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FAMOUS GENERALS
OF THE GREAT WAR

FAMOUS LEADERS SERIES

❦

BY

CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS
FAMOUS SCOUTS
FAMOUS PRIVATEERSMEN
FAMOUS FRONTIERSMEN
FAMOUS DISCOVERERS and EXPLORERS of AMERICA
FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR

❦

BY

EDWIN WILDMAN

FAMOUS LEADERS of INDUSTRY

❦

THE PAGE COMPANY
53 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

FERDINAND FOCH
(See page 90)

FAMOUS GENERALS

OF THE

GREAT WAR

WHO LED THE UNITED STATES AND HER ALLIES TO A GLORIOUS VICTORY

By

CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

Author of "Famous Scouts," "Famous Indian Chiefs,"
"Famous Cavalry Leaders," "Famous Frontiersmen,"
"Famous Privateersmen," "Famous Discoverers
and Explorers of America," etc.

Illustrated

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TO QUENTIN ROOSEVELT:

BURIED IN FRANCE

Son of a fighting sire,
Bred from a vent'rous strain,
Your eagle-blood has paid the price,
You lie among the slain.
On fleeting plane you met your death,
You fell from cloudy space,
Your bleeding form lies where you struck,—
Scion of a battling race.

Here's to you! noble-hearted youth!—
The world needs men like you;
Here's to your crushed and bleeding form,
Hurled crashing from the blue!
With reverent hands we'll place a stone,
Where you lie cold and gray;
A tribute of our debt to France,—
Which you helped to repay.

PREFACE

My dear Boys:

The world conflict, which has happily come to a close, was the greatest and the most destructive war of all history, for the engines of destruction—contrived by the mind of man—are now more ruinous than ever before. Millions of human beings have been destroyed because of the unbridled ambition of one man, assisted by his adherents and counselors. Thousands of peaceful homes have been laid waste, and the wreckage of battle is strewn over the once quiet fields of France, of Belgium, of Poland, Russia, Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, and Palestine.

In this book I have written of the more prominent generals of the Allied forces, who, leading the armies of millions, have crushed the mailed fist of Germany, raised to enslave the world beneath the Teutonic flag. These men have seen suffering, death, privation, want, and destruction. They have led the forces of anti-Germans to a successful victory, and are worthy of permanent recognition by the historian.

Trusting that these essays will prove both interesting and instructive,

I beg to remai

Always affectionately yours,
CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON.

Chevy Chase, Md.,
June, 1919.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE vii

THE DEVIL DOGS ix

"PAPA" JOFFRE: HERO OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE 3

SIR JOHN FRENCH: THE MAN WHO LED THE FIRST BRITISH ARMY 29

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM: THE RULER WHO "CAME BACK" 71

FERDINAND FOCH: COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIES 87

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG: COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN FRANCE 115

JOHN J. PERSHING: COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES 141

HENRI P. PÉTAIN: DEFENDER OF VERDUN . . . 171

ARMANDO DIAZ: COMMANDER OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMIES OF ITALY 185

SIR EDMUND ALLENBY, K.C.B.: THE CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM 203

SIR STANLEY MAUDE: ANOTHER KITCHENER . . . 217

FRANCHET D'ESPEREY: HERO OF THE BALKAN CAMPAIGN 235

EDOUARD DE CURIERES DE CASTELNAU: THE DEFENDER OF NANCY 251

JAN SMUTS: LEADER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA 267

SIR JULIAN H. BYNG: THE MAN WHO LED THE SMASH AT CAMBRAI 291

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Ferdinand Foch *(See page 90)* . . . *Frontispiece*

"Papa" Joffre 6

Sir John French 32

King Albert 74

Sir Douglas Haig 118

John J. Pershing 146

James G. Harboard 151

Henri P. Pétain 172

Maurice P. Serrail 175

Armando Diaz 190

Sir Edmund Allenby 204

Sir Stanley Maude 218

Franchet D'Esperey 240

Edouard De Curières de Castelnau 258

Jan Smuts 269

Sir Julian H. Byng 292

THE DEVIL DOGS

We're first to fight on land and sea, so say the posters plain,
We're always in the thick of it, and slay or else are slain;
We're always where there's trouble, we're where the minnies sing,
And we scud like rakish clipper ships, when running wing-and-wing.

We draw our men from every walk, from east, south, north and west;
We marshal them from every state to man the "buzzard's nest."
We have some "jays" from Arkansas, we have some "rubes" from Maine,
But we're all alike, from officer down to the each rookie plain.

We're always at the beck and call of someone higher up;
We're always straightening some one out, when some one runs amuck;
We're always going off somewhere, we're always coming back,
But we always finish up the job, before our guns we stack.

So, when this trouble started and the Boche began to
fight,
And when the Kaiser blazoned forth that German Might
was Right,
Of course they sent at once for us,—they had to, don't
you see,
For we're used to just this sort of thing, we soldiers of
the sea.

We steamed at once for sunny France, we marched
through gay Paree,
The people liked to see us, for,—we're Hell Hounds of
the sea,
We tramped in columns down the Bois, we hit the trail
just east,
And we knew we'd soon have trouble with the blatant
German beast.

They hiked us towards the firing line, to a little, gray
Chateau,
Where the German guns were growling, and their shells
were whining: "Go!"
They camped us in a chicken-yard and some one said:
"Hold hard;
For to-morrow we will hit the Boche and fill a new
grave-yard."

So each man prayed his solemn prayer, and each man
cinched his belt.

And each one oiled his rifle, and chucked his hat of
felt,
And each one donned a top of steel, and grinned from
ear to ear,
For he knew the day had now arrived to move Fritz to
the rear.

Next morn the guns were thundering to lay down our
barrage;
Next morn the Boches gathered thick to make their final
charge;
Next morn we saw them coming on—they sure were
fighting mad;
And then we got the word to "FIRE!" and we gave
them all we had.

YE GODS! They fell down rank on rank, our lead
was something fierce;
Their blooming officers were there to yell and cry out:
"Pierce!
Go through these blooming Yankees! Right on to gay
Paree!"
But the dirty knaves had missed their guess, our lead
was quite too free.

And then the bugle shrilled the charge,—we were at
them with a yell,
Which sounded like a war-whoop from some western,
red-man's dell:

We piled them up by thousands, and we kept them moving fast,
Until we got the word to halt to keep from being gassed.

The next day some one chanced to say we'd fought at Château-Thierry,
We paid no heed to that at all, we were too dog-gone weary;
Next day a Boche came to our lines, and said: "You're Teufel Hunden!"
Which means, we're blooming Devil Dogs, "mit Schmelz und Hell gefunden."

Yes, yes, I guess they named us right, for that's where Fritz stood still,
Next day he moved quite backward, for he'd had a nauseous pill:
He kept on marching backward, 'til he rested at Sedan,
For well he knew that he at last had met the better man!

So, we hiked again to gay Paree, and kissed the mademoiselles,
We laugh with all the little kids, and heard the ringing bells,
Then we filed again on to our ship, we'd done our usual job,
"We're FIRST TO FIGHT AND LAST TO QUIT," the unknown, unthanked gob.

"PAPA" JOFFRE

HERO OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR

" PAPA " JOFFRE

HERO OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

THE French army had been retreating for weeks before the onrushing Prussian hordes. The Poilus had, therefore, begun to wonder how much longer they would have to make this retrograde movement, when the following order was read to them:

" Soldiers:

" At a moment when a battle, on which the salvation of your country may depend, is about to begin, you must remember that this is not the time for retrospective glances, for all our efforts must be employed to attack. An army that cannot advance, must, no matter what the cost, maintain the territory won, and die rather than retreat.

(Signed) " Joffre."

Fired by these stirring words, and by the still more portentous fact, that, should they not beat back the Hunnish avalanche, the city of Paris would soon be in the hands of the invader, the French soldiers turned to fight the grimmest battle which their countrymen had engaged in since the fierce conflict of Sedan, in 1870.

In command of their entire force was a man who had been born at Rivesaltes, in the southern part of France, and near the Pyrenees mountains, January 12th, 1852. The son of a cooper, Joseph-Jacques-Cesaire Joffre, the future Generalissimo of the French army was one of eleven children, of whom but three—two brothers and a sister, Madame Artus, the widow of a Captain of artillery—remain alive to-day. The Joffre home was humble, plain, and inartistic; such a home as a man of very moderate means would occupy.

The childhood of General Joffre differed little from that of thousands of other boys and girls who went to school and played with him in the streets of Rivesaltes. Young Joffre was a silent boy; a fair scholar, but neither brilliant nor over-industrious. It seems that he lacked the ability to make himself popular with other boys. He was an obstinate child and preferred lonely rambles to play with his schoolmates.

"My mother used to say that she remembered the general's mother saying that, when a baby in the cradle, the general never cried," declared several old residents of Rivesaltes. At any rate, all of the great soldier's schoolmates remember better than anything else his unwillingness to talk, his peculiar gift of silence, which, in later years has come to be known as "Joffre's taciturnity."

France now needed men for its army, for, during the revolutionary period, the nobility had been decimated and exiled. The army now became a great democratic institution, and the French middle class filled the different training schools with their young men. The future career of little Joffre was decided at a family council, and it was there determined to send the boy to Paris where he was to prepare for the Polytechnic. So, at the age of fifteen and a half years, Joseph Joffre left his paternal home. This was in 1869. A year later he entered the army that defended Paris against the besieging Prussians.

Beaten and humiliated at Sedan, Napoleon III capitulated to the Prussian King, and, when the exultant Germans advanced upon Paris, young Joffre was given an emergency commission as a lieutenant of artillery. He took his post with one of the siege batteries hastily formed for the defense of the capital against the dreaded foe. As you all know — Paris fell — the Prussians exacted an indemnity of $15,000,000 from the bleeding city, and marched back to Germany richer and more overbearing than when they came.

After the war young Joffre gave up his commission as a gunner, returned to the *Ecole Polytechnique* to complete his course of study, and left during the following year, 1872, having the rank of lieutenant, attached to the 2nd Regiment of Engineers. He was now twenty, and his marvelous ability to manipulate figures rapidly and accurately, his thorough knowledge of the higher mathematics, his logical mind, and his great common sense, soon secured him a foremost place among his fellow officers.

The Paris defenses were much in need of improvement at this time, and Lieutenant Joffre was now employed in the occupation of rendering them more secure. In 1876 Marechal de MacMahon, who was the

President of the Republic, made a personal and thorough inspection of the work already accomplished by his officers, and, being pleased with what had been done, took occasion to congratulate those who had made such excellent progress. Turning to a squarely built, unassuming sapper, who was standing near one of the fortifications, he said, in an abrupt manner: "I congratulate you, Captain Joffre," that was all.

Lieutenant Joffre was astonished, for he little expected the unsought-for promotion. Yet this was a splendid acknowledgment of his worth and energy, and never was honor more justly deserved or more modestly borne. Without more ado he turned back to his work of perfecting the defenses of Paris, and labored so persistently that in five years the city had been made practically impregnable; or as impregnable as it was humanly possible to make it.

Joffre, in fact, became a master in the art of building fortifications. His work was noticed, and, when Admiral Courbet telegraphed from Kelong—a port in the Island of Formosa—for a French officer who understood thoroughly the way to dig trenches and to erect forts, Joffre was very naturally chosen for the task. Kelong had been occupied by the French for but one year, yet it was essential that an army of occupation should be placed there to establish French rights and to exclude the growing German influence in the Far East. To Joffre was to be given the task of making Kelong into a formidable fortress, and so well did he accomplish this duty that he was decorated with the Legion of Honor.

" PAPA " JOFFRE

For three years the robust young Frenchman remained in Formosa, occupying himself—for the most part—in effecting a system of housing which was practically perfect. Under his direction barracks were put up, and they afforded the men such excellent protection against both heat and damp, that many valuable lives were saved which otherwise would have been claimed by malaria or enteric fever. In 1888, Captain Joffre returned to France, and on May 6th, 1889, was made Major and Commandant at the War Office in Paris. Soon after this he left Paris for Versailles, where he was appointed Major to the 5th Regiment of Railway Corps. In this position he acquired a great practical knowledge of the French railways, which was to be of such advantage to him when troops were to be mobilized against the Prussian invasion of 1914.

Promotion now came rapidly for the young officer. On April 7, 1891, he was appointed Professeur de Fortification, or lecturer on the art of science and fortification, at the famous artillery school for officers, the *Ecole d'Application* at Fontainebleau. He proved to be an excellent teacher and was so greatly appreciated that many were anxious to have him remain in France in order to give the younger generation of officers the benefit of his extensive knowledge of military science. But Major Joffre had adventure in his soul; he longed to go to French Africa and to know something of the great and mysterious Black Continent.

France has an immense African domain. Upon the western coast of Africa she possesses valuable colonies, which are from north to south: Senegal or Senegambia, French Guinea, the Ivory coast, Dahomey, and French Congo. Upon the northern coast she has highly prosperous territories, stretching from Tunis to Morocco. Forced to retire inland to inaccessible regions, the unruly native tribes are a perpetual menace and a source of grave danger to the peaceful native population in the interior. It has been one of the duties of the French army to accomplish the task of civilizing the country and of chastising the natives. Also of building railroads from the coast to the interior.

In December, 1892, Major Joffre landed upon Dakar's busy quay, and, in 1893, he was surveying the lines for a railroad to run from Kita to Bammako. His stay upon the scene was short, but it is largely due to his influence that the Senegal-Niger Railway is a success to-day. At this time the natives in the interior were getting unruly, so in the following year Major Joffre was asked to take command of a column which was to march from Segu to Timbuktu.

This expedition consisted of fourteen French and two native officers. Twenty-eight French and three hundred and fifty-two native non-commissioned officers and men, about two hundred pack horses and mules and some seven hundred native carriers. The Frenchmen and native assistants were to follow the left bank of the river from Segu to Timbuktu, where a Colonel Bonnier was to receive them. They were expected to invite the native chiefs, who had not already made submission to the French flag, to join the column and come to Timbuktu. If they showed themselves to be unruly, there was to be a fight.

Leaving Segu on December 27th, 1893, Major Joffre and his party reached Timbuktu on February 12th, 1894. Their march had not been an easy one, for the population of some of the villages upon the way had been distinctly hostile and the necessary supplies had to be taken by force or cunning. On several occasions, a number of natives, called Tonaregs, had attacked the expedition with great daring, and, although they had attempted to kill many of the French troops, they had not succeeded in their attempt. Only one French sergeant had been wounded.

When nearing Timbuktu Major Joffre learned that Colonel Bonnier and most of his men had been surprised and murdered by the Tonaregs at Taconbao, early in January; a feat which had emboldened all of the other native tribes, and had made them eager to take up arms against the French. So, without waiting for orders or instructions from the authorities at home, Joffre at once abandoned all idea of returning to Kayes. Instead, he lost no precious moments in taking such measures as would enable him to deal a crushing blow to the natives, and thus to restore confidence to the peaceful population, which had begun to doubt the ability of the French to cope with the hostile invaders.

For six months he and his soldiers now fought and chased the hostile Tonaregs, and, so successfully was this done, that, at the end of that time, the fighting tribes had been practically annihilated and the inhabitants of Timbuktu and of the river districts were at last free from all danger of pillage and rapine. Communications with the exterior were re-established and prosperity soon returned to the desolate regions. So well was he thought of at home that the appreciation of his conduct was publicly acknowledged by the gazetting of his name as Lieutenant Colonel. This was on March 6th, 1894.

The work in Sudan was difficult, but Joffre seemed to enjoy it, and, when told to report again in France, he was right loath to give up his labors. Still, a soldier has to do what he is told to do, so, returning to his native land, he was appointed Secretary to a learned body known as the *Commission d'Examen des Inventions Interessant les Armees de Terre et de Mer,*— a committee of experts and scientists whose mission consists in the examination of the claims of inventors and of the merits of all inventions and discoveries likely to be of use to, and add to the efficiency of France's land and sea forces.

Joffre retained this post for four and a half years, and, of course, gained a vast store of technical knowledge which was of much assistance to him when, later on, he was called to the stupendous task of whipping France into shape for the terrible battles with Prussia, for the liberty of her people.

On November 10th, 1899, the studious and taciturn soldier was appointed to the position of officer commanding the 5th, or Railway Regiment, at Versailles, and on December 23rd, 1899, was sent to Madagascar, that fertile spot off the coast of Africa which has been the property of France for so many years. Here he again used his engineering skill in making a system of defenses, and was as successful as at the chain of fortifications around Paris. Less than two years after his arrival at this distant post, Joffre had, by hard work, ability, and an indomitable tenacity, perfected a splendid system of fortifications about Diego Suarez. His valuable services to the mother country were officially recognized by his promotion to the rank of Brigadier General, on October 12th, 1901.

Returning to France from this African possession, the newly appointed general was given command of the 19th artillery brigade. In July, 1903, he was raised to the dignified position of *Commandant de la Légion d'Honneur,* and, shortly after this, was told to take supreme control of the whole corps of engineers. In March, 1905, he was promoted to the rank of General of Division, but remained at the War Office until January, 1906, when he was placed in command of the 6th Infantry Division. In May, 1908, he was put at the head of the 2nd army corps.

Realizing, at this time, that war with Prussia was imminent, the general set about to drill the army in preparation for the mighty conflict which he knew would be soon upon the people. By word and writing he endeavored to prepare the mind of the French for the war which all knew to be inevitable. "The French," he said, "should have a tenacious purpose to win. They must have victory written in their very soul."

"The material organization of an army," he added, "perfect though it may be; its understanding no matter how highly developed, will be insufficient to insure us a victory, if this army, strong and intelligent as it may have become, will lack a soul."

Napoleon the great said many a good thing, and one of the best remarks which he ever made, was: "The primordeal virtue of a general commanding an army is his character."

General Joffre is a man of character, and this force has been felt throughout the ranks of the entire French army, until every soldier in the trenches, every trooper in the field, owns, as a part of himself, this precious gift. A strict disciplinarian, he became the idol of the army. "A well balanced mind,— a well balanced soul," is the verdict pronounced upon him by one of France's most eminent thinkers.

Fairly tall and quite broad, the figure of General Joffre is massive and strong-looking. His head is large, his hair is thick and wavy, his eyes are deep-set and grayish blue. His neck is short, and his broad shoulders give him the appearance of great strength. His gray eye-brows are very long and bristly; his forehead is wide; his nose straight and fully developed. His lower jaw is powerful, but not brutal; his chin round and clean shaven.

Free from all vanity, simple of dress and habit, scrupulously fair and strictly just, eminently sincere and loyal to his friends, his soldiers, and his country, Joffre is loved and trusted by all who know him. His soldiers have a blind confidence in his ability, and thus — when after weeks of retreat, although exhausted and fatigued — they heard the voice of Joffre cry out: "Halt! and Fight!" all turned heroically and willingly to drive the Prussian invader from the soil of the beloved country.

When Prussia declared war on France and her soldiers crossed into Belgium, Joffre was ready. Years before the advance upon Paris he had selected the line of the river Marne as the place at which in the event of a German invasion a great battle should be fought. Here he halted the French army and here is where he said to his men, "Now is the time and the opportunity to save France; let all advance who can, let all die where they stand who cannot advance!"

His words raised the spirits of the weary, march-worn soldiers, and his message sank deep into their hearts.

It was the morning of September 1st, 1914, and the sun shone hazily down upon the great surging masses of men who faced each other along the slow-winding Marne, soon to meet in a death struggle for the mastery of the soil of France, and to fight the greatest battle of all history. Years before, Attila — King of the Huns — had come down victoriously from the north, sweeping all before him, and killing and massacring as he came on. He had been met by Aetius and Theodosius, who had signally defeated him, and had sent his greedy, ferocious host of vandals and free-booters reeling back across the Rhine. Now history was to repeat itself.

Then the wild cries of barbarians echoed over the fair fields of France. Now the growl of great, massive guns; the sudden, short orders of Officers, the grumble of artillery wagons, and the tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of hob-nailed shoes sounded above the swishing of the river. Bugles blared, horses neighed, drums rumbled, flags went fluttering up the roads, lancers, with pennons streaming, galloped past,— all was bustle, hustle, excitement — for France and Germany were to meet in the most awesome struggle that ever mortal man witnessed. The most portentous battle of all History was to be fought out. No wonder that the brow of General Joffre was furrowed with wrinkles.

Turning to a Lieutenant on his staff he had said: "The army has retreated far enough. On no considerations will it fall back of the Seine and the region north of Bar-le-Duc. We will fight here — to the Death."

