every neutral going to or coming from our ports was “good prize” to any French privateer who fell in with it, on the ground that it was either intending to break blockade or had done it. Even the presence on board of British merchandise was taken as proof of a visit to the blockaded country. And it of course followed that any neutral venturing from Great Britain to any port in Napoleon’s dominions was liable to capture on arrival.¹

Then followed a year of blast and counterblast. We led off with an Order in Council of January 1807 forbidding all neutrals from trading between any two ports either hostile or from which the British flag was excluded—an extension of the principle of the rule of war of 1756 from colonial trade to coastwise trade. Napoleon

riposted with the Warsaw Decree (January 25, 1807), which confiscated all British goods found in the Hanse towns, and (more effectively) with his Treaty of Tilsit (July 1807) by which Russia became his friend, agreed to apply his Continental System, to exclude British ships and goods from Russian ports, and to join him in putting pressure on Denmark and Sweden to accede also. We saved him the trouble in Denmark by sending the Copenhagen expedition (August-September 1807), which snatched the Danish fleet out of Napoleon’s claws, but of course flung Denmark into alliance with France, and we followed that up with the second set of Orders in Council of November 1807.² Of these the main purport was to declare a blockade of all enemy ports, and ports from which the *British flag was excluded*—this made any neutral going to or from any of these ports liable to capture for breach of blockade—with the further additions that all articles of the produce and manufacture of the said countries and their colonies were subject to capture, and that vessels carrying French “certificates of origin,” which vouched that the ship’s cargo was not of British origin and had not been shipped in a British port, were liable to be condemned. Certain exceptions were made to which we

¹ Napoleon at first gave it to be understood that they would not be liable to capture; later, he changed his mind.

² There were eight of them: three on November 11, and five more on November 25. I have endeavoured to compress them.

shall have to return, but they may be briefly catalogued thus: that they exempted the neutral from some of the disabilities, provided he was engaged in trading with enemy's colonies either direct or to a British port, or if he were trading from a *British port* to one of the Continental ports shut by Napoleon's decree. In other words, the neutral was exempt if he were either poaching on the French (strictly preserved) colonial trade for England's benefit, or defying Napoleon's own blockade of our islands. To this Napoleon replied with the Milan Decree (December 17, 1807), which declared that any neutrals submitting to visit and search by British ships were thereby "denationalised"—that is to say, void of all rights, and therefore liable to capture—and reiterated that every vessel trafficking with Great Britain or her colonies was good prize, and would be seized on entering any port under French rule.

Now let us take stock from the point of view of neutrals. Obviously there were not many neutrals, but one was important—the United States. Let us see how Brother Jonathan stood in the beginning of 1808. The British Isles are blockaded by the Berlin and Milan Decrees. If he goes there he may be captured: if he comes from there to a French port, or to any port allied with France, he is certain to be condemned on arrival. The British Isles, then, are closed to him unless he is

prepared to risk the French privateer and Napoleon's edict. Good; he will trade elsewhere. But where else? The November Orders in Council close "all ports belonging to enemies of Great Britain, and ports from which the British flag is excluded." That shuts Russia and Prussia (who have excluded British ships) and Denmark, which means Norway also (ally of France). Sweden is still open for a brief while, but North Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France of course are all shut, as being in Napoleon's hands. Spain is Napoleon's ally, and his Marshal, Junot, has just entered Portugal and frightened away the Royal Family. Italy is Napoleon's; Austria has joined his Continental System,¹ and England being at war with Turkey, that is closed also. Thus he has only the choice of Hobson if he wishes to obey *both Napoleon's and the British Decrees*. It seems there is nowhere in Europe for him to go except to Sweden—and that is not going to be open long.

Poor neutral Brother Jonathan—his is a hard case! The United States, recognising that between the two combatants American ships were almost certain to be captured, first of all passed an Embargo Act (December 22, 1807) forbidding American ships to clear for any foreign port. This was succeeded by the Non-Inter-course Act, coming into force on May 20, 1809, which closed

¹ Actually in February 1808.

the American ports to the ships of war and merchant ships of both France and Great Britain, stopped importation from either, or the entrance of any merchandise therein produced, and forbade American or other merchant ships to clear from the United States for any British or French port, or to trade indirectly with them.

The upshot was substantially this—

Napoleon (to John Bull). "You are blockaded: Neutrals, I forbid you to go near John Bull!"

John Bull (to Napoleon). "Excuse me, you are blockaded: Neutrals, keep away from Boney or any of his friends!"

Jonathan (neutral). "A plague o' both your houses! You shan't either of you come here, and my ships shan't go to you."

The sorrows of the luckless neutral, however grievous, are not to the present point. What we are after is the working out of the Continental System and our retaliatory blockade. Theory is one thing, practice another; exceptions may vastly alter the plainest principle. What did each side want?

It looks at first glance as if they both wanted to a considerable extent the same thing. Napoleon declares a blockade which is intended to prevent any Continental goods going to Great Britain or its possessions in neutral ships, or any British goods from coming to the Continent;

Great Britain replies with Orders in Council also declaring a blockade which will similarly prevent any Continental goods coming to Great Britain or its possessions in neutral ships, or any British goods going to the Continent. This unanimity between enemies is puzzling. Of course goods coming from neutrals in neutral ships will also be stopped by either party; still it is to be presumed that there was no neutral worth considering except the United States. Napoleon's whole aim in Europe had been to convert neutrals into allies by getting them to accede to his Continental System, and at first he was completely successful. But then, of course, as soon as they became his allies, England ceased to regard them as neutrals.

Yet though methods are similar, aims may be unlike. Napoleon frankly wished to destroy British commerce. Were our measures intended to destroy French commerce? Clearly not, for there was very little for us to destroy. It had been already destroyed at sea, and on land we could not touch it. But were we going to acquiesce without a struggle in his attempt to destroy British commerce and make no attempt to save it? Will not our measures be directed to annul the effect of his, and to save British commerce? He aims at robbing us of the neutral carrier and the neutral trade. We will apply the same sauce to the gander, and

we will press two further objects. In the first place, we will contrive that neutral commerce to any part of Europe shall come as far as possible through British ports by forbidding it to go any other way; and we will send British goods to the Continent whenever and however we can, in order to break Napoleon's Continental System. True, *we shall break our own blockade to do so*, but Englishmen of that day were practical before they were logical. Perish logic before Pounds, Shillings, and Pence—for these were the sinews of war!

The attitude was neither dignified nor legal, nor perhaps moral; but it was essentially sound. We intended to use our sea power regardless alike of enemy rage and of neutral squeals. We were prepared to take the risk in order to gain our objects and to frustrate our enemy's plans, no matter who suffered. Our supremacy at sea made this possible—and we did it.

It is, then, inaccurate to regard either side's action as a blockade in the ordinary sense. Napoleon's blockade fell short for the simple reason that he had no ships at sea to enforce it; he had the will, but not the power, therefore he had to content himself with setting up restrictions *in his own ports*. Our blockade was incomplete, because, though we had the power we had not the will, because it suited us best to

break it in order to force upon the Continent the goods which Napoleon was trying to exclude. The gist of the matter is that *Napoleon blockaded himself in*,¹ and we used our sea power to break his blockade of himself in such ways as suited us best. Thus our real aim was, as stated by Spencer Perceval in the House of Commons in 1812: "The object of the Orders was not to destroy the trade of the Continent, but to force the Continent to trade with us."

A closer examination of the Orders in Council shows how this was to be done. The Orders proclaimed a blockade, but at once we find distinction drawn between "ports actually blockaded" and the "restricted ports." The latter means ports from which Napoleon was striving to exclude us and our goods, but from which we did not mean to be excluded. So the first Order of November 11, after professing some consideration for neutrals, adds his majesty's desire "even to leave open, for the present, *such trade with his majesty's enemies as shall be carried on directly with the ports of his majesty's dominions*" under certain limits. Thus the Order relaxed the "Rule of War of 1756," and threw open trade by a neutral between his own ports or our colonial ports to and from the enemy's colonies—though these were nominally "blockaded"; again, no neutral vessel or cargo was to be captured if it came from a

¹ French flotillas cruised in the mouths of the Elbe and Weser (*his own ports*) to cut off smugglers and infringers of his Continental System.

“restricted port,” *provided it was going to any British port in Europe*; the Navigation Acts were modified, “since it was expedient” that any neutral or allied vessel “be permitted to import into this country articles of the produce and manufacture of *countries at war with his majesty*”; accordingly, certain scheduled goods¹ might be so imported subject to the ordinary duties and drawbacks. The second Order of November 25, 1807, permitted neutrals to lade British produce or East India goods or prize goods (lawfully imported) and clear for any enemy port in the West Indies or America, unless *actually* blockaded; and they might take goods of foreign manufacture (even enemy) under license; further, neutrals might lade any British goods or goods lawfully imported (except foreign sugar, coffee, wine, brandy, snuff, and cotton, for which license was required), and take them to *any port* even though restricted, unless under actual blockade. Again, special regulations were made to encourage neutral trade from Gibraltar and Malta to Mediterranean ports, although Italy was in Napoleon’s hands and Spain still his ally. Finally, it was ordered that none of the regulations in the first Order of Council should subject to capture and confiscation goods of British origin *laden on British ships*, unless they were liable for some other cause; that is to say, British ships might trade with the “re-

stricted ports” just as freely as neutrals.

Official verbiage is exasperating, and never more so than when one attempts to condense or clarify it, but our intentions were plain enough—“to force the Continent to trade with us,” and to use our sea power *to make neutral trade reach the Continent only through our ports*. Napoleon alleged in the Milan Decree that the measures of the British Government made “neutral, friendly, or even Powers the allies of England liable not only to be searched by English cruisers, but to be compulsorily detained in England, and to have a tax laid on them of so much per cent on the cargo.” Mr J. H. Rose, in the ‘Cambridge Modern History,’ says this “can only be described as a deliberate misrepresentation. The Order (of November 11) did not seek to compel all neutral ships to put in at British ports and pay a tonnage duty.” His point is that neutrals were “allowed,” not “compelled.” It is true that American neutrals *ordered* into British ports were not subject to tonnage duties, but those that came voluntarily had to pay. Besides, the second Order in Council of November 25 says that *no vessel shall clear from any port of this Kingdom to any restricted port with goods “laden (after notice of the Order of November 11) on board the vessel which shall have imported the same,” unless these have been “duly entered and landed” — and similar*

¹ Act 43 George III.

clauses applied to any vessel clearing from our ports to any destination with goods the produce of a restricted country, or any goods laden at a restricted port in the vessel importing the same (unless the cargo consisted wholly of flour, meal, grain, or articles the produce of a country not subject to the restrictions). Put more briefly, and haply more clearly, neutrals engaged on the "restricted trade" were not merely to touch at British ports and go on their voyage with their cargo, but they were to enter and land their goods. This gave Napoleon some justification for his statement; and further, even if we did not "compel," the Orders in Council made neutral trade which did not come through British ports so hazardous that most of it did accept our regulations. We brought it about that the neutral "voluntarily" submitted to being "compelled."

A further point to remark is that, in spite of the spread of Napoleon's power, and the American Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts, there were still plenty of *soi-disant* neutrals, and we took pains to encourage them. Napoleon had indeed undertaken more than he could manage. In spite of all his efforts there were always leaks in his dam, and as fast as he built up one part another would give way. Thus even after the Treaty of Tilsit (1807) Sweden remained

open to our trade,¹ till Russia, by force of arms, compelled it to accept the Continental System as one of the conditions of peace. Sweden, indeed, nominally went to war with us in November 1810, but the admiral on the Baltic station, Sir James Saumarez, managed with great tact to keep clear of hostilities. No shot was fired. His chief business was to convoy the huge fleets of "neutrals" which took goods to the Baltic, and to bring them home again. One convoy of six hundred ships, being delayed by head-winds, Napoleon managed to seize, but most eluded him. He was well aware of the character of the traffic. "Under whatever names they are masked, French, German, Spanish, Danish, Russian, be sure they are all English." Another series of leaks lay along the North German coasts, Hamburg and Bremen being the chief. The conditions favoured smuggling, and by seizing Heligoland in 1807 we provided a sort of advanced base for smugglers. The island was guarded by ships of war, stuffed with British goods, and converted into a *dépôt* for the contraband trader. Altona, being in Danish territory, just opposite Hamburg, gave every facility for smuggling. Thousands of people went to and fro all day long and smuggled. Women to the number of five or six hundred were regularly

¹ It will be remembered that Sweden then had provinces on the south and east of the Baltic.

employed in carrying coffee under their wide Teutonic petticoats: fourteen pounds apiece was a load. Another more original device was this. Carts went daily out on the Altona road to fetch sand from a sandpit to repair the Hamburg streets: the smugglers nightly filled up the sandpit with brown sugar, which (slightly adulterated with sand) was conveyed into Hamburg. A third plan utilised the hearse as a conveyance, till the custom-house officials, growing suspicious of the suddenly popular mortality, opened one of the vehicles and found it full of sugar, coffee, and indigo. Bourrienne, Napoleon's Minister at Hamburg, who narrates these tales, says that nothing could stop the coming in of British goods, and gives an example that when Napoleon ordered him to supply from Hamburg 50,000 cloaks and 200,000 pairs of boots for the Polish campaign of 1807, he was obliged to get the cloth and leather from England; but rumour also said that Bourrienne was more ready to take bribes from the illicit traders than to suppress them. In 1810 Napoleon put his most relentless marshal, Davout, at Hamburg, and employed two of his best army corps¹ to line the coasts of North Germany and Holland. In the same year he drove his brother Louis to resign the crown of Holland, because he had been lax over

the Continental System, and annexed Holland to France. These measures for the time sealed up these coasts fairly thoroughly. But before this was complete Portugal and then Spain opened a gap in the south, and Russia began to give way too. The British flag was honestly excluded from Russian ports, but British traders thither soon found out that inconvenient questions would not be asked if they hoisted any other. Napoleon protested in vain; on December 31, 1810, the Czar refused to exclude neutrals coming from British ports, or with British goods. The reason was not that Russia urgently wanted British goods, but that Russian nobles made much of their income by the export of naval stores. If the "neutral" ships did not come there was no export. Hence the Czar, pressed at home, refused to shut his ports any longer, even though it was notorious that the "neutral" was really British with simulated papers.

Thus by 1811 the Continental System was tottering. Spain was slipping out of Napoleon's grasp, Russia and Sweden were privily agreeing to evade it, and more than a year before we ourselves had relaxed the orders of 1807, and had narrowed the "restricted ports" down to the coasts of France, Holland, and Italy. Each side had, moreover, issued licenses wholesale²

¹ Davout's and Massena's; Massena was away in command of the Army of Portugal.

² 2600 British licenses were issued in 1807, 15,000 in 1809, and over 18,000 in 1810, and most of them were for the Baltic trade.

to break their own blockades; so called "neutrals," carrying two sets of papers with simulated seals, roamed to the restricted ports; French vessels under neutral flags could visit us under license, provided some of their cargo was French, and we did not object to their coming if they loaded British goods on return; our vessels shipped brandy at Bordeaux for the army in Portugal; and, most amazing of all, when our harvest failed in 1809 Napoleon allowed licensed carriers to bring corn to us in order to drain more gold from us. In fact, in hundreds of ways each side relaxed, evaded, or destroyed its own so-called blockade when it seemed good to do so.

That the blockades of each by the other were not rigidly enforced did not mean that they were without effect. Both sides suffered. England was filled with goods which she could not sell; the Continent paid high prices for things she anxiously desired. Which had the worst of it is hard to say, but we could stand the loss best. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," said the Duke at Waterloo; "let us see who can pound the longest." So with the Continental System we could go on, and did go on, after Europe had grown tired of doing without coffee and sugar and British goods, or paying high prices for them *to oblige Napoleon*. Nothing

helped to make him and his wars so widely hated in every household as these maddening high prices. And by making Europe turn against him they led to his downfall.

There are likenesses to our position of to-day, but there are many differences. Once more the United States, Holland,¹ and Sweden are the neutrals chiefly concerned; once more our fleet is supreme at sea; once more our enemy's own commerce has vanished, and he depends upon the neutral carrier; to a certain extent his submarine plays the part of the old privateer; every injury that he can inflict on our commerce he is willing to inflict. But he does not this time dominate the whole coast of Europe; he does not wish to shut out British goods and British tropical products; he takes all he can get, and would be glad to get more; rubber, cotton, oils and fats, copper, coffee, and sugar would be very welcome. He does not seek, like Napoleon, to blockade himself in behind a wall of prohibition, custom-houses, and bayonets, though his mines have some such effect. Our policy has also changed. In 1807 our main purpose was not to deprive the enemy of all supplies, but chiefly to cut off from him the neutral carrier and to help our own trade by forcing all neutral trade to come through Great Britain: we did so in order to be able to

¹ Louis Napoleon had striven to identify his aims with those of his Dutch subjects, and to remain as neutral as possible in order to secure trade for Dutch ports.

breach the iron barrier by which Napoleon hoped to shut us out. We proclaimed a blockade, but we did so in order to break down his blockade. This time, more tender to neutrals, we have not proclaimed a blockade, but by an extension of the rules of contraband and continuous voyage we are seeking to secure the advantages of blockade. We even have some hopes of putting pressure on our enemy's food. In 1807 we declared a blockade which we did not fully enforce. Now we are seeking to enforce (to a great extent) a blockade which we have not declared.

The blockade of the South by the North in the years 1861-1865 is interesting for other reasons. Once more the extent of coast-line blockaded was enormous, but at the beginning of the war the North had practically no ships to maintain the blockade. It was a paper blockade which grew into a reality, unlike Napoleon's paper blockade which was always unreal, and our paper blockade which we did not mean to enforce rigidly. It had an enormous direct influence on the war, and grew more and more effective as the war went on,¹ though it worked not on the population chiefly but on the Southern *armies*, by keeping them short of munitions of war, and so preventing them from equipping more men; and it did this because

the South (unlike Napoleon's Empire and the German Empire) could not supply munitions for itself.

A rigid blockade of a country acts as a sort of inverted Protective System. It compels the country, for its own salvation, to leave off doing what is natural to it—the occupations for which its character best fits it—and to take up less familiar ones which are urgently necessary for its safety. It forces it to make what it has hitherto bought, and, as corollary, prevents it from selling what it has hitherto made. Even where there is no blockade, the pressure of war and the loss of enemy markets may have this effect. We ourselves are busy making all sorts of things we have hitherto been content to buy. It may well be that we are learning sense, realising that it is worth while to pay something for security, and good for us to be able to provide most of what we need in war-time instead of trusting to getting it elsewhere. But an enemy does not altruistically blockade in order to teach a heedless nation economic wisdom. He trusts that the conversion to better ways cannot be carried out speedily, and that the opponent will go down in the process of change. Or better still, he knows that from the nature and the resources of the land he is attacking it cannot supply

¹ Again a point of difference from our blockade of the Napoleonic Empire. We withdrew the Orders in Council altogether, so far as they applied to American ships, early in 1812. But the war lasted three years longer.

itself with its requirements at home. These may be many, but two are crucial. It must have food for its people, and it must have munitions of war for its soldiers. The South had little anxiety on the first score. Its peculiar weakness lay in the second.

The wealth of the South lay in its land, its cotton, and its slaves. It had coal and minerals, but it had not worked them, and, what was more serious, its lead- and copper-mines and its blast-furnaces lay in the border States, dangerously close to its enemy. It had, of course, but a small stock of arms, and no supply of guns or powder. Saltpetre was hard to get. It had only one considerable ironworks, and only one arsenal equipped with anything better than foot-lathes. It had no locomotive works, no shipbuilding yard, and no means of making machinery.¹ It made no leather goods, no cloth, no hardware, no steel. Further, as there were no manufactures, there were no mechanics. Thus, though it made every effort to supply these wants—and was by the end of the war just beginning to catch up—yet it had to depend for the vast bulk of its munitions on supplies from abroad.

The reports of General Gorgas,² Chief of the Ordnance,

drive this home over and over again. At first these are full of hopes of home supply, with the usual comment, "but so far nothing has been heard of it." Speedily they change into the pressing need of buying from abroad. It is impossible to give full details of this munition buying, principally from England: one fact must represent the whole. Out of the whole category of munitions, only in five things did the home supply equal the import. These five were small arms, field-ammunition, cartridges,³ caps, and powder. In all the rest the import was far ahead. Eighty per cent of saddles, bridles, and siege ammunition, 95 per cent of the blankets, 75 per cent of infantry accoutrements, 60 per cent of the guns and gun-carriages, and all the sabres, came from oversea.

Here, then, is the work of the blockade. At first the Confederates had been able to make, and to buy from abroad. But as the war went on the grip of the blockade tightened while the demand of the armies grew every week heavier. *And the Confederate resources could not meet the demand.*

The United States blockade, proclaimed on April '61, was far from being complete two years later. But though, owing to the extent of the

¹ The Northern naval arsenal at Norfolk was captured early in the war and gave the Confederates cannon and cannon-powder, and the Northerners failed to destroy the arsenal at Harper's Ferry thoroughly, and the Confederates rescued some rifle-making machinery from the flames.

² Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series iv. Vols. 1 and 2.

³ Cartridges much surpassed the imported supply.

southern coast and the ease with which blockade-runners could slip through the shoal waters and the intricate channels of Charleston and Wilmington, some supplies got in till near the very end, the strangle-hold grew ever closer and closer; the "air-pump," as Mr Adams calls it, was relentlessly working, sucking away from the Confederate armies their very life. Gorgas's report of '64 speaks of the import of small arms failing, though 50,000 "are expected," and 50,000 must be bought; the powder supply "must still depend on the import of nitre"; lead was still short in spite of "our exertions in gleaning the battlefields"; good cavalry arms were still wanted; and, above all, mechanics must be exempted from military duty, workmen "will not fight and work, both"; it was almost impossible to get them: "we import them by twos, and they leave by hundreds." The same thing emerges in Colonel John Preston's Report on the Conscription in the South¹ (January 1 to April 1, '64): Preston was making

"scanty gleanings from a nearly exhausted field of labour. . . . No civilised country was ever so bare of manufactures and mechanical arts as the Confederacy at the beginning

of the war, and no country, since the blockade has been established, has needed them more. No one article of clothing or mechanical production was supplied within the States, so that under the blockade it has become an absolute necessity, even for the meagre stock now existing, that *every man should be kept to his art.*"

So here once more the blockade came in. Had the Confederates been able to buy abroad they would not have been forced to keep so many men from the field engaged on making munitions. Nor was it munitions alone. "Agriculture," says Preston, "had already been drained very low," and on slave estates it was felt necessary to keep back one white man for every plantation employing 15 or more slaves. And slave labour could not be used in the munition factories because it was too unintelligent.

Thus the blockade not only hampered the armies in the field, but it also robbed them of recruits. Yet it did more; in the last agonies of Lee's struggle it made it hopeless for fresh armies to be created. Even in the heyday of Confederate success the Army of Northern Virginia was short of food and shorter of shoe-leather.²

But when Wilmington, the last Confederate port and

¹ Report of the Provost-Marshal General.

² About a tenth of Lee's army marched shoeless on its way to Antietam, and in the winter of '62 they were still in bitter need. Col. Henderson tells how the "Rebs" fought, shouting to their enemy at Fredericksburg, "Come out of them clothes, Yank, we're gwine to have them! Come on, blue bellies, we want them blankets! Bring them rations along, you've got to leave them!" or again, during the armistice after the battle, how an Alabaman soldier, reproved by a Northern officer for picking up a rifle from the field of battle, replied with a cool stare at the other's smart boots, "I shall shoot you to-morrow and get them boots."

Lee's avenue of supply, was shut, Lee's hour was come; at Appomatox Davis spoke of another army turning out, but Lee knew better. *The South had the men, but they could not "turn out."* They could not be armed nor equipped nor fed, for the district was exhausted, the railways had broken down for lack of engines and rolling-stock,¹ and could not bring food, and moreover the farmers, exasperated by the Government's policy of requisitioning food at prices below the market price, would not bring it in.

And this leads to the last method in which the Northern blockade crushed the South—namely, *by paralysing its capacity to buy.* Into the morasses of Confederate finance it is rash to venture far, but the gist of the matter is this. When the war began most of the cotton crop of '60 had been already sold, therefore the early purchases of the Confederacy drained the country of specie, since there was nothing else with which to pay. That precipitated the Government into a policy of loans, either in the shape of Treasury bonds bearing interest which could be funded, or of Treasury notes. As the bonds were not, in practice, funded, but passed from hand to hand as currency, the country was soon flooded

with paper. But neither the Government, nor indeed any one else, had any convertible security behind them.² There was cotton, land, and slaves. *But the cotton could not be exported because of the blockade,* and so it became worthless; and as it drooped in value, the land that grew it and the slaves who tilled it also became of no value. It was all very well to look at hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton on Charleston Quay and to read that the price of cotton in Liverpool was two shillings a pound.³ The cotton could not be conveyed to Liverpool, save an occasional cargo in a blockade-runner—and freight and captures soon ate up the profits of that. One loan of £3,000,000, at 7 per cent, was floated in Europe—and indeed vastly over-subscribed; but the value of it soon fell, and the Confederacy rashly wasted a deal of money buying its own loan in order to "bull" it. The promoters made a profit, but the Confederacy barely realised £1,500,000.⁴ Continually their efforts to buy abroad were hampered by the fact that they could not pay. Thus in March '62, Huse wrote: "It is impossible to obtain anything for the Confederacy on credit; for want of money I am obliged to tell

¹ At the close of the war the N.C.R.R. had only five cars fit for service.

² One patriotic suggestion was that the women of the Confederacy should all sacrifice their hair, which it was reckoned would be worth 40 million dollars.

³ Its highest figure was 2s. 7½d. per lb. in '64. Its nominal price in Charleston was then 4d.

⁴ And used it to buy the *Alabama*, and other vessels which were not delivered.

manufacturers to retard delivery"—cheerful news to an army desperately short of munitions, stores, medicines, even of chloroform, and reduced to "gleaning the battlefields" for lead. Again, a little later, Huse reported that he had £250,000 of munitions on order in London, and £117,000 in Vienna, which could not be despatched till payment was made. The cotton would have paid for it ten times over, but the cotton was four thousand miles away—and the blockade held it there.

Similarly everything at home was paralysed by the paper money which the Confederate Government was forced to issue in an endless stream.¹ Prices of everything except cotton and tobacco went up and up under the deluge not only of Treasury notes, but of notes from every State, from railways, banks, and corporations, even from individuals. Cereals were 400 per cent up in January '63, and 1200 per cent up in December of the same year. Down went the paper dollar, till in the end of '63 it took 20 of them to equal one dollar in specie; by the end of '64 men asked 38; in March '65, 61, and in April, the month of the final crash, 1000. In February '64 the Confederate Government tried to get rid of the redundancy of paper money by a Compulsory Funding Act, which forced holders of old paper to fund (*i.e.*, withdraw the notes from

circulation) on penalty of losing one-third of their face value per month. If they were not funded within three months they would thus be cancelled. But the remedy was no use; it terrified every one; as Trencholm, the new Treasurer, said: "Apprehension of ultimate repudiation crept like an all-pervading poison into the minds of the people." The Treasury issued more notes; individual States refused to enforce the regulations cancelling old notes. As one newspaper said, "every one in the community was swindling everybody else." Men thought they were growing rich, and suddenly found themselves beggars. Farmers clung to their produce, holding it back especially from the Government, which insisted on buying at "fixed prices" lower than the inflated prices, and were consequently denounced as "grasping, godless Shylocks." The army requirements for '63 were 512 million dollars, for '64 670 million; the State debt at the beginning of January '64 was 1221 million—and there was nothing with which to pay, for the one great money-making business of the country—cotton—lay paralysed. The crop for '60 had been 4½ million bales (and it was a poor crop); in '62 it was one million bales; in '64 under half a million—and of this less than 2½ per cent got through the blockade.

If, then, we seek a precedent

¹ The Confederacy never made their paper money legal tender, though the North did so. Individual States of the South, however, allowed their use for payment of taxes.

of a blockade putting a crushing pressure upon an enemy, we shall find it in the blockade of the Confederacy: further, the pressure became intense even before the blockade was thorough. Yet before we argue too far from this we must remember that almost everything was in favour of the North. The coast-line to be blockaded was long, but the South had no navy at all, the Confederacy could be blockaded all round—for once the Mississippi line was held there was no neutral frontier over which goods could be smuggled, and no neutral ports to which they could be sent. The South was destitute of all industries which either supplied munitions or could be converted to that end; she had no mechanics, and a mass of her male population (the slaves) were not trusted to be soldiers, nor could they be taught to work at munitions; what minerals she had were scarcely worked, and the mines mostly lay within striking distance of the enemy. Her internal communications were few; roads were scarce and bad, and railways even fewer, so that supplies could not be sent over the long distances. Lastly, her only wealth lay in cotton, and the whole value of that lay in her power of exporting it by sea. The blockade could prevent her from either supplying herself at home or buying abroad, or even selling enough to have the power of buying. It is little wonder that it prevailed.

The contrast between the

South in the sixties and Germany of to-day is sharp—so sharp that it is rash to hope for such decisive results from the application of our sea power. Yet there is one consideration to be borne in mind. As has been seen, one not unimportant result of the Northern blockade was to rob the armies in order to keep mechanics to their trade. Obviously the more a State can safely buy from abroad, the more men it will be able to send out to fight; and conversely, the more it is forced to rely on home production, the fewer will be the soldiers for the field. Hitherto it is rare that armies have been so vast as to make any real pinch for workers at home. The Confederates, however, did feel the pinch: and plainly, the larger the armies in the field, the bigger will be the demand for supplies, and the more the men withdrawn from fighting in order to work. Further, the ratio of munitions and explosives is far higher than in any previous war. The German armies are, we know, of unprecedented size, and they are calling upon a larger percentage of their people than has ever been done before. So far then as our "blockade"—*de facto*—compels Germany to make, instead of buying, it is robbing her of men for the field. And this result of the pressure of sea power consequent upon the making of war, not by armies but by nations in arms, is new in history.

GEORGE TOWNSEND WARNER.

“CARRY ON!”

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER FIVE.—“YE MERRIE BUZZERS.”

PRACTICALLY all the business of an Army in the field is transacted by telephone. If the telephone breaks down, whether by the Act of God or the King's Enemies, that business is at a standstill until the telephone is put right again.

The importance of the disaster varies with the nature of the business. For instance, if the wire leading to the Round Game Department is blown down by a March gale, and your weekly return of Men Recommended for False Teeth is delayed in transit, nobody minds very much—except possibly the Deputy Assistant Director of Auxiliary Dental Appliances. But if you are engaged in battle, and the wires which link up the driving-force in front with the directing-force behind are devastated by a storm of shrapnel, the matter assumes a more—nay, a most—serious aspect. Hence the superlative importance in modern warfare of the Signal Sections of the Royal Engineers—tersely described by the rank-and-file as “The Buzzers,” or the “Iddy-Umpies.”

During peace-training, the Buzzer on the whole has a very pleasant time of it. Once

he has mastered the mysteries of the Semaphore and Morse codes, the most laborious part of his education is over. Henceforth he spends his days upon some sheltered hillside, in company with one or two congenial spirits, flapping cryptic messages out of a blue-and-white flag at a similar party across the valley.

A year ago, for instance, you might have encountered an old friend, Private M'Micking—one of the original “Buzzers” of “A” Company, and ultimately Battalion Signal Sergeant—under the lee of a pine-wood near Hindhead, accompanied by Lance-Corporal Greig and Private Wamphray, regarding with languid interest the frenzied efforts of three of their colleagues to convey a message from a sunny hillside three-quarters of a mile away.

“Here a message comin' through, boys,” announces the Lance-Corporal. “They're in a sair hurry: I doot the officer will be there. Jeams, tak' it doon while Sandy reads it.”

Mr James M'Micking seats himself upon a convenient log. In order not to confuse his faculties by endeavouring to read and write simultaneously, he turns his back upon the

fluttering flag, and bends low over his field message-pad. Private Wamphray stands facing him, and solemnly spells out the message over his head.

"Tae G.O.C—I dinna ken what that means—R.E.D; reid—A.R.M.Y; airmy—H.A.Z—"

"All richt; that'll be 'Haslemere,'" says Private M'Micking, scribbling down the word. "Go on, Sandy!"

Private Wamphray, pausing to expectorate, continues—

"R.E.C.O.N.N.O.I.T.R.—Cricky, what a word! Let's hae it repeatit."

Wamphray flaps his flag vigorously—he knows this particular signal only too well—and the word comes through again. The distant signaller, slowing down a little, continues—

Reconnoitring patrol reports hostile cavalry scou—

"That'll be 'scouts,'" says the ever-ready M'Micking. "Carry on!"

Wamphray continues obediently—

Country; stop; Have thrown out flank guns; stop; Shall I advance or re—

"—tire," gabbles M'Micking, writing it down.

"—where I am; stop; From O C Advance Guard; stop; message ends."

"And about time, too!" observes the scribe severely. "Haw, Johnny!"

The Lance-Corporal, who has been indulging in a pleasant reverie upon a bank of bracken, wakes up and reads the proffered message.

"Tae G O C, Reid Airmy,

Hazlemere. Reconnoitring patrol reports hostile cavalry scouts country. Have thrown out flank guns. Shall I advance or retire where I am? From O C Advance Guard."

"This message doesna sound altogether sense," he observes mildly. "That 'shall' should be 'wull,' onyway. Would it no' be better to get it repeatit? The officer—"

"I've given the 'message-read' signal now," objects the indolent Wamphray.

"How would it be," suggests the Lance-Corporal, whose besetting sin is a *penchant* for emendation, "if we were tae transfair yon stop, and say: *Reconnoitring patrol reports hostile cavalry scouts. Country has thrown out flank guns?*"

"What does that mean?" inquires M'Micking scornfully.

"I dinna ken; but these messages about Generals and sic'-like bodies—"

At this moment, as ill-luck will have it, the Signal Sergeant appears breasting the hillside. He arrives puffing—he has seen twenty years' service—and scrutinises the message.

"You boys," he says reproachfully, "are an aggravate altogether. Here you are, jumping at your conclusions again! After all I have been telling you! See! That word in the address should no' be 'Haslemere' at-all. It's just a catch! It's 'Hazebroucke'—a Gairman city that we'll be capturing this time next year. 'Scouts' is no 'scouts,' but 'scouring'—meaning 'soop-

ing up,' 'Guns' should be the Captain for neglect of
'guarrrd,' and 'retire' should duty. Wamphray, give the
be 'remain.' Mind me, now; 'C.I.,' and let's get hame to
next time, you'll be up before oor dinners!"

II.

But "oot here" there is no flag-wagging. The Buzzer's first proceeding upon entering the field of active hostilities is to get underground, and stay there.

He is a seasoned vessel, the Buzzer of to-day, and a person of marked individuality. He is above all things a man of the world. Sitting day and night in a dug-out, or a cellar, with a telephone receiver clamped to his ear, he sees little; but he hears much, and overhears more. He also speaks a language of his own. His one task in life is to prevent the letter B from sounding like C, or D, or P, or T, or V, over the telephone; so he has perverted the English language to his own uses. He calls B "Beer," and D "Don," and so on. He salutes the rosy dawn as "Akk Emma," and eventide as "Pip Emma." He refers to the letter S as "Esses," in order to distinguish it from F. He has no respect for the most majestic military titles. To him the Deputy Assistant Director of the Mobile Veterinary Section is merely a lifeless formula, entitled Don Akk Don Emma Vic Esses.

He is also a man of detached mind. The tactical situation does not interest him. His business is to disseminate news,

not to write leading articles about it. (*O si sic omnes!*) You may be engaged in a life-and-death struggle for the possession of your own parapet with a Boche bombing-party; but this does not render you immune from a pink slip from the Signal Section, asking you to state your reasons in writing for having mislaid fourteen pairs of *boots, gum, thigh*, lately the property of Number Seven Platoon. A famous British soldier tells a story somewhere in his reminiscences of an occasion upon which, in some long-forgotten bush campaign, he had to defend a zareba against a heavy attack. For a time the situation was critical. Help was badly needed, but the telegraph-wire had been cut. Ultimately the attack withered away, and the situation was saved. Almost simultaneously the victorious commander was informed that telegraphic communication with the Base had been restored. A message was already coming through.

"News of reinforcements, I hope!" he remarked to his subordinate.

But his surmise was incorrect. The message said, quite simply:—

Your monthly return of men wishing to change their religion

is twenty-four hours overdue. Please expedite.

There was a time when one laughed at that anecdote as a playful invention. But we know now that it is true, and we feel a sort of pride in the truly British imperturbability of our official machinery.

Thirdly, the Buzzer is a humourist, of the sardonic variety. The constant clash of wits over the wires, and the necessity of framing words quickly, sharpens his faculties and acidulates his tongue. Incidentally he is an awkward person to quarrel with. One black night, Bobby Little, making his second round of the trenches about an hour before "stand-to," felt constrained to send a telephone message to Battalion Headquarters. Taking a good breath—you always do this before entering a trench dug-out—he plunged into the noisome cavern where his Company Signallers kept everlasting vigil. The place was in total darkness, except for the illumination supplied by a strip of rifle-rag burning in a tin of rifle-oil. The air, what there was of it, was thick with large, fat, floating particles of free carbon. The telephone was buzzing plaintively to itself, in unsuccessful competition with a well-modulated quartette for four nasal organs, contributed by Bobby's entire signalling staff, who, locked in the inextricable embrace peculiar to Thomas Atkins in search of warmth,

were snoring harmoniously upon the earthen floor.

The signaller "on duty"—one M'Gurk—was extracted from the heap and put under arrest for sleeping at his post. The enormity of his crime was heightened by the fact that two undelivered messages were found upon his person.

Divers pains and penalties followed. Bobby supplemented the sentence with a homily upon the importance of vigilance and despatch. M'Gurk, deeply aggrieved at forfeiting seven days' pay, said nothing, but bided his time. Two nights later the Battalion came out of trenches for a week's rest, and Bobby, weary and thankful, retired to bed in his hut at nine P.M., in comfortable anticipation of a full night's repose.

His anticipations were doomed to disappointment. He was roused from slumber—not without difficulty—by Signaller M'Gurk, who appeared standing by his bedside with a guttering candle-end in one hand and a pink despatch-form in the other. The message said:—

Prevailing wind for next twenty-four hours probably S.W., with some rain.

Mindful of his own recent admonitions, Bobby thanked M'Gurk politely, and went to sleep again.

M'Gurk called again at half-past two in the morning, with another message, which announced:—

Baths will be available for your Company from 2 to 3 p.m. to-morrow.

Bobby stuffed the missive under his air-pillow, and rolled over without a word. M'Gurk withdrew, leaving the door of the hut open.

His next visit was about four o'clock. This time the message said:—

A Zeppelin is reported to have passed over Dunkirk at 5 p.m. yesterday afternoon, proceeding in a northerly direction.

Bobby informed. M'Gurk that he was a fool and a dotard, and cast him forth.

M'Gurk returned at five-thirty, bearing written evidence that the Zeppelin had been traced as far as Ostend.

This time his Company Commander promised him that if he appeared again that night he would be awarded fourteen days' Field Punishment Number One.

The result was that upon sitting down to breakfast at nine next morning, Bobby found upon his plate yet another message—from his Commanding Officer—sum-

moning him to the Orderly-room on urgent matters at eight-thirty.

But Bobby scored the final and winning trick. Sending for M'Gurk and Sergeant M'Micking, he said:—

"This man, Sergeant, appears to be unable to decide when a message is urgent and when it is not. In future, whenever M'Gurk is on night duty, and is in doubt as to whether a message should be delivered at once or put aside till morning, he will come to you and ask for your guidance in the matter. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sirr!" replied the Sergeant, outwardly calm.

"M'Gurk, do *you* understand?"

M'Gurk looked at Bobby, and then round at Sergeant M'Micking. He received a glance which shrivelled his marrow. The game was up. He grinned sheepishly, and answered—

"Yis, sirr!"

III.

Having briefly set forth the character and habits of the Buzzer, we will next proceed to visit the creature in his lair. This is an easy feat. We have only to walk up the communication-trench which leads from the reserve line to the firing line. Upon either side of the trench, neatly tacked to the muddy wall by a device of the hairpin variety, run countless insulated wires, clad in coats of various colours and all duly

ticketed. These radiate from various Headquarters in the rear to numerous signal stations in the front, and were laid by the Signallers themselves. (It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that that single wire running, in defiance of all regulations, across the top of the trench, which neatly tipped your cap off just now, was laid by those playful humourists, the Royal Artillery.) It follows that if we accompany

these wires far enough we shall ultimately find ourselves in a signalling station.

Our only difficulty lies in judicious choice, for the wires soon begin to diverge up numerous byways. Some go to the fire-trench, others to the machine-guns, others again to observation posts—or O.P.'s—whence a hawk-eyed Forward Observing Officer, peering all day through a chink in a tumble-down chimney or sandbagged loophole, is sometimes enabled to flash back the intelligence that he can discern transport upon such a road in rear of the Boche trenches, and will such a battery kindly attend to the matter at once?

However, chance guides us to the Signal dug-out of "A" Company, where, by the best fortune in the world, Private M'Gurk in person is installed as officiating sprite. Let us render ourselves invisible, sit down beside him, and "tap" his wire.

In the dim and distant days before such phrases as "Boche," and "T.N.T.," and "munitions," and "economy" were invented; when we lived in houses which possessed roofs, and never dreamed of lying down motionless by the roadside when we heard a taxi-whistle blown thrice, in order to escape the notice of approaching aeroplanes—in short, in the days immediately preceding the war—some of us said in our haste that the London Telephone Service was The Limit. Since then we have made the acquaintance of the military

field telephone, and we feel distinctly softened towards the young woman at home who, from her dug-out in "Gerrard," or "Vic.," or "Hop.," used to goad us to impotent frenzy. She was at least terse and decided. If you rang her up and asked for a number, she merely replied—

(a) "Number engaged."

(b) "No reply."

(c) "Out of order,"

—as the case might be, and switched you off. After that you took a taxi to the place with which you wished to communicate, and there was an end of the matter. Above all, she never explained, she never wrangled, she spoke tolerably good English, and there was only one of her—or at least she was of a uniform type.

Now, if you put your ear to the receiver of a field-telephone, you find yourself, as it were, suddenly thrust into a vast subterranean cavern, filled with the wailings of the lost, the babblings of the feeble-minded, and the profanity of the exasperated. If you ask a high-caste Buzzer—say, an R.E. Signalling Officer—why this should be so, he will look intensely wise and recite some solemn gibberish about earthed wires and induced currents.

The noises are of two kinds, and one supplements the other. The human voice supplies the libretto, while the accompaniment is provided by a syncopated and tympanum-piercing *ping-ping*, suggestive of a giant mosquito singing to its young.

The instrument with which we are contending is capable

(in theory) of transmitting a message either telephonically or telegraphically. In practice, this means that the signaller, having wasted ten sulphurous minutes in a useless attempt to convey information through the medium of the human voice, next proceeds, upon the urgent advice of the gentleman at the other end, and to the confusion of all other inhabitants of the cavern, to "buzz" it, employing the dots and dashes of the Morse code for the purpose.

It is believed that the wily Boche, by means of ingenious and delicate instruments, is able to "tap" a certain number of our trench telephone messages. If he does, his daily Intelligence Report must contain some surprising items of information. At the moment when we attach our invisible apparatus to Mr M'Gurk's wire, the Divisional Telephone system appears to be fairly evenly divided between—

(1) A Regimental Headquarters endeavouring to ring up its Brigade.

(2) A glee-party of Harmonious Blacksmiths, indulging in The Anvil Chorus.

(3) A choleric Adjutant, on the track of a peccant Company Commander.

(4) Two Company Signallers, engaged in a friendly chat from different ends of the trench line.

(5) An Artillery F.O.O., endeavouring to convey pressing and momentous information to his Battery, two miles in rear.

(6) The Giant Mosquito aforesaid.

The consolidated result is something like this:—

Regimental Headquarters (affably). Hallo, Brigade! Hallo, Brigade! HALLO, BRIGADE!

The Mosquito. Ping!

The Adjutant (from somewhere in the Support Line, fiercely). Give me B Company!

The Forward Observing Officer (from his eyrie). Is that C Battery? There's an enemy working-party—

First Chatty Signaller (from B Company's Station). Is that yoursel', Jock? How's a' wi' you?

Second Chatty Signaller (from D Company's Station). I'm daen fine! How's your

Regimental Headquarters. HALLO, BRIGADE!

The Adjutant. Is that B Company?

A Mysterious and Distant Voice (politely). No, sir; this is Akk and Esses Aitch.

The Adjutant (furiously). Then for the Lord's sake get off the line!

The Mosquito. Ping! Ping!

The Adjutant. And stop that ——— buzzing!

The Mosquito. Ping! Ping! PING!

The F.O.O. Is that C Battery? There's—

First Chatty Signaller (peevishly). What's that your sayin'?

The F.O.O. (perseveringly). Is that C Battery? There's an enemy working-party in a coppice at —

First Chatty Signaller. This is Beer Company, sir. Weel,

Jock, did ye get a quiet night?

Second Chatty Signaller. Oh, aye. There was a wee——

The F.O.O. Is that C Battery? There's——

Second Chatty Signaller. No, sir. This is Don Company. Weel, Jimmy, there was a couple whish-bangs came intil——

Regimental Headquarters. HALLO, BRIGADE!

A Cheerful Cockney Voice. Well, my lad, what abaht it?

Regimental Headquarters (getting to work at once). Hold the line, Brigade. Message to Staff Captain. “Ref. your S.C. fourr stroke seeven eight six, the worrking parrry in question——”

The F.O.O. (seeing a gleam of hope). Working party? Is that C Battery? I want to speak to——

The Adjutant.

Brigade Headquarters.

Regimental Headquarters.

} Get off the line!

First Chatty Signaller. Haw, Jock, was ye hearin' aboot Andra?

Second Chatty Signaller. No. Whit was that?

First Chatty Signaller. Weel——

The F.O.O. (doggedly). Is that C Battery?

Regimental Headquarters (resolutely). “The worrking parrry in question was duly detailed for tae proceed to the rendiss vowse at”——

The Adjutant. Is that B Company, curse you?

Regimental Headquarters (quite impervious to this sort

of thing). —“the rendiss vowse, at seven thirrrty akk emma, at point H two B eight nine, near the cross-roads by the Estamint Repose dee Bicyclistees, for tae”——honk! horkle! honk!

Brigade Headquarters (compassionately). You're makin' a 'orrible mess of this message, ain't you? Shake your transmitter, do!

Regimental Headquarters (after dutifully performing this operation). Honkle, honkle, honk. Yang!

Brigade Headquarters. Buzz it, my lad, buzz it!

Regimental Headquarters (dutifully). Ping, ping! Ping, ping! Ping, ping, ping! Ping——

General Chorus. Stop that ——, ——, ——, —— buzzing!

First Chatty Signaller. Weel, Andra says tae the Sergeant-Major of Beer Company, says he——

The Adjutant. Is that B Company?

First Chatty Signaller. No, sir; this is Beer Company.

The Adjutant (fortissimo). I said Beer Company!

First Chatty Signaller. Oh! I thoht ye meant Don Company, sir.

The Adjutant. Why the blazes haven't you answered me sooner?

First Chatty Signaller (tactfully). There was other messages comin' through, sir.

The Adjutant. Well, get me the Company Commander.

First Chatty Signaller. Varra good, sirr.

A pause. Regimental Headquarters being engaged in laboriously “buzzing” its message

through to the Brigade, all other conversation is at a standstill. The Harmonious Blacksmiths seize the opportunity to give a short selection. Presently, as the din dies down—

The F.O.O. (faint, yet pursuing). Is that C Battery?

A Jovial Voice. Yes.

The F.O.O. What a shock! I thought you were all dead. Is that you, Chumps?

The Jovial Voice. It is. What can I do for you this morning?

The F.O.O. You can boil your signal sentry's head!

The Jovial Voice. What for?

The F.O.O. For keeping me waiting.

The Jovial Voice. Righto! And the next article?

The F.O.O. There's a Boche working party in a coppice two hundred yards west of a point—

The Mosquito (with renewed vigour). Ping, ping!

The F.O.O. (savagely). Shut up!

The Jovial Voice. Working party? I'll settle them. What's the map reference?

The F.O.O. They are in Square number—

The Harmonious Blacksmiths (suddenly and stunningly). Whang!

The F.O.O. Shut up! They are in Square—

First Chatty Signaller. Hallo, Headquarters! Is the Adjutant there? Here's the Captain tae speak with him.

An Eager Voice. Is that the Adjutant?

Regimental Headquarters. No, sirr. He's away tae his office. Hold the line while I'll—

The Eager Voice. No you don't! Put me straight through to C Battery—quick! Then get off the line, and stay there! (*Much buzzing.*) Is that C Battery?

The Jovial Voice. Yes, sir.

The Eager Voice. I am O.C. Beer Company. They are shelling my front parapet, at L 8, with pretty heavy stuff. I want retaliation, please.

The Jovial Voice. Very good, sir. (*The voice dies away.*)

A Sound over our Heads (thirty seconds later). Whish! Whish! Whish!

Second Chatty Signaller. Did ye hear that, Jimmy?

First Chatty Signaller (with relish). Mphm! That'll sorr'them!

The F.O.O. Is that C Battery?

The Jovial Voice. Yes. What luck, old son?

The F.O.O. You have obtained two direct hits on the Boche parapet. Will you have a cocoanut or a ci—

The Jovial Voice. A little less lip, my lad! Now tell me all about your industrious friends in the Coppice, and we will see what we can do for them!

And so on. *A propos* of Adjutants and Company Commanders, Private Wamphray, whose acquaintance we made a few pages back, was ultimately relieved of his position as a Company Signaller, and returned ignominiously to duty, for tactless if justifiable interposition in one of these very dialogues.

It was a dark and cheerless night in mid-winter. Ominous

noises in front of the Boche wire had raised apprehensive surmises in the breast of Brigade Headquarters. A forward sap was suspected in the region opposite the sector of trenches held by "A" Company. The trenches at this point were barely forty yards apart, and there was a very real danger that Brother Boche might creep under his own wire, and possibly under ours too, and come tumbling over our parapet. To Bobby Little came instructions to send a specially selected patrol out to investigate the matter. Three months ago he would have led the expedition himself. Now, as a full-blown Company Commander, he was officially precluded from exposing his own most responsible person to gratuitous risks. So he chose out that recently-joined enthusiast, Angus M'Lachlan, and put him over the parapet on the dark night in question, accompanied by Corporal M'Snape and two scouts, with orders to probe the mystery to its depth and bring back a full report.

It was a ticklish enterprise. As is frequently the case upon these occasions, nervous tension manifested itself much more seriously at Headquarters than in the front-line trenches. The man on the spot is, as a rule, much too busy with the actual execution of the enterprise in hand to distress himself by speculation upon its ultimate outcome. It may as well be stated at once that Angus duly returned from his

quest, with an admirable and reassuring report. But he was a long time absent. Hence this anecdote.

Bobby had strict orders to report all "developments," as they occurred, to Headquarters by telephone. At half-past eleven that night, as Angus M'Lachlan's colossal form disappeared, crawling, into the blackness of night, his superior officer dutifully rang up Battalion Headquarters, and announced that the venture was launched. It is possible that the Powers Behind were in possession of information as to the enemy's intentions unrevealed to Bobby; for as soon as his opening announcement was received, he was switched right through to a very august Headquarters indeed, and commanded to report direct.

Long-distance telephony in the field involves a considerable amount of "linking-up." Among other slaves of the buzzer who assisted in establishing the necessary communications upon this occasion was Private Wamphray. For the next hour and a half it was his privilege in his subterranean exchange, to sit, with his receiver clamped to his ear, an unappreciative auditor of dialogues like the following:—

"Is that 'A' Company?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any news of your patrol?"

"No, sir."

Again, five minutes later:—

"Is that 'A' Company?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has your officer returned yet?"

"No, sir. I will notify you when he does."

This sort of thing went on until nearly one o'clock in the morning. Towards that hour, Bobby, who was growing really concerned over Angus's prolonged absence, cut short his august interlocutor's fifteenth inquiry and joined his sergeant-major on the firing-step. The two had hardly exchanged a few low-pitched sentences when Bobby was summoned back to the telephone.

"Is that Captain Little?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has your patrol come in?"

"No, sir."

Captain Little's last answer was delivered in a distinctly insubordinate manner. Feeling slightly relieved, he returned to the firing-step. Two minutes later Angus M'Lachlan and his posse rolled over the parapet, safe and sound, and Bobby was able, to his own great content and that of the weary operators along the line, to announce—

"The patrol has returned, sir, and reports everything quite satisfactory. I am forwarding a detailed statement."

Then he laid down the receiver with a happy sigh, and

crawled out of the dug-out on to the duck-board.

"Now we'll have a look round the sentries, Sergeant-Major," he said.

But the pair had hardly rounded three traverses when Bobby was haled back to the Signal Station.

"Why did you leave the telephone just now?" inquired a cold voice.

"I was going to visit my sentries, sir."

"But *I* was speaking to you."

"I thought you had finished, sir."

"I had *not* finished. If I had finished, I should have informed you of the fact, and would have said 'Good night!'"

"How *does* one choke off a tripe-merchant of this type?" wondered the exhausted officer.

From the bowels of the earth came the answer to his unspoken question—delivered in a strong Paisley accent—

"For Goad's sake, kiss him, and *say* 'Good Night,' and hae done with it!"

As already stated, Private Wamphray was returned to his platoon next morning.

IV.

But to regard the Buzzer simply and solely as a troglodyte, of sedentary habits and caustic temperament, is not merely hopelessly wrong; it is grossly unjust. Sometimes he goes for a walk—under

some such circumstances as the following.

The night is as black as Tartarus, and it is raining heavily. Brother Boche, a prey to nervous qualms, is keeping his courage up by

distributing shrapnel along our communication-trenches. Signal-wires are peculiarly vulnerable to shrapnel. Consequently no one in the Battalion Signal Station is particularly surprised when the line to "Akk" Company suddenly ceases to perform its functions.

Signal-Sergeant M'Micking tests the instrument, glances over his shoulder, and observes—

"Line BX is gone, some place or other. Away you, Duncan, and sorrt it!"

Mr Duncan, who has been sitting hunched over a telephone, temporarily quiescent, smoking a woodbine, heaves a resigned sigh, extinguishes the woodbine and places it behind his ear; hitches his repairing-wallet nonchalantly over his shoulder, and departs into the night—there to grope in several inches of mud for the two broken ends of the wire, which may be lying fifty yards apart. Having found them, he proceeds to effect a junction, his progress being impeded from time to time by further bursts of shrapnel. This done, he tests the new connection, relights his woodbine, and splashes his way back to Headquarters. That is a Buzzer's normal method of obtaining fresh air and exercise.

More than that. He is the one man in the Army who can fairly describe himself as indispensable.

In these days, when whole nations are deployed against one another, no commander,

however eminent, can ride the whirlwind single-handed. There are limits to individual capacity. There are limits to direct control. There are limits to personal magnetism. We fight upon a collective plan nowadays. If we propose to engage in battle, we begin by welding a hundred thousand men into one composite giant. We weld a hundred thousand rifles, a million bombs, a thousand machine-guns, and as many pieces of artillery, into one huge weapon of offence, with which we arm our giant. Having done this, we provide him with a brain—a blend of all the experience and wisdom and military genius at our disposal. But still there is one thing lacking—a nervous system. Unless our giant have that,—unless his brain is able to transmit its desires to his mighty limbs,—he has nothing. He is of no account; the enemy can make butcher's-meat of him. And that is why I say that the purveyor of this nervous system—our friend the Buzzer—is indispensable. You can always create a body of sorts and a brain of sorts. But unless you can produce a nervous system of the highest excellence, you are foredoomed to failure.

Take a small instance. Supposing a battalion advances to the attack, and storms an isolated, exposed position. Can they hold on, or can they not? That question can only be answered by the Artillery behind them. If the curtain of shell-fire which has preceded

the advancing battalion to its objective can be "lifted" at the right moment and put down again, with precision, upon a certain vital zone beyond the captured line, counter-attacks can be broken up and the line held. But the Artillery lives a long way—sometimes miles—in rear. Without continuous and accurate information it will be more than useless; it will be dangerous. (A successful attacking party has been shelled out of its hardly won position by its own artillery before now—on both sides!) Sometimes a little visual signalling is possible: sometimes a despatch-runner may get back through the enemy's curtain of fire; but in the main your one hope of salvation hangs upon a slender thread of insulated wire. And round that wire are strung some of the purest gems of heroism that the War has produced.

At the Battle of Loos, half a battalion of K(1) pushed forward into a very advanced hostile position. There they hung, by their teeth. Their achievement was great; but unless Headquarters could be informed of their exact position and needs, they were all dead men. So Corporal Greig set out to find them, unreeling wire as he went. He was blown to pieces by an

eight-inch shell, but another signaller was never lacking to take his place. They pressed forward, these lackadaisical non-combatants, until the position was reached and communication established. Again and again the wire was cut by shrapnel, and again and again a Buzzer crawled out to find the broken ends and piece them together. And ultimately, the tiny, exposed limb in front having been enabled to explain its exact requirements to the brain behind, the necessary help was forthcoming and the Fort was held.

Next time you pass a Signaller's Dug-out peep inside. You will find it occupied by a coke brazier, emitting large quantities of carbon monoxide, and an untidy gentleman in khaki, with a blue-and-white device upon his shoulder-straps, who is humped over a small black instrument, luxuriating in a "frowst" most indescribable. He is reading a back number of a rural Scottish newspaper which you never heard of. Occasionally, in response to a faint buzz, he takes up his transmitter and indulges in an unintelligible altercation with a person unseen. You need feel no surprise if he is wearing the ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

(To be continued.)

MY IMPRESSIONS OF OXFORD AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY YONE NOGUCHI.

WHEN the express drew in at the already lighted station, my mind dwelt on Zuleika Dobson introduced by Max Beerbohm to the world, whose gay footsteps and laughter stirred the solemnity of Oxford. I felt rather tickled, I confess, to think that I might be the only person who ever came to Oxford without a proper knowledge of this university town of England's greatest pride. (True 'Zuleika Dobson' was the one book I ever happened to read which related to Oxford.) While Miss Dobson found at the station her grand-papa with hawkish eyes between the brim of his silk hat and the white extent of his shirt-front, I was greeted by Robert Bridges ("You mustn't call me the Poet Laureate," he warned me in London when I met him first some days before) of a long British face, aloft, between his hunting-cap and simple necktie. He was not pleased, I thought, at seeing me dressed in a frock-coat instead of in Japanese *kimono*; it was my mistake to imagine that at least in Oxford the frock-coat would still be worn. Bridges engaged a landau—what a delightful change from a London taxi!—to drive us to his Corpus Christi College. "Mine is a very small college," he murmured almost apologetically.

I left my suit-case at the

entrance-gate keeper's; and from there the quadrangle, with a monument which I knew presently to be a cylindrical sundial of the earliest seventeenth century, looked dark, even mysterious, impressing my mind as if here was a part of an old temple where the monks walked in meditation. Bridges wished to take me out, as we had still a little time before dinner, for a glimpse of the town at night—at least of the famous Magdalen tower, by whose shadow I was to deliver one of my lectures on the following afternoon. After passing through silent little lanes we soon found ourselves in High Street, or, to use Wordsworth's phrase, the stream-like windings of that glorious street. And I was told that we had now already left behind University College, which was silly enough, Bridges said, to erect a monument to Shelley whom she had driven out. How I wished to know whether Messrs Munday & Slatter's shop where Shelley displayed 'The Necessity of Atheism' were still in existence! Robert Bridges is the poet of golden silence; he hates to be asked many questions. Before I came to Oxford I was already warned by him that people would soon become impatient with me if ever I began to talk on Pater or Wilde. I refrained from

revealing my desire to see, as the very first thing in Oxford, the Brasenose knocker from the point of Pater's connection with that college. When I stood before the most noble Magdalen tower in rapt admiration, I tried to bring myself into association with Addison rather than with Oscar Wilde; it was a picture almost unreal like a dream, soft and gray like poetry of my particular love, which might, I was afraid, disappear at any moment as if a mediæval ghost.

Although it did not rain, the town looked damp, the middle street (here I mean High Street) being muddy, the pavements slippery; I recalled to my mind what my friend Markino had said, just before I left London, about the rheumatism of Oxford. I know well, of course, that the best season would be summer, when the shadows of trees (the gigantic trees before the new buildings of Magdalen College would look wonderful in their summer green) are long, and the students mostly in flannels go whistling round; but I was perfectly pleased with Oxford or with this Oxford of a mid-winter night, which wore the gray-robed solitariness of ancient age. The so-called Oxford dons, half monks, half magistrates of mediæval court, specimens of whom I had already seen, most gracefully matched with the town, particularly the town of wintry desolation. We now walked down the former little lanes to return to Corpus. Robert

Bridges was, by the way, quite the quickest walker I ever found myself in company with. He, from his noble sense of considerateness as a host, exclaimed:

"It's awful to see the people becoming so democratic; I mean that they only think of themselves and not of the public affairs. We have the town committees, but they never happen to see how bad the streets really are. Be careful, don't slip! And you must not look at such an ugly new building; that's perfectly awful. But (now Bridges was pointing out one of the Gothic buildings) there's one really old, quite worthy of Oxford. We have such a hard time to fight against this devilish modern age. There's nothing more awful than turning democratic."

When we returned to the college, I was at once taken to a little room where I found plenty of water, hot and cold, and many clean towels, while Bridges went to some other room. I was smoking in the little courtyard before he appeared to fetch me into the Common Room. This spacious room comfortably carpeted, still more comfortably heated by a tremendous large old-fashioned fireplace, was decorated perhaps with many pictures of Bishops who reminded me that the college was founded in honour of "the most precious Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, of His most spotless Mother, and of all the Saints patrons of the Cathedral Churches of Winchester, Dur-

ham, Bath and Wells, and Exeter." When I thought to myself that I was a mere bundle of heathenish mind from the forgotten East, the feeling that I was doubtless out of place here almost shivered my soul; but I was soon relieved on being told that besides the two poets, Bridges and Newbolt, there was among the *alumni* A. B. Walkley, who declared that "nothing on the English stage is sacred except the dancing of Adeline Genée." I thought that the time would come presently when Bridges' picture would be found among the Bishops; when I said so to him, he looked at me amusedly and exclaimed: "I don't find the company extremely interesting."

We, with many college dons, who to my greatest comfort did not address me in Greek, went to the Dining Hall when the time was announced, where, according to Bridges, only the old ceilings were worthy of attention; I sat between Bridges and a great Hegelian of Exeter College, and felt as if I were leaning against the Roman pillars which, many weeks later, I found at St Bartholomew's Church. The dinner was unusually bright, contrary to my expectation, although it started solemnly with a students' grace, perhaps in Latin; we talked and laughed, and as the most natural thing, we soon found ourselves falling into a sort of horse-play even of an American brand, after the usual run of real witticism.

When one man at the other side of the table said that to become famous a man should act unscrupulously, Bridges exclaimed off-hand: "Better still, he should be an ass!" Robert Bridges was so delightful in his playing an amateurish don at his college. Oh, what pleasing Oxford dons whose feet bridge, like a many-coloured rainbow, the chasm between the Middle Age and the Common Room; in the Common Room you will see them at their very best.

We withdrew into the former Common Room after the dinner was over; I found here a big bowl piled with luxurious fruits, and many glasses ready to be filled with wine. The fine coffee was immediately served. Since I had already an acquaintance with these bishops, they cast a rather patronising amiability on me; I duly put my mind at ease. I was listening for a little while now to a well-known Oxford philosopher who dwelt interestingly on Spring-Rice, the present English Ambassador to Washington, whose cleverness in pun-making made him very popular in his college days; he even recited his humorous verse which, he said, was once famous at Oxford. "That verse, I am told," one man who had now finished his cup interrupted, "was never written by Spring-Rice, but by a Cambridge man." "That is, I dare say, the Cambridge lie famous in the world. Cambridge has already taken away many things Oxford created;

but she seldom succeeds in her robbery," shouted a young don who was half asleep a moment before. Oh, dear Oxford dons, whose devotion to their own colleges makes them often reveal their most innocent childish barbarism!

Now wishing to smoke, we all left for the Smoking Room, where our talk still more happily excited itself. It was about the time for the party to break up, when the silver-voiced Oxford chime announced ten o'clock. We passed by the college chapel where many lighted large candles shone on the beautifully polished oaken benches; I found nobody there. Bridges exclaimed: "Students have ceased to care for the Bible now. Be careful, here is a step!" I felt even ashamed when I thought that I should be the one to warn him about the step; what a lively gentleman, carrying his age most lightly. We soon found ourselves in an automobile toward Chilswell where Bridges' house stood; I was to become the Poet Laureate's guest this night.

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At ten o'clock next morning I, accompanied by the Poet Laureate, reached Magdalen College, to be welcomed by Dr H. Warren who said that I should prepare to meet a considerable audience for my lecture in the afternoon. Although I was slightly tired from walking some three miles (that is the distance from Bridges' house to Oxford), I accepted Bridges' suggestion and we soon

again found ourselves in the streets, where he wished to show me how "the democrats hated the things old and beautiful." He emphasised saying: "They hate them the more the more old and the more beautiful they are." We came to the Bodleian Library where we entered for a little rest, after passing by quite many colleges; Bridges pointing out one of the college buildings, exclaimed in his usual manner: "See that building! It's ugly. Nobody would like it; I don't in the least. It was built by my father-in-law." The words sounded to me to be nothing but the so-called British dry humour whose acquaintance I had been cultivating for some time. Bridges was most amusing when he said an almost impertinent thing in an unexpected fashion. Now we turned back again into High Street at the corner of a certain drug store where, according to Bridges, we could get any poison we wished; after we had refreshed ourselves there, perhaps with poison, we walked up towards Magdalen College. Where in the world is there any more pleasing view than that of the Tower from High Street? Now the winter clouds were suddenly broken, revealing a little blue sky from where the sunlight shot down straight to the Tower; I followed after Bridges' slender figure, somehow in meditative mood, even imagining that I might happen to see another Shelley in tweed, carrying unsold copies of his *Atheism*. I looked up to the

college windows with some hope that one of them might reveal another Wilde with a big sunflower on his breast or head. We returned to Dr Warren's by the time the luncheon was ready for us.

After the luncheon I retired into the room upstairs where I was to be a guest over the night; I rested for two hours before I was called down as the time for my lecture was already near.

I was conducted by Dr Warren and Robert Bridges, both of them wearing caps and gowns, through the cloisters full of shadows and silence (I felt myself turning half a monk who knew nothing but prayer) up to the Hall where all the eyes of a tremendously large audience were directed on me at once. I passed through the long avenue of eyes blue or brown; I was highly pleased with the intellectual sobriety of the audience to whom I thought I might dare speak, without offending them, on Pater or Rossetti, in spite of Bridges' warning. I was introduced by Bridges, who took the chair. Dr Warren spoke complimentarily after my lecture was over. As far as the numbers of the audience were concerned, my lecture was a huge success; I was perfectly satisfied when I thought I was somewhat able to impress their minds with my points. Dr and Mrs Warren were kind enough to hold an afternoon reception in my honour; I was so glad to shake hands, and better still, to drink a sociable cup of tea

with Tennyson's niece, the old lady called Miss Wells. When Dr Raper of Trinity College told me how he had once seen and spoken with Wordsworth in his youngest days, Robert Browning's following lines came at once to my mind :

" Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did he speak to you again?
How strange it seems, and new !"

I was so pleased to dine again in the Hall this evening as my experience of the night before at Corpus Christi's was delightful; around the table I counted some fifteen dons, among them a grandson of great Mendelssohn sitting before myself, who reminded me delightfully of a picture of the famous musician. When the soup was over, I lifted my face to the picture of Addison, whose correct appearance however suggested that he kept late hours. I wondered whether he ever thought in his life's days that a Japanese poet would come some day in the long future and dine before his picture; I thought that he must be smiling, since he had, it is said, an excellent taste in claret, when I declined it flatly. How I wished to see Dr Routh, that wonderful President of Magdalen who lived almost one hundred years! His playful eyes looked down from the high wall as if supervising over the dons as in his own day.

The Magdalen Common Room was still more impressive than that of Corpus, with many candle-lights which touched

tenderly on the beautiful old oaken walls, with a still larger fireplace casting light to show up distinctly those who had taken more cups; I could not help wondering if there was anything, after all, like the really good talk of an "Oxford Common Room." When I said to one who sat by me (evidently he was a hard worker) something on the luxury of being a college fellow, he fixed his humorous but cynical eyes on me, and said: "Our fire is often out. And no hot water. But people call it all the same the luxurious existence of a college fellow." What pleased me most this night at Magdalen was that the name of Joaquin Miller, my old California friend, was known to quite many dons here. The wine and whisky were abundantly drunk, the bottles being exchanged between the two sides (we sat in two rows, with some space between, by many little round tables) by means of a sort of conduit pipes, which were placed before the fireplace; you have to pull the string, which is attached to the stand when you are to receive a bottle from the other side. Certainly this must have been invented by a don of many centuries ago who would never in the world allow any prosaic activity to interrupt the Oxford perpetuity. Who cares, here drinking enough to make the talk more spirited, if an Empire turns to a Republic (provided it is not the affair of England) or the mountain to a sea! Without, the world, or at least Oxford,

is in perfect peace, the peacefulness emphasised by the occasional tinkling of the chapel bells.

When I left the Smoking Room in due course, I told many a don who smoked with me that I was leaving Oxford for Stratford-on-Avon to-morrow afternoon; some of them, at least three, looked at me rather strangely, and exclaimed that they had never been there yet although they had lived nearly all their lives in England. I thought perhaps they considered Stratford to be outside of the English domain and Shakespeare a foreigner, or at least that Stratford was farther than Rome.

Now I am walking slowly with Dr Warren, again through the darkness of the cloisters soon to find myself in Dr Warren's upstairs room, which was beautifully appointed in modern fashion, notwithstanding the outside agedness of the house. And I was in bed presently (dear old Peppy said: "So to bed"), hoping to rise at eight o'clock on the morrow by the silver sound of my beloved chime. The first thing I had to do on the morrow was to see "Addison's Walk."

I could not believe it was Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon (where "the fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed" as Garriek once said) when the train reached there. I confess that I felt almost like running away from the place at once, because the new houses of red brick reminded me of a dusty suburb

of Shanghai or Chicago. How reluctantly my feet left the station! Let me tell you that my pilgrimage was most unpoetically begun with my grumbling at not being able to find a Guide-book at the first stationer's. You will not think me unduly cross-minded if I tell you it was only a few hours since I had been on Broadway enjoying the hospitality of Alfred Parsons the artist, where I felt to my heart's content a sort of rural English feeling. Let me tell you again that Shakespeare's Stratford was a disappointment.

I walked up the considerably large street from the station, faintly believing that any street of this Stratford-on-Avon should lead one to Shakespeare's birthplace; but my ill-humour augmented, when I came, not to the birthplace, but to a Fountain and a Clock Tower, the gift of a certain George Child of Philadelphia in America. Although I am an admirer of Washington Irving, I could hardly think his words carved on the Tower worthy of the honour; the words read thus: "Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions." I exclaimed: "What? Shakespeare did gild the realities with illusions? Can't you say, Washington Irving, something more pointed and true than that? I do not think your knowledge of Shakespeare is anything deep." Indeed, Ralph Waldo Emerson among the

Americans, I thought, had ten times more real understanding when he said thus: "He is inconceivably wise, the others *conceivably*. For executive faculty, for creation, Shakespeare is unique. An omnipresent humanity co-ordinates all his faculties."

Presently I came to the top of the street where many other streets met together informally; I stood there still a little while like Shakespeare's red-hipped humble-bee whose mind was in doubt whither he should fly. I turned already to the left when I saw a large flag flapping in the gentle wind (this English winter is quite free from wind except on Broadway, as my dear friend Royal Academician says laughingly, although the sky is ashen and sober as in Poe's song) from the high roof of a house farther down. When I discovered that the flag was the stars and stripes, I exclaimed: "What business in the world has the American flag to do here at this Stratford? Even if the house belonged to John Harvard, the founder of that well-known university of America that bears his name, I should say that the Americans fail to observe the etiquette of modesty. Oh, English people, if you don't be careful, those simple-minded Americans might claim Shakespeare as their own, and this little town by a river, 'making sweet music with the enamell'd stones,' to be a part and parcel of the United States!"

Seeing that I was not sure whither I was going (I wondered if I were not going to

one Bacon's sleeping-place), I found a little bare-footed street urchin by Shakespeare's grammar school which was crooked from old age, and asked him to take me to the right place where I could shed a pilgrim's tears of devotion. When I noticed that the boy looked somewhat like Will, with eyes of "blue-veined violets," I could not help drawing a mental picture in which the bard of Avon, in tender age, bare-footed, hatless, was seen running a little errand for his father in his business.

When I entered into the literary Mecca in Henley Street (thank God, I found no flag there) whose dark chill air under the low ceiling made the service of a cheerful man-caretaker more welcome, I discovered, as I expected, two American women, the younger one evidently an actress who must have played once at least poor Ophelia (I should like to know who hasn't?) gathering her "fantastic garland" of

"Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name."

The other, the older woman, perhaps the mother of the younger one or her rich unmarried aunt, exclaimed in the most informal manner at each step: "Oh, wonderful! How wonderful!" I should not be surprised to hear that she hailed from Montana or Arizona, where the modern little skirt that makes woman look like a fairy in Midsummer

Night's Dream is not yet found. I left their company by the eastern window of the upper room, where I wished to muse for a while on the following lines:—

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels."

When I noticed the modern invention of a huge iron pipe, which ran through this shrine of the Elizabethan age for heating purposes, I was already growing quite tired; I should like to know what was this heating for. Perhaps for the American visitors. Although I have a huge respect for the English sense of modern comfort, I cannot help thinking that it sometimes proves a transgression to put to flight an angel of old atmosphere.

I confess I never had and never shall have any interest in any museum, no matter whether it be in England or South Africa; but I was brought, in spite of myself, into the so-called Shakespeare Museum, where I was handed on, as if a bundle of ignorance, into the hands of "a garrulous old lady with a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye," to quote Irving's sketch on Stratford; her good-natured talkativeness became at once incisive when I mentioned the name of my friend, the late Isaac Hull Platt of Philadelphia and his little

book, 'Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare.' "I beg your pardon, he must have been crazy," this good woman exclaimed. I kept my unbroken silence when she took me round and showed me everything from the sword with which Shakespeare played Hamlet to a matchlock with which it was said he shot the deer, because silence is the best protection against ignorance on a subject. I was going to bid her good-bye as I had certainly had enough of Shakespeare, when she shouted: "You must not go away without seeing his autograph."

I felt hungry when I left the sacred house on Henley Street; the name of the "Red Lion" in connection with Irving (I was glad his love of Stratford was quite Johnsonian) came to my mind. There were two Red Lions in the town, one of them being proud to call itself "Old Red Lion." I went first to the other simple Red Lion wishing to get some slices of English roast-beef in real old Elizabethan style, and besides, to sit down on the arm-chair where Irving had once sat comfortably to let the world without go as it would. When I found there even no bread nor anything but English stout (about Irving's arm-chair I forgot to ask the proprietor), I hurried to the Old Red Lion only to be again disappointed. I was handed over to the Golden Lion Hotel, on the opposite side of the street, or to use the name of Shakespeare's time, "Ye Peacooke Inn," where after waiting a little while, I was somehow fed

with some meat and potatoes. After that, I was conducted into the old bar-room or smoking parlour.

How pleased I was to find this bar-room in real English country fashion with a large fireplace in a brilliant blaze, and also with a typical barmaid in a clean cotton dress; I sat down on the large velvet-covered couch where, after giving a stir to the fire, I stretched my body fully as if a king for the first time on his throne. Since the barmaid lived in Stratford, she could not help talking of Shakespeare; I thanked God she did not mention the name of Marie Corelli. By this time you will know that I had wholly lost my interest in Irving's arm-chair; when I was told that it was not the Red Lion but the Red Horse, the neighbouring hotel at the right, where Irving lodged three times in his life, I did not feel any curiosity to pay my visit there. Of course the proprietress would bring out the guest-book in morocco cover and beg me to sign my American address. American address? Certainly, no address would be taken for true here at Stratford. I signed my name: "Yone Noguchi, from Chatahoochee." That is the word I once read in Whitman's American song.

I declined a driver's offer to take me to Ann Hathaway's cottage for four shillings; my curiosity was already satisfied from the picture-cards of the cottage which I had bought, and besides, I was much afraid,

if I should go there, to see a big iron pipe heating the whole house as in the house in Henley Street. I had a secret desire, when I came here, to sit by famous Avon, and if possible, to walk on a bank, the Scarbark above Hampton Lucy or the bank on the Eversham road above Shottery, where Shakespeare was inspired to write the following:—

“I know a bank where the wild
thyme blows:
Where oxlips and the nodding
violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious
woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with
eglantine.”

But now I was almost afraid even to approach Trinity Church in which Shakespeare was buried as I might see some American monument on the way there; I satisfied myself with the distant view of the spire from this side of the bridge. I only passed by the Picture Gallery; when I saw no person in the streets who looked like a pilgrim, I con-

gratulated myself on coming here in Winter.

I soon found myself again standing before the stationer's shop at the corner where many streets met together, from where I first saw the flag at Harvard's house; I dropped into the shop to find something as a souvenir of the place. “What an invasion of American magazines,” I exclaimed, seeing the ‘Evening Post’ and ‘The Lady's Home Journal’ of Philadelphia and ‘Life of New York’ and many other American magazines on the desk. What “English” books and magazines did I find there? My curiosity was caught by one book; what book do you suppose it was? The title read: ‘How to Dance the Tango.’ You be sure that I bought it to read on the train bound for London.

I posted a card to my home friend saying: “I came to Stratford-on-Avon and found no book on Shakespeare. But you must not ask me what book I found here and bought.”

“LANDGRABBING.”

“On January 8th an expedition was sent from Mombasa to occupy the German island of Mafia, situated off the coast of German East Africa. This was successfully accomplished with slight loss; the island has now been placed under British rule.”—Extract from Lord Lucas’ Speech, House of Lords, April 1915.

“Some we had by treaty and some we got by trade,
But most we took by courtesy of pike and carronade.”

THE Major, the Captain, and the Subaltern, sunk into deck chairs, were sitting round the table in the mess tent, at peace with all the world except the Hun, and he was far removed from their present ken, the nearest of him being quite seventy miles away.

The Major, buried in a newly arrived copy of ‘The Times,’ not more than four weeks old, was trying to follow French’s despatches on the map of France contained in a shilling pocket atlas of the world. Presently looking up he inquired: “Ganpat, *where* is La Ferté-sous-Jouarre?”

Ganpat was the sobriquet the men had bestowed on the Captain, when as a very callow second lieutenant he had been posted to a native infantry regiment. He was long and thin and gloomy-looking, and it would have been difficult to conceive any one more unlike the conventional presentment of the jovial, pot-bellied, elephant-headed deity, known to India at large as Ganesh and to the Mahrattas as Ganpat, who presides over the Hindu banias’ interests. But it was the nearest his men’s tongues could get to his real name, and so it stuck.

“Dunno, Major; specs its like Miangoni: not to be found on any map smaller than twe inches to the mile.”

Having thus disposed of the question, “Ganpat” looked round the tent and finally out through the door, over the heat-bathed vista beyond. The tent crawled with flies, and outside the white hot African sun beat down on the dusty earth through a thick oppressive atmosphere. In the lines of tents the sepoys were stretched in that deshabelle so dear to the heart of the Indian, waiting till it should be cool enough to go down to the bazaar. With their unrolled pagris (turbans) pulled over them to keep off the attentions of the flies, they looked like so many sheeted dead. Beyond the tents a sentry marching to and fro was the only moving figure on the scene. He was waiting for the leaden-footed moments to drag on to the magic stroke of the hour that would release him from his monotonous watch over rows and rows of picks and shovels, stacks of ammunition boxes, and bundles of kits piled up on rough platforms of corrugated iron to keep them from the ravages of the all-pervading

white ant. The remainder of the guard lay sprawling under a mango-tree snoring peacefully. Beyond the camp stretched rows of dusty trees weltering in the overpowering heat, and over the little Union Jack that marked the General's quarters glistened the brassy shimmer of a tropic sea. The air was thick with dust and filled with the odour of hot sand, hot leather, and red-hot canvas, mingled with the faint pervading smell of rifle oil, dubbing, and wood smoke; and as the Captain, sipping a tepid drink, remarked to the ceiling-cloth, "This is better than the Umba, anyway," a stranger might have wondered what particular kind of Hell the Umba was, wherever and whatever it might happen to be.

But the sentiment was evidently shared by his companions, for the Subaltern, who was also adjutant, and machine-gun officer in his spare time, answered "Ra-ther," as he conjured up visions of the Umba river with its damp heat, its thick dank tropical undergrowth, its myriads of mosquitoes, its fly-blown camps, and the evening stench of the mangrove swamps. The Major, who with a cigarette tucked in the corner of his mouth was dozing off, shifted his position. As mechanically he flipped the flies off his bare knees, for like most people in this God-forgotten land he wore shorts, he murmured: "Somewhat—think—evening—ice!" and relapsed again into slumber, the pocket atlas slipping off his

lap to lie undisturbed in the sand.

It may be well to explain for the reader's benefit that the half battalion of Indian Infantry to which the three belonged had returned to Mombasa only the day before, for a few days' rest, from the Umba river, on the frontier between British and German East Africa. For the past month or so they had been forming part of a force employed in clearing the Huns out of a corner of British territory. At present they felt themselves somewhat in clover, since the rest of the regiment was still broiling in the Umba valley; and still more, had not the local staff officer informed the Adjutant only that very morning that they would not be moved for a week or so. It is true that on returning to the mess with this news his cynical audience had jeered: "*That*, of course, means we shift to-morrow," for it does not take much campaigning to learn that "in war it is the unexpected that happens." Still, here they were, and evening held out the alluring prospect of a jaunt to the club on one of the little trollies drawn by yelling Swahelis, which are the salient feature of Mombasa. There they would lie in long chairs in the spacious verandah, imbibing many and various sparkling drinks out of long glasses with, and their sanded mouths almost watered at the thought, great lumps of ice floating in them.

A heavy footfall outside announced the arrival of the

orderly from the staff office with the usual sheaf of orders and letters, and the Major woke up. Opening one heavily sealed "confidential," and glancing through it, he said: "Told you so! One double company with two British officers, seven days' rations, &c., to embark at 11 A.M., the day after to-morrow, for secret destination—Bags I, being senior, and you come too, Ganpat."

.....
 "Bang! . . . Bang! . . . whe
 . . . e . . . e . . . u . . . u . . .
 u . . . Phutt! . . . Phutt!"

The six-inch shells burst merrily among the feathery-topped cocconut palms which crowned the sandy shore of Mafia, an island about the size of the Isle of Wight, lying opposite to the mouth of the Rufigi river in German East Africa, some miles inside whose delta the enemy cruiser *Koenigsberg* was known to be hiding. The possession of the island was necessary to form a base from which to commence operations for the destruction of the cruiser, which might at any moment attempt to sally out to imitate the commerce-raiding exploits of her sister ship the *Emden*.

Picture to yourself a low, shelving, sandy beach, looking like snow in the first brilliance of the rising sun—its whiteness only accentuated by the deep blue of the rippling sea and the heavy green foliage behind, which was speckled now and then by the fleecy puffs of the burst-

ing shrapnel, and here and there momentarily veiled by the upheap of smoke and dust that showed the impact of an occasional lyddite shell. Beyond the palms the island stretched away into the distance, mostly low-lying bushland, until towards the centre it rose slightly, and among the thick green growth that fringed the western shore a small eminence could be seen. With glasses one could just make out on its crest a large house, and one rather knew than saw that the dot of colour swaying above it was the German flag waving over the Governor's house in the capital—Kilondoni.

Close into the shore lay two vessels flying the white ensign: a small cruiser and an armed liner, with troops forming up on deck preparatory to embarking in the ships' boats to effect a landing under cover of the guns. There was part of a regiment of the King's African Rifles and the double company of Indian Infantry previously referred to. The Africans were detailed for the first landing-party, the Indians to follow immediately, and the third trip would be details and stores of both at leisure.

Half a dozen officers were standing on the liner's deck watching the "fireworks" and hazarding conjectures as to the probable strength of the enemy garrison, which varied according to the enthusiasm of the speaker from 50 men to 500 with several machine-guns. Naturally, the only way to

obtain information concerning an island on the German African coast, which had practically no troops on it in peace time, was to send native spies to try and ascertain what force, if any, had been transferred thither from the mainland at the outbreak of war. Since native spies' reports are vague at best, and as their only estimate of numbers is "few," "many," or "very many," and anything larger than a rifle being described as a "cannon," the Intelligence Department is rather more handicapped than it is in Flanders, for instance. However, all reports agreed in one detail—namely, that the enemy was provided with artillery. Whether this was the saluting gun used by the German Commissioner of the island to greet the monthly mail-boat, or a 4.1 from the *Koenigsberg* with suitable gun's crew, was not clear. Anyway, to avoid accidents to the boats, the ships shelled away vigorously—more particularly so, as a zealous but short-sighted petty officer in charge of a picket boat had deposed to having been fired on by machine-guns from the shore only a few days previously.

"My Aunt! look at that palm-tree," said a voice behind the Captain, who was trying to focus his Kodak for a snapshot of a bursting shell. Looking shoreward he saw a big cocconut palm apparently trying to loop the loop, till, with a despairing "splosh," it collapsed heavily, head foremost into the sea. Turning round,

he saw the Major in the full glory of his field service order.

I expect the reader, who, if not himself fresh from Flanders, at least has seen brothers, cousins, nephews, or even grandnephews dedaubed with Wipers mud, imagines to himself a martial figure in full panoply of trench coat, rifle, bayonet, webbing belts, "gorbli-me" oap, &c. But not thus do we war on the outskirts of empire. We are mostly individualists in the debatable lands of civilisation, so F.S. order is any order that appeals to the individual's taste. Some carry sporting rifles, others "trail the puissant pike." The Major was clad in a khaki shirt garnished with a frayed spine-pad and adorned with a silk tie and gold safety-pin. If brass hats were in evidence, he, or rather his servant, sometimes attached a pair of "dicky" shoulder-straps with brass crowns to the shirt; but such occasions were rare. His nether limbs were concealed, or should I say, revealed, by a pair of "shorts," from the up-turned folds of which projected on the right a notebook and on the left a map, while raked over one ear was a somewhat battered sun-helmet. As a mute testimony to his profession of "hired assassin" he wore parts of a Sam Browne belt, from which depended the most miniature of miniature automatic pistols, about .22-bore. If caught by the Hun the belt *might* perhaps mark him as a soldier and save him from being shot as a mere brigand. The major portion

of his equipment was a large cigarette-case which bulged from his right breast-pocket, and his right hand wielded that suitable field officer's weapon, a bamboo shooting-stick seat. It served the triple purpose of resting the Major's weary frame during halts, when lesser fry squatted on the ground: of acting as a seat of justice, from the sublime height of which to tell off shivering offenders against the laws and customs of stern war: and lastly, of marking indubitably at all times the position of the O.C. double company. For the rest, his general schoolboy-on-a-holiday air, his complete insensibility to any risks, and a bored calm which utterly refused to be disturbed by any danger, were the salient features of his character.

The first string of boats pulled for the shore amid a breathless silence, broken now and then by the hoarse bark of the guns and the moaning song of the shells. In the leading boat, in charge of a local settler (who before he beat his sword into a ploughshare to win a grudging yield from the thirsty uplands midway between Kenia and Kilimanjaro had followed the ubiquitous trade of field gunner), a drunken-looking machine-gun cocked its nose towards the shore, waiting for any sign of movement in the bushes. But the enemy apparently decided that the shore was unhealthy, for presently the watchers on the ships saw the doll-like khaki figures tumbling from the boats into the water and

running up the beach to vanish unopposed into the bush, while the brawny man-o'-war-men, up to their waists in the sea, swung the boats round and pulled for the ships to pick up the next party.

Eventually the Captain, in charge of a heterogeneous collection of stores, found himself on shore. He was accompanied by a local business man who spoke at least seven languages, of which Russian was about the least difficult. He had once been a shining light of the London Scottish, and having been unable to get to Europe at the outbreak of war, had enlisted in the local volunteers, from which he had been transferred, with two stars, to the command of a levy of more or less naked savages who acted the part of motor lorries in the local A.S.C. In lieu of the hoddie-grey kilt he wore shirt and shorts of "Solari" cloth, and his weapons of offence and defence were a knife known to all East Africans as "the bushman's friend" (price one rupee at any Mombasa store), and a long kiboko or rhinoceros-hide whip, for advancing the spark of the said motor lorries.

The spot selected for the landing was a cape known as Kissimani, at the south-west extremity of the island, where ships can get in fairly close to shore; and across the narrow tongue of land, about 800 yards wide, connecting the cape with the rest of the island, was strung out an outpost line of the Indians, and beyond them a screen of African patrols.

The remainder of the force was collected in a cocoonant plantation, in which were a few scattered huts, one being in flames from a shell. The owners, two women who had luckily not been hurt, were busily engaged in saving as much of their property as possible. Working parties were trying to collect the stores lying about chaotically on the beach, and round about was assembled a crowd of inhabitants who had flocked in at the sound of the bombardment. From their friendly appearance and anxiety to greet the invaders, it was clear that the German garrison was of no great strength, for the native of Africa can give points to some of the Balkan peoples in the art of knowing on which side of a fence to descend.

The disembarkation and collection of stores having been completed, a reconnoitring column set forth to locate the enemy, who, according to the inhabitants, were collected to the number of fifty or so on a hill called Ngombeni, in the middle of the island. Late in the evening the column returned without having found any Huns, not having been able to reach the hill before nightfall. The troops bivouacked for the night among the shell-torn palms, with a company of the Indians as outposts. The only drinking water available was that brought from the ships, and owing to one of the tank-boats used for conveying it to the shore having sprung a leak unnoticed, it was more than brackish. The Indians were

thankful that they had been ordered by their double company commander to disembark with full chāgals. These latter are canvas bags containing a gallon of water each; no light addition to a man's marching order, seeing that a gallon weighs ten pounds or so, and consequently they had "groused" very considerably on receipt of the order.

Night had fallen when the Major came back from headquarters to where the Captain was waiting, just behind the outpost line, for the dinner the servants were preparing. The Indian servant is a quaint soul, politely untruthful, with many weird beliefs, the greatest and most important being that any "sāhib" who is a sāhib must always have a four-course dinner. So one finds him in the most unpromising circumstances considering how to produce such a repast from a tin of bully beef and a handful of rice. On this occasion, despite the brackish water, they succeeded—for if the "soup" was the water with which they washed out the tin after removing the meat, and the "fish" rissoles were finely chopped bully, and the joint was from the same source, did not the rice mould—presumably moulded in the bully beef tin—more than compensate, flavoured as it was with the shrapnel perforated cocoanuts that lay ready to hand?

"You stop here, Ganpat," said the Major, "as O.C. Base, with one company and details—the rest of us go out at 5 A.M. to chase the elusive

Jermāni in his native haunts. I told the O.C. you'd brought a field telephone and would have it laid out behind us, but he didn't see it, somehow. Anyway I don't suppose for an instant that there will be any show, and you're saved footing it through the bush."

They turned in shortly after, and the Captain's rest was more than a little broken, because every half-hour or so the outposts would send in bebies of native beauties, generally in festive raiment. They kept on coming in all night, along with wrinkled grandams and crowing babies, to greet what in the eyes of the islanders was evidently the rising power. How they failed to get shot was a marvel, for on service men's nerves are not of the best, and people approaching outposts at night are more than liable to stop bullets.

His orderly routed him out at 4 A.M., when the outposts stood to arms, and about 5 o'clock he watched the column trailing out of the camp in the half light. The Africans were Yaos, little men, affectionately termed "Golliwogs" by their British officers. To the Captain's eyes they appeared more like jovial boy scouts, and seemed never to stop grinning. Evidently they were distinctly satisfied with life, and contrasted greatly with the Indians, who took life, as the mild gentoo generally does, as a rather badly stage-managed tragedy, tempered with a few comic interludes in the shape and persons of the British

Government and their white officers. "For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind."

Certainly, watching the varied collection of fighting men, the Captain thought that none but madmen could have secured about half the globe with such amazing success, and none but madmen would have attempted to, especially with such a medley of fighting material as one finds in our "outpost" campaigns; where tribes and clans of the utmost diversity of race, language, and thought fight side by side, united by two traits alone—an innate love of fighting for fighting's sake, and a dog-like devotion to their mad, incomprehensible, jovial, daredevil white leaders.