The French armies were placed in the field in the relation in which he deemed they would be most effective:

The First Army, under General Dubail, was in the Vosges, and the second army, under General Castleneau, was near Nancy; the Third army, under General Serrail, was east and south of the Argonne in a kind of "elbow," joining with the Fourth army under General de Langle de Cary. The Ninth army, under gallant General Foch, was next in line, towards the northeast; then the Fifth army, under Franchet D'Esperey, joining with the little British army of three corps, under General Sir John French; and then the new Sixth army, under the brave General Manoury.

General Joffre was at the little town of Bar-sur-Aube, fifty miles south of Châloss, and he there watched — with some concern — the outcome of the clash at arms. On the morning of September the fifth all of the commanders received from him the now historic message:

"The moment has come for the army to advance at all costs and allow itself to be slain where it stands rather than to give way."

For fourteen days the French soldiers had been falling back before the exultant Germans; the skin was worn off from the bottom of their feet; their shoes were stuck to their toes with blood. Without rest, or much food, for fourteen days the French soldiers had been ceaselessly engaged. Now was the turn to attack. It MUST be settled here who was to rule France — French or Germans.

Attila had found that the French were no easy men to vanquish. How was Von Hindenberg to find the descendants of those who had driven back the boastful and blood-thirsty Huns in olden days?

The patriotic defenders of La Belle France had marched on scorching roads, with their throats parched, and suffocated by dust. "Our bodies had beaten a retreat, but not our heads," says one Pierre Lassere, and so — when the clarion notes of the bugle called out *"En Avant,"* and when the stirring words of General Joffre were read to them, the faces of all the Poilus from Paris to Verdun beamed with joy. The men were worn out with fatigue and with constant fighting, their faces were black with powder-smoke and their eyes blinded with the chalk-dust of Champagne,— yet they roused themselves for a mighty stand and their hearts were filled with faith and hope. La Belle France *should* and *must* triumph. *En avant! En avant!*

It was daybreak of Sunday, September 6th, and, without any disturbance, or bravado, a little, quiet, studious-looking man pitched his tent near a modern chateau near the village of Pleurs,— some six miles southeast of Sezanne. He took out his glasses and raked the sky-line,— then, turning to his Aides, he said: "Ha, boys! This is fine. The Boche will now turn tail."

This jolly, little man — studious-looking, though amiable and laughing, was General Ferdinand Foch.

He had been assigned to the line from Sezanne to Camp de Mailly, twenty-five miles east, by a little south. The slow-moving Marne ran twenty-five miles north of his position. His men were in many a town and village in front of him, some of them in a clay pocket near the Marshes of St. Gond. His van was north of this marsh. As the little General scanned the horizon he could hear the guns begin to growl.

"The 75's are barking," said he. "It soon will be quite interesting."

Meanwhile General Joffre — far to the south and rear, had been pacing up and down behind his automobile. He had placed Foch in the most important position where the Prussian Guard was to attack. He knew whom to trust in his vast army, and he wanted to have Foch in the MOST crucial point; so he, too, scanned the horizon with his glass and whistled a tune. It was THE MARSEILLAISE.

All the Generals paced up and down and whistled, — then Bedlam broke loose.

BOOM! BOOM! ROAR! ROAR! The Prussian artillery threw a perfect avalanche of lead into the French lines, and laid down a barrage. Then — with wild cheers of victory, the steel-helmeted Germans charged. As the day wore on the Prussian Guard drove Foch's Angevins and Vendeans of the Ninth Corps back beyond the marshes, and occupied their positions of the early morning. So too — on the east of the line, the Bretons were hurled backward by the fearful rush of the invaders, and the Moroccans of the Forty-Second Division had to yield to the bayonets of the yelping German Divisions.

Night was coming on — all along the vast line the French, English, and Moroccans were engaged, and the carnage was fearful. Joffre paced before his headquarters uneasily, for it was bad news that his couriers were bringing him. It was this: "Our lines have given way everywhere. Foch is in retreat."

True — Foch's new army had given ground almost everywhere.

It was sad news, dispiriting news to General Joffre. Here and there an aide drew up in a panting, puffing automobile. Their news was not all the same — near Verdun the Crown Prince was being driven off, at Nancy the valiant D'Esperey was fighting a fierce battle and was moving the Germans backward, on the north, General French with his Englishmen was holding his own stubbornly and fiercely, but alack and aday — General Foch's men — those who held the pivotal point were giving way. Joffre again whistled THE MARSEILLAISE — he would see what the morrow had to bring.

The morning of the next day broke clear, the sun shrouded by the banks of sulphurous vapor which came from the roaring, rumbling guns, belching ever a hail of smoke and shell. Again the Prussian Guard came on after the men under Foch, again they attacked fiercely and the battle was hand-to-hand.

A little man — a bandy-legged man — walked out in front of his Headquarters in the Château at Pleurs, and made a cautious remark to his aide, who was smoking a cigarette. It was:

"They are trying to throw us back with such fury that I am sure that means things are going badly for them elsewhere and they are seeking compensation."

Could he have mounted in an aeroplane, he would have seen that he was quite right. Von Kluck was retiring in a northeasterly direction under the fierce attacks of General Manoury's men; while Von Buelow — who was in front of General Foch — was moving vast bodies of troops from the left of the line. In the center the Prussians attacked with renewed energy. Such vast numbers of troops were hurled against the French that they had to retire. On Tuesday, the 8th day of September, Foch had to move his headquarters to Plancy, eleven miles south. He had reached the river Aube, behind which Joffre had said, "We cannot go."

The right wing of Foch's army was weak — woefully weak — it was giving way. The wing must be strengthened — but all the reserves were used up — how was this to be done? On the left of the line was the Forty-second division and Foch appealed to it to save the day. This would leave a gap in the line, but General D'Esperey was begged to lengthen out his own line in order to fill this hole, so that the Forty-second could march to the weakened right and repel the exultant Prussian Guard.

It was 10 o'clock in the evening when General Grossetti — who commanded the Forty-Second — was roused from his bed in the straw in the shell-riddled farm of Chapton. He was handed an order from General Foch, which was: "Give us aid on the right, or the Prussians will get through."

The Officer sat up, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Mon Dieu, I can do it. It is all for France."

Immediately he bestirred himself. The Colonels of the different Regiments were told what must be done; they gave the necessary orders to their subordinates, and — by morning the Forty-Second was marching along so as to be in the line of defense, but they marched none too soon, for the Prussian Guards — with a colossal effort — had smashed through the right of Foch's line, and, wild with joy, were driving the Poilus before them.

General Foch was smiling, but, beneath that smile was a heart beating with anguish. To Joffre he telegraphed:

"My center gives way, my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack."

Calling his aides to him, General Foch gave the necessary orders to them — they must bear them to the different parts of the wavering line, and all MUST attack. By ten o'clock, upon that September day, must be decided who would win the Battle of the Marne — by ten o'clock it would be said, France rises triumphant from the bitter defeat of 1870 — by ten o'clock it would be heralded far and wide — the Germans have been hurled back, the descendants of Attila the Hun have fared even as he did at Châlons. Giving his orders in smooth, low tones, the General turned, lighted a cigarette, and went out for a walk on the outskirts of the little village of Plancy. His companion — Lieutenant Ferasson of the artillery — was one of his Staff, and, as they walked slowly along they discussed Economics and Metallurgy.

The day was a clear one and the grumbling roar of the guns was interspersed with the rattle of the machine guns, the spit, spit of the rifles, and the fierce cries of the fighting men. Dead and dying lay everywhere, the ambulances were doing great and valiant service, but still the Prussians came on. They were breaking through and thought themselves victorious, when up marched the Forty-Second Division, right into the gap which the Germans believed would let them through to Paris. The men of this chosen Corps were half dead with fatigue, and their eyes — it is said — were blazing with such intensity of purpose, that the Germans were terrified when they saw these fanatics, thinking them spirits. At any rate they defiled into line, just when most needed, and blocked Von Buelow's way to Paris. The Prussians wavered. Then — at about six o'clock — they were seen to go backward. Hurrah! Foch's maneuver had won the day for France.

The setting sun cast shadows across the fields of the Marne when the news was brought to imperturbable Joffre:

" Foch has them. Von Buelow is in retreat."

The General smiled — for the first time in two weeks. Again he whistled the Marseillaise.

Night fell over the awful scene. Dead and dying littered the roads. Horses sprawled everywhere. Ambulances dashed here and there — the great star shells lit up the darkness. Next morning would see who would control the Marne, and the men of the Forty-Second rested easily — they had been fired by the spirit of Jeanne D'Arc.

It was now September 10th, and as the sun rose it shone sodden and gray upon the ranks of the men of the Forty-second, who, pushing onward, fighting grimly, entered the village of Champenoise, where they captured numberless Prussian officers, who, thinking that they had won the day, had gone to sleep snugly in wine-cellars. On, on went the Forty-second — and — two days later were at Châlons — the Prussians in retreat were fleeing across the Marne. On, on went the French, and, as the German host withdrew, they were shelled busily by the 75's. Attila had here crossed centuries before, his wild riders of the plains dispirited and woebegone after their defeat at Châlons.

Meanwhile, far in the rear stood General Joffre, stolid, rotund, imperturbable: the essence of what we think a Frenchman is not, and an Englishman is. Aides were bringing good news to him and he was smiling.

" The Prussians are retreating all along the line," they said. " The Battle of the Marne is ours."

And near Châlons, a little General, who had been a teacher in the Military School, was directing the crossing of the river by the French armies. He was still talking Economics in his spare moments, and was jesting with his aide, and he sometimes mentioned Metallurgy. This was General Ferdinand Foch.

Many, many years hence, patriotic Frenchmen will put up a statue to the imperturbable soldier who stood behind the vast lines of battle at the River Marne and watched the gallant Poilus battle with the Prussians to a fair-earned victory. It will bear the name of one who will rank with the great war-time heroes of France: Bayard, DuGuescelin, Ney, Henry of Navarre, Lafayette, Jeanne D'Arc, and Rochambeau.

But I wonder if they will carve on it " Papa " Joffre, or just plain General Joffre?

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

"Gott mit Uns!" was the battle cry
  Which came from German throats,
"Fur Macht und Recht und Vaterland!"
  Came forth from Slavs and Croats,
As thousands upon thousands,
  They crossed the river Rhine,
To take the road to Paris,
  To make the poilus whine.

A million gray-clad warriors,
  A million rumbling guns,
Passed by in gorgeous panoply;
  The war might of the Huns.
With aeroplanes and Mausers;
  With painted camouflage,
The conquering legions hastened on
  To lay their first barrage.

They passed the forts of Belgium;
  Rich Brussels, too, was seized;
They swept on to the sea-coast
  And did what e'er they pleased.
The gray-clad legions, steeped in death,
  Pressed onward into France,
Where an old, stout-hearted general
  Was waiting for his chance.

"Mon Dieu!" he murmured pleasantly,
  "Zees Dutchmen come too fast!"

"Par Bleu!" he chuckled quietly,
  "We'll nail them to the mast!"
And, not so many miles away,
  A pompous-looking Hun,
Cried out: "O, Freiheit, Kinder!
  We have them on the run!"

The German guns were rumbled up,
  And pointed to the south,
Out belched their furious shrapnel,
  From every cannon's mouth.
A hail of death and slaughter
  Went reeling o'er the plain,
Where stood the very flower of France,
  Beneath the good Pétain.

Behind them, too, was "Papa" Joffre,
  His eyes were glist'ning bright,
As he cried out: "My Frenchmen, stand!
  And prove that Right is Might!
Here is the place to hold them;
  Here is the spot to fight;
And the Kaiser here will soon find out
  If all his Might is Right!"

It was slaughter, slaughter, slaughter.
  It was tons of reeling lead.
It was piles of bleeding poilus,
  And it was heaps of German dead.
It was yelling, screaming demons.
  It was fiendish deviltry;

And 'twas growling, howling cannon,
And rumbling musketry.

It was hours of belching seventy-fives.
'Twas miles of charging squads.
'Twas groaning, moaning wounded,
And thunder from the gods.
'Twas galloping and walloping.
'Twas pitch and hitch, and strike.
'Twas hold your enemy by the throat,
And stick him with your pike.

In Berlin sat the Kaiser,
And on his face a frown,
For his vaunted power was tott'ring,
And he felt a slipping crown.
In Berlin walked the Kaiser
And he cried out "Durch und schnell!"
But by the waters of the Marne
They sang his swan-song knell.

For the poilus cried out, "EN AVANT!"
As Papa Joffre stood still,
He smiled and chuckled amiably,
As he watched them from a hill.
He kept on smiling, smiling,
As he murmured, "Kaiser Bill,
You've swallowed now, you devil,
A rather nauseous pill!"

"You can't get by, Old Might is Right!
You cannot cross the Marne!

You cannot get to Paris
  And you cannot reach my barn!
You've played your hand and lost it;
You've failed with old von Kluck,
  So you'd better go to Holland,
Where perhaps you'll have more luck."

'Twas at the battle of the Marne
  That Joffre won the day;
'Twas at the battle of the Marne,
  That Deutschland lost her sway.
So give three cheers for "Papa" Joffre,
  And give them with a will,
For he's the boy who led the men
  Who've trounced old Kaiser Bill.

SIR JOHN FRENCH

THE MAN WHO LED THE FIRST BRITISH ARMY

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THE MAN WHO LED THE FIRST BRITISH ARMY

DURING the Boer War the Boers were the first to admit the superiority of General French to the English officers. One of their most cunning leaders was General DeWet, who, was once asked how long he expected that he would avoid being captured. The Old Fox laughed, as he replied: "It all depends upon whom you send after me." "How about General Pole-Carew?" was asked him. "Oh, bosh," he ejaculated. "How about General Buller?" "About two years," he answered, chuckling. "And General French?" "Two weeks," admitted the cautious DeWet.

This reputation for getting what he went after had been well won by General French, who, although a soldier for many years, had never reached high distinction until the fighting in South Africa brought him into the lime-light. Of Franco-Irish extraction, the eminent leader comes of a fighting stock. On his father's side he hails from a famous Galway family, which had many soldiers and sailors among its numbers, including John French, who fought in the army of King William, leading a troop of Enniskillen dragoons at the battle of Aughrim, in 1689. His father was a sailor, Commander J. T. W. French, who, returning from his life at sea, and retiring from the Navy, settled upon a beautiful estate at Ripplevale, near Walmer. Here John Denton Pinkstone French was born on September 28th, 1852, in the very year, in fact, that " Papa " Joffre first saw the light of day.

Very little is known of the boy's home life at Ripplevale, and, as he was the sixth child and the only son in the family, you can see that he grew up normally and not without too good an opinion of his own prowess. His father and mother both died while he was still young, so he was educated under the care of his sisters. One of these — now Mrs. Despard — was an extremely intelligent and gifted woman, so that our future General had good home training. Although high-spirited and full of mischief, he was not a bad boy, and everything which he did was done with the greatest enthusiasm.

A person who knew the future Field Marshal at this time says that he was perpetually playing with soldiers, and, when occasion offered itself, would fight over again the campaigns of Napoleon the First, whom he admired as a soldier and not as a man. He was, in fact, a normal healthy English boy, with just a touch of reticence and taciturnity to mark him from his fellows.

At an early age this now famous warrior was sent to a preparatory school at Harrow, which he soon left for Eastman's Naval College at Portsmouth. He went through a system of cramming here, and at the age of thirteen passed the entrance examination to the navy.

In the year following (1866) he joined the *Britannia* as a cadet, but, after a cruise, decided that sea life did not appeal to him as much as a life on shore. Consequently, at the age of eighteen, we find him leaving the navy in order to enter the army. He would now emulate the career of the great Napoleon, if the opportunity should present itself.

So, we next see John French in the militia with a commission as a Lieutenant. Later we find him in the regular service as an officer in the 8th, and then the 19th, Hussars, which were called the "Dumpies" because men were admitted to it who were beneath the standard height for the British army. Here, at once, he earned for himself the name of Captain "Cross Trees," as the result of having once been a naval man. To this day — among the few remaining brother officers of his youth — he is greeted as "Trees." French was a good rider, in spite of his squat and sturdy frame; he attended to his duties right manfully, and soon became a most accomplished officer.

One of his closest friends says of him — at this stage of his career —" Although he never attempted to go to the Staff College he was continually studying military works, and often when his brother officers were at polo or other amusements, he would remain in his room, reading Von Schmidt, Jomini, or other books on strategy. I recollect once traveling by rail with him in our subaltern days, when after observing the country for some time, he broke out with: "There is where I would place my artillery. There is where I should put my cavalry," and so on — until the end of the journey.

He was interested in his profession, that was evident, but had, as yet, no opportunity to exhibit his talents in actual fighting. The chance was soon to come.

In 1882 the regiment in which young French was serving was ordered to embark for Egypt in order to take part in the Nile expedition, which proved to be the turning point in his career. French was a man who had to wait for his opportunities, and thus, he was thirty-two years of age before he saw this, his first piece of active service. The Queen's officer — now a Major — was to prove himself to be an able executive and an excellent master of tactics in the expedition into the silent land, which was to end in a complete failure.

General Gordon, an intelligent and experienced officer, was at Khartoum, which he had reached on February 18th, 1884. In April he found himself besieged, and, in spite of the fact that he warned the home authorities of his perilous position, nothing was done to relieve his distress. Finally, however, the Government realized that to allow this General to perish at the hands of the Dervishes might lead to the loss of Egypt. With this fact fully impressed upon them, Lord Wolseley was instructed to relieve Khartoum at all costs. A flying column was thus dispatched across the desert from Korti to Matammeh, and thence to Khartoum. With it went a part of the 19th Hussars, under Lieutenant-Colonel Barlow, and Major French as second in command.

The column marched forward for about two weeks and then came in touch with the retreating enemy at Abu Klea. The 19th Hussars were sent forward to

SIR JOHN FRENCH

reconnoiter, and returning reported that the Mahdi — a native ruler — had drawn up a considerable force not far off. Beyond the Dervishes were some wells, and it was important that the British troops should get to them in order to relieve their thirst. After a consultation it was decided to fight a way through to this water at any cost.

Leaving a small force to guard the camp, the main body was formed into a square and advanced across the desert in this form. As the soldiers went forward, the enemy opened a terrific fire upon them, yet, in spite of casualties, the men pressed towards the natives, hauling their guns in the center of the square, and over the rutted and uneven surface of the desert.

The Dervishes did not wait for the English, but rushed on to the attack. An eye-witness says that the wild shouting of the Arabs as they advanced sounded like the thunder of the boiling surf. So fierce was the assault that the British square was broken, and the camel corps of soldiers, mounted upon the native beasts, suffered most severely. Yet, unable to pierce the center of the English line, the Arabs finally withdrew, and, as they did so, Major French cried out to the 19th Hussars:

"Boys! Now is our chance!"

With a cheer, the cavalry dashed to the charge, and as numerous shells from the light guns exploded among the Dervishes, the men rushed in among them with sword and pistol. The natives stood for a few moments — then broke and fled — and that night the British column drank at the wells of the desert.

The soldiers now rested, and, as many of the men were very weary, they fell from the backs of their camels — while asleep — their mounts, in wild disorder, wandering far from them. Next morning, however, they were collected together, and, after a hasty breakfast, the march was resumed.

Open ground at length was reached, where the followers of the Mahdi were found to be in full strength. A fight was inevitable, so a barricade of camel boxes, saddles, and field equipment was thrown up hastily, in order to give protection from a forward attack. The Hussars were placed within the barricade, while the rest of the regiment — drawn up in front — was formed into a square in order to meet the attack of the enemy. With a wild yelling and shouting, the Dervishes now came on.

Led by emirs on superb horses, eight hundred spearmen hurled themselves headlong upon the British square, which stolidly awaited the attack. Waiting until the enemy was within three hundred yards, the approaching natives were met with a deadly rifle-fire. Over and over each other rolled the foremost tribesmen, while those in the rear — terrified by the rapidity and power of the British rifle-fire — broke and fled. Within twenty minutes the battle was over, and, to the faint cheers of the British, the spearmen fled in wild confusion, leaving two hundred and fifty of their dead upon the field.

Strange to relate, not a single British soldier was either killed or wounded, in repelling the charge. A stray bullet "scotched" General Stewart — leader of the expedition — later in the day, who, as he fell, cried out to Colonel Barrow: "Take care of the 19th Hussars. They have done well."

The column moved forward as soon as it could reform, but, as the grim soldiers plodded across the desert, news came that Khartoum had fallen, and that brave Gordon had been killed by the followers of the Mahdi. Major French — it is said — was deeply moved by this calamity, and shed tears. With Khartoum in the hands of the followers of the Mahdi, the mission of the flying column was ended, and it must, of course, retreat. Surrounded by the natives, whose numbers had been added to by those who had been beseiging Khartoum, the column fell back, while General Buller was sent up to Gubat in order to take command. With him he brought the Royal Irish and West Kent regiments to reinforce the worn out and somewhat dispirited Britishers.