As the last of the troops disappeared into the bush, the Captain turned away to see to food being sent to the outposts, and considered what he should do in case the Huns in lieu of opposing the column should elude it and try a raid on the base instead. The course to be adopted was evidently some form of active defence. There was no trouble about the choice of ground to be held, for the neck of land already occupied by the outpost line fulfilled practically all the conditions postulated by that distinguished tactician, the late lamented General D'Ordel, as essential for a defensive position. There was the sea on either flank, and the only thing lacking to make the situation perfect was an impenetrable morass in front;

but the Captain reflected that, however deserving one may be in this life, one can't have *everything*. Under the circumstances it was clear that the attack (if there were one) would come from the front, so that the real and supposed position of the enemy might be presumed to coincide. It remained, therefore, to distribute the troops. Remembering that counter-offensive is the soul of the defence, he detailed thirty-five men out of his seventy odd rifles as a striking force or *masse de manœuvre*, which, when the fury of the Hun attack should have been worn down by the resistance of the firing line, should skilfully cast itself with the full weight of its irresistible onslaught of thirty or so bayonets, strengthened by the picks and axes of the Sappers, on to the harassed foe, and drive him to the sharks that swarmed around. (Martial music, cheering, D.S.O.'s, brevets, &c.)

Then calling to mind the maxim, or shall one say axiom, set forth in Field Service Regulations, to the effect that "an enemy who is so carefully watched that he can make no movement unobserved is incapable of surprising you"—("How simple and yet how profound," he sighed, wondering if ever his intellect would rise to expounding such deep truths, for in moments of misguided pre-war enthusiasm he had considered himself as a potential candidate for the gilded red-tabbed portals of Camberley)—he decided to patrol the bush in front with

a handful of old pensioners of the King's African Rifles who had been sent down to be the nucleus of a police force on the conclusion of active military operations. Straightway he collected them, and with the aid of their Effendi, whom in India we should call a subadar, detailed patrols. They were fine seasoned material, he thought, as he watched them falling in: not a man under fifty or thereabouts except one mere stripling of forty, whom the remainder appeared to regard as a sort of child mascot. They were attired in their long-unused uniform, their breasts gay with ribbons of well-nigh forgotten campaigns, fought in the dim ages of African history under leaders who, now full Colonels or Generals, dozed in front of Club fires. Stirred perhaps now and then by a "cub-altern's" appropriating their pet arm-chair, they would growl out to some crony, now an Admiral of the Blue (who as a young lieutenant had sojourned with them in fever-stricken, mangrove-curtained African deltas), "Gad, sir! service not what it was when *we* were lads—eh?"

But, one and all, the "Grandfathers," as he mentally christened them, had that air of expectant keenness of old hunters who from a quiet paddock hear the music of the hunt draw near; and they fingered the levers of their martinis and gabbled cheerfully to one another at the prospect of once more smelling powder, for the African

is a fighter from birth to death.

With much difficulty he explained to the Effendi what he required, for the only means of communication was Arabic, and his stock of that was confined to the rusty remnants of what he had picked up when stationed in Aden some six years previously. Most of the orders were consequently of the pantomimic variety, but they gathered the general drift of his speech and gestures, and in little patrols of threes and fours disappeared into the bush, the Effendi himself, with a borrowed rifle, leading.

He then redistributed his Indians in the trenches and went in search of breakfast and a drink, or I should say more correctly, in search of several drinks and then breakfast, for no food was thinkable at present, since every moment brought back more clearly the remembrance of the fact that his hastily swallowed matutinal cup of tea had been made with very slightly diluted sea water. Barely had he sat down to breakfast when a message came in from the outposts to the effect that there was firing to be heard in front. Going out, he heard in the distance intermittent rifle fire. Bitterly regretting that the telephone had not been laid out, he sent for a heliograph in the hopes of getting news. After watching through a telescope he made out some moving figures on a hillock two miles off, and laying the helio, saw presently the answering flash. His request

for news was answered by a hurried message saying that the column was "heavily engaged," and as if to confirm this, a gust of wind brought down a more than usually prolonged and heavy burst of fire, while through his glass he saw the signallers hastily scrambling down the hill again. For the next half-hour he called in vain, until an urgent request for ammunition flickered through.

Reflecting on those words "heavily engaged," combined with the demand for ammunition, he said to himself, "When in doubt make spades," and bade his legions dig like fiends, so that if by some mischance the Germans really were in force the column might have at least some sort of fortified base to fall back on. There is a certain moral stimulus in having even a few hastily scratched holes to occupy instead of having to take to the sea. Then collecting twenty porters—for in the coast belt of equatorial Africa there is neither wheeled nor pack transport, nothing but portorage—he loaded them with ammunition, and under an escort of half a dozen sepoy sent them forth into the blue.

They had been gone some little time when there emerged from the bush in front a sepoy of the Major's company, panting, soaked with sweat, and speechless from lack of breath after a two-mile run, who, when he had been revived a little, produced a grimy crumpled piece of paper re-

questing with all speed forty boxes of ammunition. On being questioned he described an epic battle in progress, and, worse still, stated that he had met no ammunition convoy *en route*. Since there was but one path, it looked as if it might have been cut up on the way, and there was nothing for it but to send out another lot immediately.

The firing still continued, and a returning patrol of the grandfathers reported Germans, but the Captain's rusty Arabic left him uncertain as to whether there was fifteen, fifty, or five hundred of them; the only figure he could be sure of was some multiple of five. Anyway, he sent for his twenty sappers and told them to sap and mine and fell and entangle until his position should resemble the breach at Badajoz.

After another hour the sounds of battle died away in the distance, and he commenced to feel less uneasy, when suddenly the quavering helio spoke again insistent from the hill-top. "Send forthwith *all* ammunition and *all* possible stretchers and medical aid." This was a real poser, for all his porters had already been despatched. Consequently he had to impress every able-bodied man from the crowd of chattering villagers collected in the vicinity, load them up, and start them off under the leadership of the doctor with as many stretchers as he could find or improvise. This done, he went down to the beach and saw bearing

down on the island another steamer, which he knew to contain troops destined to be the garrison of the island after operations should have been concluded and the little expeditionary force withdrawn. As soon as the ship anchored he signalled for a company to land at once, and with these he relieved his wearied outposts, reporting the fact to the O.C. force somewhere in the middle of the island.

The day dragged on to its close; no more firing and no more news, until late in the evening a runner came in. He brought no account of the fighting, only orders for the Captain to report at Ngombeni (the hill in the centre of the island) by 7 A.M. next day with the remainder of his company, a third of which had already been despatched as escort to the various convoys of ammunition, and to bring out with him rations for the whole force. The base was to be left in charge of the newcomers. As the ship that brought them had also brought more porters, he was able to start his convoy without much trouble by 4 A.M. next morning. Since he had no information as to the results of the previous day's fighting he had to be prepared for possible opposition *en route*, and a very pretty problem appeared as to how best to dispose his small force on the march through the bush, at least half of which would have to be performed in the dark. Going on the maxim that a small force has neither flanks nor rear but is all front,

he put out exceedingly attenuated advance, rear, and flank guards, and keeping some thirty rifles at the head of the porters, set out. Nothing was seen *en route* until at about 6.30 A.M., when it was getting fairly light, the guide explained that they were coming on to the scene of the previous day's fighting, and a close examination of the ground showed scattered cartridge cases and bits of blood-stained cloth.

At last a sudden turn in the winding bush-track brought them to the foot of Ngombeni, a small hill rising perhaps a hundred feet in about six hundred yards. Up two sides of it ran the thick bush, but in the centre was a clearing about seven hundred yards broad, newly planted with young cocconut palms still only a few inches high, while at the top was a big grove of shady trees through which showed the roofs of a collection of native huts—but the flat top of the hillock was invisible and defiladed from the lower slopes. A more ideal position for a small force to hold could hardly be imagined. The attackers, confined to the defile of the narrow bush-path, would have to debouch from it into the clearing like a crowd coming through the gate into a football ground, deployed in full view of the enemy, and then attack up the glacis-like slope, devoid of any vestige of cover from view or bullets. True, the thick bush running up each side of the clearing towards the hill-top was a weakness, but at

least its denseness would mean great delay to a force attempting to outflank the position by cutting their way through it. A couple of scouts put out on the flanks could give ample warning of any such attempt, in time, if the force was strong enough, to counter-attack vigorously on the assailants struggling blindly through the dense undergrowth; or if the defenders were too weak, to give them time to get away ere their retreat was cut off. As a rearguard position it was *perfect*, for the six hundred yards of bare hillside, with its wicket-gate-like entrance, would enable a score or so of determined men to hold up three or four hundred for a couple of hours at least, since the only track to the centre of the island led over the hill.

On getting close to the top, the little convoy nearly fell into the enemy trenches, so well hidden were they. In the grove of trees at the top was a collection of mud huts with thatched roofs, evidently a set of military police lines from their regular formation, and amongst them were standing a few Indian sepoys and a couple of the grandfathers who had been on convoy escort the previous day; while to one side were pitched a couple of hospital tents.

The Captain was greeted by the Sapper Officer of the force with "Thank goodness you've turned up! The rest went off an hour ago, and left me here with a dozen men and all the wounded. I've been afraid an enemy patrol might rush me

and try to rescue the German Commander, whom we've got here badly hit."

The Captain speedily distributed his men around the hill-top in the German trenches, and in the hastily thrown up "perimeter" (all-round trenches) constructed by the force the night before, and sent up a couple of look-outs into the tree-platforms put up by the Germans. In the bush of Africa great use is made by both sides of the high trees to be found at intervals, from whose upper branches a splendid view is often obtainable, although a man on the ground may travel for miles together without ever being able to see more than a few yards in front of him. Very often machine-guns are placed up these trees to cover bush-paths, and their effect when so used is deadly, more especially so since they are most difficult to locate.

Orders had been left for him to send back all the wounded to the base under escort, as a ship would be leaving the next morning for Zanzibar, which boasts a beautiful hospital. After all his alarms of the day before, he was surprised to find only a dozen wounded, of whom the two worst cases were the Machine-Gun Officer and a British officer of the K.A.R., both of whom were already laid outside the hut which had served as hospital for the White Men, on stretchers ready for the march. While he was speaking to them another stretcher was carried out and laid down beside them. This time it was the German Com-

mander, apparently even more badly wounded than the other two, for in addition to a bullet through his arm, he had a smashed jaw, and was altogether a pitiable sight. As a matter of fact, he recovered long before they did, but head wounds always make men look very bad.

He was attended by the English doctor, and by a slim figure in khaki breeches and putties wearing a red cross armlet, who, on closer inspection, turned out to be Frau S., his wife, a cheerful lady of very limited English. Luckily the Transport Officer (he of the one rupee knife) added German to his other linguistic attainments, and so conversation became possible. When the British advance was reported, she had been told by her husband to go back to her house in Kilondoni, but in defiance of his orders had remained in one of the huts on the hill, gained a bullet-graze on one foot, and at the conclusion of the fight appeared with a red cross flag to help with the wounded.

The convoy of wounded duly started, the Captain went off to interview the lady, to whom he had been instructed to offer a passage to Zanzibar, if she wished to accompany her husband. She said she would like very much to do so, but must first go and look for her child, whom she had confided to a servant at the beginning of the fight, and who was now not forthcoming. She appeared to take her misfortunes very philosophically, and said she would go off by herself and

look for the infant. The Captain thought, however, that he had better send a couple of the grandfathers to escort her, lest any patrols she might run into should let drive at her by mistake, so when she produced a saddle donkey and trotted off down the hill, two of the aged men went perspiring after her.

On inquiring from the Sapper as to the events of the previous day, he found out that the column had not met with any opposition until close up to the clearing at the foot of the hill, where a heavy fire was opened on them. To defile into the clearing, deploy, and rush the hill would have been costly, so, as time was no object, two flanking attacks were sent through the bush to surround the hill, while a holding attack was made in front. This necessarily occupied a couple of hours, during which the enemy, having plenty of ammunition, loosed off continuously, and the holding attack, nothing loath, replied equally rapidly. The African is not, as a rule, a good shot, but he loves the noise of a gun, which, like Epps' cocoa, he considers "grateful and comforting." The German trenches being placed just under the crest of the hill, and not visible until one got to within a few yards of them, most of the attackers' bullets found their mark among the trees some twenty feet higher up, and thirty or forty yards back. The attackers, on the other hand, were easily seen in the clearing, and along the cover fring-

ing it, and suffered a certain number of casualties.

At last the flank attacks worked round, but before they could cut the enemy's retreat the Huns, realising what was up, departed with all haste. The fact that they had not sustained a single casualty up to the time they quitted their trenches, shows how comparatively safe from rifle fire are well-concealed trenches a little way below a conspicuous crest-line. But in their short rush up to and over the hill-top a third of them were hit, the Commander himself being caught by a lucky shot just as he got to cover on the far side. He crawled away unnoticed, and it was not till late in the afternoon that single shots at intervals attracted the attention of the British force now encamped on the hill; and a search party was sent out to see if it might be a wounded man firing to attract notice. They came upon the unfortunate officer half unconscious and blinded with blood, crawling in circles and firing off his pistol at intervals in the hope of being picked up, for his men had long ago fled northward. He had only three cartridges left when they found him, and he was lucky to be found in time, for he said afterwards that he was saving one to put an end to his misery. The wounded animal or man lost in the African bush finds small pity from the swarms of winged or four-footed scavengers that throng it searching for helpless things to devour.

Later in the day part

of the column under the Major of the Indians pushed on towards Kilondoni, the capital, on the west side of the island. Darkness, however, compelled him to halt for the night about two miles short of his objective. He had sent up a rocket then which gave the main force an idea of his position, and later a runner came in from him to say that so far he had met with no opposition and would march on the capital at dawn. Early in the morning the rest of the force had marched towards Chole, at the south-east extremity of the island, where a small party of Germans was reported, and the Captain had been ordered out to Ngombeni Hill as a link between the two columns.

He and the Sapper settled down to a dull day, but enlivened it later by sending out small patrols to try and bring in any of the enemy who might be scattered in the bush. Some of them, dispersed in groups of twos and threes like sheep without a shepherd, came out of their hiding-places gladly to hands up at the sight of the white flags displayed by the patrols in the hope of avoiding needless bloodshed, since it was now evident that not more than twenty-five or thirty of the enemy at the outside were unaccounted for. These must have realised that the game was up, since the cruiser was between the island and the mainland to cut off any fugitives who might try to escape by boat. The majority of the German Askaris had fled to their villages, shed their khaki

uniform, hidden their rifles, and were posing as peaceful cultivators, protesting vigorously that the British Government was their father and mother, and that they had not had a square meal for weeks. This remark was a favourite with the more fat and obviously well-liking ones.

The most innocent and voluble of them all was a gentleman in spotless white raiment, with a bullet through one arm and another through the fleshy part of his leg, who swore he had never soldiered in his life. Questioned as to how he had come by his injuries, he said he had been tilling his field peacefully at his village (about six miles away from the scene of the fight) when two bullets dropped from the skies and hit him. He seemed rather pained when, amid the broad grins of the onlookers, a wounded German Askari poked his head out of the hospital tent and said in the vernacular: "Halloa—they've caught you, have they? I thought you'd got away when I saw you legging it down the hill."

The most interesting catch of the day was a white N.C.O. picked up by an Indian patrol, who found him hiding in a small plantation whither he had fled after the fight and lain hidden all night. He appeared relieved at not having his throat cut instanter, and when the Transport Officer gave him a drink he got quite friendly and loquacious. He was a local planter, who had been called up on the outbreak

of hostilities, and evidently not over keen on fighting. He asked what would be done with him, and on being told he would be sent to India, expostulated: "Impossible, there are no English now in India—they have all been killed and India taken by our friend the Amir.—You don't believe me, hein? Look, I shall show you the paper." And he proceeded to rummage round one of the huts which had evidently been his, and produced eventually a tattered copy of the *Dar-es-salaam* local "rag," a month old, and triumphantly planted a grimy thumb on a heavily leaded column of the first page. The Transport Officer translated aloud for the benefit of the Captain and the Sapper—neither of whom knew any German—a full and veracious account, by wireless from Berlin, of the liberation of India from the hated British yoke and the triumphant march of the Amir into his new possessions. The German at first seemed exceedingly surprised at the paroxysms of mirth that overwhelmed the three on hearing this, which should to them have been most disastrous news; but as their hilarity continued he began to appear perturbed, and possibly slight doubts as to the infallibility of the supreme "War Lord's" information crept insidiously into his erstwhile trusting mind. By now, among the delights of peaceful Ahmednugger, he is probably a sadder and wiser man.

A little later in the morning

the Captain and the Transport Officer, interviewing village headmen, who were all coming in to pay their respects to the invaders, with whom they were evidently anxious to stand well, came upon what they took to be an Arab child, a little girl of two-and-a-half, clothed only in a red fez. It was very fair, but some of the coast Arabs are almost as fair as Europeans, and they would have taken no further notice of it but for the fact that the servant with it had the unmistakable look of a white man's "boy." A little questioning revealed the fact that it was the missing baby of Frau S., now careering wildly over the island in search of it. Apparently the servant who was looking after it had fled in terror during the fighting, and now hearing that the prisoners were not being butchered in cold blood, ventured back with the baby. The two Englishmen told the servant to take it into one of the huts, and endeavoured not very successfully to feed it with tinned milk. Eventually, deciding discretion to be the better part of valour, they fled incontinently, leaving the solemn-eyed baby in possession of the field and also of the tin of milk which was to have done for their breakfast.

Meanwhile the Major occupied the capital without resistance, and having rounded up a few of the German native troops, occupied the German Commandant's house. He found that it gloried in the possession of a long bath, with hot and cold water laid on—a

thing rarely found in these latitudes,—in fact he had not seen anything like it for months. So, things being now peaceful, and the troops being engaged in their midday meal, he allowed himself the luxury of a real bath. He was splashing away merrily when there arose a great commotion outside in which he distinguished a shrill female voice, and as he leapt from the bath and planted his back against the door, he heard Frau S. on the other side of the frail partition vociferating, "My child—my child—Vere is my child?" Parleying with her, he denied all knowledge of its whereabouts, and expressing deep sympathy, and pointing out that he was a respectable family man himself, begged her to go away and let him dress in peace, and then he'd see what he could do.

At length, having temporarily pacified her, he got his clothes on, and coming out sent a helio message to the Captain imploring help with regard to the missing infant. On hearing that it was now safe, Frau S. calmed down and offered the Major breakfast from her kitchen. For the rest of the morning she made life a burden to him and his subaltern by continuously demanding help to pack up her belongings, until, reminding her that the ship with her husband was starting the next morning, and she had a good many miles to go, and also that the babe was at present suffering from the inexperienced but well-meant attentions of the Captain and the Transport Officer, he got

her away. She returned to Ngombeni, like Mrs Gamp, with many parcels—in fact she had twenty-seven porterloads of them, not counting four stalwarts loaded with baby's toys—in special charge of the grandfathers. With one rush she rescued the infant from the Captain's orderly, who was trying to induce it to be friendly by the bribe of a most indigestible-looking sticky compound of sugar, cocconut, and flour, concocted by that officer's servant, who prided himself on knowing the particular kind of food suitable for the young Sahib-log. She then proceeded to discourse on Dresden with the Transport Officer—who before the war had sojourned with the Philistines in the Gates of Gath. The Captain, who wore a turban, she imagined to be a native, set up by some freak of the English in a position of authority, and never addressed him, for the Colonial German is at the opposite pole to Exeter Hall as regards his treatment of his darker-skinned brethren. She demanded porters, and yet more porters, and still more porters, and eventually reduced the two Englishmen to the verge of hysterical tears as they pictured themselves growing old and white-bearded on the hill, dancing attendance on her and the baby.

Finally they started her convoy off when her back was turned, and the sight of her goods and chattels disappearing down the path to Kissimani, with the baby in front on a donkey supported by the

most aged of the grandfathers, sent her hot-foot in pursuit. The Transport Officer, having given orders that nothing on earth nor under the earth was to turn that convoy back until she and the baby had been handed over to the Base Commandant, fled to cover, refusing to emerge therefrom until the party was out of sight.

"This island will now be placed under the rule of His Majesty's Government. The rights of all the inhabitants who remain peaceful and in no way assist the enemy will be respected."

The Major's voice broke off, and the Subaltern of the Africans took up the tale in the language of his men, who, drawn up in line, formed, with the Indians similarly arranged, three sides of a square. The fourth side was open, and in the middle of it towered the flagstaff outside the German Governor's house at Kilondoni, from which drooped, in the afternoon calm, the German flag.

Behind the troops was a packed crowd of the inhabitants—Swahelis, Arabs, Negroes of many sorts, and a small colony of Indian traders. These latter felt themselves for the moment lifted, by the presence of the Indian troops, from the somewhat despised position the Indian settler occupies in Africa; for he is generally not of the fighting races, and so his position among the peoples of that warring continent is distinctly a degraded one.

The Indian shopkeepers and also many of the Swahelis were arrayed in spotless white garments as a tribute to the occasion, for they were honestly glad of the change of Government, since, previous to the territorial exchanges in Africa at the time of the cession of Heligoland, Mafia, although administered by no one in particular, was always regarded as British territory. The remainder of the crowd accepted the change of ownership with the dull acquiescence of the races of Africa, accustomed under their age-old *régime* of *force majeure* to perpetual changes of rulers—some better, some worse. But they felt that under British rule there was more chance for each man to reap what he had sown, and that is really all that any of the older, simpler races ask of the rulers the gods send them.

"Old rulers fall—new rulers rise—
God to this one or that one a kingdom
flings:

But to us the simple folk of the soil,
Who till the crops that their armies

spoils,
Enough is our ploughing, our daily
toil,

Small care have we of kings."

Any one looking for great manifestations of either jubilation or dejection on the part of the crowd would have been disappointed. It was merely that the ruling race had fallen out with another greater than they, and the majority of the simple people of the island accepted their transfer as the spoils of war, in the same way

as the placid beasts of burden. So that life went on in its same quiet circle of birth, marriage, and death, and the crops were sown and reaped and garnered without undue oppression from the rulers whose representative occupied the big house up yonder, they cared little whether the flag showed the black cross on the white ground, the crescent of the old Arab rulers of Zanzibar, or the many-hued English Jack. Those who had travelled to English possessions and seen the greater freedom and justice given to the negro, as compared with the German methods, rejoiced; but the remainder were undemonstrative, for to their minds time alone could show whether the stories the travellers brought back concerning the happier existence of their brethren under British rule were worthy of credence. People who for many years have lived under the shadow of oppression are slow to believe in the advent of brighter days.

The interpreter stepped out

into the square and read out in Swaheli the news received from the column at Chole of the formal surrender of the island by the German Commissioner, and announced the establishment of British rule.

The Major gave a signal, and the German flag was hauled down, the Union Jack being run up in its place. There was a word of command, a flicker of steel as bayonets were fixed, and the sunset breeze, freshening, blew out the folds of the flag, gilded by the setting sun, as the little force in dead silence solemnly presented arms. The Major, doffing his helmet, called for three cheers for His Majesty the King, and as he turned to face the flag the high-pitched cheers of victory from Africans and Indians announced that one more wisp of Germany's dream of a colonial empire had vanished like the morning mists before that sun, for a place in whose rays she has clamoured so loudly but—in vain.

M. L. A. G.

H.M.S. *IMPLACABLE* AT THE DARDANELLES.

It has been represented to us that casual readers of a sentence in the article "Six Months in the Dardanelles," which was published in the February number of 'Maga,' might assume that H.M.S. *Implacable* left the firing line at the very outset of the proceedings. The sentence is as follows: "Just at first the *Implacable* had been firing with great accuracy quite close to us, but they had the misfortune of a 'premature,' which we heard had put one turret out of action, and explained why this ship had to leave the line." The actual state of affairs, as we are now informed, was that the premature burst had no effect on the efficiency of the ship. At

the time of the landing the *Implacable's* reason for ceasing fire was that her object had been accomplished, and it was not desirable to fire 12-inch guns over boats only a few yards from the ship. H.M.S. *Implacable* did not leave her position in the firing line, but on the 26th April, after the landing was successfully completed, she steamed out a little to pay the last marks of respect to the Fleet Surgeon, who had been killed on board, and had to be buried at sea. The ship maintained her position until she had wellnigh exhausted her stock of ammunition, and to replenish this she left for Imbros on the 3rd of May, taking up her position again on the following day.

EDITOR *B. M.*

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

OUR ANCIENT HERESIES—FREE IMPORTS—SECURITY OR WEALTH?
 —GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL CONQUEST—ANILINE DYES AND SPELTER
 —MR HUGHES' UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT—THE PARIS CONFERENCE—IS MR ASQUITH INDISPENSABLE?—THE NEWCASTLE OF OUR DAYS.

THE War, with all its grim losses and bitter sufferings, has compelled us to examine in the proper spirit of criticism many of our ancient heresies. The mimic warfare of parties no longer seems good save to those who find the contest profitable. The loving-kindness of Germany, once a firm article of faith, has ceased—in public, at any rate—to inspire a wide or deep confidence among our Radicals. The value of peace at any price has run down into nothingness. And now the infallibility of Free Imports is being gravely questioned, even by the devout. For two generations the doctrine of Free Trade, a name improperly given to Free Imports, has been accepted with a superstitious awe. Those who dared to cast a doubt upon its truth were regarded either with a pitying contempt or with that kind of blind rage wherewith in old days the orthodox looked upon the heretic. Free Trade, indeed, was no mere policy: it was a religion, sacrosanct and unassailable; and the mere fact that its discussion is at last admitted into the tents of the hot-gospeller proves that the War is beginning to touch the heart

and awaken the brain of the people.

But the devout, acknowledging that their simple faith will not survive the shock of armaments, are not repentant. They make no apology for having shamefully misled their countrymen. White sheets are out of fashion, and the champions of Free Trade are not more easily inclined to deplore their sins than is Mr Asquith. They are quite sure that they can be wrong and right at one and the same time. They do not hesitate to split up into two parts the thing called Political Economy, the dullest and falsest "science" ever invented for the bedevilment of the simple and the profit of professors and examiners. The economic argument, upon which Free Trade rests, is, we are gravely told, and will remain, unshaken. But the economic argument is superseded, in the very act of war, by the political. To all those who are not fanatically superstitious, this dihotomy is a piece of flagrant nonsense. Mankind is a more delicately complex organism than a slotted machine, and not even the professors of the dismal science can separate the making of money from political

strife and international jealousy. To speak of "pure economics" is mere folly. What we buy or sell, and where we buy or sell it, cannot be considered apart from the strength or weakness which the sale and purchase impart to the Empire.

In truth the reasons which the Free Traders give for their grudging support to the better policy astonish us yet more greatly than the method of their conversion. "The war has taught us," says one of them, "that for political reasons, and on grounds of self-preservation, it may be necessary to think rather of the maximum of security than the maximum of wealth." But was there ever a time when the maximum of security was less important than the maximum of wealth? What, indeed, in peace or war, should we guard more zealously than security? Is there any firmer ground upon which it is possible to stand than the ground of self-preservation? If it be necessary to think rather of security than of wealth to-day, it was necessary so to do when the intention of Germany was already surmised. We have known for many a year that our enemy was arming. Yet it appears now that the danger was not so great as to persuade us to give up a penny of our wealth for the sake of security. We might still encourage the crude system of Manchester, we might still welcome the Germans to our shores, though they came to our undoing. Evidently the time had not come to think of

self-preservation. We might go a-fiddling, though the torch, which should set it ablaze, was already set to London. It is true that the eminent Lord Haldane had returned from Berlin, his spiritual home, full of apprehension. It is true also that he kept this apprehension a profound secret from the most of his colleagues and from all his patient dupes in the country. But we do not remember that he suggested a revision of our fiscal policy in the name of security or for the sake of self-preservation.

This weighing of wealth against security is a complete and final indictment of Free Trade. No system should be tolerated for a moment which in filling our pocket, if indeed it did fill our pocket, exposed us to the attack of a watchful and inveterate foe. The Free Traders are now beginning to understand in what a web of disaster they have entangled the country. We pay for all the follies which we commit in this world, and we are now paying with heavy interest for the selfish policy of Cobden and Peel. Those who worshipped wealth for the only god, and who thought it good to offer up agriculture upon the altar of urban industry, have called down upon the head of England a bitter punishment. Never was a more grossly material doctrine preached than the doctrine of Cobden. It subordinated patriotism, pride, sacrifice, to a full breeches' pocket. All the virtues were asked to surrender to the imperious necessity of getting rich quickly.

The injunction to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest was invested with a sanctity which should belong only to divine inspiration. And human lives as well as human virtues were to be thrown away with a light heart, that the holy principle of competition should not be endangered. Nothing mattered so long as "the stream of commodities was allowed to flow freely." India and the Colonies were but an incubus—let them go. Armaments took away money which might more profitably be invested in the making and selling of cotton—suppress them. Women and children must carry heavy loads and work long hours in the factories, lest our rivals across the seas should snatch a moment's advantage. It was a heartless system, inhumanly applied, and for sixty years the greater part of it has controlled and vitiated our life.

Thus having turned Cobdenism into an ideal, we have worshipped cheapness with a constant heart. Our Radicals, after their invariable fashion, have defended upon the ground of morals what is defensible only upon the ground of greed. They have accumulated wealth, and believed that therefore they stood upon a pedestal of virtue and honour. Were they not better than other men who took advantage of cheap food and low wages to increase their balances? Did not their charity shine in the face of all the world? And if it was

made possible only by child-labour, as once it was, or by lack of security, as it is to-day, you cannot get everything in this world, and it is safe to bet on the off-chance. Moreover, Free Trade possessed another attraction for the politician: it was invincible at the polls. The working classes, who protected their own labour, refused to protect the products of their labour, and were too ignorant to understand the absurd inconsistency of their action. Nor were their leaders slow to take advantage of their ignorance. They bade the cry of "the large loaf" be heard throughout the length and breadth of the land, and they encouraged that love of cheapness at all costs and at all hazards, which has been the undoing of England.

Now, the effect of this blind craving for cheapness was instantly seen in the moral deterioration of the people. You cannot expect men to be devout in patriotism or exquisitely sensitive in honour, who are told by limber-tongued demagogues that their sternest duty and brightest hope lay in the chance of getting sixpenny-worth of bread for fourpence. The lifting-up of base ideals is bad enough. The encouragement of lazy practices is still worse. Cheapness is the brother of idleness. That which is easily obtained need not be striven for. And the British working class, influenced perforce by the policy of free imports, ceased to till the earth or to contrive such things as are necessary for the

conduct of their lives. They fell into the slothful habit of using chairs and tables, lamp-glasses and crockery, made by the hands of foreigners. They plastered their walls with German oleographs. The baleful legend, "Made in Germany," was a universal advertisement of their shame. They lost the knowledge, which their grandfathers might have handed down to them, of the simple handicrafts. No longer able to embellish their lives with the plain products of their own toil and ingenuity, they found it easier to buy ready-made what the German bagman had to sell them; and thus they broke the ancient chain of our English tradition. Nor did their idleness stop there. They adopted, with eagerness, all the dumped horrors which are flung upon them from foreign markets, neatly packed in highly-coloured tins, and labelled "salmon," "beef," or "peaches," according to the taste and fancy of the exporter. And thus, at a single stroke, the free importers destroyed also the art of cooking and ruined the health of their poor victims.

Life became cheaper and nastier every day. And as the people of England allowed the Germans to furnish its poor little houses, so it allowed the Danes to supply it with the produce of their farms. No soil is more fertile than our English soil, and yet Free Trade, having driven it out of cultivation, took a lofty pride in keeping it out of cultivation. So deeply, in-

deed, have we descended into the pit of apathy, that we have for years been exporting our eggs from Denmark, as though the hens of England, lazy as their masters, found it too much trouble to lay. Thus the industries of Denmark and Germany have found an easy prey in the British Isles; and those who believe that political economy is a living science, that there is no disgrace in importing the first necessities of life from abroad, have been abundantly satisfied. But what about the dignity and independence of the people? Even if we collect our cheap food, at the lowest possible rate, from every corner of the globe, we have yet injured ourselves and our country in doing so. We have lost the habit of work, and elevated "shirking" to a high place among the virtues. The man who has been taught to get something for nothing sees no reason why he should fight for his country. It is his country's business, says he, to defend him and to leave him tranquilly to cultivate the thing of cowardice and falsehood which he calls his conscience. And England, the country where the flow of commerce is not interrupted, is the only country which lets its citizens wriggle out of the army on any foolish plea that can be invented. Neither France nor Russia, neither Serbia nor Montenegro, permit the individual to discuss whether he shall or shall not fight for his fatherland, and we cannot but be filled with shame when we remember

our disgraceful tribunals of evasion.

In time of peace Free Trade proved itself an enervating influence. Even if our ships bore hither and thither the manifold products of the earth, that should not have been enough for our pride. It is far better to make a table than to bring it home, and we can hardly take it to ourselves as a compliment that as carriers we have no serious rivals. In time of war the dependence upon foreigners for our common supplies is an imminent danger. The cheapness, which a few years ago we bragged about so loudly, is costing us some five millions a day. At last we are paying for the vain pretence of a big loaf with thousands of the biggest guns that we can manufacture, and the full price will not be paid for many a weary month. In other words, Cobdenism has attained its logical and costly result. Had not we in our greed given Germany the free gift of our markets, she could not have accumulated, as she has, her powers of destruction. Her industrial and military development have gone hand in hand. Her commerce, vastly encouraged by England, has armed her hand and strengthened her resolve. When she declared war, she not merely forced us to take up the sword, she stripped us of many necessities of life. We should have thought that every one, in that moment of crisis, would have recognised the disservice of Free Trade. Not a bit of it! Thousands were found still

vaunting the shameful system, as thousands were found boasting that voluntary service was more than a match for well-organised and patriotic conscription. Many converts are lifting up their voices to-day, but their sincerity is not above reproach, and we may take it as certain that these converts, who belong to His Majesty's Government, will throw over the doctrine of protection they have hastily supported at the first cry of the ignorant voter.

However, the outbreak of war discovered the evil which Germany, relying upon our supineness, had done in this country. Her citizens had been welcomed here as guests; they had stayed as active enemies in a time of peace. They had wormed themselves into the confidence of the people; they had laid a heavy and embarrassing hand upon our commerce. "All over the British Empire," says Mr Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia, and a patriot who does not see things as they are not, "German firms had been carrying on the commercial and industrial conquest by cloaking themselves with the nationality of the people they proposed to betray. To them the oath of naturalisation, the certificate of naturalisation, was a mere scrap of paper." And these were the people to whom we had thrown open our markets without a word of protest! We might as well have exposed our throats to the assassin's knife.

We will take two examples of our fatal trustfulness—one

from England, the other from Australia. The sad story of the aniline dyes has been told again and again. No one at this time has a right to be ignorant of this commercial tragedy. The process which made the production of these dyes possible was invented by an Englishman, and England, the home of Free Trade, handed over the industry without a murmur to protected Germany, which has made a comfortable £200,000,000 a year by the development of English ingenuity. Nor is that all. As Mr M. S. Sharp, the Chairman of the Bradford Dyers' Association, has been telling his shareholders, the making of aniline dyes is a key-industry. To deliver it over to the Germans was directly to endanger our national safety. Aniline dyes and high explosives are very closely related, and the independent manufacture of aniline dyes is essential not merely to our commercial supremacy, but also to that self-preservation which, as the Free Traders are beginning to find out, is necessary for the protection of the State. To quote Mr Sharp again: "The raw materials from which aniline dyes are made being the same as are used in the manufacture of high explosives, picture to yourselves the enormous advantage Germany had by reason of her huge, highly organised, and ably administered colour-works, producing all the raw materials required for the making of high explosives, and able immediately to divert much of

their colour-making plant to their manufacture. What was our position? Why, exactly the same as our position in regard to the Army. We had also to improvise our production of high explosives." The story of this one industry will give us some measure of our shortcoming. Had we years ago protected the making of aniline dyes in this country, not only should we have withheld a large annual income from Germany's pocket, but we should have placed ourselves in a proper posture of defence. As we see the facts to-day, it might seem impossible that we should ever run the same risk again. But the company called the British Dyes (Limited) has been established with the Government's blessing and with a Radical partisan at its head, and no promise has been made of protection. Unless, then, there be a complete change of heart in England, unless there be an agitation which will take no denial, we know perfectly well what will happen. The English, trained in habits of idleness by many generations of self-seeking politicians, will not resist the temptation of cheap colours. They will let their own industries fall silently into abeyance, and by purchasing aniline dyes in Germany will make it certain that in the next war the enemy shall lack neither money nor ready fully-equipped factories, where high explosives shall be made.

It was Mr Hughes who brought from Australia another example of carelessness

which might have been fatal. The industry of the aniline dyes was captured by the Germans openly and with England's connivance. So long as we hugged to our breasts the fetish of cheapness, we cared not what happened. In Australia the problem which our enemies had to solve was far more delicate, and it was approached with stealth. The Australians do not cherish a superstitious love of Free Trade. Their favourite policy is not to let things slide. Moreover, they have had no Lord Haldane in their midst to throw dust in their eyes and to pronounce high-sounding panegyrics of the Kaiser. Nevertheless they were caught asleep by the watchful Huns; the methods of peaceful penetration had been practised in Australia with Teutonic thoroughness. "What was the commercial situation before the war?" asked Mr Hughes. . . . "Viewed from the outside, all seemed well with Australia, as it seemed to be with Britain. But when war broke out they found they had been living in a fool's paradise. It was found that the great metal industry of Australia, the source to which the Empire might have looked for a supply adequate for its abnormal needs, was so completely dominated by German capital and German influence that the choice seemed to be only between complete paralysis of the industry or supplying those metals to those agencies of Germany through which alone the Australian companies are permitted by their con-

tracts to sell their products, and through whom alone Britain could buy them. The German agencies of which he spoke were situated not in Germany, but in London. They were legally considered British firms. Actually they were for all practical purposes." The bitter irony of the situation might arouse even our idle apostles of "Wait and See" from their comfortable lethargy. For a whole year after we had been at war our Government could buy Australian lead—or indeed any lead—only from a German firm!

Well might Mr Hughes declare that "this German taint ran like a cancer throughout the whole body of trade and commerce." Were it not for the smug complacency which lets all things slide, we should have recognised long ago the intolerable insult. So tight was the hold that Germany had over our trade, that we were compelled to pay £90 for spelter in America, while Germany was able to get it at £30, mostly from Australian ores. In Australia the dishonouring situation has been completely changed. Mr Hughes and his compatriots refused to go on binding themselves body and soul to the German octopus that controlled the metal market. "To kill Englishmen and Australians with ammunition made from Australian ores, and at the same time to compel the British Government to buy its ammunition through German agencies"—this they admitted was a master-stroke of German

cunning and German effrontery. It was a master-stroke which should not fall upon their necks a second time. So they tackled the problem with the fairness and energy we expect of them. "Australia," says Mr Hughes, "has done something to show its earnestness by tearing up and annulling every German contract, by cancelling every German trademark and design, by giving three months' notice to every company to strike every shareholder off their register, whether naturalised or not."

And what have we done while Australia has thus shown the spirit of her patriotism? Our Government of procrastinating lawyers has looked upon Germany merely as a client. It has protected her interests, piously collected her dividends, and will doubtless hand over to her at the signing of peace a comfortable sum wherewith she may begin again her tortuous machinations against our safety. The mysterious influence which aids the German cause seems still to be at work in our Cabinet, and the Germans, who under English names have put their foul hands deep into our commerce, will probably get the benefit of the doubt. However, Australia has shown us the way to deal with an urgent peril, and though our own demagogues would not move hand or foot to protect their country, we may still hope that the Dominions will not use their influence in vain. The splendid help that they have given in the war should

ensure them the right to be heard in protest against the infamous policy of *laissez-faire*, which has brought us to the brink of ruin.

Nor has Mr Hughes been content merely henceforth to exclude all Germans, naturalised or otherwise, from the commerce of Australia. He is farsighted enough to see that a change is imperative in our fiscal system. "Are we," he asks, "according to the shibboleths of an economic doctrine, which has been regarded with veneration in Britain for three-quarters of a century, to allow 'trade to flow along its natural channels' after the war? Or are we to follow the example of all other nations and pursue a policy which shall enable us to exercise such control over trade as consideration for the national safety of the country demanded?" Were our governors sane men, there would be no doubt as to the answers given to these two questions. One or two Ministers, greatly daring, have promised to consider measures of protection, and a few of their henchmen in the press have clamoured valorously for a changed policy. We shall be wise not to trust them. Even if they were convinced that a measure of tariff reform was a first necessity of salvation, they would not overcome their natural indifference sufficiently to pass it. And it would be well if we were warned in time to rely rather upon our Chambers of Commerce, our manufacturers, and the representatives of our

Dominions oversea for the triumph of the new policy than upon our supine and interested Ministers.

A chance has already been given Mr Asquith to prove his sincerity, and he has taken it precisely in the manner which all who have followed his career would expect. Even when the Allies clamour for a decision, he thinks it enough to make an involved and cumbersome speech upon the familiar motive of "wait and see." Seldom has he displayed the hopeless inertia of the politician more flagrantly than in his recent handling of this question. Not long since a deputation of business men expounded to him their urgent desire of a tariff. He put them off with the plea that a Conference was shortly to be held in Paris. The holding of a Conference in Paris is plainly in the eyes of our Radicals a desperate expedient, and at the mere threat they are up and armed. A pedant, named Mr J. M. Robertson, led the attack. He spoke solemnly about the disquietude in the country. He deplored the boycott of German trade on the irrelevant plea that a boycott would prevent Germany from paying an indemnity to Belgium. Which is nonsense. And then he poured forth the old platitudes about the dangers of Preference to the Dominions over the Allies, or to the Allies over the neutrals. In brief, he brandished the cudgel of Free Trade as lustily as though the Germans were our own sworn brothers, and

proved that in defiance of the Chambers of Commerce, in defiance also of protests from our Dominions, he was ready to bang, bolt, and bar the door of "good British oak," beloved by Mr Churchill, against all those who, having fought with us, wish to be admitted to an alliance of trade after the war.

That Mr J. M. Robertson should display the same old "disquietude" at the mere thought of a Conference, and should utter the same old phrases, is not astonishing. Better England fall than Cobden's memory be besmirched! And Mr Asquith has tried to reassure his anxious supporter. As he had used the Conference in Paris to placate the representatives of commerce, so now to keep in order the Radical rump he declared it powerless and innocuous. The speech, which he administered to Mr Robertson as a dose of soothing syrup, was a perfect model of political ineptitude. The Prime Minister used all the old arguments to explain away his purpose, if he had ever entertained one. In the first place, the action which was proposed was, like all the actions of the Government, "only a little one"; in the second, Mr Asquith promised, amid the cheers of his friends, "that nothing will be done and nothing will be said by the representatives of His Majesty's Government in Paris which will in any degree fetter the free action of the Government or of the House of Commons."

The promise need never have been made. We all know that not even in the last resort will the representatives of the Government ever do anything or say anything effective enough to fetter anybody.

And then Mr Asquith threw the burden of blame lightly upon the back of France. "It would be impossible for us to decline the invitation offered to us by our Allies," said he, and indeed economic pressure might perhaps be permissible in war-time. It is even conceivable that we might wisely offer some kind of assistance to our friends, if that may be done without the use of the vile word "preference." As to the future, we might perhaps take council together and survey the ground. But this is over-intrepidity, for which an apology is necessary, and Mr Asquith was quite ready to bend the knee. He admitted that to refuse the invitation of our Allies would be not only unneighbourly and unfriendly, but even impolitic. And then he tried to whittle away the neighbourliness and friendship by assuring his nervous supporters that our representatives would return from Paris absolutely uncommitted!

Then why send them there? It is indeed a poor compliment to the intelligence of our Allies, who have not built shrines in honour of Cobdenism, to confront them with British representatives who are not allowed to commit themselves to any policy or to any concerted action. A more ingenious device for wasting their time

could not be found than this device of Mr Asquith's. The French and the Russians, whose brains are not atrophied by commercial superstition, may, if they will, express sound opinions on preference and other schemes destined to humiliate Germany. The poor British representatives must remain dumb. They are pledged to a silent imbecility. They may be neighbourly, if they will, and friendly. They may dine with the delegates of the Allies, and in their society may admire the beauty of Paris, now conscious of the spring. But if a bold Frenchman or a gallant Russian dares to mention protection, he must instantly be brought back to pleasant genialities. The British representatives are not free to commit themselves!

The truth is that the taking of the fiscal question out of the region of politics and housing it in a smug tabernacle makes a proper understanding between us and our Allies very difficult. For them protection is a method of defence to be used against the perfidy of German "penetration." For Mr Asquith and his henchmen protection is an obscene word, which may not be chalked upon the wall without the payment of a heavy penalty. How, then, shall our representatives find any common ground with the French and Russians, even if they can find any common speech? And Mr Hughes—what part will he play in this foolish comedy? He does not wish to hide his views. He is not afraid of committing him-

self; and if we send him back, as we have sent other representatives of the Dominions home again, with a few tracts composed by the Germans of the Cobden Club in his pocket and a few phrases about "trade's natural channels" ringing in his ears, he will not carry home with him a favourable account either of our good sense or of our good faith.

The worst of it is that the Coalition, which was expected to ensure a national Government, has doubled the grip which the politicians have upon the neck of England. We are hampered in our conduct of the war, as in our forethought of peace, by two machines instead of one. Mr Asquith, by proclaiming a party truce and by cunningly inviting some of his official opponents to act with him, has put the House of Commons and a great part of the country under his heel. How bitterly his tyranny is resented is plainly revealed whenever we recover enough of our ancient independence to fight a bye-election. If the country were not committed to a foolish truce, the reins of Government would very soon be snatched from his nerveless hands, and we should be galloping gaily on the road of victory. Destructive as Mr Asquith was in time of peace, he is doubly dangerous in time of war. Temperamentally unable to distinguish between doing and not doing, he allows us to drift helplessly down the stream of accident. If in order to keep himself

in office he passes a necessary measure, he takes care that in its application the measure shall be stripped of activity. The fervent opponent of compulsion, he yielded to clamour, and might have made victory certain by compelling the young shirkers to serve their country. But no sooner had he made compulsion the law of the land than he contrived a dozen loopholes of escape, and callously made his own law of no effect. When Mr Alden asserts that he was asked by a member of the Cabinet to organise an opposition to conscription, he does not surprise us. We should have thought that the most of the Cabinet would have supported him in his assault upon a measure which public opinion forced them to pass, and which they themselves held in horror. So would it be if, to strengthen the defences of England, our present disjointed Cabinet undertook to reform our fiscal system. It might surrender to the clamour from outside. It would take good care that any system of its devising should remain for ever dead and done. Mr Asquith's Cabinet, in truth, has won a unique distinction: good becomes evil at the mere touch of its hands.

And then we are told by interested partisans that to Mr Asquith there is no alternative. When we think of the many millions that are left in the British Isles this statement seems too absurd for refutation. Again it is said that if there were a William Pitt, ready to

take the helm, he would be visible to all. History does not support this easy view. The elder Pitt would have been visible to none, if he had not used all his magnificent energy to force himself upon the notice of the country. Had he been told in 1754, as our statesmen are told to-day, that opposition to the Prime Minister was bad form or disloyalty, or rather had he heeded those who tried to mislead him, then he would never have been heard of. The situation was not unlike the situation of to-day. The Duke of Newcastle, an aristocratic Mr Asquith, a parliamentarian of weak will and clinging ambition, was mismanaging the affairs of Great Britain. Mr Pitt sat for one of the Duke's boroughs, and in other ways was deemed, erroneously, to be beholden to him. When he began his famous assault upon the perilous Minister, those were not lacking who charged him with treachery, and the charge has been repeated by Mr Lecky, who declares roundly that Pitt was no better than a disappointed place-hunter. Pitt's detractors miss the whole significance of his attack. He had no thought of self. "I want to call this country out of that enervated state," said he, "that twenty thousand men from France can shake it. The maxims of our Government have degenerated, not our natives. I wish to see that breed restored which under our old principles carried our glory so high." Thus

might an opponent of Mr Asquith speak to-day. We, too, wish to see the breed restored, and it will not be restored until we make an end of the ridiculous thing that calls himself a "conscientious objector," and vows that he would not stir a finger to save his mother from murder or his wife from outrage, and of the other thing, little less ridiculous, who in face of the German peril bleats sentimentally about Free Trade.

So Pitt fell upon Newcastle with horse and foot. He did his utmost to persuade the country to increase the regular army and to organise the militia. He modestly averred that his scheme was "preferable to waiting to see if the wind would blow you mercenary troops" from Europe. He deplored the Ministers' constant habit of sending a force, "which at the utmost is scarcely equal to the enemy, upon important and decisive expeditions"; he charged them with having "provoked before they could defend, and neglected after provocation." The parallels can hardly escape the notice of the blind. Above all, he was determined to deliver his King and his country from Newcastle's domination. "If I see a child," he said, "driving a go-cart close to the edge of a precipice, with the precious freight of an old King and his family, I am bound to take the reins out of such hands."

And take the reins he did to such purpose that he gave England four years of glory. He believed rightly enough

that he could save the country, and that nobody else could. But he would not have emerged, had he not made a deliberate attack upon a feeble Ministry. He was not discovered by others, nor was he called to office by an expectant king or a willing country. He saw arrayed against him all the powers, and he triumphed, because he was a patriot who trusted to his own strength, and knew by what path alone victory could be approached.

As we have said, we are to-day faced by the situation which confronted England in 1754. Whether there is a Pitt who can take the reins in his hands we do not know. We do know that it is only by a violent opposition to Mr Asquith that he can be discovered. And the first step that should be taken towards the vigorous policy which shall ensure victory, is to get rid of the Prime Minister, the Newcastle of our days.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCVII.

MAY 1916.

VOL. CXCIX.

WITH H.M.S. *TRIUMPH* AT TSINGTAU.

BY ARTHUR B.-W.

I. JOINING UP.

PREVIOUS to the War I held an appointment under the International Conservancy Board for the improvement of the Whangpoo, on which river Shanghai is situated; but at the time when war was declared between Great Britain and Germany I was enjoying a summer holiday in Japan, and was staying at Kamakura, on the Pacific Coast, about eighteen miles from Yokohama.

Here the surf comes rolling in and breaks upon the beach, making the bathing exciting and sometimes dangerous. At this place one would spend most of the day sitting or lying on the sand in bathing costume, roasting in the hot sun, plunging into the water when one got too hot, and in this restful existence I was trying to forget that there were such strenuous tasks as rivers to be regulated

and the Chinese language to be studied.

Very little was reported in the Japanese newspapers about the European crisis. We knew, of course, that the situation was serious; but it all seemed so far away, and, personally, I was determined to enjoy the holiday and rest as long as I could. It was therefore quite a surprise to read the Royal Proclamation in the Japanese papers of August 4, calling out the officers and men of the Royal Naval Reserve for Active Service.

Immediately my holiday was forgotten, and I at once went to Yokohama and reported to the resident British Naval Officer there. He directed me to proceed to Hong Kong, the British Naval Base in the Far East, where mobilisation was taking place. The first steamer

advertised to sail was the P.O. *Oriental*, then on the Shanghai-Yokohama line. There seemed no chance of getting to Hong Kong direct, so I determined to go by the *Oriental* to Shanghai, which, of course, suited me best, as I lived there, and was therefore able to get the necessary kit for war service.

There was at first some doubt as to whether the *Oriental* would be allowed to leave, as German cruisers had been reported in the Japan Sea, but after many rumours and doubts we did leave Yokohama on the 6th August for Kobe. There were several other British officers on the ship returning to Hong Kong, and we all discussed our chances of getting through safely. During the night the captain of the ship received orders from a lighthouse to proceed to the nearest Japanese port and there report to the British Consul. Kobe was the nearest port of any consequence, so we continued our way there, arriving in the harbour at 10 A.M. next day. There, to our disgust, we found the ship was to be detained by orders of our Ambassador at Tokyo, as the Japan Sea was reported not safe for British shipping. I was determined to get on somehow, and on interviewing the Vice-Consul at Kobe I heard that a Japanese steamer, the *Yawata Maru*, was leaving Kobe for Nagasaki and Shanghai that afternoon. On inquiry at the N.Y.K. Shipping Office I found the *Yawata Maru* was quite full up, and no more

passengers could be booked. After some talking, however, they agreed to let me travel by the ship, paying first-class fare and sleeping where I could!

The rumours in Kobe were very varied, and alarming if true. We heard that there had been a big naval disaster in the North Sea, and many other similar reports. We did not then know how much value to put on these palpably German-manufactured stories. The other British officers elected to wait and see if the *Oriental* would be allowed to sail, but I left on the *Yawata Maru* at 4 P.M., and we were soon steaming through the beautiful Inland Sea.

I found, to my amusement, that I was the only Britisher on board the steamer, all the passengers being Japanese, or Germans returning to China to mobilise at Tsingtau. I must say that the Germans, and a few others of Austrian or Hungarian birth, were most courteous to me, and I had no trouble throughout the voyage with any of them. We called at Moji and Nagasaki, and eventually arrived at Shanghai on the 12th August, after an uneventful trip, except that one day when in the middle of the Japan Sea we heard sounds of heavy firing, which continued for about an hour. What it was we never heard, and our Captain, being in charge of a merchant steamer, did not steam in that direction to find out!

On reporting to the British Consul at Shanghai and to

the Naval Agent, I was very disappointed to hear that Hong Kong did not require any more officers, as the Squadron had sailed, and it seemed as if I was going to have another delay in joining up. I was also told that, as I was working in British interests at Shanghai, helping to keep that important centre of British commerce open to shipping, I would be excused going to the War, but naturally this did not suit me at all.

As I had held an appointment in the Naval Reserve for seventeen years as midshipman, sub-lieutenant, and lieutenant, and had served in a number of Naval ships at various times, I was determined to get out to the Squadron somehow, and the Consul promised to send me on the first opportunity. Fortunately my chance soon came; two days later I was ordered to report myself at the Consulate, and there I was told of a way to join up with the British Squadron. Lying off Shanghai was a French yacht called the *Mékong*, a vessel of about 1000 tons, and capable of steaming about 15 knots. She belonged to the Duc de Montpensier, who had offered her to the Admiralty for use as a despatch vessel. She was magnificently fitted up, and was in every way suitable for the purpose. Up to this time it had not been decided whether to accept her for service or not, and she was off Shanghai awaiting orders.

The Consul now informed me that she was to be employed, and, as the Captain

was an American, he would like me to go in her as representing the Admiralty, and I would thus have a chance of seeing some service or of transferring to the British Squadron.

I joined her the next day, and shortly after we left Shanghai. The crew of the *Mékong* was mostly Chinese, and the night before we left the crew refused to sail, and we had to procure a new crowd in a hurry.

We left Shanghai during the dinner hour to avoid any trouble with the Customs: out East no work is done between 12 and 2 P.M., and after clearing Woosung at the mouth of the river, we anchored for the night outside the three-mile limit. Next day, the 19th August, as soon as we were clear of the Yangtse river, I changed into uniform, and we hoisted the white ensign, thus proclaiming to all we might meet that we were one of His Majesty's ships of war.

Nothing of interest occurred on the way to a certain rendezvous, and at 2 P.M. that day we arrived at a group of islands where we found H.M.S. *Triumph*, *Yarmouth*, a destroyer flotilla, and some colliers.

After anchoring I went on board the *Triumph* and reported myself to the Captain, who informed me that he required me in his ship as he was short of officers. On my return to the *Mékong* to fetch my gear, I saw the *Triumph* was already under way, and I naturally thought she was leaving without me, but it appeared

the Captain was in a hurry to leave the rendezvous and was closing the *Mékong* to save time. We bundled my kit into the yacht's dinghy and pulled towards the *Triumph*. In a few minutes we arrived

alongside, my boxes were hauled up the ship's side, I followed them, and, as I stepped on the quarter-deck, we proceeded "full speed" for an unknown destination.

II. H.M.S. TRIUMPH.

Before going on with my story, I must describe the *Triumph* and how she came to be in these waters. H.M.S. *Triumph* was a battleship of about 13,000 tons displacement at war draft, built with her sister the *Swiftsure* in 1903-4 for the Chilian Navy. When nearly completed, they were bought by the British Admiralty and became very useful ships, being armed with 4 10-inch, 14 7.5-inch, and 14 14-pounder guns.

One of the *Triumph's* predecessors was Admiral Blake's flagship when he defeated the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, and was a very famous ship in her day. Succeeding *Triumphs* have always had as the ship's crest, a masthead with a whip hoisted at the truck, in memory of that victory.

The present *Triumph* was sent to Hong Kong in 1913 to act as a depôt ship, and just before war broke out she had commenced a four-yearly refit; half her engines were in the dockyard, no stores or ammunition on board, and her crew consisted of four officers, twelve Chinese seamen, and thirty British stokers.

It had been arranged that in the event of war the *Triumph*

would be manned by the crews of all the gunboats on the West river and the Yangtse, which would of course have to be withdrawn from neutral waters. When the mobilisation telegram came, the *Triumph* must have seemed a hopeless proposition, and it is said that the German spies reported that she could not be got ready for sea under three months! But such is not the way of the British Navy.

The dockyard authorities got shore labour, pending the arrival of the gunboats' crews; assembled the engines and machinery, painted the ship grey in one night, coaled ship and completed her with stores and ammunition.

On the 5th August she was commissioned by Captain Maurice Fitzmaurice, R.N. (Senior British Naval Officer on the Yangtse Kiang), and manned by the gunboats' crews and by a certain number of R.N.R. ratings taken from merchant ships in the port. When this had been completed, she was still short of complement, so 100 volunteers were asked for from the British regiment at Hong Kong, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (D.C.L.I.). They

came with much enthusiasm, also two officers, Captain Ward and Lieutenant Marshall, and the next day, the

6th August, the *Triumph*, ready for sea, left Hong Kong and prepared to meet the enemy.

III. PATROLLING OFF TSINGTAU.

The time elapsing between the 6th and 19th August, on which date the writer joined the *Triumph*, was taken up with cruising about under orders from the Admiral commanding the China Squadron, and was spent training the somewhat mixed crew in the routine of the ship, and getting them accustomed to the class of gun that they were now shipmates with. The company of the D.C.L.I. were very willing, and soon picked up sufficient knowledge to make them useful units. I consider it was very sporting of these men in volunteering to serve on board a battleship, a kind of life none of them had ever experienced before. It is to be hoped that some recognition will be given to those of this gallant little company who survive the War.

After leaving the rendezvous on the 19th, we proceeded to patrol off Tsingtau, out of sight of land. We hoped to have the luck to capture some prizes, as several German merchant ships were reported to be still at large. At sunset every evening the ship was prepared for "Night Defence,"—guns were cleared away and run out, ammunition placed handy, guns' crews mustered, and the ship darkened. This consists of closing all scuttles,

dead lights, &c.; not a light is to be shown, the crew cannot smoke on deck, and the ship is only a dark blur on the sea. On a night with no moon, ships thus darkened could pass within 1000 yards and not see each other.

This closing down of everything, though of course absolutely necessary, made things rather uncomfortable below. Imagine August in the China Sea, with everything shut up,—the atmosphere of our Ward Room at dinner, and after, when officers were smoking, was indescribable. The fresh air of the quarter-deck, without the luxury of smoking, was vastly preferable. One morning we sighted a German merchant ship, and a French cruiser who was with us was sent to capture her and send a prize crew in her to Hong Kong. The usual method when capturing prizes is to force the crew to work her under a prize crew to the nearest port, or, if they refuse, take them off and sink the ship. This prize duly arrived at Hong Kong, and was eventually declared a fair prize by the Court.

The following night we captured another in rather a curious manner. It was a calm night and very dark, and one could not see very far. It was my first watch, and just after

midnight, before I was relieved, a long dark line was observed lying at right angles to our course, and right ahead. The importance of acting quickly in such an emergency will be recognised, as an enemy destroyer could approach in the dark and discharge a torpedo before one had time to open fire on her.

We immediately altered our course, switched on searchlights, and fired one round. When the searchlight shone on her, it was seen she was a German merchant ship of the Hamburg-American line. We put an officer and small prize crew on board, and she was sent to Wei Hai Wei. This ship turned out to be a valuable one, so we were rather pleased with our luck.

On the following day we took as a prize another steamer, which was caught by a *ruse de guerre*. There was a suspicious steamer cruising up and down the coast, apparently with no cargo on board, and probably getting information as to the whereabouts of the British ships. We sighted her broad on the port bow, and our Captain hoisted the German Naval ensign to entice her. She immediately altered course, and steered straight for us! When she was close, we hoisted our own ensign and took her as a prize, and sent her to Wei Hai Wei. In the subsequent Prize Court proceedings a number of complications arose, and she was eventually released, but no doubt exists in our mind as

to her business in those waters, and on which side her sympathies were.

By this time we were quite jubilant over our prize-catching, and discussed how we each would spend our share of the prize-money after the War. Great was our disappointment, on arriving at Wei Hai Wei a few days later, to read in the newspaper that the old system of awarding prize-money had been abolished by special Act of Parliament, but that there would be a general distribution after the War. However, we quite realised that this is much the fairest way of distributing prize-money, as some ships detailed for certain work may have all the luck in securing prizes, whilst others, who are just as deserving of reward, happen to be on duty that does not bring them into the prize-capturing area.

On the night of the 22nd our destroyers, whilst reconnoitring, got in very close to the entrance of Tsingtau, and the *Kennet* sighted and chased the German destroyer *S. 90*. She was a long way off, so the *Kennet's* fire did not do much damage. The *S. 90* lured the *Kennet* into range of the shore batteries, who opened fire, and put six shots into her, killing three men and injuring six more—two of whom eventually died at Wei Hai Wei.

The dead men were buried at sea, all ships lowering their flags half-mast and engines stopped during the burial service.

IV. JOINING UP WITH THE JAPANESE FLEET.

The 23rd August was the time limit of Japan's ultimatum to Germany, and on that day the Japanese fleet commenced a blockade of the port of Tsingtau. When the Japanese took charge the *Triumph* proceeded to Wei Hai Wei.

The time there was spent in carrying out battle practices, night attacks by our destroyers, and many other evolutions—all tending to make the ship's company more efficient. Here we parted company with our detachment of D.C.L.I., as, their regiment being ordered westwards, they had to return to Hong Kong. We said good-bye to them with real regret, and the hearty cheers of the *Triumph's* crew when the detachment left must have been an encouragement to them in their next enterprise.

Whilst at Wei Hai Wei, we hoped we would receive orders to join up with the Japanese Fleet off Tsingtau. Days went by, and still no news of what was happening there; but at last, on the 10th September, we were ordered to proceed to Tsingtau Bay and join the flag of Vice-Admiral Sadakichi Kato. We at once coaled ship and prepared for sea.

Next day we left Wei Hai Wei. On the following morning we arrived off Cha-lien-Tao, an island about thirty miles east of Tsingtau, where we

found certain units of the Japanese Fleet.

After the usual compliments and visits had been paid, we received our orders through the British Naval Attaché at Tokyo—Captain the Hon. Hubert Brand, M.V.O., R.N., who was on the Japanese Commander-in-Chief's staff.

That night we patrolled on a certain line, with the ship darkened and the guns manned. During the night our Sergeant of Marines was reported missing. We turned the ship round and steamed back on the patrol line, but could not find him. The fact that it was impossible to show a light rendered the chance of our search being successful very remote. One of the first things that was done was to devise some kind of anti-aircraft gun, which might prove very necessary in the days to come. The Gunnery officer (Lient. - Commander George Gipps, R.N.), mounted a 6-pounder gun on a pedestal-mounting, and had it clamped on the corner of the armoured turret aft, and it made a most successful fitting. Although we never had occasion at Tsingtau to use this gun, it proved to be a very good weapon, and it certainly added to the warlike appearance of the quarter-deck. We also fixed aerial maxims on the forecastle and the quarter-deck.

V. PREPARATIONS.

On the 18th September we received orders to proceed to Taku to convoy a battalion of South Wales Borderers who were coming from Tientsin. We arrived at Taku Bar the next day, and the British destroyer *Usk* (Lieut.-Commander W. G. C. Maxwell, R.N.) went up the river to Tientsin to inform them we were ready. It was very bad weather at the time, and on Taku Bar, being shallow, a nasty sea gets up. So much so that we nearly lost our picket boat when it was hooking on to be hoisted in-board. (This boat weighs 17 tons, so that it is not easy to hook on and hoist in when there is a heavy sea.)

The three transports, *Sha Shing*, *Shuntein*, *Kwangping*, came down the river that afternoon, and we all left Taku for Wei Hai Wei. Arriving off Cha-lien-Tao on the 21st we proceeded to Laoshan Bay to disembark the troops.

We were piloted through the mine-swept channel by a Japanese destroyer.

The first part of the Japanese Army had landed at Lung Kow, on the north side of Shantung Promontory, and had a march of 150 miles over very rough country. Their difficulties were enhanced by the heavy rains which lasted for about nine days. The remainder of the army was landed at Laoshan Bay, and when we arrived at our anchorage there, a wonderful sight

met our eyes, the bay being full of ships of every kind— transports, supply and store ships, colliers, lighters, small steamboats, and tugs.

The next day we disembarked the Borderers, and soon had the regiment and their equipment on the beach. Their mules took longer, and we had some fun with them. They were slung over the ship's side by a crane and placed into horse-lighters, and there towed towards the beach. When the lighter was as close to the shore as possible the mules were made to jump out of the boat into the shallow water and so get ashore. They didn't like it much, but all landed safely.

The Japanese selected Laoshan Bay as an advanced base, there being plenty of water for large vessels to anchor, and a nice sandy beach for landing stores and ammunition. And what a sight that beach was, with stores, ammunition, field-guns, carriages and railway material, and two piers being erected on which to land the heavy guns. The Japanese constructed a light railway round the hills to their advanced positions, levelling the ground and laying down three to four miles of rails a day. Thousands of coolies worked on the beach, landing stores and railway iron, and at the back of the beach there was a camp of more than 2000 ponies for the transport waggons. These ponies were a great improve-

ment on those that were used during the Russian-Japanese War, and an officer told me they had been improving the breed for some years with very satisfactory results. A certain number of Chinese, with their donkeys, were employed carrying up forage and other small gear. What interested me most was the building of the piers, and it was an education to see how easily and quickly they did it. They had no steam-hammers to drive the piles, which were forced into the ground in (to us) a novel and practical manner. Bamboo cage scaffolding was placed over a pile that required to be driven in. Fitting into a hole on the top of the pile was a long steel bar which was kept straight by two men at the top of the bamboo structure. Working on this steel bar was

an iron weight which was hauled to the top of the bar by a single whip, the hauling part of which ended in a number of tails which were manned by Japanese workmen. At the order they pulled down on the whip until the weight was at the top of the steel bar, and there let go with a jerk. This may seem a laborious proceeding, but it was wonderful how quickly it was done and the whole pier completed.

Outside the Beach Transport Officers' headquarters, the British and Japanese flags were stuck in the ground to signify the co-operation of the Allies in the landing.

During this period the Japanese destroyers and mine-sweepers were busily engaged sweeping for mines in certain areas from which it was intended the ships should bombard.

VI. PRELIMINARY ATTACKS.

On the 28th September a small attack took place, with the object of capturing Lao-shan Harbour, whence there was a good military road up to Tsingtau. H.M. destroyer *Usk* and a small Japanese ship *Sawa* were detailed to attack the small fort at the entrance to the harbour, in order to cover the landing of the Naval Brigade. At the same time the flagship *Suo*, with the *Tango*, *Iwami*, and *Triumph*, were to bombard Iltis Fort at 12,000 yards to divert their attention and to draw their fire. This was done, the battleships proceeding in single line

ahead, the leading ship firing a number of rounds, and thus altering course outward, the following ships taking up the firing in succession. The forts replied, and several projectiles went over and close to the flagship, and one or two came near the *Triumph*.

A ship against a fort is always an unequal contest. A gun on shore has every advantage, and generally speaking, given not too much wind, should find its target every time. Being stationary, the gun is quite steady and gunners know the exact range of every point in their arc of

bearing. Some damage, however, was done by the fire from the ships, and the main object of our bombardment was achieved, the small fort being taken, the guns captured, and the Naval Brigade safely landed. One of these guns taken that day was afterwards presented to the *Triumph* by Vice-Admiral Tochinai, who sent a very nice letter, saying he hoped we would accept it as a memorial of the first combined action of the *Triumph* and *Usk* with their Allies of the Japanese Squadron. This gun was placed on our half-deck, and was very much valued by us.

On returning to Laoshan Bay we heard that an envoy from Tokyo had arrived with a greeting to the Allied ships from H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan. This officer came on board the *Triumph* and was received by a guard of honour of Royal Marines, and in the Captain's cabin read the letter of greeting, to which Captain Fitzmaurice suitably replied. After the envoy left, he sent us a present from the Emperor of 5000 Japanese cigarettes and 12 dozen bottles of saki. The cigarettes were most welcome, but we did not make much headway with the saki, not being used to it!

Whenever it was possible, I went ashore at Laoshan Bay and watched the many objects of interest on the beach. The teams of horses leaving for the front were usually six to eight horses to a gun-limber, as the going was bad. The Japanese constructed a road as well as

the railway, and all day long troops, field-guns, store-waggons, and ammunition poured along that road on their way to the front. The sand on the beach, and about 1500 yards back, being very soft, it was difficult to get a start on the horse teams, so that it was necessary for the men to move the wheels of the waggons, while others urged the horses. Most of these horses were very lively and high-spirited, and preferred to dance a cake-walk on the sand rather than exert themselves in the proper manner.

Having heard that further bombardment was unnecessary at present, as the land forces had advanced nearly to the foot of Iltis Hill, we proceeded to Wei Hai Wei to coal and take in ammunition, returning to Tsingtau on the 3rd October, and continued to patrol as usual. During our absence the seaplane-carrying ship had struck a small mine and had to be beached at Laoshan Harbour. She was very fortunate not to have sunk in deep water.

On the afternoon of our return the German observation balloon was observed to be up, and the Japanese gunners on shore were trying to bring it down with shrapnel, but without success.

One of the Japanese seaplanes made a successful flight over Tsingtau, and reported three gunboats, the *Iltis*, *Jaguar*, *Luchs*, were missing, and it was concluded that they had been sunk in the harbour (which afterwards proved to be

correct). They reported the Austrian cruiser *Kaiserin Elizabeth* and the German destroyer *S. 90* were in harbour.

It appears that the enemy landed some of the guns from the *Kaiserin Elizabeth*, whilst a certain number were retained on board, and these latter were a great annoyance to the advancing Japanese, as they fired over Iltis Hill, probably with half charges of cordite to produce a howitzer-like effect.

On the 6th October the flagship *Suo* and *Triumph* again bombarded Iltis Fort, but we could not reach up the hill at the range, so discontinued after a few rounds. That afternoon at evening quarters (4 P.M.) it was seen that the German observation balloon had broken adrift, and it came sailing over the ships at a great height. We could not see if there were any men in the car, but it passed out of our sight heading towards Korea!

On the 12th a combined wireless signal was made from General Kamio and Admiral Kato to the Governor of

Tsingtau (Herr Meyer Waldeck) which is interesting:—

“At this moment of your gallant defence of Tsingtau, we, the undersigned, have the honour to convey to you the most humane and generous intention of H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan, who desires to save those non-combatants of the belligerent parties and members of neutral States now at Tsingtau, who wish to avoid the loss and injury they might sustain as the result of our siege operations.”

Then followed directions when a messenger could be sent and arrangements made for the non-combatants to leave the place.

At this time the Japanese forces were advancing slowly, using their field-guns, as the big siege-guns and howitzers had not yet arrived at the front. These guns had to be hauled along the railway line by many coolies, as the railroad had too steep gradients for a steam locomotive.

VII. AN EVENTFUL DAY.

The 14th October was an eventful day for the *Triumph*. At 8 A.M. we proceeded into action together with the flagship *Suo* and the *Tango*. The *Suo* opened fire on Fort A. and the *Tango* and *Triumph* engaged Iltis Fort. We used our 10-inch turret guns and starboard 7.50-inch. All ships did good shooting, and one fort was destroyed. At 10.20 A.M.

a 9.2 shell from Fort A struck our main mast just above the top, which made a hole right through the mast and did much damage, carrying away rigging and shrouds, whilst red-hot pieces of shell pierced boats, wireless room, funnel, quarter-deck after-turret, and pieces were even picked up on the fore bridge.

In the maintop at the time

was the Assistant Paymaster, who was spotting the fall of our shell as a check for the Gunnery Officer. The Sergeant-Major of Marines was also there to assist him and to work the spare range-finder, and a Leading Seaman was stationed by the voice pipe that communicated with the fore control position. The Leading Seaman was killed instantaneously, as he received the full blast of the explosion, and the remains were lowered down in a hammock stretcher. The Assistant Paymaster and the Sergeant-Major were severely wounded, the former having his right foot crushed (which was eventually amputated) and the latter receiving severe injury to his left shoulder. These two men were extraordinarily fortunate to be within a few feet of a large shell bursting, unprotected by any armour, and to come out of it alive.

On receiving this injury we altered course and drew out of range, in order to secure the mast, which appeared to be in imminent danger of falling. The wonderful thing was that the topmast did not come down, as there remained only a very thin portion of mast, which, however, held until we were able to place some support struts. We returned to Laoshan Bay and anchored.

There was no British hospital ship at Laoshan Bay at the time, so the wounded were transferred to the Japanese hospital ship *Yawata Maru*, which was the same ship in which I had travelled from

Kobe to Shanghai two months before. The Japanese very kindly offered us the use of their ship, and these two men were conveyed to Sasebo, a Naval Base in Japan, near Nagasaki, where they received every attention. The Assistant Paymaster very nearly died the same afternoon from shock, but our Staff Surgeon managed to pull him round; and when, weeks later, he recovered his health, he was presented with an artificial foot by H.I.M. the Empress of Japan.

We received a signal of sympathy from Vice-Admiral Kato, and the following day he personally visited the wounded men on the hospital ship—an act of courtesy which was very much appreciated by them and also by us.

Vice-Admiral Kato also sent a present of money for the relatives of the Leading Seaman who was killed. The latter had no relations living, so this kindly present and the wages due to him were sent to the girl to whom he was engaged, with a letter to say he died gallantly in battle.

At 5 P.M. that day the *Triumph's* ship's company fell in on the quarter-deck, and stood to "attention" with uncovered heads while the body of Leading Seaman Swords, sewn in a hammock, was carried by six of his mess-mates, covered by the Union Jack, and placed in a cutter alongside for transference to the destroyer *Usk*.

Shortly after, the *Usk* left for Wei Hai Wei with the body,

which was on arrival interred with full naval honours. It was a most impressive sight seeing the little *Usk* steaming slowly with flag half-mast through the lines of battleships, every ship's company falling in and standing to attention as she passed, conveying the British dead to his last home. Such was the respect shown to us and him by our gallant Allies the Japanese.

This is, of course, a mere incident in a war where so

many thousands are losing their lives, but we felt it, being our first casualty.

A number of Japanese workmen came on board and commenced repairing the main mast, which work was continued as opportunity offered. They made a remarkably neat job of it, and when finally leaving the ship on completion of the work, each workman was presented with a *Triumph* hat ribbon and a photograph of the damaged mast under repair.

VIII. A DESTROYER ATTACK.

Although the real attack by siege-guns had not yet commenced, the fate of Tsingtau was already sealed. The Japanese troops, numbering roughly 40,000, were well advanced and the success of the operations was assured. It was therefore considered quite likely that the German Destroyer *S. 90* would make an attempt to break out and get through the blockade and run for a neutral port. However close a blockade is kept, it is possible on a dark night for a small ship to steal out and break through, especially as when, in our case, the blockading ships could not approach very close on account of the mines.

And so it proved, for one morning, the 18th, the following signal was received from Flagship: "*Takachio* sunk at 1 A.M., only one petty officer and two men saved. It is not known for certain whether by floating mine, destroyer attack, or by explosion of her own mines."

This ship *Takachio* was a small cruiser of about 3500 tons and fitted as a mine-layer. She was full of mines, which accounted for nearly every one being killed. At 8 P.M. it was definitely decided that *S. 90* had escaped and that the *Takachio* had been torpedoed by her. Destroyers were ordered to search the coast both north and south. Our destroyer the *Usk* was away convoying the 36th Sikhs from Tientsin, and she was ordered to detain the Transports at Wei Hai Wei until some news had been heard of the whereabouts of *S. 90*. The previous night had been very dark and squally, so it was thought she might have got clean away. However, all ships provided with them got out their torpedo nets at sunset, and guns' crews watched by their guns all night.

Two days later *S. 90* was found grounded and badly damaged near Tower Point (30' S.W. of Tone Bay), and

abandoned by her crew. It transpired afterwards that *S. 90* was so close to the *Takachio* when she torpedoed her that she herself suffered from the explosion, and after running about eighty miles they were compelled to beach her. The crew were interned in a Chinese village, and were afterwards sent to Nanking.

On board *S. 90* the Japanese discovered a chart showing where the mine-fields were, which proved most useful to the mine-sweepers.

All this time almost daily bombardments were carried out by the ships, the spotting being done by a wireless signalling party on Prinz Heindrich Hill. It was wonderful how quickly the spotting correction was received. About 30 to 40 seconds after the fall of our shot our wireless received the correction from the Hill, and thus very good shooting was carried out.

On the 22nd the transport *Kwangping* arrived with the

36th Sikhs escorted by the *Usk*. We landed them in the *Triumph's* boats. These were splendid-looking men, tall, and most of them full-bearded. It was curious to see the British officers wearing turbans like the men, to make them less conspicuous.

The next day two of our officers went for a trip with two Japanese officers to the firing line on shore, and had a very interesting time. They saw the seaplanes working and got to within 1500 yards of the German trenches, entanglements protecting which were live wires (*i.e.*, charged with electricity). The Japanese had men with rubber clothes and gloves ready to cut the wires, but it would have been a difficult job, as the trenches were immediately behind, and they would have been shot down at close range. Major Knox of the 36th Sikhs went out two nights in succession and cut some of the wires, which was a very brave and gallant action.

IX. THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT ATTACK.

The 29th October saw more activity both at sea and on shore. The land forces were steadily advancing, capturing trenches, &c., but no real attack was made yet, as the Japanese wanted to save their men until a proper support of heavy artillery could be assured; the continued rain delayed the completion of the concrete foundations for the heavy gun mountings.

On this day the flagship *Suo*, together with the *Tango*, *Okinoshima*, and *Triumph*, bombarded the shore positions. We came into action at 1 P.M., and our 10-inch turret guns engaged Iltis Fort at 16,800 yards, and our 7.5 guns the German trenches at 14,500 yards.

To achieve this long range we listed the ship 6 degrees to starboard, so as to obtain

extra elevation on the port guns and turrets, the range strips being worked out and corrected by the gunnery officer. This listing the ship to obtain a longer range and a higher flight was carried out, I believe, by the Japanese when firing into Port Arthur harbour.

Our spotting was again done from Prinz Heindrich Hill with excellent results. We fired salvos (7 guns) from 7.5-inch guns with good effect, and the result of our 10-inch firing was afterwards signalled to us from the flagship: "Result of your firing, 6 hits—4 on high and 2 on lower fort; shells exploding with great effect. C-in-C. states his appreciation of your good shooting."

On the following day ships bombarded in the following order, *Suo*, *Iwami*, *Triumph*, *Okinoshima*. We fired 77 rounds from 7.5 guns at about 15,000 yards, the ship having then $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees list to starboard. That evening we heard from the Admiral, "*Triumph's* firing very good." Dense black smoke was observed, probably explosion of magazine behind trenches, and later came the signal: "Results of bombardment so far, many buildings near Commercial harbour on fire and oil-tanks as well."

To appreciate the difficulties of our bombardment you must realise the immense distance for our guns at which we were firing. It was not considered wise to approach any nearer, as then we would be in range of the forts, and an action

between a ship and a fort is always an unequal one, especially when the shore batteries are nearly invisible. The gun positions in Iltis, Bismarck, and Fort A were concealed, and quite impossible to be seen at any distance. The only time we got any idea of their exact position was when we saw the flash of their guns.

On the morning of the 31st, the birthday of H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan, the real attack on the fortress of Tsingtau commenced. The siege-guns were all in position and ready to belch forth their thunder and destruction, and there were about 120 guns and howitzers, with calibres of from 8 to 11 inch.

These 11-inch howitzers were weird-looking weapons when we saw them landed at Lao-shan Bay. Without their breech-blocks and plugged both ends, they looked like huge ginger-beer bottles, and were christened by us the G.B.Bs.

It has been said that the Japanese took a very long time over the Tsingtau campaign, but the fact was they meant the real work to be done by the siege-guns, and did not wish to lose any men unnecessarily. They knew the capture of Tsingtau was certain, and I think they were very wise in not taking the fortress with a number of frontal attacks, as they would have lost a large number of men with no more gained than what the heavy guns obtained for them later.

All this day and during the night the siege-guns kept up

a continuous fire on Iltis Hill and the German trenches, while the ships opened fire on various positions on shore. Before this, Bismarck and Moltke batteries had been knocked out by the field artillery.

The attack continued day and night without abatement; during the day the ships bombarded, and by night they patrolled and kept the blockade. At night-time, when patrolling off Tsingtau Bay, it was a fine sight to see the continual flashes of guns on both sides.

On the 2nd Nov. the situation was described thus: "Situation on shore considered satisfactory. To-night the Army will advance," then followed certain orders for the line to advance on.

On the 3rd we heard: "The *Kaiserin Elizabeth* blown up and sunk off Chi-po-san. Naval yard burning"; and in the evening, "Floating dock heeled over and sunk; big crane also fallen."

The weather all this time was very bad, rough seas, making firing from the ships difficult, and pouring rain. The South Wales Borderers were having a bad time of it, being up to their waists in water in the trenches.

All through the 5th and 6th furious bombardment from the siege-guns continued, and the Germans were replying vigorously. Signals came through—such as, "Many houses are burning in Tsingtau, and the Power Station is wrecked." The ships' part of the proceedings was practically over, as the troops had advanced to positions that would render it dangerous to fire at for fear of hitting our own people. At noon, on the 6th, we heard "Yunisan Fort was destroyed last night by the Germans, and the Strand Hotel burnt this morning."

It seemed as if the last phase was now commencing, and that in a few hours the German garrison would have to surrender.

X. THE SURRENDER OF TSINGTAU.

The 7th of November was the fateful day for Tsingtau. At 7 A.M. we received the signal, "Our army reached the outer trenches last night"; 7.35 A.M., "Enemy surrendered"; 9.40 A.M., "Fort A, Bismarck have been blown up and gunboat *Iltis* sunk. Forts Iltis, Bismarck, Moltke, occupied by Allied troops." It appears that at 5 A.M. the general assault began, and

the troops stormed and took the trenches, without a very determined resistance, and then advanced to the forts. The Germans kept up a lively fire when they crossed the open country; but when the forts were rushed they met with no resistance, and the white flag was hoisted as soon as they arrived at the foot of the redoubts. Some of the forts were blown up

by the Germans before surrendering—I mean the guns were burst with a charge, and thus rendered useless. The Japanese at once made a cordon of troops round the town, and no one was allowed inside. We sent a congratulatory signal to the flagship, and received the following reply: “C-in-C. conveys his thanks to you for your kind message. In the successful operations he has been much assisted by the good work of *Triumph* and *Usk*.”

The following signals were also exchanged between the two British Naval units:—

Usk to *Triumph*: “*Usk* wishes to congratulate *Triumph* on the part she has taken in the removal of the ‘brightest jewel in the Kaiser’s crown’!”

Reply, *Triumph* to *Usk*: “Many thanks for kind message. We have always found *Usk* ready to do anything we could not do ourselves.”

The Japanese at once commenced to sweep the channel clear of mines, and we hoped that we would go inside the harbour and take part in the official entry; but the sweeping took longer than was expected, and one torpedo-boat was lost over the operation, so the Japanese and British Navies were not represented on the occasion.

Captain Fitzmaurice went on board the flagship and received congratulatory telegrams from the Emperor, Empress, and Crown Prince of Japan, and from many municipal bodies in Japan.

The 10th November was the day of the official entry into Tsingtau, the formal surrender having been at 4 P.M. on the 7th, when the representatives of the German and Japanese forces met and discussed the terms of surrender. The Germans wanted to march out with arms, colours flying, &c.; but of course this was absurd, and an unconditional surrender was insisted on, men to lay down their arms, but officers to retain their swords—this latter being a courteous concession on the part of the Japanese.

The Japanese captured 2500 Germans in the forts, and many civilians were found in the town. All prisoners were taken to Japan to be interned.

The losses of the Germans were about 1000, and the Japanese just over 2000. The former were largely due to their coming under fire when they were escaping from the redoubts, and the Japanese heavier casualties were due to their gallantry in exposing themselves. The South Wales Borderers had 10 killed and 43 wounded, and the 36th Sikhs 3 killed and 7 wounded.

It appears the Japanese artillery was excellent, and covered the advance of the infantry in a most efficient manner. The German shells did very little damage, and very few men were actually killed by shell fire.

On the morning of the 12th, the Ward Room officers of *Triumph* and *Usk* went on board the Japanese flagship to meet the officers of the Japan-

ese Squadron. We had a very pleasant time there, an excellent Naval band providing music, and afterwards we were all photographed together, of which photograph we have not yet received a copy!

The following telegram was sent from the late Governor of Tsingtau to the Kaiser:—

“Fortress has capitulated after exhaustion of means of defence through assault, and by means of defence having been demolished, forts and town beforehand thoroughly harassed by continuous bombardment lasting 9 days, by land from heaviest weapons (up to 28 cm. high angle fire), assisted by heavy bombardment from sea, strength of our artillery fire at the last completely broken. Losses not yet clearly ascertained. However, in spite of the heaviest and most obstinate continued fire, they are for a wonder

much smaller than was to be expected.”

Herr Meyer Waldeck was rewarded with an “Iron Cross,” as a mark of appreciation from the Kaiser.

And now the time had come to leave our Japanese friends, and we said good-bye to them with real regret. Throughout the campaign our mutual relations had been most cordial and friendly, and we hoped we would meet them again in the future. We asked permission to present a piece of plate to the flagship *Suo* to commemorate the occasion we served under the Japanese flag.

At 3 P.M. on the 15th we weighed anchor, and after firing a salute of 21 guns to the Japanese flag we steamed round the Fleet, all hands cheering ship as we passed each unit, which the Japanese heartily returned. We then proceeded full speed for Hong Kong to refit for our next scene of operations.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN NEPAL.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. SHOWERS, C.S.I., C.I.E.

IT fell to my good fortune in the spring of 1912 to be selected by H.E. the Viceroy for the officiating charge of the Nepal Residency. Nepal, the home of the brave little Gurkhas—who during the present war have rendered such loyal and gallant service to the Empire—with its mass of mighty Himalayan peaks, is so little known and is enveloped in so dense a cloud of obscurity and mystery, that a visit to the country gives all the sensations of embarking on a new and romantic adventure. That the country lies outside the limits of British India, and that it marches for 500 miles with the still more mysterious Tibet, are only additional fascinations.

Any one who is so fortunate as to obtain permission to visit Nepal—and it is not by any means all who knock at the door that gain admission—will find himself supplied with full information and given facilities that will remove all the difficulties, if not all the inconveniences, such as dust and mosquitos, of the journey. The first fifteen miles passes through open cultivated country, with, at four miles from Raxaul, the Darbar's frontier town of Birgunj, which is the headquarters of the local Governor, and past which no traveller without the authority or concurrence of the Darbar may proceed. Next comes the far-famed Nepal

Terai, a belt of dense, primeval forest some twenty miles wide—the home of the wild elephant and the rhino, and of tigers, panthers, and deer of various sorts innumerable. The road in this section passes through a range of low hills at Churia, thirty-one miles out, and it was here and in the neighbourhood that much of the stiff fighting that preceded the termination of the Nepal War occurred. The last few miles into Bhimphedi lie among hills of medium height and of no particular interest. This is a busy and important place, as it is here that the real hills first appear, and where, in consequence, a change in the form of transport must be made. In the onward section of twenty-five miles there are two formidable mountain barriers to be surmounted—viz., the Sisagarhi and the Chandragiri ranges. The ascent and corresponding descent in each case is between 2000 and 3000 feet, the road for the most part being very steep and very stony and rough. Along the whole route from Raxaul there are three partly furnished rest-houses—viz., at Biohiakoh, twenty-five miles; Churia, thirty-one miles; and Sisagarhi, fifty-one miles. No food for European travellers is obtainable anywhere without pre-arrangement.

From the top of the Chan-

dragiri Pass we obtained our first glimpse of Nepal, and captivating indeed the prospect was. Far below us lay the wide open valley, looking in its springtime garb of green, and with its encircling chain of forest-covered hills, wonderfully like the Vale of Kashmir as seen from the surrounding heights. Beyond the hills, again, towering, snow-clad peaks stood out at various points as if they were sentinels guarding the Forbidden Lands we were approaching.

At the foot of the last descent lies the village of Thánkot, whence a good driving road leads to the capital, seven miles distant. We were met here by an officer of the Nepal Government, with kind messages of welcome to the State from His Excellency the Prime Minister. The latter had also sent for our use a couple of up-to-date, well-horsed landaus, and we were surprised to see such equipages in this mountain region. But many similar surprises were in store for us, for the ruling family and the nobles are much interested in Western products, and most things worth having in the London and Paris shops find their way into Nepal. It is also astonishing how articles of great weight and bulk, as motor-cars, steam-rollers, billiard-tables, &c., can ever be carried over a road so terribly difficult in parts.

However, thanks to the Darbar's courtesy, the conclusion of our long, hot, and rather comfortless journey from Bombay was performed in luxury. A short distance outside the

capital we were received by a Guard of Honour of the State troops, and the customary salute of guns for an in-coming Resident—as the representative of the Government of India is styled—was fired. At the Residency, which lies about a mile beyond the city, a second Guard of Honour, furnished by the Nepal Escort, was in attendance.

It should be mentioned before proceeding further that the real ruler of the country is the Prime Minister, His Excellency Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., D.C.L. The titular head of the Government is His Highness the Maharajadhiraj, but though he lives in great state, and is treated with every mark of respect and even reverence, he exercises no power and has no political influence. After a revolution in 1846, the then Prime Minister, the great Sir Jung Bahadur, remodelled the constitution, and made the office of Prime Minister hereditary in his own family, with full executive authority. A peculiar feature of the succession roll is that the office passes, so far as possible, from brother to brother rather than from father to son.

The Himalayan country of Nepal runs throughout its length with British India on one side and Tibet on the other. Darjeeling stands at the S.-E. end, and Naini Tal at the N.-W. extremity. The length is 520 miles, the breadth from 90 to 140, with an approximate area of 50,000 square miles. The population is put

at 500,000, the revenue at Rs. 15,000,000 (£1,000,000), and the strength of the standing army at 50,000.

The valley of Nepal, which is the valley in which Katmandu the capital lies, is about twenty miles in length from east to west, by fifteen miles wide from north to south. The elevation is about 4500 feet above sea-level, and it is surrounded by an almost unbroken chain of hills from 6000 to 9000 feet high. Several streams take their rise in these hills, and eventually uniting leave the valley by a single exit at the south-eastern corner. This is the only break in the chain, and it is a curious fact that no stream enters the valley from outside. Rivers of considerable size which go to feed the Ganges flow through the valleys adjoining the main valley, but they pass to one side or the other and leave Nepal to its own resources. However, there is no lack of water, as evidenced by the fact that the whole valley is richly cultivated, and that rice is the principal crop. The population of the valley is said to be as much as 250,000, which gives the high average of over 800 to the square mile. The inhabitants are mostly Newars, who were in possession at the time of the Gurkha conquest in the eighteenth century, and who thereafter fell into, and have since occupied, a position of complete subordination to the Gurkhas. The latter, who derive their origin from Sesodia Rajputs of Udaipur, retain all the higher adminis-

trative posts in their own hands, and the army especially is closed to all but Gurkhas, and the best fighting castes among them at that.

Katmandu is a large town of irregular shape, and with narrow and ill-paved but picturesque streets. It lies in an angle between the Vishnumati and Bagmati rivers. There are numerous temples, some of the more ancient of which possess much artistic merit; but otherwise, except for some good bits of wood-carving, the buildings in Katmandu and the other towns and villages in the valley can hardly lay claim to possessing any particular architectural beauty. In making these remarks an exception in favour of some of the handsome palaces and mansions that have been erected by the ruling family should be recorded. Great care and cost are being lavished on the construction of these buildings, and this it may be expected is the beginning for Nepal of a new era of art in architecture. Whatever the technical shortcomings of the majority of the buildings, the people in both towns and country are well-housed, and nothing in the shape of a mean, tumble-down tenement is ever met with. Nothing could be prettier or give a better idea of prosperity and comfort than the well-built and well-kept cottages, with their thatch roofs and red-coloured walls, that lie thickly dotted about the valley. A peculiarity that may be noted is that the Gurkhas for the most part live in isolated abodes,

while the Newars prefer grouping their houses together.

The most attractive part of Katmandu lies outside the town. Stretching along its eastern side is the beautiful Tudikhel, an open grass-covered space over a thousand yards long and rather less than half that in width. Here the headquarter regiments of the Nepalese army are continually at work, and nothing could be more pleasant than a morning ride to the parade-ground to watch the gay and busy scene of the various units carrying out every variety of military training. The views of the "snows" often obtained from this part of the valley are very fine, some of the peaks being fairly close, and others far away to the eastward, the mighty Mount Everest among them. To the east of the Tudikhel lies the Singha Darbar, which is the name given to the handsome palace of the Prime Minister, while more or less in the same direction there are the Palace of the Maharajadhiraj and the mansions of several of the nobles. Each stands in its own extensive grounds, and these again are usually surrounded by high brick walls.

There are two other principal towns in the valley—viz., Patan, three miles to the south of Katmandu, and Bhatgaon, nine miles to the east of it. Before the advent of the Gurkhas each of the three towns formed the capital of a separate kingdom. In both Patan and Bhatgaon there are some beautiful old temples.

From the northern end of the Tudikhel it is about a mile to the Residency, the road running between some of the high enclosure walls referred to above. The effect is somewhat depressing, and one is reminded of the blank walls through which some of the canals in Venice pass.

The Residency is a beautiful spot, the most beautiful perhaps in the whole valley. The locality, which extends to some thirty acres, was assigned by the Nepal Government when the Residency was first established a hundred or more years ago. A special feature is the large number of gigantic pine-trees with which the site is studded. These pines are not at all common in the valley, and the Residency is fortunate in their possession. The various buildings which go to make up the Residency are: (1) the Residency house, standing in park-like grounds and possessing well-kept lawns, flower and vegetable gardens, and many fruit trees. Roses grow with great luxuriance and remain in bloom practically all the year round. Fruit, too, does wonderfully well, and we had no lack of apples, pears, peaches, plums, oranges, strawberries, and last, but not least, the delicious persimmon, which was imported into Nepal from Japan by the present Prime Minister. (2) The house of the Residency surgeon, with hospital adjoining. (3) The houses of the two European clerks. (4) The Residency office building. (5) The Post Office; and, lastly,

the barracks of the Resident's Escort. Among the Escort buildings is the Quarter-guard, where the arms are kept, and in a room of which the Treasury is located. There is also a parade-ground for the Escort, about 200 yards by 100, which adjoins the barracks.

The Residency house, which is approached by a long sweeping carriage drive from the main gate on the south, or the side facing the city, is a gabled two-storied building constructed of brick and wood, and very English and picturesque in appearance. There are two towers, on one of which flies the British flag. The accommodation consists of ten principal rooms, including a billiard-room—the latter a great stand-by in so quiet a place.

The Resident's duties are of a twofold nature—firstly, in connection with affairs between the Government of India and the Nepal Government; secondly, in the administration of the Residency *enclave*, which is entirely under his control. Under the first item, in view of the facts that Nepal territory runs with no fewer than fourteen districts of British India, that trade to the extent of some £3,000,000 sterling passes annually between the two countries, and that some twenty-five Gurkha corps in India and Burma recruit in Nepal, the number of subjects for settlement is necessarily considerable. The Prime Minister himself deals with all Residency questions, either by

correspondence or through the medium of one of his officials, styled the Orderly Officer, who resides near the Residency, and is in constant touch with and of great assistance to the Resident. Questions of more than usual importance or difficulty are often discussed in a personal interview with His Excellency. With a ruler so cordially disposed towards the British Government, and one so broad-minded and enlightened as Sir Chandra Shumshere, the conduct of business with the Darbar presents few difficulties, and the work of the Residency is made as light as possible. Under the second item, the Resident's chief duty is in connection with the Escort, a unit of two native officers and eighty-four rank and file, under the general control of the Government of India in the Foreign Department, and of which the Resident is *ex officio* Commandant. The corps, at one time much larger than now, was raised in 1816 from the *élite* of Sir David Ochterlony's army, and the endeavour has been always to maintain it in a high state of efficiency. The men are recruited from Rajput and Brahmin castes in the United Provinces and Bihar. Much work is entailed, too, in connection with the Gurkhas of the Indian Army above referred to. Some thousands of pensioners, who come in once or twice a year from all parts of the country, are paid through the Residency office. Then there are men on leave, and others who come up with

recruiting parties. They all come to the Resident for anything they want, and correspondence with the regiments concerned ensues. The Post Office and Treasury are also in the Resident's charge. Primarily for the purposes of the Residency, a very efficient postal service is maintained by the Government of India between Raxaul and Nepal, and letters are received and despatched daily. Twice a week there are parcel posts. For internal purposes, the Darbar have a postal system of their own, linking up the capital with all parts of the State; but for communication with India, the Residency system is extensively used by the Nepalese, and the Post Office has to deal with large postal transactions. The registered post as a means of remitting money to India, and the parcel post as offering the quickest way of importing articles, are in much request. The money-order system is available only for members of the Residency.

The Residency staff and establishment comprise the Residency Surgeon, who acts as Assistant Resident, and who is always a senior officer of the Indian Medical Service, two European and half a dozen Indian clerks, a Public Works Overseer, the Postmaster, an Indian Sub-Assistant Surgeon, and, of course, the Escort. A junior British officer, chosen

from one of the Gurkha regiments, comes up for a portion of the summer to assist in the training of the Escort. The only other Europeans in Nepal are an Electrical engineer and his wife, who make a welcome addition to the small community. The engineer is in the employ of the Darbar, and in charge of their extensive and efficient system of electric lighting in Katmandu. His residence is at some distance from the Residency, with which he has no official connection.

The assumption of his duties by a new Resident to the State forms the occasion of much elaborate ceremonial. The new officer receives a formal letter from H.E. the Viceroy to the address of H.H. the Maharajahdiraj accrediting him to the State as the representative of the Government of India, and an early date for its presentation is arranged. There are three different Darbars.¹ Firstly, H.E. the Prime Minister pays a formal visit to the Resident. He arrives in state, accompanied by some half-dozen high officers and a mounted escort. He is received with a salute by a strong Guard of Honour of the Resident's Escort, and is met as he alights from his carriage by the Resident and his staff in full uniform. He is then conducted into a large room used for Darbar purposes. On the walls of the room there are five coloured portraits of H.I.M.

¹ The word Darbar is used in various senses, and it may mean (1) the Government of the State, (2) a Court, or official ceremony, (3) the Chief of a State, and (4) in Nepal the Prime Minister's palace is called the Singha Darbar.

King Edward VII. and of our most gracious sovereign King George, in whose righteous cause 3,000,000 British, Colonial, Indian, and Gurkha troops are now under arms. There are also portraits of several past Residents, in the list of whom occur such names as Brian Hodgson, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Edward Durand, General H. Wylie, and that of the present incumbent, Colonel J. Manners Smith, V.C., C.V.O., C.I.E., who has held the appointment off and on for the last eleven years. The Prime Minister is seated on the Resident's right, while down the length of the room sit the respective suites, the Prime Minister's on the right, the Resident's on the left. Sir Chandra Shumshere is a man of about fifty years of age, of medium height, sparely but strongly built, and with an erect and military carriage. He has good and clear-cut features, his expression is open and pleasing, his large frank eyes look at one very straightly, and he wears a short black beard. He is always well and neatly dressed in one or other of his many uniforms. After a few minutes' conversation the Resident gives *atar* and *pán* to the Prime Minister, and the Residency Surgeon to the rest of the visitors, and His Excellency departs with the same ceremonies as upon his arrival. A little later it is time for the big event of the day, the visit to the Maharajadhiraj, and the Resident and his staff proceed in carriages to the great Palace—the official headquarters of

the Government—standing in the heart of the city. This fine old group of buildings, which is decorated with some of the most beautiful wood-carving to be seen in Nepal, is only used now for official or ceremonial purposes, much as St James's Palace is used. Attached to it is a modern-built Darbar hall reached by a broad flight of several steps. The people of the town evinced the greatest interest in the occasion, and large numbers were collected in the streets and at doorways and windows as we drove through. In the square fronting the Palace a vast, cheering crowd was assembled, gay in many-hued costumes, a Guard of Honour presented arms, guns were fired, a band struck up a salute, and in the midst of a scene almost bewildering in its Oriental brilliance and the confusion of many sounds the carriage drew up at the steps of the Darbar hall. As we alighted, the Prime Minister, accompanied by some of his officers, descended the steps to meet us, and in his urbane and courteous manner bade us welcome to the Darbar, and conducted us into the hall. It was a striking scene that lay before us. The handsome marble hall, large and lofty in its proportions, presented a dazzling blaze of colour, from the richly-laced red or blue uniforms of over a hundred nobles and high military and civil officers. The hall was well lit by a long line of windows through which the sun streamed, and among its em-

bellishments were fine candelabra and some full-length portraits, one of them being of Lord Kitchener painted by John Collier, and much prized by the Prime Minister. Advancing with slow and measured steps up the centre of the hall towards the top, where the throne was placed, we had the military officers on our left hand and the civil on the right, among the latter and ranking high being the Chief *Guru* or High Priest of Nepal. As we arrived at the throne the young Maharajadhiraj, a handsome little boy of seven, richly dressed and covered with jewels of priceless value, stood up and shook hands with myself and the Residency Surgeon. With His Highness was the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Bhim Shumshere, K.C.I.E., who is the Prime Minister's younger brother, and with him also we shook hands. I then took a seat on a sofa to the right of the throne, the Prime Minister seating himself next me on my right. The Residency Surgeon sat on the left of the throne with the Commander-in-Chief. This is the recognised practice at the Palace Darbar.

There was then a short and impressive silence while the guns boomed out the concluding rounds of the artillery salute, and one had leisure to look down the long line of princes, nobles, and officers of this martial people, all bearing high military rank, and all in smartly-made, full-dress uniforms of English appearance, the head-dress in the case of

those of the highest rank being particularly striking with its beautiful bird-of-paradise plume. The Prime Minister was wearing the stars of his various British Orders, and in his handsome uniform and plumed and bejewelled head-dress he did ample justice to the exalted position he occupied in this remarkable assembly. The salute being finished, I rose and presented the Viceroy's letter to His Highness, and on resuming my seat made a few complimentary remarks appropriate to the occasion. My remarks were addressed in English to the Prime Minister, who probably knows our language better than he does Hindustani. He repeated them in Gurkhali to the Commander-in-Chief, who explained them to the Maharajadhiraj. The latter's replies, or those made on his behalf, were conveyed by a similar process. This concluded the Darbar, and we took our leave of His Highness. In passing down the hall I shook hands, on the Prime Minister's introduction, with the principal personages present, among them being Sir Chandra's five elder sons, who are all generals, and Commanding-General Jhuda Shumshere, who commands the Katmandu Division, and who has been fighting in France, and was recently wounded.

There was one more Darbar to be held this afternoon, though the day, perhaps, was already sufficiently crowded with new experiences and impressions — viz., the return

visit to H.E. the Prime Minister at his palace, the Singha Darbar. The choice lay between holding it the same afternoon or next day; and as there must be few officials who love the task of struggling more often than can be helped into full-dress uniform—made for them, perhaps, years before in their slim youth—it was agreed by general consent to dispose of all ceremonial visits in the one day. So, driving slowly and by a circuitous route, in order that those present at the City Palace—and this refers to practically all except H.H. the Maharajadhiraj and his suite—might have time to repair to the Singha Palace, we passed from one brilliant scene to another.

The Palace is about 400 yards distant from the Tudikhel *maidan*. The high wall surrounding it encloses many acres of grounds. Passing through a lofty arched gateway with ornamental iron gates, the Palace bursts suddenly into view about a hundred yards away, with a foreground of green lawn and fountains, and approached by wide drives circling round either side of the lawn. The view both pleases the eye and impresses the imagination; for the noble edifice, which is constructed largely of marble, covers a wide frontage and rises high in four stories, presents an appearance in which brightness, beauty, and symmetry are happily blended with size and solidity. This palace was built, no doubt at enormous cost, by Sir Chandra

Shumshere; and, as the Prime Minister is *de facto* the first man in the country, so his residence is the finest achievement of what may be styled the architectural renaissance now in progress.

The formalities here were much the same as at the other Palace, but there was no crowd of people. The Darbar hall is on the first floor, and we were conducted there by the Prime Minister, and, as before, we passed to the top of the hall through two lines of nobles and officers. I sat on His Excellency's right, our two chairs being on a raised dais. The hall, which is built entirely of red marble obtained from quarries in the valley, and which is sumptuously furnished and decorated, presented a very attractive appearance, and it is probably the most artistic and handsome bit of work yet produced in modern-day Nepal. Conversation was of a more general nature than before, and I was able to express the satisfaction I felt in finding myself associated with the leaders of this race of born soldiers. I could claim, too, to have some personal connection with Gurkhas, as in my regimental days I had served for three years in a Gurkha regiment, the very one, curiously, of which the Prime Minister is now Honorary Colonel. A further link, which is perhaps worth describing, was that a great-uncle of mine, Captain Charles Showers, had been killed in the Gurkha War, and this under circumstances

that go to illustrate the bravery of the Gurkhas. In the course of the fighting at the Heights of Malaun he was sent with his company to attack a certain Gurkha fort. Not waiting for the attack behind his walls, the Gurkha leader marched out and met the British in the open. The two commanders met at the head of their men, and in the single combat that ensued the gallant Gurkha was slain. In the general fighting that followed Captain Showers also fell. His tomb, which is well cared for, is still to be seen high up in the hills not very far from Simla, while the incident of the encounter is depicted on and commemorated by a handsome tablet placed in the Church of St John at Calcutta.

This last Darbar concluded the arrival ceremonies. Not long after, however, we were fortunate enough to take part in a function of a very different though certainly not less interesting nature. This was a grand Review of the Nepal troops quartered in and around Katmandu, which the Prime Minister was so kind as to invite me to so that I might see something of his Army. As I arrived on parade, on a bright, clear, sunny afternoon in April, with the snows all "out" (*i.e.*, not hidden by cloud), as if silently watching and approving with their grave, mysterious eyes, that have looked out upon the world through all the ages, the sight before me was one which I shall never forget. The troops,

numbering nearly 12,000 men, were drawn up in two long lines stretching the whole length of the Tudikhel. They were facing west, and with the sun playing on their arms and lighting up their red uniforms the whole effect was as bright and dazzling as it was impressive. The Prime Minister, who was mounted on a handsome white Arab horse, and accompanied by a brilliant staff, met me as I arrived, and the massed bands struck up a salute. Then a *feu-de-joie*, fired with great precision, rattled backwards and forwards along the wide-stretching lines, and on its conclusion we rode up and down the ranks, composed of infantry for the most part, but with some artillery also. Except for a small body-guard there is no cavalry in the State. A march-past followed, and the Prime Minister very courteously asked me to take the salute as the various units went by. For wellnigh two hours the march lasted—brigades, battalions, companies, went steadily past, with well-kept intervals and ranks of wonderful straightness. The Commander-in-Chief was at the head of all, and the Generals and Colonels, all mounted, led their respective commands. Some of the best regiments in the Army are quartered at the capital, and it was a revelation to see this fine array of highly trained troops drawn from material which there can be nothing in Asia to surpass. One reflected on the strange spectacle of this small nation, which, secure from aggres-

sion in their mountain home, with unwarlike Tibet on one side of them and peaceful British India on the other, had yet maintained unimpaired their old martial spirit, inherited no doubt from the gallant Rajputs, who preferred expatriation to submission to the invading Mogul — and whose dominant characteristic to-day is a love of soldiering, and of the qualities that go to make a good soldier. But, however strange the phenomenon, the result we see can excite nothing but admiration and respect, for every Gurkha belonging to what are called the "fighting classes" is at heart a real soldier. Nor can we be otherwise than deeply thankful that our neighbour should have retained and fostered these martial tendencies. Apart from the fact that we draw from the country for the Indian Army half an army corps of some of the finest troops in the world, we have in Nepal a friend which has stood by us before when the need arose, and which is now doing so again under the guidance of the wise ruler who holds the helm of State. In 1857-8, Sir Jung Bahadur contributed a force of 20,000 men to assist in the suppression of the Mutiny, while there are at this moment many thousand men of the Nepal army down in India under the command of the Prime Minister's second son, General Baber Shumshere, and taking the place of their compatriots in our own army who are otherwise engaged. Speaking of the Huns in a

recent letter Sir Chandra observes: ". . . I rank myself with the optimists, as you do, in the belief that they will come to meet their deserts before long."

The Review over, I was able to offer the Prime Minister my warmest congratulations on the fine display I had witnessed. A curious fact about the Nepal troops may be mentioned, that very few of them reside in regular barracks, so that after a parade they scatter in all directions to their respective homes, some of them having to travel several miles. The Darbar have a system of giving the men small grants of land in lieu of their military service, a small monetary payment being perhaps added. On a man's ceasing to be employed he relinquishes his grant. It may be noted, too, that there takes place annually a grand overhauling of the whole army, and indeed of all civil officials also. Every appointment, from the highest to the lowest, is then held to have lapsed, the great bulk of the incumbents being of course reappointed, while those considered unfit are weeded out. The system must act as a wonderful spur to the energetic and efficient performance of official duties.

We soon settled down to our ordinary everyday life. There is a good deal of similarity between one day, and also it may be said between one year, and another. It must not be supposed, however, that there was any lack of occupation or amusement. We had plenty of horses, among them a couple

of the strong Tibetan ponies of which there are a good many in Nepal, and we seldom missed a morning ride. There are plenty of good rides and plenty of interesting places to visit. Very pleasant these little outings were in the bright sunshine and the cool, crisp morning air of April, May, and June, and again after the "rains" in the autumn. The day was sufficiently taken up, though seldom over-burdened, with official duties. What gave some extra work during 1912-13 was the war between China and Tibet, then in full swing. The Nepal Darbar were much interested in the progress of events, as they have considerable trade relations with Tibet, while in Lhasa there is a fairly numerous colony of their subjects engaged in the same pursuit. All these interests were of course adversely affected by the disorder prevailing. On the other hand, the Darbar's connection with Tibet enabled them to render considerable service in the amelioration of the state of affairs, for their Representative in Lhasa was about the only independent and non-partisan person in the place, and he was constantly being called in to conduct negotiations between the belligerents. It is not too much to say that but for his intervention, after the tide had turned against the Chinese General Chung, the Chinese Representative would hardly have escaped with his life from the country.

For the afternoons we had tennis, golf, football, or hockey

with the men of the Escort, drives and rides, to be followed before dinner by bridge or billiards. Our servants were nearly all Nepalese, among them being a really excellent cook. Provisions were a difficulty, as, except for meat, milk, eggs, and vegetables (among them excellent potatoes), everything had to be imported from India, and this in large consignments at a time, owing to the road being closed by the "rains" for many months in the year. The Nepal sheep is of a very small variety, but the mutton is good, and we had a considerable flock of our own all on a graduated scale of grain rations. We also had our own cows and fowls.

One of our interests was the collection of old brass-work, for which Nepal is famous. The field has been much exploited by successive Residents and others, and good articles are now both scarce and expensive. However, we managed to pick up a fair lot, *inter alia* some beautiful "Buddhas," and a heavy massive pair of *pánas*, or temple floor-lamps, nearly four feet high. The Nepal wood-carving too is exceedingly elaborate and artistic, but as the best workmen are employed in the Palace workshops, it is only the Prime Minister's friends who can become the happy possessors of specimens of the finest sort.

In the hills round the valley there are some very delightful summer resorts, to which a visit is always agreeable. At Kakani, ten miles distant and nearly 7000 feet above the sea,

there is a comfortable house which the Darbar have placed permanently at the Resident's disposal. The house on one side looks down into the Nepal valley, while on the other it faces N.-W. and looks towards Tibet, the hills bordering which are visible some sixty miles away. The views obtained are almost stupefying in their majesty and grandeur. The great triple peak of Dewal-giri, the topmost summit being over 27,000 feet high, is just opposite, and, though many miles distant, looks so close that one feels it is only necessary to stretch out one's hand to touch it. There are many other peaks, too, and the panoramic view obtained on a fine day is stupendous. It was near Kakani that a few years ago, and with the Darbar's concurrence, a party of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey established a temporary station for the purpose of sketching and locating the position of the various peaks of what is known as the Western Group. The Eastern Group were mapped from a point in the hills more to the eastward. The correct identification of Mount Everest, which is visible even from the valley, was long in doubt, and more than one peak has at one time or another wrongfully been assigned the honour of representing the monarch among mountains. As a matter of fact, Everest is far distant from the Nepal valley, and only the top of the peak is visible among other and nearer mountains.

The summer resort of the

ruling family is at Nakarkot, on the east side of the valley. The Prime Minister has a large comfortable house there, and there are several other houses for the nobles, &c. The place is somewhat windy, and it is not in consequence much frequented. The Prime Minister was kind enough to place his house there at our disposal on one or two occasions, and as it is a very pleasant spot, and commands a view of the Eastern group of peaks, our visits were most enjoyable. A disadvantage of these resorts is that during the "rains" all the hills around the valley become infested with leeches. They are there by myriads, and if these hills had been in Egypt, the ten plagues would certainly have been increased to eleven! I believe the only place in the world that beats Nepal in the matter of leeches is Sikkim. However, if the fair Nepal is afflicted with one pest, it more than makes up for it by being entirely free from two others of even greater malignity. Firstly, there are very few snakes, and, so far as is known, there are none that are poisonous. No man or animal has ever been known to die of snake-bite in the valley. Secondly, there are no *anophelinae* or poisonous mosquitos; and though, being a rice-growing country, there is much water everywhere, malaria is unknown. This is a remarkable fact, the more so that the not far distant Terai is notorious as the haunt of the deadliest sort of malaria. The Gurkhas have a whole-

some respect for this malaria, and during the rainy season, and for a month or two after, they never go down from the hills if they can help it.

There is a certain amount of sport to be obtained in the valley. The Darbar have preserves at several places where there are *sambhur* and *cheetul* (fallow deer), the stock having been imported from the Terai. In the autumn a few duck and snipe come in, while some Kálej pheasants and an occasional woodcock may also be picked up. We had always understood that there were no panthers in and about the valley, but during one of our visits to the Nakarkot we were rudely undeceived on the subject, as our two fox-terriers were carried off by one of these predatory beasts. We have its skin, but though I "sat" for it several times I never got a shot, and it was eventually secured by the Darbar *shikaris* in a trap. There are some wild dogs about, too, among the hills, and on one occasion at Kakani we "acquired merit" in local estimation by treating and eventually curing a bullock that had been very badly mauled by a pack of them. Three other bullocks were killed outright by the pack.

An event of much interest to the Residency is the firing of the annual musketry course by the Escort. The Darbar have an excellent range at a place called Gowchur, a short four miles distant from Katmandu, and this they are good enough to place at the Resident's disposal. So about the

beginning of October every year a camp is formed there, and nearly the whole Residency moves out. Gowchur is an extensive grassy plateau, with many trees about it and many pretty sites for camps. The outing makes a regular picnic, the mornings being devoted to musketry and the afternoons to sport, as some good places for duck and snipe are to be found in the vicinity.

There is no regular social intercourse between the Residency and the ruling family and nobles. Relations were always cordial, but meetings occurred intermittently and for the most part only by pre-arrangement, as on the occasion of Darbars and reviews, or a garden party at the Residency. At the same time such meetings were not infrequent, as there are many birthdays, as those of H.M. the King Emperor, H.H. the Maharajah-dhiraj, and H.E. the Prime Minister, and festivals to be celebrated by either Darbar or review. What we most prized, however, were our informal visits to the Prime Minister's Palace, when our reception by His Excellency and his family was always of the kindest. Besides the Darbar hall already mentioned, there are many other beautiful apartments, notably the drawing-room of the Maharani, which is luxuriously and tastefully furnished. There was nothing that my wife enjoyed and appreciated more than her visits to and conversations with Her Highness. One set of apartments is an exact replica of the "recep-

tion" rooms of the house near Belgrave Square which Sir Chandra and his suite occupied during his visit to England for H.M. the King's Coronation. The rooms, windows, furniture, &c., are all exact reproductions, the fact being indicative perhaps of the strong impression which the events of that auspicious occasion have left upon His Excellency's mind. There are many other wonders about the Palace. On one occasion we had the rare privilege of being shown the State and other jewels in possession of the family, as also a collection of curios and works of art. The display of jewellery was truly marvellous, both as to the large number of the articles and the size, variety, and quality of the stones, which in many cases had come from Paris and London. One quite unique jewel there was—viz., an enormous emerald some three inches long, with flat, out sides of about half an inch. This had been the seal of the famous Nadir Shah of Persia, and it was obtained by Sir Jung Bahadur from the wife of the Nana Sahib, who resided for some years, and until her death, in Nepal, after the disappearance of her infamous husband. I have often discussed with Sir Chandra the question of the Nana's end, and he is firmly of opinion that he died of malaria in the forests of the Terai as reported at the time to Sir Jung Bahadur, and believed by him and the British general operating in that part of the country. It is very generally believed, I fancy, that

the man found refuge and eventually died in Katmandu, but I should doubt if Jung Bahadur would have permitted such a thing. Among the curios, &c., shown us, there were things that would make a collector green with envy. . . . A great and wonderful assortment of articles in wood, ivory, glass, china, &c., some quaint and curious, others of fine workmanship, or beauty of design or colour, or of intrinsic value, and many of the articles had been obtained from China, and probably from the Palace of the Emperor himself, and altogether the collection made a regular little museum of oriental art.

Among the many religious festivals held in Nepal, none is observed so zealously and thoroughly as the Dussirah, dedicated to the goddess Kali. It is, in fact, the national festival of the Gurkhas. Every Nepalese is supposed to offer up a live beast or bird of some sort. Buffaloes and goats are the commonest victims, especially among the troops, who dispose of a great number of them by decapitation, performed practically always with one blow of either a "kukri" (the well-known weapon of the Gurkhas), a sword, or a *kura*, the latter an ugly, formidable weapon with a blade some two feet long by a width varying from six inches at the top to two inches at the base. Ducks are a good deal used, too, and even pigeons.

I have not entered on any description of the numerous Nepal temples, as the subject

has been fully dealt with by other writers. We visited a good many, however, of which two, viz., the ancient Buddhist temples of Shiambhunatha and Bodhnath, were those that interested us most. The former, on its high wooded hill, stands in full view of the Residency, and not more than a mile away. Bodhnath is four miles distant, and it was one of our favourite rides to go there. The great central, dome-like stupa, containing some relic of the holy Buddha, has a comparatively small temple attached to it, the whole being entirely enclosed by a wide circle of buildings forming a sort of monastery in which priests and temple attendants reside, and which is the resort in the autumn and winter of large numbers of Lamas and others from Tibet. They are smiling, cheery folk, both the men and women, these broad-faced, pig-tailed, brown-clad Tibetans, ever ready to do a deal for anything they have that a purchaser may wish to acquire, such as gold and silver jewellery, uncut turquoises, &c. One of the visitors who put up there was a well-known Japanese scholar, who had spent some years studying Buddhism in Lhasa. He arrived one day to call at the Residency in top-hat and frock-coat, an attire which could not often have been seen in Nepal before. We returned his visit at the Monastery, where he gave us tea, and organised for us a quaint, weird Tibetan dance, in which a hundred or more people, both men and women,

took part—the dance being performed in a large circle to the accompaniment of much shouting and the clapping of hands and beating of drums.

Very few European visitors come to Nepal. The Darbar rarely ask any one up, and those that come do so as the guests of the Resident or Residency Surgeon. Among the visitors to ourselves were Baron and Baroness Meurice de Rothschild. The Prime Minister was kind enough to arrange some shooting for the Baron in the Terai on his way up, and he bagged five tigers (a male and female and three well-grown cubs) all in one "beat." We also received Madame David Neil, the wife of the Director of the French railways in Tunis. This lady, who had come to make a study of the form of Buddhism observed in Nepal, possessed a wide knowledge of the Buddhist and Hindu creeds. I am not sure indeed if she was not a Buddhist herself. At all events she seemed to be accepted as one by the Nepalese, who treated her with the utmost deference and respect. She invariably dressed, too, in the brick-coloured costume of a *sadhu*. Another visitor was Dr Pairamull of London, who had come out from home expressly to examine the Darbar's almost unique collection of rare and old Sanscrit books, with reference to the subject of Sanscrit medicine.

And so with many and varied interests and occupations, in a cool and agreeable climate, amid scenery as grand

as any in the world, and with cordial and, I am happy to think, friendly relations subsisting with the Prime Minister and the Nepal Government, the summer and autumn glide smoothly and pleasantly away, and it is time for the Residency to start on its annual migration to the Terai and the British districts bordering on Nepal. The Resident taking with him the Residency Surgeon, a part of his office establishment and the greater part of the Escort, almost invariably adopts this practice and remains in camp for the winter months. The great attraction of course is the shooting, for the obtaining of which the Darbar are good enough to give the necessary facilities. But much useful work is done also in meeting Government officers and the planters, and discussing with them questions that may have arisen or be likely to arise in connection with affairs along the British-Nepal border. We started about the middle of November, which was as early as the Terai was considered safe as regards malaria, and we went down march by march, pitching our tents everywhere, riding the twelve or fifteen miles travelled each day, and generally doing the journey far more comfortably than had been possible on the way up in April. Before reaching Raxaul we turned off eastwards, and for the next two months we remained continuously in the jungles; and wonderful jungles they were, consisting of a combination of

large trees and high thick undergrowth through which nothing but an elephant could force its way, and stretching in some directions for interminable miles. Several large rivers and innumerable smaller streams and channels intersect the country, all helping to provide the cool marshy lairs with dense impenetrable cover that the mighty denizens of the forest seek shelter in. At the same time there are occasional breaks in the forest, especially near its outer or lower edge, where bays of cultivated lands have been reclaimed, and where settlements of Tharus and other aboriginal inhabitants are to be found.

H.M. the King, who spent ten days in the Nepal Terai after the Delhi Darbar in 1911 and bagged forty-two tigers to his own rifle, established a great reputation as a safe and sure shot. It is just the sort of prowess the Gurkhas admire.

The sites of some of our camps were very pretty places, especially when near rivers. In one such camp we spent Christmas on the bank of the large river Bagmati. The Prime Minister also came there with a following of about a thousand men. It was then that we got the best of our sport, for His Excellency was anxious that we should get some tigers, and with the assistance of the many elephants with his camp this was soon accomplished.

Our time in the Terais on this occasion was shorter than

usual, owing to the approaching coronation ceremonies of the young Maharajadhiraj, and we were back in Nepal early in February. He had succeeded his father in 1911, but his formal installation was now to take place—*i.e.*, in February 1913. The ceremonies, in all of which, except those of a purely religious nature, the British Resident took part, can only be lightly touched upon here. To do adequate justice to them would fill pages. The combination of oriental brilliance and magnificence, and the wild martial enthusiasm of a warlike race, surpassed anything we had yet seen in this remarkable country. There was first an elephant procession from the City Palace to the Tudikhel. The streets, profusely decorated, were packed with vast crowds of excited, cheering people, and every window and house-top thronged with women and children, all in their gayest attire. The Maharajadhiraj, with the Commander-in-Chief, led the way. The latter was provided with a large sackful of silver coins, which he flung about him in handfuls among the crowd. Never was largesse more munificently bestowed. On the second elephant were the Prime Minister and myself, and a string of others followed. There were unmistakable evidences of His Excellency's popularity, the crowds cheering him uproariously as we passed, and the women, leaning out of their windows and balconies in the narrow streets, almost smother-

ing him with the flowers, &c., they threw at him. They have good reason to like him, for his wise, firm rule, which has given them peace and prosperity, is accompanied with kindness, consideration, and liberality.

Emerging from the city on to the Tudikhel it was a remarkable scene that flashed upon us. Near the centre of the *maidan*, in the midst of a large screened-off enclosure, a high dais arranged in three tiers had been erected. The enclosure was decorated with thousands of flags and banners of all sizes and colours, the Union Jack being much in evidence. The approach to the enclosure was by a large archway, and both this and the dais were handsomely draped in rich and gay-coloured cloths. Outside the enclosures, and extending right round the outer edge of the Tudikhel, was a continuous line of troops, infantry and artillery. The throne stood on a platform raised two or three feet above the upper tier of the dais. A procession was formed from the arch to the dais, and the young ruler ascended the throne. The Resident was given a seat immediately to the Maharajadhiraj's right, and on his right again sat the Prime Minister. There were also some fifteen other personages on the upper tier, all of the highest rank. On the second tier were notabilities of lesser rank. After the Nepalese National Anthem had been solemnly played, the new Maharajadhiraj's proclamation

to the people of the country was read out in a loud voice. It was a lengthy document, and a deep and impressive silence was maintained during its recital. This made the sudden change that followed all the more dramatic, for the last words were hardly concluded before a mighty roar of blank firing burst out from the long lines of troops, both artillery and infantry, encircling the Tudikhel, and was continued without interruption for several minutes. Next came the rendering of homage to the throne, in which all the high personages present on the dais, and a large number of military and civil officers of all ranks, took part. Each in turn advanced to the front of the throne, and making an obeisance, placed on the floor an offering of gold or silver coins. The highest in degree offered two gold coins, those in the next order one, and those of lower rank again one or two silver coins. Those of the priestly class offered cocoa-nuts and not money. It was a long and interesting procession that ascended and descended the steps of the dais, including as it did people from all parts of Nepal territory—not the least noticeable among them being some who were wearing the picturesque kilt-like costume, the fashion of which had come down to them, no doubt, from their Rajput ancestors of the fourteenth century. There were various other ceremonies, including, on the same evening, a display of fireworks. Also, a day or

two later, at a big Darbar at the City Palace, the Resident expressed to the Maharajadhiraj the congratulations of H.E. the Viceroy on his accession, and at the same time presented to him a handsome present of jewellery and other articles from the Government of India. I may mention that the no less handsome present made in return by the Nepal Government included two elephants, which were handed over to a British official on the border and marched off to Delhi.

In October 1913 our stay in Nepal came to an end, and truly sorry were we to leave. I do not think any one can ever have performed official duties among more novel and interesting surroundings, or under happier and pleasanter circumstances—the Singha Darbar, with its friendly and courteous host; the beautiful Residency; the Tudikhel and its soldiers, and the eternal snows.

And let us hope that the events of this world war, when the Britisher and the Gurkha are standing shoulder to shoulder more closely than ever before, will have the effect of permanently strengthening the bonds of friendship and goodwill that unite Nepal to the British Empire. The interests of the two countries and the sentiments of the two peoples are in many ways identical, and there is nothing essential in the aims and ambitions of either that need conflict with those of the other.

S O W E R S O F T A R E S .

(A MOROCCAN ASPECT.)

IN the summer of 1909 England was mildly surprised to learn, through the medium of its daily Press, that the Spanish Government had become involved in a campaign against some of the most powerful Riffian tribes of Morocco. "Copy" being slack at the moment, Fleet Street made the most of the news, and coining such romantic and original phrases as the "Cross *versus* the Crescent," recalled the mediæval glories of the Moorish race and its bloody struggles with Spain at a time when the green standard of the Prophet fluttered proudly in the Alhambra at Granada. But after a few days events of real and tragic importance came to pass, that left the pressman groping darkly for real news and neglectful of word-painting. A significant disaster, in which a Spanish General and most of his force perished in fifty minutes, was followed by a mysterious absence of news, which culminated in the report of the abortive revolution of Barcelona, with its attendant horrors of street fighting, the sack of monasteries, and finally with the summary execution of that notable figure in anti-clerical politics and progressive ideals, Señor Carlos Ferrer.

Catalonia was in revolt, Spain placed under martial

law, Northern Africa in a state of ferment, and from diplomatic circles both in London and Paris anxious eyes were cast towards the South, where then, as ever, Hunnish activity was at work, and where the energy of a certain notorious German Consul not a hundred miles from Tangier had given even our optimists in Downing Street some cause for reflection. The work (that is to say, immediate bribery and flatulent promises) of the German agents among the followers of Mohammed the wide world over is now only too well known. In 1909 it was pooh-poohed by the political pundits, whose sole acquaintance with the East was confined to a visit to "Cairo Street" at Earl's Court Exhibition or, later, to the spectacular diversion of the Delhi Durbar.

Fortunately for ourselves (also for the French), Islam at its best is a religious organisation which teaches contempt for liars, braggarts, and the abusers of hospitality. Among the baser elements of the "Faith," as are represented by Enver Bey's Young Turkish agnostics or the scum of certain bazaars in India, Egypt, and Morocco, the German propaganda met with its local successes. It is due, however, to the morality preached

by Mohammed and to the intelligence of his followers, and not to any efforts of our own, that the German agents did not meet with a fuller measure of success on a far greater and more comprehensive scale.

The shallow coast of Spanish Morocco, in the vicinity of the sand-swept harbour of Melilla, is not at first sight attractive. The city itself reminds you of an out-at-elbows and slightly deteriorated Port Said. From the crumbling fortifications, the fissures of which gape in the African sun, a light railway creeps doubtfully to the east along the coast, a few hundred yards from the sea, to another Spanish post called Sidi Musa. Before the campaign of '09 it went boldly beyond this post to the south-east into the interior, and possibly, at the moment of writing, has repeated the hazardous experiment—hazardous on account of Moorish snipers.

In July 1909 the city was holding its own, not without difficulty, against the determined attacks of 20,000 fanatical Moors armed with modern mausers, and was awaiting the much-needed reinforcements from Spain. Sidi Musa possessed great tactical importance at the moment, for it was only from this post that the enemy's main and strong position could be finally outflanked when the Spanish army should have arrived in force to make such an operation feasible. So both the post itself, strengthened by redoubts, and the railway which

connected it with Melilla, which was protected by blockhouses, were a source of great anxiety to the Commander-in-Chief for the first few weeks of the campaign.

The internal disorder in Spain itself complicated the whole situation, and was a cause of delay in the sending of reinforcements to the distressed colony. The immediate military situation around Melilla had been fully grasped by the lately arrived English war correspondent, after a somewhat hectic night spent with a junior member of the Headquarter Staff; and, as became an honest journalist who places his paper before his God, he had betaken himself and his scanty baggage to a blockhouse which guarded a section of the threatened railway track.

The outlook from this sand-bagged sanctuary was extensive and curious. By day a blazing inferno of mirage danced wildly over the desert to the south; and by night, to the north, the Mediterranean lay serene and sluggish, like a gigantic puddle of motionless quicksilver in the light of the midsummer moon.

The garrison of the blockhouse consisted of about one hundred "Cazadores," or sharpshooters, a machine-gun of sorts—all under the command of a boy "Teniente" or Subaltern fresh from his Military Academy. There had also been a "distinguished Captain" (to quote the "Teniente"), but he, unfortunately, had met with a sticky end before the Eng-

lishman's arrival, and lay in the railway cutting to the west. The Spanish subaltern was a charming youth, with the dignity of an archbishop—which was, however, quaintly mitigated by the frank friendliness of a boy. He was a typical Spanish gentleman, and his coarse service kit and rough boots and leggings were in striking contrast to his well-bred features and dandified coiffure. He smoked ill-made cigarettes without ceasing, and told his guest improbable stories of sport and brigandage in Spain. The Englishman was retaliating with an account of a run with the Quorn, and had just got as far as explaining that repeating rifles were not used in connection with this form of sport, when the telephone bell rang jerkily overhead, and the lieutenant rose to receive the message. To the instructions telephoned he returned a lazy "Bueno," and threw away the stump of his cigarette end.

"I have good news for you, Señor," he said, turning to the Englishman. "Another of your countrymen has arrived and is being sent up here. He is a kinema operator who wishes to get films, so we shall both be made famous!"

His guest frowned thoughtfully. He was not the sort of man who finds life in a foreign environment insupportable without the presence of other Englishmen. On the contrary, although he appreciated his fellow-countrymen in their own country, he much preferred to assimilate unfamiliar

conditions abroad undisturbed and alone. The whole atmosphere of this Spanish blockhouse, and the deceitfully sleepy-looking desert outside, would be spoiled by the newcomer, however charming he might be. However, there was no help for it, and so, returning a conventional expression of pleasure to his host, he took up his field-glasses for the twentieth time that day, and scanned the sand-hills to the south, beyond Ben-el-Hacht, for some sign of the hidden enemy that they held.

The name of the newcomer was "Mr Browne," and it appeared that he hailed from the Greatest Republic, and not from England. He was a short, broad, little tub of a man, with a clipped, almost military-looking, moustache, and spoke with the accent of Pittsburgh. The Englishman, with the public school man's narrow fastidiousness, took an instinctive dislike to him at first sight, both on account of his accent and the fact that he picked his teeth; while the Spaniard, although outwardly as courteous and uncritical as ever, found his new guest rather a thorn in the flesh, if only on account of his aggressive energy and insatiable curiosity.

The Spaniard is by no means as lazy or so uncommunicative as a person as he is often painted by the Anglo-Saxon novelist, but his methods are his own, and the Oriental atmosphere that dominates half his native country tends to make him

deliberately cautious of unnecessary action, and consciously alive to his own individual dignity. American methods of crisp hustle do not appeal to him; on the contrary, they appear vulgar and rather unnecessary, and Mr Browne offended the Spanish subaltern's susceptibilities about a dozen times daily.

"When was the railway first built?"

The lieutenant replied, amiably, that it had come into existence "some years ago."

"Who had built it?"

It was pleasantly suggested to the seeker after knowledge that, to the best of the Spaniard's belief, "navvies" had been employed upon its construction.

"Where was the Moorish position exactly?"

"To the south, Señor."

And so on.

The Englishman found it rather trying, too. Mr Browne finally abandoned the unequal struggle, and, uncertain as to whether the young Spanish aristocrat was a brainless idiot or a Sphinx-like genius, spent his days in snapping and clicking his weird apparatus at armoured trains, mule convoys, and inspecting officers, assisted therein by a small imp of a blue-clad Moorish boy.

The latter, who answered (sarcastically) to the name of Mulai Hafid,¹ was no mean linguist; and a voyage on a tramp steamer to Casablanca and back had made him, any-

how in his own opinion, a man of the world and a diplomat of experience. He was attracted, in the first instance, to the Englishman on account of his London-made but Russia-leather polo boots. Mulai Hafid had once been a slave to a wealthy fellow-countryman in the leather trade, and possessed all the craftsman's interest in his own profession. Moroccan leather, though superb when it appears in the form of a dainty "vanity-bag" on a Parisian mondaine's toilet-table, leaves its native land in a very crude and odoriferous form. Cured locally for the saddles and shields of the Moorish "knot," it still lacks "finish." Mulai Hafid had never before seen such wonderfully polished and finely sewn leather such as the Englishman wore carelessly when cantering up and down the line on his fretting Barb pony, and, artist as he was, he determined that these boots should not be spoiled by the sweating flanks of their owner's mount or from the sun-blistering heat. Every night, therefore, they were carefully tended and cleaned, and this led to friction with Mr Browne.

Mr Browne objected to paying for labour which served two masters. Mulai Hafid could not speak much English, so was at a disadvantage in the conversation that ensued, and it was a stormy one. Mulai Hafid was kicked, and wept, not from pain (for he knew the bastinado), but from

¹ A local potentate.

principle. He fled, weeping, to the Englishman for immediate protection and for future moral support. This he did instinctively. The Englishman was obviously a fool (who but a fool would wear boots worth two hundred pesetas in the desert and without even his women to admire them?), so he might be counted upon to believe *any* lie that he (Mulai Hafid) might see fit to tell him. Besides, the Englishman was never angry, except in the very early morning when he swore, but, on the contrary, was always laughing — another sure sign that Allah had graciously afflicted him. Further, behind all his fourteen-year-old Eastern cynicism, Mulai Hafid saw fit to like the Englishman, who, together with his follies, he had already taken under his moral protection and patronage. If Allah was kind he meant to make it his business that this lunatic should obtain honour in his own country, despite the handicap of his madness.

His shrewd estimate of the Englishman, considered as an immediate "protector of the poor," was correct. It is doubtful whether the latter cared twopence as to how many kicks this black limb of Satan had received; but the situation offered him a legitimate cause of quarrel, and excuse for rudeness, with, and to, the kinema operator, whom he had begun to consider in the light of a *bête noire* during the past forty-eight hours. Ignoring the unnecessary protestations of innocence of the small sparrow-

like figure, he sought the obese American and, demanding curtly why he assaulted his servants, reminded him that the dusky Oriental is not to be confused with, or treated as, the buck nigger across the Atlantic.

Considering his citizenship, the American seemed disappointingly tame and apologetic under insult. The Englishman was not unacquainted with the American temper and had hoped for fireworks, and the mild answers of his antagonist both surprised and annoyed him, without turning away his wrath. It was, however, impossible to quarrel with a suave and explanatory penitent, so, swinging on his heel, he returned down the communication trench to the blockhouse and eased his baffled emotions by cuffing the expectant and grinning Mulai Hafid over the head.

"Damned little monkey seems to think we've robbed a church together!" was his unspoken comment, referring to the urchin's expression of confidential sympathy.

Any reader who has ever chanced to find himself cooped up interminably in an African zariba, an Indian Frontier post, an Argentine "estancia," or a Pacific Island trading beach, with only one, or worse, two white men of his own education, will appreciate the elemental fact that life in this Castada blockhouse was not too easy or happy after the incident described above. Even the Spanish subaltern, an

optimist, with the character that a land of sun produces, succumbed to the general irritation.

The Englishman divided his time between watching the wrinkles in the heavy sand outside which were flung up by the occasional bullets of the Moorish snipers, and in writing ironic comments of the situation to Fleet Street in his fluttering-leaved note-book.

Only the American kept his normal composure; excepting always Mulai Hafid, who, with the wisdom of twenty Eastern Solomons in his young but inscrutable eyes, sat always midst a halo of flies in an attitude of complete detachment. He might have been a Buddha, the Queen of Sheba, and the Sphinx all rolled into one. In the eyes of his American master, however, he merely appeared in the light of a "lazy little black coon," who always seemed half asleep, incredibly stupid, and disgracefully dirty.

Still, as the Englishman reflected philosophically, things might have been worse; for instance, he might have been at the stale end of a London season, endeavouring to appear interested in the political "shop" on the Terrace at tea; or doing hard labour in the ball-rooms of Belgravia at the bidding of Herr Würm's imperative *bâton*. No, the desert had its immediate advantages over England, after all; because the wilderness is always mistress of our vagrant hearts, despite civilisation, municipal notices, top-hats, and police-

men. The desert is the bad, bold courtesan of Nature, who appeals to all that is elemental and savage in us, in spite of her obvious imperfections in the shape of ophthalmia, flies, and death. . . . These are the patchouli, rouge, and treachery of the mistress of those of us who prefer vagabondage to security, adventure to convention, and disaster to inertia. . . . The acrid smell of camel-dung fires smouldering with the scarlet secrecy of the East under a clear, star-lit sky. . . . The deadly monotonous and eerie shrill of the Arab haute-boy. . . . The shimmer of the four-foot spear-blade gleaming wickedly under an unwinking moon. . . . The neigh of a Barb stallion, . . . or the rumble of surf. . . . All these sensuous realities attracted the Englishman far more than an opera in Paris, a "Revue" in London, or a Casino in Monaco. For him, Morocco could not be *seriously* spoiled, even by Mr Browne!

The fourth day of this international meeting in the blockhouse came and passed uneventfully (as far as its guardians were concerned), despite repeated attacks by the Moors upon the trenches of Melilla itself. Now and then a venturesome party of raiders would descend at night upon the railway line, between the blockhouses, and hurriedly tear up fifty metres or so of the rails before they could be located; but such damage was local and insignificant, and easily repaired at daylight by the very efficient Spanish sappers.

Mr Browne at last began to lose his imperturbability, for no reason that was apparent. Was it funk? the Englishman wondered; but this solution did not seem probable, for Mr Browne seemed a pretty useful "tough," besides which he was free to return to Melilla any day that he wished to do so; but he never showed any desire to leave the Castada blockhouse. On the contrary, for a man of his age (he must have been near sixty) he displayed an uncanny grasp of the military situation, although he was a "mere civilian" of the most peace-loving race in the world. He often aired his pacific sentiments quite frankly, and stated (with his usual tact) that soldiers and priests were the cause of every ill that our distracted planet knows.

The news of the widespread revolt in Catalonia, where the women tore up the railway lines near Barcelona to prevent their reservist husbands or sons from rejoining the colours, filled him with peculiar enthusiasm.

"Ah," he said, commenting on this freshly received news, "man's destiny is always in the hands of pure, good women. If all the women in the world followed the example of their noble Catalonian sisters, would war be possible? No!" He smacked his lips heavily and sighed.

The Englishman, rising to leave the meal (it was at lunch that the conversation occurred), remarked briefly, in his own stupid, insular manner, that

women who prevented their husbands from doing their national duty had better not pose as super-angels. At least, that was the drift of his unfortunately unrepeatable comments.

The American followed him out into the pitiless fiery heat and touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Say," he said, with exaggerated accent, "you Britishers are uncommon sensitive. But step high, kid, you're in the puddle, if you only knew it. Gather?"

The Englishman replied, wearily, that he was going for a ride, and knew nothing either of kids or puddles. Mr Browne's eyes twinkled almost sympathetically as he watched his departure, and he seemed in no way offended at the indirect criticisms of his native tongue.

Perhaps this is all the easier to understand, since he remarked to himself, as the Englishman departed: "That's a good young man. What a pity he is an Englishman! Thank heaven he is not a Yankee; five years of that moral Republic have aged me ten!" Which, to say the least of it, was a strange sentiment on the lips of a respectable citizen of Pittsburg, U.S.A., and only to be really explained by the fact that the sentence was rendered in the purest German of Saxony, and with no trace of the accent of "God's own country" at all.

Darkness fell upon the desert with sudden effect. The coloured lights of the transports, anchored in the harbour three

miles away, began to blink sleepily across the sea, and great sizzling arc-lamps blazed angrily over the docks and quays of the distant city. Jackals and other obscene creatures howled from the railway-cutting hard by, while occasionally one single rifle-shot rang out with startling clarity over the vast, echoing spaces of the empty wilderness.

Mulai Hafid sat, with his usual unobtrusiveness, perched upon a pile of empty sandbags, in what he had every right to consider a most strategic position. The actual blockhouse was rectangular in shape, and surrounded by a system of trenches and barbed wire. About sixty yards away from the entrance of the little fort stood a galvanised iron shed of small dimensions. In all probability it had formerly been used as a store by the men who had originally built the railway; now, strengthened by sandbags, it served the little garrison as a shelter for a score of sheep, potential rations. These latter were not pleasing companions to keep in the blockhouse itself (among the swelter of humanity and flies that already inhabited it), and being, as they were, a little to the rear of the main line of fire, they neither masked the rifles of the post nor were in any danger themselves of being "looted" by Moorish snipers.

Mulai Hafid — looking no more than a bundle of rags himself among the empty sandbags — lay motionless to the east of this iron shed. Carelessly erected, a small crack

between the sheets of metal afforded him a spy-hole, although nothing could be seen except an occasional glimpse of a dark woolly form inside. He was, however, in no hurry, and since to smoke was impossible, he chewed a twig from time to time *pour passer le temps*, and spat when its taste palled upon his palate.

Suddenly his evil little face lit up with an expectant grin. A light flashed inland with crisp deliberation, died into extinguished blackness, only to wink again, like an old and knowing friend. At least, it struck Mulai Hafid that way, and with a stifled laugh he winked back mockingly, with the humour of the "gamin."

Again it winked; sometimes jerkily and unexpectedly, sometimes slowly and deliberately, like an intoxicated star,—a star that had fallen from heaven into the sandhills south-east of Ben-el-Hacht. Then it paused and shone without a flicker for as long as it takes to count ten quickly in French. (This was Mulai Hafid's method of timing it.) As it again died in the swimming darkness that then drowned it, a guttural "At last, thank God!" came from the interior of the shed. The watcher on the sandbags did not know the language in which the exclamation was spoken, and sat up with pricking ears. Here was a new and, to his mind, delightful complication! His master inside was not "Americano" after all! Men who swore, prayed, or ejaculated in private always used their mother tongue. So

much Mulai Hafid's chequered career had already taught him. What, then, was this harsh-sounding language? Before he had time to speculate further, mysterious clicks and snaps issued from the hut, and a faint—a very faint—beam of light appeared. Tap, tap; tap, tap, tap—pause. Tap, pause, tap. And so on. This was intelligible; so far, so good. Mr Browne was apparently telegraphing, for Mulai Hafid knew the sound of the "Morse" code from sweeping out the telegraph office in Melilla at another period of his former and extensive history. But to whom was he telegraphing, and why? Enlightenment came to his brain a few minutes later. Whenever Mr Browne made a pause the winking eye inland flung back intelligent comprehension. Sometimes Mr Browne's clicking stopped altogether, and then the flashes inland became almost maniacal in their activity.

Signal fires in the rugged gorges of Mount Gurugu were common, and their import known to Mulai Hafid, even if the latest invention in electric signalling lamps was a novelty to him. However, the principle of both was the same, as a much duller brain than his would have grasped; and that, aided by some western Jinnee of his own, his master was talking to the enemy was obvious. Technical details of the process were irrelevant, unless one happened to be an inhabitant of Jehenna oneself; in which case one might take some professional interest in

the actual methods employed. No, what interested him only was the nature of the messages and the reason for sending them. That his master went out for curious, lonely strolls at night he had already noticed. That, last night, he had been in the sheep-hut he also knew. That, to-night, he was talking to "those over there" was certain. But why? Presumably (his own little brain kept hammering out the trains of deduction and induction) he was up to no good. Men only talked secretly with enemies when they were ready to sell their friends. For what? Gold, he presumed.

Mulai Hafid's ideas of patriotism or loyalty must have been most misty. Bred in the interior (but born of parents of an inferior tribe), he had fled from the tyrannies of one Bel-Hassan to the more congenial atmosphere of the coast. The Interior, with its atmosphere of primitive simplicity, had bored him intensely; and even if he considered the European odd and uncouth, the life that he brought with him into Africa was complex and exciting, and Mulai Hafid loved every moment of it. Further, as a very practical little mortal, he valued his skin, and didn't desire to be retaken by "Los Muros"—"those over there." In fact, Mr Browne's activities must be scrutinised and stopped by those competent to deal with him.

The evening meal had long since been despatched and washed down by the rather

heady red wine that the Spanish soldier loves to keep cool in camp in great porous jars. The fat and untidy cigarette of the country was also in full blast outside the blockhouse, where the Englishman sat playing dominoes with the Spanish subaltern by the light of the moon. Strong and fastidiously - prepared black coffee was at their elbows in aluminium mugs; peace reigned everywhere; a soldier inside was playing low tinkling melodies on a cheap but tuneful guitar. A shooting star fell into the Mediterranean, and simultaneously Mulai Hafid appeared.

He salaamed ceremoniously, and, with a similarly democratic *disregard* of ceremony (for that is the conflicting nature of the Moor), helped himself to one of the Englishman's cigarettes from the case that lay open on the camp table. He watched the game for a few minutes in silence with undisguised interest, and then, lighting his weed with a noisome sulphur match, suddenly remarked, in a tone of quiet unconcern—

"Mon patron parle avec le diable là bas."

The Englishman, who, stupid though he was in many respects, knew that the East has its own etiquette in announcing the Judgment Day composedly, and a pricked finger with hubbub, shot him a swift glance before moving his next domino, and replied: *"Quel espèce de diable?"*

"El Muro," came the curt reply in Mulai Hafid's poly-

glot and inaccurate vocabulary.

"*Bueno,*" said the Englishman, following his youthful counsellor's example of changing the language every two minutes. "Wait a second—*un momento.*"

He finished his game leisurely and rose.

"*Distinguido Teniente,*" he said, saluting the young Spaniard, "all is quiet, and I wish to walk a little. Pray warn your sentries that I am going outside. The moon is high, so they will recognise me. Have I your permission?"

"Certainly, Señor," the subaltern replied, eyeing him curiously; for, very naturally, the request surprised him, and in his eyes smacked of one interpretation only.

The Englishman paused to recover his "automatic" from the blockhouse, and then walked towards the sea and waited. A minute later a sort of animated shadow fell at his feet and whispered: "*La Casilla, Señor!*" and the voice was, for the first time, agitated, as the Englishman carefully noted.

Together they approached the hut silently, the soft silver sand muffling the Englishman's footsteps, and thirstily embracing the imprints of Mulai Hafid's naked toes.

The quiet, but persistent, tap, tap, tap of the Hamburg signalling apparatus became distinctly audible as they drew near. "Dot dash, Dot dash dot," murmured the Englishman, instinctively repeating the jargon of a signalling class

attended years ago during his soldiering days, and fumbling for the letters represented by the conventional "short" and "longs."

"What in the name of Allah is the beggar up to?" was his comment, five minutes later, concealed behind a cactus bush of Mulai Hafid's selection from which not only the click, but also the flash of Mr Browne's electric signaller was plain.

Half an hour passed and Mr Browne emerged silently. Making a detour away from the blockhouse, he passed the cactus bush, which grazed his ill-made riding breeches, and actually trod on Mulai Hafid's motionless and unresisting hand. Turning seawards again, he paused for a moment, and then the oddly assorted couple behind the cactus bush watched him re-enter the post from the rear. He was unencumbered by any apparatus, so presumably he had left it hidden in the sheep-hut.

The Englishman whistled softly to himself and began to piece together the conventional symbols that the last half-hour's industry had secured in his note-book. Rough and sprawling as they were, owing to the light of the moon by which they had been written, they necessitated considerable care in deciphering. When deciphered, the text was in *English*.

Half the message had obviously been signalled before the Englishman's arrival on the scene; the remainder read, roughly speaking, as follows:—

"And so strike to-night before daylight. Sidi Musa weakly held: stop: reinforcements you mention not yet arrived: stop: owing to revolution Spain: stop: be confident, be bold in all enterprises: stop: X" (and here followed the name of a well-known and large German man-of-war) "waiting near Canaries for Spanish refugees if Moors successful: stop: understand significance of her presence: stop: Otto Max: Comrade 1002 P.A."

"Good lord!" said the Englishman thoughtfully to himself, eyeing the message again. "The swine's a German spy,—one of the beggars the 'Daily Mail's' always telling us about in East Anglia."

"Yes?" interrupted the scarcely enlightened but sympathetic Mulai Hafid. "Jerrmān? Cristo Santo! but the pig was heavy . . . ouf!" and he rubbed his injured hand with ostentation.

"Yes," repeated the Englishman, grinning, "and d—d cute of the beast to use English in signalling to his pal with the Moors, for then, if the messages were spotted, the innocent Vaterland wouldn't get involved. Messages in English sent by an American! Rather a joke: but rough on our *Teniente*. . . . Suppose the sand-hills hid both lamps from the city; come along, Mulai Hafid."

The winds of early autumn were beginning to whisk round the street corners of Madrid, fluttering the table-cloths of

the pavement cafés, and disturbing the mantillas of the fair passers-by. Two Englishmen sat sipping their glasses of "Turino" outside the Café of "strangers," talking quietly in the privacy that a crowd affords. The elder man was sunburnt, and dressed in what was obviously a hurriedly-bought and ready-made suit of Spanish clothes, worn in honour of a recent return to civilisation minus his personal effects, which now adorned the person of a pilfering Moorish Jew. The other Englishman's pallor spoke of a Madrid summer spent at desks and telephones in darkened rooms. He was immaculately dressed, and, to use his elder brother's description of him, "had Diplomatic Service written all over his face."

"I wonder what they did with old Browne in the end," said the elder man thoughtfully. "I last saw him on the day after the attack on Sidi Musa, and the Spaniards weren't taking any chances with him! He was tied up like a trussed fowl! Think they shot him, Reggie?"

The young diplomat coughed deprecatingly.

"Oh no, I shouldn't think so," he replied uncomfortably. "You see there were—must have been—so many complications to it all. I mean he *was* an American citizen, you know. I expect they deported him to America. A hint to his Consul at M——, you know."

His elder brother winked.

"I know that consul," he

said; "he comes from Virginia, and would probably have shot our Pittsburg-Dresden friend on sight with his own fair hand if he'd got the chance!"

The younger man made some unintelligible sound of a diplomatic nature.

"You have never told me properly, James, how the Spaniards defeated his schemes after you had detected them," he said, leading the conversation into less delicate channels.

"Oh, after his native servant spotted him at his game, the Spanish officer in charge of our blockhouse 'phoned the message through to old Brass Hat at Melilla and shoved Herr 'Browne' under arrest. They moved a Brigade of mountain artillery along the coast at midnight, and about five regiments of infantry as well. So when brother Moor came along at Sidi Musa, which he did at 5 A.M., he took it in the neck. The cavalry got 'em too—cut off their line of retreat. Young—— got the Order of Military Merit for charging them with his squadron. It was rather a good scrap and put the fear of God into the Moors. We picked up a dead European among them. He was wearing native kit. We never identified him, but he had various jolly little bits of information in his note-book, including Herr Browne's last message to him. Old Browne must have had a sense of humour when he spent laborious days conscientiously 'filming' our antics with a sham kinema machine! We got it after-

wards—it was a wonderfully fine signalling apparatus. By the way, do you really suppose that Kaiser Bill and all that lot really sent him there, or was he out on his own?"

The diplomat recoiled as though from a physical blow at so frank a question.

"My dear James," he answered, in a horrified tone, "stick to your own profession and leave international politics to those who understand them."

"Meaning you professional diplomats?" said his brother slyly, rising as he spoke.

"Right-o! but there is *one* amateur diplomat of my acquaintance who could run the whole Foreign Office very successfully."

"What is his name?"

"Mulai Hafid."

"I have never even heard of him," said the diplomat stiffly, justly suspecting a leg pull.

"That's just what I complain of!" replied the journalist, laughing. "You diplomats never *do* hear of any one of *real* importance!"

WALTER LOWRY-CORRY
(ZERES).

A SHIP'S COMPANY.

BY G. F.

IX. GALES.

"'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men."

—KINGSLEY.

VERY rightly did the bygone ages of seamen bestow on easterly weather its present fickle reputation. For four days out of a clear-cut black horizon the north-easter blew, with a low but steadied barometer; for four days we bucketed about amid waves that hourly seemed to grow bigger and more awe-inspiring; for four days, chilled to the bone, we gazed out on the incessant white flurry of a grey and white sea—the whole now dull and ominous-looking under a rolling dark sky, now sparkling steely, greeny black as a brilliant sun lit up its crests and furrows; one day driving our nose into the foam-capped combers, the next riding comparatively easily with the tumult astern. Then, on the fifth morning, came the looked-for gentle rise of the glass, and it brought us by evening—not, as we hoped, the climax of the gale before the calm, but biting villainous hail and rain. Still the glass rose slowly and easily, still the easterly weather lived up to its capricious character by doing anything but what one would have expected; then suddenly the rain stopped, in about an hour almost the

wind died down, the barometer began to fall very slowly, and yesterday we had a perfect day of autumn sunshine—a day which, for the time of the year, seemed strangely and almost oppressively hot.

Evening saw us making for "home" with a gentle south-easterly breeze astern; by eleven we were safely at anchor, and quickly all who could turned in—to woo as many hours sleep as an early start at the 1800-ton coal-ing on the morrow would allow.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling . . .!

Lying half awake in our hammocks this morning, we snatch a few seconds' grace before the ship's corporal again bestows his attentions on us, and simultaneously as he gives the foot-clews of the hammock that happens to be nearest him a violent jerk, commands us all and sundry to "Show a leg, show a leg, lash up and sto-o-w!" Lazily we rack our brains to put a name to that other noise that assailed our sleep-fuddled hearing when the "crusher" brought us to life a bare minute ago. Then *Ting-a-ling-*

a-ling . . . it again breaks forth.

The fog bell! So the easterly weather is treating us to the full gamut of his caprices—wind, rain, hail, sunshine, calm, and now fog.

But that is not going to postpone coaling. Oh dear, no. Already the blare of a distant syren proclaims that the collier is timidly nosing her way towards us.

We turn out, and, grumbling and grousing the while, perform that seemingly impossible feat of "cleaning" into a dirty rig. (The only explanation of this phenomenon necessary, however, is that a service dictionary—were there such a thing—would describe "*clean*," in the sense in which we use it, as—"v., *to dress, to put on clothes.*") Presently, having successfully got outside a bowl of steaming cocoa, we are ready for the much-hated work of the day.

Perhaps some of the officers not needed on deck to superintend the work of securing and "rigging" the collier (a busy torpedo party have already turned night into day—so far as the fog allows—with clusters here and there of blazing electric lights) have given themselves a few minutes' grace, but their respite from the grimy realities of to-day's "common task" is very short-lived.

"A quarter past four, sir. It's pretty cold and there's a thick fog." Thus Langton's servant rouses his master from a heavy slumber wherein thoughts of coaling and kindred abominations held no sway.

Soon various weirdly ap-

parelled, sleepy, and petulant figures assemble in the ward-room, and in an almost universal stony silence drink a perfectly filthy cup of tea and gulp down a few decidedly dry and uninteresting sandwiches. Any remarks made are of the peevish character which early rising and an impending distasteful job engender.

"Thick fog now; it'll be raining before we've really started," says Wilson, always rather prone to look on the dull side of things. Some grunt in acquiescence; one responds—"Yes, it's a real go into the garden and eat worms day." Otherwise, silence.

"Clear lower deck, hands coal ship," comes the pipe, and up on deck we all troop—a motley throng indeed.

Absolutely any rig is allowed for coaling, and divers are the sartorial effects sported. Probably, for the men, this small fact takes the edge off the day's drudgery, for firmly ingrained in the average "matloe" is an ineradicable love of "dressing up."

Observe the padre's servant with a discarded clerical hat surmounting footer rig—the latter peculiarly attenuated as to the knickers, while next him walks Private Spooner clad in riding breeches (evidently another cast-off item of an officer's wardrobe in the pre-war days) and plain clothes coat; the brim of a bowler in conjunction with his own curly black hair provides him with a piquant (albeit inefficient!) imitation headpiece. Of course we do not all dress up; the vast majority appear quite

soberly clad either in overalls or our oldest suit, but those members of the community on whom individually the lower deck bestows the euphemistic title of "a bird" always vie with each other in the production of comical effects.

To a stranger the blaze of electric light would reveal an extraordinary sight as the inmates of this human hive hurry and skurry to their stations, some in the collier—to be swallowed up in the gloomy holds or to tend the winches, out-hauls, &c., the others in the ship. And Wilson's prophecy has come true; by now the weather is what the natives of the country call "a wee bit saaft."

But are we downhearted? No. Already from the depths of the foremost hold come snatches of song—"Who were you with last night?" "Tipperary," and (the bluejacket always loves anything sentimental)—

"Night, and the stars are gleaming,
Tender and true;
Dearest, my heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of you."

"Sound the commence, bugler," orders the Commander. Comes the chatter of a winch, the splutter and hiss of steam, the murmur and creak of block, the sibilant whisper of whip, and then with a thud the first hoist of the day is landed inboard.

Any work proceeds all the better when a spirit of emulation can be infused among the workers. On board the ship at the four "dumping" grounds this is rather difficult to do, but in the collier itself (where is the hardest job of the lot—filling bags at lightning speed) we work hold against hold. On the coaming of the hatch is chalked up, hour by hour, our own score and those of our rivals, and thus, each hold striving against the other, the work proceeds apace.

At three we finished. It was not a good coaling. Things went wrong so very often: winches broke down, blocks jammed, whips broke, long before the end one hold was swept and empty, and—it was a vile day.

II.

Undoubtedly one of the phenomena of this war—as regards our own life—is the speed at which the time passes. Whether it is that we are always more or less busy, that there is some interest or excitement attaching to almost every minute of the day, it is absolutely true that never in any of our lives has the time passed so quickly as during

these last three months. Except perhaps in Sinbad's case; at least if we can believe one yarn of his wherein he is the hero, several "dagoes" armed with knives the villains, and when he lived "a year in an hour."

But a day will come on which the time seems to fly on doubly leaden wings, and such a one has to-day been.

The reason? Well, as "cease fire"—meaning that Able Seaman Dodds observed coaling was over,—“nuff when the bugle sounded the sed.”

III.

Midnight, and again at sea: rough weather, too. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on at least one night in harbour the order came, “Steam for full speed”; ten o'clock saw us passing the boom, and now here we are well away from the lee of the land, the ship staggering and rolling as she runs with the fury of the gale on her star-board beam.

Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.

It was at five, as we finished washing down, that out of the south-west came a puff of wind—then calm again; then another puff stronger than the first, and the flat leaden surface of the water quivered into life as each moment the wind blew harder, as puff became squall. The grey canopy of fog cleared as if by magic, and in the evening light we could just see—overhead the rolling grey chaos of the fast approaching storm, around us the peculiar misty contracted horizon of south-westerly weather. Now in the inky

blackness through which the gale shrieks and whistles and groans, we are pushing our way—whither?

That was the question all of us asked, though perhaps not in quite the same form. “What's the stunt?” Langton had said, for we were all certain that our hurried departure was not just an ordinary part of the day's work.

It was an evening of rumours, fantastic and otherwise. Unconsciously every one knew that *something* was in the wind: Bombard Heligoland? a “digging-out” (!) expedition? . . . None of the many individual guesses found favour with the crowd, and it was not till the powers that be let fall certain words—rendezvous—first fine morning—seaplanes—that any of us felt satisfied in our own minds as to what was on.

Over the next three days the curtain must fall. Early on the fifth morning we arrived back in harbour.

X. CALM.

This war is responsible for a great many things, and as the days go on, so, undoubtedly, will its responsibility increase; which brings us to the subject

of—beards. At all events, it must be perfectly safe to say that some of the whiskers which have lately made their appearance would never have

done so in the piping times of peace.

But to call them beards in every case is to be unduly flattering, for most of the productions are decidedly disappointing. Dannatt has grown something which on a dark moonless night might perhaps be mistaken for one, while Saxon, after six weeks' strenuous effort, can show nothing for his labours but a very inferior "Kruger" fringe. *Could* were the more proper word to use, for a great event in his life has just taken place, and at the breakfast table he appears again a more or less respectable member of society—the fringe is no more.

"Hello," says Langton, "so you've done your day's work already; did it hurt much? But seriously, old man, I offer you my heartfelt congratulations."

"I simply couldn't stand it any longer," explains Saxon.

"Well, it was not going to grow any longer," appropriately says Sinbad.

"Perhaps not, but anyway I had some ripping side-whiskers, hadn't I?"

And then some people say that men are not vain.

So much for the ward-room; as regards the rest of the officers, most of the members of the gun-room are far too juvenile to have yet passed beyond the stage of rapturously conning the advertisements of safety-razors, in eager anticipation of the day when an immature downy fluff will have grown slightly more aggressive. Some, of course, have reached years of discretion, but the

most that the gun-room sports (up to the present) is one very weedy pair of side-whiskers. The Warrant Officers on the whole are far too staid and unemotional to be influenced by the whims and caprices of the younger generation.

But on the lower deck a perfect forest of whiskers has sprung up, some of the effects being good, some bad, but most indifferent. It is one of the rules of the service that before a man is allowed to "grow," he must first solicit the permission of the officer of his division—not as a curtailment to the liberty of the subject, but just to provide a slight check to the ardour of those who otherwise would be continually "growing" one week and shaving again the next.

It is not hard to guess the names of one or two culprits: "Nobby" Clark, of course, broke out very soon, and by now has a really fine beard; of which he has duly informed his wife, but apparently she does not view the production in at all the same light as he does. At least Langton got that idea from a letter he censored last night: "You say if ever I come home tickling you with a beard, you'll never speak to me again. Well, as the first chance of a drop of leaf seems to be after the war, I'll risk it."

Doubtless the rumour alone of forty-eight hours' leave would soon cause much delving in ditty boxes for discarded razors.

One good thing, the Marines, being soldiers, are not allowed

to play pranks with their appearance, and so we are spared the sight into which Private Spooner would doubtless have turned himself; his moustache is recalcitrant enough without a beard adding to his troubles.

This is our second consecutive day in harbour. Yesterday we did the best coaling of the commission, taking in as much as usual and being finished and washed down by seven bells in the afternoon. To-day, Sunday, we are taking advantage of the apparent quietness of affairs in the outside world (which to us means—the North Sea) to have proper Sunday "Divisions" and "muster by open list."

"Divisions" is a great function in peace time. Now it is shorn of much of the accustomed pomp and ceremony. Gone are the officers' frock-coats, the clanking swords, the immaculate white gloves; of that first red week in August it might well be said, figuratively speaking, that for most naval officers all roads led to "Gieve's": the railways must have carried many hundreds of tons of gear to the outfitters for stowage till "after the war." The only error that we made then was in thinking that the time at which we have now arrived would belong to the mystical period which still seems so far distant.

It is twenty-five minutes past nine; from the bugle comes the "Officers' call," and on deck we troop to give the ward-room servants a last chance of tidying up, in case that autocrat—the Captain—

should look in on his voyage of inspection of the ship.

This last frenzied tidying up for the Captain's benefit is rather comical—as regards the Officers' Mess, at least. Will he not know all too well when he pulls aside the curtain and sees a spick-and-span apartment, that a bare half hour ago thirty or so individuals were breakfasting there; that, but for five minutes' grace between the "Officers' call" and "Divisions" itself, tobacco ash galore would be marring the polished surface of the shellaced corticene, that the whole place would be a litter of papers, charts, and all the paraphernalia which a N.O. must have immediately at hand; that if he were to open that bottom sideboard cupboard he would in all probability find a bucket of dirty water, stowed there (quite wrongly) by the corporal of servants who now stands so stiffly at attention by his side?

Of course he will; has he not lived in the ward-room for so many years of his life? and knowing, he will pass on, almost hearing the sigh of relief with which the corporal welcomes the fact that his delinquency has not been noticed.

"9.30, sir, ready for Divisions," the Commander reports to the Captain, and the latter heads the procession round the ship. The time-honoured routine is carried out; a tour of the mess decks, a peep into storerooms, the unearthing of the inevitable "cleaning rags"

where they should not be, &c., &c. Writing about it all perhaps seems futile, but experience shows that inspections such as this keep things—particularly as regards minor generalities—up to concert pitch.

The Captain is spending a long time "below" to-day, and twenty minutes elapse before the procession appears on deck. Already, fallen in by hundreds, the men are standing to attention in one long queue of fours, the first rank facing a table over which Saxon leans, ship's ledger spread open before him.

"Carry on, sir?" asks the Commander.

"Please," answers the Captain, and without further ado Saxon starts the ball rolling.

"Petty Officer Tucker," he calls out.

"Number one, sir; Petty Officer, Gunner's Mate, Gunlayer 1st Class, Three Good Conduct Badges." Tucker had stepped two paces forward and now stands, cap off and at attention, fearlessly looking his Captain between the eyes. As the last word is uttered, he turns smartly to the left, replaces his cap, and doubles away.

"Petty Officer Hayes."

"Number two, sir; Petty Officer, Leading Torpedoman, Two Good Conduct Badges."

And so the muster goes on; "Timothy Apps," says Saxon in a voice which by now sounds purely mechanical in tone. Up sidles Stoker Apps and sheepishly blurts out "Stokeer, first-class, sirr, second class for conduct."

The Captain gazes on him. He is not a particularly nice sight—just a "worm," and with no extenuating circumstances. However, he passes the ordeal with nothing worse than an order for "hair cut" against his name in the Master-at-Arms' book.

Pauses occur here and there: the inevitable stutters appear from time to time, covered with confusion; but the Captain has a kind heart, and taking pity on their affliction waves them aside long before they have had time to appear foolish to the remainder of the world behind them.

The R.N.R. men by now are initiated into most Service mysteries, and "muster by open list"—a much more trying ordeal than payment muster for the tyro—is negotiated swimmingly.

Evening comes, and six o'clock reveals a scene, the familiarity of which has robbed it of all incongruity for us. In a large flat just abaft the ward-room, extending the whole width of the ship, are assembled nearly two hundred men, some sitting, some standing, all smoking; tucked away in a corner is a musical instrument of some sort, while a small clear space in the middle contains a table and a chair.

What are we going to have? A concert? A stranger would come to no other opinion, but—he would be wrong.

Minutes pass; the atmosphere becomes grey and thick with the fumes of Woodbines, and "Ship's"; the chatter

grows louder and louder; then of a sudden a hush falls over the assemblage, and on the scene enters the Rev. Charles Golightly.

He looks round, and half to himself, half to the crowd, observes, "Ah, a good muster to-night, this is better. . . . No, no, carry on smoking, please," he adds in a louder voice, as certain individuals who are making a first appearance furtively put pipe in

pocket, or cigarette behind an ear.

"Hymn No. 27." The musical instrument, which closer inspection reveals in its true colours—a harmonium, emits a few wheezy bars, and the service begins. It is not the proper Evensong—just a succession of hymns and talks by the padre during an hour or so, but after all, just as effective, just as sincere.

XI. CELEBRITIES.

Most ships have a pet of some sort—a cat, dog, goat, monkey, or even a bear; which brings to mind the good old Service bear story. That it is true is an absolute fact, as several officers can testify; but it is told of so many ships and so many different persons that the younger generation after a while rather take it with the proverbial grain.

Anyway, one ship had a big shaggy bear for a pet, and for a time all went well. "Bruin" (needless to say that was *not* his name) behaved with the utmost decorum and became quite a credit to his ship and the Service. As time went on, though, he began to tire of chasing the same old figures, whose idiosyncrasies he knew so well, up and down ladders—along the fore and aft bridge—through the battery—on to the quarter-deck—and back again, and he made up his mind that fresh ships and decks new would be a pleasant change; so one day in harbour

he quietly slipped down the ladder and swam over to the next astern. The consternation (and rather more than consternation, rumour had it!) of that ship's officer of the watch when he saw a soaking wet, ferocious bear making for him can be well imagined. "Bruin" quickly cleared the quarter-deck of all inhabitants, and remained cock of the walk, while the fore-bridge semaphore sent out a frenzied appeal to the — for some one to come and remove their obstreperous property.

But we commissioned in such a whirl that pets were rather at a discount, and so have none; at least, none to ourselves. But with the rest of the ships that use this base we share two—"Fritz" and "Karl."

And either Fritz or Karl we always have with us, the one or the other, for they permanently keep watch and watch somewhere in the approaches to this anchorage. So by now

you have probably guessed who, or what, they are—actually two enemy submarines, but we always think of them by the pet names we have given their commanding officers.

Fritz and Karl somehow we imagine as being rather sportsmen; rumour says that the former, having fruitlessly expended all his torpedoes, once landed at an out of the way part of the coast, played eighteen holes on the nearest golf course, and re embarked to await Karl's arrival from Heligoland: while the latter on off-days is popularly supposed to play a bold game of "peep-bo" just to the seaward side of the boom—popping up his periscope now and then on the "Cat may look at a King" theory.

Thus we have invested them with a fictitious glamour of romance, though viewed in cold blood the only opinion that can be formed is that they must be singularly inefficient. But we have quite taken them under our wing, and so long as they continue to expend German torpedoes without result we shall be almost sorry if any harm comes to them.

We would rather like to come to an agreement with Fritz and Karl—live and let live.

The present is quite a long spell in harbour, and thus we ourselves for the first time feel to be on more or less familiar terms with Fritz and Karl; up to the present we have only heard of their activities

from friends in the harbour depôt ships, but now our own coding office confirms everything (except as regards the fantastic details) we were told.

"Are they really there?" Langton asks of Saxon, who has just sat down to tea after having the afternoon coding watch.

"Oh yes, I think so," replies Saxon; then, inconsequently, "I wonder if Fritz has seen 'The Passing Show'?" And, as far as a mouthful of bread, butter, and jam will allow, he croons, "You're here and I'm here, so what do we care?"

Till one has been at anchor for a day or two, one hardly realises what a blessed relief a spell in harbour affords.

Continually at sea, our thoughts centre on a single subject—the enemy—and it is only natural that we seem to lose absolutely the true perspective of ordinary things. Cooped up as closely as we are, trivialities of at all an irksome nature are apt to become enormities, and outside one's work petty peculiarities of a mess-mate—at first not even noticed, then whimsically tolerated—now after a few days' bad weather seem absolutely abhorrent.

For instance, one gets to the stage of considering it a personal insult that one's *vis-à-vis* splutters whilst drinking his tea!

At times one takes a feverish delight in welcoming additional discomforts (which must be bad!), and a green sea down the ward-room skylight, re-

sulting in the mess for an hour or two being an absolute snipe marsh, seems to be the best tonic going for a general "mouldy" atmosphere.

And the reason? Merely because so many people have to live in such a very restricted environment. Liver? Yes and no; but Dannatt, who neither by age nor rank is yet an S.O.B. ("silly old buffer" is a term of endearment applied to the senior members of the mess), is a great offender, and surely he ought to be able to prescribe for himself.

But a day or two in harbour quickly brush away the cobwebs, and in every possible way we make the most of them.

This evening Saxon, pausing for a moment just outside his cabin, has his ears assailed by the sound of a swinging chorus coming apparently from the bowels of the ship. After a week or so at sea probably he would have observed that "if those people want to make a blooming awful row, I wish they would not choose just outside my cabin to do it"; now he peers down the open trunk and listens with evident relish.

"Those people" are the padre and his concert party.

It was more than a month ago that the following appeared

on the lower deck notice-boards:—

*It is proposed to form a concert party. Will any "talent" please come and have a yarn with me in the dog watches during the next day or two?—
The Chaplain.*

The party rehearsing in the flat below is the result.

Running a ship's concert is no sinecure. Even after one has managed to separate the wheat from the chaff without offending more than half the ship's company, one's troubles only really begin. After having cast Stoker So-and-so for a song, one finds that although he originally reported (and fairly rightly too) as being "a good 'and at a comic," he now has no intention of performing in that line; it is sword-swinging or *nothing* for him.

But though a ship's concert party is as touchy as the most rabid Trade Unionist, the Rev. Charles Golightly has a happy knack of smoothing out all difficulties, and by now he has the nucleus of a successful evening's entertainment rehearsed and almost ready for production.

Whether—and if it is, when—it will be produced, fate will decide.

II.

There are two celebrities to whom you have not been introduced; presented, rather,—for one never is "introduced" to Royalty, is one? And they are, the Cocoa King and the

Incinerator King; all powerful sovereigns in their own domains.

The former is really a King, *ex officio*, if there can be such a personage, for though his realm

is the ship's galley, he is actually only there on sufferance. His forebears in the old days must have been the chiefs of some small predatory nation, for now he only appears in the hours of darkness. In fact he is a great example of the old adage, "Uneasy lies the head . . .," for his existence is a Jekyll and Hyde one in the extreme: he has never been seen during the day!

But mount the ladder and stroll into the precincts of the galley any time during the long night watches. There we shall find him hooded and cloaked in a duffle suit (some swear he wears a mask), now seated on a pile of potato sacks, a bowl of steaming cocoa at his lips, now standing suppliant at the galley door, beseeching the cook on watch for more.

Apparently he has solved two great questions of life—

(a) How to live without sleep.

(b) The art of perpetually taking nutriment.

But perhaps he is subsidised by Fry or Cadbury, or whoever purveys cocoa to his Majesty's Navy.

Anyway, as we try to impress on Dannatt, he deserves at least a column in the 'British Medical Journal.'

A very different personage is the Incinerator King. He reigns where all may see—and during the hours of official day only—right aft on the poop. His kingdom consists of a home-made contraption—cross between a travelling-kitchen and an armoured-car—for burning all refuse which other-

wise would be thrown over the side, and thus be likely to betray a fleet's movements to observant mariners.

The Incinerator was designed and made "below," and is a source of more pride and self-congratulation on the part of the senior engineer than the whole of the turbines, engine-rooms, and boiler-rooms put together. If one but knew, he probably considers himself fully qualified now to put F.R.I.B.A. after his name.

The King, a venerable smoke-begrimed dignitary, when not referred to by his royal title, answers to the name of Donald Macpherson, stoker, Royal Naval Reserve. In private life we are given to understand that he is a person of considerable importance in his native land of Stornoway; he owns at least one steam trawler that plies in and out of that port; from his venerable appearance when, gold spectacles on the point of his nose, he can be seen reading in his mess, he must be at least an elder.

"What for did ye join the Resairve, Donal': you just a-waistin' your time, tending yon . . . moock daistructor?" asks Sandy M'Squinty, a fellow-countryman hailing from "Glesca"; though whether Stornoway owns a "Glescaite" as a fellow-countryman, and *vice versa*, we Sassenachs of Sassenachs can hardly say.

"Hush, mon; d'ye ken your language. Is it no a bonny callin'?"

"What? I doot if ye'll find mony men tae go daftie o'er rubbish burnin'."

"I didna mean rubbish burnin'; I meant the Sairvice," answers Macpherson.

"Aye, nae doot," M'Squinty acquiesces, realising in time the futility of entering into an argument with one so well read.

In the ward-room a frequent topic of conversation is not "What for did we join the Sairvice?" but what we are going to do after the war. For a lot of us now are determined when peace comes once more to seek a new life (of course when the time does come we shall do no such thing!).

To-day, after breakfast, a small group are putting the finishing touches to a discussion which raged with varying success all last evening after dinner.

"Much as I hate the sea," says Sinbad (actually away from it for more than a week on end he would be supremely unhappy), "it's back to the old job for me. I know Sierra Leone too much, sah," he adds, dropping into nigger idiom; "and won't I kick those swine of Hamburgers if the old line sails out of there once more!"

"Six months' leave for me," Sandall contributes, "and a winter at Palm Beach." "Torps" is a voracious novel reader, and lately has been much enamoured with an American story by R. W. Chambers: rumour says that he has lost his heart (in the abstract) to a girl called Sheila.

Here Saxon propounds his

theory. "No, *the* thing to do is to start a pub. Oh, not the everyday sort of thing," he adds, noticing the look of mock dismay on his audience's faces: "A real old-world first-class hotel. You can all have jobs. Dannatt will be in the wine cellar. . . ."

"Then I stipulate that I'm provided with a skull-cup and red plush slippers," interposes that worthy.

Unabashed, Saxon continues: "It must have a huge garden, be near a golf course, and just off an important road, have a trout stream handy, and be well run on real old-world lines."

"Yes," says Langton, warming up to the idea, "I'll join in; and we'll have no men about the place—inside, that is: all maids with old-fashioned names."

"Penelope," supplements Terence.

"And Prudence."

"And Phoebe."

"And we'll keep bees, too; in those old-fashioned hives, you know."

The idea is catching on like wildfire.

"That's all very well," says Wilson, who has joined up on the outskirts of the throng. "But who's got the money to start all this going?"

"What! with our prize-money and blood-money, shan't we have enough?" asks Saxon.

"Wait and see," says Wilson, dull and prosaic as ever.

"Never mind old Rechid Pasha," says Saxon. "He'd be a wet blanket to . . ."

"The Huns are out, chaps!"

Martin's face, wreathed with smiles of excitement, is thrust round the door curtain just long enough for him to utter these words.

And they are, too, or at least some of them.

As "the Yarmouth raid" that day's exploit of the Germans goes down to history. It was not a very glorious episode in the annals of their navy, but it was an annoying one for us, because we failed to come to grips with them. True, their 10,000-ton cruisers engaged our 1000-ton gunboat *Halcyon*, and wounded one man, before they deemed it advisable to retire back to their fastnesses!

Needless to say, the other battle cruisers and ourselves, with the light cruisers, were after them as soon as we could possibly get away. But when

the first excitement of the news had died down, we seemed to feel that we were on somewhat of a wild-goose chase; they had such an impossible start of us.

But off at full speed we all pounded into the face of typical North Sea weather—dull, rainy, and rough; as we feared, though, disappointment was to be our fate, and early in the evening we were ordered back to harbour.

An unfortunate incident of the affair was that one of our submarines, in trying to make a "bag," struck a mine—one of a stream which the rearmost German ship was sowing as she fled—and sank.

"Yon dirrty dogs," was Macpherson's sole remark on the whole exploit. But that was unduly expressive for him.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER I.—THE LOCKED STUDY DOOR.

SUTHERBURY PARK was officially described in the local guide as one of the most eligible country seats in that part of England, and by a happy coincidence its owner enjoyed exactly the same reputation. Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne was, in fact, a baronet and a bachelor, with an ample income and not a stain on his character. His age was that delightful decade which rewards those who have survived forty, the decade when everything is still permitted in moderation, and the zeal for excess has passed. His appearance was equally satisfactory; hair so fair that an odd grey strand was never noticed, a shapely moustache, agreeable features with a benign expression, and the exact degree of portliness becoming to a gentleman of position with scientific tastes and political aspirations.

After completing the usual strenuous curriculum provided by the public schools and universities of his native land, favouring the countries of less fortunate people, and giving London the benefit of his presence for a number of years, he had succeeded to his baronetcy and proceeded to gratify the county, and still more the adjacent town of

Sutherland, by coming to live in his ancestral home.

This was some years before the remarkable series of events with which these annals are concerned, and in the meantime he had firmly established his reputation as a model magnate. In his youth, like all opulent and robust young men, he had been the hero of several romantic anecdotes, but except for a certain gracious gallantry of manner, there was now no hint of anything but the most circumspect austerity. His aged mother pronounced him a dutiful son, his acquaintances a charming neighbour, and his tradesmen an ideal customer.

Amidst general acclamations he was chosen as Conservative candidate for the division, and though the severest scrutiny of which the Liberal party is capable was instantly directed on his past, present, and probable future, even this unscrupulous organisation could only accuse him of having engaged a secretary who ought either to have been of another sex or else a trifle less picturesque. But when it was discovered that she had been educated at Girton, all doubts were of course instantly removed.

When it is added that the baronet's innocent hobbies were

social reform and scientific research, and that his domestic arrangements were presided over by his mother, a lady who from her early youth had been renowned for evangelical principles and adamant virtue, it will seem almost incredible that events of a disturbing and mysterious nature should occur in such a household. But the waywardness—indeed, one may almost say, the irreverence—of Fate is quite extraordinary.

It was in that pleasant season when gardeners have begun to sweep up brown leaves, and comfortable fires to blaze again, that the Dowager Lady Warrington-Browne prepared one afternoon to set out on her daily drive. She came down to the hall, and there, warming his back before a noble fire and gazing thoughtfully up at the timbered roof, stood her son.

"Mother," he said in a serious voice.

His mother enjoyed seriousness, and thought it became a Baronet particularly well.

"Yes, Wyverne?" said she with equal gravity.

"I have been thinking over my defects."

"As a Christian no doubt you are quite right," replied his mother, "but it is a habit you must get out of if you are going to be a public man."

"But supposing I saw an opportunity of effecting a great improvement in myself, I think I should be justified in risking something——"

"Wyverne!" said his mother with considerable severity, "I cannot stand these moral wob-

bles. They are the result of your scientific studies. Science is demoralising to a gentleman and fatal to a politician. What you need is definite opinions—and not too many of those; just one for each bill."

"Believe me, my dear mother," said the Baronet with dignity, "I have quite as high an ideal of a legislator as you. It is my ambition to do credit to my name and my constituency."

"Quite so. Well, read the *Spectator* and take plenty of exercise," advised his mother. "Have you anything else to say to me?"

For a moment he seemed to hesitate. Then, as if he were taking his resolution very firmly by the collar, he answered—

"If you could only understand, mother, that even scientific research may have a moral basis——"

"Research invariably leads to regrettable disclosures," pronounced his mother. "Look at *John Bull!*"

Sir Wyverne shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said he, "in that case I can only wish you a very pleasant drive. Wrap yourself up well."

With his suavest smile he saw the old lady enter her car and drive away. Then the smile died from his face and he walked very thoughtfully to his study.

That was at 2.45 P.M., as the butler who closed the front door afterwards testified.

At four o'clock Lady Warrington-Browne returned, and at four-thirty sat in the drawing-

room pouring herself out a cup of tea. She looked from the windows over a garden of regular beds and formal evergreens on to a glimpse of well-ordered parkland, with stately trees all shades of green and yellow and bronze. The Dowager was of a calm and exceedingly orderly disposition. She was satisfied with all she saw, but there was something that she missed. Everything was in its place, except her son. He always took tea with her, and was most particular never to be late. She rang and the butler entered.

"Please inform Sir Wyverne that tea has already been infused for several minutes," she commanded.

The butler went out and returned in a few moments with a curious expression.

"The study door is locked, your ladyship," he announced.

"Didn't you knock?"

"Yes, my lady, but I couldn't get no answer."

"Did you knock again?"

"I knocked several times."

For one instant a shade of emotion appeared on the Dowager's calm countenance.

"Miss Demayne isn't with him, I trust!"

"No, my lady, she went into the town more than an hour ago and isn't back yet."

Lady Warrington-Browne became entirely calm again.

"Sir Wyverne sent her, I presume?"

"I understand so, my lady."

"You are quite certain the door is locked?"

"Positive." The butler's manner became suddenly con-

fidential. "There's another curious thing, your ladyship. Sir Wyverne has 'ad a visitor—a young gentleman. He passed me in going out."

"Well?" inquired her ladyship.

"He never came in by the front door, and Sir Wyverne hasn't been out, not all this afternoon!"

"Was it no one you know?"

"Never seen him before, my lady, that I'll swear to. He isn't one you'd forget."

"Oh!" said the Dowager. "Young men are generally much alike. What was peculiar about this one?"

"Such twinkling eyes, so to speak, your ladyship, and such a pleasant expression of his face! A most uncommon nice-looking young gentleman, and most affable in his conversation!"

"Then he spoke to you?"

"Yes, my lady. 'Horrocks,' he said—knowing evidently my name—'I bet you don't know me.' 'No, sir,' says I, 'I do not.' 'Mr Archibald Fitz-Wyverne I am,' says he, 'and the girls call me Archie, and I'm Sir Wyverne's third cousin twice removed,' says he."

"Good gracious!" cried the perturbed Dowager, "what did he mean by that?"

"He didn't explain, my lady, but just winked, so to speak, and off he goes."