General Buller saw the bad predicament in which the British troops had fallen and so decided to retreat. On February 13th he evacuated Gubat, and, falling back steadily, finally reached Korti, where he received additional reinforcements under Sir Evelyn Wood, who says: "There I saw Major French for the first time, when our people were coming back across the desert after our failure, the entire force depressed because of the death of Gordon. I came upon him about a hundred miles from the river — he was the last man of the last section of the rear guard! We were being followed by bands of Arabs. They came into our bivouac on the right of which I am speaking, and during the following night they carried off some of our cattle."

General Buller, himself, fully appreciated the part which Major French played during the retreat, for he says:

"I wish expressly to remark on the excellent work that has been done by a small detachment of the 19th Hussars, both during our occupation of Abu Klea, and during our retreat. Each man has done the work of ten, and it is not too much to say that the force owes much to Major French and his thirteen troopers."

For two months this flying column had been occupied in this expedition, and it had, indeed, accredited itself with glory. One writer says of the British soldiers: "They were not men, but heroes," while Colonel Biddulph has written: "During the whole march from Korti, the entire scouting duty had been taken by the 19th Hussars, so that each day they covered more ground than the rest of the force. Even the fierce Baggara horsemen appeared unwilling to cross swords with the cavalry."

The part which the gallant French had taken in this affair was fully appreciated by the Government, and, a short time after the return of the regiment, the Major was appointed a Lieutenant-Colonel, and second in command of the 19th Hussars. From this time on he became so much absorbed in military duties, that, when Sir Evelyn Wood inspected the regiment in 1887, he asked: "Of what value is that man?" pointing to Colonel French, and, received the reply: "He is forever reading military books. He is a hard student and an apt soldier. We all admire the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 19th Hussars."

Our Field Marshal, in fact, had finally begun to become absorbed in his profession, just as a Physician becomes absorbed in what he is doing, or a Minister of the Gospel in what he is saying and preaching, or one of you boys in how you are going to win that one hundred yard dash, or that tennis cup. He became taciturn, or solemn, and began to assume a rather serious mien, for war is a grim business and the British soldier is always fighting somewhere. With an empire which stretches around the globe, and upon which the sun never sets, you can well see that any man who assumes a responsible position in His Majesty's army has his work cut out for him. He always has something, somewhere, to worry him, for some unruly tribesmen are not always satisfied with the stern and strong hand of the man in khaki, and will suddenly rebel, cut up a regiment or two, and begin to create considerable disturbance which is the business of Generals to look into, and to settle, if possible.

Soon after this the zealous French became Colonel of several regiments, for he was sent to India and made Chief of Staff to General Luck, who had maneuvers of troops dispersed over a wide area of ground. This was excellent training, and at it the sturdy Irishman went with great enthusiasm, but, not recognizing his brilliant services, the Government retired him on half pay. This was in 1893, and he was but forty-one years of age. No wonder he was depressed, and it has been said that he viewed his life as a failure at this time. " I am just in my prime, " he is reported to have remarked, " and I want to go on and not sit still."

His retirement was not for long. Returning from India, in 1894, Sir George Luck was appointed Inspector of Cavalry, and, looking around for some one to write a revised Cavalry Drill Book, hit upon General French — then a retired Colonel. So the disgruntled and retired soldier was recalled and installed in the Horse Guards for the purpose of producing such a volume. The result was a masterpiece of precise, military information. In 1895 the author was advanced to the grade of Assistant Adjutant-General of Cavalry and was ensconced in the War Office, a place where he was never happy, as he wished to have action, and this was essentially a place of inaction. Yet he hung on to his duties, performed them to the best of his ability, and here he was serving when Briton and Boer began to clash upon the wide, arid plains of South Africa, and rumors of the Jameson raid stirred up the fighting blood of both Dutchman and Uitlander.

The South African campaign now opened, the blood call went up to Englishmen throughout the world, and all hastened to conquer and subdue the poor, half-clad, illy-armed burghers upon the South African veldt. At the opening of the bloody affair, a good deal of discussion was made as to who was to have the cavalry command in Natal. General French was not one of those who was spoken of with particular fervor, yet, very soon we find him handling the horse in the van of the British armies, and news began to come over the wires of victories by French's cavalrymen. General Buller had known what French could do in the Nile campaign, so General Buller had placed the Irishman in command in South Africa, and, ten days after the Boer ultimatum had been delivered to the British agent at Pretoria, French was in Ladysmith. He arrived there on October 20th, 1899, at five A. M. At nine A. M. he was in the saddle, and at eleven A. M. he was leading a column out to recapture the railway station at Elandslaagte. The Boers were driven away — after a stout little skirmish — and word was brought forward from Ladysmith that the garrison was surrounded and needed help. So back went General French — on the gallop. It was hurry up or all would be over with the English in the town.

It was eight o'clock upon a summer morning that the cavalry — enveloped in dust — drew near the Boer laagers, stretching near the railway station of Elaandslaagte. A slight mist covered the ground, and, as it rose upon the still air, the enemy could be seen in large numbers, near the station, about a colliery building, and near the track of the steam railroad. The Boers were whooping and hallooing — their hated British enemies were being cooped up in Ladysmith, all was going well with them. They were singing: "Down with the bloody Britishers."

As they said this — POOM — the Natal battery began to fire upon them and a shell exploded in their midst. Out of their shelters piled the burghers, leaving behind them a trainload of British soldiers, captured upon the previous night. You can bet that the Tommies escaped to join with their fellows in quick order. Now — with a blare of the bugle — the cavalry went into the Boer encampment on the gallop, and the men of the veldt turned and ran. The first blood had been for French. Yet the Boers were only temporarily driven off and their long guns soon spoke from the surrounding kopjes. As they did so the telegraph wires began to TICK, TICK, from Ladysmith. General George White was speaking, and he said: "The enemy must be beaten off. Time of great importance. For God's sake bring up your men!"

The Boers were smart fellows and were entrenched on a series of high, bowlder-strewn table lands, which offered them excellent defense and perfect cover. Between them and the cavalry of French lay a wide and yellow patch of scrub-grown veldt. French was on a ridge, and, as he held it, he saw infantry, cavalry, and artillery coming up to his assistance. Finally his force numbered about three thousand five hundred men, or twice as many as the hidden Boers had with them. There could thus be but one end to the affair, and that would be a British victory.

General French rode out and ordered a simultaneous frontal and flank attack. "The enemy are there," he said, "and I hope that you will shift them out before sunset. In fact, I know that you will." The British Tommies grinned.

The soldiers advanced to clean out the Boers, and, when the action had fairly commenced, Sir George White and his staff galloped over from Ladysmith in order to view the affair. French approached them, saluted, and asked for his instructions. Smiling upon him with great good humor, the chivalrous White, remarked: "Go on, French! This is your show."

The sky began to darken with inky clouds as the soldiers advanced, and, as the Boers began to shoot, their positions were silhouetted against the skyline by stray puffs of smoke. The artillery, meanwhile, shook the ground with their grumbling roar as the Tommies struggled on towards where the burghers were hiding. As the roar of the guns increased, the howl and crash of thunder shook the skies. It was a fearful vortex of sound, and one of the war correspondents says that he found himself humming the " Ride of the Valkyries " — an awesome piece written by the great Richard Wagner. Yet in spite of this diapason of sound, the Devons — with wild cheers — crept forward upon the sedge-grown veldt, always nearer and nearer to the hills in front, where the puff, puff, of the guns was clear and plain. Up eight hundred feet they stumbled and fell in the face of Mauser and shrapnel — up, up, always up and on they groped their way as many fell to rise no more. At length the top of the ridge had been reached and lo — there before them were the three guns which had poured shot and shell among them. They were silent now, while around, in their last sleep, were lying hundreds of Boer farmers in frock coats, and with sprigs of green in their hats. A smile was upon their faces as they lay there in windrows: beaten to the earth by the deadly fire of the Devons.

TA-RA-TA-TA!

The bugle's notes shrilled out a blast of triumph as the Manchesters, the Devons, and the Gordons — with a cheer — now threw themselves at the retreating burghers, who still kept up the fighting.

What ho! Suddenly, and without warning, a white flag was seen to flutter from behind a kopje, in front. The Boers had had a great sufficiency and wished to collect their wounded. French had scored a first victory for the men from the foggy isle in the far north. From now on he was to be called French "The Lucky" and not "Old Trees." Thus ended the battle of Elandslaagte, which means the place where the elands — you've seen them in the Zoo — like to lie down. But some one else lay down here — and it was not an antelope either.

After the battle nice things began to be said about this dapper little Irishman, and Julian Ralph — an American journalist — wrote: "He is quiet, undemonstrative, easy, and gentle. When you are under his command you don't notice him, you don't think about him — unless you are a soldier, and then you are glad that you are here."

A soldier has said that, when towns and railway stations were captured, the English Tommies would find allusions to the English cavalryman chalked upon the walls. One read:

"We are not fighting the English — they do not count — we are only fighting the 'French.'"

At one farmhouse was found written upon a whitewashed board:

"Why are we bound to win? Because, although we have only ninety thousand burghers that means ninety thousand Generals — but the English, though they possess two hundred thousand soldiers, have only one General — and he is French."

And even one of those double-laced, Kaiser-ridden, step-straight-or-I'll-knock-you-down German officers of the General Staff in Berlin, when Berlin was a military hotbed, said of him:

"General French's name is the most dreaded of all the Englishmen. He impresses his troops with his strong and resolute personality."

The war, meanwhile, went merrily on and England found that this handful of Boer farmers could put up as excellent fight as could be wished. The burghers, in fact, were a hard lot to beat, and, as more and more men poured into South Africa, the time seemed to be far distant when the map of Southern Africa would be all red. General French was kept quite busy, and, as the Boers continued to surround Ladysmith, he and General White determined to attack. It was that, or waiting painfully long to be relieved.

On October 30th, the British filed out to the attack in three columns, determined, if possible, to beat back the advancing Boers, to put them to flight, and to save Ladysmith from complete envelopment. On the left, Colonel Carleton was to advance and seize a long ridge called Nicholson's Nek, some six miles north of Ladysmith. This would protect the British left wing, while on the right the infantry was to advance under cover of French's cavalry and mounted infantry. In the center the artillery was to go forward. If all went well the Boers would be driven out of their position, and a part of their force would be surrounded and captured. It looked like an excellent plan, but it did not work out as well as General White had wished.

Disaster was in store for the English columns, and, as Carleton's force went forward, the mules from the battery bolted, leaving the guns behind, so that they could not be moved. Not daunted, the men went onward, breasted Nicholson's Nek in the darkness and — without artillery — suddenly found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming host of Boers. After grim fighting, the gunless column was forced to surrender. The central force of guns was no match for the Boer artillery, and it was forced to retire. On the right French advanced — with his cavalrymen — fought all day, but was also made to retreat. It became perfectly plain that Ladysmith would become completely invested by the victorious Boers, so General French determined to get through while there was still time for it. He consequently escaped by train to Pietermaritsburg, and, although shot at en route, was not wounded by the Boer bullets. French — the lucky — was having his usual luck.

The British army was in a serious position, and, when General French went to Cape Town to consult with General Buller, he found that his chief was exceedingly worried over the outlook. Sir George White and his force were surrounded in Ladysmith; Mafeking and Kimberly were both invested by the enemy, and a great invasion was threatened along the entire northern boundary of Cape Colony. In order to deal with all of these troublous situations Buller had only one army corps, disposed as follows: One column, under Lord Methuen, was advancing to the relief of Kimberly; another, under General Gatacre, was attempting to hold in check the Boer invasion of Cape Colony; while a third, to be controlled by Buller, himself, was massing at Chievely, prior to advancing to the relief of Ladysmith. To General French was given the command of a fourth column which was to harass the burghers around Colesburg.

At this work the intrepid general showed himself to be adept, and when — by the end of the year — Lord Roberts arrived upon the scene, he sent immediately for the stolid Irishman in order to intrust him with a serious task: the relief of Kimberly.

"I want you to do what Lord Methuen has failed to do," said the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces.

French smiled, as he answered:

"I promise faithfully to relieve Kimberly at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 15th, if I am alive."

The brilliant cavalryman set immediately to work to perfect his plan of attack, and, at his camp on the Modder river, gathered four thousand eight hundred men, with seven batteries of Horse artillery. He was about one hundred miles from the mining town of Kimberly, while between him and his objective, lay General Cronje, with a force as large as French's own. It was summer — the air was hot — and the arid veldt lay in front, unwatered and without animal life. The task in the fore was no easy one, and, had a man of less courage been there only failure would have resulted in an advance. The General set his square jaw and looked ahead of him: He would, could, and must succeed.

In front was a pass in the hills called the Pass of Magersfontein, and, in order to make the Boer leader Cronje believe that he was about to force this in order to relieve Ladysmith, and not Kimberly, the English General sent numerous cavalry patrols to harass the Boer pickets stationed there. It was a bluff — pure and simple — but it worked only too well, for the suspicious Cronje hastened thither with a large command, eagerly expecting to be attacked in force.

There was still another way to go forward, by Koodeesberg's Drift towards the west, and here, too, the cavalry under Macdonald, spent a strenuous day in threatening to advance. This, also, was a bluff — the real advance was to be by Waterval Drift towards the east, where the Boers would have few scouts. When all was ready, the long lines of khaki-clad cavalrymen defiled to the veldt from their canvas camp, and the great advance on Kimberly had begun.

As the General advanced — POOM — came the sound of a Boer gun, and, with a resounding crash, a shell exploded between French and his staff officers. The Irishman looked quizzically around, as he remarked: "There are too many of us riding together. We must keep apart." Then he rode forward in order to reconnoiter the ground from the top of a neighboring kopje. In a few moments the Horse Artillery had the gun silenced, and, as the British troops swerved towards the right flank and headed for the Riet river, the burghers drew off in order to fight them as they were crossing.

Now was a race for the ford. The Tommies spurred onward, galloping for the De Kiel's Drift, while the burghers — appreciating what they were after — endeavored to get there first. It was a neck-and-neck affair, but the English were able to get there before the burghers, and, by midnight, the entire division of troops marching Kimberly-ward, was able to cross and bivouac on the right bank of the stream, pending the arrival of the baggage-train, left far in the rear, and plowing along in a sea of dust. The Boers retreated out of reach of shell and bullet, and, as night fell, the moon shone red in the sky, which was — said some — an auspicious omen for success.

The heat was intense, and the scorching summer sun knocked out many a good, American horse, transported from Texas to faraway South Africa in order to help win the war. Over one hundred died upon that day alone, and as they fell to the ground, the men were forced to trudge along over the veldt until they reached some ammunition cart. Water was scarce. Wells were few and far between, so, when the column advanced next day, it had its own troubles. The horses became worn out, and so tired were they that the General's gallopers, or orderlies, who were continually traversing the column, in front, were unable to spur their mounts to anything swifter than a walk.

The river bent and swung at this place, and, in order to get at the Boers, the column had to cross another bend. Consequently it was headed towards Klip Kraal Drift, but, seeing this move, the Boers attacked on the right. The column was, accordingly, bent away from this crossing, and, as the Boers pursued, the force again headed for the Klip Drift. The burghers were nonplussed and retreated backward, and as they did so the entire British army — in two divisions — Broadwood on the right, and Gordon on the left, went after them. The Englishmen crossed the river and routed the enemy on the other side with little difficulty, while the entire supply train of the burghers fell into their hands. Cronje, himself, rode dejectedly from the scene.

As the staff officers went through the ford, or drift, one of the lieutenants plunged into an eddy and caught some geese. He swung them onto his saddle and went upon his way rejoicing. When the soldiers bivouacked that evening a pig ran the gauntlet of the camp — amidst roars of laughter, even from the serious and care-worn General French, himself — and dodged past lances, bayonets, knives, sticks, boots, water-bottles, and swords, until caught by a frisky Tommy, who shared him with his friends that evening. A wagon of fresh fruit was also captured, and in it were many baskets of grapes — sweet, and not sour, as you might think.

The Boers had retreated — that was true — but they kept up a fierce sniping upon every side, and with their keen eyesight picked off many a private. One of the General's Aide-de-Camps rode out to lead Lord Kitchener and his staff into camp, and, although fired at by many a Boer marksman, he succeeded in getting through.

Next day the army advanced towards Bloemfontein, and, scarcely had the advance begun, when a murderous fire broke out from the river, on the southwest. Also, on the northwest a sheet of rifle-fire blazed forth, and the army under French was in a current of cross-fire. From every kopje and hill spouted bullets.

What was General French going to do?

Sweeping the horizon with his glass, as horses snorting with fear, and riderless, galloped past, he muttered as he squared his pugnacious jaw:

"They are over here to stop us from Bloemfontein and they are there to stop us from Kimberly — we have got to break through." He was about to attempt a seemingly impossible task,— a cavalry charge, as the bullets spat death in his face.

Now occurred one of the great charges in history:

All around, in front of the British army, were the burghers. Crouching behind hummocks and hastily made breast-works they glared down upon the khaki-coated and dust-stained Britishers, as they sang a strange hymn of Dutch origin. A tornado of shell-fire and bullets rained down upon the advancing Tommies, who, with jaws set and faces bronzed, marched forward as did Cæsar's veterans in Gaul. In front were the Ninth and the Sixteenth Lancers — Gordon in command — and a man of the old Scottish fighting clan. Their horses were in a pitiable state, because of the heat and dust, but, in spite of this they went on, and, pointing their lances straight forward, rode up the heights which stood between them and the spitting rifles. On, on, they galloped, until — before you knew it — they were right amongst the guns. Down went riders and horses in clouds of dust. Guns spat, wailing cries ascended to the sky, and fierce cries of "Surrender!" "Surrender!" came from the throats of the burghers, as throwing down their long rifles they begged for mercy.

The Lancers ploughed through the trenches, slashing to right and left, while, behind them, in perfect order, swept the entire division. The Boers broke and ran pell-mell, pursued by the exultant Lancers, and as General French trotted forward with his staff his eyes twinkled. The Irishman had again done the seemingly impossible.

A halt was made in order that the artillery might be advanced, and as the guns barked out their slogans of death at the retreating followers of Oom Paul Kruger, the force went onward, until — in the distance — appeared the smoke-stacks of Kimberly. A weak and tired cheer came from the dusty throats of the British —Kimberly was relieved — and the heliograph went " spat," " spat," " spat " as it tremulously told the news to waiting and watching thousands. Hurray! Hurray! The conquest of South Africa had begun auspiciously.

Well! Well! Well! About six o'clock that evening, an officer rode out of the besieged city to meet the soldier who had saved it. At seven o'clock, just one hour after General French had promised to be there, the Irishman entered the main street with his staff. Eagerly the officer from the town gripped him by the hand, saying: " Thank God, General, you are here." That night they all dined at the DeBeer's Sanatorium, where someone sang, with a good baritone voice: " God Save the Queen."

Next morning the news was brought in:

" Cronje has evacuated Magersfontein."

All started up, for the old fox was crafty and he was apparently bent on escape. Then, a bit later, came word from Lord Kitchener, which was:

"Cronje, with ten thousand men, is in full retreat from Magersfontein. He is moving along the north bank of the Modder river toward Bloemfontein. I have already had a rear-guard action with him. If you — with all available horse — will prevent his crossing the river, the infantry from Klip Drift will press on and annihilate, or take the entire force prisoners."

Alas! Of his five thousand troopers only two thousand could be found whose horses were fit to carry them in a dash to head off the fleeing Boer leader. Yet — to the shrill call of the bugle — they left Kimberly at three A. M. on February 17th, and, making straight for Koodoos Rand Drift, happened to steer for the very crossing which Cronje himself had taken. Horses dropped out on the way, but, almost within view of the cautious Boer, French and his troopers seized the Drift and had the burghers cut off. Lord Kitchener was coming up in his rear — French was in front of him — all that was left for him to do was to intrench and fight it out. So swiftly Cronje moved his army down the river and took possession of a long neck of sandy soil between Paardeberg Drift and Wolvesgral Drift. He was hopelessly bottled up.

The Boer Fox lay still within his river-bed encampment as the British foe closed slowly but surely in upon him on every side. The net was drawn — he could not get away — and, as the artillery rained lyddite and shrapnel into his laager, the burghers knew that the jig was up. Meanwhile, the Boers flocked in to aid him from every side, but French was sent out to check them, while the main body kept up its continuous hammer, hammer, hammer, at poor, beaten Cronje. The shells ripped and tore through his encampment, killing men and horses. It was a veritable Inferno. No human beings could stand such punishment.