"And this person had been visiting my son!"

"Evidently, my lady."

"A third cousin? Fitz-Wyverne?" reflected her ladyship. "Wyverne was certainly a name in my husband's family,

but I never heard of any Fitz-Wyvernes. I do not believe this person told the truth, Horrocks!"

"Well, your ladyship, that reflection, as it were, occurred to me likewise, but he was a most pleasant young gentleman, for all his manners was

a little free—quite the gentleman and no mistaking him."

"H'm," said Lady Warrington-Browne.

She recovered her outward calmness, but inwardly the equanimity which had never been disturbed for over seventy years began to be shaken.

CHAPTER II.—THE MISSING BARONET.

Some time before dinner the dowager apparently obtained some information of her missing son. She informed the butler that Sir Wyverne was not at home but would return later in the evening, and that the locked study was satisfactorily accounted for. A little before seven o'clock Miss Joyce Demayne returned, and at 7.45 the two ladies sat down to dinner.

The baronet's secretary was twenty-eight, dark-haired, of the most perfect figure, and with that clear pale complexion and serene mouth which go so well with the elevated type of womanhood. It is true that her nose turned up very slightly at the end, that her eyes were decidedly brighter, and the serenity of her lips more easily impaired by a smile than the usual elevated lady's, and that after she had been irrevocably engaged a belated opinion from a tolerably trustworthy source pronounced Miss Demayne a trifle wilful; but where has absolute perfection ever been found?

Lady Warrington-Browne had heard of her through a friend whose judgments were

usually infallible. She was described as exceedingly well connected, refined, amiable, and accomplished; educated at Girtton, where she had taken an excellent degree; well versed in current politics; and an anti-suffragette on intellectual grounds: a lady admirably qualified to be both a companion for herself and a secretary for her son. And with such a character, what mother would not have felt secure?

When this paragon appeared in person and was immediately described by the Baronet (though in the most ingenuous way possible) as one of the handsomest women he had ever met, the Dowager felt her first qualm. As she herself had urged her appointment with all the strength of her very resolute character, and as she never on principle admitted that she was wrong, criticism was unfortunately impossible, but several more qualms had followed. On the other hand, she had instilled into her son the highest principles, and she was pleased to note that ever since he became a politician he had shown an increasing deference for public opinion; while

as for the young lady herself, nothing could have been more correct than her deportment. On the whole, the Dowager remained optimistic but alert.

Miss Demayne seemed surprised at the Baronet's absence.

"He never told me he would be away," she said.

"Does Sir Wyverne confide all his movements to you?" inquired the Dowager in a singularly searching voice.

Miss Demayne looked a trifle startled. There was a gleam of animosity in the old lady's eye she had never seen before.

"Oh no," she said, "but he doesn't usually bewilder me like this."

She laughed, but the Dowager remained stern.

"May I inquire how he has 'bewildered' you?"

"In the first place, he asked me to do some messages for him in the town which all turned out to be quite unnecessary, and then as soon as I go he disappears!"

"Humph," said the Dowager ambiguously.

Miss Demayne remained quite good-humoured.

"Then he did confide his secret to you?" she smiled.

"Not personally."

"You mean he left a note?"

"No, I do not mean he left a note," said the Dowager, so formidably that Miss Demayne pursued the subject no further.

After dinner there seemed so little demand for her society that she said she would have a turn on the terrace in the moonlight, and the Dowager saw her no more till after ten o'clock. Then she came into

the drawing-room with a certain brightness in her eye, as though she had lately enjoyed some not unpleasant experience.

"I have just had a curious encounter," she said.

"You don't mean that any of the deer have got into the garden!" exclaimed the Dowager.

"I met Mr Archibald Fitz-Wyverne," she explained.

The Dowager looked a trifle startled.

"That young man again!" she cried; "who on earth is he?"

Miss Demayne in turn seemed taken aback.

"He said he knew you well!"

"I never met him in my life!"

The two ladies looked at one another.

"Oh, but surely——" began the younger.

"I tell you I never did! He deliberately lied," cried the Dowager.

Miss Demayne bit her lip and wished the old lady good-night. As she opened the door, the Dowager demanded—

"Where did you meet him?"

"On the terrace."

"How did he come to be there?"

"I really didn't ask him. When he told me he was a relation of Sir Wyverne, I—well, I simply took everything for granted."

"He persists then that he is a *relation!*"

"A second cousin, he said."

"*Second* cousin!" cried the Dowager. "He is coming nearer and nearer!"

Shortly after Miss Demayne had gone, Horrocks entered with the report that Sir Wyverne had not yet returned. Coming immediately on the top of the secretary's curious story, this news considerably disconcerted the Dowager, especially as Horrocks declared positively that Mr Fitz-Wyverne had once more made his appearance without troubling to ring the front-door bell. She still persisted, however, that she had positive assurance that Sir Wyverne would return that night, and professed herself confident of seeing him at breakfast and getting a thoroughly satisfactory account of everything that had happened; and with that she went stout-heartedly to bed.

At breakfast, however, there was no sign of the lost Baronet. He had not slept in his room, and there was no message or letter from him. And then came a very startling discovery. With a decidedly pale face Horrocks informed her ladyship—

"The end room and the blue room in the bachelors' wing has been slept in, my lady!"

"Last night?" cried her ladyship.

"The maids found 'em slept in in the morning, and told me, and I've seen 'em for myself, my lady! And some one's been in the pantry, what's more!"

"You mean we've had burglars?"

"Well, your ladyship, the

odd thing is that I can't manage to miss nothing at all."

The Dowager looked at him fixedly.

"I don't believe a word of it," she announced, and forthwith set out to examine the rooms in the bachelors' wing.

In accordance with her immutable principles, she gave no indication that she had changed her opinion when she saw the beds: but there they were—slept in, beyond a doubt.

"It is extraordinary how servants make a fuss about nothing at all," she informed Miss Demayne, and set resolutely about her knitting as usual.

Half an hour later her firmness at last succumbed. Looking as perturbed as Horrocks, Miss Demayne came into her morning-room.

"There is some one in the study!" she said.

"You mean—not Sir Wyverne?"

"It can't be. The door is still locked, and yet I heard voices! When I tried the handle they stopped suddenly, and then I heard them whispering!"

Though thoroughly alarmed by now, the Dowager gave her orders capably and promptly.

"Go at once to Major Peckenhams and bring him here! Tell Horrocks and James to get guns and stay in this room with me till he comes. Make haste!"

Joyce Demayne sped off, and behind the locked door of the morning-room Lady Warrington-Browne and her garrison waited.

CHAPTER III.—THE STUDY DOOR OPENS.

From his early youth, Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne and Major Maurice Peckenham had been constant and devoted friends. At first Maurice was a few years the elder, which at a preparatory school gave him an almost godlike glamour in Wyverne's eyes. He still, presumably, retained his lead in years, but by the time Wyverne was a Baronet with a five-figure income, and Maurice had retired from the army with his majority, a corresponding pension, and private means to the extent of fifty pounds per annum, the glamour had, so to speak, crossed over.

In a happy hour for the Major, the Baronet permitted his friends to turn his eyes towards Westminster, and at once discovered that the first requisite was a capable local agent. Out of his own pocket he endowed the post with a salary of five hundred pounds a year, and Major Peckenham took up his residence in an exceedingly comfortable little house near the foot of the High Street in Sutherbury. It was the old part of the town and the house was oak-panelled, with a long strip of garden running down to the river, and excellent cellar accommodation; while first-rate shooting on all the neighbouring estates and a comfortable two-seater added still further to the amenities of the situation.

When Miss Joyce Demayne appeared on that momentous

morning, she found Major Peckenham studying a file of daily papers from which he was extracting items of political importance. He was a well-set-up and well-groomed gentleman, with a black moustache beginning to grizzle, an alert eye, and the most correct views on all departments of life. As a Liberal agent, people said that this extreme correctness might have been a trifle disadvantageous, but as a Conservative agent he was allowed to be ideal.

He welcomed Miss Demayne with the most appreciative smile; but when he heard her news, his gravity became extreme.

"This must not be allowed to get about in the constituency!" he said.

"Yes; but first of all we must find out what it means!" she cried.

"Mum is the word, whatever it means," he replied impressively. "Our opponents are capable of putting the worst construction on anything."

In a few minutes he had brought his two-seater to the door, and in a few more they were at Sutherbury Park.

At the sight of the gallant Major, Lady Warrington-Browne made no pretence at all of concealing her relief. She dismissed her garrison, placing them, however, in a good strategic position in the hall, told Miss Demayne to remain under their protection, and asked the Major to close the door.

"Before you go up to the study," said she, "I want to know what you've heard already."

"Only what Miss Demayne has told me. Thank Heaven, nothing has got about the town yet!"

"Did she tell you pretty fully what she knows?"

"Very fully—except perhaps about her conversation with this fellow Fitz-Wyverne."

"Ah!" said the Dowager significantly, "she is sure to be concealing *something!*"

The Major looked surprised. Like the Dowager, he had begun by considering Sir Wyverne's secretary a paragon, and he had remained of this opinion.

"Really?" said he.

She wagged her head exceedingly knowingly.

"There is something *I* haven't mentioned yet," she said. "I was sitting in the drawing-room between tea and dinner yesterday when a strange gentleman walked in."

"Walked in! You mean he wasn't announced?"

"Oh, he explained that quite satisfactorily. He said Wyverne had asked him to look in and explain that he was unavoidably detained, and would not return before night. I was not to be alarmed, he said, because he would certainly arrive before bedtime. Wyverne had told him not to ring the bell, but just to slip in and tell me this quietly."

"Good Lord, what a rum arrangement!" exclaimed the Major.

"Ah, if you had seen the gentleman, Major! He was the most discreet and impressive person. He told me some other very interesting facts too."

"What kind of facts?"

The Dowager closed her mouth firmly. Then she merely observed—

"They were worth remembering."

At this moment Horrocks rushed in.

"Please your ladyship," he cried, "Miss Demayne and me has been up to the study door again, and there's a smell coming through the keyhole!"

"What kind of a smell?" demanded the Major, starting for the door.

"Miss Demayne thinks it's ohemicals like Sir Wyverne sometimes works with." The butler lowered his voice, "But I think it's a more serious odour than that!"

The Major arranged the order of advance with the greatest precision. It was designed so that any shocking discovery should be disclosed first of all to discreet eyes, and, if possible, to no others. First came himself, then at a considerable interval Miss Demayne, and behind her the armed forces, with orders to change positions with her rapidly in case of any actual disturbance of the peace. The Dowager was posted in the hall attended by her maid and the housekeeper.

Motioning the rest of the column to halt a little distance back, Major Peckenham tiptoed to the study door and listened breathlessly.

Unquestionably there was a subdued murmur as of hushed voices. Then he first sniffed the keyhole and afterwards carefully applied his eye to it. What he saw seemed to agitate him, and he threw a glance back at his main forces as if to see that they were ready for an emergency. And then he knocked firmly and loudly.

There was dead silence within.

"Open the door!" he demanded sternly.

Again there was utter silence.

"If you don't open the door at once I shall kick it in!" he announced.

This time he distinctly heard a murmur, and a moment later a kind of gasp; but there was no answer to his summons.

Turning his back to the door, the Major gave it a preliminary kick, not violent enough to do damage, but firm enough to indicate that an athletic gentleman was conducting the operation.

A voice that made him start replied—

"All right, I'll open it!"

The key clicked, the door opened, and there stood—Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne. Behind him in the long book-lined study was a faint odour of chemicals, but not a sign of another living being.

"Wyverne!" he gasped. "You?"

"My dear Maurice," said the Baronet, smiling (though it seemed rather a strained smile), "who on earth did you expect to find in my study but me?"

The Major looked at his old

friend steadily. Unquestionably the Baronet was not feeling quite at his ease. Then he turned and hailed Miss Demayne.

"It's all right," he said. "You needn't any of you wait any longer. Tell Lady Warrington-Browne that it was only Sir Wyverne himself. He was—er—busy with some scientific experiments."

Considerably surprised, the expeditionary force retired, and the Major entered the study and closed the door.

"Look here, Wyverne, old fellow, what's all this about?" he asked.

"All what?" said Sir Wyverne in his blandest voice.

"Immediately before I knocked I looked through the keyhole, and there was somebody else in the room with you!"

The Baronet was visibly disturbed.

"Somebody else? Are you sure? Did you—er—see him clearly?"

"I got a glimpse of his back."

"Ah, that would only be me!"

"Wyverne, old chap, I've known you for getting on for forty years—both views of you—and it wasn't you!"

"Very odd!" said the Baronet, falling into a chair and assuming a wondering expression.

At that moment the Major's eye fell on something on the floor. It seemed to project a few inches from the couch, as though the rest were underneath. Apparently it was

made of black - and - white checked cloth. He said not a word, and curbed even the gleam in his eye. Laying his hand on his old friend's shoulder, he spoke very seriously but quite calmly.

"Remember, my dear fellow, you're a public man now, and we can't afford to have queer stories going about. You can trust me implicitly."

Sir Wyverne jumped up and shook his hand.

"I promise you, Maurice, I'll come and tell you the whole yarn in a day or two; but I must have time to think things over first."

The Major nodded.

"Very well, I suppose we'll have to leave it at that, if you say so. But what am I to say meanwhile?"

"What you just said to Miss Demayne."

"But that doesn't cover all

these funny goings on, not by a long way."

"Dash it," said the Baronet a little irritably, "it's your business to explain things away."

"My dear Wyverne," said his agent gravely, "you must really get the hang of things better than that. It's your function—the function of a statesman—to explain things away. My business is to diffuse an atmosphere of optimism."

"Well then, diffuse one."

"You've made it damned difficult," replied the Major gloomily. "Even saying you were doing scientific experiments doesn't sound quite a serious enough occupation."

As he went out he glanced again at the thing on the floor. Apparently it had not moved an inch.

CHAPTER IV.—A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.

It was on the second morning after the recovery of the missing Baronet that he walked into Major Peckenhams's smoking - room. The Major had not seen him since they parted in his study. He looked at him narrowly now, and was struck by the contrast between the gravity of his expression, taking it as a whole, and curious gleams which every now and then lit his eye.

"Have you plenty of time on your hands, Maurice?" he began. "I have a good deal to tell you."

His friend assured him the day was at his disposal.

"You may find a little difficulty at first in crediting all the facts," said Sir Wyverne, as they drew their chairs towards the fire, "but at the very beginning I give you my word of honour, Maurice, that every syllable I am going to tell you is the naked unvarnished truth."

"If you depart from the truth I shall very soon spot it," replied the Major, who prided himself on his eagle mind.

"No you won't," said the

Baronet. "That's to say, I may sound as though I had departed, and you will have to be carefully on your guard against being misled into incredulity. However, I know that my solemn assurance will always be sufficient to correct anything even approaching scepticism."

"No doubt," said his friend cautiously.

"You know, of course, my lifelong passion for science, Maurice?"

"I've always known you dabbled a bit."

"More than dabbled, Maurice—far more than dabbled," said Sir Wyverne very gravely. "I have plunged headlong into one of the vastest, most profound, and least explored of all the fields covered by the loose term 'science'!"

"By Jove!" murmured Maurice as sympathetically as he could.

"The complex and mysterious problems of consciousness, of personality, of the dual and possibly multifold nature encompassed within one shell of clay have always fascinated me, Maurice."

"By gad!" murmured the Major less distinctly.

"I'll explain my line of investigation as briefly and popularly as possible. The theory is this:—that not only has man two or three sides to his character, but that he actually consists of two or three different men rolled into one, so to speak; and the practical problem is—Can those different personalities be dissolved and come apart?

The problem has, of course, been solved in fiction with very dramatic effect, and a sound moral thrown in, and so on, but my idea was to do it in actual *fact*!"

The Baronet lowered his voice impressively.

"I resolved to try and perform the experiment in my own actual person! Now, Maurice, you are to keep on remembering that this is no story-book you are reading, but the recital of a plain, straightforward narrative of real events."

"I'll try to," said the Major bravely.

"My object, I may say, was by no means mere vulgar curiosity, or even unmixed devotion to science. The truth is that I recognised the contrasts in my own character so keenly, and was so acutely conscious of the way one side of me handicapped the other, that I frequently became desperate to find a remedy. Look at my higher nature! I am, so far as in me lies, a philanthropist and a social reformer; I am, I hope, a not unintelligent student of politics: I am certainly an enthusiastic student of science. In short, I have several really very solid virtues."

"Solid as lead, old chap!" said his friend cordially.

"On the other hand," sighed Sir Wyverne, "there is one fatal little word covering so many things. I spell it over often to myself:—*l*—"

"Ladies! I know, I know!" said the Major profoundly. "They're the deuce."

His old friend looked a trifle startled.

"I didn't exactly mean——" he began.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the Major hurriedly. "You only meant 'laziness,' I s'pose."

"D——n it!" exclaimed the Baronet. "I meant 'lapses'; but you seem to jump to conclusions about my character very hurriedly."

"I've known you such a long time, old fellow," said his friend apologetically.

Sir Wyverne smiled benignantly again.

"Maurice," you're quite right!" said he. "Why should I beat about the bush? Those are indeed among my lapses. I do appreciate a pretty face, and I do appreciate an occasional half-hour's meditation over my pipe when I ought to be more strenuously employed. That is expressing your thoughts, I think?"

"It's expressing them pretty mildly," said the Major. "However, go on."

"You are following my ideas very satisfactorily," said Sir Wyverne, "and, no doubt, you now understand what I proposed to do. I resolved to make the experiment of dissolution—taking, however, the most minute precautions that it would be the *better* part of my nature that should appear in my guise and not the worse!"

"Mind you, the voters here don't like too high a churchman," his friend warned him.

"You will realise even better what I mean in a moment," said Sir Wyverne indulgently.

"My first step was, of course, to prepare the necessary reagent. It took me years; I don't know whether you are interested in organic chemistry, Maurice?"

"Not extra," said the Major hastily.

"Well then, I need only say that I got it at last. The actual formula, my dear fellow, of this extraordinary compound is very briefly $H_{97} O_{45} N_{12} S_{63} C_{114}$ —however, I'm afraid I am getting a little technical. To come to what happened: It was the day before yesterday when I resolved to make the great experiment. All morning I prepared myself for the ascent into a higher self by a course of exalted reading. I read all the most stimulating parts of *Paradise Regained*, the Order of the Morning and Evening Services, and a number of passages in *Hamlet* which I had previously marked in readiness for the occasion. After lunch I sent Miss Demayne into Sutherbury on some trivial business so that I should have the field clear; I locked the study door; and then I swallowed the capsule!"

The Major was staring at him very hard, which seemed so sympathetic a symptom that the Baronet grew increasingly dramatic.

"There was an evanescent but very extraordinary sensation, as of a bomb suddenly bursting within me, and the next moment who do you think sat in that room? As I am a living sinner, Maurice, two men!"

"Good gad!" exclaimed the

startled Major. What the devil did you do?"

"What did I do? I, as you know me, had ceased to exist! Those two men *were* me! The supreme test had succeeded, Maurice! And yet," added the Baronet in a less triumphant tone, "I must frankly confess I hadn't got in the least the result I had every reason to expect. Instead of rising into my higher self, I had simply been divided into my lighter half and my solidier half. It was rather a curious thing to happen after reading *Paradise Regained*, wasn't it?"

The Major saw he was evidently expected to answer, so he cautiously replied—

"Very."

"On the other hand, the more I have thought over things since, the more forcibly it has struck me that of course if this experiment were performed in real life (as it now has been) there couldn't simply be one part of one's nature left to wander about by itself. For where would the other part be?"

During this metaphysical speculation the Major seemed to be grappling with some other problem.

"Look here, Wyverne," he exclaimed. "I want to get to the point of all this. What sort of fellows were these in your study?"

"One of them was a charming youth, with fair wavy hair and the most animated and agreeable face. The other was his exact opposite in every way,—a square-headed, heavily jawed man, considerably older, with

a very tightly compressed mouth and the most austere eyes imaginable. So there I was, Maurice!"

"Well, and what did you say to them?" demanded the Major.

"Good heavens, I wasn't there any longer! They were me!"

"I say, Wyverne," said his friend seriously, "if you're trying to get a couple of voters quietly on the roll, I'll ask no questions and do my best. Still, just in case of awkward inquiries, you'd better tell me in confidence: These two fellows haven't had trouble with the police, have they?"

To his great astonishment his old friend's expression became anything but confidential.

"Maurice!" he cried, springing from his chair, "do you mean to say that, in spite of my repeated assurances, you actually haven't believed me?"

The Major passed his eyes round his panelled smoking-room. On the hearth a log fire burned pleasantly; the easy-chairs were the last word in comfort; on the walls hung the choice sporting prints he never could afford before. He glanced out of the window and saw a very cold and grey autumnal sky, and the brown trees bending beneath an un-homely wind. He thought of his £500 a year, and he thought of life without it. He looked again at the Baronet, and there was no doubt he was dead in earnest.

"I—I do believe you—er—thoroughly, Wyverne, old chap."

The Baronet was the soul of good-nature. He was instantly appeased.

"Bravo!" he said. "I knew you would. Your hand on it!"

He held out his hand, and

then suddenly withdrew it. The Major looked surprised, but relieved.

"The act of going to do that gave me an odd turn," said Wyverne with a half laugh. "You'll learn why presently."

CHAPTER V.—THE BARONET'S STORY.

"First," said the Baronet, "I may mention that I had taken one judicious precaution. Suspecting that my better self might not measure exactly the same round the waist as me, I providentially looked ahead. Otherwise there would have been two men with only one suit of clothes between them.

"As it happened, the square-headed party was left sitting in my own blue suit, I suppose because he was too solid to be shifted. It was a bit loose for him, but then he wasn't a fellow you'd expect to be well dressed. But the gay youth might have been in the deuce of a hole. In fact, his first remark on coming into existence was—

"Talking of the weather, I'm going to get dressed. How about these?"

"Not knowing either the size or the taste of the angelic being I had hoped to create, I had invested in three lots of 'ready-for-service suitings and shirtings'—of different sizes and degrees of fascination, and so forth. The youth went straight as a bullet for a fairly lively shepherd's plaid, a pink shirt, and a pair of yellow boots. I hadn't really backed that lot for a place with the angel, but

they were an easy winner with him.

"These seem the nearest things here to a bit of all right," said he, hopping into the trousers, 'don't they, old cock?"

"The grave man displayed no enthusiasm.

"I am neither old nor a cock," he replied sternly, 'and I beg to inform you that if you continue to make inaccurate statements, our disjoint existence will become a very inharmonious affair.'

"If I confined myself to accurate statements about your appearance, old bird, my conversation would very soon get on your nerves," said the youth, diving into the pink shirt. 'And talking of nerves, how do you think the public will stand this tie?'

"It was a yellow tie, whose chief virtue was that it matched the boots. (I had ordered the things without seeing them, I may mention.)

"The grave party looked at him gloomily.

"You are going to be a very serious handicap," said he.

"Cheer up!" cried the other gaily, as he buttoned his braces; 'I can assure you I don't propose to sit here and look at you

one instant after I'm dressed and named. By the way, what's your name going to be?'

"I am named already,' said the grave man; 'I am Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne—or at least by far the better part of him, as is proved by my remaining in his clothes.'

"The sediment generally stops in the jug,' replied the youth. 'Apropos of which, if you go about calling yourself Sir W. W.-B., you'll be still worse jugged in half an hour.'

"The justice of the latter part of this remark struck the grave man forcibly.

"I suppose we shall have to adopt some other designation,' he said reluctantly. 'What do you propose to call yourself?'

"Archibald,' said the young man promptly. 'It's a name I've always admired, and I never met an Archie yet who wasn't a successful co-responder. What are you going to be?'

"I think,' replied the other with profound deliberation, 'that on the whole I incline to Samuel.'

"Devilish suitable,' agreed Archibald; 'Samuels are generally prosperous and seldom found out. And now, what about surnames? Supposing one of us was Warrington and the other Browne? I'll be Warrington.'

"You will be nothing of the kind,' said Samuel with considerable heat. 'As I represent Wyverne's virtues, I have first choice. You'll be Browne.'

"It's the most unsuitable

name for a sinner I've ever heard of!' cried Archibald. 'I'm no more Brown than I'm drunk!'

"Remember it's Browne with an 'e,'" said Samuel persuasively. 'Also, I venture to prophesy that you *will* be drunk.'

"Look here, old bird,' said Archibald in a reasonable voice, 'it's never safe to count for certain on any man getting drunk except oneself, and I assure you I'll never be Browne while I'm sober. The obviously sporting thing is to start fair with fresh names. Then we won't have to share the credit with any one. I'll be Archibald Fitz-Wyverne. It's more or less correct, too.'

"It is as vulgar as your tie,' said Samuel, 'but I suppose it's quite appropriate. I shall be plain Harris.'

"You certainly can't be handsome Harris, old boy; and I must say Samuel Harris sums you up pretty accurately. By the way, what other lies are you going to tell?'

"I am now incapable of lying!' replied Samuel warmly. 'If the somewhat peculiar circumstances in which I find myself should ever oblige me to suppress or modify the truth, it shall at least be done on as accurate lines as possible.'

"It seems to me you have defined the science of lying,' said Archibald. 'But I must say that a square-headed, credible-looking fellow like you ought to be a little more ambitious. I am going to practise lying as an Art.'

"You seem compounded

entirely of vice, Archibald,' observed Samuel coldly.

"'Like all dull people, you are a very bad judge of character,' replied Archibald. 'I am not nearly industrious enough to invent fables if I had facts handy, but as I should certainly be put straight into an asylum if I told the truth about myself, I shall simply make a virtue of necessity, and be as picturesque as possible.'

"By this time he had finished lacing his boots, and he went and had a look at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, getting on a chair to view the boots.

"'One of the knuts,' he pronounced, 'and not the worst of them!'

"And then jumping off the chair he cried—

"'Well, Sambo, I'm off. Good-bye!'

"'Wait one minute!' said Samuel hastily. 'We must make some plans about meeting again.'

"'I know you'll miss me,' admitted Archibald, 'but what's the hurry?'

"'The hurry is this,' said Samuel solemnly. 'You see, I unfortunately omitted to make any arrangement that would account for my absence from my house even for one night.'

"'You omitted to make arrangements! *Your* house!' cried Archibald. 'Really, Sam, you must remember that in the bust up of the late Sir Wyverne, I represent the creditors just as much as you. I don't mind your referring to him as "Daddy" or "Uncle,"

or "Old-gone-to-bits," or anything else that suggests itself to your sparkling intellect, but I do draw the line at your alluding to him as "I."'

"'You are not a sufficiently responsible person to argue with,' replied Samuel severely, 'but you must at least see it is quite necessary that we should, so to speak, reconstruct the missing Baronet before they begin to drag the pond for him.'

"'Yes,' admitted Archibald, 'there would be general disappointment if they didn't find the body. Very well, I'll be back by night, and we'll meet here and unbust again. Pip, pip! Be good!'

"And thereupon the youth walked out of the study."

.....
 "Perhaps at this point," said Sir Wyverne, "I should explain one or two extraordinary features in this psychological phenomenon. Both Archibald and Samuel, as it were, shared my past. I mean that they both remembered all the thoughts and actions of Wyverne Warrington-Browne; though naturally the wide difference between their characters made each remember some things more vividly than others.

"On the other hand, so long as they remained separate personalities, neither could read the other's thoughts, any more than you or I can; but now that I have become myself again, I can remember equally well what each of them thought and did. I want you to understand the whole situation

clearly, Maurice, because I shall probably get you to witness a statement which I think of reading before the British Association."

"You mean you're going to quote me as—er—evidence all this really happened?" gasped the Major.

"I want to give you as much of the credit as I possibly can."

"Thank you, Wyverne," murmured the Major.

"Besides, this explanation is really necessary if you are to appreciate fully Archibald's next movements. I needn't tell you about his meeting with Horrocks, because, no doubt, you've heard all about that already. It's when he got out of the house that his ideas require a little illumination. You know that walk under some old yew-trees in the furthest corner of the west garden, near the fish-pond—a peculiarly secluded spot?"

"I know the place."

"Well, Maurice, many years ago that spot was connected with a young romance. The youth was—er—well, he was a very great friend of yours."

"I remember your telling me all about it at the time," said Maurice. "The girl was your mother's pretty——"

"Quite so," said the Baronet hurriedly. "But I'd no idea

you still remembered my early confessions so distinctly, Maurice."

"Oh, I've a wonderful memory—always pride myself on it."

"You are very discreet, I hope, Maurice?" said the Baronet, with a passing shade of anxiety.

"I never gave a pal away in my life," said Maurice earnestly.

Sir Wyverne seemed to breathe more freely.

"Well then," said he, "I don't mind admitting that every now and then, at odd times since, I've found my thoughts wandering back to that shady walk. It has only been for an instant, mind you; it's a kind of habit I don't encourage; but it's a fact that the moment that young devil Archibald stepped out of the study, he selected that memory of all others to positively revel in! Even before he met Horrocks he went to my room and slipped my card-case in his pocket. And all the time he was reminiscencing."

The Baronet paused.

"And then?" inquired the Major.

"Well, in the first place," said Sir Wyverne, "it is necessary that you should keep as calm as possible, Maurice. What you are going to hear requires a steady nerve."

CHAPTER VI.—THE STORY CONTINUED.

"You know old Dodson the draper? He lives in one of the last houses on the London

road, going out of Sutherbury. There is a copper beech on each side of the gravel path

leading up to the door, and inside a very substantial-looking Mrs Dodson—and a peculiarly engaging Miss Dodson. Archibald, I may mention, knew her by sight—that's to say, at least he had seen her in his previous existence.

"Yesterday afternoon Mrs Dodson was equally surprised and flattered when the maid presented her with the card of Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne, Bart., with the legend in pencil at the top, 'To introduce Mr Archibald Fitz-Wyverne,' and a few minutes later she and Mr Dodson discovered their distinguished visitor in the drawing-room whistling to the canary.

"He greeted them in a really very agreeable and charming manner—put them at their ease in five minutes, in fact.

"My uncle, Sir Wyverne, has asked me to call,' he explained. 'As, of course, you know, he is standing for this division at the next election. He's a dashed good fellow and all the rest of it—the man for Sutherbury, and he naturally wants to get in touch with the leading and most intelligent voters.'

"Mr Dodson has a way of staring very fixedly out of his gold-rimmed spectacles before he commits himself to a remark. He first stared and then remarked—

"I thought Sir Wyverne was standing as a Conservative.'

"Naturally,' said Archibald. 'True blue Tory; old port, high farming, and all the rest of it!'

"Mr Dodson stared again.

"Do you mean to tell me he doesn't know I am Vice-President of the Liberal Association?' he demanded.

"Of course Archibald ought to have known, if his uncle hadn't trusted implicitly to having so good an agent, and had bothered about these details himself. However, he met the emergency all right.

"Of course he knew it!' he said, and suddenly became very confidential. 'But between ourselves, Mr Dodson, Sir Wyverne means to rat!'"

At this point the narrative was interrupted.

"Good God!" cried the Major. "D'ye mean to say he actually called with an introduction from you and then went and told them that?"

"My dear Maurice," said the Baronet soothingly, "please remember I warned you to keep calm. If you begin to get excited at this stage you will feel very exhausted by the end."

"Of course," continued the Baronet, "Mr Dodson was extremely interested by this information, though just for a moment he seemed to think it was almost too good to be true. But Archibald supplied him with a number of very convincing corroborative details.

"My uncle,' he said, 'has always been a Radical at heart. He is so Low Church that he's practically a Baptist; his social work in the East End of London has long ago convinced him of the necessity for confiscating the property of every one above

the rank of baronet, and dividing it up among the rest; and, in fact, he's the dead spit of Lloyd George at his palmiest.'

"Mr Dodson soon began to exhibit the greatest enthusiasm, while Mrs Dodson smiled back at Archibald whenever he encouraged her, so that he felt more and more hopeful.

"'You have a daughter, I believe, Mr Dodson?' he said, when he thought the right moment had come.

"To do him justice, Mr Dodson made no attempt to deny it, and, in fact, they both seemed very gratified when Archibald began to repeat some of the eulogies on her intelligence which he said he had heard from people of the highest authority. And then he unfolded his uncle's splendid scheme for employing a number of the most attractive and persuasive girls in Sutherbury to canvass on quite a new principle. He was a little reticent about the details of the plan, because he said he wished to discuss them thoroughly with Miss Dodson, and learn her opinion before giving them their final polish. Accordingly, Mrs Dodson brought her daughter into the drawing-room.

"Archibald had to exercise the greatest self-restraint when he actually saw her come into the room. She is quite the belle of Sutherbury, with every sign of being a most destructive coquette, and a fluffy way of doing her hair which may or may not be fashionable, but is certainly deuced alluring.

"When they were introduced, Archibald couldn't even wait

to say 'How d'ye do?' He simply said instead, 'We're going into the garden!' And before her parents had time to applaud, they went.

"'Are you really interested in political work?' said the distinguished visitor the instant they were out of earshot of the Vice-President.

"'Not very much, so far, I'm afraid,' said the Vice-President's daughter, with a smile that seemed to indicate he was setting the right way to work.

"'Good business!' said Archibald. 'Because I've suddenly discovered something much more interesting to talk about.'

"'Whatever can that be?' she exclaimed, with the most promising sparkle.

"'I can't tell till I know your name!' said he, lowering his voice almost passionately.

"Of course she made him guess several times before she told him it was Ella, and by that time they had got so far away from politics that both realised it would be an unnatural strain to go back there again. So they walked up and down the garden for half an hour, and at last, when they saw both her parents staring very hard out of the window, they paused behind the largest bush that Mr Dodson grew, and things rapidly developed.

"'I haven't told you nearly all I want to!' said Archibald.

"'But look at Dad and Ma staring at us!'

"'We must meet again, Ella!'

"'Oh, Archie!' said she, not at all discouragingly.

"There were a few more

hurried remarks to the same effect, and at last he fixed it up.

"Go into the park by the turnstile gate," said he, "and follow the right-of-way path to Queen Elizabeth's oak; then cut across to the corner of the west garden. The door in the wall is never locked, and we'll meet in the yew walk beside the fish-pond at nine o'clock!"

"Oh, Archie!" said she again, and so everything was happily arranged.

"Archibald strolled back along the London road into Sutherbury, feeling extraordinarily pleased with what he had done, and still more pleased with the prospect ahead. He had got nearly to the corner of that quiet little street on the right, just before you come to the High Street, when he saw a girl approaching, carrying a brown paper parcel.

"My hat!" said Archibald to himself, from which you may judge of her appearance.

"She turned the corner into this quiet street—Waterway Street, that's the name—and when he got to the corner he found himself automatically turning off there too. He got nearer and nearer to the girl, admiring her waist more and more, when just as he was almost alongside she dropped her parcel. It burst, and three or four books scattered on the pavement.

"The finger of Providence!" said Archibald to himself, without stopping to consider whether the expression was exactly seasonable.

"Allow me!" said he in the most sympathetic voice, and

the next moment he was picking up the books.

"He picked them up in the most judicious way, one at a time, so that he could get fresh thanks with every book and exchange an encouraging look. By the time he had them all picked up, their acquaintance had ripened considerably. By the time he had wrapped them in the brown paper, they were rapidly passing to the stage of friendship. By the time he had tied the string round the parcel, they were almost pals. The whole process took him about twenty minutes, which shows how a resourceful man can make his own opportunities.

"Archibald's mind, being entirely free from all the solid matter that usually encumbers the minds even of the most frivolous, works extraordinarily easily. Almost in an instant it suggested to him a terrible possibility. Supposing Ella never turned up and his evening was a miserable blank? He resolved to avoid that calamity at all costs.

"The girl and Archibald strolled along Waterway Street as happily as possible. He discovered that she was quite a stranger in Sutherbury, that she was visiting an elderly aunt, who trusted her implicitly, and was at present in bed with a cold, and that there was really no reason at all why the evening should not be entirely at her own disposal.

"On the other hand, he found that she had one very strict idea, which was that a lady ought to be thoroughly

assured of a gentleman's identity before she allowed their friendship to make material progress.

"I'll call you Archie, if you like," she said, "but I don't believe it is your name, and as for Fitz-Wyverne, you may tell that to a hundred-year-old bobby who doesn't know snuff from beans, and perhaps he may swallow it. But it won't take in this little child. And I won't tell you my name, and I certainly won't *dream* of meeting you again unless you own up. Who are you really, Archie? Don't be ashamed of your name. I won't tell your Ma I've met you."

"It was a little hard on Archibald to have these doubts thrown on the name he had selected with so much care, but the lady was obdurate, and simply laughed aloud at his protestations. Suddenly he had another brilliant idea. It may not have been the soundest thing in the long-run, but I must say I think it did credit to his resource.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I'll have to tell you, but if you lived in Sutherbury you wouldn't have had to ask. I was just trying to see whether you really didn't know me by sight."

"And with that he pre-

sented her with another of the cards of Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne, Bart., Sutherbury Park; only this time there was nothing on it about introducing anybody else.

"That did the trick, Maurice.

"Remember," said Archibald as they parted, "you leave the path at Queen Elizabeth's oak, cut across to the right till you come to a door in the wall, and we'll meet in the yew walk beside the fish-pond at half-past nine o'clock!"

"Her name, by the way, was Miss Adeline Hewitt from Birmingham.

"And now," said he to himself, "it will really be a very extraordinary thing if one of them doesn't turn up, for I think they seemed to be genuinely captivated, and it's long odds against something going wrong with both their plans."

"As for their both turning up, he persuaded himself that so much luck was practically impossible. If by any chance they did, he thought that a few ghostly sounds would probably deter the second from interrupting his happiness with the first. And so he went off, feeling that the first afternoon of his life had been spent in a very satisfactory manner."

CHAPTER VII.—ARCHIBALD AND THE MOON.

"About a quarter to nine o'clock Archibald lit a cigarette and strolled round the house in the moonlight, putting in the time till his first

appointment was due. He was walking on the grass, and so it was that when he turned the corner of the house he saw a figure slowly walking

away from him along the terrace, quite unconscious of his presence, and he could have easily slipped away without being seen. But the curious fact is that with less than a quarter of an hour to go, and the most felicitous prospects before him, he did not slip away, but followed the figure.

"At the end of the terrace it turned and started sharply, for it perceived Archibald quite close to it and already beginning to take off his hat.

"Miss Demayne, I believe?" he said gallantly. "Allow me to introduce myself as Archibald Fitz-Wyverne, our friend Sir Wyverne's second cousin. I know you well by name."

"Miss Demayne seemed not at all displeased—in fact, none of the girls seemed displeased with Archie. She naturally looked a little surprised, and after shaking hands quite cordially, asked where he had come from.

"Oh, I've just been having a stroll round the house in the moonlight," said he, in such a matter-of-fact way that she appeared quite satisfied, especially as he threw in a casual reference to having learnt that old Wyverne was out for the evening.

"So presently there they were sitting on one of the seats on the terrace, he tucking her wrap attentively round her, and she very cool and smiling, and looking simply bewitchingly beautiful, Maurice! Her face is charming enough by daylight, but in the soft moonbeams it was a perfect picture! It was an absolutely still

night; the old house behind them, the clipped yews and hollies in the garden and the shadowy trees in the park beyond, all bathed by the moon to make a fitting frame for Joyce Demayne!

"These were, of course, the thoughts of Archibald, but they are deucedly vivid in my memory now. In fact, I feel exactly as though I had thought them myself.

"And then nine o'clock boomed on the big clock.

"Archibald's affairs were booming too.

"Joyce," he cried in a low and tender voice, "I wonder if you have ever met a man who hasn't fallen in love with you!"

"Presumably she thought Archibald was so obviously under the influence of the moonbeams that she ought to make allowances. Still, she jibbed a little.

"Really, Mr Fitz-Wyverne," she said, "I had no idea I knew you quite well enough to account for that remark."

"I know *you*!" he replied, not a bit abashed. "Wyverne has talked about you for hours and hours, and for days on end!"

"Sir Wyverne?" said she, looking a little surprised, yet not at all angry. "I am afraid you are exaggerating his interest in me."

"I can't exaggerate it!" he assured her earnestly. "You have given him the most thrilling emotions he has ever felt since—I mean, that he has ever felt."

"Are you talking absolute nonsense, or are you thinking

of some other girl?' she inquired, though she didn't seem to him quite as cool as she looked.

"I give you my word of honour, Joyce, he is as head over ears in love with you as I am! I'll tell you just how I feel, and then you can judge of Wyverne's heart!"

"Thank you," said she, "but I think that you would be safer with Sir Wyverne. Where a responsible man is concerned one has some means of judging."

"Archibald would sooner have expatiated on his own feelings, but after all, he reflected that Wyverne's came practically to the same thing. He had an idea, too, of making things pleasant for Wyverne in the future. Perhaps it was scarcely a very judicious idea, but it was well-intentioned.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "you haven't guessed that Wyverne is in love with you?"

"No," she said with a smile, "I haven't guessed it; and I don't think he has either."

"I think it was about now that half-past nine struck on the clock, but having dismissed a subject—or even two subjects—from his mind, Archibald had the happy gift of keeping them dismissed.

"The reason why Wyverne has concealed his feelings so carefully," he began to explain, "is simply because he is handicapped by having two sides to his nature. One is all heart and humour, affectionate and gallant and sportsmanlike. That is his true character,

Joyce, and it tells him that you are the most beautiful and charming girl he has ever seen, and one of the only ones—well, practically *the* only one—he has ever wanted to marry! He trembles when he happens to touch you, and when he wakes up every morning, he always feels the day is going to be pleasant because you are going to be with him. You do believe me?"

"Please tell me about the other side of him," she said, in a low voice and rather quickly—deuced good signs, Archibald thought.

"In fact, he almost decided to kiss her suddenly, and explain it was Wyverne doing it by proxy; only there seem to be limits even to Archibald's enterprise.

"The other side of him," said he, "is really so dreary I have hardly the patience to describe it. It is compounded of a number of tedious tastes, a respect for public opinion which is rapidly developing into a bad habit, and the grovelling discretion of a Permanent Official. In addition to these vices he permits his mother to influence his conduct!"

"And how does that side of him affect—" she hesitated—"well, affect his opinion of me?"

"It makes him say to himself, 'Steady, old bird!' Now when a man steadies himself, I never can understand why he doesn't commit suicide while he is about it. They have exactly the same paralysing effect upon all his best impulses."

"'Perhaps,' said Joyce, 'he is much wiser to consult public opinion and defer to his mother's influence. He is a public man, and his mother is a very capable old lady.'

"'I have known his mother as long as he has,' said Archibald—'that is,' he corrected himself as he saw she looked a little surprised, 'I have known her as long as I've known any one, and I'm one of the public, so I know public opinion, and I assure you it's a case of one old wife and another.'

"She gave a little absent-minded laugh, and looked straight out into the moonlit garden without making any answer. Archibald thought he had talked quite enough about Wyverne, and it was time he said a word on his own account.

"'Joyce!' he whispered, taking her hand so gently that it had no excuse for any violent movement, 'you are the most adorable ripper in the world!'

"Her reply might have been satisfactory or it might not, but anyhow it was never spoken, for just at that in-

stant a most distinct sound of voices came from the west garden—from the furthest corner, in fact, evidently near the fish-pond.

"'What's that?' she exclaimed.

"'An owl,' said Archibald promptly and confidently.

"'It isn't; it's voices!'

"Fortunately they began to be less distinct; still it became clear to Archibald that the delightful spell was broken, and that it might be broken very seriously if they lingered on the terrace much longer.

"'I'll go and see what it is,' said he. 'Will you wait here for me?'

"He was decidedly relieved when she declared that she had been out too long already. He said good-night extremely tenderly, and she very kindly indeed, and then the fascinating vision vanished into the house.

"I need hardly say that he vanished into the house likewise the instant the coast was clear, and slipped very quietly and stealthily up to the study."

CHAPTER VIII.—SAMUEL'S WARNING.

"I must cry back now for a few minutes to tell you what Samuel had been doing. His adventures weren't as exciting as Archibald's; still, they were rather important in their way.

"As soon as Archibald had gone and Samuel had locked the study door after him, he began to exhibit in an extreme form the most strenuous virtues of his vanished ancestor.

You remember, Maurice, that you suggested my giving a series of addresses in Sutherland and two or three other places in the constituency—discourses on social and political questions of the hour—to instruct the mind of the voter, and give him some idea of who was the right man to vote for when the time came. It struck me as an excellent

notion, and I have often thought about beginning them. Well, Samuel not only began, but finished two in the course of the day. I thought that would please you and show you that my great experiment had borne really practical fruit.

"He was hard at work, scribbling like anything, when there came an interruption. It was Horrocks, in fact, knocking on the door to say that tea was in.

"I don't know that Samuel is exactly nervous, but he certainly is an anxious man—like most strenuous, high-souled natures. It struck him forcibly that the precautions taken to avoid suspicion and interruption had been extremely inadequate. From the brief glimpse he had enjoyed of Archibald, he thought it improbable that he would return any earlier than he could help, and meanwhile how was one to keep the household from taking alarm, with the study door perpetually locked, and no sign of the master of the house? The dinner hour would almost certainly see a hue and cry raised, and, in fact, at any moment some one might get too inquisitive.

"And then a happy thought struck him. He would provide an explanation himself.

"Accordingly he came quietly out, locking the door behind him and putting the key in his pocket, and presented himself before my mother in the drawing-room. She has since told me all about the impressively decorous gentleman

who bowed very solemnly, and begged to reassure her concerning her son's absence. However, I hear she told you too, so you know all about that.

"But there was a sequel to those introductory remarks of Samuel's which she has told neither of us.

"Samuel is undoubtedly a good man—and goodness has its own peculiarities. One of the peculiarities of Samuel's goodness is a tendency to improve the shining hour. It struck him that here was an excellent opportunity. The old lady was a sitting rabbit, and his gun, so to speak, was loaded. So he loosed off.

"'Madam,' he said, when he had given the message from her lost son, 'may I speak a few words on my own account?'

"His extreme gravity, and a kind of hint of awful revelations in his voice, which the old lady is very quick at scenting out, evidently increased the favourable impression he was producing. She graciously begged him to be seated, and he drew up a chair plumb opposite her and raised a solemn finger, just like the kind of clergyman she admires.

"'Your son has a lady secretary,' he began, and he could see at once that the favourable impression was becoming positively eulogistic.

"'He has!' she replied, in a similar voice, dropping her knitting and looking at him very hard.

"'Beware of her,' said Samuel.

“Good gracious! what do you know?” cried my mother.

“She is dangerous!” said Samuel.

“You mean that she is an adventuress?”

“All handsome women are adventuresses,” said Samuel, ‘in the widest and most insidious meaning of the term, especially if they are aware that they are beautiful. I am practically convinced that Miss Demayne is aware she is!’

“He spoke so impressively that, though the old lady would evidently have liked some spicier revelations, this disclosure made her look severer than ever.

“I have always suspected it!” she said.

“Furthermore,” said Samuel, ‘she employs smiles and makes movements and so on, when she is speaking to your son, which are of a provocative nature!’

“The old lady fairly woke up now.

“Improper smiles and gestures?” she cried. ‘Good gracious!’

“Improper in the sense that they produce an effect upon your son which it is undesirable they should produce,” said Samuel.

“Tell me,” demanded the old lady, ‘has he succumbed to them?’

“Not yet,” said Samuel, though in far too grave a voice to be in the least reassuring, ‘but the lower side of his nature is gradually and insidiously becoming demoralised! Fortunately it has so far been held in check by the higher and graver side, but who knows how long his virtues may con-

tinue to triumph over his weaknesses?’

“Who knows indeed!” said the old lady solemnly. ‘Men are weak vessels at best.’

“I beg your pardon,” said Samuel with a touch of asperity, ‘certainly not at best. In its highest form man’s nature gives entire satisfaction. It is the mixture with lighter elements which does all the mischief.’

“Fortunately for Samuel, this was so much on the lines of one of my mother’s favourite sermons that she overlooked the contradiction—which she devilish seldom does, as Samuel ought to have known.

“Then you think we should take steps to get rid of Miss Demayne?” said she.

“Immediate steps,” said Samuel, ‘or you may take my word for it, *something will happen!*’

“Making her a grave bow, Samuel hurried back to his literary labours, leaving the old lady even more scandalised by this last prophecy than by anything else he had said. Its vagueness left her imagination just the kind of wicket it likes.

“As for Samuel, he had so thoroughly enjoyed himself that he nearly turned off to give Horrocks a lecture on temperance and being ware of housemaids. Fortunately, however, he decided that, as his time was short, he would concentrate on his politico-social addresses. I don’t think Horrocks would have been nearly as favourably impressed as my mother.”

CHAPTER IX.—A LITTLE HITCH.

"About ten o'clock Archibald tapped gently on the study door, and after examining him cautiously through the key-hole, Samuel let him in. They both felt so pleased with all the good work they had been doing that their greetings were almost friendly.

"Well, old bird," said Archibald, 'from the ink on your fingers, you look as though you had been having the time of your life.'

"Yes, I am glad to say one of us has been respectably employed," replied Samuel acidly, but civilly.

"Then let's rest on our laurels and resume our joint career," said Archibald, who thought he saw figures in the west garden as he passed the window at the end of the passage, and felt that the sooner he became obliterated the better.

"As soon as I have finished this paragraph," said Samuel, scribbling earnestly.

"He finished the second essay on 'Aspects of Politico-Sociology Examined by an Expert,' placed it carefully in a long envelope and laid it on the desk, ready to delight the eyes of the Conservative candidate the moment he became reincarnated.

"Now," said he, 'we had each better take a separate capsule.'

"What kind of capsule?" asked Archibald.

"Samuel suddenly turned a shade paler.

"The—the same capsules, of course.'

"And divide into four men!" cried Archibald. 'Guess again, Sambo.'

"But—but——" stammered Samuel. 'Those capsules are the only things we have!'

"And a fat lot of good they'll be!" scoffed Archibald. 'Do you mean to say you were such an utter juggins as not to provide some dodge for joining forces again?'

"Me a juggins!" said Samuel. 'You are at least as much to blame as I am!'

"Who claimed a monopoly of Wyverne's virtues?'

"I was so hopelessly handicapped by you!" retorted Samuel bitterly. 'Who could devise plans properly when he had a feather-head like you to distract him?'

"You seem a mere mixture of incapacity and ill-temper," replied Archibald. 'Set to work and think of something now; but keep away from that mirror, old cock, or you'll feel discouraged.'

"Samuel felt too mournful for controversy.

"I am doomed!" he cried dismally; 'I shall actually be found in his clothes! They'll hang me—they'll hang me!'

"And I," said Archibald, 'am probably doomed to marry three girls to save their reputations, besides being hanged in your company. And merely for murdering that fatuous ass, Wyverne!'

"With a sudden gleam of hope Samuel turned to him.

"I say, Archibald,' he whispered earnestly, 'I have it! We must change clothes!'

"What a bright idea!' said Archibald. 'Run along and fetch Horrocks to help me undress: explain that you're tired of wearing the murdered Baronet's suit.'

"You think of nothing but your own skin!' cried Samuel bitterly.

"Samuel, old bird,' replied Archibald, whose spirits could never be damped for very long, 'this conversation is pleasant but unprofitable. Let's mix up some of these chemicals and keep on taking doses of 'em till we either come unbust again or die!'

"So they set to work, feverishly reading through all the note-books of my old experiments, and making new ones of their own till about two o'clock in the morning, but without the very faintest results. By this time they were feeling pretty done up, and at last they decided they would go to bed and begin again first thing in the morning.

"They chose the most out-of-the-way part of the house—the far end of the bachelors' wing—and there they put in an uneasy night, for they knew they would have to be up very early to ensure their safe retreat to the study before the servants were on the move.

"After a light breakfast of cake and biscuits, which Archibald boned from the pantry, they set to work with redoubled fury.

"They tried all sorts of things.

"Let's re-read the stuff Wyverne read before he became unstuck,' suggested Archibald.

"So they went through *Paradise Regained*, the Morning and Evening Services, and *Hamlet*, both reading them aloud together, but without the least effect. They tried gymnastic exercises; they tried chemical experiments till they nearly suffocated themselves; they tried repeating incantations from a book on witchcraft; they tried gazing into space and imagining they were one again; they dissolved one of my photographs in acid, diluted it with whisky and warm water, and each drank a tumblerful: but there they were, still Archibald and Samuel at the end of it all.

"And then, Maurice, came the most awful moment of all, when they heard a loud knock, and your voice shouting through the door. They were simply paralysed!

"Then you announced your intention of kicking the door in, and they felt that their dooms had come.

"Sam, old boy,' whispered Archibald, 'there's nothing for it but rushing him and then bolting. I'll go for his legs, if you give him a kick on the cocoonut when he's down. Shake hands!'

"Each grasped the other's hand—and instantly they became Wyverne Warrington-Browne!

"The fact clearly was that, though they didn't know it,

they were in a state of unstable equilibrium. It was probably due to some peculiarity in their molecular constitution, but the result certainly was that when they came actually into physical contact, the two bare hands firmly clasped, they simply formed a staple compound again. As for my own united relief, so to speak, when I realised that I was out of the wood, I leave you to imagine it! I simply kicked Archibald's clothes under the couch and staggered joyfully to the door!"

Major Peckenham had remained entirely silent during the latter part of this remarkable narrative. His face had even ceased to show any shade of expression.

"Then that's all?" he asked when the Baronet finished.

"Yes," said his friend, looking a little disappointed. "Isn't it enough?"

The Major rose.

"Curious experience. You must be rather glad it's over. Anything else to talk about to-day?"

"There are one or two consequences I should like to discuss with you, Maurice."

The Major tried to look like a man who was thoroughly sympathetic but a little busy.

"Won't they keep?" he inquired.

"Not very long, I'm afraid," said the Baronet. "The fact is, Miss Dodson and Miss Hewitt first met each other, and then were spotted by

the under-keeper—that's when Archibald heard the voices. There was quite a little scene, I believe. Next morning, like the blockhead he is, the fellow informed the police before reporting the encounter to me, so the fat is in the fire."

The Major's manner changed suddenly.

"Are you talking seriously?" he demanded.

"Perfectly, I regret to say."

The Major passed his hand across his brow a little wildly.

"Then—then, this wasn't a—I mean—well, I only mean, I couldn't help hoping some of it might have turned out to be a dream or something. Only *some* of it, of course!" he added hastily.

Sir Wyverne shook his head.

"None of it unfortunately was a dream. In fact there are several more complications. The two girls, seeing they couldn't keep the adventure quiet, have each published their own version of it, which isn't a bit like the one I've told you. Ella asserts that Mr Fitz-Wyverne guaranteed she would meet Sir Wyverne and his agent.

"Me!" gasped the Major.

"Yes, you're in it too, old fellow, I'm sorry to say. She further asserts that the object of the assignation was purely political. And there's my card introducing Archibald to show for it, as well as Archibald's statements to old Dodson!"

"And he did actually make the statement that you were going to rat?"

"Ask Mr Dodson. He'll tell

you all about it. He has told several other dozen people already."

"And he has got that card?"

"He will show you that with pleasure. It has been shown to half the population of Sutherbury."

Major Peckenham seemed for a moment too dazed to speak. Then he demanded—

"And what about the other girl's story?"

"Her tale is not much improvement on Ella's. She has discovered what I am really like, and has described the gentleman who met her accordingly."

"You mean she says it was you yourself?"

"Yes, and she's got my card to show for it."

"But that gives her pretty badly away!"

"Oh no, she says Sir Wyverne asked her to come and meet Miss Dodson. And Miss Dodson says Archibald asked her to come and meet Miss Hewitt."

"Good God!" murmured the Major.

"And meanwhile," the Baronet continued, "my mother has been throwing out the strongest hints that I ought to get rid of Joyce Demayne."

"And what about Miss Demayne herself?"

"To tell the truth, I find my relations with her quite extraordinarily embarrassing. You

see, she has been informed exactly of my feelings, and I know she has been informed!"

Major Peckenham thought desperately.

"If only he would tell me where he was himself all this time!" he said to himself.

"I suppose my position here may possibly be rather uncomfortable till this little affair blows over," suggested Sir Wyverne.

"Oh, in a couple of years' time people may begin to talk of something else," said the Major with bitter irony. "And I daresay if they happen to postpone the General Election for ten years more, and you keep on supplying every village in the constituency with public parks and free libraries in the interval, you may quite likely have a chance of getting in after all."

"Maurice," his friend replied confidentially and earnestly, "the situation may be made much less embarrassing than you think. I have a really rather brilliant idea! By the way, you've no advice to give, have you?"

"Advice!" exclaimed the Major. "Dash it, Wyverne, I can't *grasp* the dashed calamity to begin with—let alone advising on it!"

"Don't worry, my dear fellow," said the Baronet soothingly, "just keep cool and listen to me very attentively."

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE : THE POET OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY.

SHAKESPEARE, whose tercentenary we celebrate amid the alarms and excursions of war, has paid the full penalty, as he has taken the generous guerdon of his greatness. Standing alone upon the topmost pinnacle of fame, he has been the mark, since death took him, for the slings and arrows of perverted fantasy. The "humourists," as Ben Jonson might have called them, have used his works as the whetstone of their derogating ingenuity. They are of many kinds, these humourists, and of many whims. We all know those painstaking critics who would pluck, if they could, the garland from Shakespeare's brow—who, having shaped in their mind some image of the poet, declare irrelevantly that they find not the lineaments of their ideal in the actor of Stratford. Who are they that they should select the delicate colour of the poet's singing robes, or dare to weigh in their common scales the poet's brain and heart? Even if history had not taught them that poetry, impartial as death, knocks, if it choose, at the cottage door, they cannot dispute or abolish the testimony of Shakespeare's friends and contemporaries. Was Ben Jonson, then, part and parcel of a great conspiracy when he acclaimed the sweet Swan of Avon? Was he throwing dust

in posterity's eyes when he recorded the Players' praise of Shakespeare, that "in his writing (whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out a line," and gave his own answer, "would he had blotted a thousand"! Was he a gross impostor whose memory Ben Jonson honoured "on this side idolatry as much as any," and of whom he said, "he was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy; brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopp'd"? *Sufflaminandus*—that is the tribute which scholarship ever pays to inspiration; and for the rest, Ben Jonson has so clearly described the poet, whom we know, that not all the Inns of Court shall pervert him into a legal monster of their own imagining. That a lawyer should be a great poet is clearly impossible. That a poet's apprehensive mind should acquire, with other vocabularies, the jargon of the courts, is in accord with all the world's experience.

And then comes the witling, who for his own better advertisement proclaims aloud the inferiority of Shakespeare to the moderns, who complains that the author of "Hamlet" had not the mind of a parish councillor, and who misses in

"Macbeth" and "Othello" the subtle psychology of "Rosmersholm." The witling matters not; he is but the symptom of a recurring folly; and when once his motive of self-aggrandisement is revealed he should be sent instantly into a deserved oblivion. He does not come for the first time upon the earth, and we may be sure that he will be seen again, unless vanity and stupidity are overtaken by sudden death. Coleridge knew him, and gave his folly a final answer. "The Englishman," he wrote, "who without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakespeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ, and will discourse at best but as a blind man, while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the silent fiat of the uprising Apollo."

The desire of the critics, especially when the critics have themselves essayed the art of drama, comes from the same sort of reaction which persuaded the Athenians to ostracise Aristides. They are tired of hearing Shakespeare's praises sung. So they find him coarse or barbarous, deficient in "psychology" or clumsy in construction. One insult commonly thrown at him is that he knew not what he did, that he happened upon such mastery of speech and drama as was his by a kind of accident.

But in the realm of art there are no accidents. It is absurd to imagine Shakespeare sitting down to the composition of "Henry IV.," let us say, and sketching the superb speeches of Falstaff without premeditation. If he never blotted a line, how many thoughts, I wonder, did he blot out from his mind? He came to his writing, "whatsoever he penn'd," with the processes of invention complete, and nothing left for accomplishment but the mere breathing of poetry upon paper. And when his work was done he knew better than any other living man that it was good. In truth, none of his time exceeded him in judgment as none excelled him in inspiration. Like the complete artist that he was, he was conscious always of his work's beauty and perfection. Even Jonson, who loved the lamp more piously than did Shakespeare, and disdained not inkhorn terms, gave credit, full and ample, to his master's art:

"For though the Poet's matter Nature
be,
His art doth give the fashion."

Even Jonson found words of lofty praise for Shakespeare's "well-tuned and true-filed lines," and admitted that he was a poet made as well as born. But later writers have grumbled because they have not found in Shakespeare's works what he never purposed to put there. "The mere dreams of a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan"!

And then comes along another critic, who asserts that Shakespeare lacked invention, that he had "impulse" and not "fine thought," that he lagged sadly behind Ibsen, the belauded poet of the north. Dumas was not of this critic's opinion. Shakespeare, said he, "after the good God, had created the most," and gladly we range ourselves on the side of Dumas. The critics who deny Shakespeare "invention" keep that quality within the narrowest limits. For them it is the mere working up of a story out of the poet's head. There was no such person in real life as Hedda Gabler, they say in effect; such a person as Falstaff was known to his compatriots; therefore Ibsen invented and Shakespeare did not. Was ever such nonsense talked in the guise of criticism? The term "invention" may not thus be limited. A single happy phrase may show far more of it than the most elaborately complicated situation. And if, in following the Greek tragedians, Shakespeare chose for the material of his plays plots and persons familiar to all men, he made whatever he touched his own, he filled with the blood of life the puppets of the chronicles, and showed himself the greatest inventor that ever expressed the emotions of men and women in noble speech and coloured imagery.

And behind the confused critic stands the sad biographer, who in the act of publishing a solid work laments that we know little or nothing

of Shakespeare, because what the newspapers might have said about him, had there been newspapers, has escaped us. So he attempts to fill up the inevitable blank with scraps of conjecture and snippets of old deeds. That much good may be achieved by the industrious hodman none will deny. Nothing that touches Shakespeare is indifferent to us, and there is a certain heroism in the struggle which would rescue him from the oblivion of death. But the dryasdust biographer should remember that the Shakespeare best worth discovery is already known to us more clearly than any of his age and kind. He did not keep a dog in his yard to write his plays for him. He wrote them himself, and it is in them that we shall find the true poet whom we seek. When the pedants are at fault, it is enough for us to turn to the plays, in which Shakespeare revealed what manner of man he was, and packed for all time the true story of his life. With the poet's text at our elbow, need we regret that we cannot follow his movements from Stratford to London, from London back again to Stratford? Remember Coleridge's lament: "O that eternal bricker-up of Shakespeare! Registers, memorandum books—and that Bill, Jack and Harry, Tom, Walter and Gregory, Charles, Dick and Jim lived at that house, but that nothing more is known of them," and resolve not to lose the substance of the plays for the shadow of archæology. Shakespeare, in truth, should

be the man we know best, because he has said more to us than others, and it is to the plays, not to the biographer, that we must put the question who and what he was.

In the first place, he was a great Englishman, born at England's heart. He had none of the "yearning" and "passion of revolt" which some associate to-day with the Iberian fringe. Matthew Arnold did his memory a great disservice when he called his "openness and flexibility of spirit" not English. The very fact that it was Shakespeare's makes it English. How shall you form a definition of "English" and omit Shakespeare's genius from the argument? The truth is that wherever Shakespeare's fancy seemed to roam, to Athens or to Verona, or to the sea-coast of Bohemia, it was still active in Stratford or the Cotswolds. The names of distant cities meant nothing to him. He did but take them out of the story-books and make them his own and England's. He cared not a jot for the false "local colour" wherewith the actor-manager is wont to over-decorate his plays. "The flowers of Warwickshire," says Madden, "blossom in every clime, and we encounter in the most unlikely places the familiar characters of rural life—under a pent-house in Messina, in the cottage of a Bohemian shepherd, and in the hall of an Italian noble." Theseus hunts the country about Athens with English hounds, and even Prospero's spirits are of the true

breed, for he sets them on "by names well known in Gloucestershire kennels." Moreover, the characters of Shakespeare's plays are as purely English as the scene which environs them, or as the imagery which glows in their speech. "Troilus and Cressida," for instance, has little touch with Homer save in its names. You must not expect to find in Achilles and Ulysses, in Thersites and Pandarus of Troy, the chaste memory of a Grecian urn. Their origin is romantic; they bear themselves as true Elizabethans upon the stage. They are the men that Shakespeare met and knew at Paris garden or in the taverns of London, genuine contemporaries of English blood and bonè. No pale reflection, they, of the classical dictionary. Bravely they ruffle it in galligaskins, and should they ever appear upon our stage again, as I would they might, let them be habited not as Greeks and Trojans, but as the careless venturers of Shakespeare's day.

And if the English countryside was always a cherished memory to him, he was no less loyal in devotion to the London of his time. When in 1586 he left Stratford to seek his fortune, London was indeed worthy the worship of a constant lover. It was the moment of England's belated rebirth. The spirit of curiosity, which had already restored the Greek and Latin classics to Italy, and had enriched France with the wisdom of Rabelais, was at last revivifying the wise land of England. And the renaiss-

sance took its own shape and form when it came across the Channel. Not only did the English follow eagerly the things of the mind; they expressed a new-found energy in warlike enterprises and dauntless adventures oversea. The London to which Shakespeare came was agog with the glory of Drake, who, having singed the Spaniard's beard, had come back laden with the spoils of Cadiz and the isles. Returned soldiers were talking with hushed voices of Sir Philip Sidney's valour and sacrifice on the field of Zutphen. The discovery of plots devised against the Queen's safety and the punishment of the rebels had strengthened the loyalty of the people. The English sailors were making that conquest of the sea which was to inspire the epic of Hakluyt. The heroic Davys was searching "for a passage under the frozen zone, by the upper part of America, to East India." Nor was Cavendish far behind his rival. "At the same time, in another part of the world," says Camden, "Thomas Cavendish of Suffolk, who had two years before set sail from England with three ships, passing the Straits of Magellan, fired many petty towns of the Spaniards upon the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Nova Spagnia, took and pillaged nineteen merchant ships, and amongst them a very rich ship of the King's near California, and returned home this year (1587) by the Philippines, the Malaccas, the Cape of Good Hope, and St Helen's

Isle, with a rich booty and great glory, as being the second next after Magellan which sailed about the world."

Then came the greatest year of all, 1588—*annus mirabilis* Camden calls it—which the German chronologers presaged would be the climacterical year of the world. "The rumours of war," says the chronicler, "which were before but slight, began now to increase every day more and more; and now not by uncertain fame, but by loud and joint voice of all men, it was noised abroad that a most invincible Armada was rigged and prepared in Spain against England, and that the foremost captains and expertest leaders and old soldiers were sent for out of Italy, Sicily, yea, and out of America, into Spain." The Spaniard, like many an enemy since, found reasons not a few why he could not be cheated of victory—"that England was not fortified, that it was unprovided of leaders, soldiers, horsemen, and munitions, bare of wealth and friends, that there are many in all parts of the realm addicted to the Romish religion, who would presently join their forces with his." Thus was the old and new story of weakness and dissension told by our foes, and pointed with the same moral. But to those alive in London the years of triumphing adventure brought a pride in which there was no vain-glory. It is easy to imagine that Shakespeare's quick and buoyant temper responded to the news of victory. In many

a blind ale-house by Thames' side he would drink with sailors home from America or the Spanish Main, with the salt spray still on their beards, and hear the yarns they spun of their ancient captains, Cavendish and Davys. Or he would watch the soldier as he turned back his sleeve to show the wounds he had won in the service of his country. So the pride of England was kindled in his breast. So he became the ardent lover of his land that we know him. It was not for him to disdain what nowadays we call imperialism. He was no "intellectual," that he should make the vague brotherhood of man the cloak of cowardice. He sang the glory and the valour of his England with a passion and a fervour which make us glad that in these days of bitter warfare we are called to celebrate his name and fame. What happier time could we find to sing his praise than the year in which we are crushing a viler, crueller foe than any whom Elizabeth, his Queen, was asked to drive from her shores?

The poet of England, he gave to the love of country, to patriotism as nowadays we call it, a voice which never shall be stilled. His histories are, and will ever be, the epic of our race. The great Marlborough confessed that he owed what he knew of England's past to Shakespeare—and how many of Marlborough's countrymen have echoed his confession! The splendid sequence of plays from "King John" to "Henry VIII." has been the breviary

of many a gallant captain and wise statesman. And while Shakespeare's pride in England never flags, he does not forget what she owes to the jocund fate which made her an island. His clairvoyal spirit easily discerned the power of the sea. He tires not in celebrating

"The national bravery of our isle,
which stands
In Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring
waters,
With sands that will not bear our
enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast."

Many are the happy phrases which he finds for England's insularity: "our salt-water girdle," "our sea-walled garden,"—these are but two of his conceits. But it is in the famous passage of "Richard II." that he most loudly acclaims our sea-girt cliffs, and pays as lofty a tribute to his England as ever was paid to Athens, the violet-crowned:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this-England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;

This land of such dear souls, this dear
 dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the
 world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
 England, bound in with the triumph-
 ant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the en-
 vious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in
 with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment
 bonds:
 That England, that was wont to con-
 quer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of
 itself."

We, too, in a lawyer-ridden
 land, know something of "inky
 blots" and "parchment bonds."
 But it is characteristic of
 Shakespeare that his love of
 England did not blind him to
 her faults. His praise is the
 better worth hearing, because
 it discriminates. He knew that
 even England, perplexed by
 evil counsellors and untrue to
 herself, might suffer bitterly
 for her folly and her faults.
 "This England never did, nor
 never shall," says the Bastard
 Falconbridge, who incarnates
 the national virtues of doglike
 fidelity and blunt courage,

"Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror
 But when it first did help to wound
 itself."

Alas! is it not helping to
 wound itself to-day more deeply
 than ever in the past?

But it is in "Henry V." that
 Shakespeare fashioned for us
 the true epic of England.
 The dramatic form sits very
 loosely upon it. It is epic
 in shape as in spirit. Splen-
 did in eloquence, swift in nar-
 rative, it is a pæan sung
 in our country's praise. Its

noble lines sound in our ears
 like a trumpet-call, and it
 has lost not a jot of its
 force and energy by the pas-
 sage of three hundred years.
 We are fighting to-day an
 enemy who knows nothing of
 the chivalry which inspired
 the proud adversary of Henry
 V. We shall not make peace
 with the Germans as we made
 peace with the French on the
 very field of Agincourt. But
 we fight upon the same
 ground with a better cause,
 and Shakespeare's spirit still
 strengthens our arms and ani-
 mates our courage.

Though it is but a cockpit
 which is asked to "hold the
 vasty fields of France," though
 "the very casques that did
 affright the air at Agincourt"
 are crammed within a wooden
 O, the warlike Harry assumes
 in every line the port of Mars,
 and speaks across the centuries
 with a voice which patriotic
 Englishmen will always under-
 stand. Vividly does the chorus
 sketch the scenes, which we,
 too, witnessed at Germany's
 first attack:

"Now all the youth of England are on
 fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe
 lies:
 Now thrive the armourers, and hon-
 our's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every
 man:
 They sell the pasture now to buy the
 horse,
 Following the mirror of all Christian
 kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mer-
 curies."

Then, as now, we doubted
 our courage as little as we
 feared our destiny. Then, as

now, the enemy sought with crafty policy to divert English purposes, and found willing instruments ready to his hands. Then, as now, there were secret leagues and traitorous unions, and Shakespeare divined the danger which lay in England's path:

"O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns."

Thus dishonour shamefully recurs. In Shakespeare's time the nest of hollow bosoms was well filled, and we and the enemy alike know where to find it to-day.

King Harry's own speeches might still hearten our men fighting in the field. He speaks a language which soldiers of all ages can echo and understand. "And you, good yeomen," he cries,

"Whose limbs were made in England,
show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding;
which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and
Saint George.'"

And while the game was afoot, he would have his yeomen respect the laws of ohivalrous warfare. He gives them

express charge to compel nothing from the villages, to take nothing but paid for, to upbraid or abuse none of the enemy in disdainful language. For, said he with a wisdom which the Germans have never learned, "when levity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." And, despite their king's lofty courage, the English were already forced to deplore the shirkers who hung back from the martial service of their country. "O that we now had here," says Westmoreland,

"But one ten thousand of these men
in England
That do no work to-day."

So the armourers accomplish the knights, "with busy hammers closing rivets up." So the royal captain walks from watch to watch, visits all his hosts,

"Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen,"

and at the last inspires his "ruin'd band" to victory with the famous speech about St Crispian's day. He tells his men how those who live this day and see old age, will feast their neighbours on its vigil, and take pride in the wounds they got on Crispin's day; how their names, familiar as household words, will be freshly remembered in their flowing cups:

"We few, we happy few, we band of
brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with
me

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they
 were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles
 any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Cris-
 pin's day?"

Throughout the play the clear note of patriotism is heard. There is not a scene of it that, in Coleridge's phrase, "does not counteract that mock cosmopolitanism which, under a positive term, really implies nothing but a negation of, or indifference to, the particular love of our country." For Shakespeare, as I have said, was above and before all things a lover of England. With how bitter a contempt would he have lashed those friends of every country but their own, who nowadays unpack what they have of souls in America, and believe that flat treason is a mark of superiority! And Shakespeare, being a patriot, was a Tory also. He loved not those who disturbed the peace of England. He believed firmly in the established order, and in the great traditions of his native land. He was a firm supporter of church and state. He does not whine about the unfit, nor see salvation in the careful nurture of the imbeile. He had as keen a scent for the demagogue as Aristophanes himself, and his Jack Cade may stand side by side as a companion portrait with the Cleon of "The Knights." With a few strokes he has sketched the familiar miscreant who, in pretending to serve others,

serves himself. "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny," says Cade; "the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be, . . . there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord." The vainglory and false promises of this speech have not lost a jot of their truth and freshness. Messrs George and Churchill have within the last few years spoken to the people with greater rancour and no less ignorance than Cade himself. "Seven half-penny loaves for a penny" is near enough to "ninepence for fourpence" to show that the demagogue's generosity with other people's money is to-day as large, in word at least, as it was in Shakespeare's time. And nowhere does Shakespeare demonstrate more plainly that "he was not for an age, but for all time," than in this immortal sketch of Jack Cade, whose raucous voice is still heard at the hustings in our twentieth century.

But it is in "Coriolanus" that Shakespeare gives his wisest exposition of political philosophy. Hazlitt said truly enough that he who read this play might "save himself the trouble of reading Burke's 'Reflections' or Paine's 'Rights of Man,' or the debates in both

Houses of Parliament since the French Revolution or our own." That Shakespeare drew the character of Coriolanus with a sympathy of understanding is evident; it is evident also that he turned the wise pages of Plutarch wisely to his purpose. In a vividly dramatic form he has set before us the never-ending struggle between the few and the many, between government and anarchy, between law and licence. His hero is "the chief enemy to the people," "a very clog to the commonalty." Whatever he does he will do by his own strength. In vain does the people burn at his altar the incense of its flattery. Not in response to its will does he consent to fight or die for his country. Like a brave man of independent spirit he detests the doles which purchase the favour of the citizens. The lesson of Athens and her fall is not lost upon him. He knows precisely whither the worship of the incompetent, the loudly advertised cult of "democratic control," will carry the state:

"It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd."

In these lines we may read the history of the last ten years, and discover a clear premonition of the nerveless ineptitude still dogging every movement of our ministers, who, in abasing themselves before the people, have lost the power to rule.

In the struggle that follows, Coriolanus alone holds himself with dignity. It is not for him, who has never quailed before an enemy, to fear or to wheedle his fellow-citizens, who, to have peace at their own price, would gladly have killed him. The "dull tribunes" are as fierce in his dispraise as the "fusty plebeians"; they hate his honours with all the envy of their kind; as Menenius says, they "knew neither him, themselves, nor anything." Their sole ambition is "for poor knaves' caps and legs." Above all, Brutus and Sicinius loathe his grandeur, as tribunes have loathed the grandeur of heroes at all times, and exult in the certainty that his independence of spirit will undo him. "I heard him swear," says Brutus with smug satisfaction,

"Were he to stand for consul, never
would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him
put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor showing, as the manner is, his
wounds
To the people, beg their stinking
breath;"

and then hastens to explain, though none but his friend Sicinius is in earshot, that "it was his word."

Thus Coriolanus, true to his word, would not bend the knee to "the beast with many heads." When he should have appeased it, he speaks it the truth, "that some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran from the noise of our own drums." When he should have asked, with flattering humbleness, the "sweet voices" of the

citizens, he bids them "wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." And Brutus and Sicinius, like the stealthy party-politicians that they were, make the most of his candour. Their speeches have the true sound of election-addresses. Coriolanus, as Brutus hints, will take their liberties away, and make them of no more voice than dogs. Sicinius reminds his masters "with what contempt he wore the humble weed, how in his suit he scorn'd you." Such as Coriolanus was in the end, so he was in the beginning. His first speech, the best test of his qualities, belabours the people after the right fashion:

"What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one
affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that
trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds
you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer,
no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. . . .
Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affec-
tions are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most
that
Which would increase his evil. He
that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of
lead
And hews down oaks with rushes."

Even after the banishment of Coriolanus, the vagabond exile, worse than "the steep Tarpeian death," Shakespeare will not let the people off. He pursues it with an irony of scorn. "For my own part," says one citizen, "when I said, banish him, I said,

'twas pity." To which another replies: "And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will." There in a few lines are expressed the eternal folly and shame of democracy. Ever committed to the worse cause, the people has not even the courage of its own opinions.

Shakespeare, then, perceiving the permanent, unchanging elements of politics, was a wise Tory. He who despised those who truckled to the people, knew how to treat all men with an equal ease and justice. "He was a handsome well-shap't man: very good company and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." So says Aubrey; and Aubrey, though he was a gossip, cherished always a pedant's love of accuracy. He did not describe Shakespeare by guesswork. Indeed he went to the best and surest source of knowledge, and that source was William Beeston, whose link with Shakespeare is near and unbroken. For Christopher Beeston, William's father, was a friend of Shakespeare, and the two men are mentioned together in the will of Augustine Phillips of the King's Company. And Aubrey's description, which came, with one intervention only, from Christopher Beeston himself, bears upon it the marks of truth. "A handsome well-shap't man,"—that we very well believe was Shakespeare. No ugly broken

casket ever carried so precious a jewel as was his genius. "Very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." How better should a friend depict one who always bore himself among men as a gentleman? And Ben Jonson, in the brief character he has left us of the poet, agrees with Beeston. "He was indeed," says he, "honest, and of an open and free nature." It is but the same truth set in another light. Moreover, the evidence of the plays chimes with the evidence of the gossips. None but a gentleman could have drawn, with large and lavish hand, the women of Shakespeare. Miranda and Rosalind, Constance and Imogen, Perdita and Viola, Isabella and Cleopatra, far apart as they are one from another, could have been created only by an artist, in whom there was no touch of meanness or of guile. And that grim, strange world, inhabited by such heroes as Falstaff and Poin, as the incomparable clowns, even as the great Barnardine himself, could have been depicted by none but a gentleman. Here there is no stooping as to inferiors; one and all of them, transcending the common measure of mankind as they do, are seen with sympathy, and fashioned without a gesture of contempt.

Again Shakespeare proves himself a gentleman in his moderation. He does not insist. He harbours no inapposite desire to make us better.

Some of his critics have been saddened by the thought that his plays solve no moral problems and preach no obvious sermons—that, in fact, he is content to be a mere master of the revels, a purveyor of joy and pleasure. His refusal to preach is but another title of honour. Shakespeare was no provincial, to whom the potting-shed was an essential temple of light. He brushed aside as unimportant the teatable squabbles of country towns. He was quite incapable of putting upon paper such a note as this of Ibsen's: "These women of the present day, ill-used as daughters, as sisters, as wives, not educated according to their gifts, prevented from following their inclination, deprived of their inheritance, embittered in temper—it is these who furnish the mothers of the new generation. What is the result?" Or this other project: "The keynote is to be. The prolific growth of our intellectual life, in literature, art, &c.—and in contrast to this: the whole of mankind gone astray." To all such transitory subtleties as these Shakespeare was deaf and blind. He saw only the larger, plainer emotions—love, hate, jealousy, envy, ambition, cruelty,—but he saw them with the clear eye of simplicity, and treated them with the knowledge and insight of one as far removed from littleness as from cynicism.

And Shakespeare, the poet of England, gentleman and Tory, has been pronounced a German by our foes! By what

right do they claim possession of a dramatist removed from them by a whole world of poetry and romance, a dramatist whose amplitude and generosity must be for ever unintelligible to them? They claim him for theirs, I suppose, because they have heard about him in their schools and debauched him in their universities. They have made him the poor victim of their *Jahrbücher*; they have permitted the ineffable Reinhardt to bury him, as he has buried Sophocles, beneath the weight of his hideous vulgarity. They have counted the syllables in his lines, and anatomised his words. They have gained no touch of his humanity or his good sense, and he remains, despite their anxious ministrations, the implacable foe of Teutonic pedantry and discipline.

Why, then, should the Germans have attempted to lay violent hands upon our Shakespeare? It is but part of their general policy of pillage. Stealing comes as easy to them as it came to Bardolph and Nym, who in Calais stole a fire-shovel. Wherever they have gone they have laid violent hands upon what does not belong to them. They have hit upon the happy plan of levying a toll upon starved Belgium. It is not enough for their greed to strip a country of food; they must extract something from its pocket, even though it be dying of hunger. We all know that the waggons which have brought shells to the trenches have been sent back laden with the spoils of Ger-

man thievery. The strange lust which the Germans betrayed in 1870 for clocks and watches has not left them now, and if ever they fail to tell the hour again, it will not be for lack of French and Belgian timepieces. Unfortunately for them, they have not yet been able to lay a violent hand upon England. "Neptune's garden" still eludes their pillaging hand. No doubt, if they came to these shores, they would feed their fury by scattering Shakespeare's dust to the winds of heaven. As they are unable to sack Stratford, they do what seems to them the next best thing: they hoist the Jolly Roger over Shakespeare's works.

Their arrogance is busy in vain. Shakespeare shall never be theirs. He was an English patriot, who would always have refused to bow the knee to an insolent alien. The vulgar brutality, which the Germans mistake for warfare, would have been odious to his chivalrous mind. In his own phrase, he had no love of men who, "having before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery, make wars their bulwark." And the noisy apostles of Kultur would find for him a second home in Leipzig! Indeed, they waste their time, and if only a glimmer of humour could light up their arrogance, they would humbly and openly confess their folly.

However, it is clear that ever since Gervinus made his fatuous discovery that Shakespeare was German, the Germans have affected to admire our national

poet. He did not reciprocate the admiration. When Nerissa asked Portia what she thought of the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew, she got such an answer as to-day would be regarded as *lèse-majesté* in Germany. "Very vilely in the morning," said she, "when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him." Truly Nerissa might have been describing the horde of Boches who twenty months ago poured into Belgium and Northern France.

Germany, then, would be wise if she kept her hands off poets who do not belong to her. Even if she could kidnap the genius of France and

England, it would not profit her. Hers is not a soil upon which poets thrive easily. She has always looked with suspicion upon Heine, and since Heine's death she has nothing better than grammarians to set against the literary splendour of France and Russia and England. Maybe, when her arrogance is abated through suffering, when she discovers that other and greater countries live and are happy without her borders, that her "civilisation" is not destined to absorb the whole world, she may discover in humility of spirit a literature of her own. Meantime she must know that she cannot invade poets, as by stealthy preparation she has invaded provinces, and that Shakespeare's priceless folio is a tabernacle, which must not be touched by hostile undiscerning hands.

WESTWARD OF ERZEROUH.

BY W. J. C.

THE physical characteristics of Eastern Anatolia make it a territory which contributes little to the general resources of the Ottoman State. Regarded as a whole, it is a barren land of lofty mountains with highland valleys seldom standing less than 6000 feet above sea-level. Sometimes, indeed, these valleys are fertile, and open out into plains a few hundred square miles in extent; but in all they occupy only a small proportion of the country's surface, and their winter is long and severe. Temperatures of 40° and 50° below zero are known frequently, and snow comes early and stays late.

So it is a country sparsely peopled, with revenues always small, and commerce always negligible; and the comparatively small population that it carries is of little value in the view of Turkish Moslems. Many of its inhabitants are not Moslem at all, and a greater number still, though Moslem in faith, are Kurds who yield only partial allegiance to Turkish sovereignty. Over large portions of the country the Sultan's writ does not run, nor are taxes paid; and Kurds do not serve in the Ottoman Regular Army, for the sufficient reason that the State has never been able to compel them to serve. In Kurdish districts a Turkish

Moslem finds himself among enemies in his own national territory,—enemies, too, who profess his own faith. So far as human and material resources were affected Russia might occupy the country up to Trebizond and Erzingan, and the Ottoman State would be little the poorer, and nothing less capable of placing armies in the field.

This inhospitable district, however, is counted as the eastern bulwark of Anatolia. To Russian invasion it opposes every imaginable natural difficulty. Invading armies must traverse high passes. Of roads leading towards the heart of Anatolia there is not one worth the name. Nor is it a land in which invading armies can find grain and horse-feed and herds and flocks—it has difficulty enough to feed itself, and often draws on more fertile districts. An army invading Anatolia from this side must be fed from the rear along lengthening lines of communication on which conveyance will always be difficult. On the eastern edge of this wild border province the fortress of Erzeroum stands across the natural route of invasion from east to west; and to enable this fortress and the armies based upon it to be readily supplied it was connected with the port of Trebizond by the only good road in this part of

the country. Turkish control of the Black Sea was an essential factor in the scheme of defence; but retaining that control they thought they had little fear for the rest. Behind the rugged, roadless province, with its great frontier fortress and Army of the East, the heart of Anatolia would be difficult to reach. And even if Erzeroum fell, and their armies retreated somewhat, matters would not be desperate. Still holding the sea, the Turks would simply transfer their lines of supply to roads from other Black Sea ports farther west,—particularly to the great road from Samsoun to Sivas. Metalled all the way, easily graded, passably well bridged, and capable of carrying heavy traffic, it would be an adequate line of communications. In possession of Erzeroum the enemy would still have Turkish armies before him, still have much of the rugged border province between him and the real Anatolia. The campaign would show nothing decisive in Russian favour, and would still have to be won.

So Turks argued who possessed some knowledge of their country's military affairs. But with control of the Black Sea gone, and Erzeroum with it, the whole Turkish scheme of defence fell to the ground. The road from Samsoun to Sivas became as little available as that from Trebizond to Erzeroum. Turkish armies of the east were faced with the same, or greater difficulties of transport, as those sought to be

imposed upon their enemies. So far, however, this border province still protects Anatolia, and has still to be crossed by Russian armies; it gains time for the Turks, and enables them to reorganise their beaten forces and bring up reinforcements and prepare a fresh defensive with Sivas as the new base. As yet no pressure by invaders has reached the heart of Anatolia.

It may be asked, where is this heart of Anatolia, pressure on which will be disastrous for the Ottoman State? Speaking broadly, it may be called the fertile regions occupied chiefly or largely by Turkish Moslem peasantry, for the two are found together—as the Turkish proverb says: "To the Osmanli the rich lands; to others the mountains." This Anatolian peasantry is the backbone and everything else of the Ottoman Empire. They number not more than eight millions; but they are the Osmanlis, the Turk, the Ottoman military strength. All other elements of the Ottoman population may be regarded as divergent, mutually jealous races who would go their own ways and fall out among themselves, but for the solid mass of Moslem peasantry. They are often called the finest peasantry in the world—a wide generalisation not easily reduced to anything definite. But this much may be said of them, in addition to admitting many good qualities, that as a people surrounded by internal and external enemies, holding by the sword what they won by the sword, and

also holding fanatically to a single faith, they have the unity and common purpose of a tribe.

The fertile districts of Anatolia begin somewhere west of Erzingan—roughly corresponding with the upper reaches of the valleys of the Kizil Irmak, and Kilkit Irmak or Lyous. The plateau of Asia Minor may be regarded as falling gradually from Erzeroum to the west. Erzeroum plain is 6000 feet above sea-level; Sivas and Shabin Karahissar, in the Kizil Irmak and Kilkit Irmak valleys respectively, are 1500 feet lower. West of Erzingan the country becomes more open, the valleys are wider, the mountains lower, the climate less rigorous. By the time Sivas is reached you are well in the fertile country, and have the heart of Anatolia around and before you. Between Sivas and Angora lie wheat lands not exceeded in quality in the world.

Erzingan, on the great northern branch of the Euphrates, is a place where many roads meet. Thence go roads to Trebizond in the north; to Kharput, Malatia, Marash, and Diarbekr in the south—all of them cities of size and importance, judged by standards of the Ottoman Empire—and from Marash an easy road goes to Aleppo and Alexandria. But of much greater importance than any is the road westward from Erzingan, which climbs out of the Euphrates Valley, and in some fifty miles enters the valley of the Kizil Irmak, and has

upon its right the rich valley of the Kilkit Irmak and the town of Shabin Karahissar. This western road is the only great route for armies invading Anatolia from the east, and has seen many in its time. This way came Timur on his fourth campaign, when he entered Anatolia on the way to Angora.

The new Turkish line of defence, Kerasund - Shabin Karahissar - Karabel Dag, south - east of Sivas — said to be in preparation — covers the two rich valleys of the Kizil Irmak and Kilkit Irmak, which give access to Anatolia. It is a line that leaves little of value outside it to the east.

And now the great importance which Sivas has always had in the past is to be illustrated again. There is no other place of equal strategical importance in the interior of Anatolia. It is marked out by nature as the natural inland capital, and in effect that is what it is now. With a population of about 70,000, it is the largest city in the interior of Asia Minor proper. And above all other cities it is the meeting-place of the great routes by which the internal commerce of Eastern Anatolia is carried on, and by which troops can be moved. Here comes in the great route from Erzeroum and Erzingan. All the little Black Sea ports between Samsoun and Trebizond have roads connecting with this city. From Samsoun comes the great metalled road, most important in

the country, which, passing through Sivas, proceeds to Malatia and Kharput and Diarbekr and Mosul and Bagdad. By this road also is reached Ras-el-Ain on the Bagdad Railway. Roads also come in from Albistan and Marash in the south. And here also meet the two very important roads, from Kaisariyeh in the south-west and from Angora in the west, by which must come whatever of reinforcements the Turks are able to send for the defence of their eastern frontier. As a further tribute to the position and importance of Sivas, every scheme of railway construction for Anatolia—and there have been many—aims to reach this city or to link with it.

Around Sivas extends a wide territory where, in spite of a severe climate, much wheat is grown, and where herds and flocks do well. It is the recognised granary for north-eastern Asia Minor. It has always fed Turkish armies on the eastern frontier, and will do so again. Any army in possession of Sivas can subsist on the country, as Timur found—and he was no bad judge of where armies should go to achieve results, and at the same time support themselves. This reputation which Sivas has earned is well known in the country, and has made the city a barometer of peace and war for Anatolia. Simple precautions by the Turkish War Office become evident here, and cannot be kept secret. The report that Sivas bakers have been

ordered to bake and fill the mosques with hard bread, goes along the roads as omen of war with Russia. It is, too, a herald of war that has old traditions behind it; for so the mosques were filled by Sivas bakers before the wars of 1829, of 1853, of 1877—so doubtless they were being filled in 1914.

As might be expected from its position, Sivas is an old city with a varied past. In Roman and Byzantine times it was called Sebastea, and in the days of Byzantine greatness was the second largest city on Asia Minor, and had a population of 300,000. By a strange political transaction it became in a way Armenian, and since that period has always had a considerable Armenian population. In the eleventh century an Armenian King, Senekherim I., whose native realm of Vasburagan lay around Lake Van, found the adjacent Seljuk State a growing and dangerous neighbour, already beyond his capacity to resist. He surrendered his kingdom to the Byzantines, and received in exchange the province and city of Sebastea, which he ruled under Byzantine sovereignty. Many Armenians followed their king, both at the time and subsequently, and so came about the large Armenian element which figures in the city's population still.

A century and a half after Senekherim's arrival the Seljuks were in Sivas itself—by so much, only, had Armenians benefited by this migration—and it became a great Seljuk city. So it remained

for nearly two hundred years, during which time the Seljuk Sultans beautified it with colleges and mosques and curious minarets. All were in the best style of Seljuk art, and now appear, some intact, some more or less as ruins, as the only buildings of any interest in Sivas. They are generally constructed of warm-tinted yellow stone, though brickwork may also be seen. With their great deep portals elaborately carved and panelled, their fine blue tiles, and their round tapering minarets whose galleries and sides are also decorated with carving and panelling, they are examples of Seljuk work inferior to none in the country.

Timur came in the year 1400, took the city after a short siege, and by massacre reduced the population to one-third. Sivas has never got over this visit of Timur's. Its citizens retain memories of him still. Armenians show you the spot, called "The Black Earth," where the conqueror buried alive 4000 Armenian troops who had aided the Turks in the defence. You are told also how the son of Bayezid the Turkish Sultan was captured in the city and had his eyes put out. And you are shown old Armenian churches which were mutilated and partially burned, and show traces of this treatment now.