At length the white flag went up. Cronje was beaten, yet — game to the last — he came out to deliver his four thousand men with ill grace. It was February 27th, and, as the bagpipes of the Gordon Highlanders shrilled a reel upon the arid wastes of South Africa, the telegraph bore the news to every part of the civilized globe, bearing joy to those who sympathized with the British arms, and gloom to those who hoped to see the Boer Republic established. To General French and his cavalrymen was mainly due this timely capitulation, for, in the face of heat, dust, fatigue, and lack of water, they had headed off the Boers and had beaten them at their own game. Yet the war was not yet over and the South Africans had yet to be "rounded up."

A correspondent says of General French: "He is perfectly accessible to anyone, but speaks very little when addressed. He must be a fine judge of men, for he has a splendid staff around him — splendid in the sense that they are all soldierly like himself, and are all active and useful. Judging from the way his men live in the country when they are swarming over it, he must be easy, as true soldiers are in those situations, though the discipline of the rank and file is excellent.

You do not notice his dress, but, if you should, it would seem to be more serviceable than smart."

That the General had a sense of humor is well illustrated by the following incident:

One night he stopped in a Boer house, where he shook hands with each member of the family, saying pleasant things to them. This seemed to please them greatly, but one of their number appeared to be quite war-like, for he said: "I would be fighting you if I had not got consumption."

The General laughed, as he replied: "Oh, I am sorry to hear that you are ill. I hope that you will soon get better."

As for Cronje, his capture did not give General French any rest, for, upon the very day that this South African lion surrendered, news came that a rescue party was coming to his assistance and already held a hill on the southeast of the Modder River, which was much flooded by recent rains. General French thought it best to lead out two brigades — with their batteries — in order to make a reconnaissance.

The General endeavored to ford the river — mounted upon a spirited horse — but when he was in the middle of the stream, the animal slipped and fell with him, flinging him into the midst of the swirling current. He clung to the saddle girth, and, as the charger struggled in mid-stream, it upset Colonel Haig — now the famous leader of the British army. The Colonel was swimming to the rescue, and, as he himself went down, he was swung into the branches of an overhanging willow-tree. The horses now plunged forward, while

Haig and French swam to shore, and, dripping yet determined, jumped upon fresh mounts and advanced across the veldt in the direction of the Boers. But seeing the approach of the English the burghers had withdrawn to a safe distance.

"Well, how do you feel, old top?" asked General French, as he scrambled to the bank. "I feel, myself, like a drowned rat."

"Why — I am feeling fine," said Haig, blowing the sand out of his mouth. "Only my revolver won't work, and a detested burgher may be nearby."

"No fear," chuckled General French, "the Boers are on the hike, as fast away from us as they can go."

Gaining fresh mounts from their men, the two well-known military leaders now hurried after the Boers, but, as the Commander-in-Chief had said, it was quite obvious that General DeWet had no intention to remain quiescent and stand up to the advancing British horse. DeWet and Delarey — his artillery officer — escaped with all their guns, and, under the eye of Oom Paul Kruger, himself, rode safely away towards Pretoria. The British cavalrymen — urging their horses forward, unsuccessfully endeavored to catch up with the foe.

The Boers collected at a place called Poplar Grove, but, remaining here only a short time, pushed back to Dreifontein, where French and his cavalrymen began to surround them. Next, the burghers dropped backward to Bloemfontein, but, making only a weak defense of this place, they again retreated, and the town surrendered on March 13th. French and his hard-riders rested here for six weeks, mainly to gain remounts for the cavalry, and, as they camped in comparative comfort, their patrols continually scoured the country nearby, keeping in constant touch with the keen-eyed Boer scouts, and driving them back whenever they hit them. Describing the General at this time, a writer has said: "General French is quite the shyest man in the entire British army, and looks less like a cavalryman than anyone whom you could imagine. He is a heavy man, always looks half asleep — although who is more wide awake? — has a very red complexion, gray mustache, thick-set figure, and is so reticent that he will hardly ever talk."

While the cavalry rested and recuperated at Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts was coming up with the main British army, and, by May the first, the troops had the opportunity of again advancing to the attack. The infantry preceded the cavalry, General French being one of the last to leave the town of Bloemfontein, but, overtaking Lord Roberts at Kronstad, they quickly came into action with the Boers. By a turning movement, the burghers were forced to surrender the town, and, as they dropped backward, Lord Roberts crossed the Vaal River with his army. French, meanwhile, was first at the outskirts of Johannesburg, which the British entered on May 31st. The Boers had decamped, were on their way to Pretoria, their capital, and as the British troops approached, also retired from this famous town.

It was the close of the reign of Oom Paul in South Africa. While sad-eyed and stolid Dutch women looked timidly out from their farmhouses next day they saw the dust-stained British columns streaming by. To the boom of the bass-drums and to the shrill tones of the bag-pipes, the conquerors of South Africa — the hawk-nosed, clear-eyed Britishers — marched with a swinging stride through the streets.

"French!" said Lord Roberts to his able cavalry officer, "push the Boers east by a turning movement on their flank! I will follow by a frontal attack on foot."

The cavalry-leader nodded and rode off to lead his dust-stained horsemen once more to the advance.

The burghers were upon some ridges, the chief of which was known as Diamond Hill. They threw a steady stream of bullets into the British as they advanced, but the cavalrymen dismounted,— fighting their way up to the summit on foot. Thus they occupied themselves for two full days, until Lord Roberts' men came up from Pretoria — struck the infantry in the front, and allowed French and his men to drive the hard-fighting farmers from their position. Unfortunately for the British the horses of the cavalry brigade were pretty well spent, otherwise the Boers could not have again escaped. DeWet made off to continue a desultory warfare for many months, his force splitting up into several bands of marauding bush-whackers.

Enraged and discomfited by the numerous surprises which the British sprung upon them, the Boers often began sniping from various vantage points in captured villages and towns. But General French knew how to treat these fellows, as the following proclamation, issued at the town of Barberton, will testify:

TO THE INHABITANTS OF BARBERTON:

This is to give notice that, if any shooting into the town cr sniping in its vicinity takes place, the Lieutenant-General commanding will withdraw the Troops and will shell the town without further notice.

By order,
D. Haig, Lt. Col.,
Chief Staff Officer to Lt. General French.
Sept. 5th, 1900.

Needless to remark, the sniping stopped immediately.

The Boers were now about done for, and, during the early part of 1901, the cavalry leader was able to clear the fighting farmers out of the central district of Cape Colony. On June 8th, he took supreme command of the operations of the district, and by the end of November, the enemy had been driven to its northeastern and its southwestern extremities. In August, 1902, the now-famous General was able to return to England. Thus, unheralded, unheeded, and quietly, the fighting Irishman sailed to the old country, now possessing more Empire than ever held by Greece or Rome. For a second time the taciturn leader went into retirement, until — wakened by the booming guns in Belgium — he was again in action: for Great Britain had waked to find herself engaged in the bloodiest contest of all history. Who was to lead her forces? Who but the well-tried leader of the Nile campaign and the fighting upon the veldt of South Africa? Who, but silent, ready, square-shouldered, bandy-legged General French.

On August 15th, 1914, the British army was across the channel and at its camp on the hills above Boulogne. On Saturday, August 22d, they came in touch with the Germans and the great fight had begun.

The arrival upon French soil of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force was the signal for a great popular outburst upon the part of the French people, whose enthusiasm and joy were unbounded. France would not have to fight these blood-thirsty Germans alone, that was certain, and as, standing upon the quarter-deck of the scout *Sentinel,* Sir John French was recognized, the cheering was deafening. When the massive gray warship slipped up to the side of the quay, and the British General, smiling with pleasure, walked across the gangway, the cheering was redoubled, and the strains of the British national anthem were intermingled with that of the Marseillaise.

At this propitious moment, the "*Figaro*" — a prominent Parisian paper — paid this compliment to the British leader: "Here he is — French — a name of good omen. The splendid soldier, the most eminent of popular leaders among our neighbors, has been placed, as everyone expected in Britain, and everyone hoped in our army, at the head of the admirable troops who bring their support to the cause of the right."

And, as persons were reading this, the Kaiser issued the following proclamation to his gray-clad legions:

"It is my Royal and Imperial command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valor of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English, and walk over General French's contemptible little army."

In spite of this insult, the British force was in the best of spirits. Holding the extreme left of the Allies' position they had the duty of repelling any frontal attack, and preventing any enveloping movement.

The cavalry divisions were well in front, and on the 22d and 23d of August these advance squadrons did some excellent work, some of them penetrating the German position as far as Soignes. But the Germans were coming up in force, and, on Sunday the 23d, word came in that they were commencing an attack on the Mons line, between Mons and Bray. To the right of the British line the French were retiring, and, met by an overwhelming onrush of Germans, the British also had to begin a retreat. This they did doggedly and firmly, as becomes the British character.

A new line for the British army had been established by General French at Varmand, to St. Quentin and Ribemont, and to this the troops fell back, their retreat covered by the cavalry, under General Allenby, who was subsequently to conquer Jerusalem. Closely followed by the Kaiser's best, the entire force fought, as they turned backwards, suffering a loss of between seven hundred and a thousand men. The army was slowly and doggedly fighting a rear-guard action — showing the Kaiser what that contemptible little force could accomplish. Meanwhile, far to the southwest of them, the French, too, were falling back to the Marne, determined to do or die near the river of that name just as their forebears had done centuries before, when Attila the Hun attempted to invade the fair land of France.

General French — keenly alive to the terrible battle that was raging — was watching developments with an eagle eye. As he rode by in his motor car, one day, he was greeted by a song to the tune of " D'ye ken John Peel," which ran:

> " D'ye ken John French, with his khaki suit,
> His belt and gaiters and stout brown boots,
> Along with his guns, and his horse, and his foot,
> On the road to Berlin in the morning."
>
> " Yes, we ken John French and Joffre, too,
> And all of his men of the Tricolor true,
> And Belgians and Russians, a jolly good few,
> On the road to Berlin in the morning."

General French smiled and whirled onward.

The Prussian soldiers fought with a complete disregard for life that was magnificent. Time after time they would hurl themselves against the British line with a force that was seemingly irresistible. But every shock was repulsed by a steadiness and bravery that, so far as one can judge, was worthy of the finest traditions of the British army. As one German peasant regiment after another was driven back, its place was taken by fresh troops. The flower of the German cavalry was brought into action, only to be cut to pieces with fearful slaughter. The British artillery simply plowed great gaps in the German ranks. The British bayonet charges were irresistible and the fields were covered with mounds of dead.

Daring deeds were often reported officially. On

August 26th at LeCateau, the whole of the officers and men of one of the British batteries had been killed or wounded, with the exception of one subaltern and two gunners. These continued to fire, and came unhurt from the battlefield. On another occasion a portion of a supply column was cut off by a detachment of German cavalry and the officer in charge was summoned to surrender. He refused, and, starting his motors off at full speed, dashed safely through, losing two lorries.

It was a four days of terrific fighting — by the 29th of August General Joffre visited the English Headquarters where he saw the serious predicament that the English troops were in, and, with a due regard for the safeguarding of Paris, directed the 5th French army corps to attack the German army on the Somme, with a view of checking the pursuit. The British forces, meanwhile, retired to a position a few miles north of a line running between Soissons and Compiègne.

General French was going ever backwards, but, true to his British nature, he was not downcast. He knew — and every one else knew — that there would come a time when this retreat would be turned into an advance, so he hummed a tune daily and hourly just to keep his spirits up. Of this particular time of action he says in his report:

“The right flank of the German army was now reaching a point which appeared seriously to endanger my line of communications with Havre. I had already evacuated Amiens, into which place a German reserve division was reported to have moved. Orders were given to change the base to St. Nazaire, and establish an advance base at Le Mans. In spite of a severe defeat inflicted upon the Prussian Guard 10th, and the Guard Reserve Corps of the German army, by the 1st and 3d French Corps on the right of the 5th Army, it was not part of General Joffre's plan to pursue this advantage, and a general retirement on to the line of the Marne was ordered, to which the French forces in the east theater were directed to conform."

So, back went the English — fighting all the way — giving the Germans all that they had bargained for, and drawing nearer to the French line along the river Marne. From Sunday, August 23d, up to September 27th, from Mons back as far as the river Seine, and from the Seine to the Aisne, the army under the command of " Silent " French, was ceaselessly engaged, without a single day's halt or rest of any kind.

Many documents were captured upon the German prisoners, and that they had changed their opinion of the English army was very evident. One of the letters found upon a dead German ran as follows:

" We had great difficulties with the British troops. They have a queer way of causing losses to the enemy. They make good trenches in which they wait patiently. They carefully measure the ranges of their rifle-fire, and they then open a truly hellish fire on the unsuspecting cavalry. This was the reason why we had such heavy losses. According to our officers the British striking forces are exhausted. The British people never wanted war. But in spite of this they can certainly fight. One of our companies has lost one hundred and thirty men out of two hundred and forty."

The German officers were apparently much impressed with the use the British soldiers made of cover. "They creep up, but you never see them," said one captured officer; while another one remarked: "They are terrible fighters and never give in until they are beaten to death. Nothing seems to scare them." Still another said: "The English, in spite of their lack of training, are grim and desperate fighters. What the officers have said of them is all untrue, and even the Prussian Guard had difficulty in handling the fierce attacks which were launched against us."

In an official dispatch, published during the last week of October, the Commander of the British army told the War Office of the British army's work in the fierce fighting afield, up to the 8th of that month when the English began to envelop the right flank of the German army, and the retreat was turned into an advance. So well was this written that the *New York World* called the General a great reporter, and so thoroughly was the fighting described that it will always remain as a truthful picture of events upon this momentous occasion in the history of the world. "No one can read his reports," said a Chicago paper, "without being struck with his weighty lucidity, his calm mastery of the important facts, the total absence of any attempt at 'effect,' and the remarkable suggestive bits of pertinent description."

The British army — after the fighting at the Aisne — began to be the aggressor, but as the effective leader we must now leave our great cavalryman, for after the

5th of December, 1915, he resigned his position, being made Viscount and Commander of the troops of the United Kingdom. He was relieved by Sir Douglas Haig, the Aide-de-Camp who had fallen into the Modder River with him many years before, and who had so joyously swum ashore.

That the General was popular with his men is well exemplified by the following remarks from a letter at the front:

" There is no side about our leader. When General French passes along he is just as ready to smile on the ordinary Tommy as on the highest officer. He takes a keen interest in our life in the trenches, and he's dead " nuts " on the officers who don't take enough interest in their men. He never asks the impossible from us, and he always acts as though he could rely on us to get out of a tight corner. He knows we're doing the best for him and the country in this war, and he gives us credit for it. He's not one of your showmen, but a hard fighter from head to toe, and he expects every man under him to be the same. He stops when he has the time just to have a chat with us for the sake of finding out what we think of it all and whether we are being properly looked after."

Another soldier said: " The whole army has absolute confidence in General French. He is such a splendidly cool leader. Nothing flurries him, and he treats the troops like men. When he passes along the lines he doesn't come looking sulky or stern, but he will talk as pleasantly to the ordinary soldier as to the highest officer. Yes, the army in France will follow General French anywhere."

Shortly after French had returned to England, an elderly gentleman, with a white mustache, was waiting to cross Whitehall, when a patrol of Boy Scouts halted quite close to him. The gentleman smiled upon the lads, but their Scout Patrol Leader, taking the smile of approval for a sneer, promptly turned upon him a fighting face.

"It's all very well for you to grin," he said. "We're doing our best for our country anyway. What have YOU done, old frosty whiskers?"

Just at this moment, a policeman happened to pass by, and stopping, he whispered something to the Scout Leader, who immediately stammered out: "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I thought — I thought—"

"That's all right, boy," said the old gentleman, laughing. "Good-by, lads, and be sure to be clean boys."

That good-natured gentleman happened to be: Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, K.C.M.G., G.C.B., K.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.C.L., LL.D., Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force to France.

AT BLOEMFONTEIN

'Twas a dusty day upon the veldt, and the sun was shining strong,
And the axle-joints were screeching, like a rusty, tin-lined gong,
We were swinging by, quite carelessly, with our canteens full of beer,
When a blooming gun went " poom, poom, poom " and we heard a distant cheer.

And we kind of thought it might be due to,
French, French, French,
For you know that we are always true to,
French, French, French.
He's our grizzled, sun-burned General, who is never known to talk,
He can outride twenty squadrons and can make the Burghers " walk."

So, we chirped to our cayuses, and we pricked them with the spur,
And we called them, worn-out gooses, and we made the whip-thongs whirr,
We broke into a canter, and we rollicked fair and free,
And the way that we did hustle would make a " Yank " say, " Gee."

And old Kruger heard us coming up, with
French, French, French.

And, turning round he cried out: "Dig a
Trench, trench, trench,"
For the Cavalry is coming, I can hear their Sergeants rave,
And they say that they will plant me, in a nice, deep ten foot grave."

We neared the town of Bloemfontein, 'twas sure a pretty place,
It was fringed about with roses — with a sort of home-like grace,
It had squatty white-washed houses and we thought it must be fine,
When out spat a growling Gatling and its pills began to whine.

But our gunners gave our own machines a
Wrench, wrench, wrench,
And, wheeling them, they turned the crank with
Crench, crench, crench,
And our sullen, leaden missiles were soon hurling through the air,
Gad! They made the Colonel grumble as his mules began to stare.

But the Boers were bent on fighting, and they raked our column hard,
They made the kopjes grumble, and our limbers soon were scarred,
They sniped from door and window, they worked out to our flank,

And their barking, larking Number Nines went " spank,
spank, spank."

But some one in the rear cried: " Boys, don't
Flinch, flinch, flinch,
Just remember lads you're fighting here, with
French, French, French.
No matter how they grill you, no matter how you fare,
The grim old boy is watching you, so what, boys, do you
care?

So, we wheeled out into squadrons, it was a sight to see,
And we charged into that hornet's nest, just like a
buzzing bee,
We scattered those brave Burghers, like scud before a
gale,
But, though they ran, few could escape our deadly
leaden hail.

And as we raced and chased, our hoofs went
Clench, clench, clench,
And as we stabbed and struck, our foes yelled:
" French, French, French,"
For they knew who now was fighting, and they didn't
care to stand,
Before the man from Ireland, with that smile both
broad and bland.

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

THE RULER WHO "CAME BACK"

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

THE RULER WHO "CAME BACK"

THERE was a pugilist once in the United States who retired from the ring because he thought that he was too old for fighting and that his muscles had outlived their usefulness. His friends succeeded in getting him to fight just one more battle; this time with a lanky negro. They thought that he could "come back," but they found, and *he* found that he could not do so. But there was a King of a little country in Europe who was driven from it, but who said that he would "come back" and rule it again. He succeeded in doing so. He "came back" with a vengeance.

When the great war broke out, Belgium was ruled by a young man who was the nephew of King Leopold of Belgium, a keen, crafty statesman, who was more in love with making money than in making his subjects in far-away Africa happy. This young King was brave and he was a fighter, so, when the vast German army crossed the frontier of his country and offered him peace and non-molestation if he would let it through, he replied that there could be no peace and that he would defend his Kingdom to the last man and the last dollar.

For some years the King of Belgium had suspected that the Germans would cross through his country when they attacked France, so he had strongly fortified the town of Liége — directly on the border between Germany and Belgium. A ring of forts surrounded the ancient city — forts which were thought to be practically impregnable — and a force of about twenty-two thousand five hundred was there to defend the fortress and the beautiful town. Against these forts and men one August evening in 1914 advanced a vast German army under General Von Emmich, consisting of 208,000 soldiers with siege guns and light and heavy artillery. The Kaiser had ordered his general to take the place at any sacrifice.

As the sun set peacefully on the evening of August 3d, the forts were no more conspicuous than usual amidst the picturesque surroundings of city and wooded dells. There was little in the landscape to suggest a ring of crouching soldiers, ready to spring at the word of command. The peaceful folk of the town listened to the music of the great St. Barthelemy chimes, little thinking that these soft-toned minstrels next day would have their throats muffled by the roar of thousands of growling cannon. Indeed, upon that close, hot evening, the fields and woods which surrounded Liége seemed to contain nothing more dangerous than fluttering magpies and twittering swallows, which swung through the air in graceful curves. No serious shadow of coming evil fell across the quaint hills which echoed with the lowing of the cows and tinkling of their bells.

The Kaiser — sitting back in pompous pride in Berlin — had said, with a grandiloquent wave of his hand: "I can sweep through Belgium as easily as I can wave my fingers aloft." So, when he decided to strike at France through little Belgium, he expected his men to carry all before them by sledge-hammer blows. In mass formation his soldiers were supposed to advance, while those at home said, "What care we for the cost, we wish results!" And those abroad answered with the old adage: "Whom God decides to ruin he first makes mad."

The Germans were swelled with pride. The Kaiser cared nothing for a paper which had been signed by representatives of his country, with representatives of both France and England, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium; he would conquer first and talk about treaties afterwards. "It is my Imperial and Royal intention," said he, on the eve of the battle of Liége, "to give consideration to the wishes of God in regard to Belgium, when I shall have executed my Imperial and Royal will in regard to France and the contemptible English."

The sun went down in a blaze of reddening glory, that evening of August 3d, and next morning a deep gun boomed out a warning note. Immediately a hundred — nay, a thousand —guns answered, and, as gray-clad columns of troops leaped from their hiding-places for the assault upon Liége, the huge guns in the supposedly impregnable fortresses boomed their growling reply.

Liége was surrounded by twelve isolated forts which had been laid out by the celebrated Brialmont. They were neither connected by field works nor had they been kept up to date, as had the forts at Verdun and Belfort. Belgium mobilization had been ordered on

August 1st, and had been completed August 6th. Something more than one hundred thousand men had been concentrated behind the Gests River. In command was Albert, the King, with headquarters established at Louvain.

The 3d Division of the Belgian army and two brigades of the 4th Division occupied the ground between the forts. As the hordes of Germans came on, the patriots met them with a death-dealing fire which piled up the dead and dying in heaps. Still, shoulder to shoulder and rank on rank, they came on in mass formation, while the artillery belched a hail of shot and shell upon the sunken forts of Belgium's frontier city.

"As line after line of the German infantry advanced we simply mowed them down," says a Belgian officer. "It was terribly easy, and I turned to a brother officer of mine more than once and said: 'Voila! They are coming on again in a dense, close formation! They must be mad!' They made no attempt at deploying, but came on, line after line, almost shoulder to shoulder, until, as we shot them down, the fallen were heaped one over the other, in an awful barricade of dead and wounded men that threatened to mask our guns. I thought of Napoleon's saying, 'It is magnificent but it is not war!' No, it was slaughter — just slaughter. Of course we had our own losses, but this was slight compared with the carnage inflicted upon our enemies."

"Curse these stupid Belgians!" said the German leader. "Curse them for holding us back! Bring up more of our men!"

KING ALBERT

The gray-clad German horde swept down upon the thin, blue line at Liége. They flanked the stout-hearted patriots and nearly surrounded them before they retreated. For — seeing that all was lost save honor — the followers of the King, who dared to fight the mailed might of Germany, at length fell back to the one hundred thousand Belgian troops in the rear. The forts were surrounded by a wall of fire, and, bringing up huge siege guns, the advancing Germans threw tons of leaden hail into those iron cupolas, supposed to be impregnable against assault. By the evening of August 7th, or two days after the attack had been commenced, the Germans had taken full possession of the town, but the forts still held.

On August 10th Liége was practically in German hands, but two of the iron casements were spitting a return fire. On August 16th the last fort fell, but the word of the stubborn defense had been heralded around the world where every one cheered the heroic defenders of Belgium's soil. "Hurrah, for little Belgium!" was heard on every side. "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The King of the Belgians was with his troops lying between Diest and Namur. Eagerly he waited for news of Liége, and sorrowfully he heard of the awful butchery of his heroic men. Then, facing the onrushing legions with grim determination, he decided to make the Kaiser pay dearly for this violation of his Kingdom. On August 12th there was sharp skirmishing at Haelen; on August 13th the last masses of German infantry began to envelop the thin line of Belgians on either flank, so, on August 18th the Belgian leader ordered a retreat to Antwerp. He could not fight a foe that outnumbered him six to one.

The Germans were exultant, for everything was going as they wished, and, advancing upon Namur, the forts which defended this fortress were soon under the terrific pounding of their cannon. In vain the gallant King pleaded with his troops to hold on, nothing could withstand the iron hail which the big guns threw into the beautiful Belgian city. Brussels, the capital, had been captured with no resistance, and now Namur, also, had to succumb. On August the 23d twelve thousand of the King's troops retreated towards the seacoast, while the Kaiser's flag flew in the streets of the once proud city. Belgium, weak and bleeding, had been crushed beneath the iron heel of the conqueror.

En Avant!

This cry was waking the quiet villages in France as the French legions gathered for the impending attack, but there was no similar cry in Belgium, for those who wished to withstand the crushing avalanche were simply powerless. Great superiority of numbers made it simply impossible to fight upon equal terms, so, wistfully and eagerly, the King looked backward to the seacoast, where the English were disembarking troops for his assistance, and just as eagerly he looked southward where the French also were swarming towards the land which once had been the proud possession of the nephew of Leopold the avaricious.

The Germans swept on to the Marne, where, as you know, the French stopped their advance. The Belgians, meanwhile, dropped back doggedly to the seacoast, fighting all the way and taking as heavy a toll of the invaders as they could with them; in fact, right among them was their spunky King, who, with a stubbornness and pride that was quite British, refused absolutely to stop fighting. He was like a game rooster in this land of turmoil which has been called the cockpit of Europe, and he fought like one.

After the Germans had retreated from the Marne to the Aisne, they decided to take Antwerp, a city of such strategic importance that Napoleon once said: " Antwerp is a pistol aimed at England's heart." Surrounded by a ring of forts at a distance of about twelve miles from the city, the doomed stronghold could offer a serious obstacle to the German advance. The Belgian army, however, had been already so badly cut to pieces that only a scant twenty thousand men garrisoned the town and its defenses. In spite of the assistance of eight thousand British marines and bluejackets, sent to their relief by Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, Antwerp fell, and four hundred thousand men, women, and children joined in a mad rush to escape from the terrible Huns, who, at the towns of Louvain, Visé, and Termonde, had perpetrated such atrocities upon the simple inhabitants that all feared the ruthless invader. Panic-stricken they rushed to Ghent, to Flushing, and into Holland. The Belgian troops were seized by a panic and fled; so the victorious German army marched unopposed into the once rich and populous city.

The King and his men had good reason to be disheartened. Yet all rallied on the banks of the sluggish

Yser, and, amidst a network of canals, determined to fight desperately for the retention of the last bit of their native soil left to them. The Belgian army, about fifty thousand strong, was now on the left of the line opposed to the Germans, the British being next and the French farthest south. They fought like demons, in marshes, sand-dunes, and canals. For weeks the fighting waged here without much advantage to either side, and thus for two years Germans and Belgians struggled in about the same positions, first one side gaining a slight advantage, and then the other.

After months of serious raiding along the Yser and about Ypres, the Belgian troops were intrenched in an apparently unmovable position upon the last strip of Belgian soil. The Kaiser's wish to annex Belgium was, for the time being, lost. Calais was still in the hands of the Allies; Dunkirk and Boulogne were also theirs. Yet all Belgium, save thirty-five square miles in its extreme corner, was held by the Kaiser's troops. Antwerp, Brussels, and Ghent were ruled by Prussian officers and paid tribute to the German war chest.

Still, the King never lost hope or his courage. When formal request had been made of him for permission to move the German troops through his territory, with guarantees of protection of property and life, and withdrawal of military occupation, after the war, he had replied:

"Belgium is a nation, not a highway!"

The country was small and weak, yet it was united behind him.

He had told of these German propositions to his

Parliament, and had asked his people, " Are you determined at any cost to maintain the sound heritage of our ancestors ? "

To this the entire chamber had burst into a roar, and cries of " Yes! Yes! " arose. Even from the side where the socialists sat came the words: " At any cost; by death if need be! "

The King stuck to his men through the long weary days of winter, through rain, through snow, and through sleet. Grim, silent, taciturn, determined, he kept up the morale of his soldiers by constantly appearing among them in order to cheer them on. And his wife, too, stood by him through thick and thin, hoping against hope, that at last the Allies would be sufficiently strong to push back the awful invader, and to at length rescue the Kingdom of Belgium. That time was to come.

Gradually, clearly, plainly, it was evident that the German lines on the Western front were weakening. America's entrance into the war had made the Allied troops superior in numbers to the Germans, and in addition, the morale of the French, English, and Belgians had been greatly strengthened by the additions from the United States. The Germans began to withdraw from Ostend on the coast, their submarine base, from Zeebrugge and from Dixmude. Slowly but surely the English and the Belgians pressed after the retreating Hun, and a wonderful light of triumph shone in the eyes of the King of the Belgians, for he realized that, not like the pugilist who had endeavored to " come back " and could not do so, he was really going to accomplish that in which he had failed.

All observers speak of the unfailing courtesy, consideration, courage, and forbearance of the Belgian King. He was the loneliest man in all of Belgium, it has been said, but a soldier-comrade of the people, and always a man. Straight and fair, with fine blue eyes that look directly at you when speaking, the King impresses everyone with his reticence and sadness. His voice is low. He is so shy that the color goes and comes swiftly in his face as he talks, and he is as careful of his people as he is of his own children.

A writer says of him:

"On a misty spring day sixty men in their lines stood facing the sea in front of a plain brick villa. The offices were dreary, the men groomed beyond recognition, with rifles shining and the Yser mud scraped from their uniforms and boots. They waited the coming of the shy gentleman — their King. Soon he came, in dark uniform, gloves, and cap with several bands of gold braid adding inches to it. I watched him pin on each man a decoration, some blue, some garnet, and noticed with what concern and gentleness he talked to each man, asking questions, listening courteously. He is to his people what he is to his children, a father who cares that they suffer. Then, on the lonely beach of the last strip of his land, he paid tribute to his soldiers, individually, as man to man."

Yet this King lived to see the day when he could leave that strip of land behind him and could advance into his own country. As the Germans slowly retreated, he and the Queen re-entered Bruges, Louvain, and finally Brussels, where they were met with tears and rejoicing by the saddened people who had suffered much under the iron fist of the military machine. The crowd cheered for Albert, their Sovereign, who, mounted upon a prancing horse, rode slowly down the cobbled streets of his capital. How his heart must have thumped with joy, for he, indeed, was the saddened ruler who had returned to his own again — he had really "come back," in spite of obstacles which seemed to be insurmountable.

THE FORTS AT LIÈGE

A long, low mist hung o'er the moor, that day of Belgium's doom,
A magpie screamed from a tasseled top, in the glint of the silvery moon.
The whining cry of a screech-owl spoke from the darkness o'er the land,
Which lay there quietly helpless in the grip of the Kaiser's hand.

Day dawned — a deep-toned growl of hate came forth from a hidden gun.
Day dawned — an ominous, sudden roar sprang up 'neath the redd'ning sun.
Then out boomed the War-King's challenge, and on come his million men,
Shoulder to shoulder — rank on rank — through thickets and fern-filled glen.

Ah 'twas rolling fire, 'twas withering lead, that fell on the sleeping town;
It was rumble and roar from the mortar's mouth, and death from the gatlings brown.
It was bursting shell and crumbling wood; 'twas shrieks and wails of pain,
As the gray-clad legions clambered on, stamped with the mark of Cain.

The gray-clad legions clambered on, but they met a ring of fire,

The war-mad Germans stumbled on, but they winced at a nation's ire,
Again and again they charged and bled, again and again they cheered,
But the Prussian hosts were torn and rent, as the battle's goal was neared.

First fell one fort — 'twas torn to bits, and only the dead were there,
Then fell the earth-works, what could men do in the grip of this Prussian bear?
The big guns then were hurried up; they spat out their tons of steel,
And the greatest of all the Belgian forts was seen to bend and reel.

It reeled — it sagged in a hell of smoke; but it stood till all were dead
Who'd manned the frowning casements and worked at the mortar's head.
With the cry of Attila, the Hun, the Kaiser's men swept on,
But a chorus of hate throughout the world, arose on that Autumn morn.

Oh, noble forts, you held out well, we salute your crumbling walls,
Oh, noble forts, and noble troops, to you the War God calls,
To you the Valkyries hasten. For you their arms are wide,
For you stood by your guns like heroes of old, and like a wolf in his lair you died.

FERDINAND FOCH

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIES

FERDINAND FOCH

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIES

NAPOLEON THE FIRST, master tactician and fearless gambler with fate, once made a very shrewd remark. It was:

"In warfare men are nothing; a man is everything. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul, but Cæsar. It was not the Carthaginians that made armies of the Republic tremble at the very gates of Rome, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army which marched to the Indus, but Alexander; it was not the French army that carried war to the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne; it was not the Prussian army that defended Prussia during seven years against the ten greatest Powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great."

This maxim was seen to be as true to-day as in Napoleon's time, when, after four years of furious fighting, great losses, and serious sacrifices, the Allies turned to Ferdinand Foch as their leader, and accepted the French General as their Chief.

Foch was born at Tarbes, near the Pyrenees Mountains on October 2d, 1851. Thus, he was sixty-six and a half years of age when he came to be selected as the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces. His father, of good old French stock and a very modest fortune, was a provincial officer whose position was similar to that of a Secretary of State of one of the many United States. Tarbes was the capital of the department of France called the Department of the Upper Pyrenees. The mother of the great soldier was named Sophie Dupré, and she was born at Argelès, some twenty miles south of Tarbes, near the borderland of Spain.

Napoleon the First was accustomed to reward those who fought and worked for him, and had, consequently, made the father of Ferdinand Foch a chevalier of the Empire. This was because of his ardent aid in the war with Spain, or Peninsular War, in which the French were eventually well trounced. However, the young Ferdinand Foch had a great passion for the Emperor, even from his earliest years, and we learn that, when a small boy, he would frequently get his father to relate to him the story of the career of the brilliant Corsican, sometimes called Napoleon the Great.

Tarbes is a very ancient city and now has some thirty thousand inhabitants, but when Ferdinand Foch was a little boy it had less than fifteen thousand men and women. Under the Romans, Tarbes was a prominent city of Gaul, yet nothing of particular importance happened here in those ancient times, and not until after the battle of Poitiers in 732 — when the Saracens fell back after the defeat by Charles Martel — was there any disturbance at, or near, this peaceful town.

At this particular time, a valiant and venturesome priest called Massolin, hastily assembled many of the men who lived in the vicinity, and, with their assistance, he gave the retreating Saracens a good drubbing — the battle lasting for full three days. At the end of this time, the retreating Saracens disappeared across the Pyrenees in a cloud of dust, leaving many an invader behind to enrich the soil of this farmland, which is now called the Heath of the Moors.

Forty years of peace now rolled past, and then again the clarion notes of the war-bugle sounded across the green fields, as Charlemagne the Great rode past with his twelve faithful Knights on their way to Spain to fight the Moors. But the men of dark complexions were more of a nut to crack than the great Charlemagne had expected, and, after numerous skirmishes and battles, the German invaders were defeated: haggard, war-worn, and dispirited, they fled across the Pyrenees, followed by the exultant Moors with derisive shouts of defiance.

Over the mountains they went, and there — high up amongst the clouds — almost ten thousand feet in the air, is the Breach of Roland, named after a wild young French knight who, unable to cross because of his enemies, cut his way through a chasm some two hundred feet wide, three hundred and thirty feet deep, and one hundred and sixty-five feet long. Across this dashed the intrepid warrior, and, spurring his horse, he leaped to the French side of the chasm, leaving the impress of the iron-shod foot of his charger in a rock. Here it can be seen to-day by you should you but go there and be in sufficiently good training to make the climb.

On the field of the Moors at Tarbes is a monument to valiant Massolin, and near the pass to the mountains is a bronze image of Roland the Impetuous: more famous in death than in life, and an ideal of valor for the chivalrous youths of France. With these two monuments nearby grew up young Foch, and, with the traditions of his fighting ancestors dinned into his ears by many a town scribe, do you wonder that he breathed of battles when even a small boy, and that he was impregnated with the ideals of chivalry.

Young Ferdinand learned early to ride the spirited horses in the vicinity and is now an ardent and intrepid horseman. He had one sister and two brothers, and they were most piously reared. At the college of Tarbes the future Marshal began his training, and this was in a venerable building, over the portal of which was the following inscription in Latin:

"May this house remain standing until the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the tortoise has crawled round the world."

Here the young French lad learned to read and write, and here he became conspicuous for his earnestness and diligence. At twelve years of age, his professor of mathematics thought so highly of him that he remarked: "He has the stuff of a polytechnician," and about this time he read a history of Napoleon, in Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire." Fired by the glowing description of this prominent Frenchman, he determined to himself to endeavor to merit the praise of his countrymen, should the opportunity ever present itself.

About the year 1866 the family of the General moved from the ancient and historic Tarbes to Rodez — almost two hundred miles northeast of the pleasant town of his birth. Here the father of the Marshal was appointed paymaster of the Treasury, and here the young Ferdinand continued his studies, and, later, when they emigrated to the city of Lyons he entered the college of St. Etienne. In 1869 the great soldier went to the Jesuit College of Saint Clement at Metz, where he was given the grand prize for scholarship by unanimous vote of his fellow students. He had been here but a year when the Franco-Prussian war began, and, with true patriotism, the youthful Frenchman enlisted for the duration of hostilities. Joining the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, he was sent to Chalon-sur-Saône, and, after the capitulation of Paris, was here discharged, in January, 1871. He had not distinguished himself.

True, young Ferdinand had not distinguished himself, but he had learned one great lesson and this was: LEARN TO BE PREPARED! GERMANY WILL STRIKE AGAIN! He could not do anything at this time to save France from humiliation, but he determined to help France so that she should not again suffer such distress.

At Nancy, where the young soldier now was billeted, a big, fat German General called Manteufel had his Headquarters, and here he delighted in taunting the conquered French, by having his military bands play "The Retreat." The French hung their heads in shame, but young Ferdinand Foch hung his head, listened in distress, and took his examinations for the School of War, irrespective of what these bold invaders and conquerors were doing. The undiplomatic Manteufel finally went away jeering, and forty-two years later, a new commandant came to Nancy to there take control of the Twentieth Army Corps, whose position here — guarding the Eastern frontier — was considered to be the most important to the safety of the nation.

Now, what did this new commandant do?

He immediately ordered out the band of all six regiments quartered in the town and said to the bandmasters:

"Fill the town with the strains of the 'Marche Lorraine' and the 'Sambre et Meuse'; we want to drown out the unpleasant memories of other days."

This was on Saturday, August 23d, 1913, and Nancy will never forget those airs. Soon the German guns were booming on the Nancy line, and the French were defending that town again against assault: this time to be unsuccessful.

The commandant who had ordered these bands to play was no other than Ferdinand Foch. He was getting even with *the Boche.*

Entering the School Polytechnic, Foch there distinguished himself by diligence and aptitude for his tasks. Here were many young men, and among them one Jacques Joseph Cesaire Joffre who was to distinguish himself later at the battle of the Marne. Joffre graduated in 1872 and went to the School of Applied Artillery at Fontainebleau. Foch left the Polytechnic about six months after the great Joffre had graduated, and also went to Fontainebleau for the same training that Joffre was taking. Both were tremendously in earnest and were hard workers. Young Ferdinand graduated third in his class and, departing immediately for Saumur, there learned not only how to direct cavalry operations, but also how to handle men. In 1878 he went to the Tenth Regiment of Artillery at Rennes as Captain, and there he remained for seven years.

The career of the great General from now on was characteristically methodical and according to rule. After remaining at Rennes for a full tour of duty, he was moved to Montpellier for a four years' stay. Raised to the rank of a Staff Officer, he was next transferred to Paris, in February, 1891, as a Major on the general army staff. About the time that Marshal Joffre went to the Soudan, in order to build a railway in the Sahara desert, Foch went to Vincennes as commander of the mounted group of the Thirteenth Artillery. On the 31st of October, 1895, he was made Associate Professor of Military History, Strategy, and Applied Tactics at the Superior School of War. He was now forty-five years of age and was rated as a very competent officer. He was soon to make a wonderful reputation as a great teacher.

At the School the future Marshal made the men who sat under him love their work for the work's sake and not for the rewards which they hoped to obtain. He fired their brains with a love and ardor for the military art which made them feel that, in all of life there is nothing more worth the doing, or so worth while, as the knowledge of how to defend one's country when she needs to be defended.

A French officer says of him:

"Many hundreds of Officers — the very élite of the General Staffs of the army — followed his teaching and were imbued with his lofty spirit; and, as they practically all, at the beginning of the war, occupied high positions of command, one may estimate as he can the profound and far-reaching influence of this one grand spirit."

In times of peace he gave his students an enthusiasm for preparedness, when the cry, on all sides, was for disarmament and return to more peaceful attitudes. At the beginning of his celebrated course of lectures on tactics, he always admonished his scholars with the words:

"You will be called on later to be the brain of an army. So I say to you to-day: Learn to think."