Within two miles of the city is the old Armenian monastery of St Nishan, where they keep, as a precious relic of the Armenian race, the throne which Senekherim brought with him from the shores of Lake Van. Probably this throne is now

destroyed, for St Nishan's monastery is said to have been looted by the mob during the recent killing of Armenians. The monastery was also the seat of the Armenian bishop of Sivas. Of him the story is told that, when the mob entered the monastery, his bare feet were shod with the small iron shoes used for the hoofs of bullocks, and in this state he was ordered to march with his people who were being deported. He was a wise, amiable man whom no one could accuse of being antagonistic to the Ottoman Government. When the writer saw him, nearly four years ago, at St Nishan's, he was hopeful of better days for his church and people, even under Turkish rule.

Sivas of the present day is quite unfortified. To hold it against a Russian siege would require a great force, for the city stands in the valley, here a level plain six or seven miles across, with abrupt mountains rising along the southern and eastern sides to a height of two or three thousand feet. The opposite side of the valley is enclosed by high downs which approach close to the town, and are commanded by higher hills farther out. One cannot think that an attempt will be made to defend Sivas itself. A very great perimeter would be involved, and yet be commanded from outlying heights. Sivas will be defended on the line to the east of it, the right flank of which rests on Karabel Dagh and the left on the sea. When that line falls Sivas will fall

with it, and the whole country lie open on a broad front with various routes available.

At this stage one also believes that the end of Turkish resistance in eastern Anatolia will be reached. The shadow of Russia has long been over this part of the country. For more than a hundred years the people of north-eastern Anatolia have been familiar with the inexorable Russian advance. Territory was lost in 1829, and in 1878 Kars and Batoum were taken as well. There are veterans still scattered about the country who tell of what happened in the war of 1878. They were at the taking of Kars, at the battles of Alaja and Zevin, and know that although the Russians were repulsed before Erzeroum, it did not prevent loss of territory. With a Russian army in occupation of Sivas the worst fears of the Moslem population would be realised to the letter, and the moral effect be greater than anything which has happened so far. For whereas Erzeroum

was the great outpost fortress, Sivas represents the country itself which Erzeroum was supposed to guard. The occupation of Sivas would be considered the visible proof that Osmanli rule in these parts had reached its end.

It may be said, in conclusion, that the fall of Erzeroum has happened at the right season for farther westward operations, especially beyond Erzingan. The snow goes in April; spring rains follow; and then comes the early summer, in which the ground bakes hard and will carry wheeled traffic wherever that can travel. As the country opens coming westward towards Sivas, formed roads count for little in the months of summer. When no obstacles intervene the road becomes the shortest line from one point to another on the natural route.

In the two parallel valleys of the ancient Lycus and Halys, somewhere between Shabin Karahissar and Karabel Dagh, we may see the fate of Anatolia played out this summer.

TORPEDOED!

NEVER was the sea in the Channel more blue than on the afternoon of March 24th when the *Sussex* left Folkestone harbour for Dieppe. I felt in high spirits. My month's leave had been just long enough to clear away all the feeling of staleness that had crept over me after twelve months' work at the Hospital, and to give me an appetite for more. A year is a long time in War. In a year the members of a corps, a ship's company, or the staff of a hospital, get to know one another very intimately, especially if, as in our case, the unit is somewhat isolated. In a year our Hospital had become a living thing, and our Head Surgeon a Chief who commanded that something that is more than loyalty and respect, yet which an Englishman hesitates to describe as devotion. So I was right glad to be going back to a life I loved, to a Chief I delighted to work with, to comrades proven in long months of alternating stress and monotony, and to a little group of friends. Then there was also the prospect of bearing a share in the terrific work of the expected spring offensive. The sea was blue and calm, the sun shone brightly: the English coast and the shipping in the harbour grew less and less distinct. Overhead a gallant little British dirigible performed aerial evolutions, as though to suggest to us that Britain was

on the watch in the skies as well as on the seas. We steamed out punctually at 1.30 to the rousing cheers of British troops soon to follow us to France. In less than an hour we had a reminder that the enemy also keeps his watch by sea. We passed thousands of floating bags of jettisoned cargo—wool or forage. One that floated apart, quite close to us, bore the name "Essex" in black letters. A little group of passengers stood by the rail that divided the fore-castle deck from the first-class promenade deck and discussed the matter. "A sinister reminder of possibilities," I said to my neighbour, a stout elderly man. A British officer who had braved worse dangers at Mudros laughed, and said they had probably been thrown overboard—this was not submarine weather. The Germans were afraid to show themselves in calm seas: they preferred to work when the crests of the waves were cut off and there was a lather of foam to hide their periscopes. Presently they strolled aft. I was left nearly alone, watching a Belgian officer who had fetched his dog from the fore-castle companion and was exercising it on the deck. Then he too disappeared. I turned to the sea again, and watched—for a periscope. It grew cold, and I was beginning to think of going back to my sheltered chair to roll myself

up in my rug, when in a moment the whole earth and heaven seemed to explode in one head-splitting roar. In the thousandth part of a second my mind told me "Torpedo—forward—on my right—" and then the sensation of falling, with my limbs spread-eagled, through blind space.

When I came to myself again I was groping amid a tangle of broken wires, with an agonising pain in my back and the fiercest headache I have ever known. My hair was down and plastered to my chin with blood that seemed to be coming from my mouth. There was more blood on my coat sleeve. I was conscious that I was bleeding freely internally with every movement. My first definite thought was, "If only it is all a ghastly nightmare!" But I remembered. My next thought was a passionately strong desire not to die by drowning—then. I crawled free of the wires that were coiled all about me and stood up. In one unsteady glance I took in a number of things. Near me a horrible piece of something, and a dead woman. (Afterwards I wondered why I was so sure she was dead and never stooped to make sure.) *Below me, on the quarter-deck and second-class promenade deck,* numbers of people moving to and fro, many with lifebelts on. I never heard a sound from them, but it did not strike me as odd then. Now I know I was deafened. So I had been blown up on to the top deck, to the other end of the ship.

I swayed to and fro, and looked for a stairway, but could find none, and began to be aware that I had only a few moments of consciousness left me. Something must be done if I was not to drown. I forced my will to concentrate on it, and came to the side, where I found three men looking down on a lowered boat. I also saw a lifebelt on the ground. I picked it up, and not having the strength to put it on, I tried to ask the men to tie it for me. Then I found I could not speak. So I held it up, and one, an American, understood, and hastily tied it. Then I saw one of them catch hold of a loose davit rope and swarm down it to the boat. There was my one chance, I decided. My arms were all right, but would my legs work? I took hold, and made a mighty effort to cross my knees round the rope: I succeeded. Then I slid down till I was just above the water. I waited till the roll of the ship brought me near enough to the boat to catch, with my right hand, another rope that I saw hanging plumb above it, while I hung on with my left. It came within reach: I caught it, let go with my left, and lowered myself into the boat. Then I wanted to sink down in her bottom and forget everything, but I dared not, for men were pouring into her. I saw a man's knee hooked over the side of the boat where I sat. I could not see his body, but it was in the water, between us and the side of the

Sussex. As in a dream I held on to his knee with my left hand with all the grip I had left, and with my right held on to the seat on which I sat. I could do nothing to help him in, but on the other hand, so long as I remained conscious, his knee-hold should not be allowed to slip. No one took any notice of either of us. Gradually I began to hear again. The men in the boat were shouting that there was no more room, that the boat was full. One last man tumbled in and then the people in the boat pushed away, and men on the *Sussex* helped. Others continually threw gratings and planks overboard.

Our boat was dangerously overcrowded. Already she was half swamped. I wondered when she would upset. A man on either side seized gratings and towed them alongside. One made a herculean effort and pulled the man whose knee I had been holding into our boat, and nearly upset her. No one said a word. He was an elderly man, and his fat face was white and piteous. His hands never ceased trembling. He had had a terrible fright. Some one suggested getting out the oars, and others said it was impossible, as they were underneath us all. However, it was managed, and several men stood up and changed places. Again we nearly upset. I joined with the others in commanding these wild folk to sit still. Three oars were produced. One was given to a young and sickly-looking Frenchman opposite to me.

He did not know how to use it. Every one shouted to get away from the steamer. The water had now reached my knees, and I began to notice how cold it was. I saw three other women in the boat. They sat together, white and silent, in the stern, nor ever moved. They were French women. Some one noticed that the water was increasing, and there was a wild hullabaloo of alarm. A Belgian—the man who had pulled into the boat the man whose knee I held—called for hats with which to bale, setting the example with his own. But we were so tightly packed that no one could get at the water, whereupon the Belgian climbed overboard on to one of the gratings I have already mentioned, and a young Belgian soldier followed his example on the other side. They held on to our gunwale with their fingers.

Sometimes the people in the boat baled furiously, sometimes they stopped and stared stupidly about them. Some shouted to "Ramez! Ramez!" Others equally excited yelled "Mais non! Videz l'eau! Videz l'eau!" I apologised to my immediate neighbours for that I had no hat to lend, and for that I was too hurt to stoop, but I put my hands on the erring oar the young Frenchman was feebly moving across my knees, and did my best to guide his efforts. As often as not he put it flat on the water, and sometimes he merely desisted altogether, and gazed vacantly in front of him. The

Belgian asked for a handkerchief, and groping in the water at the bottom of the boat, found a hole and caulked it as best he could. Thereafter the balers kept the water from increasing, but did little to reduce it.

Looking around I saw our steamer riding quite happily on the water with her bows clean gone. Afterwards I learned that the torpedo had cut off her forepart, to within an inch or two of where I had been standing, and that it had sunk. I saw another full boat being rowed away from the ship, and an overturned one with two people sitting on her keel. I saw a man seated on a grating. All were convinced that help would be forthcoming speedily. And still the *Sussex* floated. Four times I remarked—by way of a *ballon d'essai*—that it seemed as if she were not going to sink, and always there was an outcry to row, and get away from her. The Belgian and the Belgian soldier evidently thought as I did. They proposed that we should return before we were swamped ourselves. Once again a hysterical outburst. One man jumped to his feet and shrieked, and asked us if it were to hell that we intended returning? I began to be afraid that he and those who thought as he did would throw us others into the sea, but common-sense told me that to remain all night in that overcrowded half-swamped boat would be to court death.

We saw at last that the

other boat was returning. This was our chance. Example is a wonderful thing in dealing with mob hysteria. Tentatively the two Belgians and I proposed that we should go as close to the steamer as prudence permitted, and ask the Captain if she were going to sink. If his answer were favourable, those who desired should go on board, and any who liked could go off again in the boat. If his answer were unfavourable, we would stand off again. The maniac still shrieked his protests, but the rest of the boat was with us. But no one seemed to know how to turn the boat. As soon as we told one to backwater, the other two did likewise. It seemed hopeless. Finally, we let the other two oars pull, and I myself tried to induce my *vis-à-vis* to "ramez au sens contraire," which was the nearest approach I could get to "backwater" in French! He was too dazed to understand, so I simply set my teeth and pulled against him, and in about fifteen minutes the boat gradually came round in a wide circle. How I longed to be whole again so that I could take his oar right away and cox that mad boat! With my injured back and inside I could only just compass what I did. The pain kept me from collapsing, and the exertion from freezing. Even now a mutinous mood came over the boat every few moments, and they wavered and prepared to flee the ship again. It was like a political meeting. The boat

followed the wishes of those who shouted loudest. So we who wished to return shouted monotonously, "Retournez au bateau." When the oars ceased dipping, I called out as encouragingly as I could—subconsciously following, I believe, the example of newspaper sergeants I had read of in French accounts of battles,—“Courage, mes amis! Ramez! Ramez! Courage, mes enfants!” No one thought it odd. The dazed ears heard, and the nerveless arms worked again. Finally, the Belgian dragged me aside that some one might have another tussle with the rising water. It looked as though we were to be swamped, after all, within ten yards of the *Sussex's* gaping bows, for our crew, in their excitement, had forgotten to bale for some minutes. As we floated in under her sides I made a final appeal, which a young Belgian put into more forcible French, for everybody to keep calm and not upset the boat at the last.

The women now spoke for the first time—and it was to appeal to the excited boat's load to let me be taken off first, since I was injured. I found I could not stand, so sat in the middle of the seat trying to trim the boat while the men scrambled out. I was left alone at last; and the water that came over the gunwale poured over my legs to my waist, some of it soaking through my thick great-coat and chilling me to the bone. The boat was floating away. Some one shouted to

me to get up. I got on to my hands and knees on the seat and tried to crawl along the side, but the change of position nearly caused me to faint with pain. Then the Belgian managed to get hold of the boat and hold her, and some sailors leaned out of the hatchway in the *Sussex's* side and grasped me by the arms and pulled me up and in as though I had been a sack. There were many far worse hurt than I, and they left me propped against a wall. The Belgian again came to the rescue, and half dragged me to the top of the second saloon stairway. I got down by levering myself on my hands on the rails, while he supported me under the arms. Once in the saloon, he and the young Belgian soldier took off my loosely fixed lifebelt and laid me on a couch. One forced a glass of whisky down my throat, which burned and gave me back renewed consciousness, while the other ran for brandy. I was terribly cold, and the good Belgian took off my boots and puttees and stockings and chafed my feet till one was warm. The other had no sensation for over twelve hours, and five days later, when it was radiographed, proved to be sprained and fractured. He placed a pillow over them then, and proceeded to chafe my hands, first taking off my dragged legs fur gloves which I still wore. He sat and held my hands for at least a quarter of an hour till they were warm. Then he disappeared to help “the other

women." Meanwhile the young Belgian soldier came and gave me a glass of brandy, giving me no choice, but insisting on my drinking it, and spilling a good deal on my bloody chin and coat collar in his zeal. Soon I felt quite warm again.

Presently the electric lights were turned up, to my great astonishment. The Belgian surprised me still further by taking away my boots and stockings "to dry before the kitchen fire." I did not yet realise what we owed to the strong watertight bulkheads of that well-constructed little vessel (built, I learn, by a man who has done more than almost any other for our Hospital, even to the willing sacrifice of his daughter. Her health was ruined by the hardships and exposure in those first few weeks of December 1914, when our pioneers found a long uninhabited building and were faced with the unexpected task of lighting, heating, and draining it, in addition to cleaning and fitting it up).

After that, long hours of waiting. A woman shrieked incessantly up on deck. A man with a wounded head came and sat patiently in a corner. A girl, complaining of a pain in her chest, came down the stairs and lay down on a corner couch. She never moved nor spoke again. By midnight she was dead. None of us guessed, none of us knew. She died bravely and silently, quite alone. Another woman showed signs of approaching hysteria. A young Belgian officer, who had been attending

her, suddenly ceased his gallantry, and, standing sternly before her, said brusquely, "After all, if the very worst comes, you can only die. What is it to die?" The words acted on her like a douche of cold water. She became herself again and never murmured. We others, perhaps, benefited too. It is nerve-racking work lying helpless in a damaged vessel, wondering whether the rescue ship or another enemy submarine will appear first on the scene. And no ship came. At intervals the Belgian boy soldiers came down to reassure us: "The wireless had been repaired. Forty vessels were searching for us. There was a light to starboard. We were drifting towards Boulogne. The 'Phares' of the coast were in sight." But no ship came. The light to starboard faded. Another appeared, and faded too. Then we heard the regular boom of a cannon or a rocket. We all knew that something must have blocked our wireless, but no one said so. The Belgian came down to sleep, fixing his lifebelt first. With him came a good Frenchwoman, who was very kind to me and washed the blood from my face and rinsed out my bleeding mouth. She was very hungry, and all I could do to help her was to hold her jewels while she went on deck to search for her hand baggage, and, later, to give her some soaked food out of my pocket. There was no food left anywhere. She said some brave words, too, about death coming

to all, only coming once, and being soon over. How much one person's courage can help others at such a time! Then she tied on a lifebelt and went to sleep beside me. The ship was rolling now, and the seas slapped noisily against her somewhere, jarring her all through her frame. But the Captain had said she would not sink for eighteen hours, and we all believed his word implicitly. Still, it was an ugly noise, and seemed to betoken her helplessness.

And then at last the news of rescue! A French fishing-boat was coming! "Women and children first," the young Belgians cried. My Belgian succourer roused himself and fetched my stockings and boots. My right boot would not go on. My putties he could not manage, and so he tied them round me. He was always cool and practical and matter-of-fact. "I have been in the Belgian Congo," he explained, "and in shipwrecks before. I know what to do, and I am not alarmed. You can trust entirely to me." And I did. There was a great bump as the fishing-boat came alongside, and a rush upstairs. Once more I was left alone, for my Belgian friend had gone up to see about getting me helped on board. He came back to say that the crush was so great that he would wait till it was over and then take me. It seemed a long time, but he came back at last, only to find he could not lift me. Then he went away calling for an "homme de

bonne volonté" to help. A young Chinese responded, and together they staggered up the heaving stairway with me. When they reached the ship's rail it was to hear that the boat had gone! A British torpedo-boat was coming, we were told, and so the fisherman had gone off with as many as she could safely carry to Boulogne. With her went my hope of reaching my own hospital in France. I was sure the destroyer would take her load to England.

Once more I was on the point of collapse, and very sea-sick to boot. The Belgian supported me as if I had been a little child, and I tried to convince myself that I was not in dreadful pain. Perhaps half an hour passed, and then the destroyer came. This time one of the French sailors helped him to carry me, and I was placed on my back, across the ship's rail, and when the roll brought her near enough to the destroyer, British sailors grasped my arms and pulled me over. For one sickening second my legs dangled between the two ships, but the sailors hauled me in just before the impact came. They carried me to the chart-house and laid me on the couch, and before long the Belgian joined me, and, utterly exhausted, lay down on the floor. From that moment I felt entirely safe. We English are brought up to feel complete confidence in the British Navy, much as they teach us to trust in Providence. And the Navy deserves our confidence.

It took a long time to transfer all the remaining passengers of the *Sussex* to H.M.S. —, for the sea was becoming restless, and the two ships hammered and thumped at each other's sides to such purpose that the rescuing destroyer had to go into dock for repairs when her labours were over and she had landed us all safely. The injured were at once attended to, and I had not been more than half an hour on board before the surgeon came to visit me. Having sent the Belgian below, he did all he could for me, and then, assured that I was by no means *in extremis*, he hurried back to attend to three others who were. The mate of the destroyer came and made me comfortable, and sent me tea, and a young gunner to keep me from falling off the couch when we should move, and re-appeared at intervals to see how I was getting on. He gave me chocolate, which I ate quite greedily, having had nothing for over twelve hours. Unfortunately, as soon as the destroyer began its homeward race, I was very sea-sick. How these little ships of ours can move! Had I guessed then, as report now has it, that a submarine fired two torpedoes at us on our way back to England, I should have felt more kindly towards the prodigious speed of our rescuer. As it was, I took pride in, but got little comfort out of it.

Somewhere near 4 A.M. the kind mate came to tell me we were coming in to —. The young sailor had already gone

to his station. Thoughtful always, the mate wrote out a telegram to send to my home, which should reassure my people before ever they read the morning's news. (But War is War, and that telegram, so censored that it appeared to come from me in France, did not reach my home till late that evening!)

I was carried by sailors out on to the deck and placed on a stretcher, and then a R.A.M.C. surgeon with orderlies took charge of me and carried me aboard the hospital ship —, a sister boat to the *Sussex*, where, with one other Italian woman, whose legs were broken and her skull fractured, and eleven men, I was put to bed in an empty ward. Several surgeons, the matron, and three military nursing sisters attended to us, and by 6 A.M. we had had our wounds and hurts dressed and been made as comfortable as our condition would allow. The dying woman and a dying man had been taken almost at once to the little civil hospital in the town, where they died later.

The tenderness and goodness of those Army Sisters was wonderful. I have worked for a year in a hospital and I have learned to know nurses for human beings — cheerful, hard-working, conscientious, unselfish to the last degree where their patients are concerned; but here I actually fell in with that ideal of an Army Nurse which many a chivalrous man has built up in his mind round stories of Florence Nightingale and im-

aginations of his own. I really met her—I was not dreaming. I was in very great pain, and suffering physically more than I have ever suffered in my life, but my memory of those long hours between dark and daylight is one not of personal misery, but of the beautiful tenderness of those Nursing Sisters. This may bring comfort to many whose menfolk travel homewards in hospital ships.

At midday we were moved—the men to a Military Hospital, and I to the small overworked civil hospital. Followed days and nights of great pain and misery, till on the fourth day I was fetched away in a motor ambulance and brought to one of London's great hospitals in an ambulance train. Here again I met a kind Nursing Sister, and was touched deeply by the gentleness of the R.A.M.C. orderlies, as I had been on the hospital ship. I had felt so alone since the sailors and my good Belgian succourer had come to say good-bye to me on the Saturday morning, and later the surgeons of the destroyer and the hospital ship, and those kind Nursing Sisters—so that it felt like being back among "ours" again, when the Ambulance Train Sister and her military orderlies took

charge of me. At the station I was unloaded by men of the City of London Transport Column—Volunteer Red Cross men from the city—and placed in an ambulance whose owner-driver has been doing this work since the war began. It was a long, long drive, and never have I been in an ambulance more carefully driven. A good Red Cross lady accompanied me and took charge of my bundles and my coat, and did not lose sight of me till I was in charge of the nurses at the — Hospital, where I am now. There is little more to tell. I was overhauled that same afternoon by a surgeon, and radiographed—and hurt though I was, I was already professional enough to take a keen interest in the beautiful apparatus in the X-Ray room, but amateur enough to realise with a thrill of pride that *our* radiographs, though our installation is small and comparatively cheap, are as good as any I saw on the show frames that day. One up for the old Hospital in France! The Huns had smashed my foot, broken one of the lumbar processes of my spine, strained back and thigh muscles, and bruised me internally. Worse—they had placed me *hors de combat* for nearly three months!

SKI.

“CARRY ON!”

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K(1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER SIX.—PASTURES NEW.

THE outstanding feature of to-day's intelligence is that spring is coming—has come, in fact.

It arrived with a bump. March entered upon its second week with seven degrees of frost and four inches of snow. We said what was natural and inevitable to the occasion; wrapped our coats of skins more firmly round us; and made a point of attending punctually when the rum ration was issued.

Forty - eight hours later winter had disappeared. The sun was blazing in a cloudless sky. Aeroplanes were battling for photographic rights overhead; the brown earth beneath our feet was putting forth its first blades of tender green. The muck-heap outside our rest-billet displayed unmistakable signs of upheaval from its winter sleep. Primroses appeared in Bunghole Wood; larks soared up into the sky above No Man's Land, making music for the just and the unjust. Snipers, smiling cheerfully over the improved atmospheric conditions, polished up their telescopic sights. The artillery on each side hailed the birth of yet another season of fruitfulness and natural increase with some more than usually enthusiastic essays in

mutual extermination. Half the Mess caught colds in their heads.

Frankly, we are not sorry to see the end of winter. Cæsar, when he had concluded his summer campaign, went into winter quarters. Cæsar, as Colonel Kemp once huskily remarked, knew something!

Still, each man to his taste. Corporal Mucklewame, for one, greatly prefers winter to summer.

“In the winter,” he points out to Sergeant M'Snape, “a body can breathe without swallowing a when bluebottles and bum-bees. A body can aye stretch himself doon under a tree for a bit sleep without getting wasps and wee beasties crawling up inside his kilt, and puddocks craw-crawing in his ear! A body can keep himself frae sweitin'——”

“He can that!” assents M'Snape, whose spare frame is more vulnerable to the icy breeze than that of the stout corporal.

However, the balance of public opinion is against Mucklewame. Most of us are unfeignedly glad to feel the warmth of the sun again. That working-party, filling sandbags just behind the machine-gun emplacement, are actually singing. Spring

gets into the blood, even in this stricken land. The Boche over the way resents our efforts at harmony.

Sing us a song, a song of Bonnie Scotland!

Any old song will do.

By the old camp-fire, the rough-and-ready choir

Join in the chorus too.

"You'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road"—

'Tis a song that we all know,

To bring back the days in Bonnie Scotland,

Where the heather and the blue-bells—

Whang!

The Boche, a Wagnerian by birth and upbringing, cannot stand any more of this, so he has fired a rifle-grenade at the glee-party—on the whole a much more honest and direct method of condemnation than that practised by musical critics in time of peace. But he only elicits an encore. Private Nigg perches a steel helmet on the point of a bayonet, and patronisingly bobs the same up and down above the parapet.

These steel helmets have not previously been introduced to the reader's notice. They are modelled upon those worn in the French Army—and bear about as much resemblance to the original pattern as a Thames barge to a racing yacht. When first issued, they were greeted with profound suspicion. Though undoubtedly serviceable—they saved many a crown from cracking round The Bluff the other day—they were undeniably heavy, and they were certainly not becoming to the peculiar type of beauty ramp-

ant in K(1). On issue, then, their recipients elected to regard the wearing of them as a peculiarly noxious form of "fatigue." Private M'A. deposited his upon the parapet, like a foundling on a doorstep, and departed stealthily round the nearest traverse, to report his new headpiece "lost through the exigencies of military service." Private M'B. wore his insecurely perched upon the top of his tam-o'-shanter bonnet, where it looked like a very large ostrich egg in a very small khaki nest. Private M'C. set his up on a convenient post, and opened rapid fire upon it at a range of six yards, surveying the resulting holes with the gloomy satisfaction of the vindicated pessimist. Private M'D. removed the lining from his, and performed his ablutions in the inverted crown.

"This," said Colonel Kemp, "will never do. We must start wearing the dashed things ourselves."

And it was so. Next day, to the joy of the Battalion, their officers appeared in the trenches self-consciously wearing what looked like small sky-blue wash-hand basins balanced upon their heads. But discipline was excellent. No one even smiled. In fact, there was a slight reaction in favour of the helmets. Conversations like the following were overheard:—

"I'm tellin' you, Jimmy, the C.O. is no the man for tae mak' a show of himself like that for naething. These tin bunnets be some use. Wull we pit oors on?"

"Awa' hame, and bile your heid!" replied the unresponsive James.

"They'll no stop a whish-bang," conceded the apostle of progress, "but they would keep off splunters, and a when bullets, and—and—"

"And the rain!" supplied Jimmy sarcastically.

This gibe suddenly roused the temper of the other participant in the debate.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, in a voice shrill with indignation, "that these——helmets are some —— use!"

"And I tell *you*," retorted James earnestly, "that these —— helmets are no —— use!"

When two reasonable persons arrive at a controversial *impasse*, they usually agree to differ and go their several ways. But in K(1) we prefer practical solutions. The upholder of helmets hastily thrust his upon his head.

"I'll show you, Jimmy!" he announced, and clambered upon the firing-step.

"And I'll —— well show *you*, Wullie!" screamed James, doing likewise.

Simultaneously the two zealots thrust their heads over the parapet, and awaited

results. These came. The rifles of two Boche snipers rang out, and both demonstrators fell heavily backwards into the arms of their supporters.

By all rights they ought to have been killed. But they were both very much alive. Each turned to the other triumphantly, and exclaimed—

"I tellt ye so!"

There was a hole right through the helmet of Jimmy, the unbeliever. The fact that there was not also a hole through his head was due to his forethought in having put on a tam o' shanter underneath. The net result was a truncated "toorie." Wullie's bullet had struck his helmet at a more obtuse angle, and had glanced off, as the designer of the smooth exterior had intended it to do.

At first glance, the contest was a draw. But subsequent investigation elicited the fact that Jimmy in his backward fall had bitten his tongue to the effusion of blood. The verdict was therefore awarded, on points, to Wullie, and the spectators dispersed in an orderly manner just as the platoon sergeant came round the traverse to change the sentry.

II.

Spring always turns one's thoughts to the future. A year ago we were at Bramshott Camp, looking forward with unrestrained longing to the day when we should set foot upon the soil of France. To-day we find ourselves still

upon that soil, respectfully wondering whether Providence will permit us to extend our operations to the soil of Brother Boche, and then get home to the soil of Scotland, by next "N' Year Day."

Spring is manifesting its

presence all along the Western Front. Last month the Boche, to whom time is almost as precious a commodity as butter, made a desperate attack upon the southern curve of the Salient of Ypres. We know that curve. We held most of it for three long months. There is one particular sector thereof from which we parted without the slightest regret. It is bounded on the south by a canal.

Beside the canal rises an eminence rather resembling a miniature Arthur Seat, with its face turned (naturally) to the foe. It is called The Bluff. A mile to the north, beside the railway, stands another eminence, just within the German lines — a shell-torn, blood-soaked, crumbling tumulus, upon which no human being can show himself and live. It is called Hill Sixty.

But it is with The Bluff that we have to deal. Six months ago Bobby Little lost the best part of a platoon there, for a great German mine was sprung, and blew the face right off the crouching lion of our little Arthur's Seat. Still, Bobby's bombers were too good: the enemy got no farther.

And now, a few days ago,

came rumours of great artillery preparation—thank you, we know that artillery preparation!—by the enemy round this self-same spot. Next came news of a general assault; finally, the tidings that the gallant Bluff had fallen at last.

This was ill to hear, for The Bluff commands much ground. However, we were not greatly perturbed, for soon the intelligence came to us that a famous Division, containing in its composition certain uncompromising units from North Britain, had been called out of rest to retake it. We merely speculated to one another as to what our compatriots would say when roused from their winter sleep to make good the shortcomings of others; and we pictured to ourselves the manner in which they would set about the task, in such wise as to get it done, and so home to bed, as quickly as possible.

And sure enough the expected news arrived, most speedily. The Bluff had been recaptured and consolidated, together with a small section of Boche trench, gathered in by way of interest on the loan. Casualties very slight. Scotland for ever!

III.

We have occupied our own present trenches since January. There was a time when this sector of the line was regarded as a Vale of Rest. Bishops were conducted round with impunity. Members of Parliament came out for the

week-end, and returned to their constituents with first-hand information about the horrors of war. Foreign journalists, and sight-seeing parties of munition-workers, pionicked in Bunghole Wood. In the village behind the line,

if a chance shell removed tiles from the roof of a house, the owner, greatly incensed, mounted a ladder and put in some fresh ones.

But that is all over now. K(1)—hard-headed men of business, bountifully endowed with munitions—have arrived upon the scene, and the sylvan peace of the surrounding district is gone. Pan has dug himself in.

The trouble began two months ago, when our Divisional Artillery arrived. Unversed in local etiquette, they commenced operations by "sending up"—to employ a vulgar but convenient catch-phrase—a strongly fortified farmhouse in the enemy's support line. The Boche, by way of gentle reproof, deposited four or five small "whizz-bangs" in our front-line trenches. The tenants thereof promptly telephoned to "Mother," and Mother came to the assistance of her offspring with a salvo of twelve-inch shells. After that, Brother Boche, realising that the golden age was past, sent north to the Salient for a couple of heavy batteries, and settled down to shell Bunghole village to pieces. Within a week he had brought down the church tower: within a fortnight the population had migrated farther back, leaving behind a few patriots, too deeply interested in the sale of small beer and picture post-cards to uproot themselves. Company Headquarters in Bunghole Wood ceased to grow primroses and began to fill sandbags.

A month ago the village

was practically intact. The face of the church tower was badly scarred, but the houses were undamaged. The little shops were open; children played in the streets. Now, if you stand at the cross-roads where the church rears its roofless walls, you will understand what the Abomination of Desolation means. Occasionally a body of troops, moving in small detachments at generous intervals, trudges by, on its way to or from the trenches. Occasionally a big howitzer shell swings lazily out of the blue and drops with a crash or a dull thud—according to the degree of resistance encountered—among the crumbling cottages. All is solitude.

But stay! Right on the cross-roads, in the centre of the village, just below the fingers of a sign-post which indicates the distance to four French townships, whose names you never heard of until a year ago, and now will never forget, there hangs a large, white, newly painted board, bearing a notice in black letters six inches high. Exactly underneath the board, rubbing their noses appreciatively against the sign-post, stand two mules, attached to a limbered waggon. Their charioteers are sitting adjacent, in a convenient shell-hole, partaking of luncheon.

"That was a rotten place we 'ad to wait in yesterday, Sammy," observes Number One. "The draught was somethink cruel."

Therecumbent Samuel agrees. "This little 'oller is a bit of all right," he remarks. "When

you've done strarfin' that bully-beef, 'and it over, ole man!"

He leans his head back upon the lip of the shell-hole, and gazes pensively at the notice-board six feet away. It says:—

<p>VERY DANGEROUS. DO NOT LOITER HERE.</p>
--

IV.

Here is another cross-roads, a good mile farther forward—and less than a hundred yards behind the fire-trench. It is dawn.

The roads themselves are not so distinct as they were. They are becoming grass-grown: for more than a year—in daylight at least—no human foot has trodden them. The place is like hundreds of others that you may see scattered up and down this countryside—two straight, flat, metalled country roads, running north and south and east and west, crossing one another at a faultless right angle.

Of the four corners thus created, one is—or was—occupied by an estaminet: you can still see the sign, *Estaminet du Commerce*, over the door. Two others contain cottages—the remains of cottages. At the fourth, facing south and

east, stands what is locally known as a "Calvaire,"—a bank of stone, a lofty cross, and a life-size figure of Christ, facing east, towards the German lines.

This spot is shelled every day—has been shelled every day for months. Possibly the enemy suspects a machine-gun or an observation post amid the tumble-down buildings. Hardly one brick remains upon another. And yet—the sorrowful Figure is unbroken. The Body is riddled with bullets—in the glowing dawn you may count not five but fifty wounds—but the Face is untouched. It is the standing miracle of this most materialistic War. Throughout the length of France you will see the same thing.

Agnostics ought to come out here, for a "cure."

CHAPTER SEVEN.—MAJOR WAGSTAFFE ON THE *BANDAR LOG*.

With spring comes also the thought of the Next Push.

But we do not talk quite so glibly of pushes as we did. Neither, for that matter, does Brother Boche. He has just completed six weeks' pushing at Verdun, and is beginning to

be a little uncertain as to which direction the pushing is coming from.

No; once more the military text-books are being rewritten. We started this War under one or two rather fallacious premises. One was that

Artillery was more noisy than dangerous. When Antwerp fell, we rescinded that theory. Then the Boche set out to demonstrate that an Attack, provided your Artillery preparation is sufficiently thorough, and you are prepared to set no limit to your expenditure of Infantry, must ultimately succeed. To do him justice, the Boche supported his assertions very plausibly. His phalanx bundled the Russians all the way from Tannenburg to Riga. The Austrians adopted similar tactics, with similar results.

We were duly impressed. The world last summer did not quite realise how far the results of the campaign were due to German efficiency and how far to Russian unpreparedness. (Russia, we realise now, found herself in the position of the historic Mrs Partington, who endeavoured to repel the Atlantic with a mop. This year, we understand, she is in a position to discard the mop in favour of something far, far better.)

Then came—Verdun. Military science turned over yet another page, and noted that against consummate generalship, unlimited munitions, and selfless devotion on the part of the defence, the most spectacular and highly-doped phalanx can spend itself in vain. Military science also noted that, under modern conditions, the capture of this position or that signifies nothing: the only method of computing victory is to count the dead on either side. On that reckoning, the

French at Verdun have already gained one of the great victories of all time.

"In fact," said Colonel Kemp, "this war will end when the Boche has lost so many men as to be unable to man his present trench-line, and not before."

"You don't think, sir, that we shall make another Push?" suggested Angus M'Lachlan eagerly. The others were silent: they had experienced a Push already.

"Not so long as the Boche continues to play our game for us, by attacking. If he tumbles to the error he is making, and digs himself in again—well, it may become necessary to draw him. In that case, M'Lachlan, you shall have first chop at the Victoria Crosses. Afraid I can't recommend you for your last exploit, though I admit it must have required some nerve!"

There was unseemly laughter at this allusion. Four nights previously Angus had been sent out in charge of a wiring-party. He had duly crawled forth with his satellites, under cover of darkness, on to No Man's Land; and, there selecting a row of "knife-rests" which struck him as being badly in need of repair, had well and truly reinforced the same with many strands of the most barbarous brand of barbed wire. This, despite more than usually fractious behaviour upon the part of the Boche.

Next morning, through a sniper's loophole, he exhibited the result of his labours to Major Wagstaffe. The Major

gazed long and silently upon his subordinate's handiwork. There was no mistaking it. It stood out bright and gleaming in the rays of the rising sun, amid its dingy surroundings of rusty ironmongery. Angus M'Lachlan waited anxiously for a little praise.

"Jolly good piece of work," said Major Wagstaffe at last. "But tell me, why have you wired the Boche trenches instead of your own?"

"The only enemy we have to fear," continued Colonel Kemp, rubbing his spectacles savagely, "is the free and independent British voter—I mean, the variety of the species that we have left at home. Like the gentleman in Jack Point's song, 'he likes to get value for money'; and he is quite capable of asking us, about June or July, 'if we know that we are paid to be funny?' What's your view of the situation at home, Wagstaffe? You're the last off leave."

Wagstaffe shook his head.

"The British Nation," he said, "is quite mad. That fact, of course, has been common property on the Continent of Europe ever since Cook's Tours were invented. But what irritates the orderly Boche is that there is no method in its madness. Nothing you can go upon, or take hold of, or wring any advantage from."

"As how?"

"Well, take compulsory service. For generations the electorate of our country has been trained by a certain breed of

politician—the *bandar log* of the British Constitution—to howl down such a low and degrading business as National Defence. A nasty Continental custom, they called it. . . . Then came the War, and the glorious Voluntary System got to work."

"Aided," the Colonel interpolated, "by a campaign of mural advertisement which a cinema star's press agent would have boggled at!"

"Quite so," agreed Wagstaffe. "Next, when the Voluntary System had done its damndest—in other words, when the willing horse had been worked to his last ounce—we tried the Derby Scheme. The manhood of the nation was divided into groups, and a fresh method of touting for troops was adopted. Married shysters, knowing that at least twenty groups stood between them and a job of work, attested in comparatively large numbers. The single shysters were less reckless—so much less reckless, in fact, that compulsion began to materialise at last."

"But only for single shysters," said Bobbie Little regretfully.

"Yes; and the married shyster rejoiced accordingly. But the single shyster is a most subtle reptile. On examination, it was found that the single members of this noble army of martyrs were all 'starred,' or 'reserved,' or 'earmarked'—or whatever it is that they do to these careful fellows. So the poor old married shyster, who had only attested to show his blooming

patriotism and encourage the others, suddenly found himself confronted with the awful prospect of having to defend his country personally, instead of by letter to the halfpenny press. Then the fat was fairly in the fire! The married martyr——"

"Come, come, old man! Not all of them!" said Colonel Kemp. "I have a married brother of my own, a solicitor of thirty-eight, who is simply clamouring for active service!"

"I know that, sir," admitted Wagstaffe quickly. "Thank God, these fellows are only a minority, and a freak minority at that; but freak minorities seem to get the monopoly of the limelight in our unhappy country. Anyway, the married shyster lifted up his voice and yowled. He explained, chiefly to reporters employed by newspapers whose patriotic proprietors were out to jockey the Government into the gutter and set up a Freak Government instead, that he had no *idea*, when he attested, that the Government would ever play the game so low down as to call him up. He said it was about the limit that a decent middle-aged householder of twenty-four couldn't go and attest, just to oblige the Government and give a jolt to irresponsible young bachelors of forty, without being made a fool of by being taken at his word."

"I haven't seen a paper for days," said the Colonel. "How do this high-minded crowd propose to evade the unfortunate consequences of their own patriotism?"

"They are now clamouring," said Wagstaffe, "for compulsory service all round."

"How on earth is that going to help them?"

"The idea appears to be that if the whole of the Cold Feet Corps is mobilised at once, the unattested will be punished for their previous want of manly spirit by being called up before the attested."

"The whole affair," mused the Colonel, "can hardly be described as a frenzied rally round the Old Flag. By God," he broke out suddenly, "it fairly makes one's blood boil! When I think of the countless good fellows, married and single, but mainly married, who left *all* and followed the call of common decency and duty the moment the War broke out—most of them now dead or crippled; and when I see this miserable handful of shirkers, holding up vital public business while the pros and cons of their wretched claims to exemption are considered—well, I almost wish I had been born a Boche!"

"I don't think you need apply for naturalisation papers yet, Colonel," said Wagstaffe. "The country is perfectly sound at heart over this question, and always was. The present agitation, as I say, is being engineered by the more verminous section of our incomparable daily Press, for its own ends. It makes our Allies lift their eyebrows a bit; but they are sensible people, and they realise that although we are a nation of lunatics, we usually deliver the goods in the end. As for the

Boche, poor fellow, the whole business makes him perfectly rabid. Here he is, with all his splendid organisation and brutal efficiency, and he can't even knock a dent into our undisciplined, back-chatting, fool-ridden, self-depreciating old country! I, for one, sympathise with the Boche profoundly. On paper, we don't *deserve* to win!"

"But we shall!" remarked that single-minded paladin, Bobby Little.

"Of course we shall! And what's more, we are going to derive a national benefit out of this War which will in itself be worth the price of admission!"

"How?" asked several voices.

Wagstaffe looked round the table. The Battalion were for the moment in Divisional Reserve, and consequently out of the trenches. Some one had received a box of Coronas from home, and the mess president had achieved a bottle of port. Hence the present symposium at Headquarters Mess. Wagstaffe's eyes twinkled.

"Will each officer present," he said, "kindly name his pet aversion among his fellow-creatures?"

"A person or a type?" asked Mr Waddell cautiously.

"A type, thank you!"

Colonel Kemp led off.

"Weedy, spotty, unpleasant youths," he said, "who smoke cigarettes and hang about stage doors!"

"Fat, shiny men," said Bobby Little, "with walrus moustaches!"

"All conscientious objectors,

and other cranks!" continued the orthodox Waddell.

"All people who go on strike during war-time," said the Adjutant. There was an approving murmur—then silence.

"Your contribution, M'Lachlan?" said Wagstaffe.

Angus, who had kept silence from shyness, suddenly blazed out—

"I think," he said, "that the most contemptible people in the world to-day are those politicians and others who, in years gone by, systematically cried down anything in the shape of national defence or national inclination to personal service, because they saw there were no votes in such a programme; and who *now*"—Angus's passion rose to fever-heat—"stand up and endeavour to cultivate popular favour by reviling the Ministry and the Army for want of preparedness and initiative. Such men do not deserve to live! Oh, sirs——"

But Angus's peroration was lost in a storm of applause.

"You are adjudged to have hit the bull's-eye, M'Lachlan," said Colonel Kemp. "But what is your own contribution to the list, Wagstaffe?"

"My predecessors"—Wagstaffe looked round the linoleum-spread table approvingly—"have covered the ground pretty thoroughly; but I think I should like to throw in—All self-appointed saviours of the country at the present moment, including the freak Parliamentary candidates. You know—the Aeroplanes-for-All Candidate; and the Married

Men's Candidate; and the Right to Get Drunk Candidate! (I believe he put up a *great* fight somewhere). Also——"

"But tell us, Wagstaffe," interposed the Colonel, "your exact object in compiling this horrible catalogue."

"Certainly. It is this. Universal Service is a *fait accompli* at last, or is shortly going to be—and without anything very much in the way of exemption either. When it comes, just think of it! All these delightful people whom we have been enumerating—the Crank, the Passive Resister, the Conscientious Objector, the Anti-Vaccinator, the Sympathetic Striker—will have to toe the line at last. For the first time in their little lives they will learn the meaning of discipline, and fresh air, and *esprit de corps*. Isn't that worth a War? If the present scrap can only be prolonged for another year, our country will receive a tonic which will carry it on for another century. Think of it! Great Britain, populated by men who have actually been outside their own parish; men who know that the whole is greater than the part; men who are too wide awake to go on doing just what the *bandar log* tell them, and allow themselves to be used as stalking-horses for low-down political ramps! When *we*, going round in bath-

chairs and on crutches, see that sight—well, I don't think we shall regret our missing arms and legs quite so much, Colonel. War is Hell, and all that; but there is one worse thing than a long war, and that is a long peace!"

"I wonder!" said Colonel Kemp reflectively. He was thinking of his wife and four children in distant Argyllshire.

But the rapt attitude and quickened breath of Temporary Captain Bobby Little endorsed every word that Major Wagstaffe had spoken. As he rolled into his "flea-bag" that night, Bobby re-quoted to himself, for the hundredth time, a passage from Shakespeare which had recently come to his notice. He was not a Shakespearian scholar, nor indeed a student of literature at all; but these lines had been sent to him, cut out of a daily almanac, by an equally unlettered and very adorable confidante at home:—

"And gentlemen in England now
a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they
were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles
any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint
Crispin's day!"

Bobby was the sort of person who would thoroughly have enjoyed the Battle of Agincourt.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

M. ROMAIN ROLLAND—A PRO-GERMAN IN FRANCE—'ABOVE THE BATTLE'—A LETTER TO HAUPTMANN—M. ROLLAND'S SUPERIORITY TO HIS ENGLISH COLLEAGUES—MR B. RUSSELL—POLITICS OR VICTORY?

M. ROMAIN ROLLAND, the famous author of 'Jean Christophe,' enjoys the distinction of standing alone in France. He is the single specimen of what we call a pro-German that his country has produced. He does not, of course, desire the victory of his country's foe, but even in the midst of foul and atrocious murders he still cherishes the vague hope of a strange, impossible brotherhood. It is a sad temperament which can thus detach itself from cruelty and injustice—which can still believe, despite an overwhelming mass of evidence on the other side, that there are Germans whom we should cherish in our bosoms as friends and brothers.

If indeed it was destined that one Frenchman should come before the world as a pro-German, that Frenchman should surely be M. Rolland. For with all his talent, he is what we know on this side of the Channel as a prig. The name does not exist in France, and so rarely is the prig himself found within her borders that M. Rolland may be said to be unique. As he lacks the Gallic wit, so he does not understand the clear outlook of the Gallic mind. He holds himself superior to the standards of his time; he is passionless in justice, as he conceives it; and by him justice is less easily shown to friend than to

foe. While the war rages like a tempest, while day after day the Germans break all the laws which restrain chivalrous men, he continues his humble pilgrimage, as he says, "trying to discover beneath the ruins the rare hearts who have remained faithful to the old ideal of human fraternity."

But in one respect M. Rolland proves a loyalty to truth of which our pro-Germans know nothing. We are only too closely familiar with the English variety, the personage who shrugs his shoulders incredulously at the mention of German atrocities, who so bitterly hates the thought that his countrymen and their allies should be one whit better than their enemies, that he declines to accept the sworn evidence of eyewitnesses. Letters and documents he passes by with a smile of contempt. The fact is, he is rather bored with the whole business. He finds moral indignation trying to his poor nerves. All war is loathsome to him, and when he is told that the Germans have been guilty of atrocities, he is content to assert that they haven't, or that if they have, the others are just as bad. These pro-Germans have been well enough described, without a hint of displeasure, by one of their friends and champions. "Then there are people," says Professor Gilbert Murray, "who

are influenced by a peculiar form of pugnacity, which is often miscalled 'love of justice.' It is really a habit of irritation at excess, which finds vent not in justice but in counter-excess. Every fool I meet is emotionalised about the German atrocities in Belgium; cannot we somehow show that no harm was done, or that Belgium deserved it, or that it was all due to the Russians?" It is an amiable frame of mind, isn't it? Rather than submit to "irritation," the English pro-Germans are ready to asperse their own country, to garble facts, to do anything rather than to betray anger or disgust at the outrages committed by the Germans on England's allies.

M. Rolland, indeed, does not carry his prejudices quite so far as his colleagues on this side the Channel. He has written a book, called 'Above the Battle,' in which he incidentally draws a heavy indiotment against the Germans. His honest condemnation of the havoc wrought by the Germans in France and Belgium must gravely distress these English philosophers who profess to love every country but their own. He at any rate does not dismiss the destruction of Louvain as a myth. Sentimentalist though he prove himself, he does not allow his belief to follow his inclination, and in an open letter to Hauptmann he castigates German brutality with a genuine eloquence. The violation of Belgian neutrality, he tells Hauptmann plainly, "which incurs the contempt of every upright conscience, is quite in the polit-

ical tradition of your Prussian Kings." No English pro-German would go so far. "But," says he, "when I see the fury with which you are treating that magnanimous nation, whose only crime has been to defend its independence and the cause of justice to the last, as you Germans yourselves did in 1813, . . . that is too much!" Thus he separates himself from these miserable *confrères* of his, who are sure, in defiance of irrefragable testimony, that the Germans handled the Belgians, who refused to disarm, as they should have done, with the greatest indulgence.

"And not content," M. Rolland proceeds, "to fling yourselves on living Belgium, you wage war on the dead, on the glories of past ages. You bombard Malines, you burn Ruhlers, and Louvain is now no more than a heap of ashes—Louvain with its treasures of art and science, the sacred town. What are you, then, Hauptmann, and by what name do you want us to call you now, since you repudiate the name of barbarians? Are you the grandsons of Goethe or Attila?" Indeed, they are the grandsons of neither. Goethe, proud of the decoration bestowed upon him by Napoleon, had nothing to do with Prussia or Pan-Germanism; and Attila, a fine gentleman compared with the brigands who would boast themselves Huns, stayed his army that it might not deface with fire and sword the beauty of Troyes. The modern Germans know not Attila's soruple. They make war on

masterpieces, which they can never produce themselves, and boast impudently that it is their right to destroy, because they have the force to create—they who devised the Siegesallee, and brag about the splendor of modern Berlin!

In the same spirit of anger M. Rolland attacks the scoundrels who destroyed the Cathedral of Reims. "Whoever destroys this work," says he, "murders more than a man: he murders the purest soul of a race. His crime is inexplicable, and Dante would have it punished with an eternal agony, eternally renewed." And to his protests M. Rolland receives no answer. "Perish every *chef-d'œuvre*," says the Hun, "rather than one German soldier!" Hauptmann preserves, as we knew he would, an obdurate silence. There is no penitence in Germany; there is but a determination to do more damage, and to destroy all the masterpieces of art that present themselves, when women and children fail. Nor can it be said that the High Command alone is responsible for these acts of vandalism. The people of Germany is in perfect agreement that wanton destruction is a sign of power. The professors, state-fed and docile, applaud the gallantry of those who burn pictures and books, and pulverise in a day the noble monuments of architecture which have grown slowly with the centuries, and which enshrine the pious traditions of a great race. Upon all Germans there lies the stain of an indelible dishonour. The

"intellectuals" rushed into the fray, ready to fight with their foolish signatures against the lightest aspersion. "They believed," said M. Rolland, "that their first duty was, with their eyes closed, to defend the honour of their State against all accusation." And when the accusers were too insistent for silence, they followed a familiar precedent, and appealed to their character, which they said was known to all Europe. So after 1870 Bismarck attempted to brush away the charges of pillage and outrage. When M. Chaudordy collected such evidence of Germany's crimes as could not be gainsaid, the Chancellor thought it sufficient to reply that all the world knew with what magnanimity Prussia was wont to wage her wars! An excuse sufficient for a conqueror, but hopelessly inadequate for a nation which sees victory hourly eluding its grasp. And it is the same excuse that is made to-day. "Is it possible," murmur the German pedants, "that we should be accused of wishing to destroy artistic monuments, we, the people above all others which venerates art?" Indeed it is possible. No longer can the hypocritical plea be accepted. The whole world knows to-day that the Germans wish to destroy, and did destroy, in pure wantonness, the priceless monuments of France and Belgium, and the whole world will remember it to Germany's eternal disgrace.

In thus condemning the Germans, then, M. Rolland separates himself from the

pro-Germans of England. He also destroys his own case. His argument breaks down hopelessly. He is sure neither of himself nor of his facts. Having denounced the Germans for making war upon the dead as well as upon the living, for destroying not only human life but the triumphs of human art, he declares that "Germans fighting to defend the philosophy and the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche" are dear to him. Was there ever such a jumble of ideas? He adds to his confusion by admitting candidly and openly that Pan-Slavism is a lesser evil than Pan-Germanism, as indeed it is; and still would show a heart-whole sympathy for those who have made up their mind to destroy the noble spirit of Slavism, the spirit to which we owe Tolstoi and Turgenieff and Dostoeffsky. Nor can he excuse his contradictions by distinguishing the people of Germany from those who are responsible for the war, although he makes a gallant attempt. On one page he asserts that "the rulers are the criminal authors of these wars," which is assuredly untrue, since the stoutest rulers of an autocratic state could not have taken up arms had they not been supported by public opinion. On the next page he is amazed at "the unanimity for war in each of the nations engaged." If each of the nations is unanimous, how can M. Rolland throw all the blame upon the rulers? The truth is that all Germans must share the reproach of brutality. Those

who celebrated the sinking of the *Lusitania* as an act of heroism, who have approved the use of poison, who have held high festival in honour of the murder of women and children by the blundering attacks of Count Zeppelin's gas-bags, have enjoyed their hours of hilarity. They must pay for them in a shame, which will fall not upon their rulers alone, but upon every citizen who raised a raucous cheer in the street or waved a flag.

And then having confessed that the Germans are unanimous for war, M. Rolland turns a moral somersault, and insists that "it would be monstrous to hold sixty-five million men responsible for the acts of some thousands—perhaps some hundreds." What, then, becomes of his unanimity? *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and we are convinced by overwhelming evidence that all the sixty-five millions, save Herr Liebknecht and two or three of his friends, are equally and individually responsible. Again, says M. Rolland, "there was no reason for war between the Western nations." That may be true. But in Herr Harden's words, Germany "willed" the war, and France and England were forced into it, reluctantly enough, as is proved conclusively in books, white and yellow, which have too quickly passed into the rubbish-heap of forgotten things. And not only does M. Rolland play with facts as he chooses; he deplors the honest expression of anger, the high hope of revenge. "Barrès and Maeterlinck," he says sadly, "chant pœans of

hate." What other pæans should they chant who have seen the sacred soil of their motherland devastated, women and children outraged and murdered, churches and libraries levelled to the ground? If these crimes inspire no hate, then is the spirit of justice dead in the world. How, if we condone the wickedness of Germany, can we ever again punish a malefactor, or hope to restore virtue to the world? No service will be done to the brotherhood of man, the cause which lies so near to the heart of M. Rolland, by a snivelling acquiescence in the brutality of the Germans. The supreme end of the war is such a punishment as vengeance may dictate. "Revenge," says Bacon, "is a kind of wild justice." The wilder the justice inflicted upon Germany, the better hope we shall have for the future of peace, good-will, and brotherhood.

Not by soft words shall the wrath of our enemies be turned aside. What their object is M. Rolland knows as well as we do. Professor Ostwald has made open confession of his country's high ambition. He has discovered that the great secret of Germany is "organisation," and for our comfort tells us that Germany wishes to organise the yet unorganised Europe. It is very kind of Germany. The worst is that the process of converting Europe into one vast Germany is not unattended with pain. "War," says the ineffable Ostwald, "will make the other peoples participate, in the form of this organisation, in

our higher civilisation." How shall we counter such arrogant pretensions as these of the man Ostwald? Shall we consent to renounce our birth-right, as English, French, or Russian, and be as savagely Teutonised as the monstrous Houston Chamberlain? Or shall we resolve upon that final destruction of German *Kultur*, which alone can restore freedom to Europe? There is no middle course. Fraternity and reconciliation are mere chimeras of the brain. After the war we shall choose our friends and comrades for ourselves, and no Germans will be among them. We have been warned once of the danger of harbouring spies in our midst. We have received with open arms secret enemies, who came to us merely to discover our weaknesses and our dissensions. We shall not a second time fall victims to the plot of peaceful penetration. In vain does M. Rolland plead for our enemies. Not all the tears which, in the cause of brotherhood, roll down his sentimental cheeks will ever wash away from Germany's hands the stain of her bloodguiltiness.

And M. Rolland knows well enough that he is powerless. He cannot do anything to stop the course of the war. "Come, friends," he cries, "let us make a stand!" Who are the friends, and what shall they stand against? In his heart he recognises his own futility. "I do not speak to convince Europe," he confesses, "I speak but to solace my own conscience." In other words, all

that he writes is an exercise in pure egoism. But what if in solacing his own conscience he weakens the arms of his Fatherland, and brings hope and comfort to the foes of France? By that shall he be judged, not by the use of phrases nor by the vaunting of a facile brotherhood, which cannot and should not exist. Are they our brothers, who left the wretched prisoners of war to die of typhus at the camp at Wittenberg? Is Dr Aschenberg our brother, who, "attired in a complete suit of protective armour, including a mask and rubber gloves," came once, and once only, to inspect the miseries of dying men? We think not, and if ever a man of the allied nations takes the scoundrel by the hand, the war will have been fought in vain. Let him solace himself with the iron cross, which he amply deserves, and keep away for the future from the society of honourable and civilised men.

The truth is that M. Rolland has sent his brain to sleep, and admits only the softer and sloppier emotions into the argument. And even then his argument breaks down, because he does not follow the English pro-Germans in believing only what he chooses to believe. The moment that he admitted that the Germans in Belgium and France have been guilty of atrocious crimes, the whole fabric of his reconciliation falls to pieces. There is left no inch of space upon which to build the temple of Fraternity. But his colleagues on this side the Channel are

made of sterner stuff than he. They find no difficulty in repudiating the evidence of eye-witnesses and suffering victims. They are as far above truth as they are above patriotism. They know neither pity nor regret. They look upon murder and destruction with a cold eye. It is a dog-fight, they murmur, and if woman or child is murdered, that is their own fault. The countries to which they belong should not have gone to war. They think that they are idealists, and they are merely the victims of levity. They believe themselves philanthropists, and they are no better than cynics, scoffing at good and evil with equal insolence.

We believe that M. Rolland is confused and misguided, that the obsession of a sentimental and unrighteous prejudice prevents him from seeing the truth, but he is an angel of light compared with Mr B. Russell. This philosopher arrogates to himself the right to believe precisely what he chooses. When he is confronted with the evidence given before Lord Bryce's Committee, he thinks it enough to admit that "some atrocities" have been committed on either side. He is, moreover, happily indifferent to invasion. If the Germans landed an army in England he would not care. We have but to disarm, he thinks, and the Germans would not hurt us. He does not explain why our enemies should be chartered libertines, to whom the last outrage is permitted, or why we should stand by and see our English soil trodden down

by the clumsy feet of an alien horde. If it is to be a case for disarmament, by all means let the Germans begin the game, or let us agree upon the same moment for the policy of suicide. But no; it would not suit Mr B. Russell's method of "reasoning" to cast a word of blame or dispraise upon his country's foes. We are to disarm, if you please, to escape the outrages which have been heaped or not upon the defenceless Belgians. Has Mr B. Russell no pride of race, no love of the country which bred him? Or has he elevated cowardice to so lofty a virtue that he would cherish it for its own sake?

But does he really believe that Germany would reward a willing acquiescence in conquest with sympathy and kindness of heart? The resistance of Alsace-Lorraine ceased five-and-forty years ago. Has Mr B. Russell ever heard of Zabern? Does he not know that the jack-boot has always been ready to kick any poor inhabitant of the conquered provinces who dared to think or speak for himself? Does his love of Germany and his dislike of England carry him so far that he is willing to surrender altogether his personal freedom and his right of private judgment? Again, German Poland has for many years been upon its knees before the Prussian. It has not lifted up its hand or its voice against its oppressor. Has it, in Mr B. Russell's opinion, suffered no hardship? Might it not have grown up a happier country if it had been

permitted to shape its own destiny, to live in accord with its own hopes of civilisation, to speak and write with its own tongue? Mr B. Russell should know perfectly well, if his philosophy be not a sham, if he be capable of using his eyes and his ears, that the measure of oppression which a victorious Germany would mete out to a conquered England would be ten times heavier than the measure she has meted out to Poland and to Alsace.

But if Germany were not sufficiently enchanted by England's submission to greet her as a friend, Mr B. Russell is ready to pay whatever amount of hush-money is asked. "It is very doubtful indeed," says this young hero, "whether Germany would exact from us a larger tribute than we exact from ourselves in resisting them." Like all peacemongers who throw the whole burden of the blame for the war upon this country, Mr B. Russell sees national honour and personal freedom in terms of money. He would haggle about England's self-respect, he would bargain away her independence. The cheapest way to get out of the difficulty is to pay what is asked and to say no more about it. Thus shall the blackmailer be justified of his insolence, thus shall the burglar be amply repaid for his temerity in cracking a crib.

And why does Mr B. Russell give to his country this counsel of cowardice and shame? With regret we observe that the apostle of fear,

the advocate of base economy, is not wholly disinterested. He does not love surrender for its own sake. He is no artist in submission. He would not discourage the Germans or their indemnity, because "everything in England that is not harmful would be untouched." Who made this contemner of his native land the final judge of what is harmful to it? The folly of his mind, his profound ignorance of history and of mankind, are manifest upon every page of the book which he presumes to call 'Justice in War-Time,' and he must furnish better proof of authority before his judgment as to what is "harmful" or not can be accepted. Perhaps he thinks that so long as he is permitted to continue his philosophic speculations it matters not that the traditions and the ordered life of England are allowed to perish. Apparently he does not approve of what he calls "economic rent," and since that is all that he thinks the Germans would take he does not care.

What Mr B. Russell thinks does not matter a great deal. But it irks us to think that he and his like should profit by the protection afforded by our fleet and our army to conduct their attacks upon England in peace and safety. Some few of his friends, who are able, it seems, to put their nationality on and off, like a pair of boots, have betaken themselves to America. Germany would, we think, be a more comfortable home for them. There they would find lavished upon them the sympathy and admiration which

their native land will ever deny them, and, environed by friends, they would find fuller scope for their political activities. The England which they contemn and which they refuse to help can easily spare them; the Germany, whose invasion they contemplate with equanimity and to which they are willing to pay a handsome tribute, would recognise them as their own eagerly and at once.

It is obvious that M. Rolland has not sunk to the depth easily plumbed by Mr B. Russell. Moreover, with the good feeling which the most of the English pro-Germans lack, he has left the country which he cannot support with a whole heart. But he should not quote the name of Jaurès to his purpose. Whatever Jaurès' faults may have been, he was a sincere, not a sham, lover of peace. So sincerely did he love it that he was willing to sacrifice a vast deal for its preservation. He had a firm faith in universal service, and he knew well enough that a disastrous war would be the inevitable fate of an unprotected country. It was not for him, as for the pro-Germans, to offer his throat to the knife of the butcher. M. Rolland himself cites some noble words of Jaurès which may be commended to Mr B. Russell without the smallest hope that they will do him any good. "If, whatever the circumstances," said M. Jaurès in 1907, "a nation were to refuse from the outset to defend itself, it would be entirely at the mercy of the Governments

of violence, barbarism, and reaction. . . . A unity of mankind which was the result of the absorption of conquered nations by one dominating nation would be a unity realised in slavery." So he urged upon his countrymen "war against war, so long as it is only a menace upon the horizon, and in the hour of danger war in defence of national independence." That is the honourable view of a great French patriot. It is not the view of our pro-Germans and peace-mongers. While war was still a menace they did their utmost to oppose the moderate and reasonable scheme of Lord Roberts, to flout the policy of Jaurès, even in mouthing his praise, and proved in their indifference to adequate preparation, the sole guarantee of peace, that even their peace-mongering was insincere.

The failure of Mr Asquith and his colleagues to prosecute the war with energy, or to inspire confidence in the hearts of their countrymen, is due to a more dangerous faculty of indecision than M. Rolland's. They have been unable to make up their minds whether they were at war or not, and, if they were actually at war, with whom. Was Germany the enemy? Or were those the real enemies who urged a vigorous prosecution of hostilities, a stern suppression of the Germans in our midst, a cessation of economic intercourse in the future? Mr Asquith, at any rate, has always showed a greater determination in fighting these "enemies" in his own house

than in combating the Germans in the field.

All our sins of indecision spring from the false belief that politics, in the old threadbare sense, are of greater importance than victory. Not long ago a thick-and-thin supporter of Mr Asquith exposed in plain terms his political faith. "In our view," said he, "the first necessity is to keep the Government in being. We should like also to see it kept intact; but if, as is quite possibly the case, this cannot be achieved without too great a sacrifice in the matter of carrying on the war with the maximum of efficiency, then we do not hesitate to say that it would be very much better to lose two or three of its anti-compulsionist members than to paralyse the administration by an attempt to maintain an impossible compromise." Thus we are given some chance of weighing in the balance a Government intact against the winning of a battle. "The first necessity is to keep the Government in being." We should have thought that the first necessity and the last was to beat the Germans with any means that lay to our hands, and without the smallest consideration for any member of any Government. Mr Asquith's supporter does not agree with us. He would even sacrifice a certain amount of efficiency—not too much—for unanimity. Indeed, the one concession which he makes is that if the sacrifice of efficiency were too great, then he would surrender an anti-compulsionist or two. Imagine

the state of mind of a politician who would give up the tiniest part of efficiency to keep Messrs Harcourt and McKenna and Runciman securely in the fold!

But it is not with such a theory of politics as this that victory can be achieved. Until we recognise that nothing matters to England except the defeat of the Germans, we shall not be within sight of victory. What happens to this or that Government, to this or that Minister, is immaterial. We must sacrifice to efficiency all our old superstitions, all the glib-tongued oracles who were wont to beguile us in time of peace. If one Government does not succeed, we must try another. We must recognise clearly that the old processes of politics, with their salutary delays, the best brakes upon the coach of "progress," are useless and done with. We must not ask what this man wants or what that constituency approves. We must ask one question only: what shall we do to be saved from the menace of Germany? And upon the answer to that question depends the future of the British race.

For more than a year Mr Asquith and his colleagues have known what was necessary for our salvation. All the figures were spread before them, like an open book. They have long scanned our deficiencies, and listened to the demands of our Allies. And they have refused resolutely to make up their minds. They have dodged here and tinkered

there. They have wondered how much one party in the State would stand, what would prove acceptable to another party. And they have wasted their time. No plan should ever have been devised, no plan will in future ever be tolerated, that does not satisfy the members of our Army Council, the sole judges of the needs and exigencies of the war.

Confronted with the stern facts of the case, our Cabinet has always wavered. And it has wavered not from prudence but from fear. For ten years the Radicals have done their best to demoralise the people of England. They began with the infamous Trade Disputes Act, and they have never looked back over their shoulder. They have blindly followed the will-of-the-wisp of popularity. With infinite pains they have fashioned a master, before which they quail in terror. Though they have known that compulsion was necessary and inevitable, they have put it off day after day, until the time of salvation has grown shorter and shorter. They have feared the working men; they have feared the Trade Unions, and they have not discovered that the people of England, far wiser and better than they think it, asks only a lead, that it may be shown where its duty is.

Fear, then, has for more than twenty long months been the source of our weakness—fear in the first place of the working classes, in the second place of our foes. Above all, the Government has been

afraid to hurt the Germans. It has treated them from the beginning with an unexplained consideration. It has fought them always with the gloves on, and has never lacked the phrases of cant, which it thinks may excuse its refusal to attack with knuckles bare. At all parts in the game we have handled our adversaries with a generous forbearance. Mr Asquith has looked upon them in the light of an unruly opposition, which must be conciliated by the same means as are found serviceable in the House of Commons. He has preferred, according to his wont, harsh words to firm action. He was content in the beginning to repatriate reservists. He shrunk for many months from intern- ing the spies who were active and cunning in our midst. When he knew that English prisoners were being treated in Germany with unexampled ferocity, he took it for a great credit to himself and his colleagues that at any rate Donnington Hall was a comfortable, even a luxurious, home. Not even the crowning crime of Wittenberg seems to move him. The country has been profoundly shaken by a knowledge of the atrocious cruelties practised by German cowards upon dying men, in the foulest hospital that human imagination has ever pictured to itself.

And no practical protest has been made. The men who are afraid of Germany, are afraid also of reprisals. Yet, unless reprisals be made, we shall hear of tortures as horrible in their cruelties as those which Wittenberg has seen. There is only one method of saving the heroes who have fought and bled for us, and that is retaliation. We need not descend into the hell of cruelty in which our adversaries dwell most pleasantly. But if for every piece of proven cruelty we inflicted a severe punishment upon the pampered gentry of Donnington Hall and other places where our prisoners disport themselves, we should hear of no other scandals as that which will make Wittenberg infamous unto the end of time. But as our Ministers have shown themselves afraid of compulsion, so they have shown themselves afraid of retaliation. And if there be one single man left who believes that the dispersal of the twenty - three is "a national disaster of the most formidable kind," let him turn to the grave and honourable speech delivered by Lord Milner in the House of Lords, and wonder why, with patriots ready to govern the country, we have tolerated so long our timid, reluctant, pusillanimous debating society.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCVIII.

JUNE 1916.

VOL. CXCIX.

"A SIDE SHOW."

(TO THE MEMORY OF SOME VERY GALLANT GENTLEMEN.)

"An attempt was made to disembark troops at Tanga, but owing to the resistance met with, operations in that vicinity were temporarily suspended."—*East African Papers, November 1914.*

"Better go forward—go forward and die."—*Zulu saying.*

POP! whizz-zut!—Pop! whizz-zut! whe-e-e-u! Zip! A few whistling bullets continued their desultory flight over the heads of the squatting sepoys, halted just over the high bush-grown banks that fringe the edge of the German harbour of Tanga, in East Africa. A British expeditionary force from India was in process of disembarking, sheltered more or less from the well-meant attentions of the enemy by a screen of rifles flung out in a semicircle in the bush.

These had been posted by the advance landing-party of the previous day, who having, in the language of the gallery, "bitten off a good deal more

than they could chew," and having suffered severe loss while advancing against the town, had fallen back to the shore to lick their wounds and cover the disembarkation of the rest of the force. They hoped, thus strengthened, to make another attack and capture the port, and incidentally give decent burial to the shattered remains of many of their best, lying out yonder in the bush.

This group of sepoys were mostly engaged in watching their subaltern, a tall, slim, blue-eyed, fair-haired Welshman, sitting on a mound near by. A bullet flicked up the dust under his heel, and he laughingly remarked to a

round-faced recruit sitting near him, watching the sahib with big questioning eyes, "Wah! —ricache! (ricochet) tum se bhi khrāb hain Rāmchandra! (worse shots than you even, Rāmchandra!)" It was well that he was able to laugh, for when men come under fire for the first time each little trifle is vastly magnified, and the twitch of a leader's eyelid may bear a portentous meaning to the furtively watching men, or a word just turn the scale that hair-breadth which makes potential cowards into heroes.

The threadbare jest at the recruit's expense, however, drew a laugh from the men, well accustomed to Rāmchandra's erratic bullets ploughing up the hundred-yard firing-point, and a laugh under fire is a thing of inestimable value, especially when people have not much to laugh at, as was indeed the present case of these men of the "White Tufts." Arrived in harbour the night before, after the repulse of the first landing-party's attempt to capture the town, they had been hurried into lighters to land at once (and only one who knows the Indian can appreciate how miserable he is for the first day or two after a long sea voyage, with its attendant difficulties of cooking); ordered to return to the ships again, rediseembarked in the dark of the early morning, and finally pushed on shore at the first gleam of day to make another attack on the town. They were now sitting waiting

for orders to advance, watching the stretchers of wounded passing down to the beach, a form of amusement little calculated to brighten the jaundiced view of life common to a tropical morning.

The subaltern was grave, in spite of his laugh, for he had just been hearing of the losses of the first regiments to land, in which he had more than one friend with whom he would never speak again. Further, perhaps, some wild Welsh chord in the hidden depths of his nature was vibrating to the silent call of fate; to the whispered summons of the unseen—to the nearing rustle of the dark wings, as the sailor feels the chill of the ice ere the fog-hidden berg crashes into view over the doomed vessel's bow. His quivering nostrils and the movements of his fine sinewy nervous hands, playing with the sword-knot (for it was in the early days of the war), showed the tension of the mind concealed behind the keen young face. A fighter's face indubitably, tanned by Asian and African suns to the red-gold colour that some fair clear skins get, clear-cut like a cameo, from which the steady blue eyes looked forth below the turban's shade as straight as twin sword-blades lowered in line—every inch of his spare, straight figure, shown to its best advantage by the workmanlike khaki, spelled indomitable energy.

But despite the tinge of sadness from the news he was well content, for was he not

playing an active part in the Game of Games?—a part he had hoped for, worked for, prayed for all these years. Keen polo-player though he was, what was the sourry of hoofs, the click of the straight-hit ball as No. 2 clears down the field with the straining

teams tailing in the dust behind, compared with the intoxicating breath of War—beloved over all—War with its vital god-like energy, its crowded hours of glorious life, and perhaps its moments of still more glorious death?

War! Mistress of true men I, who haste at my lightest breath,
 My arms outspread—my beauty aflame,
 My voice—the clarion call of fame,
 The kiss that I give them—glorious Death,
 Breaker of hearts—little I reck
 Of shattered homesteads and ruined lives,
 Of sorrowing sweethearts and widowed wives,
 When to steal their men my beauty I deck.

He watched the regiments forming up as lighter after lighter disgorged its freight under the cover of the high banks, and the thin stream of men came winding up past him from the mangrove-covered beach—some laughing, some chatting, some moving as though in a strange house, with little furtive glances at their neighbours as an occasional bullet zip-zipped past.

The major of the double company, tall, stout, cheery, with an eyeglass firmly fixed in his rubicund visage, came up. "March the company off along that path up towards the signal tower. We shall get orders about deploying up there." The subaltern gave an order, and the heavily-laden men scrambled to their feet with a rattle of accoutrements and the soft swish of oiled leather and metal that one only hears among armed men. The double company wheeled into fours and moved off in the

wake of the regiment in the close dank heat of the equatorial morning. After marching about a mile they came to an open stretch in the plantations of rubber where the rest of the brigade were halted.

Here the regiment stopped, and the subaltern joined the little knot of officers round the C.O., who was explaining the orders for the attack. The "White Tufts" were to attack on the left of the line, the right flank of which would move along the beach under cover of the warships' fire. Since the line was fairly extensive they would be well inland. His double company was on the right of the regiment, which would advance in echelon. "We don't move off for an hour or so yet," concluded the C.O. The little gathering broke into knots of twos and threes, who were joined by individuals from other regiments, all eager for news of the previous day's

fighting or to discuss the prospects of to-day's advance. Entered to them a supply officer who had come ashore with the first party. He was haggard and unshaven, with a bullet-hole through his breeches and a loaf of bread under one arm, very unlike the spik-and-span figure the subaltern had last seen in a staff office in far-away India.

"Rotten game in this bush," vouchsafed the distributor of rations, cutting off a crust with his clasp-knive. "Can't see more than ten yards ahead, and hell's own job to keep touch. I was out with the Pioneers yesterday. Hot as ever I want to see, but I got one old Hun behind a bush just after he d—d near got me. Tell your officers to take care of themselves. The Hun snipers are nuts on picking off officers," and he ruefully surveyed his once well-fitting breeks! The subaltern went back to his company, whom he found busy emptying their water-bottles after the manner of the Indian on a hot morning. "Stop that," said the major; "no water until you've cleared the town." The men laughingly complied, for the major's word was law. They revered him exceedingly, and almost worshipped the ground he trod on. Which explains why the senior native officer had announced clearly during the night to the men of G Company, that if the major got killed the rest of the company would do likewise. It is well with a regiment if its officers

can inspire such devotion among their men.

The major's opinion of his men was concisely stated in his remark, "There is no fighter in India like the Deccani Mahratta, and no Deccanis like mine." An opinion by no means held by everybody, even in the regiment. But it was proven amply that day before the sun sank behind the palms which clothed the low hills beyond the wide harbour.

The English public at large imagines that the Indian Army consists entirely of Sikhs and Gurkhas, of whom it reads wonderful tales in the daily papers. Of the existence of the dozen or so other races that make up the bulk of that army it is completely ignorant. Wherefore it may be well to explain that one of these races, the Mahrattas, furnish about one-fourth of the Bombay Army. Calcutta is a far cry from Bombay, but around the city is the "Mahratta" ditch—reminder enough of the days when the British Indian Empire fought for its very existence against this warlike people.

The Mahratta of the Deccan is a small, sturdy man, rather like the Gurkha in build, but with Aryan features,—his boast, his Aryan descent—his clan system that of the Rajput, perhaps the proudest race on earth—his religion Hinduism, with special devotion to local godlings favouring the Deccan—his general appearance clean and neat. His clothes are not as a rule gaudy, for he is too

poor to afford the coloured silks that other Indian races love. His besetting sin in the modern world is—lack of "eye-wash," and so his good qualities are often ignored by those who don't know him well—for his lack of loquacity is such that his clan motto might be easily "Facta non Verba." This last, of course, is not true of the Mahratta Brahman who runs the Poona press, but it is a noticeable feature of the peasant class from which the army recruits.

The staff captain came up to the C.O. to say that it was time to move, and the "White Tufts" marched off to take up their allotted position. On their way they passed the Pioneer regiment who had formed part of the previous day's advance party. "What's it like in there?" queried the subaltern of a kindred spirit in the Pioneers, as he indicated the bush in front where one could make out the crouching figures of the jaded Pioneers, overwrought with fatigue, lack of food, and bitterness of defeat. The Pioneer, in addition to the ordinary equipment, carries either a spade, a pick, or a grubber, slung on his back, so that one can realise that his equipment is not the one you would adopt for choice in "bush whacking." "Hell!" came the laconic reply, as the regiment swung past into the plantations.

They passed a dressing-station, where the unkempt weary-eyed doctors and stretcher parties were busy

getting their charges ready to be taken down to the ships; on past a German planter's house, hastily abandoned at the news of the landing, with a smashed picture of the Kaiser hanging awry in the verandah—past a disconsolate ration party grouped about a broken case of biscuits, out of the clearing into the rubber again. The heat was overpowering, for the sun was now high in the heavens, and not a breath of wind stirred the thick tropical vegetation.

"Halt! right turn!" and the regiment found itself in line facing in the general direction of the town which lay about three miles away, surrounded by dense plantations interspersed with patches of uncut bush. Out on the left one company under a captain spread out in the bush as flank-guard, and after a short halt the regiment advanced in echelon, the subaltern's company leading. With him and the major went the quartermaster, a subaltern close on his captaincy, which would release him from his unloved office stool and his grandmotherly charge of boots and trouser buttons, and other dull, but necessary, munitions of war. To-day, there being nothing doing in his department, he had joined his company to get his first taste of fire,—a taste that, before many hours had elapsed, developed into a banquet, from which a few luckier than the rest escaped without having to drain the cup to the dregs.

The long sinuous line of men pushed on through the plantations, checked here and there by thicker patches of bush, now advancing rapidly across a clearing, now halted from time to time "to let the left come up" or "to get touch with the right"—nowhere able to see more than a few yards in any direction. The midday sun beat down fiercely, and the foliage, instead of yielding a grateful shade, seemed to the sweating men merely a great devil's net spread to blind them or a thick blanket to render still more oppressive the damp enervating heat. Except for the occasional rattle of accoutrements as a man stumbled over a fallen branch, and the brief words of command, a great quiet hung like a pall over the woods; not a shot—not a cry—a tense, strained silence like the hush that precedes the bursting of a thunderstorm.

It was close on to three o'clock when the long unwieldy line crossed a gap in the woods, neck-high in maize, through which the now wearied men had to push their way. On the far side they halted a moment, for it was clear that they were now close to the town, and the lack of opposition gave reasonable hope that the Brigade might have outflanked the enemy and got the opportunity of falling on his rear.

"Phew!" said the major to the quartermaster. "Hot!! Can't drink yet, however, after what I said to the men," and

he gazed at the resting figures, their eyes, as usual, glued on the sahib. "We're close up now, and either we'll be into them in a minute or else they've cleared."

"Advance!" The order had barely been given and the sweat-drenched men swung into motion again when from the heart of the bush in front, now much thicker, a few crackling shots, like the ragged edge of an advancing thunderstorm, opened on them, the prelude to a crescendo of fire that drowned every order given and filled the air with hissing bullets.

With men dropping here and there, they pushed on against the unseen enemy, who themselves unseeing were firing bursts of rapid fire on marked patches of bush. The advancing troops stumbling through the undergrowth signed their own death-warrants by tripping over the concealed strings which, releasing little flags on the higher trees, showed their position clearly to the defenders.

Years of training, with the incessant admonition, "Don't fire until you can see," prevented them firing back into the bush in the direction whence the bullets came, which would at least have disturbed the steadiness of the defenders' fire, if not inflicting great loss. Unable to see anything except a man or two on each flank, and guided only by the voices of their often unseen leaders, silent, grim, determined, they stumbled on blindly through

the tangled bush. The stammering machine-guns opened on them from the front, and now and then a man would drop, shot from behind by a sniper passed unawares, concealed in the thick foliage of a tree. A native officer caught sight, as he turned round, of one such sniper all clothed in leaves twenty yards behind just as he peeped from his leafy shelter. Snatching his orderly's rifle, with a lucky snapshot he dropped the man, who, with a choked gurgle, collapsed head first from his perch to lie quivering on the ground.

The subaltern, who had gone to the flank of the company with an order from the major, saw the native regiment on his right breaking in retreat, their confusion accentuated by a swarm of infuriated bees. The Germans had placed hives of bees in front, and when the attackers reached them a few shots into the hives sufficed to rouse the bees to fury to attack the nearest men. The sepoy's around the subaltern hesitated at the sight of the flying men, but a look at his face, combined with the regimental traditions, and above all the thought of the major, steadied them again, and on they went.

The subaltern tore back to the major with the news. "Half right—get touch with the British regiment," shouted the latter.

"Rat—tat—tat—tat—tat—tat—tat—t.t.t.t.t."

Machine-guns opened on them from the right, and it

seemed as if the air was full of mosquitoes, and men stood still as they watched the grass swaying in the dead calm as though invisible reapers were at work, and the leaves dropping silently from the trees pruned by the unseen death.

On again a space, and the major pitched forward on his face to lie still—so still. A fury seized the men near him at the sight. "Bayonets!—feex—bayonets!" yelled a native officer. "Feex . . ." and stumbling forward a pace or two, his khaki tunic reddening, collapsed a tumbled heap into a bush.

Forward anew, and breaking through the screen of bush, they saw, barely fifty yards ahead, the German trenches. The subaltern, fighting mad, looked round and found himself the only remaining officer; the major, the quartermaster, and all the Indian officers dying or dead, and less than half the men left. Away to the flank he could hear the rattle of musketry, that showed where the rest of the regiment, meshed in thicker bush, were being shot down without seeing a single enemy. The bullets hissed all around him, and the rattle of fire rose to a roar, as the enemy to the right, liberated by the retreat of the next regiment, turned their attention to his men. Dominating the uproar was the high stammering yelp of the machine-guns, and to the left the steady "pom—pom—pom" of a quick-firer, decimating the next double company, now

left with only one Indian officer, formed the base chords of hell's own orchestra.

"Forward, men! *Āge chalo!* Charge!! Char—" and the subaltern, several yards ahead of his men, crashed to the earth with a gaping hole in his throat, dead ere he touched the ground.

The men, dropping everywhere, rushed on, oblivious of the heat, thirst, and weariness, one burning thought uppermost in their minds—to get to grips with the enemy not thirty yards away and exact the blood due for the major's life.

"*Māro bhayan! Māro!*" (Kill, brothers! kill!) shrieked the last remaining havildar of the company as he leapt into the trench, only to gasp out his life on a German bayonet. The remnant of the Deccanis, few and unsupported, hurled themselves after him, and for an instant there endured the grunts and gasps of men locked in hand-to-hand fight, the grating of bayonet on bayonet, the dull thud of blows, the hoarse shouts of slayers and slain. Then the silence on the right, and the lessening rattle of fire on the left, spoke to the failure of the all too weak attack.

"There they are now! Let 'em have it!" The staff captain's voice was drowned in the answering burst of fire from the fifty or sixty stragglers, some wounded, some unwounded, that he had collected in the maize fields to make a last stand. At one end

of the little line an officer of the "White Tufts" was busy with a machine-gun. The tripod having been lost he had poised it on an ant-hill, while a sepoy crouching sideways held it against the recoil, as it yapped out its note of defiance against the now advancing Huns. Startled by the unexpected burst of fire, they checked and stopped on the far side of the crops.

Both sides settled down to fire through the maize, now desultorily, now rapidly. A couple of Tommies brought up another machine-gun, abandoned by its owners, which the staff captain hastily got into action, just as the other collapsed owing to its devoted "tripod" receiving a mortal wound. The enemy, thinking he was running into a trap, drew off and his fire died away, while the staff captain surveying his scallywag band, breathed freer again. Truly they were in no state to withstand a determined attack; odds and ends of different units, men whose sections had been wiped out, orderlies lost in the bush, wounded men, one and all in the last stage of weariness, accentuated by the knowledge of defeat. It was only the staff captain's sheer vigour and resolution that had forced them to hold on at all, and it speaks volumes for his character that he was able to imbue the men with sufficient spirit to hold on against heavy odds knowing that the flanks were bare.

Luckily night was drawing on apace, and darkness *might* enable them to fall back unmolested on the main body, about a mile and a half back.

As darkness fell he distributed the machine-guns, the rifles of the dead, and the boxes of ammunition abandoned by the fleeing porters, among the sound men. Directing such wounded as could walk to hobble along supported by their more fortunate brethren, and improvising stretchers for the serious cases, he fell in his little flock and retreated. Many there were who must have "blessed him in their pain that they were not left to"—Germany—for the African Askari has no pity on a wounded foe.

In dead silence the little column plodded through the dark bush, halting every few minutes for their leader to check his direction, while the "White Tufts" officer sped up and down to see that none were lost. The sights that greeted him were not of the most cheering, but the worst was perhaps a sepoy who limped along sobbing as though his heart would break. His sleeve had been stripped from the shoulder, and though not yet bandaged, the arm below the elbow, which he nursed like a stricken child, seemed in the dim light of the rising moon to be a mere bundle of tattered crimson rags.

Around in the bush could be heard the occasional shots and yells of the Huns' African

troops, busy after the manner of their kind in finishing off the wounded. The little body of men, however, luckily avoided all hostile meetings, until at last in the bright light of the now fully risen moon the staff captain halted them, with whispered injunctions to lie down. "Troops digging in front," he said to the "White Tufts" man. "I'm going to stalk a sentry and see who they are. If it's Huns and they spot me I'll shout, and then you get the men away as fast as you can and try another route." Stripping off his equipment he crept away like a snake into the darkness, gripping a bayonet for dagger—a sturdy, self-reliant, unselfish figure, doing his best to minimise disaster not of his making. It seemed hours ere they heard him shouting, "All right—our people—come along."

They pushed on through an outpost line busily digging in the moonlight, and eventually the "White Tufts" officer found himself among the remnants of his own regiment. The C.O. and the machine-gun officer, generally known as "Canny," from his Scotch blood, were busy trying to tot up the "butcher's bill." Around them the men, sadly reduced in numbers, were scratching up cover with their entrenching tools, against a possible counter-attack. The moon shining down on the wearied men lit up here and there the restless form of a wounded man piteously demanding

water—and water just then was not to be had.

"What's left?" queried the C.O.

"Only ourselves, sir, I'm afraid," replied "Canny," who, *vice* the dead adjutant, was busy with scraps of paper dear to pay-havildars under the name of "eshtates" (states).

"Some one said they had seen G. in the dressing station," he added; "but I know we've lost nine Indian officers and two more are missing, and God knows how many men are gone. Here's the havildar major with some reports."

He took the note-book from the man's hand and glanced

down the page. The others watched him in silence as he read it. Then in a curiously choked voice he said, "I *knew* the Decannis wouldn't come back without the major—G Company present, seven men. They say that to the best of their knowledge every other soul in the company is dead, some of them actually in the Hun trenches."

The night seemed to grow a little stiller, and to the three it seemed almost as if they could catch the echo of the dead man's words—

". . . and no Deccanis like *mine*."

"GANPAT" (M. L. A. G.)

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST.

THE end of the War is not yet in sight. But whatever that end may be—whether a victory for the Allies which brings Germany to her knees, or a victory for the Unholy Alliance (which the Lord forbid), or, what is much more probable, an unsatisfactory peace which pleases neither group of combatants — one thing is certain. Whatever the result, Germany will never forgive us for having entered the War and come to the assistance of France and Russia.

Germany entered light-heartedly upon her self-imposed task of smashing-up Europe for her own ends with the firm conviction that Great Britain would take no part in the war. Her grounds were mainly these:—

1. That it would be against our self-interest to do so, and therefore that it was unthinkable.
2. That we were not prepared, from a military point of view, to assist the other members of the Entente.
3. That we were threatened with a revolution and civil war in Ireland.
4. That, were we to go to war, both India and the Colonies would revolt and seek their independence.

As is always the case in their foreign prognostications, Germany was utterly and hope-

lessly wrong; and for this she will never forgive us.

“Nun kann's losgehen!”¹ telegraphed a certain member of the German Embassy in London when, on that memorable Sunday in July, the 2nd Battalion K.O.S.B., irritated beyond endurance by the Dublin mob, turned and fired several shots into the crowd. The story also goes that this same gentleman had been warmly assured by one of the minor lights of our Cabinet that, whatever happened, nothing would induce the British Government to go to war. So that he had some grounds to go on. But the immediate healing of the feud between North and South in presence of a common danger gave him the lie at once.

As regards our self-interest, the Germans judged us by the opinions of their own professors, who were, as usual, wrong.

Though right, of course, about our want of military strength on land, they were blinded by their own faith in the efficacy of big battalions and nothing else, and could not imagine that a weak military Power like ourselves, even with the assistance of the Navy, would have the effrontery to enter the lists on land against the ever-victorious armies of the Fatherland.

As for the fourth thesis, India and the Colonies gave

¹ “Now we can go ahead!”

even within the first week, a glorious answer to the calumny.

Finally, to the Germans, judging others by the light of their own perfidy, it was simply inconceivable that any nation, for the sake of a treaty made seventy-five years ago, should jeopardise its very existence, and plunge into the biggest war of all time, without any definite object in view except the maintenance of its national honour.

On finding her calculations so grievously upset, Germany gave free rein to her fury and hate. Hence the undignified attitude of her Chancellor and the "scrap of paper" episode; hence the spiteful proclamation regarding "French's contemptible little Army"; hence the source of the stream of slanderous lies which has been flowing ever since through the "inspired" and uninspired newspapers of the Fatherland. As the conviction gradually forced itself on Germany that the entrance of Great Britain into the fray might mean the eventual ruin of her plans, the poison spread. No slander was too ridiculous, no lie was too preposterous to publish about England. The ignorant professors of the "Stuben-gelehrten" class, whose word is accepted as gospel throughout the country *because* they are labelled Professors (I am not exaggerating), vied with each other in ink-slinging of the most outrageous description. The nation grew hysterical with rage. The silly "Hymn of Hate" (an adaptation

of an old South German song originally directed against Prussia) was received with thunders of applause and its author decorated. Lying stories of barbarities committed by our soldiers were invented and circulated with the object of affording an excuse for the inhuman treatment of British prisoners, and for the breaking of the Hague and Geneva Conventions. The childish "Gott strafe England" was passed from mouth to mouth with frantic appreciation, and the hatred of England was, and is, systematically taught to the youngsters in schools throughout the land.

What are we to think of this? Whither will it lead? It is easier to answer the first question than the second. Our opinion can only be that it forms the most contemptible exhibition that any great nation has ever made of itself. That a modern civilised nation should not only lose its temper but its self-control because of its own miscalculation is despicable enough; but that it should go further and deliberately and officially vilify, and by means of deliberate lies inculcate in the younger generation a deep-grained hatred of another country, whose only crime was to try and uphold the rights of nations—surely this touches the lowest depths of infamy.

But here we must guard against a very natural tendency in our criticism. As a civilised people, we regard this contemptible exhibition from our own point of view.

We know that these slanderous statements of the German official world (and others) are untrue; we could prove each of them untrue a dozen times over, and by a dozen different chains of evidence. Many of these lies have been exposed, officially and unofficially, in the Press not only of Great Britain but of other countries as well; and we know that our newspapers penetrate Germany and are eagerly read.

We therefore imagine that the Germans know both sides of the questions at issue, and fondly take the unctious to our souls that, after all, these are only official German lies, told with a purpose and intended only to impress the ignorant Teuton with the object of urging on the war, and that the better-educated German, who after all knows both sides, must therefore be aware that the statements of his Government are untrue.

"Truth will prevail," says the fatuous Briton; and after the war is over, thinks he, the Germans will recognise that we did not instigate the war, that we never were guilty of those barbarities attributed to us, and that our dealings throughout were straightforward, gentleman-like, and honourable. Once we have licked the Germans we shall not bear a grudge against them; and although the memory of their slanders may rankle a little, yet, knowing that they will acknowledge that their Government had purposely misled them with spiteful stories, we

will graciously forgive them, and we shall be friends again.

Oh, innocent and hapless fool!

As has been repeated *ad nauseam*, the German is ruled by the official with a rod of iron. From the nursery upwards his one lesson has been to submit himself to authority. As he grows up, the authority becomes professorial, then military, then political. Unless he is a Social Democrat, he will never question the statements of authority. He swallows them down, as he has been taught to do since infancy, and asks for more. He does not ask whether they are true. Truth is a relative term with him. The Government, Authority in fact, has said that the British have done certain scandalous things—murdered, let us say, 250 German women in the Scilly Islands, seized and interned the President of Brazil, sunk a Dutch cruiser; anything else you like. The Government has said it. Therefore not only is it true, but it must be true.