In his opinion, an able officer is one who can take a general command to get his men to such and such a place, and to accomplish such and such a thing, and so to interpret the command to his men that each and every one of them will, while acting in strict obedience to the orders, use the largest amount of personal intelligence in accomplishing that which he has been told to do.

So, with word and pen, the mighty Foch labored with his students, knowing of the German menace, knowing of the German power, and, with full knowledge of their great masses of troops which could be moved by the nod of the Kaiser. Zealously he labored so that when Germany should make her next assault on France his own country might be equipped with hundreds of officers who would know of Germany's weak points of attack and would be prepared to turn her rashness into defeat.

When the war broke out and the hordes of gray-clad Germans swarmed across the Belgian border to crush their little state and rush upon Paris, the brilliant French leader was at Nancy, in command of the famous 20th Army Corps. As the news was flashed that the *Boche* was at length advancing, he remarked: "Well, let us go to meet them as we have so often planned to do. Use, in fact, plan number forty-one."

It is said that, at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, the great Field Marshal von Moltke — Chief of the German Staff — remarked, when he learned that war had been declared, "Use plan number seven," and then tucked a paper away in a certain pigeon-hole on his desk. In other words, for years the German staff had been planning numerous methods of entering France — upon the declaration of war — and the advance of the French toward Sedan made it necessary to use plan number seven.

But now there was a man upon the French staff who was as keen, as intellectual, as mathematical as General von Moltke. He had worked out — years before — schemes for meeting the invasion of the country by the Germans; expecting them to come across the French frontier and not through Belgium, as they themselves had planned. But the Germans considered their treaty obligations to Belgium to be "but a scrap of paper" — and thus — when the great army of invasion came crashing down towards Paris from the

Belgian border, it was Foch who had to use, not plan number twenty, but plan number forty-one.

When little five-foot-six-inch Ferdinand Foch first came into touch with his British Allies, a great crisis faced their lines, for, at Arras, the line held by the French General Pétain had nearly been pierced by the Huns. The Belgians held a part of the front and they were suffering over two thousand casualties a day. They were also in momemtary peril of yielding the defense of the Yser. At Ypres the British had no reserves, and cooks and orderlies were holding off the swarming mass of Germans, thirsting for their blood and longing to get to the coast-line. It was a moment of gloom and despondency.

At this juncture Foch came up, buoyant and cheerful. He had men with him and he put them into earthworks, for it was impossible to dig trenches in the low, wet ground. He planted his 75's behind whatever cover he could find, and, delivering two fierce counter-attacks, the Huns decided to give up any further advance in that sector. Foch had won the day.

One British admirer said of him, "The little man would be cheerful and hopeful even if he had a bullet through his middle," and, when he said this, he hit upon the true note of Foch's character. Hopefulness is an article of the General's religion, for, "depression is a confession of intellectual weakness," he has often remarked. "Depression has lost more battles than any other cause," he has also said. "To be gloomy is to admit that matter has conquered spirit." The general, in fact, lives and flourishes by virtue of mental pluck.

“The soldier can snatch victory from the arms of defeat,” he has often remarked, “just as the coming of much needed reinforcements will do the same.” “Intellectual energy can produce absolute forgetfulness of bodily ailments until the body is in actual danger of collapse,” is likewise one of his favorite maxims. In other words, keep on moving, never worry about your aches or your pains, but keep on moving and you will have your reward. “Watch for depression in the enemy,” is one of his maxims. “Never watch for depression in yourself.”

Foch is thoroughly of a Gallic turn of mind: that is, he is vivacious and imaginative. He is a pure type of the Frenchman or the Gaul, whom Cæsar fought, and who has been characterized as of “indomitable spirit and ready for any emergency.” He is as pure a type of his nation as General Pershing is of the United States, or General Haig of Scotland; a lean, quick-gestured, intellectual, aggressive “priest of offensive warfare.” He moves alertly upon his feet, and is, according to his friends, seen at his best when mounted upon his favorite horse, for then he looks much more than his five-feet-six-inches of height and much less than his sixty-six years.

While professor at the French Military School, General Foch wrote two books upon military matters: one, the “Conduct of War”; the other, the “Principles of War,” both of which are filled with maxims and arguments which might have been inspired by the present crisis. One of his favorite maxims is this: “Victory is a thing of the will,” and the first essential in a general should be "moral and physical character and a possession of sufficient energy to take the necessary risks." He says, at every opportunity, that the essential duty of a leader is to read the enemy's mind, to outguess your opponent, as it were, and to hit where he least expects you to hit. This principle he carried out in smashing the Germans after their advance towards Paris in the early part of the summer of 1918, and so successful was he in crushing the Boche that victory perched upon the banner of the Allies, and the proud hosts from Hun-land were humbled to the dust.

But let us look back a bit in history and see who was the real winner of the first battle of the Marne.

The vast German army, trained to the minute, eager for the capture of Paris, keen for another repetition of the triumph of the year 1870, had crashed through Belgium in the fall of 1914, had leveled the stout defenses of Liége, had beaten to a pulp the patriotic Belgian army, and had pushed on upon a triumphant course towards Paris. The British army, ninety thousand strong (but, oh, what a ninety thousand!) was rapidly being brought over the channel in order to hit the vast gray mass of invaders upon the right flank. Meanwhile, the French army — quickly mobilized — had marched on to meet this infernal machine and, if possible, to save the city of Paris from capture. Invader and defender met at the peaceful-moving waters of the Marne, in about the same place that Attila had fought the battle of Châlons, many, many centuries before.

There was a battle: intense, furious, awe-inspiring.

The Frenchmen said, "They shall not pass!" and, after one of the most sanguinary struggles in the history of the world, the German masses were stopped in their triumphant course towards the French capital.

"Who wrought the miracle of the victory at the Marne?" was asked of an old French artilleryman. "Tactically," he answered, "the final victory was due to General Foch."

"Ah, ha! And how was that, pray?" "General Foch saw a bad liaison between two German armies," he explained. "There was a weak spot, although the attack was heavy on both the general's wings. He thrust his guns up into the gap, while he developed the wedge with his infantry. Those batteries, which were beautifully placed, raked the Germans so unmercifully that retreat was ordered." "Only twice," he added, "have I seen what they call a panic upon the field of battle. This was the second occasion, and one large German unit, at least a battalion strong, cut and ran as the General's 75's opened on them from only a four-hundred-yard range. It was *sauve qui peut* (save himself, he who can)."

The battle of the Marne was a French victory: the Germans withdrew and intrenched, and now occurred a four years' struggle for the mastery of French soil which finally has resulted in a glorious triumph for the Allies; but, as the old artilleryman has so aptly said, it was Foch and his 75's that won the day at the great battle near the scene of Attila's defeat so many years before.

After the terrible fight, the English came in numbers

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across the channel, and, facing the Huns from Ostend to the Somme — where they joined their right flank with the French left — began a stubborn and relentless fight against the bloodthirsty invaders of French and Belgian territory. Then their force was augmented by the American Army, so that when General Foch was placed in supreme command of the Allies he directed the efforts of a greater force than any one man had ever before been asked to lead in the history of the world.

Men who are educated and paid to fight and to kill usually have a steely and heartless glance: the mark of militarism. There was nothing kindly about the countenances of either Cæsar or Napoleon. Kitchener had the cold, clear eye of a golden eagle. You would, therefore, imagine that upon the face of Ferdinand Foch would be shown the mark of the man of blood and of iron. But such is not the case. There is a certain gentleness upon the countenance of this generalissimo of the vast Allied army: a Latin smoothness and flexibility.

The French leader has the reputation for being very reserved and quite distant in his manner. His orders are given very briefly and, when busy with war and its works, he is a man of very few words. He hardly ever makes addresses to the soldiers: in fact, they would like to have him exhort them more than he does. Every man has some bad habit, or there is a general fault about him, and it is said, to his detriment, in a land where smoking is often practiced to excess, and, at a time when there is more of it than ever before, Foch is one of the champions. He is never without a cigarette between his fingers, but generally this cigarette is allowed to go out.

And how about his strategy? It is true that, with the vast resources at his command, there could be but one outcome of the attack by his troops upon the western front, yet it took a man of keen mind to direct the Allied advance so that the vast Hun machine could be smashed. On July 18th, 1918, these attacks were commenced; on November the 11th, 1918, they ended in victory.

At the beginning of his offensive, the backs of the Allies were against the wall — the sea wall, which, if the Germans were to reach, would mean victory for the Huns. It was important that the invaders should be kept from reaching the ocean; that they should be smashed back from the Somme River where they had concentrated. Along the river Marne a dangerous wedge had been driven into the French line and this jutted towards Paris. This must be cleared away before a genuine offensive could be possible.

Foch's plan was like Grant's before the battle of the Wilderness, i.e., to keep on hammering, hammering until he exhausted his opponent. The Americans were now arriving in great numbers and were concentrated along the Toul front and from St. Mihiel, east and south. These forces were not expected to attack at once, but were to drill and be trained for a final offensive.

The British, meanwhile, were making such smashing attacks on the north that the Germans were losing vast numbers of men. Their lines finally became very much weakened and an appeal to Austria was the result. Thus the lines to the northward were temporarily bolstered up.

Now the Huns (cheered on from the rear by a crazy-headed Kaiser, whose bombastic utterances sounded like the remarks of a wild man) made an attempt to take Paris. Putting in division after division, they pressed on from Rheims to Château-Thierry, pushing on before them the French Army. All was going well until the Americans were rushed into the fray. They came up in motor trucks, and among them the U. S. Marines, "first to fight" in all of the affairs in which Uncle Sam is interested. The new troops — full of ginger and "pep"— were lined up against the Germans, and then there was such a signal turn in the tide, and such a murderous reception, that the Germans to this day call our soldiers "*teufelhunden*," or devil dogs.

The Marne salient was soon eliminated, but there was still grimmer work for the Americans. Down beyond Verdun to St. Mihiel, and then to Pont-a-Mousson, and it was important that this, too, should be blotted out. To the Americans was given this task.

How they did this, how quickly, how speedily — all the world knows. The St. Mihiel salient was soon wiped out, thousands of prisoners were captured before they could escape to their own lines, and, pressing their advantage to the full, the troops under General Pershing now moved on through the Argonne forest to the Metz-Lille road. The pass of the Grand Pré was soon taken, and, trusting to the Meuse River to protect its right flank, the first American Army gradually worked its way northward until the Metz-Lille road was under fire of its guns.

Now, Austria withdrew from the war, and the Austrian divisions which had been sent to this section as reinforcements were withdrawn. The Germans broke and the American commander was not slow to take advantage of the situation. The fresh troops, buoyant and cheerful, went forward, nearer and nearer to the vital railway, and, although the Germans made serious attempts to stop the advance, they were driven behind the Meuse and Sedan was taken. Sedan was where the French forces, under Napoleon the Third, capitulated to the Germans in 1870. At Sedan the troops from America delivered the final blow at Germany.

Meanwhile, the French — operating west of the American forces — gave a wonderful example of cooperation. Held back for a short time by the defenses of the Oise-Serre angle, they finally broke through the German wall of steel and the Huns were forced into the open. They were made to fall back along the Aisne and a real retreat began: a real retreat along the line from the Oise to the Meuse.

The British, at the same time, had been delivering fearful blows in Flanders. They crossed the Scheldt, north of Valenciennes, pushed their lines well to the east along the line of the Conde-Mons canal, and approached Maubeuge. Everywhere German resistance gave way, and France was almost entirely cleared of German troops.

At this propitious moment, when everywhere the Allies were triumphant and Austria had collapsed entirely, the German government signed an armistice which did away with the fighting until peace terms could be decided upon. No wonder Marshal Foch was jubilant, for, when you realize what a position he had been in early in the Fall of 1870 you can appreciate what the French patriot was thinking about. Let us view the scene of long ago!

It was in the year 1870, the time, the early Fall, when the russet leaves have just commenced to flutter to the ground.

Along a winding road of northern France which led from the ancient fortress of Sedan rolled an open carriage. Before it rode a guard of French lancers, with arms shining in the sunlight, and with pennants fluttering from their lance-heads. Behind it clattered officers in the uniform of Napoleonic France. Further in the rear, and, with a look of sneering conquest on their faces, came steel-helmeted Prussian hussars, rank upon rank, and squadron after squadron. It was a moving spectacle.

In the carriage, guarded by all of these men-at-arms, sat Napoleon the Third, Emperor of the French. He was going to meet the King of Prussia at Château Bellevue, to surrender his sword and his crushed and beaten armies. Upon his flabby face was written great physical suffering, while deep lines were furrowed in his cheeks, telling of a grievous illness which was fast bringing him to his grave. His mind was in no pleasant state, for he faced a conquering foe.

The humiliated Monarch entered the salon of a château, followed by the officers of his staff. There the leaders of the Prussian host with which he had just been battling awaited him. The German officers courteously arose as he entered, and stood at attention — their stiffened right arms touching their helmets as is their courteous custom. The King of Prussia remained seated, and, arrogantly gazing at the man whose honored guest he had been not long before, he said:

" I am dee-lighted to see you."

Napoleon the Third was stooping over, bent with pain. Drawing his sword, he presented it to the Prussian, hilt to the fore.

" Sire," he whimpered, " here is my sword."

The Prussian leered at it.

" I take it," said he.

Fondling it a moment, as if it were some bauble, he cried out, loudly:

" I give it back to you."

The French officers drew deep breaths, for the tone of the speech had stung them to the quick. Their black eyes shone like diamonds.

Among them was a young fellow — almost a boy — and, as the Prussian Monarch growled out the stinging words they cut the patriotic Frenchman to the quick. " He clearly meant, I'll take care of you," said he, to a fellow officer. " He is a dog."

This youthful officer was the future Marshal Foch. And he never forgot the words of the Prussian King.

The sneering Prussian was the grandfather of William Hohenzollern, formerly Monarch of Germany.

Turn the reel, Father Time, we have another picture to show the spectators!

It is Fall again in La Belle France: the Fall of 1918: Amidst the débris of the roads in northern France play searchlights. Three limousines creep into the flash of the brilliant glare, and, as they approach, white flags are seen fluttering from their bodies. Inside are Germans — cross-looking Germans — they seek an armistice.

The trespassers upon the soil of France are met with courteous consideration. French officers meet them, smile sweetly, enter their cars and guide them over the dark roads until Château Frankfort is reached. It is in the deep forest of Compiègne, and a stop is made here for the night.

The Germans snore loudly. They do not let defeat worry them.

The next day all motor to Senlis, where, in a railway car, sits the same officer who was at the capitulation of Sedan, now a grizzled man. He is Generalissimo-in-Chief of the Allied armies.

The Germans enter the car, hats in their hands, and he rises to meet them.

His voice is tense, calm, clear.

"What do you wish, gentlemen?"

"We have come, Marshal, in order to arrange the terms for an armistice," said one of their number. "We accept President Wilson's fourteen points. Germany is beaten."

What was his reply?

We do not know what the gallant Field-Marshal said, but we imagine that it was something like this:

" The terms, gentlemen, will be severe, owing to the barbarous manner in which your people have waged this war. They are as follows: "

Then he read to them the program already agreed upon by the Allies, and no more crushing ultimatum had ever been delivered to a beaten power.

The keen-eyed Marshal had no tone of sneering or of overburdening triumph in his voice as he read. Yet — away back in his mind — he had the scene of another surrender indelibly engraved upon his memory — that of Sedan, when his Emperor was humiliated. And, as he read on, the great Generalissimo of the French and Allied armies, smiled — not leeringly, but good-naturedly — into the stolid eyes of the crestfallen German emissaries.

What had the Marshal to do with the final triumph?

This is well expressed by the words of Premier Clemenceau, who, when approached by several Senators with the words:

" You are the savior of France," replied: " Gentlemen, I thank you. I did not deserve the honor which you have done me. Let me tell you that I am proudest that you have associated my name with that of Marshal Foch, that great soldier, who, in the darkest hours, never doubted the destiny of his country. He has inspired every one with courage, and we owe him an infinite debt."

SO, THREE TIMES THREE FOR GENERAL FOCH!

He is the man who never lost his cheerfulness in spite of the fact that the soldiers of his country — bleeding and distressed — have been fighting a gruelling war and struggling for a long time against terrific odds. The signing of the armistice terms, submitted by the Allies, practically brought to an end the greatest war in the history of the human race — a war which brought suffering and misery to the people of every land: which cost $224,303,205,000 in treasure, and nearly 4,500,000 lives. The end of hostilities 1,556 days after the first shot was fired, tendered to civilization the assurance that never again shall people be threatened with the slavery of a despotically autocratic rule.

Cheerful when things were blackest, cheerful when events were brightest, let history record with truthful significance, that here — at least — has been one soldier who is the living personification of that ancient doctrine:

"When things look darkest: SMILE! SMILE! SMILE!"

LE MARECHAL FOCH

Some sing a song of bold Turenne, who fought and bled
at Inn,
Some sing of good old Marshal Saxe, that soul of fire
and vim,
Some shout of val'rous Marshal Ney, who was Napoleon's friend,
And some of dashing Kellerman, hard-riding to the end.

But, listen, boys, I'll sing a song of
Foch! Foch! Foch!
I'll even make the Germans join, the
Boche! Boche! Boche!
The fellow with the eagle nose, keen vision like a hawk,
Who is always working quietly, and lets the others talk.

Perhaps you can't remember, 'twas September of the
year,
When all the world was somber, and all the foliage seer,
The Germans swept down from the North, a million men
or more,
With gatlings, mortars, poison gas, and generals by the
score.

Then Clemenceau set up a call, for
Foch! Foch! Foch!
The five-foot-six-inch General, to stop the
Boche! Boche! Boche!

They didn't have to search for him, for he was on the
ground;
Indeed, wherever trouble was, old Foch was always
found.

The Dutchmen they were laughing, for they had their
steins along,
And they whistled and they chuckled as they sang their
drinking song,
Then each one took a swig of beer and tightened on his
gun,
And bristled his mustachios, à la Attila the Hun.

But the Frenchmen only jeered at them, with
Foch! Foch! Foch!
And the Poilus only guyed them, with a
Boche! Boche! Boche!
And they put on their steel helmets, and they primed
their seventy-fives,
And they cried out: "Come on, Dutchmen! Here is
where we sell our lives!"

On came the val'rous Hunnish hordes, on surged the
Kaiser's best,
While the Crown Prince loitered in the rear, and swelled
his cross-strewn vest,
They fired with fifty thousand guns, shot off poison by
the ton,
But they couldn't make the Frenchmen quail or get
them on the run.

For the Poilus kept on fighting under
Foch! Foch! Foch!
And their rifles kept on barking at the
Boche! Boche! Boche!
And the men from farms and vineyards, from the streets of gay Paree,
Cried out: *"We've got you, Dutchies! Here's where we end your spree!"*

"This isn't going to be a joke, as it was in '71,
This isn't going to be a rout, we're going to have some fun,
It will not be Sedan again, for Foch is not Bazaine,
We're going to drive back Deutchland, from the Sambre to the Aisne."

"For, can't you see we're marching under
Foch! Foch! Foch!
For don't you know we're laughing at you
Boche! Boche! Boche!
We've got the best artillery in all the bloomin' world,
And we'll outfight the Prussian Guard, now that our flag's unfurled."

For two long days the Kaiser's men, they tried to go ahead,
For two long days the Prussian host, they charged, and fought, and bled,
But they couldn't get across the Marne, or do what Blücher's force,

Did to the French in olden days when Nappy was the
boss.

For the Poilus now were fighting under
Foch! Foch! Foch!
And their artillerists were mowing down the
Boche! Boche! Boche!
And the quiet Marshal won the day. He's of kin to
Joan of Arc,
And if you ever meet them face to face, you'll hear the
Poilus bark:

"We're happy that the gods have sent us
Foch! Foch! Foch!
For he has taught us how to lick the
Boche! Boche! Boche!
We've had some dandy fighters in the days of long ago,
But, was there one to equal Foch? The answer is 'No,
no!'"

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH
FORCES IN FRANCE

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

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A QUIET, modest man, with a low, deep voice and a clear, blue eye — such is Sir Douglas Haig — leader of the vast army which England gathered from the four corners of the globe to crush, if possible, the might of Prussian autocracy. "He doesn't talk much; he is a Fifer," his brother officers say of him, and, when they say Fifer they do not mean a fife player, but one who hails from the little kingdom of Fife, where courage is as hard as the granite hills, and whence came the Clan MacDuff, the greatest fighters of a fighting race.

The fierce world conflict which has brought all of the nations into the mêlée, has carried Sir Douglas Haig into prominence and thrust him into the lime-light. Prior to this eventful contest he was known to be a thoroughly reliable officer in the British army, a graduate of Oxford and a lover of horseflesh. In 1885 he joined the 7th Hussars, served in the Soudan in 1898, including the battles of Atbara and Khartoum; was in the South African War in 1899, and General of the Division of Cavalry in 1900.