You could take a German and prove to him that there never have been any German women in the Scilly Islands, and that if there had been, we should have had no object in murdering them; that the last thing we should do would be to offer violence to any Brazilians, and that in any case we have neither troops nor men in Brazil to take the necessary action; and you could produce irrefutable evidence that the Dutch ship was sunk by a German sub-

marine. The German, even perhaps a former Anglophil, will shake his head, or use strong language, according to his kind, and will have but one answer: "The Government has said so, therefore it is true"; and he will go on believing it to the end of his life.

I remember talking to a certain Bavarian Royalty, a dear old gentleman in all else, about the Transvaal War. His fixed idea, of course, was that we had started the war in order to seize the gold mines of Johannesburg. I went into the matter at some length, and proved to him by what I knew were half a dozen perfectly sound arguments that he was quite wrong. He did not try to refute my arguments, but merely smiled and shook his head, and said: "Of course, that is what you English say; but it is not so." Finally, I suggested that as he was halfway there already (we were in Cairo), he'd better go to South Africa and see for himself. He only smiled again gently and shook his head.

The most serious of the many lies with which the German Government and newspapers have inoculated their people is of course the oft-repeated statement that it was Great Britain which forced this great war on a reluctant Europe; and this in spite of Germany having declared war herself with the firm conviction that Great Britain would not fight! This lie has, of course, been spread far and wide, and greedily swallowed by not only the whole popula-

tion of Germany, but by Austria as well. It is not surprising that Austria should believe it, for she is entirely ignorant of everything beyond the end of her own nose. But in Germany men in authority and power, men who prepared and engineered the war themselves, men who have devoted their lives to forcing German hegemony on the world, knowing that it could be done by war alone, men who were actually responsible for the declaration of war and *know* that the war was entirely due to the initiative of Germany, these men now really and sincerely believe that the war was started by England.

Such a state of mind it is difficult to understand. But the German mind is not governed by logic — it is governed by authority. And to Germans a lie repeated often enough and by sufficient authority becomes the truth. They put aside their reasoning powers, they doff their individuality, their intelligence, and their self-respect, and they lay what is left of their intellect slavishly at the feet of authority.

Thus it comes about that in matters affecting international relations, and in many others besides, we must not judge the German by our own standards, either of right and wrong, or of morality, or of truthfulness. He does not understand these things as we understand them. Remember that he has been strictly brought up in the creed of "Might is Right," and "Deutschland über Alles"

—in these two mottoes his whole education lies expressed. And he lives up to them, *inter alia*, by despising our standards of honour and jeering at what we are pleased to call the Christian virtues (though why Christianity should have a monopoly thereof I know not). To him everything is "right" that drives forward the cause of Teutonic supremacy—*everything*. That is his morality, his Kultur; that represents his Bible. Even the idea of a Supreme Being is subordinated to the conception of a god who is a German god (I really cannot honour him with a big G), whose one function it is to see that the affairs of Germany prosper. Pushfulness, insolence, roughness, brutality, disregard of fairplay, all are exalted as the estimable attributes of the German MAN who is occupied in driving forward the interests of the German Empire. Even ordinary civility to women is looked down upon as being a weakness unworthy of the MAN: and to those who have seen the normal crush of a crowd at a theatre or elsewhere in Germany this will come as no surprise; the men elbowing and forcing their way through, quite regardless of the unfortunate ladies in their way.

"Truth," to the German, then, does not present itself in the least as it does to us. To him, truth is that version of facts which best suits the progress of the German Empire. (This remark, I should perhaps add, is not intended as satirical—it is made in sober earnest.)

He therefore believes things to be "true" which are demonstrably untrue, and which he *knows* to be untrue according to our standards. But he easily forces himself to believe them, if by believing them he can in any way uphold the interests of his country; he would, in fact, consider it disloyal to do otherwise.

I have no wish to discourse on the morality or otherwise of this standard, so different from our own. But what I do wish to emphasise is the fact that it is now the universal German standard of thought. It was not so when I first knew Germany forty years ago. In those days the standard of morality was, broadly, the same as our own. But the ambition of the parvenu, the striving after Weltmacht, and the swelled head which accompanies the material prosperity of the self-made man, have driven the "Christian" standard to hide its head in a few out-of-the-way corners in Saxony and Southern Germany.

And here again is another unpleasant side of the German's character. He is intolerably inquisitive and mischief-making, and always interfering in other people's business. As a mild instance I might give the following personal case—for it is typical.

Several years ago some distant German cousins of mine came to London for a few weeks. A member of the German Embassy, who knew them and whom I knew but slightly, came to me after about ten

days, and asked me why I had not yet asked them to dinner! As he went on to say that I ought to have done so at once, and was surprised that I had not, I told him politely to mind his own business, and he went away exceedingly puzzled and rather hurt.

We see again this trait strongly marked in the Chancellor's recent speech in the Reichstag on the 5th April, where he declares that Germany intends to save Belgium and the Flemish race against harm from England and France, and the Poles, Letts, and Baltic peoples from the terrible domination of Russia; to put their affairs in order for them, and to extend the beneficent administration of the Teutonic Empire over them. We should be interested to know whether a single individual of any of these unfortunate races ever asked for such assistance from a Power whose one idea of "administering" conquered peoples is to crush them to the ground for the benefit of Germany.

These evil influences have, again, produced a state of mind which may briefly be expressed as a total inability to see that Germany, or Germans, could ever be in the wrong. So convinced are they that German methods are immeasurably the finest in the world, that they literally *cannot* understand that other nationalities do not see the question in the same light. Quite sincerely they take up the position of the schoolmaster who considers that the naughty boy must

be taught what is good for him, and who intends to thrash him till he learns. It is almost pathetic—not to say humorous—to see the way in which the Germans proclaim their intention to regenerate Europe for its own benefit, and cry aloud that once the world is regulated by Prussian police methods there will be peace and prosperity for all concerned and for ever afterwards.

Bearing then these things in mind, we may be quite certain that, after the war, Germany will continue to hate us with a deadly, increasing, and entirely incommensurate hatred. She will in no way recognise that she has brought her own ruin on her own head. She will say, and will firmly believe—without the possibility of being convinced otherwise—that England brought the war about, and that all her disasters, financial and otherwise, are to be laid at England's door alone.

"It was the barbarous English," she will cry, "who brought our women and children to the verge of starvation. It is they who have destroyed our merchant fleet and driven our trade off the seas. It is they who have brought ruin to our financial houses. It is they who planned for many years to bring this about, because they were jealous of us, and who raised the rest of Europe against us. Vengeance! vengeance! Let us educate our children and our children's children to hate this false and cowardly Power.

Let us make friends with France and Russia; let us strive with patience and cunning to embroil the world against her, whilst luring her on with soothing promises and honeyed words. And when our fleet is big enough—then . . . !”

How is this to be met?

This is a serious situation; for it means that we have incurred Germany's enmity for good and all, and that we shall for ever have to be on our guard against her. Our Navy must be increased, we shall have to keep a very large nucleus of troops in training, and we shall be only moderately safe until the finances of the German Empire are rehabilitated. And then?

Even if Germany gets the worst of it in this present war, she will not take her licking “like a gentleman” (still less like a lady). She will kick, and scream, and intrigue, and backbite, and slander, and call all earth to witness that she is an injured innocent and Great Britain a perjured monster. Even now she is systematically educating her children (*vide* the circular to schools issued at Frankfort-am-Oder) by means of false history and downright lies to hate us. She has no intention or desire to live at peace with us until she has subdued us: and to any effort on our part to make friends she will stick her fingers in her ears.

There are, as far as I can see, only two solutions to this question. One, a somewhat doubtful one, I fear, is to trust

to the Social Democrats, who are the only party in any sort of power in Germany who do not slavishly bow the knee to those in authority, and who have the true interests of their country at heart.

The Social Democrats do not love the English; but they are patriots, in the true sense of the word. They form a vast stratum in the intelligent middle and lower classes, and they hate the insolent and overbearing upper class which provides the Despotic Government that rules them. They are unpleasant people on the whole; but they have sound ideas. Where they fail is in their organisation, and it is difficult to see how they can better it.

Could they all work together, they would become a vast power working for the real good of Germany. But between the moderate Democrat at one end of the scale and the Red Republican at the other, there is a deep gulf fixed. The Moderate Democrat corresponds to what we should call the Moderate Liberal in British politics; the Red Republican is an Anarchist. And the two ends will never work together. Hence we see that the great Federation meetings of Social Democrats invariably come to grief. They meet, they bring forward resolutions, they talk, they squabble, they fight—and the meeting breaks up in disorder. No wonder that the upper classes jeer.

What will happen in their ranks after the war no one can foretell. But were some genius

to appear who could combine the warring sections and produce a united party, there might arise a strong Constitutional element which, after much strife, might conceivably lead Germany into the normal paths of civilised peace. As long, however, as the despotic class, backed by bayonets, is on top, there is little chance of this desirable consummation.

The regeneration of Germany must come from below; and until the lower classes have fair-play there will be no regeneration nor reconstitution.

The second solution regards not the interior of Germany, but the Allies.

The German is by nature a bully. He is intolerably brutal and overbearing, even in times

of peace, and any one weaker than himself, be it man, woman, child, or dog, he will kick or elbow out of his way. But he has the faults of a bully, and if his weaker adversary stands up to him and hits him hard, he will "climb down" and apologise. But mere argument has no effect; he must be physically hurt if any satisfactory result is to accrue. This fact, by the way, neither our Foreign Office nor the United States seem yet to have grasped.

The moral is obvious. In order to convince an adversary who is totally incapable of understanding obvious facts, logic, or arguments, there is but one method left, which is—to hammer him until he does.

G.

WHAT I SAW AT BELGRADE.

FOR a few months previous to the invasion of last October the position in Serbia was interesting and curious. One knew that theoretically the country was at war, but practically it was difficult to realise the fact. The various epidemics which had immediately succeeded the last Austrian incursion, and had devastated the country, had subsided. Very many houses displayed the black flag, which in Serbia signifies a recent death in the family, and as all her able-bodied men were under arms, the work of the country was being carried on by the women and children; but Serbia is so accustomed to being at war that this is now accepted as the normal state of affairs, and to see men taking the place of women in the fields, or of the boy shepherds and swineherds on the hills, would seem strange and unnatural. The people themselves recognise this. One talked about the war impersonally, as of an old, forgotten, far-off thing, which did not affect Serbia now, and from which she was recovering. She had played her part, fought her battles and won them, suffered the dreadful plagues which followed, and emerged from her trials, sorely stricken, indeed, but triumphant, to rest on her laurels, while other nations, far away in other parts of the world, carried on the strife. And though all along her northern boundary, separated from her only by the waters of the Danube, Serbia lay front to front with a gigantic, resolute, and implacable foe; yet even at Posharevats, only twenty miles from that front, everything seemed very peaceful. From time to time we used to ride, with the Serbian officers who were our hosts, through maize-fields and vineyards, to the trenches near the river bank, whence we could see, across the Danube, the Austrians moving among their trenches. But on both sides it seemed to be only a game of war. One knew that the enemy's forces were too busily engaged on the Russian and Italian borders to have time to spare for Serbia. And one gathered that they had been bitten so badly in their last invasion that they would be more than twice shy about attempting another one.

In Belgrade, however, when I arrived there at the beginning of last September, the position was different. Belgrade, as every one who has access to an atlas now knows, lies at the junction of the Danube and the Save, immediately opposite the Austrian town of Semlin or Simon. It stands on hills overlooking those rivers, to which the lower part of the town extends. Belgrade had suffered severely from the bombardment of the previous year. Parts of her, especially those parts which lay near the rivers, were still in ruins. There had been no opportunity to rebuild them,

or it had not been considered worth the trouble while the war lasted. The building occupied by our staff of the Second Gymnasium Hospital, the Hotel Paris, which lay two or three hundred yards above that hospital, had been severely battered; the windows had all been blown in, one wall had been knocked down, and the central heating pipes tangled inextricably. There was also reported to be an unexploded shell lying beneath one of the rooms, but this we forgot as one forgets the ghost in a haunted house. Belgrade had been in the enemy's hands for some weeks, and still felt the shock. Some of her most prominent citizens had been hostages during that time, and had only escaped being carried off to Austria when the Austrians retired, because that retreat was so hurried that the enemy had had no time to think of anything except his own immediate affairs. These gentlemen had not yet recovered from the anxieties they had undergone. On all sides was evidence of war's reality, and not a day passed without an exchange of shots between the enemy batteries and the Serbian forts, manned and armed, some of them, by British, French, and Russian guns and gunners. And yet a curious air of present security enveloped the city. It was an accepted fact that she was now safe and immune from further attack. There were even understood rules for the exchange of shells. So long as our allies refrained from bom-

barding Semlin, the unfortified parts of Belgrade were secure from molestation. But if on either side movements were observed at any spot which might give rise to the suspicion that a new battery was being installed, or an old one moved, that spot became a target for shells. It was like an interrupted game of chess, where the pieces had to be left in position. And it was also understood that the enemy objected to the road from Belgrade to Topchider, the railway station some three miles from the city—the station in the town itself had been destroyed in the previous year—being used for the transport of stores. If carts or motor-cars were observed travelling along that route, a few shells were thrown on the road during the day by way of protest. That was the only means, but an effective means, of communication between the two countries.

There was thus enough firing to make life interesting and to accustom one to the sound of cannon and the scream of shrapnel shells; but, nevertheless, if there was one point on which the inhabitants of Belgrade had made up their minds—and not only the men in the street but also the men in authority, who might be trusted to know—it was that the city itself was now safe, safe from any attempted assault, and safe even in case an assault should be attempted. The rivers had been heavily mined, and were commanded by guns from our side; it was impossible for an invading force ever to cross

again. And the Austrians, it seemed, knew the hopelessness of an attack here too well ever to attempt one. Looking back now it is strange to think of the Fools' Paradise in which we lived.

This was the position at the beginning of September, but during that month the atmosphere changed. The situation on the Bulgarian frontier became critical, and a large number of troops and many guns were sent south. Hitherto by far the greater part of the Serbian army, which could be estimated then roughly at 300,000 men, had been collected in the north, in and around Belgrade, in Semendria, and about Posharevats. Now the force was divided and consequently greatly weakened. And in the meantime disquieting reports of the concentration of enemy troops near the Danube began to be received. It was known that a large force of Austrians and Germans, variously stated to be 200,000 to 300,000, had made its appearance near the Hungarian frontier, between Belgrade and Semendria. Observers of the French Flying Corps brought this information, and it became evident that another attack on Serbia was contemplated, an attack that would in all probability synchronise with the outbreak of hostilities with Bulgaria. The question that exercised people's minds was, what would be the point of attack? Serbs who had deserted from the Austrian troops and swam across the Danube one night towards the end of the month reported that

Semlin had been evacuated by all non-combatants, and this was sufficient to induce the more timid of the inhabitants of Belgrade to pack up their traps and depart southward. Topohider station became besieged day and night by refugees entraining for Nish, and between the movement of troops and the flight of civilians travelling became very difficult. Some English men and women who were leaving for England at about this time were delayed for hours, even for days, in the train. On the other hand, however, encouraging rumours of all sorts were spread abroad and eagerly accepted. It was confidently stated that the French forces were at Nish. I was told this by a gentleman who should certainly have been in a position to know the truth, if any one in Belgrade could know it. The British were said to have landed in Salonika and to be advancing north. We had not then realised the fact that our rulers in England had not yet appreciated the extreme rarity of miracles nowadays, more especially of military miracles, and that the policy, if it can be called a policy, of despatching totally inadequate forces to different parts of the world, there to do what they could, was still being followed. I recollect that on one afternoon it was reported that white flags were flying from all the houses in Semlin, and this was interpreted by local optimists to mean that Austria was suing for peace. It was subsequently discovered that the afternoon sun shining on the windows of the houses

had caused the phenomenon. No white flags had been displayed. But this was symptomatic of the general situation and of the state of uncertainty in which the townspeople lived. Everybody felt that he was living in the shadow of a volcano on the point of eruption. In which direction would the burning lava flow? There was only one matter on which everybody had made up his mind. It would not take the direction of Belgrade. Although half the local force had been taken away, and many of the guns had also gone, those left were quite sufficient to safeguard the city, even if an attack were made. And there would be no attack because of the mines; the Serbian authorities appeared to attach some magic qualities to the mines. So we lived on from day to day in our Fools' Paradise, while in the south the situation became hourly more critical, until we heard definitely that hostilities with Bulgaria had begun—hostilities which would certainly end in the complete destruction of the Bulgars.

Early in the afternoon of October 5 an enemy aeroplane flew across the Danube and hovered over Belgrade. There was nothing extraordinary in this, for one or two came daily at this period, and it was part of the day's routine to turn out and watch them being shelled by the anti-aircraft guns on our side; but there seemed to be something ominous in the determination with which this machine circled round and round, evidently

making observations and taking photographs of the forts and batteries. It was at no great height, perhaps 4000 feet, and it was very soon the target for every gun which could be brought to bear on it; but the occupants seemed quite unperturbed and impervious to danger. Hundreds of shrapnel shells were fired at it; it flew in and out of puffs of smoke and looked as though it could not possibly escape destruction; but though I think it must have been hit more than once, it continued its flight serenely over the city, departing a little before sunset, no doubt with much information, and having gratified the populace of Belgrade by an exhibition of air-craftsmanship which they could not help admiring, whatever it might portend.

And that it portended something soon became evident, for that night the bombardment of the city began, which was kept up without intermission until its final capture.

And now I fear that this history must become personal, because for the following few days every one in Belgrade—every non-combatant, that is to say—was occupied with his own immediate affairs and had little time to spare for generalities. There was, indeed, no time even to think; there was only time to act, and not much for that. At first those of us who had been living in the town for some weeks did not pay much attention to the noise. We were used to bombardments of a minor and comparatively innocuous de-

scription, varying in intensity from day to day, and thought that our friends across the Danube were merely exhibiting rather more interest than usual in our affairs. Personally I was busy preparing our hospital for an increased number of patients; for the staff had just been augmented by the arrival of several nurses and two surgeons from Posharevats, where our field hospital had now been closed, and we had been promised a larger number of patients when these should arrive by the Medical Military authorities. A number of patients duly arrived, but not from the quarter whence we expected them.

So Tuesday night and Wednesday morning passed much as usual. No one, indeed, could help noticing that the bombardment was increasing in violence, and it gradually became evident that something more than the usual exchange of compliments was in progress; but no word reached me from anybody in authority to signify that any event of importance was anticipated, and the only course for us to pursue seemed to be to carry on our daily work. But by Wednesday afternoon the firing was incessant, shells began falling very near us—our hospital was in the firing line—and at about three o'clock Mr S., an American, who had previously been attached to our hospital and who knew Belgrade well, came to tell me that that part of the town which lay between us and the river was being shelled, that many houses were being knocked down and

many civilians being killed and wounded. He volunteered to go to the assistance of these people, so I despatched our only available motor ambulance with him, two of our orderlies—Englishmen, and a number of Serbian orderlies, to the spot. The ambulance returned in half an hour with a melancholy load, and the driver, a young Englishman named S., informed me that matters were very bad in the lower town, which was rapidly being reduced to ruins, in which men, women, and children were being buried. So I collected a few orderlies and an interpreter or two, and we started once more in the car to see what assistance could be given. It was evident that the enemy artillery was shelling the trenches on the river bank, and these houses, low down near the river and in the line of fire, naturally were coming in for their share. I do not think for an instant that the fire was being directed on them with the intention of killing inoffensive people—they were cover that had to be cleared away; their demolition was incidental, and the fact that old men, women, and children were being destroyed was due to the exigencies of the world-war. The Second Gymnasium Hospital, which was a large and prominent building, but from which our Red Cross flag flew, escaped almost scatheless. But the result was as terrible as though the houses were being deliberately shelled. Our descent seemed like a descent into the nether regions. It

was really hell. The desolation of the scene was indescribable and the din simply terrific. An incessant stream of shells was hurtling overhead and bursting all around, in the streets and against the houses. The patter of shrapnel falling was like the patter of rain on leaves. Telegraph wires were lying about in all directions, and the poles were swaying and falling. And to add to the horror, a large factory near by had been set on fire and was blazing furiously. But what struck me most forcibly was the entire absence of any sign of authority, or organisation for the help of the people here. They seemed to have been left to their fate. Not even a policeman was to be seen. Indeed not a living being of any sort was to be seen. Only from the houses came cries in reply to our shouts. We had to take complete control and do the best we could.

Leaving the car where it had some protection from neighbouring houses, we went from house to house, and street to street, shouting to know where there were wounded, and trying to persuade those who were able to walk to come out and go up to the upper town, where they would be safer. In a short time the ambulance was full of wounded, some of whom we had dragged from fallen houses, and of those who for some reason were unable to walk, very old people or babies; and I then sent S. back with these to the hospital, remaining myself with the interpreter to try to inspire

a little confidence into the terror-stricken people. And by degrees we got them to come out and march by companies up the hill to comparative safety. But it was hard work, for they seemed paralysed by fear and unwilling to leave their shelters, which were really no shelters. There was one cellar into which we penetrated, where we were received by a screaming mob of old men, women with babies, and children. They seemed incapable of doing anything but scream, and as they did this all at once the noise was deafening, and it was impossible to get them to understand what we wanted, so I took up my position outside the house and waited for the return of the ambulance. We got them all out when it came, put those unable to walk into it, and prevailed on the others to go on foot to the hospital. But if they had not gone it occurs to me that they might all have been killed, suffocated perhaps, or buried in the ruins of the house; and this might then have well formed the basis for a charge of "atrociousness" against the enemy. Whereas it would have been no "atrociousness." It would merely have been an incident of war, and therefore excusable in the eyes of those who do not consider all war atrocious. While I was waiting outside this house I was joined by Mr D., an Englishman formerly attached to the staff of our hospital, and a well-known member of the British community in Belgrade. He had heard that I was in the

lower town, and had walked down to keep me company.

So Wednesday afternoon wore away, and as dusk came on we were fairly certain that no wounded remained, at least in that part of the town, and that the others had left for the upper town. The ambulance was loaded with its last freight, and then D., the interpreter—one Nicholas, a Serb born in Bosnia, who had spent many years in America, and had come over when the war broke out to offer his services to the Serbian Government—and I, walked back to the hospital, which we found full to overflowing and humming like a swarm of bees. Our average number of patients for the previous month had been fifty, and we had accommodation for two hundred, but nobody knows how many were now gathered in the building. No attempt to take a census was made; indeed any such attempt would have been useless, as patients were constantly coming and going. But all available beds were occupied, and the corridors were full of refugees, men, women, and children, many of them wounded, who had no other place of refuge. Ours was a military hospital, intended to be restricted to soldiers; but now all conventions had gone by the board, and civilians of every condition and of both sexes were being attended to in all the wards. Late in the afternoon we received a visit from Colonel H., the chief of the Belgrade Military Medical Staff, who inspected the place with me and expressed himself

as grateful for what we were doing. He told me then that there was a building on the hill behind the city, some two miles away, and near the institution known as the American Hospital, prepared for us, to which we could move if evacuation of our present building should become necessary. He expressed no anxiety, however, with regard to the fate of Belgrade; nor do I believe that he felt any.

At about eight o'clock that evening, as I was sitting at dinner in the Paris Hotel, a messenger arrived from Colonel H. to say that he was sending down a number of orderlies to bring up wounded from the trenches, and to ask if our ambulance could be sent to carry them up, so S. and I started off once more. We went first to the American Hospital, where we interviewed Dr R., the Chief, a man whose name is a household word in Belgrade on account of the work he did there during the typhus epidemics and during the previous occupation of the Austrians, and who is well known in other parts of the world also. I asked him if he could take in the men I was going to bring up, as our capacities, in space and staff, were now becoming exhausted; and on receiving his assurance that he was prepared to receive as many as might be necessary, we hurried off to overtake the band of Serbian Red Cross orderlies who had preceded us to the lower town. There was some confusion here, as no one seemed to know exactly where we were to go, but at length

I was taken to some temporary Officers' Quarters near the trenches, where I was informed that most of the wounded had already been removed, but that there were a few cases who were unable to walk and who would be carried up if I would wait for them. So I went in search of S., who had stayed with the ambulance a little higher up in the town, and we brought it down to the house and waited for the men to arrive. And here I entered into conversation with a very young Serbian officer, charming in looks and manners, as so many very young Serbian officers are. He told me how for two hours that afternoon he had been in the old fort, not far from our hospital, with shells falling and bursting all round him, thinking every moment that he must be hit. At length, he said, he could stand it no longer, so he went to his Colonel and confessed that it was too much for his nerves, and was immediately dismissed to a place of less danger. I asked him if the enemy was going to attempt a crossing, and he said he thought an attempt was going to be made.

"And what will happen then?" I asked.

"Then there will be bombs," he replied, smiling, and drew from his pocket a bomb which he gave me to examine. I wished him the best of luck, and shortly after he departed into the night and I saw him no more.

After a delay of two hours or so, our wounded arrived on stretchers. There were only

four who could not walk, and these we conveyed, two by two, to the American Hospital and handed over to the charge of Dr R. On our journey through the town we met bodies of troops being brought down silently and secretly to the trenches, and it was evident now that an attack was expected that night.

It was midnight when we got back to the Second Gymnasium, and here I found the staff working under considerable difficulties. The water supply of the town had been cut and the electric lighting station destroyed, and we were now dependent on buckets of water carried in from the well outside and a moderate supply of candles. The shells also were coming nearer. One had burst just outside the kitchen, a room at the back facing the Danube, and four of the staff had been wounded by fragments of shrapnel which had come through the window. One of the Sisters, who happened to be there at the time, had been hit on the head and blown across the room on her hands and knees; one of the English orderlies had received a blow on the head, and a Serbian orderly had been hit. These, fortunately, were all slight wounds, but the interpreter, Nicholas, the man who had been with me in the afternoon, had been seriously wounded in the right leg and was entirely incapacitated. Colonel H. had paid another visit to the hospital, and there had been some talk of evacuation. I therefore got into communication with him on the telephone,

and he asked me if I thought the time had now come for moving, but after a short consultation with the senior members of the staff I replied that I did not think that was necessary, at least before daylight. In our present quarters we were doing good work, and we had a clean and airy building to work in, with our stores and equipment about us. We had had some experience of Serbian hospital wards, and had no desire to become more intimately acquainted with them before that became absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, for the rest of the time that I spent at the hospital, I was pestered by two young Serbians, attached to us for clerical work, who continually brought me totally imaginary orders to quit, which they said had reached us over the telephone. At length I was constrained to tell the staff to pay no attention at all to these young men, who had evidently completely lost their heads. My only regret was that I could not get rid of them altogether.

I turned in at about half-past one, and at three was awakened with the news that the enemy had crossed the river and that rifle firing was going on in the streets of Belgrade. Both these statements, as I discovered subsequently, were exaggerated. A body of the enemy had, indeed, crossed the river, but they had promptly been made prisoners. The hospital staff, however, had been alarmed and were making their way down to the Second Gymnasium, think-

ing that they would be safer there. Though somewhat doubtful on the point myself—because, as several blocks of houses stood between the hotel and the hospital, they were certainly more secure from shell fire where they were—I dressed and having made a tour of the building and ascertained that no one remained there, went down the hill to the Second Gymnasium, where I found a rather agitated assembly. And indeed it was not surprising that they were agitated, for by this time the bombardment had nearly reached its height, the hospital had been struck twice, and though no serious damage had been done, windows were continually being blown in and the crash of the falling glass was in itself alarming. Again I rang up Colonel H. on the telephone to ask the latest news, and received from him a reassuring reply to the effect that the battle on the Danube was already over, and that the invaders had been repulsed. So we settled down, with our frightened crowd of patients and refugees, to wait for daylight. And very proud I felt of the staff with whom I was working. For though the sound of the guns was now terrific and the scream and explosion of the shells incessant; though the houses on each side of us and the one on the opposite side of the street, farther from the river, had been destroyed, while the street itself looked as though it had been devastated by an earthquake,—yet all our people went about their work in the

most unconcerned fashion, as though they had been accustomed to bombardments all their lives.

As dawn drew on I went up to the top storey of the building and looked out of the windows of a ward facing the Danube. It was a wonderful sight, but it was difficult to realise that one was watching a real battle at such close quarters. It was so exactly like a stage effect. Scarcely a mile away, across the river, lay the enemy artillery, hidden in low scrub and brushwood and only to be discovered by the flashes which constantly illuminated the darkness,—flashes followed almost immediately by the roar of the guns. And between the flash and the roar came the scream of a shell. Some of these shells flew overhead, some fell short, and some, a few, burst with a flash and a roar just about us. And the factory which had been set on fire the previous afternoon and had blazed throughout the night still lit up the scene. Indeed I am inclined to think that it must have been due to this light that our hospital escaped as it did, for by it the building, with its Red Cross flag, could clearly be seen. At some distance to the left pontoons laden with troops were slowly crossing and recrossing the river, and behind all were the search-lights streaming from side to side. The first few of the pontoons had been blown up or destroyed by our shell fire, and the troops who earliest effected a landing were made prisoners or slaughtered, but it was evident that Colonel

H. had been unduly optimistic in his statement. The battle was not over yet.

At six o'clock, when the sun had risen, I determined to go and interview that gentleman. I found him asleep in his bed, but he expressed his intention of coming down at once to see the state of affairs, and at eight he paid us a visit, and the question of evacuating the Second Gymnasium was again discussed. Personally I was very reluctant to leave it. I suppose one always is reluctant to go, in such cases, because it seems like a confession of defeat. And it was very hard to believe that Belgrade was going to fall. However, in view of the risks we were running, and of the fact that so far from decreasing the bombardment seemed now to be increasing in intensity, Colonel H. at length gave me a definite order to evacuate the building and to take our patients up the hill to the quarters he had placed at our disposal there. He promised to send down a large number of stretchers and stretcher-bearers to assist in their removal.

Before long these men arrived and the evacuation of the Second Gymnasium was begun. Such of the patients as were able to sit up were taken to their new quarters in the ambulance or the hospital carriage, a two-horse vehicle which had been placed permanently at our disposal by the medical authorities, while the more serious cases were carried on stretchers. Early in the afternoon the business was finished, and the

last car-load, consisting of our surgical instruments and some of the more indispensable portions of the equipment, left the hospital. At two o'clock I went back to the hotel to look for something to eat, and here I found several members of the staff at work on the construction of a large Union Jack, for the preparation of which I had asked in view of possible diplomatic complications consequent on our new proximity to the American Hospital, which flew the Stars and Stripes. If one had by this time been capable of being affected by anything, I think I should have been affected by the sight of these English ladies, amid all the noise and commotion that was going on outside, kneeling on the floor of our dining-room, quietly working at that flag. And it is sad to think that after all we had no use for it.

But it was time to move from the hotel now, and after lunch everybody left, carrying small hand-bags. The heavier luggage was to be fetched later, if necessary, but we all hoped that we should be back before long. I went to my room to pack, as I had had no time hitherto for personal matters. And never shall I forget that packing. My room looked out on the principal street of Belgrade, and outside its open windows all the devils from hell seemed to be making holiday. Not for an instant did the noise cease, and mingled with the scream of shells came now occasionally the long drawn-out ping of a rifle bullet hurtling by the window to flatten itself against

an adjacent wall. I am not by nature a scientific packer, although I *can* pack quickly when necessary, but on that afternoon, expecting as I did momentarily the arrival of some infernal missile in the room, I eclipsed all previous records, and the state of the various bags must have been a shock to any one who may have had occasion to open them. Personally, I have not since had an opportunity of doing so.

Most of the rest of the afternoon was spent by me in searching for temporary quarters for the staff near our new hospital. The Hotel Paris was too far away, and it was obvious that we could not find accommodation in the hospital itself. We still hoped that the attack on Belgrade was going to be repulsed, and that soon we should once more find ourselves ensconced in the Second Gymnasium. Reinforcements were being hurried from the south, and the Serbian authorities still expressed themselves as confident of victory; though Colonel H. informed me that if it should become necessary for us to leave the city I should be given several hours' notice. But in the meantime some temporary arrangement must be made. We could not live in the new hospital for various reasons, and I considered myself fortunate when at length I secured a large building, known as the School, furnished with a sufficient number of beds and other necessary furniture, a few hundred yards outside the grounds of the American Hos-

pital. To this building we brought the heavy luggage, and when he had deposited his last load, Mirko, the driver of our carriage, approached and asked me the usual question, "At what time shall I come in the morning?" Now Mirko was in his own way a remarkable character. He was an old soldier, not in age but in service, who had been wounded in the last Balkan war—already very ancient history—and his wound had so affected him that no one could ever tell whether he was sober or not. That is to say, his behaviour generally pointed to the conclusion that he was drunk, but the charitable attributed his eccentricities to his wound, which was in his head. In any case, he was quite impervious to correction. When his faults, which were numerous, but of which an habitual disregard of instructions was the most annoying, were pointed out to him, he would smile benevolently, agree cordially that his conduct was altogether reprehensible, and promise to be good in future. On this particular day he had raised my ire by driving his friends about the city when he should have been conveying the patients to their new abode, so when he asked me at what time I should want him in the morning, I turned on him ferociously and assured him that I never wished to set eyes on him again. But Mirko was used to harsh treatment. "But at what time shall I come to-morrow?" he inquired again, smiling as urbanely as ever. "Come at eight o'clock,"

I said to get rid of him, and thought no more about it.

I returned at dusk to our new hospital and sat for a time discussing the situation with those members of the staff who were not asleep or engaged on duty, but before long it occurred to me that the hospital account books and all our records were still at the Second Gymnasium. The cash-box containing the funds of the Unit, which I always kept with my personal luggage, had been brought up the hill; but in the press of other matters I had quite forgotten the books, and it was therefore necessary to make another journey to the Second Gymnasium to get them. By this time the English orderlies were asleep, worn out by their labours of the last two days. One, Mr C., was wounded, and though he had borne up valiantly hitherto and had insisted on doing duty as though he were not hurt, even he had succumbed to exhaustion now. S., the driver of the ambulance, was also asleep, and he had had so much and such hard work lately that I had not the heart to rouse him; nor did I care to take the car alone. But it was necessary to get the books, so I started on foot to go down the hill, asking that some dinner should be kept for me; for Colonel H. had promised to supply us with meals from the large Serbian hospital on the hill. I had not gone far, however, before I was overtaken by Miss H., one of our voluntary workers, who expressed her intention of going with me. I tried to induce her to return,

as I knew that a descent into the town now must be dangerous to some extent, but Miss H. insisted on accompanying me, and declined to return even when I told her definitely to do so; and I was subsequently very grateful for her assistance, without which I could not have got through my business. So we continued our journey together, and it was certainly a weird experience. When once we had left the hill behind us we met no one but soldiers, mounted for the most part, hurrying to and from the scene of the battle near the river; and it was curious how the mere fact of meeting a body of men coming from the direction of the trenches depressed one, as though it were now all over, while the sight of a troop going down cheered one up again. There were no lights. But for the awful noise of the shells and the ping of the bullets, which every now and then struck the walls over our heads, it might have been the City of Dreadful Night itself. We walked past the King's Palace, past the large Hotel Balkan and the Hotel Paris, our recent home, down to the Second Gymnasium, which we found deserted, though I had asked that a guard might be placed over our stores here in case of looting in the town. This had been promised, but I suppose the matter had been forgotten or perhaps no men were available. There were no lights in the hospital, of course, but Miss H. struck matches while I collected the books and papers in a box. Then we left,

I carrying the box on my head while Miss H. carried my typewriter and a coat which she recollected at the last moment she had left hanging in the hall. On the way back we called at the Hotel Paris, as I wanted to see what luggage had been left there, in case we might have an opportunity of collecting it the next day. We made a tour of the building, and then started on our return journey, which was slow and laborious, as I soon found the weight of the box on my head beginning to tell, and had to stop at intervals to rest. At length we reached the School, where our burdens were deposited, and here we found Mr M., our senior Serbian interpreter, a gentleman who had never failed to be of the greatest assistance, and whose advice on all affairs connected with the hospital I had found invaluable. He met us with the air of one who has portentous news to impart, and informed me that during my absence our entire staff had left Belgrade. We went up to the hospital and there found Dr S., one of our surgeons, alone, making his rounds of the wards by the light of a dimly-burning lantern which he carried. He told me that while I was away some kind of instruction relating to evacuation had arrived, which had been taken to mean that we should leave Belgrade, and that acting on this the rest of the staff had started off on foot for Raisnik, the railway-base about twelve miles away—trains were no longer running to Topchider, as that portion of the line was

now being heavily shelled—but that he did not know what their ultimate destination might be. He himself had remained behind to look after the patients, of whom there were not many now, as all who could walk had been sent away. Subsequently I discovered that what had taken place was as follows. Instructions had been received by the Serbian Military Medical authorities from Headquarters at Kraguivats ordering them to leave Belgrade, and Colonel H. had sent a message to me to say that if I wished to do so I could apply these instructions to our staff also. As he was unable to find me, the messenger had naturally communicated his message to the senior surgeon, who had taken it as a definite order to leave, and had acted on it. Matters had been further complicated by the two young Serbian clerks, who had been so panic-stricken in the morning, and whose only desire was to get away from Belgrade. They had resorted to their former tactics, and had disseminated a purely imaginative message to the effect that I had gone on to Raisnik and had telephoned for the rest of the staff to follow me there.

Mr M. informed me that he was leaving for Raisnik at once with his wife and child, in a carriage which he had secured, and offered to take one of us with him. I urged Miss H. to avail herself of this opportunity, as our utility at Belgrade seemed now to be at an end, but she declined to leave Dr S. and me, so we three settled ourselves to spend the night looking after our

patients. I paid several visits to the American Hospital, where I found Dr R. as kind and helpful as ever. He took charge of the cash-box and of the books, for I had begun to realise—our ambulance having now departed—that I should not be able to take much away with me, and expressed himself ready to take over the charge of the patients. During one of these visits, at about eleven o'clock, I received an order by telephone from Colonel G., the Head of the Military Medical Headquarter Staff at Kraguivats—Colonel H., the usual intermediary for orders, having now left—to remove my *personnel* and *matériel* to Jagodina, a town some forty miles down the line, where a hospital would be prepared for us. To this I was obliged to reply that the removal of any *matériel* was out of the question, as no means of transport were available, and that I did not at that moment know where my *personnel* were, but intended to go and look for them in the morning. I had been promised a sufficient number of carts for the removal of our stores, if that should ever become necessary, but when the time arrived no carts of any description were to be procured. I found, indeed, that even the Government medical stores had been abandoned, as it was found impossible to move them.

We had divided the night into watches of two hours each, but none of our small party obtained much sleep. For one thing, there was a sort of three-cornered conspiracy

for the purpose of allowing each one to get more than his legitimate share of sleep, which resulted in each curtailing his own hours of rest; and for another, the sound of the guns was now approaching, shells were dropping and bursting occasionally in the hospital grounds, while towards morning a new and alarming kind of noise, that of the machine-guns, mingled with the general uproar, and effectually dispelled any idea of slumber. And throughout that strange night our building was used as a sort of rest-house by soldiers, wounded and unwounded, in addition to the in-patients. They wandered in and out on their way from the trenches to a new destination, so that it was no surprise, when visiting a ward, to find it occupied by a lot of men quite different from those one had left sleeping there half an hour previously.

Towards morning we brewed tea, and began to make our preparations for a move. It had been decided overnight that Dr S. and Miss H. should remain at the American Hospital, and Dr R. had expressed himself as glad to make use of their services there, where every assistance was urgently wanted. Indeed this was sufficiently obvious, for the state of that hospital baffles description. All through the night wounded men were being brought in, and the place resembled only a shambles. There was blood everywhere, and miserable men were lying and sitting in all the corridors

waiting for attention. It was a sight to make the most ardent militarist ponder. So I was preparing for a solitary walk to Raisnik, when complications were raised by Nicholas, the wounded interpreter. This man was in a state bordering on frenzy from terror. He was, as I have said, a Bosnian by birth, and therefore *de jure* an Austrian subject. That being the case, he had quite made up his mind that if he were made prisoner he would be shot as a deserter. I had consulted Dr R. on the point, as he had had some experience of the enemies' methods during the last incursion, and he agreed that this was quite possible. Yet Nicholas was unable to walk, and Dr S. was quite sure that if he attempted to do so his wound would certainly break out afresh and he would probably bleed to death. Indeed, Dr S. refused to allow him to go, and I confess that the prospect of wandering about Serbia in its present state with a man unable to put one foot to the ground and liable to collapse at any moment, made no great appeal to my imagination. But Nicholas was even then nearly in a state of collapse from fear. He swore that anything was preferable to being taken by the Austrians, and that he could make any effort necessary for escape. I rather think that in his case fear, if it could not lend wings to his feet, at least accelerated his recovery. At any rate, I consented to take him with me and trust to chance. So we

dressed him as well as we could, and I left him while I went down to the School to get our own luggage transferred to the American Hospital, where Dr. R. had undertaken to give it shelter. And here, miraculously as it seemed to me, I found Mirko with the carriage. I had entirely forgotten my instructions of the previous day, and at first was quite under the impression that it was a direct interposition of whatever deity it is that manages these affairs, but Mirko soon dispelled any illusions. He was as cheerful as ever—indeed I think that as an old soldier he was thoroughly enjoying himself—but he informed me that his horses would never be able to get to Raisnik. He would go as far as he could, and then we must get out and walk. In the meantime he assisted me to transfer our luggage to the American Hospital. This took time, and it was nine o'clock before I went to say good-bye to Miss H. and Dr S.—not an easy proceeding in the circumstances. We got Nicholas into the carriage and turned to drive off, and then I noticed that Miss H.'s suit-case had been left on the box, so Mirko was directed to go once more to the American Hospital, where, for the first time that morning, I saw Dr R., who had just got up from a few hours' rest. He told me that he had been thinking matters over, and had come to the conclusion that it would be better for Dr S. and Miss H. to go with me. He was going to have a

very difficult time, he said, and wished to have his hands perfectly free for the fight he was going to put up. If two Britishers were found among his staff there might be complications, and his position would be weakened. He said that he would come over himself at once to take charge of our patients so that we might all be free to depart. Selfishly I rejoiced in my heart as I returned to convey this news to my late companions. Of course all this time shells were falling and bursting around us—it was the strangest setting for these negotiations—and when I got back to our own place I found Miss H., assisted by two Serbian nurses sent over by Dr R., engaged in drawing the beds into the centre of the wards. A shell had just burst immediately overhead, blowing in the windows, and some of the glass had fallen on the patients.

So now a new position had developed itself which required new arrangements. Dr S. and Miss H. set to work to label the patients with their various complaints, and to make their own preparations for departure. Miss H. collected and packed up our surgical instruments, a very good and valuable set, which she had the satisfaction of seeing landed in England some months later. This was, indeed, the only portion of our equipment that was saved from Belgrade, and it was, therefore, largely due to Miss H.'s presence of mind and care that we were able to be of any use subsequently. We collected the rest of our stuff and

looked it in a room against our return, which never took place. Then Dr R. arrived and our charges were formally handed over to him, and so, at length, we were ready to depart. The last quarter of an hour was spent in hunting for a favourite pipe which Dr S. had mislaid, and which had probably been annexed by one of the patients. It was really hard work leaving that hospital. The sick men were so sorry to see us go, and it was so evident that they thought we were deserting them—and so, I suppose, we were.

The big clock in the tower at the entrance to the grounds of the American Hospital stood at twenty minutes to eleven when we eventually departed and drove along the road to Raisnik, a road crowded with refugees, and by the side of which wounded men and dead horses lay, harvest of the shelling to which it had been subjected during the previous night. No shells were falling now, and before long we reached a distance from which the boom of the guns sounded faint and almost soothing. At the summit of the hill behind Belgrade we stopped to look back on the city. Several fires had broken out now, the smoke of which rose up perpendicularly, for the air was still; but except for these, there was no sign that anything unusual was taking place.

A little beyond Torlak, the Military Headquarter Staff Office, we were overtaken by three members of the British Admiral's Staff, who looked at me with much astonishment.

"What are you doing here?" one of them, F., inquired.

"I am going to look for my Unit," I replied.

"I saw some of your Unit last night," said F. "One of them told me that you had gone to Raisnik, and telephoned from there that the rest of the party were to follow you."

"Indeed," I remarked—my feelings can be better imagined than described. "What did you say to that?"

"I told them they had better go to Nish and report themselves to the Inspector-General of British Hospitals."

"Thank you," I replied. "Then I suppose I must follow them to Nish."

They rode on their way, but I was very glad to have met them.

Half-way to Raisnik we picnicked by the roadside. Nicholas was wonderfully cheered up by the prospect of escape, and his appetite surprised us all. At Raisnik, where we arrived at four o'clock, for the horses held out in spite of Mirko's gloomy prognostications—perhaps because Mirko had lunched well—we found Mr M. still waiting for a train to take him south. He told us that the rest of our party had gone to Meladonovats, twenty miles or so down the line, where we should find them.

And find them we did, in the camp of a friendly Scottish Unit, where we eventually arrived some time in the early hours of Saturday, October 9, and where we and a motley retinue, which had attached itself to us on our

journey through, were also hospitably received and housed. We came as refugees and suppliants for charity. Indeed, with the exception of Miss H.'s suit-case, which went some way to detract from our air of utter destitution, we had practically no luggage at all, as there was no room in the carriage for personal impedimenta, and we had to think of the horses. Personally I considered myself fortunate in being able to carry off the proverbial toothbrush, a change of underwear, and a few handkerchiefs. And, curiously or uncuriously enough, I never felt so free and independent as when I left Belgrade with the small linen bag hung round my back. The rest of our kit, mine and Dr S.'s, remained in the American Hospital, and to this day we have had no further sight of it. I only hope it has been found serviceable by our friends and not by foes. But at least I remembered to rob the till; for when it began to dawn on us that our absence from Belgrade was likely to be of some considerable duration, I extracted from the cash-box a large roll of notes which subsequently proved of great use.

Nor have I seen Dr R. since that day, but the conjunction of his name with the idea of luggage reminds me of a story concerning him which I heard recently, and which is so good, that if it is not true it ought to be true. It was related to me as veracious history, and I must repeat it here, with full apologies in case it lack veracity.

He had been greatly disturbed at the proximity of the shells to the grounds of his hospital, which he considered to be neutral territory. Indeed, some days previously he had told me that he had telegraphed to his Ambassador in Vienna, asking that a protest on the subject might be made on his behalf, and on the morning on which I bade him farewell he was exceedingly angry, because the shells were now falling actually within the sacred precincts, and close to his buildings. It appears that one of these shells, which had fallen near by but had failed to explode, had at length been secured by Dr R. and carefully put by to lend weight to his arguments when he himself should visit Vienna. In due time he started on his journey, with the missile packed safely in one of his portmantaus (it was suggested that it was one of mine, but I do not think this likely). At Buda-Pesth it was necessary to change trains, and this piece of luggage was seized upon by a burly Hungarian porter, who, after the manner of porters all the world over, hurled it on to the platform, where it exploded with a terrific report, bringing down part of the station and frightening the lives out of the station staff. Unfortunately history does not relate how Dr R. extricated himself from a situation which, diplomatically, must have been a difficult one even for him.

R. C. G.

TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER X.—THE TWO CANVAS BAGS.

ONE of the pleasantest features of Sutherbury Park was the avenue of limes; not the main avenue from the London road, but a long and narrow glade between two rows of ancient trees, leading to a postern in the boundary wall.

Down this, on a placid, sunshiny afternoon, Miss Joyce Demayne strolled very thoughtfully, her eyes on the ground, the charms of the day and place unheeded. When she happened to look up she saw, between the trees ahead, Major Peckenham. He too was walking slowly—extremely slowly for a man of his brisk habits.

Like all women of sound instincts, Miss Demayne approved of military gentlemen; especially when they looked the part as satisfactorily as the Major. And like all good judges of women, the Major highly approved of Joyce Demayne; in fact, he had even gone the length of adding up his salary, pension, and private means, and subtracting from the total the hypothetical cost of a lady and, say, two children.

The remainder, he perceived at once, was quite inadequate to support a gentleman as a gentleman ought to be supported, but the calculation showed the exceptional nature of his approval. He had only

made it about eight times before in his whole life.

Yet though she looked particularly engaging this morning in a short walking skirt and the most becoming soft felt hat, he never quickened his stride, and his manner when they met was abstracted. So likewise was hers; and in fact, after saying "Good morning," they stood for a moment in silence. She was the first to speak.

"I presume Sir Wyverne has told you he is going abroad?" she said.

From his sudden look at her, she seemed to have touched the very topic on his own mind.

"Oh, then he has told you?" said he.

"But evidently not any one else. Even his mother is not to be informed till after he has gone."

"I knew he was keeping it pretty dark."

"It seems to me a little strange," she said tentatively.

He looked at her very intently for a moment.

"Miss Demayne," he said in an earnest voice, "I am going to ask you something. It's a question of great interest to us both. Excuse me for one moment."

The words and the voice sent a strange suspicion shooting through her mind. She had never looked upon the Major as

that kind of admirer, but then men were men.

His next procedure, however, raised an even graver suspicion. Darting from her side, he passed between two of the trees and carefully peered round. Then he crossed the glade and did the same on the other side. She remembered having been proposed to several times before, and though the gentlemen had always sought solitude first, they had never taken such extraordinary precautions. Yet the Major seemed the last man to have a nervous breakdown.

"Have you seen any strange men about the place?" he asked in a low voice as he came close to her again.

She looked a little startled. "No," she said, "not since I met Mr Archie Fitz-Wyverne."

"Have you seen him again?"

She shook her head.

"Or any other stranger?"

"Not about the house or park. Do you suspect there are any?"

He nodded, and to himself he said—

"Where the devil does he keep the fellows?"

"But surely you don't think they are likely to be behind the trees!" she cried.

"Upon my word, I haven't the foggiest notion what to think," he said gravely. "The thing is getting on my nerves. There are certain people somewhere, and not knowing where, I'm beginning to look for them everywhere."

"Is Mr Fitz-Wyverne one of them?" she demanded.

He became evasive.

"Certain people *were* here,

and I've made quiet inquiries and worked out the railway time-tables, and I can't account for things unless they are here all the time!"

He fell silent for a few moments, and then in an even more confidential voice he said—

"You have some influence with Wyverne, Miss Demayne."

"Oh, very little!" she said hastily, her colour rising just perceptibly.

"Well, anyhow, you *can* have if you like, and if you will use it for his own good, I'll tell you what I wish you'd persuade him to do—to tell the truth!"

"About what?" she exclaimed.

"Just get it into his head that if he trusts people at all, he oughtn't to tell them whackers. Do it in your own tactful way. Give it the feminine touch—the high-souled beautiful influence of woman and—er—all that, but make him stop fibbing!"

She had never before known Major Peokenham rise to such heights of eloquence, and was naturally impressed. At the same time, his commission struck her as a trifle vague.

"I can hardly believe he is deliberately untruthful——" she began.

"Put it like that! Put it like that!" cried the Major warmly. "That's the way to influence us—appeal to our higher nature!"

"But won't you even tell me what untruth he has told?" she pleaded.

"Murder will out," he an-

swered darkly, "and so probably will this."

With this cryptic forecast, he raised his hat and turned away. Then he turned back.

"By the way," he added, "remember I'm always at your service while Wyverne is away. Come and tell me at once if anything seems at all queer. I'm afraid I won't have much time to come up to the house. I have two men coming to-night to stay with me."

"Your brothers?" she asked hopefully (the Major had three brothers in the army and two in the navy—all very gallant gentlemen).

"No," he said hastily, "no such luck. Quite different fellows. Good-bye."

She thought his manner seemed stranger than ever as he made this last speech.

She got back to the house in time for tea. Sir Wyverne, as usual, was there, and as usual was politeness itself to the old lady. He and his secretary barely exchanged a word.

After dinner he sent for her to come to the study. She happened to be passing through the hall when she got the message, and so it was that she appeared a little sooner than she was probably expected,

"Oh!" exclaimed the baronet hurriedly, "I—er—just one moment!"

In each hand he held a plump little canvas bag, and as he spoke he turned away from her, put them on his desk and closed the top. She distinctly

heard a metallic clink as he set them down.

There had been a marked constraint in their bearing towards one another for the past two days—ever since the visit of Archibald, and this incident seemed on his part to increase it.

"I only just wanted to tell you," said he, "that I am leaving for Paris to-night."

"To-night!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—important business—a sudden call. I'm leaving rather quietly. Please give this note to my mother in the morning. It's to—er—explain things."

She took the note, and there was a moment of silence. It might have been the psychological moment for a tactful homily on truthfulness, as she realised afterwards; but at the time it was the last thing she thought of.

"Well, good-bye," said he; and they shook hands.

She had reached the door, when he spoke again.

"I should be greatly obliged if you would regard this—er—incident as confidential," he said, with his most engaging smile. "It sounds mysterious, but—do you mind?"

His smile was always charming, but to-night the thing that struck her about it was its reminiscent suggestion of somebody else. For an instant she was puzzled, and then she remembered, it was Archibald Fitz-Wyverne!

"Do you mean my coming to the study?"

"Yes—the whole thing. Just tell my mother I left the

note out for her. You see, I shall probably walk to the station and carry what I need in a handbag, and——” He broke off, and then added, “By the way, I think on the whole you *had* better say I saw you and that I told you this. Good-bye again.”

At this point the idea of the homily did strike Miss Demayne rather forcibly, but it was clearly not the most tactful moment.

Early hours was one of Lady Warrington-Browne's leading principles, and by half-past ten Joyce was in her room, and silence had fallen on the house. She was in no mood for sleep, and for a long time sat in a wicker chair before the fire thinking and wondering. The picture that persistently rose before her mind was of an opulent and respected baronet leaving his house on foot in the dead of night, equipped with a handbag for a visit to Paris.

The clock on her mantelpiece struck softly. She looked up and saw that it was half-past eleven, and then it occurred to her that the only night train for London, or for anywhere

else, passed through Sutherland Station (stopping if notice were given) at eleven-forty. So he must have left the house some time ago.

She sat thinking till twelve o'clock roused her again. He must be thundering through the night towards Paddington by now! She decided it was time to go to bed.

But still she felt restless, and after gazing absently at the dying fire, and then a little less absently at the mirror, she opened the window and gazed into the night. Dimly she could pick out one dark towering evergreen after another, till her eye fell on one which was not quite dark. There was a little spot of radiance on it, just bright enough to show it to be a yew.

She held her breath and followed the line of light across the lawn till she traced it to a window on the first floor. It was hard to be quite certain in the dark, but she was morally sure it was the window of Sir Wyverne's study. And then suddenly the light vanished.

“He has not gone after all!” she cried to herself.

CHAPTER XI.—THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

By 11 P.M. the peaceful town of Sutherland prepared for rest. The nightly promenade of youths and maidens ebbed till the old stones of the High Street were left almost bare. An economical person with a mysteriously efficient pole went round and

turned out every other lamp, and gradually the last lingerers took the hint, until at last down the darkened street the footfalls of the few passers-by began to ring out like a postman's raps. And then, more gradually, one bright blind after another

became a mere piece of the darkness.

In the oldest and narrowest part of the High Street, near the foot, a light still shone brightly in the glass over Major Peckenham's door, and in a chink between the curtains the blind of his ground-floor window glowed. Just before twelve o'clock the door opened and the Major himself appeared on the step, a spectacle calculated to delight the provincial eye. How many other people in Sutherbury dressed regularly for dinner was uncertain: some said one and some said two. Certainly no one else wore a frogged smoking coat with red silk lapels, or smoked quite such a good cigar.

Yet in spite of these advantages the Major seemed far from happy. He frowned into the darkness, up the street and down the street, and for five minutes more he frowned as he stood there intently listening. Midnight clanged on the town-hall clock. Then he closed his door and returned to his smoking-room fire and a glass of whisky-and-soda that stood on an oaken stool beside it. On the table was a tray with syphons, two glasses, and a decanter. Evidently his guests had not arrived; but evidently he still expected them.

"Can they be coming by train?" he said to himself. "If the 11.40 is late there's just a chance. Confound them!"

The night train was never much late, and by 12.15 it

was clear that no railway was bringing them.

"D——n them!" muttered the Major.

By half-past twelve the High Street of Sutherbury was desolate enough for a highway robbery. Not a foot-fall had broken the silence for twenty minutes, and, except Major Peckenham's, every house was dark. And then a step rang out. It was a deliberate and dogmatic step, and as its owner passed one of the surviving lamps his appearance answered exactly to the step. He seemed also of a cautious and discreet nature, for his felt hat was turned down to shade his face, and as he drew near the lower end of the street he paused and listened warily. In his hand he carried a small leather suitcase.

When he reached the Major's door he stopped, listened again, and then rattled the knocker.

The Major's red lapels and white shirt front appeared in the doorway.

"Is that you at last?" he demanded.

"The answer to the first part of your question is in the affirmative," replied the visitor with some asperity. "The last part I consider an unwarranted aspersion! I have arrived at the hour which I considered most advisable. You can shut the door."

The Major was still standing by the open door looking into the darkness of the High Street.

"Isn't the other fellow coming?" he asked.

"The answer to that is in the negative," replied his visitor, marching into the smoking-room and throwing his suit-case on the sofa, with an assurance that made his host's toes tingle.

"What has happened to him?"

"He left the house some time ago, but I take no interest in his movements, and would prefer not to discuss such an unsavoury subject."

"Left the house!" repeated the Major. "Do you mean Sutherbury Park?"

"Naturally," snapped his guest. "You are not an idiot, are you, Maurice?"

The Major started as though he had been shot. In fact, he had been shot at least twice in his career with much less apparent effect.

"I beg your pardon?" he gasped.

"Are you deaf?" said his guest tartly. "I spoke exceedingly distinctly."

"My name, Mr Harris, is Major Peckenham," replied the Major with extraordinary haughtiness.

Mr Harris looked at him critically and then at the tumbler on the oak stool.

"You are evidently drunk," he replied. "My name is Samuel, and yours is Maurice, and you are perfectly aware of those facts. Kindly get me a glass of milk and a biscuit."

Major Peckenham was usually very hospitable, but there were limits.

"My servants unfortunately

have gone to bed," he replied stiffly.

"Do you imagine I pay you five hundred pounds a year in order to obtain that information?" said Samuel sternly. "Get me what I asked you for."

The Major choked. Evidently this pestilential person was absolutely in Wyverne's confidence. Evidently, also, it had been arranged he should act this detestable farce. The most elementary discretion forbade offence being taken.

In silence he stalked out of the room, and in silence returned with a jug of milk and a box of biscuits. Samuel filled a tumbler and munched a Bath Oliver. Except for the munching (which was rather loud), there was silence for a few minutes. Gradually the Major calmed down.

"Best plan is to humour the brute," he said to himself philosophically.

Aloud he inquired—

"Then you've no idea what mischief your friend is up to?"

"He is not my friend," replied Samuel, "and since you are going to act as my agent, I may as well warn you that inaccuracy is one of my pet aversions."

The Major took a deep breath, and clenched his hands very tightly. By these means he was able to answer with outward calm.

"I mean Fitz Archibald or whatever he calls himself."

"He calls himself Archibald," corrected Samuel; "and as I said before, I neither know nor care where he went or what he

proposes to do. We have arranged to keep one another supplied with our addresses, so that I shall probably learn where he is in a day or two. But having driven the necessity for this elementary precaution into his idiotic head, I was only too thankful to be relieved of his society."

Again there was a pause, while Samuel munched another Bath Oliver.

"Tell me when you would like to go to bed," said the Major.

"May I inquire precisely why I should inform you?" demanded his guest through a mouthful of biscuit, which muffled without mellowing his voice.

All the reply the Major was capable of making on the spur of the moment was—

"It—it is usually done, I believe."

"I never heard a more unintelligent answer," replied Samuel. "When I am ready for bed I shall go."

He finished his biscuit in silence and then bent his searching gaze upon the tray.

"Do you indulge in alcoholic refreshment every night?" he inquired.

"Usually," said his host curtly.

"Usually?" repeated Samuel with an accurate man's scorn. "On an average per week, how often do you omit to poison yourself?"

"Never," said the Major.

"In that case you will soon become quite unfit to transact business for *me*," said Samuel.

"Have you tried any of the recognised drink cures?"

"No," said the Major.

"I shall give you one. A half-fuddled agent is unendurable."

"Look here——!" began the Major, and then checked himself. His position was extraordinarily delicate.

"Look where?" demanded Samuel.

Major Peckenham sprang up.

"Personally, I am going to bed," he said. "I had better show you your room."

"I know every room in this house as well as you. I took it for you. I presume I have got the bedroom opposite yours?"

The Major gasped. Certainly this fellow was extraordinarily well informed.

"Yes," he said.

Samuel rose also and poked up his suit-case.

"Good-night," said he; "we breakfast at seven."

"Nine," corrected his host.

"Seven," repeated the guest firmly. "I have come here to work, not to lie in bed."

"My servants only get up at seven."

"They will have to get up at five. I shall tell them so. Their room is the top back, I believe?"

He started for the door.

"You don't propose to tell them now!" exclaimed his host.

"I do."

The Major decided he must risk something.

"You will do nothing of the kind," he replied, planting him-

self in the doorway in front of his guest.

His shoulders were broad and his eye clearly meant business. Samuel looked at him dourly, but he reflected that he also might be placed in an awkward situation.

"I put this outburst down to intemperance," he said in a chilly voice. "See that it

doesn't happen again, Maurice. Inform your servants yourself of my wishes."

He and his bag went upstairs, and the Major heaved a sigh of relief.

"Rid of him for a few hours anyhow!" he said to himself. And then he thought of the morrow, and his face again fell.

CHAPTER XII.—THE FIRST LETTER.

"Please, your ladyship," announced Horrocks, "Sir Wyverne hasn't slept in the 'ouse!"

The two ladies were sitting at breakfast when this bomb was thrown. Joyce flushed, and the searching gaze of the Dowager did nothing to lower her colour. She had concluded so confidently that after all the baronet had changed his plans, that she had spoken no word of his intentions.

"Then he must have gone after all!" she exclaimed.

"Gone where?" his mother demanded.

"To Paris."

"When?"

"Last night."

"By motor-car?"

"No, he walked to the station."

"But his luggage?"

"He carried it in his hand."

For a moment Lady Warrington-Browne stared at her in silence. Then in a very dry voice she remarked—

"Ah! He confided in you this time."

"He asked me to tell you —" began Joyce.

"And why didn't you?"

"I thought I saw a light in the study window after the last train had gone."

"What an extraordinary reason for withholding this information from his mother!"

Joyce rose.

"He left a note for you," she said hurriedly; "I'll get it."

"I should hope so!" said the Dowager.

She returned with the note, and in silence Lady Warrington-Browne read it through.

"He says nothing about walking to the station at midnight with his luggage in his hand," she observed.

"Perhaps he decided on that later," suggested Joyce.

"I was not with him later," replied the Dowager icily, "but you apparently were. Did he give no explanation of his extraordinary step?"

"I never asked him for any."

"Ah! no doubt inquiry would be unnecessary."

This ambiguous remark was spoken calmly, but the Dowager's eye gleamed. She said nothing else till breakfast was

over, and then Joyce hurried to her room.

Opening the window, she put out her head and looked along the long garden front at the windows and then at the illuminated yew. Then she went into the garden and examined them from there. She admitted she might conceivably have made a mistake: she admitted she had been culpable to jump to a conclusion on such evidence alone; and yet she remained morally sure that that light had burned in Sir Wyverne's study, and then been extinguished after the night train had gone.

In the course of the morning she walked into Sutherbury to do some shopping, and there for the first time she heard rumours of Mr Fitz-Wyverne's exploits, and the scandal that was rapidly gathering like a snowball round his kinsman's name. The nervousness of Major Peckenham began to seem after all not so very extraordinary.

From the High Street her errands took her to the station, where she expected a parcel by train, and there a greeting from the stationmaster suddenly suggested an inquiry.

Beginning diplomatically with a few questions about trains to London in general, she arrived at the night express.

"Is it often stopped by signal?" she asked.

"Once or twice a week, Miss, as a general rule," said the stationmaster. "It was stopped last night, for instance."

"Oh!" said Joyce carelessly, "by Sir Wyverne, I suppose?"

"Sir Wyverne!" exclaimed the stationmaster. "He didn't go by train last night surely, did he?"

"He has gone away for a few days," said she evasively. "It just occurred to me it might be he."

The casual habits of the family at the Park seemed to surprise the stationmaster.

"It seems a bit odd, Miss, you shouldn't know," he remarked.

Joyce felt it was time she moved on, but she could not resist putting one question more.

"Who did stop the train last night?" she inquired.

"A young gentleman. Remarkable affable young gentleman he was too, Miss—quite one of the nuts, as they call 'em nowadays."

"Nobody from Sutherbury?"

"Oh no; I never saw him before; that I'm positive certain of."

"Well, good-morning," said Joyce.

As she walked back to the house, she wondered very hard indeed. She had the strongest suspicions who the young gentleman was, but what was one to think about the whole episode? The Major's state of mind seemed perfectly normal now.

She met the Dowager again at lunch, she met her at tea, she met her at dinner, and she sat with her for an hour in the drawing-room afterwards, and

as far as she could remember the old lady addressed only six remarks to her. But the vigilance of her hostile eye was never relaxed. Joyce was reminded of the stories of prisoners in solitary cells and eyes that watched them through peep-holes night and day.

After certain of Archibald's disclosures, she could not pretend to herself that the old lady's attitude was an unfathomable mystery. But this made the situation no more comfortable.

When she came to review the position over her bedroom fire at night, she saw only one ground for satisfaction, which was that she had clearly been right about the light in the study and the conclusion she drew from it. That Sir Wyverne had not gone away, but was concealed, for some mysterious reason, either in the house or in the neighbourhood, she felt positive.

In the morning she arrived first in the dining-room, and her theories received a new and violent shock. On the table, beside her place, lay a letter in the Baronet's handwriting, marked "Private," and with the London postmark exceptionally legible.

She took it to the window, and, with an eye on the door all the while, read this unexpected communication:—

HOTEL CHIC,
PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

DEAR MISS DEMAYNE,—Here I am in London after all! An important communication from

one of the most important party bugs has changed my plans, and if ever I needed my invaluable secretary, I need her now! Come up by the 5.12 train and meet me here. It's *most* important. Bring the usual note-books and pencils and things, also your smartest evening frock. My mission is social as well as political. Be *sure* you don't fail me!

The bug in question insists that my worthy mother is not to be told. I give you my authority to order the car when you want it and come away quietly. I shall probably require you for two or three nights. We shall have a strenuous time, but a politician must do his duty.—Yours sincerely,

WYVERNE WARRINGTON-BROWNE.

She had no more than time to read the letter and slip it into her pocket before the Dowager appeared, and a silent meal under a freezing eye began.

Walking thoughtfully in the park after breakfast, she re-read her employer's commands. They were very explicit, and there was no doubt about the handwriting, but there were disturbing features. Never before had she known the Baronet refer to his political advisers, or any one else, as "bugs." Never had she known him so lavish of points of exclamation. "My worthy mother"—"my invaluable secretary"—the underlined "*most*" and "*sure*"—"note-books and pencils and things"; all these were most unusual

features in a letter from Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne. The secrecy enjoined was also remarkable. Furthermore there was the extraordinary problem of how he had reached London, a conundrum on which the letter threw no light at all.

Nevertheless she was paid her wages by Sir Wyverne: it was his to command and hers merely to obey. His mother's

subsequent comments might very possibly be adverse, judging by her peculiar conduct lately, but Joyce had a high spirit, and she considered that the old lady had enjoyed in the course of a long life at least as much deference as she deserved. She resolved to do her duty by her employer—even down to the detail of her smartest frock.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE SECOND LETTER.

The Hotel Chic is Piccadilly's brightest beauty spot. Before it arrived, a mere building defaced the choicest site in that historic street. A magic wand was waved by four or five gifted brunette gentlemen, and lo! a Structure stood there instead. This structure was vast without and gorgeous within. The charges were fabulous, the food was dazzling and tasted quite pleasant, and the staff consisted of the entire reserve battalion of the 556th Bavarian Regiment, gorgeously appalled, and rapidly becoming too plump for their old uniforms.

To this choice resort potentates and notabilities of all nations and degrees of splendour thronged perpetually. There was no place in Europe where it was harder for beauty, diamonds, coronets, or even crowns, to create a new sensation, yet the feat was achieved in five minutes by a young man, who arrived with one handbag and a pair of rather too bright yellow boots.

"I say!" he cried in a ring-

ing cheerful voice, the moment he stepped into the hall, "I want to see the manager!"

"If you inquire at the office, sir——" began the charmingly polite official, in plum colour and gold.

"I shall interview him here," announced the youth. "Inform him that Mr Fitz-Wyverne has arrived."

He threw himself down in a chair, and while awaiting the manager, returned the gaze of the dozen or so potentates who happened to be in the hall with a smiling and confident eye. They tried to look as though they were quite accustomed to seeing Mr Fitz-Wyvernes, but without any success. The sensation had obviously begun.

When the manager appeared (a thing he only did as a rule when the more majestic royalties arrived), the young man addressed him from his chair with a mixture of authority and humour that increased the sensation at every word.

"Get me a motor-car," he commanded — "the best in

London. I shall probably want it for a week. See that the chauffeur is dark and rather stout. I wish his beauty to be a marked contrast to my own. It should be upholstered in green for choice. Have it round at the door in quarter of an hour."

Nothing was ever known to baffle the manager.

"Very good, sir," he replied smoothly, and a glance towards the office set a brilliant satellite to work on a telephone. The car was evidently on order.

"I also want two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a bathroom; the best you have. The second bedroom is for a lady. Her hair is dark, and her complexion pale; see that the flowers are appropriate."

"The flowers?" asked the manager.

"Order half a flower-bedful; the best, of course. Place a small diamond trinket upon her dressing-table."

"Have you got the trinket, sir?" inquired the manager.

"No; I thought I could trust you to supply the bare necessities of a lady's bedroom."

"Certainly; you can trust me, sir," said the manager with a slight smile at the grotesque idea of the Hotel Chic proving unable to deal with this elementary problem.

"Now," said the distinguished guest, rising, "I wish to visit my suite of apartments and get my boots calmed."

"Calmed, sir?" inquired the manager apologetically.

"Did you ever see such a

violent shade of old gold?" the young man said with a condescending yet infectious smile. "I want them chastened by your leading artist."

Mr Fitz-Wyverne vanished in the lift, and the notabilities in the hall breathed more freely. They felt that they had become somebodies again.

In quarter of an hour exactly a green upholstered Rolls-Royce stood at the door, with a stout dark expert at the wheel, and two minutes later the brilliant young stranger re-appeared from the lift. His boots were now of the chastest shade of brown and gleamed like jewels. Meanwhile notabilities had mysteriously drifted into the hall, till there was a considerable gathering to enjoy the spectacle of his departure. At the glass revolving door he turned and made them the most gracious and smiling bow conceivable. It was so irresistible that one Crown Prince, three Grand Dukes, five Peers, and seven millionaires bowed simultaneously to the courteous apparition.

"What a good beginning!" said Archibald to himself as he whirled away in his Rolls-Royce.

Sensations that morning were not confined to the Hotel Chic. The world-famous firm of tailors, Pond & Co., enjoyed another. A remarkably good-looking young gentleman walked in, inquired for the most responsible person in the establishment, and having secured the services of this functionary, gave his orders.

"I want an evening suit

and an overcoat by seven o'clock to-night, a tail coat and striped trousers by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and a suit of tweeds by to-morrow night."

"Unfortunately, sir, this is not a ready-made establishment," replied the responsible person, blandly but a little coldly.

"I suspected it!" smiled the handsome stranger. "In fact I want these things made by you to fit me. Now just kindly add up the prices and tell me the total. Don't bother me with the separate items."

The responsible person procured a sheet of paper and made a brief calculation.

"Fifty-four pounds, ten shillings," he announced, without visible emotion of any kind.

The young man plunged one hand into one trouser pocket and brought it out full of sovereigns. He plunged the other hand into the other trouser pocket with the same glittering result. He went through all his pockets and not one disappointed him. Then he arranged the sovereigns in rows on the table. Twelve rolls of tweed had to be removed before they were finally marshalled. All this time he made no remark, and in silence the entire staff and two customers watched the proceedings.

"Seventy-six pounds," he announced at last. "They are yours if I have those clothes at the times I mentioned."

"I shall see what can be done, sir," said the responsible person, blandly and warmly.

The same business-like methods produced several other sensations in the same select shopping region, and Archibald's luncheon of real turtle soup, grapes, and liqueur brandy (at fifteen shillings a glass), consumed in an easy-chair which he had specially brought into the dining-room, was also a decided success, especially when he was seen to drop a couple of sovereigns into the finger-bowl before leaving the table.

"No one has been disappointed in me yet," said Archibald to himself with excusable satisfaction.

And for the next twenty-four hours, no one who watched or assisted the career of Archibald was for one moment disappointed.

Soon after six o'clock on the second afternoon of his triumphal progress, the green upholstered car swept into Paddington Station, and the unqualified success strolled down the arrival platform of the Sutherland train. Ten minutes later he was eagerly scanning each first-class carriage as they slid more and more slowly past him. But it was not from one of these that a very smart and charming-looking young lady descended.

"Good heavens!" he cried with deep contrition. "Do you mean to say you actually came third class! I'm awfully sorry I didn't tell you——"

Miss Demayne's astonished eyes pulled him up, "just on the dashed brink" as he said to himself.

"You?" she cried, and there

seemed to be more disquiet than pleasure in her voice.

Archibald recalled the somewhat peculiar circumstances of his origin, and began again more cautiously.

"I ought to explain that my cousin has suddenly been called down to the country, and has asked me to look after you while he is away. By the way, I've got a note to you from him."

She took the note and read—

DEAR MISS DEMAYNE,—
Exceedingly sorry these sportsmen at the Whip's office are sending me down to York. Shall be back as soon as I possibly can. Meanwhile I leave you in Archie's hands. He is one of the steadiest, and you can safely trust him to do the honours of the Hotel Chic in my unavoidable absence.

Hoping you will have a cheery little holiday till I return.—Yours sincerely,

WYVERNE WARRINGTON-BROWNE.

It was undoubtedly a kind note, in fact it might even be called a thoughtful note, yet it left the same sensation of discomfort in Joyce's heart. Sir Wyverne's novel method of beginning his sentences without verb or pronoun; the allusion to the "sportsmen"; the devil-may-care atmosphere of the whole letter, distressed her. She began to hope very anxiously that no mental trouble was affecting the baronet.

On the other hand, its commands were quite explicit, and there was nothing actually un-

natural in the circumstances it disclosed.

"Very well," said she. "Have you secured a cab?"

"Cab!" cried Archie. "Just wait till you see it!"

She saw the green-upholstered car and the stout, dark chauffeur, and she was evidently impressed.

"Oh, you've brought your own car!" she said.

"Wyverne and I are splitting it," said Archie airily, as he handed her in.

He saw at once that he had made a mistake in disclaiming the sole ownership, and resolved that he would give the baronet no more credit than he could help for anything else. As a matter of fact, Joyce was wondering rather seriously why a man with three cars of his own should slip up to London with a suit-case and there split a new car with this light-hearted youth. It seemed superfluous.

She was very silent as they purred back to the hotel, but Archibald found himself enjoying the view of her profile so much that he was quite content to feast his eyes in comparative silence. That is to say, he stopped talking at least three or four times for nearly a minute on end.

The arrival of the lady whose voluptuous tastes demanded a bedroom full of flowers to match her complexion, and diamond trinkets on her dressing-table, naturally caused extreme interest at the Hotel Chic, and the wink with which Archibald found himself instinctively replying to the looks of curiosity, greatly enhanced the effect

of her entry. In fact, had the gay youth but known it, the manager was seriously wondering whether even the reputation of the Hotel Chic could stand the shock. Fortunately, before he could quite make up his mind, the handsome couple were safely in the lift.

"What beautiful flowers!" cried Joyce. "Do they put them in every room here?"

"I shall see that they put them in any room which has the luck to have you in it!" said Archibald.

As a plum-coloured attendant was at that moment engaged in unstrapping her trunk within a few feet of them, Joyce bit her lip and made no answer. Archibald thought that the act of biting her lip was positively divine—as Joyce did it.

"Whose is this?" she exclaimed, as she approached the dressing-table.

"Yours," said Archibald, picking up the trinket and preparing to fasten it to her dress.

She started back and glanced at the attendant.

"The lady wishes you to leave the room!" commanded Archibald with a princely gesture.

"Not till you have finished, please!" said Joyce hastily; but Archibald winked again, and the man discreetly took the hint.

"Who is this from?" she demanded.

"Me," said Archibald proudly.

"Please take it back."

Even the irrepressible Archibald was chilled.

"You mean you don't want it."

"No, thank you."

Archibald stepped to the window, opened it, and sent the trinket flying into space.

"That's the end of it," said he with a little break in his voice. "It won't trouble you any more, Joyce."

"But—but weren't they diamonds?" she cried, aghast.

"Only small ones."

Joyce looked at him with very mixed emotions in her eyes.

"You foolish boy!" she cried. "Run down and recover it at once before any one else picks it up!"

The kindness in her voice converted him on the instant into the smiling Archibald again.

"Then will you be getting ready to come out to dinner?"

"I suppose I must dine somewhere," she smiled, "and apparently Sir Wyverne wants me to dine with you."

"Confound Wyverne!" said Archibald to himself as he went to his own room. "Why need she lug him in?"

CHAPTER XIV.—A LITTLE DINNER.

"No longer Charles afraid is
When he meets the naughty ladies!"

warbled Archibald. The band popular melody, the champagne was bubbling in his

glass and in her glass, and the candle shades were pink. In fact, Archibald and Joyce were seeing life as life ought to be seen when life is life, so he assured her, and Joyce sipped her champagne and smiled.

At first she was a little quiet, Archibald thought, but no doubt it was only the traces of Girton before they evaporated under his genial influence—which they now seemed to be doing. Her host's habit of singing audibly snatches of all the airs he knew, and then calling the waiter at the end of the piece and sending him to the bandmaster with his congratulations and half a sovereign, combined with their good looks, attracted universal attention to their table; and to begin with this seemed to beget reserve rather than satisfaction. However, like the traces of Girton, it was now happily succumbing to the Archie cure.

The effect upon Archibald of her dark eyes with a smile in them, looking into his, and her voice with a laugh in it, answering kindly, was so intoxicating that even the band was forgotten, and in the midst of one of his favourite tunes he lowered his voice and cried—

"Joyce! You know I love you—do you love me?"

She neither blushed nor started, but simply continued to smile.

"Won't it do if I reverence you?" she asked.

"But, Joyce, I am serious!"

She shook her head.

"No, Archie," she said, "you

are very hospitable and nice and kind, but you are certainly not serious."

"I'm not serious in the bad sense," admitted Archibald, "but in the highest and best sense I am very serious."

"Wait till the band stops," she suggested, "and it will pass off quite naturally."

"You don't know what's really in me!" he protested.

"Oh yes, I do. I have seen you drink three glasses of it, and I am making every allowance."

"If you don't approve of me," said Archibald with scornful emphasis on the contemptible word, "why do you call me Archie?"

"I quite approve of you occasionally, and I call you Archie in honour of your birthday."

"My birthday!" exclaimed Archibald.

"You are just fifteen, aren't you?"

Archibald was the soul of good-nature, but he began to feel annoyed.

"Joyce," he said with some severity, "I really thought better of you. I never dreamt you were one of those girls who admire solid, leaden, clammy, indigestible, boresome virtues."

"Would you admire this duckling," she inquired, "if it only consisted of gravy?"

"Then I am a mere splash of gravy!"

"Splash is a very appropriate word, Archie—not too serious and just exactly what you do."

Archibald tried a very tender line.

"Joyce, dear," he said in a low voice, "I am quite serious enough to think of marrying. Don't you believe that?"

"Oh yes," she said, "and when you are grown up I expect some girl will marry you very quickly and easily—probably even before you mean to propose."

"You think I could be easily caught, do you?" he cried scornfully.

"If I wanted to marry you," said Joyce confidentially, "I should simply order the cake, send out the invitations, and then give you three glasses of champagne."

Archibald looked at her very hard, and a question began to form in his eyes.

"Well, what is it?" she laughed. "Are you wondering whether I've ordered the cake?"

"I was wondering," he said, "whether you really don't consider me a great improvement on Wyverne."

Joyce stopped laughing abruptly, and she in turn looked hard at him—though only for an instant.

"An improvement on Sir Wyverne! What an extraordinary question!"

"Tell me honestly."

She began to smile again. "If I thought you were serious——" she began.

"I am!" cried Archibald.

She shook her head.

"You can't be, Archie; so there's no use trying. You will find it a great strain, and be very dull while it lasts, and only feel disappointed when it's over."

"Dash it," said Archie, "I feel jolly well inclined to tell you the whole truth about me. I can tell you I would open your eyes! Only I'm afraid you wouldn't believe me."

"Probably not," she agreed.

"About me and Wyverne!" he added, nodding his fair head at her.

She seemed more interested.

"Well?" she asked.

"Look here," said Archie, "this is perfectly sickening! Whenever I mention Wyverne, you turn serious, and you simply laugh at me!"

"Archie," said Joyce kindly, "you really mustn't mistake your vocation. You are intended to cheer people up and amuse them and make them forget the serious side of life altogether. If you are quite sure that you can stand another glass of champagne, I don't mind your having one. Or you might have some chocolates instead. It is impossible to feel depressed while one is eating chocolates."

Archibald was silent for a moment. Then he cried—

"All right; we'll make a night of it!"

They did. When dinner was over they went to a box at the Empire for an hour, and then to a box at the Palace for an hour, and they wound up with an extremely pleasant supper.

"And now," said Archibald, when they arrived at last at their private sitting-room, "let's put out the lights and tell stories over the fire!"

"That's a very happy idea, Archie," said Joyce, "but unfortunately I'm not nearly robust enough to make any more of a night of it than we've done. Good-night!"

He protested, but in vain. The vision vanished, and Archibald was left disconsolate.

"Dash it!" said he to himself, "that isn't going to be the last word! I'm not going

to be cut out by a rotten edition of my own self. If she cares twopence for Wyverne, she ought to care a fiver for me! I'll make her, too."

The discovery that she had left her opera-cloak behind gave him a moment of reminiscent ecstasy. Then he brought out a very handsome despatch-case (one of his recent purchases), and with a deliberate smile unlocked it.

CHAPTER XV.—THE THIRD LETTER.

The delicious habit of sitting in front of a bedroom fire, gradually making up one's mind it is time to begin undressing, is one of the greatest luxuries of a thoroughly civilised life. The training of Joyce's somewhat austere youth decidedly discouraged the custom, but Sutherbury Park had been demoralising and the Hotel Chic was fatal.

She sat in a puzzled smiling mood for quite a long time, and it was when she roused herself that she first missed her opera-cloak. The hour was very late, and she presumed Archibald would have gone to bed, since he seemed the last person to muse in silence and his own society, so she went quietly back to the sitting-room and very gently opened the door. And then she stood on the threshold spellbound.

The lights were still on, and there with his back to her sat Archibald writing. Beside him on the table was a little canvas bag, exactly like the fat little bags which elinked

when Sir Wyverne set them down; only this bag was collapsed and evidently nearly empty. Archibald apparently meant to replenish it, for he was just finishing the writing of a cheque. Even as her eyes fell on him, he raised the book to tear out the cheque, and she saw the handwriting quite distinctly.

With a horrified face she came into the room, and closed the door behind her. Archibald turned with a start, and for a moment they looked at one another. To her bewilderment there was no sign of guilt on his face, but merely a quick look of surprise and then a gay smile of welcome.

"Hullo!" he cried cheerfully.

"Let me see that cheque!" she demanded.

"This cheque?" he asked in surprise, and then his face suddenly changed, as though at last he realised what he had been caught at.

"Forging a cheque!" she cried. "Oh, Archie!"

It was a cheque for a hun-

dred pounds on Sir Wyverne's account, made payable to Archibald Fitz-Wyverne and signed by Wyverne Warrington-Browne; and the ink of the signature was still wet.

"It does almost look like it," he admitted.

"Is that all you have to say?"

Archibald made a great mental effort.

"What do you people say in books?" he said, gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling. "I remember! 'Oh, my God!' No, by the way, that's what you ought to say. Ah, I have it! 'Spare my innocent babes their father's shame!'"

"Did you mean to use this cheque?" she asked quietly.

"I do mean to."

"Not this one," she answered, picking it up and throwing it in the fire. "Now give me the cheque-book."

"But, hang it!" cried Archibald, "look at this bag! It's almost empty, and I very soon won't have a bob in the world unless I oash a cheque!"

"Give me the cheque-book," repeated Joyce.

"I say, Joyce——" he began.

She went to the bell.

"Very well, if you won't, I'm very sorry, but I'll have to tell the manager."

"Upon my word, this is deuced high-handed," said Archibald, "especially after you've been eating my chocolates!"

"I am in Sir Wyverne's employment," replied Joyce, "and I find his cheque-book in the possession of somebody else, who is using it to forge

Sir Wyverne's name and draw on his account. Do you really think I am going to leave it with you? Come, give it to me."

"But if I do, I'll be absolutely bust! I can't pay for these rooms or anything!"

"That's an idea which *might* have struck you sooner. And in any case, I really can't help it."

"Joyce, dear, don't you care for me enough to wish to see me remain in affluent circumstances?" he asked in a beseeching voice. "Even the most Platonic friend ought to have that feeling!"

"Have you no sense of shame?" she cried.

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," said Archie. "In fact, it's really Wyverne who ought to feel ashamed. He gave me this wretched little bag of money, quite misunderstanding my habits, and then his better nature added the cheque-book when it realised how absurdly stingy he had been."

"Do you mean to tell me he *knows* you have this cheque-book?"

"Certainly."

"And allows you to use it?"

"Of course."

His face was so open and his voice so calm and assured that for an instant she doubted what to think. Then her eye fell on something else lying on the table. She took a quick step forward.

"This is a letter to me from Sir Wyverne!" she exclaimed, picking it up.

"I say, one moment!" said Archibald. "That letter will

only complicate the situation. Don't trouble to read it, Joyce."

But she had already troubled. It ran—

DEAR MISS DEMAYNE,—Have just been entrusted with a most delicate mission to His Royal Highness the Prince of Monaco. It is very confidential, so I need only say now that it's in connection with the naval defences of his empire. Have just looked in at Hotel Chic, but found you had gone to bed, so I leave everything in Archibald's hands. To-morrow morning he will escort you to join me at Monte Carlo (where, as perhaps you know, the Prince lives).

Glad to hear you had a pleasant little dinner with A. I assure you he is one of the best.—Yours in haste,

WYVERNE WARRINGTON-BROWNE.

For a moment Joyce stared at this curious letter in extreme bewilderment. And then the truth flashed upon her.

"You forged this too!" she cried.

"Don't say 'forged,' please," said Archibald. "It's a horrid word. I wrote it, if that's what you mean."

More and more light began to break on her.

"And the other two letters—oh, I know the whole truth about you now without your troubling to tell me! I presume you *wrote* those also?" she demanded, with a scornful emphasis that made the word even more unpleasant than "forged."

"Look here," said Archibald plaintively, "you put me in the deuce of a hole. If I say I did you'll get shirtier than ever; and if I say I didn't, there's not an outside chance of your believing me. I'm ready to lie with any if there's even a sporting chance of it's coming off, but what's the use when you know I write exactly the same hand as Wyverne? This is my notion of a tragedy, if you ask me."

"It's my notion of a very dishonourable swindle," said Joyce.

"What beastly words you use!" complained Archie. "It almost seems as if you were deliberately trying to annoy me."

"I am trying to make you realise what you have done. You admit yourself that Sir Wyverne gave you that bag full of money; and I know he did, because I saw it in his hand. And in return for his kindness—oh, can't you really see what a mean, contemptible——"

"Don't!" interrupted Archibald. "You'll make me cry if your voice begins to quiver like that. And you said yourself that seriousness doesn't suit me. I assure you, on my word of honour, Joyce, that when you next see Wyverne and ask him, he will tell you that I had full permission to write those notes, and take these rooms, and make any use of his cheque-book I liked."

"And imitate his handwriting?"

"I can't *help* that! It's our family hand. It takes me all

my time to fake another signature. I assure you it was quite a problem how I was going to make my endorsement look natural. In fact, if I keep out of the hands of the police, even without your giving me away, I'll deserve a jolly lot more credit than you seem to realise. Let me tell you that, Joyce!"

"If Sir Wyverne ever attempts to justify your conduct," said Joyce with deep conviction, "I shall think a very, very great deal less of him than I've thought before."

"Now, there you are!" cried Archibald gloomily. "You are going to put Wyverne in a hole next."

"Oh woman! In our hours of dinner
You positively seem a winner,
But when——"

This well-known and happily selected quotation was interrupted remorselessly.

"Give me that cheque-book?" she demanded.

"But look here——"

At that point she took it out of his hand, and turned for the door.

"Joyce!" he cried in tender accents, springing up and following her.

The door opened, and then was shut in his face.

"Lost my best girl!" said Archibald bitterly, "and financial ruin stares me in the face! And all because of the ridiculous value people set on quite the wrong qualities."

He examined the collapsed canvas bag.

"After all, one can do a lot of busting on tick," he reflected more cheerfully. "And what is one blooming girl that one should feel gloomy about losing her? Besides, I've no doubt she'll take a more humorous view of things in the morning. Joyce is a ripper!"

But in the morning Joyce had gone; by an early train, the disconsolate Mr Fitz-Wyverne was informed.

(To be continued.)

THE GULF OF ALEXANDRETTA.

BY W. J. C.

COME along the Aleppo Road and cross the Amanus Mountains by Beilan Pass, and you will be likely to stop and long consider the view which opens at Beilan Village. For the village is just below the top of the pass, on its seaward side, and thence you look down into the blue Gulf of Alexandretta, and beyond to Cilicia, and in the south-west to the horizon of the Mediterranean. But before halting you should go a little farther than the village, and also pass through the short rock-cutting in which the road is carried. Having done so you may chose your own point of vantage, and be led to climb up the mountain spur on the right and so make the view include the whole of the Gulf to its northern end. On a clear morning in spring you will find that time spent here passes more quickly than you think.

Maybe you have traversed the country all round the Gulf; followed the Bagdad Railway for many hundred miles; watched its progress; have been the guest of those engaged in building it; and in one way and another realised the inward purpose of it all. If so, you look from Beilan Pass with the greater interest. For here, before you, in one wide comprehensive view to be grasped by eye and mind, and appealing to the imagin-

ation, is the heart of the whole scheme. And knowing this you turn instinctively towards the south-west, and scan the horizon of the Mediterranean closely, hoping to see the dim island of Cyprus which covers the entrance to the Gulf, and was occupied by your country in a flash of unconscious pre-science many years ago. Cyprus cannot be seen from this point, because a great brown and green spur of Ahmar Dag intervenes; but you know it is there, and are glad. Of some such nature as this must have been the thoughts of any English traveller who looked from the seaward slope of Amanus a year or so before the war.

This gulf of deep blue water below you stretches northward from Beilan about twenty-five miles. From its entrance between Karatash Burun and Jebel Khansir it runs inland for nearly fifty miles; and its width is an even twenty. On examining the scene in detail the eye follows first the narrow strip of coastal plain lying along the foot of Amanus, and going north till it turns at the head of the Gulf. There the view is bounded by low blue hills. Beyond them, only three hours' walking from the coast-line, is the castle of Toprak Kale; and not two miles inland from that point is the Bagdad Railway. Pass-

ing round to the north-west the hills rise a little, but are scarcely more than a thousand feet. And then, still following the coast, the eye comes to the little town of Ayas, and the delta of the Jihun, and the harbour known as Ayas Bay, and can see the white sails of vessels coming or going from the port. West of Ayas Bay the land sinks to the Cilician plain, and the coast becomes a low blue line which fades into the horizon.

But from north all the way round to west beyond the hills and plain, and showing clear above them, are the summits of snow-covered mountains—Doloman Dagh and the serrated peaks of Ala Dagh, going away towards Kaisariyeh, and next the long level barrier of Taurus, which shows like a white cloud above the sea far south of any visible coast-line. Between you and this mountain wall is enclosed the Cilician plain, a hundred and fifty miles in length and sometimes fifty in width; you see all its boundaries, and may speculate upon the historical scenes which lie within the range of vision. Darius and Cyrus marched on this plain, so did Alexander and Cæsar and Pompey, and Byzantines and Arabs and Crusaders and the hosts of Timur. Tarsus of St Paul lies in the extreme west, and a little north of its position, in the long wall of Taurus, is the Cilician Gates Pass, the most famous pass in the world. Due north of you, going through the low hills, is the narrow passage called now

the Iron Gate, which leads up to Toprak Castle. The Iron Gate, too, has its share in history, and is not likely to be forgotten. For through it came Alexander, with the Persians and Darius two days' march behind; and by it came both to the battlefield of Issus, which is that shadowy strip of plain in the north between sea and mountains.

You may recall, too, that where you stand you are on the route followed by Alexander just before the battle. Up this road as far as Beilan Pass came his Macedonians making for Syria. Somewhere here news reached the King that Darius was in his rear, and then filing down to the coast through the Iron Gate. You read that at this news Alexander countermarched his army after dark, and reached the plain of Issus the same night—the same shelving mile-wide plain you can now dimly see. There, between mountain and sea, with no space for numbers to deploy, you may think of a vast Persian column held up and defeated by a Macedonian line.