When this patriotic English soldier was in Egypt, he was but a Captain of cavalry, and was serving under the famous Lord Kitchener, called Kitchener of Khartoum. General Gordon had been killed by the Dervishes at Khartoum, and, with slow but steady progress, the English were moving against this city in order to defeat the native forces which held it, and to wipe out the disgrace of the murder of brave General Gordon, and the massacre of his entire command.

The Sirdar, as Kitchener was called, was building a railway, as he advanced upon Khartoum with his troops. The steel rails crept steadily across the desert, transporting both men and supplies, and, as he saw its approach, the Khalifa, or head chief of the Dervishes, grew fearful of what was about to take place. He ordered his most faithful General — one Mahmud — to strike the advancing English and Egyptians, with some ten thousand of his wild tribesmen. But Mahmud was fearful of the English and dared not fight them.

Among the English cavalrymen was a straight, well-knit young fellow named Haig — Douglas Haig — and one day he was sent forward to reconnoiter near the Atbara River. In vain he looked for Mahmud; the wily old fox had intrenched himself somewhere in the scrub of mimosa and date-palms, half grass and half creeper, and it was impossible to find him. The British force behind sweltered in the moist heat of that tropic land and shivered at night. Oh, if they could but get at the old renegade!

At Shendi, a little depot up the Nile, it was learned that Mahmud had many troops, many women, and much loot. The Sirdar, therefore, sent three gun-boats up the river to bombard the stronghold, and, on land, a force of the 15th Egyptians and about one hundred and fifty native tribesmen of the Jaalin band. There were also two field guns. When these boats were within range and shelled the garrison every one left post-haste for Omdurman, leaving the women behind, and these were immediately appropriated by the native troops, together with all the stores they found.

This raid was successful and it did not bring Mahmud into the open, so again the British and Egyptian force advanced towards Khartoum. Captain Douglas Haig was sent forward once more to ascertain where the wily old fox was,— with him went cavalry, a horse battery, and several Maxim guns. After going eastward and south for about four miles, the outposts of the Arabs were met with and the cavalry chased the Dervishes for full twelve miles across the sandy waste. Then, as Haig and several other cavalrymen debouched from behind a high hillock, they suddenly found that they were within sight of a palisade, surrounded by a trench, behind which were at least fifteen hundred Dervishes, armed to the teeth.

Without more ado, the officers rode back towards the supporting column, but not until they had ordered the Maxims to throw a few shells into the fortification, just to show the Arabs that they would shortly be back in order to avenge the death of General Gordon. Then, trotting easily to the camp of Lord Kitchener, they reported that they had found Old Mahmud — intrenched — and it looked as if he were going to stay there and fight.

Mahmud's camp was on the northeast bank of the Atbara, and around the entire camp ran a trench, or zareba, of thorn bushes. Lord Kitchener determined to attack at once and to keep the cavalry, in which was Captain Haig, to the rear and left, so that, when the troops had forced an entrance into the palisade, and the enemy had begun to flee, the cavalrymen could dash into the mass and cut all down who refused to surrender.

Captain Douglas Haig smiled grimly beneath his light mustache, and looked carefully to his gun and equipment. As the sun went down in a blaze of splendor, lighting up the parapet of Mahmud with his wild riders of the Egyptian desert, from behind the palisades of which half a dozen little flags fluttered in the gentle breeze, he said to Lieutenant-Colonel Broadwood in charge of all the cavalry:

" To-morrow, Colonel, we will see the revenge of Gordon, and the beginning of the end."

Here and there a white-clad figure dodged behind the parapets, the saffron, pale-blue, yellow and chocolate flags fluttered, fluttered, and a great blue heron flew across the sandy waste of the river saying: " Qu — aak ! "

" That," said Captain Haig, " sounds like ' Mahmud w-a-l-k.' "

Morning dawned, and as the smoke of the camp fires ascended in the still air a Maxim gun sounded the first note of conflict. The orders were to rush right up to the parapet, to pull down the thorn and wood palisade, to jump the trenches, and then to go in and fight hand-to-hand.

A battery of Krupps now opened fire. The sun had risen, showing the British and Egyptian army ly-

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

ing along the low hills, or plateau, in a long arc — Gatacre's British brigade of Lincolns, Seaforth, Camerons, and Warwicks on the left; Hector Macdonald's Egyptians in the center; and Maxwell's brigade curving around to the right, or west. The whole crest was covered with Kitchener's army: Egyptians in black jerseys, Soudanese in fez and broad trousers, British in khaki — thousands strong. As Mahmud looked over the parapet wall at the serried column of avengers of General Gordon, his heart must have sunk, for truly the hand of steel was at his throat.

Captain Haig, with the cavalry, was well to the rear and left flank; on the right flank was the native, or Egyptian cavalry. As the gallant Englishman gazed at Mahmud's palisades, four batteries jingled and clattered into position about a hundred yards in front of the line of battalions. They wheeled, sighted, and then a sheet of flame belched from their mouths. BOOM! The battle of Atbara had begun.

For ten minutes the bombardment continued and clouds of dust began to be kicked up in Mahmud's inclosure, while several of the thatched huts there caught on fire. Suddenly some one cried: "Look there!" Hundreds of horsemen were seen scrambling into their saddles within the inclosure — they dashed through an opening on the right of the zareba, and headed for the Egyptian cavalry on the English right. With a cheer, the native troops leaped to their own saddles and advanced to meet in mortal combat, while the Maxims shot great gaps in the oncoming line of Dervishes. But — see! — they wheel — they retire — they scramble again into the palisade! They have been unwilling to meet in a hand-to-hand engagement.

For an hour and twenty minutes the krupps thundered and roared. The straw huts began to blaze — yet the Arabs made no reply — they awaited the onslaught with calmness. At last the work of the guns was over, and Kitchener raised a baton — giving the order for a general advance. With a wild cheer the whole line went forward.

Bugles blared, and, dismounting, the British officers placed themselves at the head of their commands; the Cameron Highlanders armed with thick, raw-hide gloves and bill-hooks, in order to tear away the thorn-hedges.

Thirteen thousand men advanced steadily together, bayonets flashing in the sun's rays, ensigns fluttering, pipes squealing, Soudanese drums rolling, and shrill English bugles blowing. At first they went on at a slow march — the front as level as if a ruler had been held before it — the guns firing over their heads into the palisade. Then, when they had arrived within three hundred yards of the trench, the Dervishes let loose at them with rifle fire. Men staggered and fell, but the lines closed up — kept on — *Hurrah!* — they are at the trench — *Hurrah!* — they are over it now — they are up the palisade — they have torn it asunder — they are inside and at the Arabs: Seaforths, Lincolns, Warwicks, Soudanese, Egyptians, all are in deadly hand-to-hand combat with the followers of Khalifa.

The charging line of white and black soldiers swept through the camp and the Dervishes made a stiff fight of it. Many would not run and were shot and bayonetted where they stood; others charged forward with sword or spear in hand only to be knocked down by some well-directed bullet, or blow from the butt of a rifle. The bulk of the Mahmud army retired slowly, turning now and again to shoot. But piecemeal and by small detachments, they were destroyed. In less than three-quarters of an hour the British had swept clear through the palisade and were driving the Dervishes over the dry bed of the river, where hundreds were picked off as they vainly tried to get away from the rifle-fire of the skillful marksmen in their rear. The Egyptian and Soudanese troops, with lifelong injuries to set a-right, gave no quarter. The Highlanders cried out —" Gordon must be avenged!"

It was now half past eight and a bugle shrilled above the uproar —" CEASE FIRING!"

The army of Mahmud had ceased to exist, and where was Mahmud, himself — the trusted General of the Mahdi — he who was going to drive the British into the sea?

In an inner zareba, seated on the carpeted floor, with his weapons beside him, the defeated General had been discovered, waiting for death. It is strange that he had not found it, for the Soudanese were all around him and had rushed his place of hiding. Mahmud was dragged into the open, and was about to be cut down when a British officer intervened and carried him before Kitchener. There he faced his Conqueror — a tall pure-bred Arab, dressed in the uniform of the Khalifa, and awaiting death with no faltering glance.

"Are you the man Mahmud?" asked the Sirdar.

"Yes, I am Mahmud, and I command, just as you do," was the tart reply.

"Why have you advanced against us to burn and to kill?"

"I have to obey my orders, just as you, yourself, have to do," replied Mahmud, unbendingly.

The Sirdar may have liked him better for his defiant tone, although nothing in his face betrayed it. "Take him away," said he, "and let him be well watched."

As he walked slowly off, a young British officer went with him. This fellow had ridden in with the cavalry, and had fought his way right through the howling mob of Dervishes. It was Douglas Haig: Captain in Her Majesty's British force, and a rattling good swordsman, so said the humiliated followers of the Khalifa.

Kitchener's men followed up what was left of Mahmud's army to Omdurman, where the Khalifa had a force of fully 60,000 followers. Here he had determined to fight the Arab Armageddon, and here, with 12,000 black riflemen and 13,000 black and Arabian spearmen in the center, as a main army, the man who wished to rule all of Egypt was ready to cross swords with Kitchener, victor of Atbara, and man of iron. On the second day of September the British and Egyptian forces were ready for battle, and on that day they met the Khalifa's host, with all its majesty and might, to fight for the mastery of the upper portion of Egypt.

Captain Douglas Haig was with the cavalry, and while his patrols watched the long five-mile front of the

Khalifa's vast horde he held his men in the leash, ready to spring at the shrill call of the bugle.

The Khalifa's Arabs were again no match for Kitchener's well-trained and seasoned campaigners. After a battle, lasting all day, the native ruler lost both his army and his dominion. The British guns blew the Arab force to the four winds of the desert. There were over nine thousand of them killed, ten thousand wounded, and five thousand taken prisoners. As the humiliated Arab chieftain rushed towards Omdurman — his Holy City — with his disorganized and defeated troops, the cavalry, with Douglas Haig, was so hot in pursuit that the Dervishes could not stay and fight in the city, but streamed out upon the desert upon the other side of their sacred citadel.

The Khalifa himself, mounted upon a donkey and accompanied by his favorite wife, made off to the southward into the desert. Here, eight miles from Omdurman swift camels awaited him, and, jumping upon one of these, he rejoined what was left of this once great fighting host, but no longer was he to prance upon a swift Arabian charger as a ruler of upper Egypt, he was now a guerilla and a hunted fugitive from the wrath of the Sirdar. Haig and his cavalry chased after him on the sandy waste, but, having no water for their horses, they had to return to Omdurman, without being able to bag their game.

When British met Boer in South Africa, and battled on the veldt, Douglas Haig, now a Colonel, did valiant service. He was with the column of General French which rode to the relief of Kimberly, and when Cronje

— the Boer leader who had enveloped the British garrison in the town — was driven from his position and finally rounded-up at Klip Krall Drift, who was there but gallant Haig, sun-burned, weather-beaten, hale and fighting gamely. Cronje capitulated at Paardeberg, and had it not been for General French and hard-riding Haig of the cavalry corps, it would be doubtful if such a successful climax would have come to the British effort.

When the war was practically over and the Boer Commandos split into guerilla bands, it was Douglas Haig who followed many a detachment with his able cavalrymen. One of these Boers — Kritzinger by name — eluded and outwitted the gallant Douglas for some time, but finally he was driven into the Bavian's Kloof Mountains, and here was so harassed that he was no longer a factor in the war.

The close of this mighty campaign found the hard-hitting cavalry leader quite fit for any duty, and certainly quite delighted when General French cited him for bravery in action, and said: "Of all my many cavalrymen, not one is so steadfast in duty, so willing, and so modest, as Douglas Haig. May he serve the King for many and many a year."

In 1901–1902 Sir Douglas was Lieutenant Colonel commanding the 17th Lancers, and has subsequently served as follows: Inspector General of Cavalry in India, 1903–1906; Major General, 1904; Lieutenant General, 1910; General, 1914; Field Marshal, 1917; Director Military Transport, 1906–1907; Director Staff Duties, Army Headquarters, 1907–1909; Chief of

Staff in India, 1909–1912; General Officer commanding at Aldershot, 1912–1914; commanding 1st British Army, 1914–1915; served to the close of the European war, 1914–1918.

As a matter of fact, very little is known of Sir Douglas Haig. Ask any man in London about the leader of the British Armies, and he will say: "Why, he is a great soldier." Press him still further and inquire upon what he bases these remarks, and he will add: "The fact is, my friend, I really do not know anything else about this general. He is a fine man,— that is certain."

Now, there's a reason for all of this, and a good one, too, for the great soldier shuns the spotlight and will not talk to the newspaper brigade. He is the personification of personal modesty — he has a deep-seated aversion to being advertised in public prints. He is the typical Britisher: calm, imperturbable, modest, retiring. "He has no side," as they say at Oxford, yet no man has been through more, or has seen more than this grim man of the camp and battlefield. He was the leader of the British troops which rode to the relief of Kimberly; he commanded the sullen, shot-torn legions at the heroic retreat from Mons, and he looked imperturbably on as the shattered Canadian and British lines stemmed the German advance at Ypres.

The Commander-in-Chief's cavalry training sticks out all over him. He stands with an easy and graceful carriage, and walks with a rangy, swinging stride, so common to men who are a great deal in the saddle. In younger days he was fond of riding to hounds, and, even now, he takes a gallop every day. He does not motor save to reach some distant place in short time, and he tries to keep physically fit.

A correspondent says of him that of all the Allied Chieftains in the war, the Commander-in-Chief of the British army is the best groomed and the most soldierly-looking of the lot. He is smarter and more alert than Nivelle and has not the paternal appearance of Marshal, or "Papa," Joffre. Amid all the fearful burden of the fighting, he seems always to be cheerful, optimistic, unruffled and calm. Like Foch, he has learned to smile when things look blackest, and, like the French leader, he is an optimist and not a pessimist.

Sir Douglas Haig is known as "Lucky Haig," for, in the South African war, he had so many narrow escapes from death that he well deserves this title. But he might also be called "Haig the Prophet," for, more than twenty years ago, he visited Germany, saw the vast preparation which the Kaiser was making for war, and wrote many letters home to brother officers urging preparedness. "We will eventually have to fight the Germans," he said, "and then we, too, should be ready."

Like the appeals of Lord Roberts, these remarks were passed by unheeded by the vast majority of the British people; for they felt secure against invasion, protected by their forty miles of war-ships, and — not fearing the submarine menace to their merchant marine — went on upon their ways of trade and commerce, with little thought of the cataclysm which was at hand.

The Englishman had the correct view. Had England but listened to his ideas, when the Germans burst through Belgium and swept over France, the Empire would have had more than a standing army of 90,000 to impede their progress. There would have been no delay in training and conscripting a vast force, and the cohorts of the Kaiser would have been thrown back, some time before they were forced, by armed might, to retire. What the Kaiser called *" the contemptible little English army "* was formed of seven divisions, of which Haig commanded the first — including much of the cavalry.

Before leaving England every soldier had received from the King the following message:

" You are leaving home to fight for the safety and honor of my Empire. Belgium, whose country we are pledged to defend, has been attacked, and France is about to be invaded by the same powerful foe.

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

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

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

Still further, each man-of-arms was given this advice by Lord Kitchener: " Be invariably courteous, considerate, kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted. Keep consistently upon your guard against any excesses. Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honor the King."

Noble words these and advice well taken by the British cohorts. Throughout the war the soldiers fought a clean fight; fought without looting, without disturbing the peaceful peasants, without murder and brutality to quiet non-combatants.

England had entered the fray in order to protect the neutrality of Belgium, a little country which, in 1831–1832 and 1839, had become by treaty between France, Prussia and Great Britain "an independent and perfectly neutral state." Great Britain had promised that, in case the soil of Belgium was invaded by either a French or a Prussian army, she would coöperate with the power which had not violated the territory of this little state, for its defense.

Now, the Prussian army had invaded this state, had scoffed at the treaty as being "but a scrap of paper," and, to the exhortation of the King of Belgium to the effect: "I make a supreme appeal to the diplomatic intervention of your Majesty's Government to safeguard the integrity of Belgium," the British people had sent over their standing army, "that contemptible, little British army," with Sir Douglas Haig in command of the first division.

The German Chancellor, speaking in the Reichstag on August 4th, had said "Gentlemen, we are in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxembourg, and perhaps are already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, this is contrary to the dictates of International Law. Anybody who is threatened, as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possession, can only have one thought — how he is to hack his way through."

Advancing to meet the Germans, the English came in contact with the exultant troops at Mons. But the Germans had too many men for them, and, continually enveloping and threatening the left flank, forced the hard-fighting, "but contemptible," little British army to withdraw. Haig's division had a fearful baptism of fire but came off in good order, with the loss of hundreds of men.

The Germans passed onward, and, in an attempt to get to the sea, struggled again at Ypres for mastery of the English line. It was of no avail. Under the mighty Teutonic assault, the lines shook, but held, and Sir Douglas Haig, with the First Division, manned a bloody breach with such indomitable pluck that they came to be called "The Iron Brigade."

At this time came an event which marked Sir Douglas Haig as a warrior and a hard rider, equal in ability to turn a defeat into victory to "Phil" Sheridan of Winchester fame.

For a whole day a terrible battle had waged and the Germans had been raining shells upon the British position. From out the fierce barrage the Prussian guard arose and stormed the English lines. So furious was their onslaught that they broke through the British front and small parties of troops in khaki were in retreat. It looked like a fearful rout for the English troops; and word was brought to the rear of this state of affairs.

At the moment — when all seemed to be lost — down the road came Sir Douglas Haig, galloping hard and surrounded by his own Seventeenth Lancers. He was as neat as a pin; as well turned out as upon a peace parade, while shells screamed by overhead and dead and dying lay on every side. Reining in, he scanned the wavering line with cool and fearless gaze, and pointed to the enemy, " Do not let them pass! " he said. The Germans found a new spirit before them. The men in the blood-stained khaki fought with a courage which was invincible, and so enthused had they been by their commander's words that the retreat became an advance. Haig and his message had saved the day.

I have said that he is called " Lucky Haig " and you can see that this epithet is well applied, for, a few days after this ride of death, a shell exploded in the midst of his quarters. Nearly every staff officer was either killed or maimed, and as for Haig he was out upon a tour of inspection at the time, so he, of course, escaped.

After the battle of Ypres, the Germans dug in and so did the English. There came a fierce three years' struggle for supremacy, which at length has ended with the British troops pressing the Germans back all along their line from Holland to Valenciennes, and in possession of Mons, where they first met the Germans. Sir Douglas Haig was appointed commander of the British forces after the retirement of Sir John French. It was the logical climax of a military life, well spent and well ordered.

The conduct of the war by the new leader of the British armies has given apparent satisfaction to the

English nation. He believed in continued hammering, or, in wearing down the Germans by constantly pounding their line, and, you see the result! The giant English army nibbled at and harrassed the Germans so persistently that eventually they were forced into a great retreat, which would have ended in a rout had not an armistice been signed.

The war has been hard work and the Commander-in-Chief has been the soul of systematic labor. Every morning at nine o'clock he has been at his desk, and from then on until the luncheon hour has been in conference with his various lieutenants and assistants. Many miles behind the front, he has been bound to every part of his line by telephone and telegraph. He has known what has been going on in every sector, and he has planned, schemed, and devised the means for victory.

In olden days the leader of an army was right among his men; he fought in their midst. Not so to-day. Where King John and Bayard were shoulder to shoulder and horse to horse with their followers, a present-day general is about twenty to twenty-five miles in the rear of the line. When a modern gun can shoot and kill at twenty-five miles it is rather important that the general should be to the rear, that is unless he is not thought much of and is expected to allow himself to be shot.

So the only time that you would see Sir Douglas Haig with, or near, any of his troops, would be in the afternoon. Promptly at four o'clock his horse would be brought to his headquarters and he would be off for a gallop down the hard French roads. As the trim-looking Britisher would ride by there would be many a cheer for the hero of Ypres. Fresh-cheeked, blue-eyed, trim and well-groomed, a view of this galloping chieftain was a sight for the gods.

At night you would find him bending over a map at headquarters; carefully studying the situation and marking with needles where there had been an attack or a retreat, the explosion of a mine, or a wave of poison gas. Then to bed would go the British leader, who commanded more men than had ever before been gathered together under the British flag. We trust that his dreams have been peaceful, yet we know that he must often have tossed and turned beneath the weight of the great responsibility which he carried.

Cheery, kindly, neat and sportsmanlike, the leader of the British armies is every inch a gentleman; and when you look at his picture, I know that you will be delighted to see that the vast armies of defense of the violated territory of Belgium have been led by such a clean and intelligent warrior as Sir Douglas Haig.