But after recalling these ancient scenes you come to a time when the name of this gulf—called then the Gulf of Scanderoon—was more familiar in your own country than it is now. To it came many of your merchant ships in the romantic days of commerce. Down at the little port of Scanderoon—called now Alexandretta—was a post of the British Levant Company. There your countrymen lived and

died as factors and merchants, —you may see their seventeenth and eighteenth century graves now, bearing English names, in a little forsaken cemetery. For Scanderoon was the port of Aleppo and a wide country; and over this Beilan Pass came and went the goods that kept busy a larger and more important English post at Aleppo itself, a hundred miles inland. You may even hear it told, as a local opinion, that in the early days of the post Shakespeare was there in the service of the Levant Company.

If you ever had the good fortune to fall in with old books of the time you will have gathered many picturesque details of this early commerce in the glamorous Levant. You may have read, for instance, how the ship *Thames*, Captain Willoughby Marchant, on the voyage to Scanderoon, took *L'Invincible* of Marseilles, and in the roadstead took also, as inconsiderable trifles, the *St Francis* and *St Jean L'Evangeliste*. And how, while lying there unloading her cargo, she got wind of a great French ship due from Marseilles, and "loaded with cloth to the value of fifty thousand pounds." And how the *Thames* put out and intercepted this rich ship, and after a smart action captured her likewise; but found that the cloth was under a Turkish "manifesto," and therefore, by the rules of the game, secure against British seizure. You may read also how this manifesto was a false one, and how the "Aga of Scanderoon" and

"Bashaw of Aleppo" had indulged in double-dealing, to the disadvantage of honest British merchants and seamen. Of how, having regard to this scandalous duplicity which robbed British subjects of their just opportunities at sea, the cry was raised that the British Government was neglecting the rights of the Levant trade, and that strong action was required. Familiar also, and as it might be of the present day, is the complaint made at the same time that Turkish officials "gaped for dues to their own advantage." All which adventures and grievances are set out under date of 1746.

So also you may read of a very worthy and likeable Scottish gentleman, Alexander Drummond of Kilwinning, who, on a hot day in July of the same year, came riding up Beilan Pass intending for Aleppo. He was a man of inquiring mind, facile with his pencil, and fond of sketching, and still more of measuring everything precisely. He illustrated his book, and looking through it you find he had a liking for showing overhanging crags. No illustrator ever made such demands in this respect upon the credibility of his public. Let him sketch a mountain, and at top he projects a cantilever of rock into the air and places a chapel at its farthest overhanging extremity. Any one looking in these days at some of the crags so formed in Drummond's time is able to affirm that the overhanging rocks and chapels must have since fallen down. This,

however, is by the way. Our Scottish wanderer found that Beilan village "exhibited the most romantic appearance" he ever beheld. Having said so much in compliment, he goes on to remark that the village is peopled by a robber clan of highlanders known as Gurdins, "a society of thieves and banditti." And then he comments dangerously—

"I hope, notwithstanding the affinity of sounds, that we do not owe to this stock a certain powerful clan of our own country."

It was the custom of these Gurdins to levy toll of all who came to Beilan. By way of further exercising their rights, they had recently stripped a passing French consul of all his belongings, an outrage for which there was no redress. The only safeguard was for travellers to go over the pass in company, and so make up a party strong enough to protect themselves. Drummond accordingly took this course and passed in safety, counting camels as he went, "of which were two hundred and seventy in one caravan," and "several thousands on the road."

Three days later he was at Jebel Bereket, one day's journey this side of Aleppo, where he fell in with the pillar of St Simon Stylites, and was moved to strong comment.

"This aerial martyr!" he exclaims . . . "this Saint Wronghead . . . mounted a short pillar where he resided seven years chained by the neck. . . ." However, Drummond spent a day sketching

the pillar—or pillars—and the chapel and catacombs.

Elsewhere Drummond records a curious and illuminating custom followed at Scanderoon. Just as he was leaving for Aleppo an official, sent by the Aga, demanded seven and a half piastres before he could be allowed to mount a horse. Indignantly asking what was meant by this imposition, he learnt that it was a special tax upon the English, and had been levied during many years at their own suggestion, and for a very definite purpose. It was to prevent idleness on the part of English sailors, who, it seems, were more fond of riding up to Beilan than of sweating in ships' holds a-stowing of their masters' goods.

"A most scandalous indulto!" cries Drummond. "Infamy ought to disgrace the memory of those who were first guilty of such base condescension."

But you must not spend too much time recalling Alexander Drummond and the times of 1745, though much more might be remembered. Skip over ninety years and you have other scenes in Beilan Pass and Alexandretta. Now the great Egyptian Ibrahim Pasha claims a word or two. He seized Alexandretta, and pushing his army up to the pass, stormed it in the teeth of a considerable Turkish force. During the whole period of the Egyptian Occupation—a very curious chapter of Turkish and Egyptian history—Alexandretta knew more prosperity than it had seen before. Wherever Ibrahim Pasha went there he

made improvements, and trade and good times followed. In this manner he is still remembered at Alexandretta.

Looking from Beilan, an English traveller may also recall the fact that certain far-seeing countrymen of his proposed Alexandretta as the starting-point for a railway to India. It was to come up the narrow Beilan gorge on your left, pierce the mountain with a tunnel, and thence go by Aleppo.

That was an earlier scheme than the one which has been brought so near completion by German enterprise, with a veiled purpose in view. We may now regard the great scheme of the Germans as wrecked, and that their railway will be turned to other ends than those they had in view. But it was a great and very far-reaching project. How great and far-reaching you will learn better on seeing Alexandretta town and considering what was in progress there.

A beautiful stretch of country extends from Beilan to the sea-shore. The road winds over a space of undulating falling country, and goes among fields and roadside trees, and as it descends yet lower takes you among carob-trees and hedges of aloes. The grass is green at this time of year. There are spring flowers. The air is wonderfully soft and balmy. And above you rises the five or six thousand feet of Amanus, rugged and steep to the sea, showing scrub and wood and rock. At its foot, with date-palms here and there, is a

little plain a mile or more in width, and next comes the Mediterranean. The level road, long and straight and dusty, follows the plain, passes marshes and springs, and at last enters Alexandretta.

Some people call it a wretched hole, but not so does one who has seen other Turkish towns long enough to have grown accustomed to their peculiarities. To him Alexandretta seems rather a pleasant, bright little place, much better than report. It has even a sort of colonial look—widish streets, low buildings, with plenty of space around them, and Australian blue gum and red gum trees here and there, and even some blossoming young black wattle of the same country. And yet you also come upon other aspects which seem to be Egyptian and due to the influence of Ibrahim Pasha. See a low cottage or hut, with a few aloes around it, and all sheltered from the hot white sunlight by tall date-palms, and you find it quite African and un-Turkish, and also very charming.

The town is called unhealthy. It is a place of mosquitoes and malaria, owing to the marshes between it and the mountains. But when Ibrahim Pasha made it his chief Syrian port, he cut a canal, drained the swamps, and malaria and mosquitoes disappeared. The canal has not been maintained, and mosquitoes and fever have returned. But there is no other reason why the town should not be a healthy one. It has a good situation, and abundance

of excellent water which breaks out from the foot of Amanus, and the mountains a couple of miles away are very picturesque. And though nature has not made a harbour here, she has gone a good way towards one. For just at Alexandretta the coast-line coming down from the north sweeps sharply towards the west for two or three miles, and encloses a bay, sheltered from any direct swell from the Mediterranean, but affected by the range of such seas. It is also open to any sea which gets up in the thirty-mile extent of the gulf itself. The building of a breakwater, however, presents no difficulty. It would have to resist no great weight of wave; shingle and rock are in abundance; and there is sufficiently deep water close inshore. All that is needed to make a fine port is to construct a snug small harbour within a gulf which is too large to be a harbour itself. The bay was surveyed and plans made for a harbour by German engineers. Then a concession was obtained by a German Syndicate enabling it to construct and work the new port, and construction had been in progress for more than a year before war broke out and presumably stopped operations. The town was also linked with the Bagdad Railway by a branch line following the plain of Issus, and going through the Iron Gate to a junction at Toprak Kale.

Now, on the face of things, all this development of Alexandretta seems very natural and admirable, and highly sat-

isfactory for the Ottoman Empire. It is all these things and much more. It is also an intelligent preparation for the fulfilment of the great scheme of a Germanised Turkey-in-Asia. To understand the enormous importance of Alexandretta, or to speak more accurately, of the Gulf, you must look ten or twenty years ahead and consider Turkey-in-Asia as a whole. Assume it to be fairly well supplied with railways; various ports to have been made, and joined by railway lines with the districts which they naturally serve. So doing you find that about two-thirds of Asia Minor proper is served by ten ports—Trebizond, Samsoun, Constantinople, Ismid, Mudania, Chanak, Aivali, Smyrna, Adalia, and perhaps Selefke. Mersina may be left out of this count, for it is at best an artificial creation. It is a mere open roadstead in shallow water, where vessels have to be two or three miles out. Its present importance is largely due to old caravan routes and the limitations of road traffic; and railways and another port for the Cilician plain will eventually reduce its value. But for the great territory of south-eastern Anatolia, Northern Syria, and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, there are, owing to the configuration of land and water, only two conceivable outlets. One of these is on the Persian Gulf, the other is on the Gulf of Alexandretta.

Looking ahead, we may suppose the Tigris and Euphrates made navigable for barge traffic

to a considerable distance upstream. By this means the Persian Gulf outlet will serve perhaps greater territory than the Mediterranean outlet. But when allowance is made for this advantage there remains about 100,000 square miles of country, much of it the richest in the Turkish Empire, for which a port on the Gulf of Alexandretta will be the outlet, and have no rival. This area will begin west of the Taurus mountains; it will extend north of Kaisariyeh; it will include all the Cilician plain; it will pass east through Kharput almost to Lake Van, include the Diarbekr region, take in part of Mesopotamia, and extend south of Aleppo. And it must be borne in mind that for reaching European ports the Gulf of Alexandretta gives a shorter voyage than from the Persian Gulf by nearly 4000 miles, and also saves the canal dues.

You see something of the importance of the Alexandretta Gulf port on the map; but you do not see nearly all of it so. You need to be familiar with the country in order to understand the future of this north-eastern end of the Mediterranean. You need to have seen the agricultural possibilities of the Cilician Plain; of the Central parts of Anatolia; to have travelled in Northern Syria and seen wheat going to the horizon like prairie grass. You also need to realise what mineral riches are awaiting scientific mining and means of conveyance. There are copper deposits near Kharput and

Diarbekr equal to any in the world. In the mountains of Albistan peasants bring lumps of lead ore and lumps of magnetic iron and tell you what masses these samples have come from. From a mineralogist's point of view it is an almost unknown country.

For all this great region, rich in minerals, richer still in the possibilities of grain of all kinds, of cotton and sugar and fruit, the port most centrally placed can be only on the Gulf of Alexandretta. In the past there has been debate where this port should be. Some considered Ayas, on the western side of the Gulf, as the best and most natural site. The Bay of Ayas is a harbour; but it also requires some artificial protection, and is on the wrong side of the Gulf, for the greater territory to be served lies on the east. The Germans investigated the claims of Ayas, and decided for Alexandretta, and one supposes that now this matter is settled for all time. For the time being, until the political side of the German Asiatic Scheme had been cleared up, they were content to connect Alexandretta to the Bagdad Railway with a branch line.

"In time to come," said a German official in Cilicia to the writer once, "no doubt, we shall take the railway under the Beilan Pass." He was speaking without boasting—looking ahead to the completed scheme and a network of railways. He had no doubt about the future of Alexandretta. It was to be a very

great port indeed—always well in the future. He called it, too, the western port of Mesopotamia.

Still looking ahead we may count upon a railway to India; we may hope to entrain at Charing Cross and travel by rail the whole distance to Calcutta. That railway will pass along the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta. To this extent, and for whatever value the line may have, the Power which holds the port of Alexandretta will control also the Mediterranean end of the line, and will control rail transit between Europe and India. If at the present time the Gulf of Alexandretta is the most vital spot in the Turkish Empire outside the capital, not less but more so will it be a vital point in any conceivable new order of things which shall follow the war. And its importance will increase with every year. You cannot well overestimate what that importance will eventually become, if you consider the commercial and other developments likely to take place in the future between the *Ægean* and the Persian Gulf. Call Alexandretta of the future one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest seaport, on the Mediterranean, and you still will not have estimated its full possibilities. You may in any case be glad that Cyprus continues a British possession.

There remains a little to be said yet on the picturesque side of Alexandretta and the Gulf.

Two miles south of the town
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you find an old octagonal stone structure built by Geoffrey de Bouillon. It and the ruins of a castle said to have been built by Scanderbeg the Albanian hero are the only old architectural remains anywhere near the town. Geoffrey de Bouillon's castle is merely an enclosure with enormously thick walls only 12 feet high, and 120 yards of internal diameter. It has or had a small circular bastion on each of its eight sides. As a later use it enclosed an orchard. Near to the castle is one of the splendid springs which break out at the foot of the mountains and cause the marshes. Tradition calls it Jacob's Well, and asserts that here he watered his flocks; and in the confident way of tradition, adds various details of how he sheltered from the sun in a cave near by.

Six or eight miles north of the town, on the narrow coastal plain, is the scene of yet another tradition. It is a characteristic of the country that anywhere you are liable to be brought to a standstill by local claim to have been the setting of some familiar old story or legend. As little expected as any such claim is the one made for this spot. Here, and nowhere else, it is said, Jonah landed from the whale, and for sufficient evidence here are Jonah's Pillars to this day. There are indeed a few stones, remains of an ancient structure of some kind; but the tradition which connects Jonah and this spot is called older still. Jonah's Pillar has

now become a place-name and got into the maps, and therefore seems sure of remembrance indefinitely.

Five miles beyond the Pillar is the town of Piyas, a little port with a curious history. It has an old castle which up to a century ago was the stronghold of dere-beys who had made themselves almost independent. Under their rule Piyas became a thriving place of business, and for some obscure reason—one of the many curious examples of Mediterranean commerce—carried on a large traffic with Damietta. Much French shipping took part in this trade. You may read of English merchant ships at Alexandretta capturing French vessels trading between Piyas and Damietta, as if the opportunity for so doing was one of the reasons why they went to Alexandretta. The dere-beys of Piyas attacked whom they chose without paying much attention to commands from Constantinople. They seized and imprisoned Europeans, and once went so far

as to capture and hold to ransom the Dutch consul at Aleppo.

A hundred years ago the Turkish Government had to take this turbulent little place in hand, and send a squadron which made an end of Piyas and its trade. Piyas stands in the plain of Issus, on which Alexander and Darius fought their battle. Authorities cannot agree just where the clash took place, and differ to the extent of fifteen miles or more. But it happened somewhere on this portion of the coast plain, and the traveller who does not demand painful accuracy in such matters may decide for himself.

He may even agree with the natives of Dört Yöl that it was fought where now grow the beautiful orange groves of that little town—whose oranges are famous and exported by the million—and that to the battle-field is due the excellence of the fruit. Fifteen miles further on is the head of the Gulf at the Iron Gate. And another fifteen miles carries you well across the Bagdad Railway line.

WOUNDED AND A PRISONER OF WAR.

BY AN EXCHANGED OFFICER.

I.

"*EN haut! Montez au numéro sept,*" shouted a shrill female voice; "*c'est un officier, il faut le mettre au numéro sept.*"

And so I became No. 7, Hôpital Civil, Cambrai. My room was a small one on the first floor; the furniture consisted of two beds and two iron stands. The floor was polished, the walls painted a dull brown, the door of iron, with upper panel of glazed glass. It was some time before these surroundings presented themselves to my view. At least forty-eight hours I remained without much consciousness, thankful in my lucid intervals that the jolting of the cart which brought me the eight miles from Caudry had ceased, thankful for the soft bed and the quiet cool room.

I wonder if Dr D. remembers his first visit to me as well as I do. My memory of all that happened during these days is very clear.

I could not yet see faces, to me nurse and doctor were different coloured shadows, yet I remember well the nurse whispering to the doctor, "He is very bad," and the doctor answering, "*Oui! mais je crois qu'il va s'en tirer.*" I do not remember exactly when I began to recognise faces and first began to try and speak. They

told me later, but at the time I did not realise that the words came singly and with great difficulty, as if the language was unfamiliar.

My powers of speech were stimulated by a visit from Madame la Directrice of the hospital, who came to my bedside speaking with weird gestures in a strange tongue. It occurred to me that she might perhaps be trying to speak English, and so I addressed her slowly as follows: "*Mettez vous bien dans la tête, Madame, que je parle le Français aussi bien que vous.*" After that day no one in the hospital made any further attempt to practise English at my bedside.

The adjoining bed was occupied for a short time by a French Colonel, who had been shot through both thighs and seemed in great pain. The whole night long he kept up a constant groaning, with intermittent exclamation in a loud voice, "*Je suis dans des souffrances atroces.*" These Marseillais are a most talkative race. This one was also very deaf.

Attempts at conversation with me were hopeless, as he could not hear my whisper. However, he consoled himself by talking to himself about himself most of the night.

When the nurse came in

next morning she paid no attention to the old Colonel, whose wounds, although severe, were not dangerous, but after taking my temperature she looked anxiously at the thermometer.

My temperature was up two points!

That morning the Colonel was removed to another part of the hospital.

As the window of my room could not be opened, I was taken into an exactly similar room on the opposite side of the corridor. This was a pleasanter room than the other, it got the morning sun, and the window opened on to the kitchen garden. Shortly after moving into this room two visitors came to see me. One was M. le Medicin Chef, who was afterwards imprisoned at the Hôpital 106. At this time, however, he was allowed by the Germans to visit the hospitals. I was quite unable to speak the day he came to see me, but was able to recognise and wonder at the French uniform.

My other visitor was a German officer. I can only vaguely remember that he was tall, well-built, and I think wore a beard. He spoke English fluently, and said that he used often to visit Cairo many years ago, when one of the battalions of my regiment was stationed there. I asked him if he would send news of me to England. He sat down by my bed, and put my name and regiment down in his note-book.

The post-card he sent, which reached the War Office

via Geneva, was signed von Schwerin. It may seem a small thing to be grateful for, but the sending of that p.c. was a very hard favour to obtain and a very great favour to be granted.

During the first few months of the German occupation of Cambrai no messages or letters were allowed to leave the district, and the severest penalties were imposed on those who were caught attempting to get letters out of the country. It was said that two German officers were sent home in disgrace for writing to Geneva on behalf of a wounded prisoner.

On September 15 a French Red Cross nurse came in to see me at 10 o'clock in the evening. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, dressed in a large heavy coat. After asking my name, she said she had a letter to give me from an officer of my regiment.

The letter, written in pencil, on a page from an exercise book, was as follows:—

CAUDRY HOSPITAL.

MY DEAR M.,—So glad to hear you are going on all right, as I heard you had a bad wound in the head, which sounded serious. I saw a priest a few days ago who told me there was an officer of my regiment at Cambrai, and I presumed it must be you.

I also heard you were brought to the hospital the day I was brought in, but had left by the time I got here.

I hear our regiment was captured *en bloc* at Bertry;

they marched slap into the Germans in the dark, so we may be better off where we are. I hear M., M., and L. were killed the day we got wounded.

We are very well done here; it is rather an amateur show but every one does what they can for us. I got a bullet across my scalp, but it is nearly healed now, and I am up and about. I expect the — Btt. must be in the country by now somewhere, but I don't know.

I hope this finds you in good spirits. I think we may hope to be relieved soon. Best luck. —Yours ever,

A. A. D.

A nurse from Cambrai is here who has kindly volunteered to take this back with her.

The nurse told me that she was returning to Caudry next day and would take back an answer. She also added that my friend hoped to escape.

Next morning I was able to scrawl two or three lines, holding a pencil in the right hand and pushing it along with the left.

Major D. succeeded in getting away from Caudry, and after many adventures crossed safely over the Dutch frontier.

During the first month of my stay in the hospital, with a French surgeon, French nurses, and French soldier orderlies, there was little to remind me of the fact that I was a prisoner of war.

No one in the hospital believed that the Germans would remain at Cambrai for more than a few weeks. The

arrival of the French troops was expected and hoped for from day to day.

Optimists declared that in a week the city would be delivered, and only the most pessimistic put off the joyful day to the end of September.

The prevailing belief that the Germans would soon be driven out of the country was strengthened by the vague reports of disaster to the German arms which were current in Cambrai after the battle of the Marne.

At this time every story, however improbable, found ardent believers. French and British troops were seen hovering on the outskirts if not at the very gates of the city. It was even asserted that somebody had seen Japanese troops! 200,000 of whom had landed at Marseilles some few days before! The suppression of all newspapers left the universal craving for news unsatisfied, and the daily paper was replaced by short type-written notes which were secretly passed from hand to hand. I remember the contents of one of these compositions which was handed me by a visitor with great parade of secrecy and importance.

It was composed of brief short sentences: "Cambrai the last town in German occupation. Germans retiring all along the line. Maubeuge re-occupied by French and British troops. Revolution in Berlin. Streets in flames. Death of Empress."

All such absurd stories probably emanated from a German

source and represent some obscure form of German humour.

The most exciting incident which took place at Cambrai in September was the visit of two aeroplanes, either French or English, which flew over the town just out of rifle range.

The aviators were greeted with a tremendous fusilade, which was started by the sentry on the church tower close to my window. For nearly ten minutes rifles, machine-guns, and artillery kept up a steady fire. The nurses who had rushed out to see the aeroplanes soon came running back, as bullets were falling on the hospital roof.

The sequel of this first "air raid" was long a subject of discussion. The Germans allege that "bombs" were dropped by the aviators. The French declare that German guns fired at them from outside the town, and that the shells fell and exploded in the town.

The casualties were 7 civilians and 15 Germans killed, and a number of wounded. Seven horses were killed on the Place du Marché.

When the firing ceased a poor woman and her little child of three years old were brought into the hospital very severely wounded. The mother's leg had to be amputated, and the poor little baby had one of its arms taken off.

Although the German authorities blamed the British, it is hardly likely that bombs were dropped on Cambrai in September 1914, and there can

be little doubt that the damage was caused by German shells.

During the first two or three weeks of my stay at the hospital I saw very little of either the surgeon or the two nurses, with whom afterwards I came to be on terms of great friendship. At that time the number of wounded was so great that the nurses had not a single minute to spare.

The hospital was overflowing with wounded soldiers; many died within a few hours of arriving, many more died in the operating-room. The number of severe cases was so great that it was impossible that all should receive the needful attention in time. Dr D. spent twenty-four hours at a stretch in the operating-room.

More and more wounded kept arriving, until every bed was occupied and wounded men were lying in the corridors, and many were turned away from the door because there was no room.

From the 27th of August to the first days of September, the increasing number of deaths in the hospital made it more and more difficult to make arrangements for removing the bodies to the cemetery. It was therefore suggested that graves should be dug in the hospital garden opposite my window.

The graves were actually dug, but were too shallow and could not be used. The open trenches remained empty for some weeks, until some of the wounded soldiers took on the job of filling in the earth.

Two nurses had charge of the ward and rooms on our floor, Mlle. W., one of the hospital permanent staff, and Mlle. D., the surgeon's daughter.

Mlle. W. had also charge of the operating-room; she was as clever as a surgeon and as strict as a gendarme with her patients. Rather under the average height, her figure inclined, but very slightly, to plumpness. Very dark eyes that could sparkle and also look severe. A young, round, rosy, but very determined face. A typical French girl.

Mlle. D., although without hospital training and with no previous experience of nursing, volunteered from the first day of the invasion to help in her father's hospital. Mlle. D. showed the true spirit of France. She was only nineteen. Never for a moment did she lose courage. From the very start she worked with the skill and endurance of a trained nurse, and her face, ever quick to smile, never betrayed, even for a moment, the fatigues and worries of the day.

When the rays of the morning sun lit up the top of the glass door it was time for breakfast, and punctually to the minute Mlle. D. appeared with a cup of chocolate which she made for me herself. "Bonjour, Monsieur le numéro sept," the brown eyes twinkled and the dimple smiled at the daily jest.

The days passed very slowly. I was too weak to read, and even the occasional visit from

a wounded French or British soldier was more than my head could bear. Every afternoon, at about five o'clock, a body of German infantry marching past the hospital, singing as they marched the *Wacht am Rhein* in part-song, was an unpleasant daily reminder of the conqueror's presence.

In the room opposite there was a German officer who spent most of the day walking up and down the corridor whistling a hackneyed and out-of-date waltz tune. He always whistled the same tune, and it got on my nerves. The nurse told me that there was nothing the matter with him except an alleged pimple on his foot. This officer must have been a delicate specimen of German militarism. He was known in the hospital as "Parapluie," owing to the fact that when setting out one evening to dine in town he borrowed an umbrella to protect his uniform from the rain.

A regular plague of flies was one of the minor discomforts which had to be endured during the day. Mlle. D. stuck a piece of fly-paper to the gas chandelier which hung in the middle of the room, but only a few dozen flies fell victims to greed and curiosity, and the others seemed to take warning from the sad example. At meal times there were always crowds of these uninvited guests, who, from the contempt with which they treated me, were evidently quite aware that I was unable to drive them away. One fly, rather bigger than the others

(Alphonse I called him), was very persistent in his endeavours to land on my nose. When tired of this game he would leave me for a while and circle round and round the fly-paper, always about to land, and yet always suspicious of danger. The career of Alphonse was cut short by a method of attack which is probably considered by the insect kingdom as contrary to the rules of civilised warfare. One afternoon Madame la Directrice brought up a box of powder which she said was guaranteed to destroy all the flies in the room in half an hour. The windows were shut, and the powder was sprinkled all over the room and all over my bed. In about ten minutes it was impossible to breathe. The powder got into my eyes and lungs, and I had to ring and ask for the windows to be opened. But the flies had succumbed, and poor Alphonse was swept up off the floor next morning along with at least a hundred of his companions.

I gathered a great deal of information about what was going on in the hospital from watching the glazed window in the door.

One morning I said to Mlle. D. when she brought in breakfast, "Who was it died in the ward last night?"

The nurses always tried to hide from me the large number of deaths that took place in the early days, but I knew all about it from studying the glazed window through which the outlines of passers-by could faintly be distinguished. One

man followed at a short distance by another meant a stretcher was being carried past. It is not hard to guess what is the burden of stretchers which are carried out of the ward when the dawn is just breaking. At this hour the hospital is at its quietest. But in the garden the sparrows twitter and chirrup that it will soon be time to get up. An early and hungry blackbird will sometimes whistle impatiently one or two notes to hasten the coming of day. When the new daylight enters my room with its fresh, clean morning air, the first picture shown on my glass door is that of two men marching, with an interval between. They wear slippers and make no noise. And many months after the name of the burden they carry on the stretcher will appear in the Roll of Honour—"Previously reported missing—now reported died of wounds as a prisoner of war."

It is usually about eight o'clock that the surgeon's visit takes place. First there is the rattle and jingle of bottles all along the corridor, which heralds the advance of the portable dressing-table. This table runs on rubber wheels, and is fitted with an ingenious basin in which the surgeon can wash his hands under a tap which is turned on by pressing a lever with the foot. Sometimes, when the door of my room has been left ajar, I can see as they pass the surgeons in their white overalls followed by the nurses and orderlies. There are one or two very

serious cases which have to be dressed by the surgeons, but the visit is chiefly an inspection. Cases where the balance lies between amputation and death have to be submitted to the sure judgment of Dr D.

During the early days there was a long waiting list for the operating-room, as there was scarcely time even to deal with those who were in immediate danger of death.

In the majority of the cases brought in the wounds had not been dressed for several days. Men had remained three or four days at the place where they had been struck down. Others were put into farm-houses with broken legs or arms, and left unattended for a fortnight. Others again—and they were very numerous—had been brought into Cambrai by the Germans and deposited in some temporary ambulance-shed, and left with scarcely any medical attention, their wounds dressed perhaps once a week. When such poor sufferers as these arrived at last at the hospital, it was as a rule too late for anything but amputation, and often too late even for that.

One evening, about the 10th of September, a German officer arrived at the hospital with an order that all wounded Germans should be at once taken to the station. There was at this time, in one of the rooms adjoining mine, a German officer who had been shot in the bladder. Mlle. W. had charge of the case, and, thanks to her careful nursing, there seemed to be some chance of his recovery.

When the order came to move all Germans, Mlle. W. protested that if this officer was moved he would die. But the Germans refused to listen to her, and took their officer off to the station. That same evening the poor fellow was taken back from the station, and died in the hospital within an hour of his return. Next day a large number of French and British wounded were taken away to Germany.

The vacant beds were at once filled with cases brought in for operation from the various temporary hospitals. Among the new arrivals were several British officers, two of whom, I. in the King's Own and H. in the Hampshire Regiment, were put in the room opposite mine. H. had been shot through both ankles, but after a few days managed to hobble across the corridor to pay me a visit. A French officer, wounded in the knee, used sometimes to come and see me, but I have forgotten his name.

It was on a Sunday that the sad announcement was made that my two newly-found friends were to be taken away to Germany. H. said it was such bad luck to be carried away just as the French were about to enter the town!

The French soldier-orderlies all left the hospital at the same time as H. and I., and the duty of looking after my room fell to an individual named François. Cheerfulness was his only virtue. Laziness and dirt were his principal and more obvious vices. François

was a young fellow of nineteen, formerly a bargee working on a neighbouring canal. Owing to an accident which happened about a year before war broke out, his leg had to be taken off, and he was afterwards kept on in the hospital to act as handyman. In spite of his wooden leg he was wonderfully active, and when aroused was capable of doing a lot of work. François invariably wore a very large and very dirty cap, tilted right on to the back of his thick, black, curly hair. The cap and the fag-end of a cigarette sticking to his under lip were permanent fixtures. His breath smelt of garlic and sour wine. The only person in the hospital to whose orders he paid the least attention was Mlle. W., and it was only under her severe eye that François made any use of broom or duster.

On fine afternoons during the last week of September I was taken out on to the Terrace on a stretcher. I was also lifted out in a chair, and looked very thin and pale. Like most of us in the hospital, he had been wounded on the 26th August; the wound was a very severe one, the bullet having actually hit the edge of his identity disc. Two other subalterns in the Manchester Regiment were both lying out on stretchers, and we had a talk with Captain B. of the Worcesters, who was already so far recovered from a bullet in the lung that he was able to walk. Several wounded French and British soldiers were also taken out to enjoy the sun.

One of the Frenchmen I at

once recognised to be a curé. His figure was more suited to the soutane than to the uniform of a Pioupiou, and a very pronounced accent betrayed the fact that he belonged to the Auvergne country. His comrades were evidently in the way of teasing him about his accent, and a great discussion was going on (with much winking at me by the other soldiers). In what part of France was the best French spoken? M. le Curé addressed me as an impartial witness: "N'est pas, mon capitaine, nous autres dans le midi de la France nous parlons plus grammaticalemaing que les habitans du Nord—nous avons un peu *d'assent* mais nous parlons grammaticalemaing." My verdict being in M. le Curé's favour, he entered into animated conversation, delighted, he said, to meet "enfaing" some one who could explain to him a question in which he was much interested but of which he understood nothing: "Qu'est que ce que le 'homme-roulle'?" It was time to go in, so we parted, and my inability to answer his question remained undiscovered. I never saw the Curé again, and was told he had been taken off to Germany.

Among the lesser discomfords of the early days in the Civil Hospital was the ordeal of being washed, which I only went through twice in the first three weeks. The nurses could not think of washing patients, as they had not time to dress all the wounds that required urgent attention, and there-

fore the washing was done by François, and it was a sort of job to which he was evidently quite unaccustomed.

The impossibility of getting any sleep, the pain from lying in one position, and the irritation of repeated mustard plasters (which were brought up and applied by François), soon became relatively unimportant in the presence of a new trouble. One evening something in my head began to throb. It felt like the steady regular beat of a pulse deep inside. When Mlle. W. came to see me that night I told her about it. Of course, as all good nurses do, she said it was nothing, but she would speak to the surgeon. Next morning Dr D., after examination, declared that an abscess had formed in the wound owing to the presence of a "bone splinter." This would necessitate a small operation.

My first acquaintance with the movable dressing-table, which carried a fearsome collection of surgical weapons, took place at nine o'clock that evening. Mlle. W. started the proceeding with a shaving-brush! After lathering the top of my head, she then shaved the hair off all round the wound, and I was ready for the surgeon's visit. When Dr D. came in, he said it would be better if I could manage to do without an anæsthetic. "How long are you going to be?" I asked.

"Not more than a minute."

The apprehension was worse than the reality. A quick movement of the lancet laid

open the abscess and disclosed the jagged splintered edge of the skull. With a pair of pincers the surgeon broke off one or two pieces of bone about the size of a tooth, then jammed in a piece of lint soaked in iodine. The whole affair lasted two minutes. From now onwards my head had to be dressed every day, and a piece of lint nearly a foot long was pushed in every morning to keep the wound open, and any splinters that could be found were snipped off with the pincers.

Now that the pressure of work in the hospital was somewhat relieved, my two nurses would sometimes come and sit in my room, and I was cheered with a regular afternoon visit from some of the nurses from neighbouring hospitals. Mlle. L'Étoile and her friends used to bring me books, boxes of the sweets known as "Bétises de Cambrai," peaches, nectarines, grapes, and long, fat, juicy "poires Duchesse," the largest and sweetest pears I have ever tasted. Afternoon tea "avec le numéro sept" was a cheerful and often noisy meal. It was such a relief to forget for a moment the presence of the Boche and to hear the sound of laughter.

In addition to my friends who were regular visitors, we had occasional visits from curious but well-meaning strangers. Some people find it impossible when visiting hospitals to get beyond the everlasting phrase, "Where were you wounded?"

The limit of conversational

inanity was reached by one of these casual visitors, a stout blonde dame. Our conversation ran as follows:—

“*Bonjour, Bonjour; vous êtes un officier anglais, n’est-ce pas?*”

“*Mais oui, Madame!*”

“*Où avez-vous été blessé?*”

“*A la tête. . .*”

“*Vous restez couché comme ça toute la journée?*”

“*C’est que j’ai la jambe paralysée.*”

“*Et vous n’avez pas eu de blessure à la jambe?*”

“*Rien du tout.*”

“*Alors vous étiez donc paralysé avant la guerre!!!*”

“*Ce qui prouve,*” as one of my nurses said, “*que toutes les bêtises de Cambrai ne sont pas dans les boîtes à bonbons.*”

It was about this time that a visit was paid to the hospital by Mgr. Archevêque de Cambrai, who went round all the wards with kind words of consolation for each one. The Archbishop hesitated on the threshold of my room, and was about to pass on, fearing no doubt to disturb me, and perhaps foreseeing the probable difficulties of conversation.

“*Entrez donc, Monseigneur,*” I said; “*Veillez prendre la peine de vous asseoir.*”

The Archbishop was quite taken aback, and I could see Mlle. W. behind was convulsed with inward mirth. She said to me afterwards, “*Où êtes vous allé chercher de si grandes phrases?*”

His lordship came and sat by my bedside for a few moments. He is a man of great personality and charm,

who gives an impression of strength and tact.

After the Archbishop had gone, Mlle. W. told me that the vacant bed in my room was to be occupied by a British officer. This turned out to be W. in the Manchester Regiment. The manner of his arrival next morning was somewhat peculiar. The door opened slowly, and a large, very tall man, dressed in pyjamas, and covered with bandages, hopped across the room on the left leg; with three vigorous hops he was sitting on the bed. His right foot was bandaged, also one of his hands. Nothing could be seen of his face but a nose and one eye.

“*Thank goodness there is some one to talk to,*” was what the strange figure said. Then followed the necessary mutual explanations.

The only method of movement possible to W. was hopping, at which he had become quite an expert. Shrapnel bullets had lodged themselves all over his body, fortunately avoiding vital spots. The worst of his wounds was a fractured jaw, which gave him a great deal of pain, and made chewing of food impossible.

When Mlle. W. came in to dress my wound, some of the other nurses sometimes came out of curiosity, as the working of the brain was quite visible. The pushing in of long pieces of lint and the removal of splinters, which took place every morning, was quite painless, and only took a few minutes. But it usually took the two nurses half an hour

to dress the various wounds of the new arrival, and on the first morning Dr D. extracted a bullet from just under the skin below the small of the patient's back.

Shortly after W.'s arrival a most tragic event took place in the adjoining ward.

In some mysterious manner the electric bells ceased to ring every evening about nine o'clock. This was a very serious matter, especially as the night nurse that particular week—Mme. XYZ—was very slack about her duties, and never went round the hospital during the night to see if all was well. The disturbance started about eleven o'clock, with a dull thud as of a body falling, followed by shouting and rattling of the iron tables on the floor of the ward. The noise, heard through closed doors, was sufficient to wake W. The shouting ceased for a moment, only to start afresh with new vigour. W. took two hops across the room and opened the door; the tables still rattled, and the calls for help continued. A French soldier, with one arm in a sling, clothed in nothing but a nightshirt, came walking gingerly down the corridor in his bare feet. When he saw our door open, he came in to tell us all about it. A soldier who was badly wounded in the head had suddenly become delirious, torn off his bandages, and fallen out of bed. There was no one in the ward able to help the poor fellow, who lay moaning on the floor in a state too awful for description. The bells did not ring, and there was

nothing to be done except shout. The French soldier went along the corridor to the head of the staircase to call for the night watcher. After quite a long time some one downstairs woke up to the fact that there was something wrong. The night nurse appeared, followed by the night porter. They lifted the dying man on to the bed, bandaged up his poor head, and gave him a strong injection of morphia. One of the French soldiers told me some time after that the poor fellow died quite noiselessly in the middle of the night, but I knew early that morning when a stretcher passed the glass door that the tragedy was over.

Mlle. W. used often to tell me about the different cases under her charge.

I was never able to get the name of one of her favourites whom she called her "petit anglais." This was a young Irish boy badly shot in the stomach. Dr D. told me that he might live for several months, but that there was no hope of recovery. The dressing of his wounds was nearly always done by Mlle. W., under whose gentle hand he never complained of the awful agony from which morphia was the only relief. Although the ward in which he lay was on the ground floor, we could sometimes hear the screams of agony upstairs, screams which no one but Mlle. W. could silence. "C'est mon petit anglais qui m'appelle," she used to say.

It is remarkable that no matter how badly a soldier is wounded, even when he can

neither eat nor drink, he will be soothed by a cigarette. The Frenchman above mentioned, unable to eat, unable to speak, and scarcely conscious, his brain bleeding from a great hole in the skull, was yet able the day before he died to smoke a cigarette. "Le petit anglais," who was never free from pain, found his greatest joy in the few cigarettes that Mlle. W., in spite of the shortage of tobacco, brought to his bedside every morning. It was very hard to get any tobacco in Cambrai until late in October, when the Germans allowed it to be imported from Belgium.

One of the nurses who was able to speak English, used sometimes to come and see me, and one day she brought me the following note from a soldier in my own regiment who was in one of the wards downstairs:—

No. 0000, Pte. N. N.

B Co.,

1st — Highlanders.

DEAR SIR,—I was sorry to hear that you had been one of the unlucky ones, along with myself, to be put aside and away from the regiment. I hope that you will pull through all right. I am getting on, but it is my legs that are all the hinder. It was a very bad place I was wounded in the stoumick. Now, dear sir, I hope that you won't think me forward in asking you for a favour. If you would let me have the advance of 2s. so that I could get some tobacco, as I have lost everything.

N. N.

This man recovered, and was exchanged many months afterwards.

Another young Irishman, who was a great favourite, had been badly wounded in the foot. It was found necessary to take the foot off, and after the operation, when Mlle. W. went to console him, she found him lying with his face to the wall, silently weeping.

"I was going to scold him for being such a baby," she said to me afterwards, "but when the English-speaking sister explained to me the reason of the tears, I felt like crying myself."

"It is not the pain, sister, that troubles me," he said to them, "but you see with a wooden leg I can never go back again to the old regiment."

On 9th Oct. we had a very strict inspection of the hospital, and a great number of the remaining British wounded were put down on the list of "transportable." The French nurses always sent off the British wounded dressed in French uniform, as it was a fact notorious at Cambrai that the Germans robbed British wounded of their uniform. In many cases German soldiers took great-coats away from wounded men and gave a five-mark piece in exchange. The ill-treatment which was specially shown to British soldiers on the journey to Germany was the principal reason why the French, whenever they could get a chance, disguised our wounded soldiers in French uniform. The fact that, in the early days of the

war, British prisoners were invariably treated worse than the French cannot be denied, and will be amply proved from the evidence of returned prisoners, and from other sources of information at present unavailable. It is the truth that nearly all British soldiers taken prisoners and sent to Germany during the first months of the war, were made the object of special contempt, neglect, or cruelty. Such conduct undoubtedly constitutes a departure "from laws of humanity, and from the dictates of the public conscience," which are supposed to govern the conduct of civilised nations (see Convention concerning the Laws and Customs of War on Land: The Hague, 1907, p. 47). To ill-treat or insult a wounded and helpless enemy is the most despicable offence a soldier can commit. Men who do these things dishonour the name of soldier.

The meaning of war without chivalry was first brought home to the inhabitants of Cambrai when they saw the way the victorious Germans treated the unfortunate wounded who had been brought into the town from the neighbouring battlefields. During the first week of September hundreds of wounded, French and English, were sent to Germany packed in cattle trucks, with no medical attendance, no food, no water. It was no wonder that in our hospital both nurses and patients dreaded the days when German officials came round

searching for cases that could be considered "transportable." The inspections which took place on the 9th and 11th of October were carried out with great severity. My companion W. was taken away, and many were put down on the list who were quite unfit to travel.

Great consternation was created in the hospital on the evening of the 11th, when an order arrived that the whole male staff of the hospital was to report forthwith at the Kommandatur. This was the end of the Civil Hospital as a French hospital. The doctors (except D.), orderlies, and assistants were marched off to the Kommandatur at seven o'clock that evening, and spent the whole night in a cold unfurnished room without food or drink. Next morning the whole party, with two exceptions, were told that they were prisoners, and had to leave at once for Germany. The two exceptions were one of the surgeons, who was able to make up a plausible story, and François, whose wooden leg saved him from a German prison. Next morning the hospital was taken over by the Germans, and French orderlies were replaced by German soldiers.

The operating-room was shared between the French and German surgeons. Dr D. operated in the morning on the French and British, and in the afternoon the room was occupied by German surgeons, the chief of whom was Professor Fessler, a celebrated authority on gunshot wounds.

The French nurses at Cambrai told me that they found the German surgeons were, as a rule, quite indifferent and careless in causing pain to the wounded, of which fact the following incident from my note-book is an example.

"Oct. 16th.—Dreadful screams from downstairs, lasting two or three minutes. Mlle. W. tells me it is only the German surgeon starting to operate before the ether had taken effect."

An exception must be made of Professor Fessler, who was always most humane in the operating - room. Professor Fessler once said to Mlle. W., "If the men who are responsible for war could be made to realise the horror of the operating - room, war would always be avoided." A dying Frenchman was brought in one afternoon in the hope that instant operation might save his life. Professor Fessler performed the operation at once, working with the utmost care, as Mlle. W. told me, to avoid giving the poor sufferer unnecessary agony.

The numbers of German patients in the hospital increased day by day, which we took as a hopeful indication that the Germans were not having things all their own way. We had several German officers about this time, and I used to hear about them from Mlle. W. One of them, who was very seriously wounded, insisted upon being dressed by the French nurse, and would not allow the Schwester to touch him. The officer in the

room next mine was dying of chest wounds complicated by pneumonia. During the night, through the thin partition, I could follow every sound of his death agony—the groaning, whistling laboured breathing, the whispering of nurses, the low steady tones of prayer, and then silence.

A very different death scene took place in the hospital a few days later. A German officer was brought in badly shot in the stomach. After his operation he was told that food or drink during the first twenty-four hours would be fatal. He ordered his servant to fetch him a bottle of champagne, drank half of it down and died within five minutes. A bestial and truly Hunnish death.

Now that the Germans had installed themselves in the hospital, there was an end to the pleasant afternoons on the sunny terrace. I was no longer lifted out of bed to sit in a chair, nor was I able even to sit up in bed lest some German should see me and mark my name down as "transportable." The hospital gate was now guarded by a sentry, and no visitors could enter without a written permit from the German authorities, who imposed their authority throughout the whole hospital, without meeting any effective resistance until they encountered Mlle. W. German authority said that a German Schwester would, in future, assist the French nurse in the operating-room. Mlle. W. declaring that she would allow no one to in-

terfere with her work, looked the room up and put the keys in her pocket. German authority, after threatening imprisonment, exile, and other dreadful punishments, had to climb down. It would have been easy to take the keys or to force the door, but the services of Mlle. W. were indispensable, and it was obviously impossible to compel her to work against her will. So the German Schwester was dismissed. The morning after this matter had been settled another storm arose, when Mlle. W.'s father came to pay his daily visit and was stopped by the sentry. The determined young girl went to the German Head Surgeon and declared that she refused to work in the hospital unless her father was allowed to visit her at any time of the day or night without hindrance.

After the first few days the friction between the French and German hospital staff began to grow less. The German nurses, although good at sweeping and cleaning, had little or no training at Red Cross work, and were very glad to leave the dressing of complicated injuries to Mlle. W. or Mlle. D. The night orderlies were stolid, silent, very willing and obliging. The German surgeons from all accounts behaved with tact and courtesy.

This comparatively peaceful state of affairs was upset by the visit of an extremely ugly, very cross and disagreeable individual, with a grey ragged beard, whom we christened "le père grigou." His chief busi-

ness at Cambrai was to compile lists of "transportables." Grigou, a personage of high rank, was the senior medical officer at Cambrai. To our great horror he made the Hôpital Civil his headquarters, and on the day of arrival paid a surprise visit to my room. But not quite a surprise visit, for Mlle. W. had wind of his coming and had made all preparations. She bound an extra bandage round my head, took my pillow away, and drew the window curtains. When "Grigou" arrived, I was lying flat on my back in semi-darkness, breathing heavily. My eyes bloodshot from ten minutes' hard rubbing, looked vacantly up at the ceiling. As "Grigou" bent over the bed I heaved a long tremulous sigh. "Grigou" consulted with his colleague, and the verdict was that it was doubtful if I would live till next morning! and my name was of course put down on the list of "non-transportable." If Grigou, who visited our floor every day, had seen me, or any German reported that I had been seen, sitting up in bed, our harmless trick would have resulted in my immediate departure for Germany, and my nurses would have got into serious trouble, so I had to live up to my supposed dying condition. Fortunately "Grigou" did not remain with us for more than a few days, but even when he had left the nurses did not dare to take me out on a stretcher or even to put me into a chair.

At this time the other bed in my room was occupied by a

soldier of the Middlesex Regiment. His case was an example of the terrible results which came from delay in attending to shell wounds. After lying out two days he was taken to Cambrai, and remained for more than a week in a German ambulance with little or no attention. A German surgeon opened his leg without using an anæsthetic. Perhaps there was none to be had. As a result of this the poor fellow's nerve was completely shattered. When he came under Dr D.'s care it was hoped that his leg might be saved, and a further opening was made just below the knee. The dressing of this man's wounds was a sight not easily forgotten. When the nurses entered the room with the dressing-table he begged them to leave him to die. While the bandage was being unrolled he sat with chattering teeth, his face twitching with nervous apprehension; the leg was dreadful to look at, the flesh just above and below the knee lay folded back, raw and discoloured, with rubber tubing protruding from both sides of the calf. It was a hopeless case, and the attempt to save his leg had to be given up. After the amputation he suffered far less pain, but never recovered his self-control. On 20th October he was taken away to M—— B—— Convalescent Hospital, reserved for amputated cases, where he died just before Christmas.

It had been decided by the German authorities that beds in the Hôpital Civil were to be reserved solely for cases

requiring operation. Dr D. therefore found it was no longer possible for me to stay, and arranged for my being sent to another hospital.

On the 21st October I was taken away from my kind friends, and for the first time carried by Germans on a German stretcher. Outside the hospital a motor ambulance was waiting. The night was dark, wet, and very cold. My leg was soon numbed with cold, as the ambulance did not start for nearly a quarter of an hour. Through the open end I could see a flickering street lamp which threw glinting reflections on the wet cobblestones.

A martial step, with the clink of spurs, woke echoes down the silent street, a German officer passed, came into view for an instant under the lamp, then clanked away into darkness.

The ambulance driver and another soldier who had been conversing together in low tones, stood rigidly to attention until the sound of the officer's steps had died away in the distance. Then the French soldier for whom we were waiting was carried down and placed in the ambulance beside me, the door was closed, shutting out the cold air and the dripping street—"Eh bien, mon lieutenant," said a voice from the stretcher, "nous voila partis! My father was taken prisoner in 1870, and voila, I am now also a prisoner, but that is nothing—on les aura, cette fois ci, on les aura ces sales têtes d'alboches!"

II.

The school building, hurriedly transformed on the outbreak of war into a hospital, forms three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side of which is blocked by a high wall, so that in the courtyard thus formed the sun can never shine.

This was the hospital of the French Red Cross—L'Hôpital Auxiliaire du Territoire, No. 106, Union des femmes de France. The accommodation for patients is limited to five rooms, all of which look on to the dismal courtyard. "Salle un," to which I was taken on arrival, the only room at all resembling a hospital ward, is a long lofty room running the whole length of one side of the quadrangle.

Along each side of the room beds of various sorts and sizes were ranged several yards apart. Mine was a large and brand-new double bedstead with large ornamental brass knobs. The sheets were of the finest Cambrai linen. Under several layers of blankets, and surrounded on all sides by hot bricks wrapped in flannel, I soon began to recover from the effects of my journey in the ambulance.

The first thing that struck me about my new quarters was the number of nurses and orderlies, most of whom were local volunteers whose experience of hospitals dated from the German invasion. They were relieved from night work by a number of extra volun-

teers attached to the hospital, who each took one night a week.

It was now past eight o'clock, the nurses had all left, and the night staff—three youths from the city—had taken off their bowler hats, retaining their coats and mufflers, and sat themselves at a table near the door. At the far end of the ward a tall young German soldier sat working silently at his table far into the night. He belonged to the motor-transport, and was suffering from earache—so much I had gathered from the nurses. I speculated that perhaps he was working to pass exams. for a commission; the little lamp burning late, the absorbed attitude of the student, seemed incongruous in such surroundings. In the bed opposite mine lay a badly-wounded German officer, shaded by a screen from the lamp round which the night-watchers sat reading. These were the only two Germans in the hospital. Presently the studious German put aside his books, retired to bed, and the ward was silent. The services of the orderlies did not seem to be required,—one sat for a while aimlessly turning over the leaves of an illustrated paper, then rested his head awhile upon the table, and was at once asleep. From the bed opposite there came a gentle tinkling sound. One of the watchers, a young lad, still a schoolboy, crossed the ward on tiptoe and bent over the wounded man, whose

whisper was too feeble to reach my listening ear. The light was turned on, the sleeper resting on the illustrated paper awoke, left the ward, and returned after a few minutes with the night nurse. Now that the screen was moved I could see that the face in the bed opposite was that of a young man, perhaps not more than nineteen; it was the face of a gentleman and a soldier, but drawn, pinched, more yellow than reality in the gaslight, gasping with pain, gasping for morphia. When at last the merciful injection had been given, "Merci, merci," said a strengthened voice, "merci, vous êtes tous si bons pour moi." The screen replaced, the gas turned low, the watchers returned to their table, and all was quiet again till dawn.

Next morning just before ten o'clock the ward was visited by two surgeons, one a German, the other my friend from the Hôpital Civil, Dr D. By the dull light of a wet October morning they examined the wounded German officer. From Dr D.'s face I knew the case was hopeless. Still, an operation might save life, if not the leg. When the stretcher-bearers came to carry the young officer away he thanked the nurses for their kindness, speaking perfect French with pathetic accents of real gratitude. He asked that the chocolates, cigarettes, &c., on his table should be distributed among the French soldiers in the ward, and again expressed his thanks, and asked pardon for

the trouble he had caused. The operation was unsuccessful. He was taken, such are the coincidences of life and death, to the same bed as I had occupied at the Civil Hospital—numéro sept—where a few days afterwards he died, but not before his mother, in mourning already for two sons, had been called from Germany to his bedside.

No special accommodation was provided for officers at the 106 Hospital. There was a French officer in Salle 5, on the ground floor, and it was arranged that I was to be taken downstairs to his ward.

The worst ward in the hospital was undoubtedly No. 5. The room had formerly been a classroom for junior pupils. Poor little children! how miserable their lessons must have been in that damp sunless schoolroom. On the courtyard side, facing north, the light is obscured by a large wide verandah; on the south side the ground of another small courtyard is five or six feet higher than the level of the room.

Of the Salle cinq I have many pleasant memories, but my first impression of it—a picture which I cannot forget—was sadly depressing. The room is a small one, not more than 36 by 20 feet. One had the impression of entering a basement, almost a cellar. The windows were all shut. Judging from the heavy fetid atmosphere, they had not been opened since the declaration of war.

Except for a small open area

in the centre, the whole floor-space was filled with beds, which were ranged all round the room, each one close up against the other. In the corner next the door one bed, standing by itself, was occupied by the French officer, X., a reserve Captain of the Colonial Infantry. My bed was also a corner one. On one side stood a cupboard in which bandages, morphia, and other necessaries were kept.

Salle 5 was not only the worst ward, but it also contained the worst cases. This was probably owing to the fact that the nurse in charge, Mme. B., was the most efficient nurse in the hospital. The number of beds was thirteen. No. 1, known as "le Picard," was a cheery, jovial, hardy little fellow, who had lost a leg. No. 2, Sergt. Blanchard, suffered from a badly suppurating wound in the thigh, and was taken away for an operation to the Civil Hospital, where he died a few days after. No. 3, Chasseur Alpin, shot through the chest about an inch above the heart. A very serious case. No. 6, left arm amputated, right leg and foot shattered. No. 7 and 8, very bad gangrenous leg wounds. Both died shortly afterwards.

Under the circumstances it was perhaps only natural that on my arrival into the Salle cinq I was rather depressed. Most of the poor fellows in the ward were in continuous pain, but the only one who made audible complaint was No. 6. This man was a "Charentais" from Cognac. His wounds,

although very terrible, were yet not so bad or so painful as those of many others who suffered in silence. No. 6 never ceased day or night, except when under the influence of morphia, from groaning and whining about his foot; he was known in the ward as "Oh mon pied!" On the afternoon of my arrival No. 6 came near to death—nearer even than he did on the day when a German shell blew off his arm and destroyed most of his right leg. No. 6 was sitting propped up in bed, when suddenly his head fell back, his thin yellow face turned a pasty white, and he lay back apparently a corpse. Fortunately an orderly was in the room at the time, and help was immediately forthcoming. About a dozen nurses crowded round the bed. There was nothing to be done. The doctor was sent for, also the Curé. "The man was dying;" "he was dead." "No, he still breathed." Then some one made an intelligent suggestion. "Look inside the bed." The bedclothes pulled down revealed a dreadful sight, which explained at once what had happened. The whole bed was soaked in blood. A blood-vessel had burst in the wound and the man was bleeding to death. The bleeding was easily stopped by the application of a tourniquet, but it was doubtful if any man could live after the loss of so much blood. Doctor and Curé arrived together as No. 6 was beginning to come round. The tourniquet had been applied just in time.

No windows were left open during the night.

Café au lait came in next morning at 7.30, and was distributed by "Pierre," the orderly, a most willing and really excellent fellow. During breakfast one window was opened about three inches. As soon as breakfast was over the window was closed, the breakfast things removed, and the nurse began to prepare for the morning's work.

Mme. B., head nurse of the ward, wife of a well-known French surgeon, was assisted by two volunteers from Cambrai, Mlle. Marie and Mlle. X. The dressing of wounds is quite a simple, straightforward business when the wounds are clean, but it is a very different story when there is gangrenous infection. No. 1, "le Picard," whose bed was just opposite mine, gave no trouble; his stump had nearly healed up and required very little attention. A deal of time was given to No. 3, the Chasseur Alpin; the bullet wound had made a small hole just over the right nipple, and the dressing of it was most painful to watch, as the poor boy evidently suffered great agony, though he never cried out or complained. No. 6 provided what one might call "le pièce de résistance." He began to howl before he was touched, and during the whole time his wounds were being dressed he continued either to shout or groan, or repeat his favourite exclamation, "Oh mon pied, mon pied!" Picard used to jeer at him for making so much fuss.

"There is no one in the ward who makes such an infernal row as you do." No. 6 replied that no one in the ward suffered so much pain. This statement met with vigorous opposition from all over the room; even No. 3, who could scarcely breathe, was roused for the first time to husky speech. "Some of us suffer in silence; you should do likewise." In the heated discussion which followed No. 6 forgot for a time all about his bad foot. Poor No. 6 was in a minority of one. He was told that, though we were all very sorry for him, we objected to the continual groaning and shouting, which could do no good, and only disturbed those who suffered far worse pain in silence.

Nos. 8 and 9, the two beds nearest to mine, were the last to be dressed that morning. No. 9, whose bed was so close to mine that there was only just room between for the nurse to stand, was badly shot in the upper part of the thigh. The wound was in such a condition that there was no hope of recovery. A stream of dark-green gangrenous liquid poured out of the wound at the first washing. I covered up my head under the sheets and lit a cigarette, but even so could not escape from the sickening smell.

Owing to the serious condition of most of the wounded, the limited number of surgical instruments, and the cramped space in which the work had to be done, the dressing of wounds went on the whole morning, and

was seldom finished before mid-day. During all this time the windows were kept shut, until just immediately before lunch, when one window was opened—not too wide, lest too much of the foul putrid atmosphere should escape and let in some of the clean air of a fresh autumn morning.

After lunch, M. le Medecin Chef F. and Capt. V. came to pay us a visit. The Medecin Chef is a man between sixty and seventy years of age, tall, straight as an arrow, dignified, reserved, almost austere in manner, *au fond* the kindest and best of men, as I found out later on from personal experience. He was taken prisoner at Arras, and now remained a prisoner in this hospital. Thus do the Germans observe the Geneva Convention.

The Medecin Chef and Captain V. shared a small room at the other side of the hospital. V., who had formerly occupied my bed in the Salle 5, used to come every morning to visit his old friends. The visits were always an occasion for the exchange of humour between V. and myself, in which combats V., possessed of a Parisian quickness of repartee, always came off best. Perhaps it was the case as Mme. B. said, that I suffered from "du retard dans la perception." We all used to tease V., and I used to greet him in the morning as "vieux coco." "Dites donc, Monsieur l'Ecos-sais," was the usual answer; "nous n'avons pas gardé les cochons ensemble." It has

taken nearly a year and a half to find the correct answer to this pleasantry—an answer which I could send to my friend in his German prison, only that the Boche might refuse to pass it. "Non, mon ami, mais nous avons été gardé ensemble par les cochons!"

My diary states that "on October 26th I got up in the evening and had dinner at the table. There is great excitement in the hospital on account of large bodies of German troops having passed through the town. This is supposed to be a retirement." This opinion was strengthened by the visit of a simple-minded citizen of Cambrai, who came in with the news that "Metz had fallen." Stupid stories such as these were believed for a time by a great many people. "The smell in my ward is not so strong to-night. I have succeeded in getting a window kept open."

"October 30th. M. Heloire, the Veterinary Surgeon from Caudry, came to see me yesterday." Perhaps it was because he was not wearing the white overall that I did not recognise the tall, erect, grey-bearded man, who stood at the door of the Salle cinq and looked anxiously round the ward. Presently he came over to my bedside and stood looking. Then he spoke some commonplace, but not until he mentioned Caudry did I realise who it was. Labouring under a racial disability, I struggled to express my gratitude, but M. Heloire put an end to my efforts. With tears rolling

down his cheeks he embraced me tenderly and thanked the *Bon Dieu* that I was still alive. "They said at Caudry that you had died on the way to Germany, and so I came to ask the truth as soon as I could get a permit." We talked of many things, and M. Heloïre refreshed my memory as to many incidents of my short stay at Caudry which I had forgotten. He told me among other things that when I was carried on a stretcher out of La Maison Camille Waneok and put into the cart, the villagers standing by, who were not quite sure if my immediate destination was to be the hospital or the churchyard, were overcome with astonishment at my exclaiming as the stretcher was lifted on to the cart, "En route la marchandise!" "Every day," went on the old man, "for days after you had left, my little granddaughter, who is only eight years old, begged to be taken to the place where grandpère had found the poor wounded officer. One Sunday afternoon, when it was fine, we went for a walk along the road that you must so well remember—

the cart road from Caudry to Beaumont. When we reached the place, the ditch by the roadside, where, the morning after the battle, after much searching, I found you lying, my little girl, asking me to show her exactly where you had rested, picked from the spot some of the grass and a few common wild flowers to keep as a souvenir of grandpapa's wounded soldier."

On that same evening, after M. Heloïre had gone, I made another friend, M. Vampouille, a Belgian, the proprietor of a small pork-butcher's business, Rue de l'Arbre d'Or, Cambrai. M. Vampouille worked in the hospital during the day when his business would permit, took one night a week in the Salle cinq, and was to me a faithful and devoted friend, to whom I never can hope to express as I would my admiration and deepest gratitude. Vampouille himself would be much astonished to hear me express such sentiments, for the kindness which always took thought and trouble, the tact and common-sense which made his companionship so agreeable, are natural virtues of which he is wholly unconscious.

(*To be continued.*)

WALTER GREENWAY, SPY.

BY ROBERT HOLMES,

POLICE COURT MISSIONARY AND PROBATION OFFICER ;
AUTHOR OF 'MY POLICE COURT FRIENDS WITH THE COLOURS.'

THEY had told me that I should make nothing of him. I saw him merely as a matter of routine in the cell he occupied at the police station before being brought before the Court on a charge of burglariously entering certain premises with intent to commit a felony. It seemed good to me to endeavour to gather some particulars concerning the antecedents and mode of life of a stranger in our midst, so that I might be in a position to judge what it was possible to do to help him, should the charge be dismissed, or should he elect to come to me for a new start when released from prison, if convicted and sentenced.

They had understated the truth. I made less than nothing of him. I went into the cell to interview a man whom I was told was deaf and dumb. He was a small, lithe, pleasant-faced, swarthy-complexioned, active-looking fellow, with great, dreamy, dark eyes, about thirty years of age, suspiciously intelligent in appearance, to my mind, for a mute. He was decently clad, and I could not make out how he had found it possible to maintain himself in fair prosperity, being, as he gave the police to understand, unable to read or write, and failing to comprehend both their amateurish efforts at

talking with the fingers, and my own. I left him with an uncomfortable feeling that I was possibly doing an afflicted mortal an injustice, yet unable to agree that he was deaf and dumb at all.

When he got into Court, a nameless offender, he was seen by the capable instructor of our local mutes, who worked hard but vainly before the hearing of the case in a strenuous effort to make something of him. The case was called on with success still far away.

"You're going to interpret for us," the Magistrate remarked in pleasant courtesy as a greeting to the instructor, who looked perplexed, but silently consented to make a further attempt.

The Clerk of the Court read the charge over. The interpreter's fingers worked with marvellous rapidity, and now and then he clenched his right hand and brought it into sharp and loud contact with his open left palm. The offender gazed at him with mild interest at first, but obviously failed to comprehend what it was all about. The interpreter slowed down, and went through the same performance at quarter speed. The accused's interest faded; he followed the proceedings with evident lan-

guor, yawning before the end was reached.

"He doesn't appear to know anything of the deaf and dumb language, your worship," the interpreter concluded; "I tried, before Court, to make him comprehend me, but I couldn't. I scarcely think the man is deaf and dumb. He would know some of the signs if he were. He is intelligent, and he must have had some way of making himself understood."

The Magistrate thought so too. It was plain that the case could not proceed until all doubt was solved regarding the accused's ability to follow it. He was remanded for three days.

The police forgot to give him his dinner that day, and at tea-time, and supper-time also, he was overlooked. He made a lot of noise, kicking and rattling to call attention to official forgetfulness. But they were dull persons, and failed to take in what he would have them understand. They went to his cell time and again. He opened his mouth wide, frantically pushing his fingers therein, and swallowing energetically. They lugged a four-gallon bucket filled with water into the cell, provided a tin mug, and indicated that he was welcome to drink his fill. He shook his head till it looked likely to fall off. They stared at him as if entirely mystified, and went their way once more.

He resumed his signals of distress. The relief came on duty, and heard him, but were advised by their departing colleagues to "let him be"; so he

continued kicking and knocking till midnight. Then his efforts grew so violent that an officer went up to him. He repeated the opening of his mouth, the putting of fingers therein, and the imaginary gulping. The officer repeated the bucket trick. He waved his arms in violent dissent. The constable had an inspiration, the arms waving in the direction of the heap of rugs put on the plank bed for the man's covering in the night.

"Oh, I see; that's what's bothering you is it," he remarked; "well, they're not lousy, then; but they can be shifted if they're in your road." He gathered the rugs in his arms, and departed from the cell, slamming the door after him.

It was a stupid sort of thing to do, for there was nothing at all in the poor man's gesticulations suggestive of a complaint that the blankets were alive. No wonder the dumb spake at such treatment. To be denied food was hard enough; to be left, in addition, without bed-covering was intolerable.

"I say, you damned fool," shouted an alarmed, stentorian voice after the officer, "you're not taking those blankets away, are you? I shall be starved to death. Bring 'em back, and let's have something to eat. I've not had a bite since breakfast, at eight this morning."

The constable heard the voice distinctly through the thickness of the door, and above the sound of his own heavy footsteps. He was startled,

but he turned back and entered the cell again.

"Oh," he said, "you've found your tongue, have you? I thought we should be curing your complaint in time. Now let's have your name, and a few particulars about you. Then you can have your bed-clothes back if your answers are all right, and happen a bit of some'at to eat besides."

He collapsed into docile obedience at that. His name, he said, was Walter Greenway, his age twenty-nine years, his home in a neighbouring town, his occupation that of a clerk; he was single, and he lived at the house of his father, a retired chemist of some small means. These particulars the police saw no reason to doubt; accordingly the bedding was restored, supper provided, and matters at the station settled down to normal.

"What made you pretend to be deaf and dumb when before the Court last Monday?" the Magistrate inquired on taking up the case again after remand; "you put people to a lot of trouble. What caused you to act so foolishly?"

"I didn't want my people dragged in," he muttered; "that was why, sir." It was a melancholy lie; the police knew by this time what sort of record he had; his father had tired of helping him long before. He had never scrupled to bring his people in so long as there was the least prospect of their helping him. Whatever was responsible for his whim to pose as a deaf mute, it was not what he

stated. The case went on; in due course it reached the Court of Assize.

Full particulars of his career were revealed there. He had received an excellent education, and was a well-trained and most capable clerk, with an uncommonly good knowledge of foreign languages—it being said, for example, that he spoke and wrote German like a native. It was plain that he had taken to a life of crime of deliberate choice: there was no earthly reason why he should not have done well in his proper calling; he got into mischief out of pure love of it.

"He can climb like a cat," a detective informed me, not without admiration; "and the way he runs along house-tops from one end of a long row to the other, as easy as you and me walk on the streets, it's a sight to see. I tell you, sir, it's right down exciting work trying to catch him. He'll slip down from a roof by a fall-pipe two hundred yards farther on than where you could swear he's time to be. And, as you're not expecting him anywhere there, there'd be no catching him if he wasn't such a fool as to come peeping round where you are, just for the fun of seeing you baffled. That's what's done him every time."

Every time meant nine times: such was the number of convictions recorded against him, all for similar offences. He was a total abstainer and a non-smoker; he was not a gambler; his one vice was

burglary, and he did not appear to have made any serious attempt to settle down to his proper employment as a corresponding clerk, since he first exchanged the desk for the house-top—he entered premises always by an attic window—at twenty-five years old. By the accident of habitually appearing before a lenient judge, he had escaped sentence of penal servitude hitherto, as he escaped it now, being once more committed to hard labour.

“Send me somewhere right away,” he begged of me on release; “my people want to have no more to do with me; the Chaplain tried them all, saying a good deal better of me than I deserved; I knew he was overdoing the thing, and they’d see through it. It was all because I translated some theological stuff for him from the German that he made up his mind what a lot my people ought to do for such an ornament of the family. But it didn’t impress them. They know me such a lot better than his reverence does. I don’t blame them. They’ve given me many a fair innings, and I’ve never scored a run for them yet. It’s against common-sense that they should have me back in the family team.”

“So you can play cricket,” I remarked, “as well as do a good deal else in the way of accomplishments. What is there exactly that you haven’t had a try at? They tell me that in prison you’ve been bookbinder, clerk, printer,

painter, even steeple-Jack, which would do very well, I should say. Out of prison you’ve been foreign correspondent, human cat, burglar, cricketer, deaf mute, and I don’t know what else. How came you to play the deaf mute, by the way?”

“Just a whim, sir; to baffle the authorities a bit, and for sport; that was all,” he answered with a grin. Then he went on:

“It may sound strange, but it’s absolutely true: I can’t resist an attic window. Wherever I go, my eyes naturally turn upwards. I notice how careless most people are with their upper windows, and I feel just bound to show them they are mistaken in their view that nobody can get in there. It’s a case of being ruined by one’s gifts, if you like; taking a pride in being able, as the police say, ‘to run up a pipe and play about on a roof, like a cat.’ I shall never do any good where there are houses with attics, or with any other sort of upper storey.

“I should be out of all temptation on a sailing ship. I could climb the rigging, and do no harm to anybody. Or an Indian wigwam village might do, or a Bedouin encampment—no attics there, I understand.

“The Chaplain told no more than the truth, though my people could not be expected to believe it, when he described my angelic conduct in prison. I’m quite a cherub there. They mostly give me a bit of climbing, painting spouts, or,

sometimes, even attending to the coping of a tall chimney, and the recreation keeps me straight; besides, the top windows are barred like the rest, and beyond me anyhow.

"Send me somewhere out of the country, to sea for choice; I shall be at my accomplishments, as you call them, again, if I stay in a civilised community."

He was a strange person. Apart from his candidly admitted fondness for burglariously entering dwelling-houses by attic windows, he was like any other sharp, intelligent, healthy man, and could do well if he cared.

While I talked with him a letter was delivered from a shipping office asking for men. I resolved to give him a start on a sailing ship, as he desired. There was no reason to suppose that he would put anybody aboard to inconvenience, while he could easily adapt himself to a new sphere.

He sailed, and for twelve months I heard nothing but good of him. Then he went ashore at Colombo, and, failing to come aboard when the ship was ready to leave the port, was left behind.

I heard no more of him until last November, when the fact of his existence was recalled by receiving from him a letter, to my mind most diverting, calculated admirably to cause one to forgive all that is recorded against him. It was also most difficult to arrange and follow, being written on five-and-twenty different scraps of faded yellow paper, and in a scrawl

with a blunt lead-pencil, often illegible, so that words had to be guessed at and filled in. I present this letter, and, later, another following, as nearly as I can make them out:—

"Somewhere in blessed Mesopotamia," runs the one which reached me first, "a poor deaf mute, a slender, swarthy, agile Bedouin, about my own age, and so like me, but for the clothing, that I could own him as a brother—somewhere in this blessed land, that afflicted creature wanders, all unable to comprehend what his Mohammedan countrymen, their Turkish masters, and the German superbosses are about.

"Respecting his affliction as by the hand of Allah, they suffer him to wander among their camps and entrenchments. They gaze upon him, half-amused, half in pity, as he views exposed cannon and machine-guns in childlike wonderment; they lead him along labyrinths of trenches for the pleasure of seeing his terror at the engines of destruction which bristle in concealed places; they give him of their food, and, as he eats, they talk over their plans, and the German and Turkish commanders issue instructions: for he is deaf, he cannot hear: he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. They know they have nothing to fear from him.

"Having meandered about till he is weary for change, he essays to move on, and none stay him. He is afflicted and bewitched; he must be pitied and let alone, lest any torment-

ing him should be likewise smitten, or perish.

"Thus he wanders from camp to camp, his great, dark, frightened eyes seeming to go ever darker, more lustrous, and more terror-stricken, as he beholds preparations for he knows not what, but fears them as portending evil.

"Now and then he hovers about our lines. But mostly he shuns the society of infidels. Some of our men found him yesterday, a poor starveling; he had wandered up to our defences, seemingly ready to perish. They brought him in and set food before him. He ate ravenously, then spat on the ground, and looked for all the world like cursing the infidel dogs who had rescued and fed him. His face was a perfect study of mingled fear and impotence and rage. They tried to make him hear or speak, but failed. He grew weary of their attentions, and mooned off to headquarters, where somehow he secured admission.

"Of course they would be quite unable to glean from him the barest atom of that large store of information he must possess about the enemy's positions, defences, numbers, and what not. He has eyes to see, if he has not ears to hear, but, alas! he is mute, and he cannot write. If our staff could only know what he has to tell were he willing and able! It might easily mean saving the lives of thousands of men, and wealth beyond the price of a king's ransom.

"He is uneasy as I write.

It looks as though he were ready to move on. Likely enough he will leave here soon. I wonder if I dare trust this letter to him? I will risk it, I think. There is little in it, and the paper is not valuable: it is the best I can find. I have often wished to write to you, just to let you know that I am doing my bit for Britain, under this scorching sun, out in Mesopotamia the blessed. It has struck me that I may as well break silence in describing one who is as I once essayed to be. Certainly he makes a much better mute than I did; but then, those wretched police were so confoundedly incredulous! Perhaps he isn't really a bit more clever, only more fortunate in dealing with true children of Allah instead of suspicious Christian dogs like those with whom I had to do.

"Well, he may lose the envelope containing these bits, exactly as if out of a waste-paper basket, or destroy it; but I will take the chance. If it fails to reach you, you will not miss it. If it does reach you, spare a prayer for this poor Bedouin outcast, for sake of the deaf mute you tried to talk with once in a police cell, far away.

"I shall be longing to know whether this reaches you, for I have a strange faith in this mute—a sort of brotherly confidence—and I beg you to write early and often if you get this invitation, as I somehow think you will. When you have written, care of that friendly Arab, as directed, I will send

you a full account of my doings since my disappearance eight years ago, always supposing that in the meantime a fairly adventurous cat has not been unfortunate enough to lose his ninth life."

So he was with the British force in Mesopotamia, acting as a spy, rendering that dangerous and invaluable service to his country in the guise of a Bedouin, and in his old rôle of deaf mute! It took my breath away when the truth dawned. Then, gradually, I realised his special fitness for such service—his command of the German tongue, which I knew of already, and his aptness for learning languages, which had doubtless enabled him to acquire an easy flow of Turkish and Arabic during his eight years' residence in the East. There was biting irony in the remark that the man so like him as to be recognisable as his brother—himself, of course—stood mute among an unsuspecting enemy: "they give him of their food, and, as he eats, they talk over their plans, and the German and Turkish commanders issue instructions: for he is deaf, he cannot hear: he is dumb and illiterate, he cannot tell. They know they have nothing to fear from him."

I felt so proud of the rogue that I set out straightway to seek his parents. It was a vain quest. They had died, one four, the other five years ago. Their son had "come to honour, and they knew it not." He was an only child, and I

could find no relation living in the locality. I returned quite disappointed, because there was no one near to him whom I could tell of his doings, and of whose delight I might write.

It was consequently an unworthy sort of reply that I made to his fascinating letter; there was really so little to say beyond expressing my own admiration of the service he was rendering, and the hope that he would come safely through every hazardous mission. I posted the letter to a curious address which he gave, not without misgivings, for I wondered why on earth I could not have been told to send it to the British Expeditionary Force.

In February I heard from him again:

"How an evil reputation clings to a fellow, to be sure! I never said I was playing the part of deaf mute. I talked of one sufficiently like me to pass as my own brother, but, please, teacher, I didn't say it was me! Do, please, give him the credit he has earned. Don't rob him of it to pass it on to a rascal like me.

"He deserves your sympathy. For affliction has been added to affliction. He got my letter posted, it seems—at our military post office, likely; then he meandered off once more amongst his true believing brothers, with whom he stayed over Christmas, although the children of Allah would know nothing of the Christian festival, of course.

"A deserter who came into our lines told how the mute's

visit to our camp had become known to the enemy, and how he was received back by his brethren with some suspicion. They fired rifles immediately behind his ears to see if he would start at the sound; they marched him up to a big gun and stood him beside it till the air concussion of a score explosions caused him to bleed from ears and nostrils. He was deaf as a stone; it was evident that he heard not the semblance of a sound. They were satisfied about his hearing; but could he speak, after all?

"Hot irons applied to various tender parts were reckoned one good means for proving this: these being ineffective, though he will bear their scars to his grave, they tried tearing out a finger-nail or two; tears rained down his cheeks, but he uttered no more than a guttural moan. They were convinced. The more callous amongst them swore frightful oaths; the more pious prayed lest vengeance should fall upon them for adding to the sorrows of one whom Allah had afflicted. Afterwards they treated him with marked kindness: so this deserter told. He was wandering up and down the camp, nearly recovered from the wounds their cruelty had inflicted, when he who gave this information left the place for reasons of health, as he said. But he was a fine liar, and nobody could believe all he said. As there were Germans with the Turks and Arabs, however, the cruelty his tale told of might well be true.

"It was true. A week later, the mute turned up in our lines for the last time. Gangrene had supervened that wrenching out of finger-nails. The doctors had to take off his left arm. Then a marvel happened. He began to speak. Vengeance fell heavily upon those miserable followers of the true prophet for their lack of charity. He gave away all their plans, describing their positions, and batteries, and encampments with a precision and accuracy I should never have thought possible in a simple ohild of the desert.

"He is rather a wreck now; perhaps they gave him poor food when they suspected him of treachery, poor beggar; for it turned out that the deserter's tale was substantially true; and he certainly had drunk foul water, for dysentery was added to the trouble with his arm, and the doctors had enough to do to pull him through. Everybody was wondering what would become of the poor body, when he coolly told that he had a little place of his own not a thousand miles from Aden. Once he got there, he said, he would do nicely. A wife and three bonny children were awaiting his return home. He had been settled in that district eight years, and, hearing there was war, had felt his blood stirred with a longing to take some part 'for George' in the fight, calling our gracious King by name in a fashion perhaps excusable in one so long a mute.

"By strange fortune, I have

my place not far from Aden, too; and a wife and three children waiting, also, for my return; and I have lost an arm, and had dysentery: how like we are, to be sure! Well, I cannot blame you if you still refuse to own my brother. But I shall not forsake him—I shall stick to him like his very shadow—for he has earned my respect.

“We are ‘blood brothers,’ as he says, having gone through the same dangers, fought in the same company, and been wounded with the same wounds. We will retire together, honourably discharged, unfit for further active service. We will make our way together to that little spot near Aden which is home to us both. Perhaps I will tell you more of him when we get there.

“I must say a word or two about myself in my closing lines. I saw the little place I have mentioned as we sailed up the Red Sea, and I was dreaming of it all the way back to Colombo. I could not get it out of my mind, so I left the ship and returned there.

“I had fallen in love very badly with a bit of country, beautifully situated on rising ground, and plentifully wooded. I cannot for the life of me tell why, but of course there was a woman in it, seen at Aden. I made up my mind to do something to enable me to make my home in that spot, even if I could only manage to visit it at holiday time.

“The stars favoured me. The little spot I had seen from

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the ship became my home. I have a wife there; if I brought her to England people would turn up their noses because she is not white-skinned; but she is pure as a lily, and her heart is like gold. She is much more British, too, than many of her white sisters who call themselves Englishwomen. She did not demur for an instant when she saw I longed to take a hand in the fight. Nay, she made it easy for me to go, letting me understand that she was quite able to run our little plantation whilst I was away.

“Unfortunately she cannot read or write. I have heard nothing of her since I left home last June, and I am anxious to know how she is doing. I don’t care who knows, either; I’m longing to see her again, as pretty a mother of as pretty a couple of girls and as bonnie a lad as ever were born. What do I care if they are dark-skinned? If I were not swarthy, where would my bit of spying have come in? There, I have given the whole show away now! I may as well tell you how it came about; for really it is pride that causes me to write at all.

“Whilst I tried to conceal my bit of work, I did want you to know that that scamp of a deaf mute who put you to the trouble and expense of sending him to sea, only to desert his ship within a year, had British blood and British pluck in him, and the devilment helped more than it hindered him when the time for action came.

"I know no army drill; besides, I guessed they might sniff out my character if I applied for enlistment. It struck me that I might work off that deaf and dumb trick on the Arabs and Turks, and I felt I could perhaps bring a little information in if I came across any German officers. They would hardly expect a beggar Bedouin mute to know their language. Well, it came off; and three finger-nails, and then an arm, came off with it; and a few scars which won't come off were added for a sort of make-up. But I played the game better than I did when less depended on it. I think it was worth playing: all the more as our own men were about as mystified as the rest—all but one or two, who learned something from the Bedouin mute which I hope will help their plans a little.

"I have slipped away as quietly as I came. I could do no more good there, a bit of a wreck physically, and my spy game played out. But somebody is waiting for me at

home, thank God. I wish everybody could be sure of such a welcome as I shall get. It will pay for all. Good luck to you, sir: good-bye."

"About how many letters do you get a week?" a magistrate asked me, after piecing together the five-and-twenty scraps of paper comprising the former, and the seven-and-twenty comprising this, and reading the contents with keen interest. I replied that I receive a weekly average of a hundred and twenty.

"Well," he continued, "if the war lasts twenty years, and your supply of letters is maintained, you'll get none more strange than these among all the hundred and twenty-four thousand odd you stand to receive. It's the oddest story of real life I ever read. You ought to put it in a book. It's as good as a novel, and more interesting, because it's true. They ought to give that fellow the Victoria Cross. He's a brick, and no mistake."

DURING THE REBELLION IN WEXFORD.

WE have been "held up," as they say on the other side of the Atlantic. Every one knows the expression now, but not every one has had the experience.

It began here on Easter Tuesday, April 25, and our first intimation of something being wrong was that we got no second post. There came instead a message from the post office that the Sinn Feiners had risen in Dublin, seized the General Post Office, and cut the wires. We do not believe implicitly everything that comes from the local post office. But my husband had started for Dublin by the early morning train, and I began to wonder how he would get either there or back; for they said the railway line was cut somewhere.

In the evening we went to a village concert for the help of the Nursing Fund. After waiting a while, we were informed that there would be no concert, as the "star" could not get down from Dublin, or even send a wire. "All communication was cut off." There was something distinctly ominous in those words; and we felt thoughtful as we drove home through the cold evening mist along the riverside.

The village we had left was quieter than usual at 7.30 P.M. Our own village nearer home was really unnaturally

quiet. Lights everywhere, but no one visible: the people seemed to be all behind their own doors, which is just the place they generally avoid at that hour.

About nine o'clock we heard a motor-car at the door, and my husband got out of it. He had been to Dublin, and we could hardly believe the things he had actually seen and heard. Barricades at the street corners, rebels in green uniform and out of it firing at every soldier they could find in the streets, shooting them down and then shooting any one who went to help them—rebels entrenched in Stephen's Green and already hiding their heads from the soldiers who were firing at them from the roof of the Shelburne Hotel. A wounded officer near Portobello Bridge was actually murdered, and no one dared to bring in his body from the street where it lay, for fear of being killed themselves. An everlasting disgrace to the city. But these Sinn Feiners cannot feel disgrace. They reverse every principle of civic decency, and their glory is in their shame. The only good news was that troops were being landed at Kingstown, and would march on Dublin straight.

We spent the night thinking of these things, and of our own position. We are here in Wexford, nine miles from Enniscorthy, which is about

the most disloyal town in Ireland, where soldiers in uniform are hooted in the streets, where German victories are rejoiced in and magnified, and German atrocities are denied and ascribed to the malice of their British detractors. Enniscorthy is dominated by Vinegar Hill, the scene of the Irish rebellion of 1798, and a perpetual reminder of such savage cruelties and horrors as one might suppose the decent citizens of to-day would blush to remember. But quite the contrary! They have been loudly declaring for months past that they would make another stand on Vinegar Hill, that the "glorious memories of '98" would be far excelled by the deeds they would do; and no one could possibly doubt that their intentions were serious. Only a few weeks ago two men were arrested in Dublin driving through Stephen's Green in a motor-car which was filled with rifles and bayonets, intended, as they plainly confessed, for Enniscorthy and Ferns. As Ferns is just five miles away, it seemed likely that our position would become an interesting one.

For five days after Easter Tuesday we could get no letters or papers. We knew that there was desperate street-fighting going on in Dublin, and as British troops were there we knew that of course they would put down the rebels. But how soon?—that was the critical question. Would there be any troops to spare for Wexford? How

many other risings of Sinn Feiners would take place between the four corners of Ireland? Had any German troops been landed on our sympathetic shores? These were the questions we debated among ourselves unceasingly, but there was no possibility of getting an answer to any of them.

On Thursday, April 27, came the expected news. The Sinn Feiners were up in Enniscorthy. They had seized the railway station, and held up a train, which was on its way from Wexford with 300 workmen for Kynoch's factory. They had taken the "Castle,"—no great feat,—and had commandeered blankets, boots, tea, sugar, bacon, anything they needed, from the principal shops of the town. A lot of sugar was distributed among women in the poorest quarters,—a shrewd stroke for popularity. They held all the approaches to Enniscorthy, and barricaded them. Any one might come in, but no one could go out again without a "pass." They tried to take the Police Barracks, but the Police held it against them. Now they had "scouts" out, to watch for the soldiers coming, and were ready to cut the line and blow up the railway station at the first appearance of troops. It was impossible to find out how many there were of these rebels, but they were "the full of Enniscorthy, anyway"; wearing green uniforms and big hats, carrying rifles and bayonets, and proclaiming the Irish Republic.

How long would they confine themselves to Enniscorthy? that was the point. They very soon sent out a detachment to Scarawelsh. Here there is a fine old bridge across the river Slaney, and it was said that they meant to blow up the bridge. But if so, they abandoned the idea, and built a barricade across the road instead, with some trees which they cut down. It always gives an Irishman of the lower class immense pleasure to cut down a tree that does not belong to him. Then began the raiding. Parties of Sinn Feiners went out to the country houses round Enniscorthy, held rifles to the heads of their owners, and demanded their guns and their motor-cars. They got them. As we heard of one house after another being held up in this way we became very thoughtful. For we did not intend to be held up if we could help it. We had no motor-car, but we had arms; and we kept watch both day and night. It was very tiring. Of course there was no possibility of concerting any plan of action with friends or loyal neighbours. No place is so isolated as a country house in a lonely spot. In the house with ourselves were my sister and our five children. I shall never forget those days of waiting and watching; waiting for the news from Dublin, watching for Sinn Feiners.

It was a week of absolutely lovely weather: sunshine and sweet air, apple blossom and cherry blossom everywhere,

and this deadly anxiety day and night. We were quite aware of being watched ourselves, and we knew who were watching us.

The demeanour of the country people altered. In the beginning of the time they were carefully respectful. Then they began to look at us oddly, and to keep out of the way. On Saturday my husband went into the market-town, where there was a fair. He told me on his return that the excitement there was intense; but still the people held themselves in, and waited to see which side was going to come out on top. I was more ashamed of this than of anything else, except their shooting the unarmed soldiers in Dublin.

Before the end of the fair a Sinn Feiner on a bicycle came into the little town, an emissary from the precious Irish Republic in Enniscorthy. He informed the Sergeant of Police that the Sinn Feiners intended to march on the town that night and take it. The Sergeant told him to go about his business, and offered to give him a poke with his sword if he didn't take himself off. He did take himself off, a good deal disappointed; as he had expected to be arrested, and thought his arrest would serve for a signal to the townspeople to rise and join the Sinn Feiners.

This Sergeant is a brave and determined man. We knew of reasons why he was in real danger of the Sinn Feiners' vengeance, as in the course of

his duty he had given them cause to fear him. That would be an interesting story, if one was at liberty to tell it. There were just four men in his Police Barracks; their windows were sand-bagged, and they were ready to defend the place. I think they would have defended it successfully too. The half-dozen Police in the Barracks at Enniscorthy held out most pluckily to the end, though they were in the thick of the rebels, were constantly sniped at, and were very short of food.

On that Saturday morning a motor drove up to our house, and its owner handed me a fine salmon which a kind friend had asked him to convey here. He said—

“I am taking a last drive in my motor, trying to get what provisions I can,—if I only have the luck to get home! They are sure to take my motor next.”

And they did, on the same evening.

I was very glad of the salmon, as my butcher had sent a message that he could supply no more meat, and from the Bakery came a letter explaining that

“Owing to the present disturbed state of the country it is impossible to get supplies. Consequently I am compelled to close down the Bakery for the present, and cannot undertake to deliver bread until the present difficulties are overcome.”

Both the butcher and the Bakery's owner lived in Ferns, and they stood up to the Sinn

Feiners like men, the butcher flatly refusing to kill any meat for them, even when they threatened to burn his house over his head. Ferns was full of the rabble for days; tramps and tinkers of all sorts joined them. Boys of fourteen and fifteen were given rifles and bayonets, and flourished them freely in the faces of respectable people, whether men or women; stopping them as they went in or out of the town, and making them go and ask for passes from the Provisional Government, as they called themselves. Robbery under arms was of daily occurrence, of course. The one thing they were really afraid of was the soldiers coming, and they seized every bicycle they could find, so as to be ready for instant flight, in emulation of their leaders in other people's motor-cars. Their leaders meantime took possession of the public-houses, and refused to sell drink to the townspeople; which caused some bitter feelings.

Naturally the rebels soon got out of hand, and a familiar sound began to be heard, of

“D'ye think I'm here to be takin' orders from the likes of you? Who are *you*, to be givin' me orders?”

A man who was leaving Ferns late in the evening, having provided himself with a “pass” in the correct manner, asked for a light for his cart.

“Oh, don't trouble yourself, there's no more o' them rules now at all!” he was informed.

And like a true Home Ruler, no doubt he rejoiced in the

summary abolition of all laws for the public safety.

How we longed in those days for the soldiers to come! Without papers or letters, and uncertain of what was happening in other places, hearing rumours and partly disbelieving them, knowing nothing about the safety of our relatives in different parts of Ireland, it was a wretched time indeed. There was a constantly repeated rumour of some incredible number of Germans having landed in Ireland, one day in the North, the next day in the South. No doubt the Sinn Feiners spread that, for they would hope it was true.

When Sunday came we remained unaware in our isolation here that the rebels had made an unconditional surrender in Dublin. Had we known it, we should have been saved some hours of a suspense that was growing almost intolerable. The raiders from Enniscorthy had been coming nearer every day; the last house from which they had taken a motor-car and searched for arms was less than three miles away. It seemed highly likely that they would come to us next, and probably choose the hour when we should all be away in church. My husband decided, therefore, to stay at home and take care of the place as best he could, while I went with my sister and the children to church; but our eldest boy stayed with his father. In the uniform of a Naval cadet he could not have gone out with us, as he would

have been the mark for every rebel's insult and attack, and we had more than two miles to go to church. On the other hand, he was steady and a good shot, and I was glad of his being at home; though naturally I did not say so.

As we drove along the road where each Sunday morning we are accustomed to see familiar faces and exchange greetings, every door was shut, and not a creature was visible. It seemed like an uninhabited country until we got near the church gate. I think we were all thankful for the service, and as usually happens the Morning Psalms and the Litany uttered the thoughts that must have been in every mind—

“From all sedition, privy conspiracy,
and rebellion,
Good Lord, deliver us!”

After the service, it has been our habit since the war began to sing the first verse of the National Anthem. It never before had such meaning for us as on that morning.

We drove home again through an empty country. Even at the cross-roads, where a public-house stands, and which I never before saw unattended by humanity, not a man was to be seen. But just beyond the cross-roads there is a deserted cottage, and glancing through its broken windows in passing I met several pairs of eyes looking out from the dirty gloom. They were eyes of men all sitting there quietly. The children went into fits of laughter at seeing

them "hiding in such a dirty place." But I considered that they might have two reasons for being there: one good and the other bad.

It is hard for any one who has not lived in Ireland to understand how little liberty of action is permitted to the poor man, whether in town or country; but especially to the agricultural labourer. His father before him lived in bondage to the Land League, as he well remembers. He himself has been brought up in subjection to the Irish League, which is simply the Land League under another name. Of course he is supposed to obey his priest, and he is supposed to obey the law of the land; but the priest can be disobeyed nowadays without much fear of punishment, and as for the law of the land, it no longer even pretends to punish those who break it. But the Irish League will punish, and does punish severely; and it is the Irish League that he obeys. Now there are the Sinn Fein organisations, and the Secret Societies as well. He has been inveigled into one or other of these before he was twenty; probably he has signed a paper promising to "come out" and bear arms whenever he is called upon, on pain of death, for the Irish Republic. I know of different men in this country who actually signed *blank* papers, not knowing what they were promising, but afraid to refuse the Sinn Feiners. The day of Rebellion came; they were called out, and had to go.

The first night they never left the *rendezvous*, but lay with others till morning, very wet, in a little wood. When morning came they received no orders, and so made off to their homes. But they were called out again, and the second night they were not allowed to return. They had to be rebels; and of such reluctant material are rebels often made.

The men who remained at home were those whom we saw changing countenances from day to day. In another two days they would *all* have joined the force in Enniscorthy, from pure fear of remaining at home. The Sinn Fein leaders had an excellent idea of the way to influence waverers. They spread a report that there would be a Sinn Fein Conscription throughout Ireland; any men who would not join were to be shot.

On Monday, May 1, we received authentic news that the rebel leaders in Dublin had made an unconditional surrender, and advised all others in the country to do the same. Then came the soldiers. We are not likely ever to forget the feelings with which we welcomed those soldiers. Few as they were, they brought back peace and order, and the reality of England's rule, to this divided and distracted County of Wexford. They did it without wasting one life or firing one shot. They came, and with them came a very heavy and persuasive gun, which the soldiers called "Enniscorthy Emily." The sight of her was

enough. She had no need to speak.

I shall not forget either the joy or relief on the faces of the country people at the very first tidings that the Rebellion was put down. It was impossible to mistake; their tongues can always deceive one, but not their faces. They had been absolutely terrorised by the Sinn Feiners; and if the Rebellion had lasted a week longer and these terrorised people had joined it, they would have been the most cruel of the lot. We are under no delusions about what would have happened.

It remains unaccountable how the leaders in Enniscorthy controlled their following even for the short while that they did, *and prevented them from getting drunk*. A severe penalty was denounced against any one who should give drink to a Sinn Feiner. But such an unnatural state of things could not have continued. Another mysterious thing is how the rebels escaped being shot by each other. Some indeed were wounded, but none killed; and considering the number of rifles and revolvers in hands which had never used weapons before, it seems little short of miraculous. Bayonets were given to boys of fourteen, who had the time of their lives, "halting," threatening, and driving people about. Of course in a very short while threatening would have become tame sport, and the real thing would have begun. As it was, the principal shopkeepers were held up by their own work-people; in one case a well-

known merchant was overpowered in his shop by two girls and a boy, who marched up to him with revolvers. Any worthless young woman who wanted some excitement put a Red Cross on her sleeve, called herself a Sinn Fein nurse, and rushed off with a raiding party, taking a revolver as a nursing outfit.

Two of these ministering angels were in Ferns when the scare was given that the soldiers were coming. They jumped into a stolen motor-car and were driven off at top speed by a Sinn Feiner, who knew as much about driving a motor as they knew about nursing. All went well until it was time to turn a corner at the foot of a steep hill. Here the motor, instead of turning the corner, charged straight into a cottage, and landed a damaged "nurse" somewhere about the floor. She was soon recognised as a local dressmaker of small skill, and the opinion was expressed to me by a disgusted acquaintance that

"Her parents would have to be ashamed of her."

Most of the raided motor-cars were broken up very soon in much the same way, as there was no one who knew how to drive them; but every one was willing to try. I know of *one* that was returned to its owner after three days, with a letter of elaborate politeness and an illegible signature. All the notes of these days purported to be from the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic.

Here ends a trivial record of

a time that finished in a *fiasco*, though it was intended to finish in blood. The things I have written of might have been treated very differently, and have made a more readable article. With a few touches of exaggeration it would be easy to give a more heroic and interesting aspect to our position, which was in reality humiliating and exasperating. Or again, one might take it from the ridiculous side, and turn it all into a bad joke, as nearly anything that happens in Ireland can be turned;—call it a Rebellion *pour rire* in Wexford, with the fifteen-year-old warriors and the sham nurses, and the rest of it. Either of those methods would be a plausible *misrepresentation*, and at this time it is all-important that the simple truth should be told.

That truth is that the people of Ireland have acquired a profound contempt for the British Government, which has so thoroughly deserved their contempt, which condones crime and disorder, refuses protection to the loyal and law-abiding subjects of the King, releases criminals from prison before half their time is served, and ostentatiously allies itself with their leaders. The old definition of a Government's reason to exist, "for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well," must be exactly reversed to fit the Government we have had in Ireland, and which has brought us to this pass. Of course the people are not afraid to rebel. Why

should they be? Is it likely that they have forgotten the lessons of 1911—when a low-born schemer called Larkin, posing as a Labour leader, and with the help of German money, raised such riots in Dublin that trade was paralysed and the streets became Pandemonium? What happened next? The brave policemen who, at the risk of their lives, had tried to keep order in the streets, were accused as murderers and put on trial; but the Citizen Army which was threatening to wreck the city was allowed to parade, to be drilled, and finally to be armed. The Citizen Army and the Sinn Feiners are one force now.

There was never any disguise about the objects of the Sinn Feiners. Indeed there was no necessity for any. In Ireland disloyalty is the chief recommendation to place and power; for loyal subjects do not command enough votes to make them of any importance to a British Government anxious about its own tenure of office. When the Sinn Feiners avowed that their chief aim was to root out every sign of British domination in Ireland, they were only smiled upon and rather encouraged to proceed, especially as they became more numerous. Naturally their insolence increased. From the beginning of the war they have allied themselves with the Germans, cheered at their successes, helped their submarines, and maligned our Army. They have magnified the power of Germany to the ignorant

country people, and persuaded them that the Huns have a peculiar tenderness for the Irish, and a special yearning to see Ireland "free." It is useless for any loyal person to try and open their eyes—to ask them, as I have repeatedly done, how they would like to have a German army landed here, and to see Ireland treated as Belgium has been?

"Ah, they would never do the like o' that here! Sure, they're not that sort o' people at all," is the obstinate reply.

Is any one surprised at this? Let him remember that the ignorant and the unprincipled always believe whatever they wish to believe, that their invincible instinct is to join the side that is going to win, that as long as they can remember

they have seen crime and outrage successful in Ireland, and loyalty penalised and discredited as if it were a crime.

Is it too late to ask of England now to show her strength, in which these rebels do not believe, to do justice and punish the wrong-doers who have openly boasted that she is afraid to punish them, to give us order and law, and save our beloved Ireland even now at the last hour?

Is it possible that the English people are still unaware that Germany is here, that her money has furnished the sinews of this Rebellion, that the Sinn Feiners were counting on German promises?—kept in the German fashion, as the event proved.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

MOUNT ATHOS IN PEACE AND WAR.

BY LT.-COMMANDER H. C. LUKACH, R.N.V.R.

MIDWAY between Thessalian Olympus and the Macedonian peak of Prnar Dagh, immediately to the east of Salonika, lies the broad peninsula of Chaloidice — a well-watered, well-wooded district, terminating in three long and narrow promontories. The westernmost of Chalcidice's tapering fingers bears the name of Cassandra, the unheeded prophetess of Troy; that in the middle is variously known as Sithonia and Longos; while the easternmost takes its official name from its culminating peak — the mysterious Mount of Athos. Its official name — because to the Orthodox, be they Greeks, Russians, Bulgars, or Serbs, it is always the Holy Mountain; and even its Turkish name, Ainerus, is a gallant if pathetic attempt to reproduce the sound of Hagion Oros.

From the night when bonfires were lighted on its heights to tell Mycenæ of the fall of Troy, Mount Athos has played a part out of the common — a part that has stimulated the imagination of the Levant and contributed not a little to the picturesqueness of the world. Traces are still visible of the canal which Xerxes cut across the neck of the promontory; mariners of the Middle Ages hardily asserted that the shadow of its

peak touched distant Lemnos, fifty miles to the south-east. And in these latter days, since "that truculent specimen of the Church militant, the Vladika of Montenegro," has made way for a temporal ruler, the Holy Mountain is the only theocracy in Europe, the only State where the Churchman is supreme and the layman utterly disfranchised. Further, Mount Athos illustrates to perfection the unerring skill of Eastern monks in choosing their nests well. No other region in the Near East is greener, more fertile, more abundant in brooks and springs; in none does nature more happily co-operate with art. True, Thasos, its neighbour, is an isle well wooded; Skopelos, Skiathos, Chilio-dromi, and the rest of that delightful cluster, the Northern Sporades, are pleasantly redolent of pine and thyme and cistus. But the majority of Ægean islands — and especially Lemnos, where these lines were written — are of an austere, treeless monotony, to which the luxuriant beauty of Athos is a delicious and welcome foil.

It was in the winter of 1907-1908 that the present writer and his companion, H. Pirie-Gordon, made their first pilgrimage to the Holy Mountain, in circumstances which could not well have differed more from those surrounding their

visit in the summer of 1915. It was a winter exceptionally severe throughout the Balkans: snow lay all over the peninsula, weighing down the branches of the pine-trees and almost covering the *kellia*, or cells of hermits, which lurk everywhere among them. Indeed, for two days after our arrival from Kavalla, we were snow-bound at the little harbour of Daphne, the only port of the peninsula, and unable to proceed to the capital—Karyaes—to present ourselves, as in duty bound, to the Athonite House of Commons. For in times of peace every visitor to Mount Athos must be provided with a pass from the Patriarch of Constantinople, or from the official representatives of Mount Athos at Salonika, before he is allowed to set foot in the territory of the monks. This pass he delivers to the *Hagia Koenotes*, or Holy Parliament of Athos, sitting at Karyaes, and he receives in exchange a circular letter to the heads of the twenty monasteries of the peninsula, requiring them to receive and entertain him. Fortunately the Qaimaqam of Mount Athos, the representative of His Majesty 'Abdu'l Hamid II., suzerain of the monastic republic, welcomed us with gladness born of an utter surfeit of monks, and hospitably lodged us in his *gonaq*, the only decent habitation in Daphne. Papayanni Bey was an Albanian, and a Christian, but, despite his Christianity, showed a regrettable lack of affection for his

holy charges. Regrettable, but not altogether incomprehensible. For years he had associated with none but black-robed *kalogeroi*, had heard no livelier music than their nasal chants; moreover, it annoyed him, the deputy of the Grand Signor, to have to submit to the law banning everything female from Athos. He admitted that in principle such a law was all very well for monks—was, in fact, a most salutary precaution; but he felt that it was humiliating for the Governor to be bound by a regulation intended solely for the welfare of the governed. Also, he thought, it was erring on the side of over-caution to extend the prohibition to useful beasts such as ewes and hens. It was not clear to him how the morals of the monks were thereby benefited; on the other hand, it meant that his milk was perforce condensed, and his eggs imported from Salonika. The Qaimaqam of Curzon's day, as we may read in 'Monasteries of the Levant,' defied the rule by keeping a cat, which posed as a tom until the day when it indiscreetly appeared with kittens. Poor Papayanni, lacking his predecessor's moral courage, reluctantly conformed, and was permitted, in return, to pay a brief monthly visit to his family in Constantinople. His household there, he told us, consisted of his wife, two daughters, and an English governess, the latter a most unreasonable woman in the Qaimaqam's opinion. She insisted, it appeared, upon hav-

ing beef-steak twice a week, and upon touching her salary at the end of every month. As the unhappy Qaimaqam's salary was generally eight months in arrear, and sometimes not paid at all, his dislike of the lady's preference for spot cash can be readily understood.

Eventually we reached Karyaes and presented our credentials to what is undoubtedly the strangest Parliament in Europe. In order that the functions of this Assembly may be properly understood, it will be well, perhaps, at this point to sketch briefly the internal constitution* of Mount Athos, a constitution which, despite great dangers, has hitherto weathered unimpaired the Near Eastern upheavals of recent years. The territory of the peninsula belongs exclusively to twenty monasteries of different sizes and unequal wealth, but of equal weight as units of the monastic republic. The number of twenty is invariable, despite attempts, of which more anon, to increase it; *sketae* and *kellia* there are in abundance, but all affiliated of necessity to a parent monastery, apart from which they can have no independent political existence. Nobody not a member or servant of the monasteries and their dependencies may reside permanently in Athos; and the population of the peninsula thus consists exclusively of monks, lay brethren, the *sirdars* or monastic gendarmerie, and a few civil officials, Turkish at the time of our first

visit, Greek at the time of our second.

Each monastery, irrespective of its size, sends to the Parliament of Karyaes as its deputy one monk, elected for one year; and the body of twenty thus constituted regulates matters of common concern, subject to revision by an inner or executive Council of four. The *Hagia Koenotes* represents the monasteries in their dealings with the suzerain Power, is the guardian of the institutions of the Mountain as set forth in the Chryso-Bulls of Byzantine Emperors and the Typika of successive Patriarchs of Constantinople; on the other hand, its powers of interference in the internal affairs of the monastery are limited, and clearly defined. There is only one order of monks in the Orthodox Church, that of St Basil; but as regards internal economy and administration, monasteries are of two kinds, cœnobitic and idiorrhythmic. In cœnobitic monasteries, which are ruled by abbots chosen for life, the monks own no property, take their meals in common, and generally conform to the earlier and stricter ideals of monasticism. The later and laxer principles of idiorrhythmic rule, on the other hand, permit monks to live in their own suites of rooms, own private property, and have a share in the revenues and profits of their monastery. The idiorrhythmic monastery is, in fact, a company owned by a limited number of shareholders, the monks, and administered by a board of

directors, the *ἐπίτροποι*, whom the shareholders elect for a certain term of years. Not all, however, of the monks of Mount Athos, or even a majority, dwell in the twenty monasteries. The peninsula, deeply interesting as the principal repository of Early Christian and Byzantine art in all its manifestations, is equally so as illustrating synoptically even now the successive stages through which Eastern monasticism has passed. The first stage is the *kellion* of the solitary hermit, usually perched on some almost inaccessible cliff, as far as possible from the habitations of other men. Next follows the *skete*, that is to say, a group of *kellia* that has grown up around the retreat of some eremite of more than usual sanctity and reputation. These were the only forms of monasticism known to the peninsula during the early centuries of the Christian era, and it was not until the end of the tenth century that St Athanasius, called the Athonite, became the founder of Mount Athos as an organised community by uniting a number of *sketae* into its first monastery, that of "the Most Great and Most Holy Lavra," on the south-eastern slope of the Holy Mountain. His example soon found imitators, even, it is interesting to observe, in the Latin Church: before the close of the tenth century the monastery of Omorphono, on the eastern side of the peninsula, had been founded in imitation of his by

seven Benedictines from Amalfi. Of the brief history of the only Latin monastery in Mount Athos (it had disappeared before the beginning of the thirteenth century) we know little beyond the curious fact that its monks supplied St Athanasius with caviare; but simultaneously with the Amalfitans there arrived from the Caucasus two distinguished nobles of Georgia, father and son, who founded in its vicinity the monastery of the Iberians or Georgians. In due course other monasteries appeared, principally through the piety of Byzantine Emperors and of divers Balkan Czars and Voivodes, until twenty in all had come into existence; but even so the primitive *kellia* and *sketae* not only continued side by side with their historical descendants, but multiplied. I know of no more striking spectacle in this peninsula, so replete with marvels, than the locality at its southern end known as Kerasia. Kerasia is the name given to one of the spurs of Mount Athos, which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of some fifteen hundred feet. Of the pink rock of the mountain but little can here be seen, for in every indentation and cranny of its almost perpendicular surface is perched, like an eagle's nest suspended in mid-air, some troglodyte's vertiginous eyrie. Not the pillar-monasteries of *Metéora*, accessible only by basket or perilous rope-ladder, nor the cells out in the face of Quarantana, the Mount of Temptation behind Jericho,

can compare with these dizzy hermitages. With no apparent exits to the outer world, those on the higher level are the merest cave-dwellings, protected by rudimentary wooden balconies, and occasionally flanked by a narrow ledge, on which a single row of cabbages pursues its precarious growth. Lower down, where the slope is less precipitous, the hermits are less like flies on a window-pane; by degrees their residences begin to assume concrete shape as they descend toward the sea. By the time the shore is reached, they have degenerated into charming little white-washed villas, with terraced kitchen-gardens and pergolas of vine, very different from the fantastic cells a thousand feet overhead. And between the inmates of the two a corresponding gulf is fixed. Those aloft are the eremites of primitive oriental Christianity, true disciples of the men who sought refuge from the temptations of the devil on the summits of pillars or in the deserts of the Thebaid. Those below live lives of solitude and meditation, less from choice than of necessity, have here fixed their dwellings not until such time as death releases them from the world, but until they are restored to the world by a favourable turn of fortune's wheel. Consequently their retreats are not without certain of the amenities of life. In fact, they are delightful little establishments, red-roofed and green-shuttered, with pleasant gardens, a magnificent view, and ample resources as re-

gards fish and fruit. It was in such a place as this, in the *kellion* of Mylopotamos, that the late Patriarch of Constantinople, Joachim III., spent the twelve years of exile between his second and third reign as Œcumenical Patriarch; many another is tenanted by ambitious prelates temporarily banished by intrigue from their offices or sees, and now intriguing in their turn for the early removal of their supplanters. Thus we see illustrated in Mount Athos not only the extremes of monastic habitations, the lonely cave-dwelling and the prosperous, mercenary idiorrhymic monastery, but the extremes among the professors of the monastic life. It is a far cry from the austere follower of St Simeon Stylites to the deposed prelate scheming for his restoration; but the contrast becomes intelligible if we remember the inducements which Eastern monasticism has to offer. In the Levant, where creed is so largely synonymous with nationality, where, indeed, it is often the dominant classification of men, the Church is in many respects the backbone of national existence and propaganda, and the monastery is very largely the backbone of the Church. In the Eastern Churches only celibate or widowed priests and deacons can attain episcopal orders; consequently the hierarchy is recruited extensively from the ranks of the regular clergy. Hence there are collected in the monasteries not only those who seek to retire from the

world, but many eager and enterprising spirits whose aim is precisely the reverse. All large monasteries are fruitful nurseries of bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs; they are also, owing to the distressing absence of security of tenure which the history of Orthodox sees reveals, havens of refuge whence deposed dignitaries intrigue for the downfall of their successors. At the time of my first visit, I believe that no fewer than three ex-Patriarchs of Constantinople edified Mount Athos by their presence, to say nothing of lesser fry; while to the close of his life Joachim III. kept by him the keys of Mylopotamos, never sure but that some day he might require them again. At Iveron, one morning, I attended the funeral of an ex-Archbishop of Nevrekop in Macedonia, who had ended his days as a simple monk; Mount Athos harbours equally *volentes* and *nolentes episcopari*.

Often, moreover, in the Orthodox, and habitually in the other Eastern Churches, bishops reside permanently in monasteries and govern their sees from them; all of which will serve to indicate the weight of monastic influence on the affairs of the Near East and the attractions of the monastic life to the ambitious.

Let us revert, however, to the constitution of Mount Athos, which, as we have seen, provides for the election to the Assembly of one deputy from each of the units composed of a monastery and its affiliated *kellia* and *sketae*. This con-

stitution has the effect of giving to all monasteries equal representation and an equal vote, notwithstanding the fact that they differ markedly in wealth and membership. The Greek monastery of St Paul, for example, a monastery which is recruited principally from the Ionian Islands, has a membership of seventy; while the Russian monastery of St Panteleemon, with its dependencies, numbers somewhere about five thousand. Here lies the root of the struggle which for the last two generations has disturbed the internal peace of the republic, of the civil war generally conducted beneath the surface but periodically threatening to blaze forth into conflagration. The struggle is between the Russian and the Greek, the new and the old, the intruder and the occupant, the progressive and the conservative, and, it must in fairness be added, the vigorous and the feeble, the efficient and the effete, for the hegemony of Mount Athos. The Greeks claim and still possess to a considerable extent the leadership of the Orthodox Church as a whole; but their supremacy is being challenged, and challenged successfully. True, of the twenty Athonite monasteries seventeen are theirs, while Russians, Bulgarians, and Serbians have only one each; consequently they command seventeen votes in the Assembly to the three votes of the Slav element. Yet the true strength of the protagonists cannot be measured entirely

by this standard: in their one monastery the Russians can muster more monks than the Greeks in their seventeen. And hosts of Russian pilgrims, visiting the Holy Mountain at Christmas and at Easter, annually enrich the great Rossikon with recruits and with gifts of money; wealthy Russians frequently make bequests for the foundation of new *sketae*. They would gladly found new monasteries if they could; but the Patriarchs of Constantinople, anxious to save the Greeks from submersion, have never allowed the canonical number of twenty to be exceeded. The Sultans of Turkey, equally apprehensive of Russian progress, supported the veto of the Patriarchs; and that is why the Sarai, Prophetes Elias, and a host of other Russian establishments, while bigger by far than many a monastery, remain voiceless and voteless *sketae*.

A visit to St Panteleemon, now generally known as Rossikon, brings home to the observer very forcibly, especially if he has just visited some of its ancient Byzantine neighbours, the waxing power of Russia and the waning force of the Greeks. By the irony of fate, this champion of Slav against Hellene was originally a Greek monastery; up to the beginning of the nineteenth century its monks were exclusively Greeks. Then, by degrees, a few Russian monks were admitted, and their number grew imperceptibly until the Greeks realised, when it was too late, that the majority

had passed to the intruders. From that moment the Russians multiplied at a prodigious rate, while the Greeks dwindled to a negligible handful. At the present day Rossikon, with its vast hostels and many green-domed churches, its *sketae* bigger than the biggest of Greek monasteries, and its general air of a spiritual Kremlin, is the very embodiment of Russian enterprise and propaganda. It was able to send 300 of its monks to take part in the Russo-Japanese war, and many are fighting now. Yet its Hellenic origin, remote as it may seem, is not entirely forgotten. Ten Greek monks still lurk unnoticed among the 5000 Muscovites, *comme échantillons du passé*; and in the Chapel of the patron saint, though in none other, the liturgy, for their benefit, is still sung, on occasion, in Greek.

I confess that, from the æsthetic point of view, there is something of the *nouveau riche* about the Russian establishments of Mount Athos, when compared with the venerable monasteries of the Greek. And yet more does the Bulgarian monastery of Zographou, a vast, new, monotonous and ugly pile, appear as a *parvenu* among its hoary and intensely dignified neighbours. That this should be the case is not due to any poverty on the part of the Greek convents. On the contrary, they are for the most part extremely rich. But just as a family that has but recently acquired wealth tends to delight in ostentation, so

does Zographou, so do Rossikon and its countless *sketae*, splash upon the sober tones of the picture the staring greens and brilliant gold of their lavishly bedizened domes. Thus, at Karyaes, the harmony of medieval brick and moss-grown tile, which in few places exists in the same perfection, is rudely disturbed by the glaring vulgarity of the Russian *skete* of St Andrew, which dominates it from above; the architectural note of the Russian and the Bulgar throughout the peninsula is as striking as it is discordant. The same contrast appears in the interiors of the two groups of convents. Compare, for example, one of Rossikon's many chapels with that of any of the older monasteries. The former dazzles you with the polished gold and bright enamels of the iconostasis, bedecked with diamonds and all manner of other precious stones, with its profusion of modern Russian *orfèvrerie*, costly but unrestful. The patrons and benefactors of Panteleemon and its dependencies spare no expense in gilding the lily. The floor is covered with shining oil-cloth, from which all traces of dust and dirt are scrupulously removed. There reigns an atmosphere of recent opulence, also of speckless tidiness, that seems out of place in the last relic of Byzantium in modern Europe. Then pass on to Pantokrator or Stavroniketa, to the mother-church of the Republic, the Protaton at Karyaes, or to any other Byzantine shrine in Athos. No glaring brightness or polished

oil-cloth there. The light that filters in through the narrow Byzantine slits of windows barely suffices to illumine the aisles and apses, the frescoed walls half-blackened with age and incense smoke. The gilding of the venerable iconostasis of carved wood has long since faded to a sombre brown; equally faded are the ancient icons of which it is the frame. Before one icon of particular sanctity, venerated, perhaps, as the authentic handiwork of St Luke, there may be a display of especial but always sober magnificence. Of the painting itself no more than the eye of the Panagia, a tiny portion, is exposed to view. The rest is concealed behind a cover of silver gilt, beautifully chased by Byzantine craftsmen. Two massive silver lamps are suspended before it, flanked by ostrich eggs similarly suspended; around it hang the variegated *ex votos* of the faithful. Vaguely discerned in a mist of incense are the mosaics of the dome, whence the figure of the Saviour, of mystic Byzantine austerity, looks down with hand upraised in benediction. The floor is more than uneven, it positively undulates; and the wear of a thousand years has dimmed the lustre of its *opus alexandrinum*, cunningly devised around discs of porphyry and verd-antique. In a thousand years, no doubt, Panteleemon will have become as mellow as are Xenophon and Docheiaríou; it is hardly fair to judge the twentieth century by the standards of the tenth. Yet it is difficult not to do so

in Mount Athos, where, artistically, the standards of the tenth century still, happily, prevail. The guest-rooms of Panteleemon, with their clean and comfortable beds, their marble washstands, their taps for hot and cold water, are certainly more soothing to the visitor than the hard wooden divans of Simópetra or Xeropotámou; but there is no doubt as to which sort of accommodation is more in keeping with the ethos of this ancient hermit-state.

Other contrasts there are in Mount Athos beside the architectural. Orthodox monks as a whole, and not least those of the Holy Mountain, conceal beneath a medieval exterior a very keen appreciation of the financial benefits to be derived from the patronage of modern methods and inventions. Thus we see steam-launches, telephones, photographic studios, electric light, and Decauville railways owned by monasteries founded by Comneni and Palaeologi; an illuminated Byzantine Gospel and the latest number of the 'Financial Times' may be observed together, in strange and piquant juxtaposition. It is to be feared that some of the holy men devote to thoughts of lucre more time than their profession and celibacy would appear to render necessary. They take an avid interest in Stock Exchange operations; they dabble gladly in Kaffirs and De Beers. Withal they are kindly and hospitable folk; and once the visitor has complied with the formalities

necessary to enter the peninsula, he is made free of the Republic and treated as a welcome guest.

No such formalities marked our second visit to the Holy Mountain. The purpose of it need not be stated here; but it was not one of his Majesty's ships, and not an Odessa tramp, that conveyed us on this occasion. Our welcome, however, was as cordial as before, despite the absence of Patriarchal passports; and though we missed our friendly Turkish Qaimaqam, the monasteries of our Allies strove to make good the deficiency. Our first point of call was the rarely visited Longos, the peninsula which lies midway between Athos and Cassandra. This charming spot is outside the confines of the Republic, but its wooded shore is dotted with *metochia*, or monastic farms, belonging to sundry Athonite convents. We only visited one, a Bulgarian *metochi*, which faces its parent Zographou across the narrow Gulf of Monte Santo; and as at that time Bulgaria was still neutral, the monk, David Zogravski, who was in charge of the place, was still prepared to be friendly. Next we landed on the islet of Amulyani, at the head of the Gulf, and from its attractive little *skete*, the property of the Greek monastery of Vatopedi, scanned the traces of Xerxes' Canal. And then, past monasteries more akin in their fantastic outlines to the Lamaserais of Tibet than to the abbeys of Western Europe, we followed the coast-line of

Athos, south and north, until we anchored off the *scala*, or landing stage, of the Serbian monastery of Chilendar.

Much insight can be gained into the character of Eastern monasteries from the collection of portraits which their reception-rooms display. In Rossikon large oil-paintings of the Czar and his three immediate predecessors indicate the national rôle of Panteleemon in the Near East, just as photographs of John of Kronstadt, in every conceivable *pose*, remind one of the mysticism which has so large a share in the religion of the ordinary Russian. Greek monasteries give expression to their sentiments in oleographs of their Hellenic Majesties and of the Patriarch of Constantinople, surrounded (unless the monastery is in Turkish territory) by lurid pictures of episodes (mostly fanciful) of the Greek War of Independence. In Chilendar or Chileontari, the monastery "of the Thousand Lions," quite another note is struck. Its *selamlık*, a spacious room facing the noble crenelated watch-tower, is lined with representations of the rugged heroes of Balkan battles of long ago. Shaggy Jupans and rude Boyars appear in furred dolman and astrachan cap; engravings of Marko Kralyevich, George Brankovich, John Huniades, and a host of other warriors of bygone days, show that in this spot at least the epic wars of medieval Slavdom are still a living tradition and an ever-present inspiration. And

naturally so, since Chilendar is the principal link between the Serbia of Stephen Nemanya and the Serbia of Karageorge, between Kossovo Polye, "the field of blackbirds," and 1916. For be it remembered that there has been no continuity in the frontiers of successive Serbian States. The Empire of Stephen Dushan did not coincide with the Kingdom of Stephen Nemanya; while that creation of the Treaties of Berlin and Bucharest, the modern Kingdom of Serbia, bears little resemblance to either. Thus the monastery of the Thousand Lions has been the one permanent Serb institution, amid much that has fluctuated or disappeared; the epitome of Serbian history is to be found, not at Belgrade, but at the Holy Mountain. Not only is the origin of Chilendar contemporary with the dawn of Serbian national consciousness; during the subsequent centuries of vicissitude and submersion it was the nursery and focus of national effort and aspirations.

The great Stephen Nemanya, and his greater son St Sava, rightly revered as his country's Patron Saint, established the monastery toward the end of the twelfth century, that it might become the retreat of the founder of the first Serbian monarchy when he abdicated the throne in 1195. Surrounded by a dense forest of pines and enclosed within stout battlemented walls, Chilendar imports into the placid atmosphere of Athos a whiff of the wilder air of the Balkans; the

very porch gives indication of the vigorous habits of its builders. A triple gate of great strength wards off unwelcome visitors; above it, holes cunningly devised for the passage of boiling oil render still more perilous the advance of the intruder. Within, all is of an indescribable picturesqueness, Slavonic medievalism at its best. Around you are Romanesque cloistered buildings, their walls inlaid with priceless Rhodian dishes; across the great Court stretches the Church of many domes, a marvel of thirteenth-century architecture and decoration. But it is in the interior of the Church that the significance of this Serbian microcosm is realised to the full. Either by a tomb, or a banner, or some precious offering, each national dynasty is represented here,—has left some tangible record of its share in its country's making. It is here, in the monuments of this glorious specimen of Eastern European art, that should be read the tangled story of the Serbs; for here, and not on their own soil, is the whole of that story written. At the time of my first visit to the Republic of the monks, what most impressed me in Mount Athos was its aloofness from the teeming world around it; I am not sure that Chilendar, as the embodiment of the living soul of Serbia, will not be the most lasting memory of my second.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

IF the fourth volume of Disraeli's Life seems, for the moment, of less interest, it is because war has cast an ominous shadow upon politics. A time of crisis discovers the futility of politicians as surely as Dr Koch's famous serum revealed in its victims the imminence of phthisis. In other words, it diagnoses and does not cure. To-day we know only too well that the Ministers in whose hands reposed the destiny of our Empire, refused to warn or to prepare. They resembled a watchman who, seeing a house on fire, obstinately kept his peace, lest perchance he might arouse the sleeper within. And not unnaturally the disaster, which has caught us unawares, colours in our mind the politics of the past. After all, we say with truth, the game is played not for the nation but for the players, who are only too ready to sacrifice the public interest to their passionate desire for victory. Moreover, the years (1855-1868) of which Mr Buckle treats, are not eminent in our annals. After peace was made with Russia, after the Indian Mutiny was quelled, there is little to record, save the attempts which either side made to reform the franchise, and the attacks, happily repelled, which the Radicals aimed at the Church of England.

For the rest the two parties in the State were so near in agreement, there was so little difference between the "ins" and "outs," that the battle in the House of Commons was a battle rather of rhetoric than of principle. When Palmerston and Disraeli were opposed to one another, both Tories of the old school, both fervent believers in our English tradition, it was eloquence matched with eloquence, not opinion assailing opinion. In this mimic contest there was room neither for the display of invective nor for the exposition of political philosophy. The two men agreed in strategy. They differed in tactics.

And yet it is characteristic of Disraeli that he never lost heart and he never lost interest. The task of building up with infinite patience and resource his shattered party might not have excited the enthusiasm of another man. But Disraeli was touched with the romance of politics. There was to him a glamour in the "Senate" which not even the boredom of drab demagogues could extinguish. He looked upon his life as an Arabian tale, and not even fifty years, not even sixty, could drive from his mind the coloured dreams of youth. Fortunately for himself success came to him grudgingly and with slow

foot. It was not his fate in middle life to be wearied with the care and dignity of high office. When at last he became Prime Minister—when, in his own phrase, he had “climbed to the top of the greasy pole”—he was in his sixty-fifth year, and yet could combine with the tardy accomplishments of years all the unrealised hopes of youth. He had fought hard for his place; he had overcome the obstacles thrown in his path by friends and foes alike, and though he had won the battle, the victory was still greeted with sneers by his opponents. “A great triumph of intellect and courage and patience and unscrupulousness,” said John Bright, “employed in the service of a party full of prejudices and selfishness, and wanting in brains. The Tories have hired Disraeli, and he has his reward from them.” The silly jibe at the party “wanting in brains” should have seemed shameful even to the Radicals of 1868, and John Bright, himself a mass of prejudice and selfishness, was not the man to condemn those sins in another. But the mere fact that John Bright should have used these words proves how difficult it is to kill a legend, and how bitterly the narrow-minded, middle-class Radical has always hated the romance and imagination, which he can never share.

It was romance, then, which heartened Disraeli for the strife, and which made him enjoy even the solemn opposition of Gladstone. Wherever he goes,

he views life as a glittering pageant. His letters to Mrs Brydges Williams, to whom he wrote always with a flattering candour, are quick with the light-hearted enthusiasm of youth. “The town is quite mad,” he wrote in 1856; “fêtes and festivities night and morn. Never were there so many balls and banquets. No roof so hospitable this year as the Palace itself.” Wherever he went he gave proof of a like joyousness. He saw Paris in 1857 as the same gay vision which smiled upon him in 1847, when Louis Philippe was King and his friend. “Ten years, as long as the siege of Troy, since I found myself last in this place: Troy could not be more changed in the time. Everything squalid has been pulled down or driven out of sight—a city of palaces and glittering streets, and illimitable parks and pleasure-grounds, statues and gondolas, and beautiful birds and deer. The Tuileries and the Louvre joined form a kingly residence worthy of Babylon.” The reception given to him and Mrs Disraeli did not, he declared, turn their heads; it tried their constitutions. They dined at the Tuileries, she by the Emperor, he by the side of the beautiful Empress. “Round her swanlike neck,” thus he wrote, “the Empress wore a necklace of emeralds and diamonds, such as might have been found in the cave of Aladdin; and yet, though colossal gems, for her they were not too vast. After this I will tell you no more: the curtain

should fall amid the brightest fire."

And not only was he delighted at the pomp and ceremony of his life, not merely had he found in politics an excuse for the magnificence which suited his oriental temperament, but he saw in the changes and chances of foreign policy an absorbing drama. The adventures of his friends were episodes to them, to him were the enchantments of a golden world. When the Greeks offered the throne of Greece to Lord Stanley, he was dithyrambic in expectancy. "If he accepts the change," he wrote to Mrs Brydges Williams, "I shall lose a powerful friend and colleague. It is a dazzling adventure for the House of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the 'Attic plain.'" If only the throne had been offered to Disraeli, who was more highly imaginative than the most of his race! He would have accepted the crown as easily as he accepted the leadership of the House of Commons, and he would have worn it with a grace incomparable. Meanwhile all was well with him. "It is a privilege," he wrote, "to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it an utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered like a fairy tale, and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years

back were adventurers, exiles, and demireps. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

And while he kept for the eyes of his friends these flowers of a luxuriant fancy, he wore in the general view an aspect of austerity. Though, as I have said, he arrived late, his arrival, even in the Palace, could be no longer deferred. Ever since he first went to the East in search of adventures, he had found himself at home in Courts. He had visited the Tuileries, the guest of a King and of an Emperor. In the Court of England, the country of his birth and service, he was still unhonoured. The early legend which had grown about his name had filled the minds of courtiers with suspicion, and Queen Victoria's early distrust of him had been vastly intensified by his attacks upon Sir Robert Peel. But little by little the barrier of misunderstanding was removed, partly by the tactful hand of the Prince Consort; and, as is known to all, Disraeli became at last not merely the Queen's favourite Minister, but her friend. The confidence and friendship of his Sovereign, which for many years Disraeli enjoyed, had their origin in the sympathy which he expressed, with more than his usual elaboration, at the death of Prince Albert. That he should praise the Prince Consort in the written and in the spoken word was but natural. A tie of mutual admiration and respect had bound the two men one to another. That which he said in public was

but a sincere echo of his private opinion. "With Prince Albert," he told Vitzthum, "we have buried our Sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our kings has ever shown. . . . If he had outlived some of our 'old stagers,' he would have given us, while retaining all constitutional guarantees, the blessings of absolute government. Of us younger men who are qualified to enter the Cabinet, there is not one who would not willingly have bowed to his experience." The speech which he made in the House applauded the services which the Prince had rendered as "the Prime Councillor of a realm the political constitution of which did not even recognise his political existence," as well as the encouragement to the culture in which the national character had always been deficient. "He was not satisfied with detecting a want; he resolved to supply it." In a letter in which he thanked Her Majesty for a volume of the Prince's speeches, Disraeli's eloquence took a bolder flight. He compared the Prince with Sir Philip Sidney, and assured the Queen that he was the only person whom he had ever known who realised the Ideal. "There was in him," wrote Disraeli, "a union of the manly grace and sublime simplicity of chivalry with the intellectual splendour of the Attic Academe." Well may Mr Buckle call it a "somewhat hyperbolic eulogium." But

there is not a word of it which was not sincerely felt and meant. It is but the coloured style which appears strange to an English eye.

At every mark of royal favour Disraeli was frankly delighted. When he and Mrs Disraeli were given two of four places at the wedding of the Prince of Wales, he did not hide his satisfaction. "There is no language," he wrote, "which can describe the rage, envy, and indignation of the great world. The Duchess of Marlboro' went into hysterics of mortification at the sight of my wife, who was on terms of considerable intimacy with her, and said it was really shameful, after the reception which the Duke had given the Prince of Wales at Blenheim; and as for the Duchess of Manchester, who had been Mistress of the Robes in Lord Derby's Administration, she positively passed me for the season without recognition." There the statesman speaks with the authentic voice of Disraeli the Younger, and proves that not even the stress of political controversy had extinguished the fire of his enthusiasm. But even while he cried, *Vive la Bagatelle*, he pursued the profession of politics with tireless energy. Industry is commonly accounted a dull virtue, and though Disraeli was never dull, you cannot read Mr Buckle's last volume without being impressed with the hard and solid work, of which there are traces upon every page. Disraeli read blue-books as other men read the

newspaper. He mastered all the subjects on which he spoke in the House, by sheer and unremitting industry. If you read the famous speech which he made upon the Indian Mutiny, you might think that he had given all his life to the study of Indian affairs. When the Government talked glibly, as Governments are wont to talk, about the rebellion being "well in hand," and pretended that it sent reinforcements to the East merely as a matter of precaution, Disraeli knew and said better. He saw that the Indian people had long been waiting for an occasion and a pretext. The Russian War was the occasion, and greased cartridges were the pretext. They were a pretext only. "The rise and fall of empires," he pointed out, "are not affairs of greased cartridges. Such results are occasioned by adequate causes and by an accumulation of adequate causes."

So that while he urged the suppression of the Mutiny with a strong hand, while he promised the Government all the support it needed, while he agreed to the instant embodiment of the Militia, he would not close the door of hope upon the Indian people. It was not enough to exact vengeance; justice should be tempered with mercy; and the future of India should be painted in brilliant colours. And as if to show that industry was no bar to an active imagination, he devised a large and ample settlement of peace. It was a scheme which he had already sketched in his youth, and of

which he was destined many years later to produce the finished picture. "The course," said he, "which I recommend is this: you ought at once, whether you receive news of success or defeat, to tell the people of India that the relation between them and their real ruler and Sovereign, Queen Victoria, shall be drawn nearer." It was too much to ask of a Radical ministry that it should make any dream come true, nor did this dream turn to a reality for twenty years, and then it needed the magician's wand to call into being the Empire of the East. And not since has the magician's wisdom stood in need of justification. What the Empress of India meant to our great dependency stands recorded in the page of history, and never did we have clearer evidence of Disraeli's foresight than when millions of Indians deplored the death of the great White Queen, whom he had made a symbol of Empire and of clemency.

Disraeli was of those who had always a clear notion of foreign policy. He knew not the limits of insularity. England existed for him in close relationship with other countries. His view, which never wavered, was the view of a patriotic Englishman. Sir John Skelton, who met him when he visited Edinburgh in 1867, penetrated the Eastern mystery with a flash of good sense. "They say, and say truly enough," he wrote, "what an actor the man is! and yet the ultimate impression is of absolute

sincerity and unreserve. Grant Duff will have it that he is an alien. What's England to him or he to England? There is just where they are wrong. Whig or Radical or Tory don't matter much perhaps; but this mightier Venice — this Imperial Republic on which the sun never sets—that vision fascinates him, or I am much mistaken. England is the Israel of his imagination, and he will be the Imperial Minister before he dies—if he gets the chance." He got the chance, and justified most accurately the wise prophecy of Sir John Skelton, who read Disraeli's character like an open book, even in acknowledging that his "face was more like a mask than ever, and the division between him and mere mortals more marked." An appreciation a dozen times better worth than the fumbling malignity of disappointed Radicals.

Disraeli, then, was an Imperialist born out of due time, and as he was a statesman of constructive imagination, he was determined, if he could, to convert his ideas into realities. The key-note of his foreign policy was an alliance with France. He cared not who was head of the State, King or Emperor, he would have him, if he could, for England's friend. A close intimacy with Napoleon III. succeeded an intimacy with Louis Philippe, and an old acquaintance persuaded Disraeli to treat Napoleon with an easier familiarity. He had known him in the days when he too was floating on the sur-

face of English society as a misunderstood adventurer. To-day he was on a throne, and Disraeli aspired to the governance of England. Again, he would have said, *Vive la Bagatelle!* And he did not scruple to send an emissary to the Court of the Tuileries. The emissary was bidden to speak with a candour not often employed by the subject of one State towards the monarch of another. He discovered to Napoleon all the hopes and fears of his chief. What Disraeli desired before all things was that Napoleon should forget the slights put upon him by maladroit Ministers, and become frankly reconciled with the people of England. If Napoleon wished to increase his dominions, Disraeli would not put any obstacles in his way. "He is an Emperor," said he, with perfect truth, "and should have an Empire." He was resolved that England should not betray a paralysing nervousness at Napoleon's activity upon the sea. He sketched for him the sort of speech which he knew well would satisfy the susceptibilities of Englishmen. "Let the Emperor take an early opportunity," he suggested, "of referring to the state of the French Navy; let him allude with a just pride to his efforts to restore the marine of France to its ancient and proper force; let him express his surprise that it should be looked upon with jealousy by the Power which he trusts will always prove the ally of France; that France seeks no undue supre-

macy upon the sea." Napoleon paid Disraeli the high compliment of taking his advice, and thus the two men laid the foundations of an alliance which, shaken often, has never yet been overthrown, and which stands to-day with a better chance of security than ever it stood within the last hundred years.

It was a great misfortune for England that Disraeli had no share of the government during the fateful years 1860-1864. The peace of the world was then threatened in many quarters. There was trouble in Poland; the vexed questions which arose from the Civil War in America perplexed our nerveless politicians. Finally, the events of Schleswig-Holstein were preparing the way for the vast conflict which to-day is tearing the world asunder. And Lord John Russell was our Foreign Minister! His policy was simple and dangerous. It was to intervene in word, and to abstain from action. In every case in which he meddled he ran the risk, incurred by the fool who intervenes in a fight between man and wife, of being attacked vigorously by both parties. Not daring to come forth as the friend of any State, he presumed to pester them all with advice, and made the world our enemy. In these troubled times Disraeli made mistakes—as who did not?—but at least he had a policy, and he did not grope vainly in the dark. Before all things, he thought it inexpedient to interfere in the domestic affairs

of foreign nations. He admitted, of course, that it was our imperative duty to interfere where the interests or honour of the country were at stake. But, said he, "the general principle that we ought not to interfere in the affairs of foreign nations unless there is a clear necessity, and that, generally speaking, it ought to be held a political dogma that the people of other countries should settle their own affairs without the intervention of foreign influence or foreign power, is one which, I think, the House does not only accept, but, I think, will cordially agree to."

It was a dogma which in truth Lord John Russell did not accept. There was no question of foreign affairs in which Russell had not, at some stage, as Mr Buckle truly says, "usually with the active support of the Prime Minister, written strong despatches, or taken other steps calculated to lead to armed conflict, only to draw back afterwards, not always without humiliation, under pressure from the Court, or the Cabinet, or the Opposition, or the country." It was, as Disraeli called it, a policy of "meddle and muddle," and the Foreign Minister's weakness has not been without lamentable results in our day. But it must be confessed that not even Disraeli divined the cause and purpose of Bismarck's adventure in Denmark. "Prussia," he thought, "without nationality, the principle of the day, is clearly the subject for partition." It would have

been impossible to hazard a more foolish opinion, and there was the less excuse for it, because Bismarok had outlined his policy to Disraeli at a party at Brunnow's in 1862, in terms of the utmost candour. "I shall soon be compelled," he had said, "to undertake the conduct of the Prussian Government. My first care will be to reorganise the army, with or without the Landtag. As soon as the army shall have been brought into such a condition as to inspire respect, I shall seize the first best pretext to declare war against Austria, dissolve the German Diet, subdue the minor States, and give national unity to Germany under Prussian leadership. I have come here to say this to the Queen's Ministers." And Disraeli talked about partition!

Not the least interesting chapter in Mr Buckle's book is entitled, "Disraeli and the Church." It is not an easy subject to treat for one who has a first and whole-hearted sympathy with Disraeli. But Mr Buckle does not shirk it. That Disraeli had a firm faith in the Church of England as a religious and political institution there is no doubt. "There are few great things left in England," he said, "and the Church is one." And he defended the Church with a far greater zeal than did Gladstone, who was a bishop strayed into a wrong profession. During his many years of opposition, Disraeli did his best to strengthen the Church and to defend her from the assaults of her

enemies. He opposed, and opposed successfully, Sir John Trelawny's Bill for the abolition of Church rates. In his zeal for the Church he went far beyond the discretion of Derby. Above all, he was a stout maintainer of orthodoxy. Every manifestation of heresy, whether it came in the shape of "Essays and Reviews," or as specimens of German theology, found in him a determined opponent. He was in favour of free inquiry on all subjects, but he thought, with good reason, that "free inquiry should be made by free inquirers," and that Jowett and Temple "had entered into engagements with the people of this country quite inconsistent with the views advanced in these proflusions."

His orthodoxy sprang, as Mr Buckle acutely points out, "from a realisation of the utility of religion to the civil magistrate, but also, it appears, from intellectual conviction, and from a jealousy on behalf of his own sacred race, the original recipients and transmitters of religious truth." For it must be remembered that Disraeli was a Jew, loyal always to the race, if not to the faith, of his people. And as he explained in a famous chapter of his *Life of George Bentinck*, he claimed Calvary for the Jews as well as Sinai. This view exasperated, as well it might, many devout Christians, and Disraeli clung to it with a frank obstinacy. "For myself," he wrote in a letter addressed to a clergyman, "I look upon the

Church as the only Jewish institution that remains, and irrespective of its being the depository of divine truth, must ever cling to it as the visible means which embalms the memory of my race, their deeds and thoughts, and connects their blood with the origin of things." This is a view which few Christians will accept, but it explains in a few lines Disraeli's sincere devotion to the Church of England.

But nowhere did Disraeli appear with greater advantage as the defender of the Church than in the Sheldonian Theatre on November 25, 1864. He came to Oxford at the invitation of Wilberforce, and he spoke in favour of a society for endowing small livings. The situation was one in which Disraeli took a natural pleasure. To many it might have seemed a paradox that he should address the dons and the county clergy of England upon the doctrines of their religion. To make the paradox still more evident, Disraeli wore a velvet coat, as a sign that he was not wholly awake to the gravity of the occasion. Assuredly what he said must have puzzled his audience. In the very stronghold of "Essays and Reviews" he dared to attack the champions of the Broad Church. He could understand how they might reject inspiration and miracles. He could not understand how, having arrived at these conclusions, they should remain "sworn supporters of ecclesiastical establishments, fervent

upholders, or dignitaries of the Church."

For himself, he refused to admit that the age of faith had passed. Rather he thought that the characteristic of the present age was a craving credulity? "Why, my Lord," he exclaimed, "man is a being born to believe. And if no Church comes forward with its title-deeds of truth, sustained by the tradition of sacred ages and by the convictions of countless generations, to guide him, he will find altars and idols in his own heart and imagination." And so he turned to the men of science, who were then beginning the period of their tyranny, attacked the dogmatic evolutionists, and set the contrast between their creed and the creed of the Church in a single phrase. "What is the question," he asked, "now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? My lord, I am on the side of the angels." Disraeli, always a phrase-maker, was never more happily inspired. The retort upon science assured one half of his audience and mystified the other, and is not likely to fade from the memory of man. But it was also serious; it expressed in a few words Disraeli's deepest convictions: and they were foolish who, misled by the velvet coat and a nonchalant manner, thought that Disraeli was smiling at his auditors. The truth is, that whatever Disraeli said and wrote about religion

is all of a piece, and those who would discover what his mature views really were will find them reiterated with elaboration in a preface to his novels, written in 1870.

Among the questions of domestic policy which disturbed the minds of men during the years of which Mr Buckle gives us a record in this fourth volume, parliamentary reform takes a foremost place. Reform is a subject of some dulness, and of great danger. No Reform Bill has ever been passed which was not a leap in the dark, a leap, moreover, which has always carried us into the pit. Whatever safeguards are put into a bill are presently nullified, and that which is granted as a privilege ends by being looked upon as a right. Unhappily he who sets a ball rolling down the hill has no power to stop it, and England suffers to-day from what was the logical outcome of the bill which Disraeli passed in 1867. It is curious to note that in those days the word "democratic" was, as it should always be, a term of reproach. To-day it is a word of fulsome flattery. Lord Shaftesbury cannot be described as a reactionary, and this is what he wrote to Disraeli in 1865: "You will not, I hope, be offended that I presume to thank you for your speech on the Baines Bill. The sentiments and the language were worthy of each other, and a masterly protest against any truckling to democracy. I believe that in proportion as a man is a

deep, sincere, and consistent lover of *social*, civil, and religious liberty, he will be a deep, sincere, and consistent hater of pure democracy, as adverse to all three." That is perfectly true. We know to-day that democracy is the bitter, irreconcilable foe of freedom. Disraeli too knew it, but in his optimism thought that he could stay the ball set rolling down the hill when he would. He regarded his own Franchise Bill as popular and not democratic; and so it might have proved, had it not led to others. The truth is that when you once start upon the road of reform you seek finality in vain. No safeguards are strong enough to hold back the incoming tide of democracy, and all moderate bills are swept away by the turbid waves of manhood suffrage. Disraeli's measure was designed to be very "popular." Its outcome is that to-day the rich pay and the poor govern, a condition of things which must involve even the greatest State in ruin.

However, Disraeli was quite right when he claimed that reform was no monopoly of the Whigs. Both parties have gambled with the votes of the people, and must share the blame for the degradation of England. But, having said so much in dispraise, we cannot but admire the zeal wherewith Disraeli attempted to reduce the inherent dangers of his measure, and the skill with which he carried it to a triumphant end. His passage of the bill was a veritable marvel of

tactics. At last he met Gladstone, his natural foe, in single combat, and routed him utterly. He attacked his new adversary as he had attacked Peel, his old adversary, with the flaunts and jibes against which fate has made no armour. The victory of Disraeli and of the party was hailed everywhere as crushing and complete. Corry told him that his fame was in the mouth of every labourer. "My private opinion," said he, "is that of aunt's carpenter, who 'heard say that Mr Disraeli had laid Mr Gladstone on his back,' thinks that you really knocked that godly man down. I have too much jealousy for your fair fame to undeceive him."

Thus the carpenter, and at the higher end of the scale Count Vitzthum was loud in approval. His tribute, weighed and balanced, is worth citing, as the expression of a mature and detached judgment. "I never regretted my absence from England so much," he wrote. "I need not to tell you the joy I felt at your victory. I was sure of it. May I tell you frankly why? Looking on, without party bias, during fourteen years, I could not help being struck by the fact that you appeared the only man in England working for posterity. Your genius bore, to my eyes, always the historical stamp, and I never listened to a speech of yours

without thinking—this word, this sentence, will be remembered a hundred years hence." Thus Vitzthum anticipated posterity; and time is fast proving the soundness of his opinion. And Disraeli's success in the House of Commons did more than evoke the praises of his friends. It made him Prime Minister of England. Thus to the equal applause of Counts and carpenters he climbed the greasy pole.

Mr Buckle's 'Life' has many merits. It is at once just and partial. That is to say, Mr Buckle, as in duty bound, puts a favourable construction upon Disraeli's words and actions. He would be no fit biographer if he did not; but he neither hides nor distorts the truth. Moreover, his tact of selection never seems at fault. He gives us no document that is not of weight and interest. Nor does he neglect the lesser personages of the political drama. His portrait of Stanley, for instance, though lightly touched, bears upon it all the signs of life. Thus he leaves Disraeli at the summit of his ambition. Disraeli had told Lord Grey, when he was a boy, that he meant to be Prime Minister, and Prime Minister he was in 1868. At last the battle was won, and we look forward with confidence to Mr Buckle's account of the ends to which Disraeli used his victory, of the purposes to which he turned his belated supremacy.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE INDISPENSABLE MR ASQUITH.

MR ASQUITH, always an adept in the pleasant art of self-adulation, has discovered that the dissolution of his Cabinet would be "a national disaster of a formidable character." His patient henchmen, not to lag behind in flattery, hourly proclaim him indispensable. "Indispensable" is a strong word, and we must be forgiven if we decline to believe that the destiny of England depends upon the will or wisdom of one man. Even Mr Asquith is not immortal. Some day the world will awake to the consciousness that it no longer harbours this great man. Yet the sun will rise and set all the same. The stars will still shine in the heavens. And the poor human race, though widowed of its mightiest, will pursue what it deems its duty by sea and land. Meanwhile, before this day of wrath shall arrive, we should like to cast a backward eye upon the past, and seek to discover upon what words or actions Mr Asquith's claim to indispensability may rest.

Mr Asquith's party returned to power in 1906 with the help of a lie. In all the discreditable episodes of politics there is none so grossly discreditable as the episode of Chinese Labour. So notorious is the memory of this falsehood that a mere reference to it is sufficient. It achieved

the purposes for which it was designed: it gave the Radicals an enormous majority and Mr Birrell an unparalleled opportunity of mischief. The Chinamen, of course, remained in Africa, and the Radicals, who had profited by the hypocrisy, were content to confess it a lie. And yet it was but fitting that ten years of Radical tyranny should thus be based upon deceit. Mr Asquith himself probably said nothing about pigtaails. It has always been his habit to preserve a cunning moderation of speech and to profit by the excesses of his colleagues. But he climbed to office with their help, and he has constantly shaped his policy in accord with this initial piece of trickery.

The Trades Disputes Act gave him his first opportunity of proving the cynicism of his temper. Mr Asquith is nothing if not a lawyer, and he knew perfectly well what would be the result if, sinning against the light, he placed the Trade Unions above the law. That, in creating an *imperium in imperio*, he was setting class against class, must have been perfectly clear to him. Indeed, he left the country in no doubt as to his belief. "I have told my trade-union friends," said he, "that the common-sense of the community could not be easily convinced that an association

of persons—whether technically incorporated or not, made not the slightest difference—wielding great powers, controlling considerable funds, should not be legally amenable for the conduct of agents acting under their authority.” And lest Mr Asquith’s courage should ooze out at the sight of a British working man, Mr Haldane (he is a Viscount now) was ready with his support. “Well,” said this eminent lawyer, “I am sure that neither I nor Mr Asquith will budge an inch because of Mr Keir Hardie’s demand.” Alas! they were braggarts both. They budged just as far as Mr Keir Hardie told them to budge. They accepted thus early the theory that it is not the business of the leader to lead, that no responsibility rests on the demagogue, and they left to the hapless Sir J. Lawson Walton the dirty work of carrying into effect a Bill which they had both publicly denounced.

This abject surrender to Mr Keir Hardie should have shown to all the world the path by which Mr Asquith in future intended to travel. Henceforth opportunity was at once his goal and his guide. He put off the garment of statesmanship and indued the wig and gown of the advocate. Content to explain the thoughts and to answer the demands of others, he made terms with the Socialists, with the Irish, with the Welsh, with any clique or party which would support him with its votes. In the days when he followed Lord Rosebery, we heard a great deal

about “the older Liberalism”; we heard no more of it now. Mr Asquith came forth as a finished specimen of the cynical opportunist. The only principle which he recognised was the principle of a majority. Rather than lose a single voter, he would estrange the oversea dominions. Even though he was a free-trader, he might still have listened with some show of respect to the representatives of Canada and Australia, who thought and still think differently. But no; it was not his business to think of the Empire; and he received Sir W. Laurier and Mr Deakin as though they were children who had not mastered the rudiments of political and economic science. “We have nothing to give you”—those were the winged words which he spoke in 1907 to statesmen who had travelled thousands of miles to confer with him. Still fiercer was his attitude in 1911, when, at the very moment that he was doing his best to force Canada into an agreement of reciprocity with the United States, he was denouncing Colonial Preference as “a fiscal imposture.” Had he been a statesman, he would not have held this language, when all our dominions demanded Colonial Preference. And if it be an “imposture” that England and her dominions should make a reciprocal agreement, surely it is doubly an imposture that Canada and the United States should thus be bound in the links of preference. Why, then, did Mr Asquith do his best, with Mr

Bryce's aid, to force upon Canada a policy which she disapproved, and ultimately, to her eternal credit, rejected? Merely to remove Canada from his path, we suppose, and to strengthen the majority of free-traders which he obeyed at home.

But it was not until 1909 that Mr Asquith showed all the depth and breadth of his opportunism. No sooner did Mr Lloyd George, of course with Mr Asquith's approval, devise a budget, whose purpose was revenge rather than revenue, than Mr Asquith, in obedience to his supporters, unmasked his batteries of destruction. In other words, "he invited the Liberal Party to treat the veto of the House of Lords as the dominating issue in politics, because in the long-run it absorbs and overshadows every other one." And to win adequate support for this purpose he initiated the policy, which has since been vastly successful from his point of view, of purchasing votes with public money. Pauperisation was considered, as we all remember, the highest task of government, and the national defences were neglected, that citizens should think it worth their while to vote straight at the next election. Germany, with her ten docks on the North Sea, smiled triumphantly on our undocked coast, and Ministers refused to build docks as they refused to build ships, that they might squander millions upon the pleasant job of pampering the voter.

Profitable as the policy might seem, it was not unattended with difficulties. Mr Asquith, having received the votes in 1910, was called upon brusquely to pay a handsome price for them. He was never a free man again. He might neither speak nor act for himself. On the one hand stood Mr Redmond, insolent and menacing, on the other Labour clamoured that its bargain should be ratified. For Mr Asquith only one resource was left—to sell England and her Constitution. He sold them without a murmur. During the General Election he had permitted his colleagues to arouse class hatred wherever they went. Mr George, always a master of elegance, had denounced the Peers as "Mad Mullahs," and had assured an enraptured audience that they were "of no more use than broken bottles stuck on a park wall to keep off poachers." Mr Redmond, on the other hand, sternly practical, gave orders that if the resolutions abolishing the veto of the Upper House were rejected by the Lords, Mr Asquith should instantly demand of the King the creation of 500 accommodating peers. Mr Asquith, of course, acquiesced, and must for ever stand in the pillory as one who put the throne up to auction for what votes it would fetch. And to-day they say that he is indispensable!

The second election of 1910 weighted Mr Asquith with still heavier chains. Powerless of himself, with no policy of his own, with the poor little

formula, "wait and see," then in its infancy, for his only argument, he set out grimly to destroy an ancient Constitution. The manner of his doing it was as bad as the act itself. He met Parliament with a roving commission in his pocket to make Peers when and how he chose. "For eight months," said Mr Balfour, "Mr Asquith masqueraded as a Constitutional Minister, when he had, in fact, by the advice he had given to the King, put himself above the Constitution, and used the Prerogative as no Minister in this country has ever dared to use it before, and as no king in the old days of Prerogative has ever dared to use it." So, in obedience to his taskmasters, the Prime Minister sent the Bill through all its stages with the aid of gag, guillotine, and kangaroo, and then made known his intention to coerce the Peers, not in the House of Commons but in a letter addressed to Mr Balfour. Thus the Minister, with whom to-day we are told we cannot dispense, made his revolution, and satisfied the exactions of Mr Redmond.

Nor is this all. Mr Asquith obeyed the word of his master, knowing well what that master was. Some years before the passage of the Parliament Bill Mr Asquith had described Mr Redmond as a man who was "ready to do business with either party." He had also declared that Liberals could not honourably take office unless they could rely upon an independent majority. And now! The bargain was signed,

sealed, and delivered, and the Constitution, which has ever been the envy of foreign nations, was utterly destroyed. Thus Great Britain was brought down to the level of a South American republic, and no doubt Mr Asquith thought himself able, like Señor Castro, to call the army to his aid. In other words, he "had acted as though authority duly instituted required no check, and as if no barriers were needed against the nation."

And even he, resolute in anarchy, pretended to believe that the reform of the House of Lords "brooked no delay." Reform, indeed, was "a debt of honour" which must be paid instantly. Mr Redmond had but to lift up his finger and Mr Asquith's honour shrivelled like a parched leaf. "I am glad," menaced the Irish Dictator, the controller of dollars, "that the Prime Minister has dropped all reference to reform in his resolutions. Had he proposed a scheme of reform we should not have been able to support him." Mr Asquith came to heel at once. The reform which "brooked no delay" was forgotten; the pledge which had been given to Mr Redmond was piously remembered; and the way was made plain for the passing of Home Rule, which still further disunited the kingdom, and encouraged the Germans to make their attack upon the liberties of Europe.

The year 1912 is a black chapter in the history of Mr Asquith and his colleagues.

They did nothing through all the weary months that was not designed for the disunion and disruption of the Empire. The breaking of promises made at the passage of the Insurance Bill obviously demanded another experiment in lawlessness, and Mr L. George was permitted by Mr Asquith to institute a secret inquiry into the land, an affair of spies and informers, and thus to widen the breach made by his tawdry and ignorant rhetoric between two classes which wished nothing better than to understand one another. Meanwhile Mr Asquith used Wales to give Home Rule to Ireland, and Ireland to rob the Welsh Church of money which he knew not how to spend. So he expended all his ingenuity in accommodating groups, and in inventing a worse kind of corruption than ever was dreamt of by Walpole. And every day the German menace came nearer!

Nor may Mr Asquith plead ignorance of the Kaiser's ambition as an excuse for destroying the unity of the country. The preparations which Germany was making for the great day of her hope and pride were not concealed from any one, least of all from our Ministers. Ever since their accession to office, we are told by one of them, they had been apprehensive of the future, and they found it convenient to hold their tongues. In 1912, emboldened no doubt by the patent dissensions of Great Britain, Germany threw away the last shadow of pretence.

We may tell the tale in Mr Asquith's own words. "In 1912," said our Prime Minister at Cardiff, in December 1914, "the German Government asked us to pledge ourselves absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war; and this, mind you, at a time when Germany was enormously increasing both her aggressive and defensive resources, and especially upon the sea. They asked us, to put it quite plainly, for a free hand, so far as we were concerned, when they selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate the European world. To such a demand but one answer was possible, and that was the answer we gave." Never was a clearer nor a more candid confession made. Henceforth Mr Asquith knew the intentions of Germany from her own lips, as he should have known it already by his own observation. He cannot escape from responsibility, either by silence or by explanation. If, in the face of Germany's exact demand, he murmured "wait and see," the blame of England ambushed is his and his alone. All the waters of the ocean cannot wash the stain of blood from his hands. And as we read his pitiful confession, we are overtaken by a twofold shame. In the first place, it is evident that Germany rated England's strength and England's loyalty very lightly indeed. She dared to ask whether we were willing to desert our friends and to render ourselves defenceless, at a mere word from her, and the fact that she thought

the double defection possible is the best proof of the degradation to which Mr Asquith's governance had brought the country. That is bad enough; Mr Asquith's conduct is still worse. He boasts now that he gave the only possible answer. He gave it in words, not in deeds. He hid the secret of Germany's aggression in his breast, like a guilty man. He moved not a finger to defend England against the peril which he knew threatened her. There are no votes in national defence. Besides, Mr Redmond had not the smallest interest in the plans and plots of the Kaiser. And there was the Welsh Church to disestablish, and the English landlords to exasperate—proper enterprises for a demagogue. So Mr Asquith was content to send Lord Haldane on a pleasure trip to his spiritual home, where the eminent Lord Chancellor was highly gratified by his reception, and whence he returned filled with a grave anxiety. Lord Haldane also thought it in accord with his duty, as a servant of the Crown, to hold his tongue. He hastily joined Mr Asquith in a conspiracy of silence. He said not a word of the danger that threatened England, and thought the moment well chosen for pouring out more unctuous flattery upon the head of the Kaiser. And Mr Asquith, knowing what he did, stood idly by, while the First Lord of the Admiralty, yielding to the clamour of the little navy party, declined to lay down more ships. How the Kaiser

must have laughed at the folly of his dupes! Even when he told them that he was going to make war upon Europe, Mr Asquith and Lord Haldane refused to be shaken from their interested apathy. They fiddled for votes to Mr Redmond and the Welsh, while the Germans prepared to set on fire the whole civilised world.

And then, as if to reinforce the impression which was abroad of England's decadence, came the Marconi scandal. Mr Asquith said not a word in reprobation of a Chancellor of the Exchequer who was not acutely sensitive to the difference between speculation and investment. He refused to permit the House of Commons to express regret for that which two of its members had done, and he has since marked his approval for the white-washer-in-chief of his friends by placing him, appropriately enough, in charge of a dye-factory. And thus the Marconi scandal led on to the year of our supreme danger, 1914. The Germans, as Mr Asquith and Lord Haldane well knew, threatened our peace; thousands of German eyes were watching every movement of our demagogues; and the moment seemed opportune to Mr George to give his adhesion to the Suicide Club, composed largely of nationalised aliens, and to proclaim the race of armaments insane. Mr Asquith, though he cannot evade responsibility for his colleague's misdemeanour, preserved, as usual, an obstinate silence. That was in January, and two

months later came an organised attack upon our navy and army, not from Germany but from within. In March a battle squadron was sent to Lamlash, with or without the knowledge of the Cabinet, and Mr Churchill delivered at Bradford a speech, full of "red blood," in which he declared that the time had come to put these grave matters to the proof. And while the First Lord was playing the part of the *agent provocateur*, troops were moved hastily to the North of Ireland. A few days later a choice of action was given to certain officers at the Curragh. Officers domiciled in Ulster were told that they might disappear, and would be reinstated in their positions if they gave their word of honour that they would not fight for Ulster. Officers, not prepared to take active part in the operations against Ulster, for conscientious or other scruples, were to send in their resignations and be dismissed the army. That so gross and wicked a piece of madness as this should be devised by Ministers of a country plainly threatened by a well-armed and determined enemy is, we believe, beyond the universal experience of mankind. Whether Mr Asquith had himself designed to provoke a war in Ulster, or whether he gave to his colleagues a free hand, matters not a jot. The fault was his, and he cannot evade it. Never once did he publicly reprove or check his colleagues. When Mr Churchill, still further to weaken the

Empire, shouted aloud the two infamous cries, "The Army *versus* Parliament," and "The Army *versus* the People," Mr Asquith uttered no word of effective protest. And the truth is that Germany was deliberately invited to attack us by Ministers who knew her intentions and had watched, or should have watched, her preparations. False to the trust reposed in them, Mr Asquith and his colleagues had not scrupled to divide the army and to send the navy on a base expedition to Lamlash at a moment when they should have taken the people into their confidence, announced that the menace coming across the North Sea was real and serious, and spent every penny which they could raise by taxation upon increasing our army and setting the defences of the country in the proper state of security. They have sinned, not blindly, and if after the war they are not brought to justice, we shall never deserve a trustworthy Government again. To prepare for civil war when a war of aggression is hourly expected is a crime which, if proven, cannot go unexpiated. And we can only pray that the guilty ones shall not rely upon the short memory of their compatriots to make their escape.

Such were the exploits of the indispensable Mr Asquith, when he was called upon to conduct the greatest war that had ever fallen upon Great Britain. He was unprepared, not because he did not know,

since Germany had told him, but because he chose to be unprepared. And he took up the burden of war as nonchalantly as he had taken up the burden of peace. He was still a leader resolutely determined not to lead. The old motto, "Wait and see," was emblazoned upon his banner, and he used it to make his position secure. For nearly two years he has been tyrant of England. With great foresight he proposed a party truce, which he did not keep,¹ and presently disarmed criticism by declaring that safety lay in a coalition. And it may truly be said that he has not taken a single step since war was declared to which he has not been driven from without, with the natural consequence that all he has done has been too late. If he deplors the compulsion of others, he welcomes it to himself as a friend. Above all, in spite of truces and coalitions, he has fought the war not as a statesman but as a politician. He has still been busy gauging pressures, measuring noises. The loudest cry has always caught his ear. One single desire should have animated his brain and heart—to beat

the Germans. And this with him has always been a secondary object. He has devoted the better half of his energies, as before, to keeping his party or parties together, and all that England demanded was a lead. There are few classes of the community of which he is not afraid, and he has thought his duty properly accomplished if he has been able to cover the traces of disaffection. He stands in solemn dread before the Trade Unions, which he himself placed above the law. The old terror of Mr Redmond has come back upon him with redoubled intensity. He trembles before the Germans, who at the outset of the war packed England full, and whom he and his colleagues sternly refrained from suppressing. He is afraid of neutrals; he is afraid of soldiers who dare to come back from the trenches and tell the truth to the House of Commons. Briefly, he would if he could treat the war as a Parliamentary intrigue, and win it by playing off one clique against another, by truckling to the voice of faction, and accommodating differences with that pompous eloquence, as of a gramophone,

¹ In September 1914 Mr Asquith passed the Home Rule Bill, which he was pledged not to "present to His Majesty for assent until the amending Bill had been finally disposed of in the House of Commons." One broken pledge more or less does not matter perhaps, but Mr Bonar Law's comment would have shamed any other man than his present colleague. "They counted," said Mr Bonar Law, "on the public spirit and the patriotism of the Unionist Party here and of the people in Ulster. They said to themselves: 'Whatever we may do, we are bound in a crisis like this to help their country. Whatever injustice we inflict upon them, we can count upon them.' It is not a pretty calculation, but I am glad to say, with the full authority of our party, that it is an accurate calculation. They can count on us."

which we know so well. And, we are told, he is indispensable!

A Minister's first duty in war is to get men. Even Mr Asquith, with all his ingenuity, cannot evade the truth that battles are won by soldiers. After a long spell of office he gave us an expeditionary force which was far too small, and provided no means of enrolling speedily large masses of men. For many years Lord Roberts had been a whetstone for him and his colleagues to sharpen their wits upon. Even Mr Hobhouse and Mr Runciman could raise a laugh merely by mentioning the great soldier's name. And they held the same language in war as in peace. They discussed the question of voluntary or enforced service as though they were still in a debating society. Nothing—not even a disaster—could discover to Mr Asquith the plain fact that we were at war. He was still for words, not deeds; for slow counsels, not swift actions. Like the inveterate, incurable politician that he is, he insisted upon facing both ways, upon professing two sets of opposite opinions at the same time. "I am a strong voluntarist," he said; and again: "I have no abstract or *a priori* objection of any sort or kind to compulsion in time of war." But we are at war, though that simple truth carried no weight with Mr Asquith. Furthermore, he confessed that "our system of voluntary recruiting . . . operates, as it has hitherto been practised, in

a haphazard, capricious, and, to some extent, unjust way."

And then, being "a strong voluntarist," he solemnly declared that he, "at any rate, would be no party to a measure which had general compulsion for its object," and that if general compulsion ever was introduced, it would be introduced by another Prime Minister.

General compulsion is introduced, and Mr Asquith, having expressed all opinions, none of which he appears to hold, is still Prime Minister. And, though he is Prime Minister, he has no firmer hold over his colleagues than he had in the brave days of Lamlash. The Ministers go as they please and say what they please, as though Germany did not exist. The lack of munitions, which turned warfare into murder, and exposed the British Army unarmed to the enemy, might never have been known, had it not been for the newspapers. Mr Asquith, at any rate, with his familiar optimism, stoutly denied that there was any shortage. On March 15, 1915, Lord Kitchener complained that the British Army lacked ammunition. At Newcastle Mr Asquith was ready with a reply: "I saw a statement the other day," said he, "that the operations, not only of our Army, but of our Allies, are being crippled, or at any rate hampered, by our failure to provide the necessary ammunition. There is not a word of truth in that statement." Thus Mr Asquith gave the lie to his distinguished

colleague, and every one in England knew which to believe.

The lack of ammunition was made good, through no fault of Mr Asquith, who, cunning as always in political manoeuvres, saved his place and his Cabinet by the adroit contrivance of a coalition. And the coalition coalesced so thoroughly that the new members of the Cabinet, infected with Mr Asquith's love of inaction, seemed content to register his decrees. Either they were permitted no influence, or they had no force. The flies were comfortably installed in the spider's parlour. And so the game of "wait and see" went on, with a slight change of players. Mr Asquith's position, which we are told is the only thing worth fighting for, gained in security. The state of the country grew hourly worse, and there was little in the conduct of the campaign to flatter our national pride. We had no guarantee that the men who for purposes of their own concealed Germany's warlike preparations from the people, were capable or desirous of prosecuting the war with vigour. As for Mr Asquith, he remained unmoved, and adapted his opinions to the stress of the moment with all his old dangerous pliability. When in November last he thought that some sort of explanation was due from him, he proudly exulted in his failures, as though they were worth ten times more than the successes of other men. He confessed that we had failed in the Dardanelles. "I have

never sustained a keener disappointment," said he, "than in the failure of this operation." From his words you might believe that the war was conducted for him alone, and he gave us a chance of appreciating the value which he puts upon words and policies. The failure in the Dardanelles, due to the folly and incompetence of Mr Asquith and his friends, is a "disappointment." The resignation of Mr Asquith and his colleagues would be "a national disaster of a formidable kind." To compare these two statements is to understand how far Mr Asquith has fallen below a high occasion. He still closes his eyes to what is at stake, and pompously declares that so long as he and Mr Runciman and Mr McKenna serve the State, disasters are of minor importance.

And as he confesses that we have failed in the Dardanelles, so he admits that we have failed in the Balkans, and that "the financial situation is serious." But he makes no reparation, and proposes no remedy. He will stick at nothing, except at his salary and his office, to win the war; but he will not make up his mind—that has long been an impossibility for him; he will not trouble himself with active leadership; he will still wait and see for something to turn up. Above all, he will not retire, nor will he let a single one of his colleagues retire. It is for him an axiom that Mr Harcourt's adhesion, for instance, is necessary for victory.

And when our Allies invite us to a conference, at which commercial policy shall be discussed, he sends Mr Runciman, a pedantical free-trader, to Paris as our leading representative, pledged utterly to return without committing himself or his country to the smallest change of fiscal policy; and this pledge, we believe, is that rarest of all things—a Radical pledge that will be kept.

“Ministers who cannot make up their minds,” said Lord Salisbury the other day, “should stand aside.” Mr Asquith refuses to stand aside. And since Lord Salisbury spoke there have been two other happenings, either of which would have been enough to send a sensitive Minister into retirement. After a siege, heroically sustained, after privations endured without complaint, General Townshend was forced to surrender at Kut. The Government, whose policy it is to keep the people in blindness, in expectation no doubt of its votes, treats the surrender of General Townshend lightly as a kind of victory. As a matter of fact, a larger number of British troops surrendered at Kut than ever before in our history. Moreover, the enterprise was none of General Townshend’s contrivance. We believe that he explained the impossibility of the enterprise. He failed, as he was bound to fail, and the Government is callously indifferent. “The national disaster of the most formidable kind” has been averted, and

all is well. Mr M’Kinnon Wood still assists at the Cabinet’s deliberations, and so long as that eminent statesman is able to give Mr Asquith his support, what do half a dozen Kuts matter? We all ought to know, for we have been told often enough, that Westminster is the seat of war, not France nor the East, and that, so long as Mr Asquith remains supreme there, we have no right to criticise or complain.

The Dardanelles were evacuated; Kut fell; and Mr Asquith clung blithely to his seat. When he spoke in the House, it was to compare himself, to their disadvantage, with Pitt and Wellington. And then came the heaviest blow of all, and left him still unshaken. For many years Mr Asquith has surrendered himself and Mr Birrell and the Government of Ireland into the hands of Mr Redmond, not because he was a convinced Home Ruler, since he was never a Home Ruler, save under compulsion, but because not otherwise could he hold together the conflicting groups of his party. Before the war began he had brought Ireland to the verge of civil war. Indeed, an ultimate conflict was ensured on that day in 1907 on which Mr Bryce repealed the Arms Act. We have heard much of late about the “unity” of Ireland. We know now that the “unity” of Ireland depended upon her freedom to outrage the law as she chose. To the Sinn Feiners it was left to carry the policy of inaction, forced upon Mr

Asquith by Messrs Redmond and Patrick Ford, to its logical conclusion of bloodshed. The Sinn Feiners made no secret of their purpose. To prove their respect for Mr Asquith's Government they gave public rehearsals of rebellion. They practised street-fighting in the sight of all Dublin. And no deed or word of the Government was used to check them. All the warnings given by loyal citizens were disregarded, and it would have been strange indeed had not the streets of Dublin run with blood. Mr Birrell and Mr Birrell alone has been sacrificed. That he should have held a single hour longer a position for which he had never been fit, and which he had wickedly neglected, was clearly impossible. But Mr Asquith's responsibility was far greater than Mr Birrell's, and the limpet still sticks to the rock of office imperturbable and unashamed. What failure, then, what disaster could shake Mr Asquith's confidence in himself? None that human ingenuity can imagine. We believe if the German fleet steamed up the Thames it would find Mr Asquith lolling happy and comfortable upon the Government bench.

When you ask why it is necessary for England's salvation that Mr Asquith should misgovern the country as an incompetent tyrant, you are told that he preserves the unity of the nation. If it be unity that we contemplate to-day, we must revise the definitions of the dictionary. Is there unity in Ireland, where open rebellion

has broken out? Is there unity on the Clyde, where mob-orators spout disloyalty from public platforms? Is there unity in the Cabinet, the breaking up of which Mr Asquith thinks would be a national disaster? Never since it was formed has our Government been a Government of union. Its members have no agreement save in discussion. Some have clung to the voluntary system as a martyr clings to the doctrine of his Church, and they have not come out. From the security of the Cabinet they have looked upon the slightest attempt to compel our citizens to defend their homes as a grave encroachment upon liberty, which triumphant victory itself would neither excuse nor condone. Others, more clearly sighted, have proclaimed from the beginning that compulsion alone can save Europe from German barbarism, and at last they are justified. And so bitter have been the intrigues of the "united" Cabinet, that its members must be protected one from another, not by the old sense of honour, which enjoined secrecy upon all, but upon fresh penalties imposed upon the press. One other proof of the "unity," which Mr Asquith is said to have preserved, and we have done. The House of Lords has shown its high appreciation of the "united" Cabinet by passing, without a division, what was practically a vote of censure upon it. And Mr Asquith remains unmoved and immovable. He recks not of the Dardanells, nor of Kut,

nor of the shortage of men and munitions, nor of Irish bloodshed, nor even of the censure of Parliament. Like the cunning augur that he is, he listens to all the stories of disaster, to all the charges of levity and inaction with a reckless and dangerous impartiality. He will go, he says, at the bidding of the House of Commons or of the country. He could find nothing to say more obviously disingenuous. The one-sided truce of his own invention has silenced the House of Commons, and as the voters are neither registered nor consulted, the country remains without a voice.

But do not forget that Mr Asquith is indispensable! To whom is he indispensable, and for what? We have considered his achievements, and what do we find? That he has debased the currency of public life; that he has made the word of a Minister no better worth than one of Herr Bethmann-Hollweg's scraps of paper (once a solemn promise definitely made by the Government bench was received with "loud and continuous laughter"); that he has conducted the war as though it was a mere affair of policy or a proper subject for a debating society, and no doubt deems it matter for congratulation

that in the midst of the greatest conflict the world has ever seen he has kept alive his poor little Plural Voting Bill; that he has looked with equal composure upon defeats in the field and upon Ireland's attempt at rebellion made with the help of German gold; that he knew that war with Germany was imminent, and moved not a finger to help his country to prepare for the struggle; that he has destroyed an ancient constitution, and disunited a once harmonious people; that he has done his best to impair the dignity and influence of the Crown, which more actively than aught else unites the dominions to the motherland. And his obsequious followers pronounce him indispensable! It is always an act of cowardice to pretend that the world cannot do without this man or that, and if the last hope of England lies in a Minister who has succeeded in nothing save in the paltry intrigue of partisan politics, then we are ruined indeed. Happily Mr Asquith is not our last hope nor our first, and if he would wish to see in act the unity of which his friends boast, let him resign instantly, and listen to the sigh of relief which will go up from every corner of the British Empire.

THE BLUNDER AT SUVLA BAY. WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?

WE are asked by Admiral Sir John de Robeck to say that the Navy was not responsible for the breakdown of the water supply at Suvla Bay, and the consequent miscarriage of the military operations. He informs us that the transport programme was carried out "punctually and precisely." This refers to the article "Six Months in the Dardanelles" [*'Maga,' Feb.*], in which it was said: "Some one had blundered. The Naval Transport Staff undertook the safe arrival at Suvla Bay by 7 A.M. on the morning of the landing of all the transports, containing water, stores, mules, and carts. When it was found that these ships had not turned up, the telegraph discovered

most of them still lying at Mudros, sixty miles or more away." Admiral de Robeck is anxious that his statement should be made known in the interests of officers serving, or who have served, in the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron, as otherwise they might be seriously injured in their professional careers. No doubt in due time the matter will form the subject of investigation, and the blame put upon the right shoulders; but we are glad to have the assurance of the Admiral Commanding that the fatal mistake, by which the water supply did not reach the troops in time, is not to be laid at the door of the Naval Transport Staff.

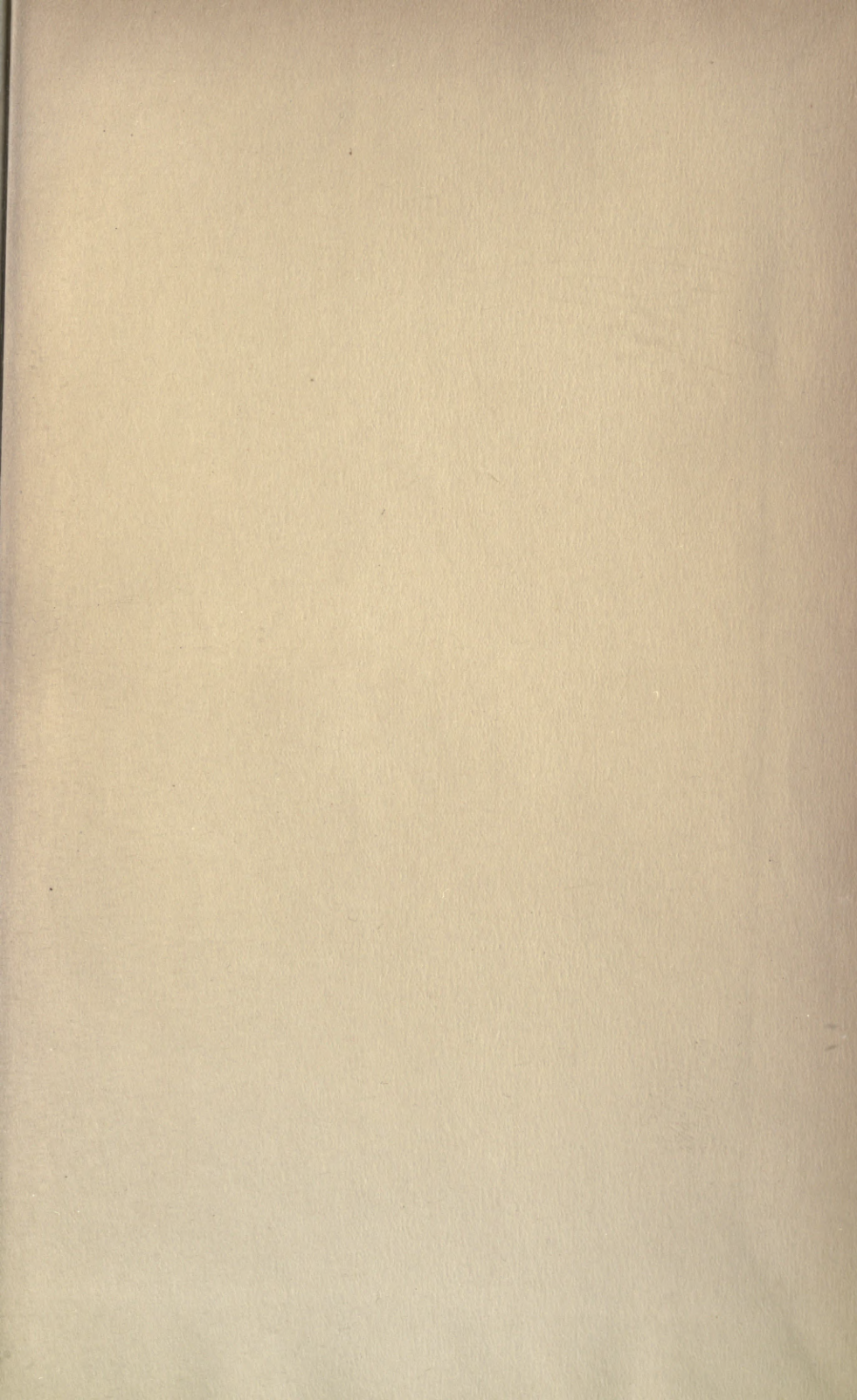
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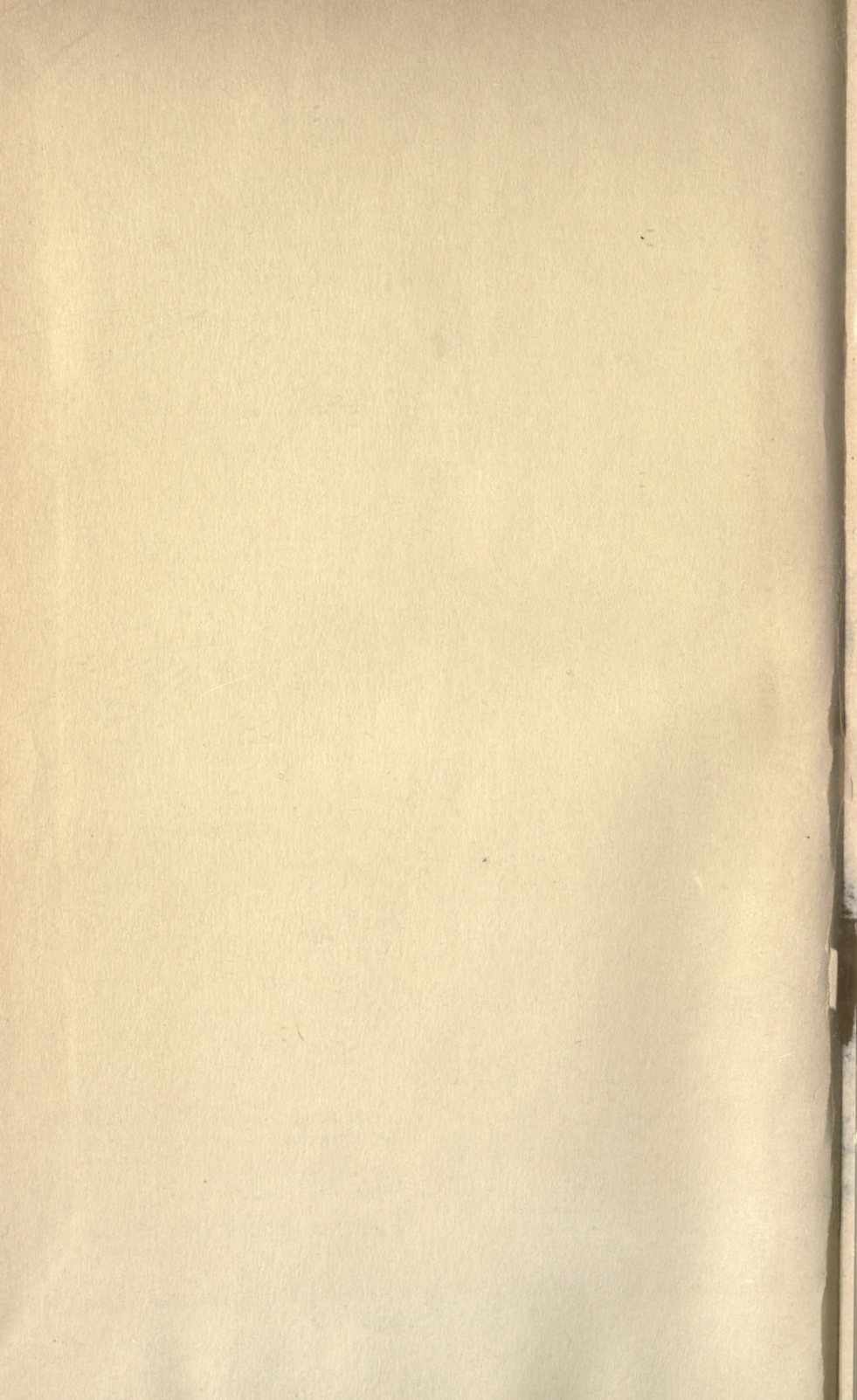
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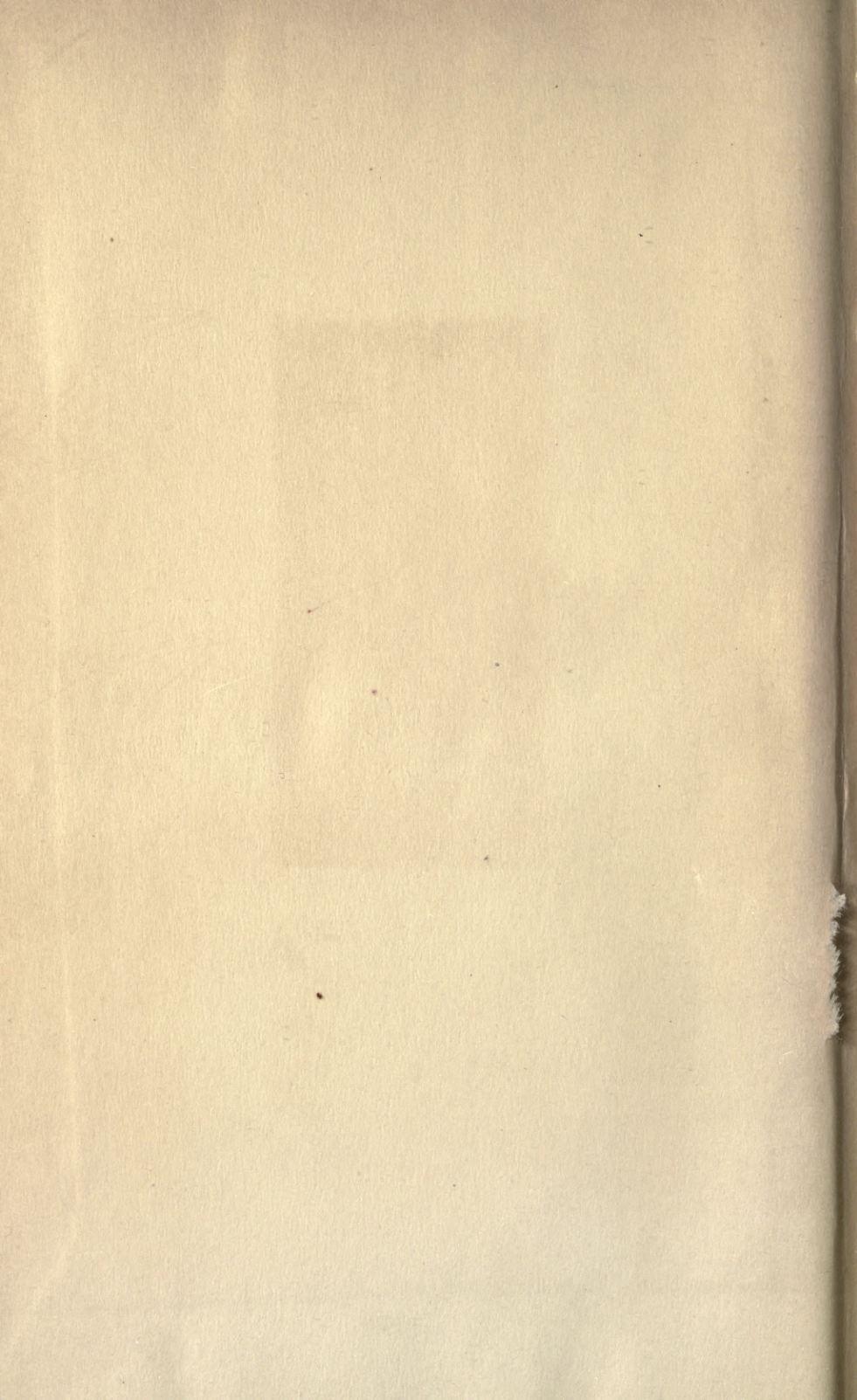
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