Here's long life and happiness to you, brave and loyal soldier! And may you have a far more auspicious fate than that which befell your august predecessor, Kitchener of Khartoum!

AT THE BATTLE OF YPRES

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

'Twas the second day at Ypres, and the shells were
raining fast;
The Huns were fighting fiercely and their levies here
were vast.
With gasses and explosives they had found and struck
our lines,
And our dead were lying all around in the craters of
the mines.

The cooks and helpers in the rear had been called up to
the front,
Each held a spitting rifle, they made their pieces grunt.
You could hear recoils a-rattling, you could see the
" Johnsons " fall,
As the gray-clad Hunnish warriors came on beneath
the pall.

They had blood upon their bayonets; they had murder
in their eyes;
And Von Hindenburg was near them, with his crowd of
belted spies.
The cruel, brutal leader shot out his flabby chin,
And cried " Fur Deutschland, Kinder! Mit bayonets,
durch und in! "

Drugged with blood and powder, filled with hate and
lust,
The followers of Attila rushed on in mud and dust.

With notches in their bayonets; with dum-dums in their guns,
They yelled out songs of victory to the King of all the Huns.

"We are the salt of all the earth, our kultur is the best!
We'll carry it to England and harbor it at Brest!
Our might is right! We kill and burn to show our foes the way
To be a kultured gentleman in Berlin and Munich gay!"

Egad! They rushed tumultuously. Just hundred millions came;
When one went down another rose to meet the sheeted flame.
They reached the stout barbed wire, it snapped and let them through,
And the blooming, yelping Dutchmen, were mixed up with our crew.

But just then something happened. I heard cheering in the rear.
And looking out behind me, saw some horsemen drawing near.
Way out in front was Haig, sir, a-sitting stiff and straight;
His arm a-pointing forward, and his eyes were twinkling hate.

He looked just like a dandy. Just fixed for dress parade;

And his hat was in his hand, sir, one hand on pommel laid.
He cried out: "Stop them! Comrades! Don't let the beggars through!
What will they think in England? What will they think of you?"

The line was breaking badly. But the men seemed stirred with fire.
They parried and they struck again, then rushed up to the wire.
The Huns were swarming onward, a victory maddened pack,
But the men of England held them and sent them reeling back.

So give three cheers for General Haig, he's the man who led us on,
When all seemed lost at Ypres, and our front had almost gone.
He's a gentleman and scholar, a soldier tried and true,
The man who kept the German horde at Ypres from breaking through!

JUST AN UNKNOWN PRIVATE

I'm just an unknown private
And I fight for thirty per,
I'm just an unknown private
And I feel like a whipped cur,
I cannot turn around my head,
Lest some one says, "Look straight!"
I cannot want to go ahead,
Lest some one says: "You wait!"

I'm truly patriotic,
I really love to fight,
If only they would let me loose,
And let me do it right;
But the Sergeant he won't let me go,
And the Corporal, he says, "Hi!"
Whene'er I want to go away! —
I just as well might die!

I'd like to have something to eat,
That is — something which is food;
I've had a quantity of grub,
But none of it is good.
There's been cinders in the coffee,
And roaches in the bread.
A bee once flew from out the pie
And stung me in the head.

I'm just an unknown private;
But I'd like to ride a horse;

I only wish that I could see
  My way to fame — of course,
I'd like to be a General,
  Pull wires in the rear,
Sleep in a real, true bedroom,
  And sup with bottled beer.

But I'm just a bloomin' private,
  No one cares for me,
I'm ordered here, I'm ordered there,
  I'm treated like a tree,
I'm kicked out in the mud and mire,
  I'm told to "gee" and "haw,"
And the language of our officers
  Is sometimes awful raw.

And no one loves a private,
  No one cares for us,
We handle all the dirty work,
  And all we hear is — cuss!
We sure do all the fighting,
  And we sure bear all the blows,
But no one cares for privates
  E'en if we die in rows.

Oh, some day I'll be free again!
  Give me a bed of down,
My! My! a real cup of coffee,
  Oat-meal with sugar strewn,

A forty-foot cigar — you bet —
A beach where sodas lurk,
And then I will not care a rap
If I've done all the work!

JOHN J. PERSHING

COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

JOHN J. PERSHING

COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

WHEN the United States entered the great world war it did so from purely chivalrous motives. England and France had borne the brunt of furious fighting for four years and their armies had lost their snap, or "pep." As a matter of fact, upon the western front the situation was about that which one calls "stalemate" in chess: neither side, Germans or Allies, could move either way. They were locked in each other's embraces in a deathly, vice-like grip.

It was for the soldiers of the United States to turn the balance in favor of the Allies, and this they were intent upon because it became evident to all that it required more men than either France or England could muster to make a "clean up" and to push the German hordes back upon their own soil. The United States army was, therefore, utilized as a third team, put into the scrimmage when the game between the other two teams was about over. Fresh men can always beat an exhausted eleven, and so the United States Army, full of élan, well equipped, eager to do or to die, turned the balance in favor of the Allies and helped very materially to win the day.

To command the American troops was selected General John Joseph Pershing, familiarly known as " Black Jack," who was the son of a section foreman on one of the western roads. His only advantageous heritage was that of a sound and healthy body. Handicapped by poverty and lack of early opportunity, he created a career by sheer force of personality and will power.

When a small boy the General determined that he wanted to lead the life of a soldier and he hoped to attain this ambition. Born in the Middle West, at La Clede, Missouri, quite naturally his schooling there was simple and rudimentary, as the facilities for education were meager, and he began to think that he could never be a fighting man. Young Pershing, however, learned enough to secure his admission to the Normal School at Kirksville, where, in order to support himself, he taught a class of negroes. He instructed these young charges with all the pains and the patience that he was to use later in the instruction of the cadets at West Point.

Just at this time the Attorneys were having a great deal of business in the Middle West, so the youthful teacher decided that he wanted to follow in the steps of Abraham Lincoln and become a member of the learned profession of the law. But there was an opportunity offered for attaining a cadetship at West Point, and, after taking the competitive examination, young Pershing found himself chosen to learn the profession to which he had always aspired — when not contemplating a legal career. The Missouri teacher and son of a section-hand boss now found himself a *plebe* at West Point.

In the bracing air of the Hudson River, the energetic

Pershing learned how to be a soldier and how to do "squads right." He also learned that physical fitness was an excellent thing to have, so that in after years the now famous General has always taken particular pains to keep himself in good condition. He has been a great horse-back rider, a good fencer, and keen shot and sportsman. He first was taught how to lead the athletic life at Uncle Sam's great military preparatory school.

Graduating in 1886, our newly-fledged Lieutenant Pershing was sent out West where the wild Geronimo, the bloodthirsty Apache Chief, was murdering the peaceful settlers of Arizona and New Mexico. This arrogant savage was followed across the Mexican border and was chased for miles, until he was finally surrounded and captured in the mountains. It was the same ground over which Francisco Villa was to operate, with his Mexican bandits, against the United States in 1916.

In this campaign the young and ardent lieutenant received his first distinction. He was highly complimented by General Miles for marching his troop, with its pack train, one hundred and forty-six miles in forty-six hours, and for bringing in every man and every pack animal in good condition. The same interest which he then displayed for the welfare of his men he now displays for the welfare of the great army under his command.

Young Pershing was kept out on the plains and had a great deal of experience with the redskins, both peaceful and war-like. In 1896, the Zuni Indians became obstreperous and had considerable trouble with the settlers in the neighborhood of their reservation. Pershing happened to be near at the time, and when he learned that some cowboys had been imprisoned by the redskins, he hastened to their rescue. The Zunis had decided to torture their prisoners and to have a good time while they were doing it, but Lieutenant Pershing had arrived just in time. The cowboys were rescued before the Indians had an opportunity to vent their wrath upon the poor fellows.

This incident was brought to the attention of the Lieutenant's superior officer, General Carr, who immediately recommended him to the Secretary of War, as an officer "high in his discretionary powers." Yet the ambitious soldier was not jumped forward to a Captaincy at this time. He had to win his way by slow and gradual stages, and by still harder work.

The life of the now prominent General was practically without incident until the time of the Spanish war in 1898. At this time he was Captain of the 9th Cavalry, and was sent immediately to Cuba in order to engage in the Santiago campaign. He was at the battles of San Juan and of Santiago, where he showed such bravery under fire that he was recommended for the brevet-commission of Colonel "for personal gallantry, untiring energy, and faithfulness." Returning to the United States shortly after the surrender of the Spaniards, he was immediately dispatched to the Philippine Islands in order to subdue the war-like and vindictive Moros, a tribe which the Spaniards had not conquered in three hundred years.

That Pershing conducted himself well is known to all. The Moro was beaten into taking up "the white man's burden," and yet when subjugated they were treated with such kindness and fairness by the great white chieftain that he was made an hereditary ruler with royal rank and power of life and death over the natives. This title was bestowed upon him by the Sultan of Oato, who also presented him with his son, a boy eighteen years of age. But the United States Government made him Governor of the Islands, and we now find him busied in attempting to conciliate these people whom Spain could never control.

The Moros were treated with tact, firmness, and fairness. In spite of all of his kindness, Captain Pershing would wage unrelenting warfare against the islanders whenever they rebelled. His soldiers would chase them through jungles and fever-stricken swamps and would allow them no rest, whenever their hearts turned bad against the whites. Yet, when they were made to behave, no one treated them with more gentleness or consideration than did the future leader of the American army in France. Governor Pershing learned the native language and also the traditions and customs of this island people. He heard their grievances, their needs, and their various troubles. In time the Moros appreciated that here was not an enemy but a friend, and they changed their vindictive hatred of the white invader to friendliness.

The Governor of these fierce tribesmen conducted himself in such an able fashion that his merit was recognized by President Theodore Roosevelt. In 1903 Congress was asked to enact legislation which would allow a promotion of Captain Pershing to a higher rank, without jumping him to the position of Brigadier General. But Congress would not and did not act, so the energetic Roosevelt jumped the Governor to the Moros over the heads of eight hundred and sixty-two officers of grades senior to his, which was the longest jump in the history of army promotions.

Because of his excellent conduct in the Moro campaign, the hard-working soldier had thus received unsolicited promotion, but in addition to this he bears the unique distinction of being the only army officer complimented by name in the President's message to Congress. Of course this compliment was paid him because of his excellent conduct of the Moro campaign.

But other compliments were handed him, for, when war broke out between Russia and Japan, he was selected as the military observer for the United States, and still later, when chaos reigned in Mexico, Pershing was asked to control the vast United States army collected upon the border, and later was ordered to head a punitive expedition which penetrated Mexican territory. The expedition was successful in that it had the desired effect: it put a stop to disorder in Northern Mexico, and although living in an unfertile and arid land, the General succeeded in bringing out his army with but few deaths from disease and the missiles of snipers.

Although seldom heard of before, the name of Pershing was now upon every tongue, and he was one of the best known soldiers in the United States. The newspapers rang with the name of the leader of the Mexican Expedition. The moving pictures showed numerous

JOHN J. PERSHING

scenes in Mexico and on the border, in which the erect, gray-haired general was to the front, and the paragraph writers spoke now of Pershing and not of Funston, the capturer of Aguinaldo, who had recently died of heart failure.

The Mexican problem was now practically settled, the punitive expedition was withdrawn, and the army once again marked time on the border, while the fearful European war turned the once peaceful soil of France into a veritable quagmire of blood. By diplomacy and evasion, President Wilson endeavored to keep the United States out of war, but it was of no avail. The gods willed it that the German people would go stark, staring mad; would disregard all laws of civilized warfare, and would drag the United States into the conflict by sheer barbarity and lack of decency for civilized conduct.

When Congress had admitted that a state of war existed with the German Government, troops were immediately dispatched to Paris, and from thence to the front. With them, as Commander, went Pershing. Stern, square-jawed, erect, soldierly-looking, he was a splendid and fitting example of the perfect military man produced by the West Point Military Academy.

When asked to make an address, he told the French, that, as the representative of a Government which liked to see things done in a business-like manner, he was there to help to win the war as speedily as possible. And, still later, he made the remark:

"Lafayette, we are here!"

He meant by this that the debt which the United States owed to France because of the assistance given the struggling colonies by Lafayette and Rochambeau in 1775–1776 was now to be repaid, and right glad was the United States to repay that debt tenfold. For when Uncle Sam was in knee-breeches, the French had helped the poor boy who was being spanked by his big brother, Great Britain. Now, the little boy had grown to be a very powerful man and the rich and prosperous old fellow was all ready to help out those who had given him assistance when he was poor and weak. A fine speech, General Pershing, was that you made, and all people are grateful to you for expressing the chivalrous sentiments of the vast majority of those who live in the United States.

The soldiers of America made a good impression. They are lean, spare young men, all athletic and quick-thinking. Received with tremendous enthusiasm by the French, they were soon able to show what stuff they were made of on the battlefield, and went forward with such superb courage and élan, that a French General said that the only fault he had to find with the Americans was they were too brave and exposed themselves with a too great recklessness and dare-deviltry.

As for the victories at Château-Thierry, Verdun, and the capture of the St. Mihiel Salient with ten thousand German prisoners, we cannot say that it was Pershing himself who did this, no — it was the United States soldiers who did it. Yet they were well directed by their keen-eyed General, and all acknowledge that he has well represented the country which dispatched him to the scene of conflict. As for his men, they fought with a superb courage and heroism.

Inheriting a love for sport from their English forebears, the Americans are naturally an athletic race. Fighting a battle is like playing a game of foot-ball, and it is thus natural that the United States soldiers took to fighting with a zest that was unusual. The Germans, on the other hand, are not a sport-loving people, their interest in athletics being mainly directed to gymnastic exercises. In all of Germany there are no inter-city games of any variety, or any indulgence in sport for sport's sake as in the United States and in England. The Germans have been made to become soldiers, and all of their youthful activity which American and English boys put into sport is utilized by them in drill and military exercise. The Kaiser and his advisers made a race of docile soldiers and not a race of sportsmen.

General Pershing is a splendid rider and has always excelled as a cavalryman. He is also a good shot and is fond of bird shooting. Like all Americans, he has a keen sense of humor and delights in a good joke, even at his own expense. No one played more practical jokes than he did when at West Point, and he has never lost his delight in the comic side of life. There is a keen twinkle in his clear eye which denotes the man of humor, and no one can laugh with more gusto than can this leader of the greatest army which Uncle Sam has ever put into the field.

When his massive army of American troops arrived near the firing-line in France there was a crisis in the German offensive, so, upon March the 28th, General Pershing placed at the disposal of Marshal Foch, who had been agreed upon as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies, all of the forces of the United States, to be used by him as he might decide. The first American division was, therefore, transferred from the Toul sector to a position in reserve at Chaumont en Vexin. Ten American divisions were sent to the British army area, where they were trained and equipped.

On April 26th the 1st Division went into the firing line on the Montdidier sector on the Picardy battlefront. The Americans, confident of their training, were eager for a brush with the Germans. On the morning of May the 26th this division attacked the commanding German position, in front, taking the town of Cantigny with splendid dash and spirit. Here they held firmly against the Prussian artillery. This brilliant action had an electrical effect upon the Allies, for it demonstrated the excellent fighting qualities of the Yanks, and it showed that the vaunted Prussian troops were not invincible.

After this battle the Germans made a mighty thrust at Paris, which was their last and most strenuous effort to reach the goal of their ambition. Aiming at Château-Thierry, division after division was hurled upon the French lines which stood in the path of the German invasion.

Every available man was placed at Marshal Foch's disposal, and the 3d American Division, which had just come from their preliminary training in the trenches, was hurried to the Marne River. Its machine-gun battalions preceded the other units, and, starting for the firing line, were soon in active engagement with

JAMES G. HARBOARD

the oncoming German divisions. Opposite Château-Thierry these troops successfully held the bridge-head, inflicting terrible slaughter upon the Prussian host.

The brunt of the fighting, during the early part of this affair, was done by the Brigade of U. S. Marines, commanded by Major General James G. Harboard, U. S. A., under whom — as regimental commanders — were Colonels Neville and Catlin. The Major-General commanding was appointed Assistant Chief of Staff in France, May 15th, 1917, and had a fine record as a soldier, from the time that he had graduated from the Infantry and Cavalry school in 1895, to the present moment. He had served in the Spanish War with distinction and, although a volunteer, had been mustered out and appointed a 1st Lieutenant of the 10th U. S. cavalry, July 1st, 1898. He had served as Assistant Chief of the Philippine Constabulary, with the rank of Colonel from August 18th, 1903, to January 1st, 1914. He was to receive the Legion of Honor for his gallant defense of Château-Thierry.

Colonels Catlin and Neville had both graduated in the same class at the U. S. Naval Academy — that of 1886 — and had both had varied service under the Stars and Stripes. The former, now a Brigadier General, had commanded the Marine guard of the *Maine,* when blown up in Havana harbor, prior to the Spanish-American war. He had swum ashore and had been promoted to be Captain, shortly afterwards. He had served in the army of occupation in Cuba, had received a Medal of Honor for gallant conduct — under fire — at Vera Cruz in April, 1914, had been sent to France in charge of the 6th Regiment of Marines, and, when directing the advance of the fighting men of the sea, was badly wounded, on June 6th, 1917.

Colonel Neville — now a Brigadier General — had been appointed a 1st Lieutenant in the Marine Corps, July 1st, 1892, had served in the marine battalion in Cuba, and, on June 13th, 1898, had been appointed Captain by Brevet, for conspicuous conduct at the battle of Guantanamo, Cuba. He had served in China, during the Boxer rebellion, had been made a Major, December 9th, 1904; was in the Cuban army of occupation in 1906, was in charge of a brigade of Marines in Panama, in 1910, was a Lieutenant-Colonel at the battle of Vera Cruz in April, 1914, and had been given a Medal of Honor for conspicuous courage at this Mexican affair, April 21st, 1914. For two years he had been in charge of the American Legation Guard in China, and from that country he had been sent to France in December, 1917, where he was placed in command of the 5th Regiment of Marines. For his gallant and meritorious services to France he was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government.

As the Marine Brigade was the first to strike the enemy in this portentous battle, and, as it suffered most heavily in losses, I will therefore devote myself to a description of the attack, based on the very excellent letter of Major Frank E. Evans to Major General George Barnett, Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps. This is in no way to detract from the honor due the entire American fighting force in this sector, for all should be lauded for their daring and determination;

a determination which seemed to be inspired by the spirit of the old crusaders, and which has fortunately ended in a victory for the Allied arms.

The Marines had never before faced such odds, nor had they been confronted with such a crisis, for, were the Germans not stopped, they would soon be in Paris, and it would be dark for the Allied cause. All the officers and men felt this, and determined to give a good account of themselves. They left their camions near Paris to march to the sound of the guns. On the way to the front farm-wagons lumbered along with chickens and geese swung beneath in coops, filled with what the retreating farmers could gather together, within, and by their sides walked cattle driven by boys of nine or ten years of age. The mothers of these children crept along — weeping bitterly at the change of fortune which had forced them to leave their happy homes — while little tots trotted past near their mother's skirts. As the Marines advanced, the horror of war became engraved in their very souls, their eyes seemed to burn with a crusading fire, and, as an old lady with snow-white hair came to view, seated like a *noblesse* upon the top of piled-up boxes and mattresses, in the best farm-cart, a mighty shout went up for, "The Grand Duchess, may she again be living in her devastated home." The town of Meaux was crowded with refugees; everywhere was confusion, disorder, retreat; the flotsam and jetsam of war before the descendants of Attila the Hun.

The road was a living mass of men, women, children, soldiers, horses, teams, bales, boxes — confusion.

French dragoons trotted by with their lances at rest with officers as trim as if they had just left the barracks; trains of ambulances lumbered past, guns of all sizes — from the 75's to the 210's — cars carrying staff officers whizzed by in a trail of saffron-colored dust, which coated men, wagons, horses, with a gray pall of mummified dirt.

Late in the evening the Marine Brigade swept to the right, defiled from the road in the direction of the river Marne, and bivouacked on the roadside or in the fields. They were seven kilometers back of where they were to advance into line of battle, and, although orders were found to go into action that evening, the men were so sadly in need of rest that it was decided to camp for the night. The French then determined to let the Americans see what it was to fight the Boche next afternoon. The Poilus were hard pressed in front and they needed assistance badly; numbers of fugitives streamed to the rear, crying out: "Look out, Yanks, the Boche can fight like wild men! Look out, Yanks. You will get it in the morning!"

It was the first day of June, there was death and fire in the valley of the slow-winding river Marne; French videttes came into camp saying that the Boche had fought them with machine guns and hand grenades — they were advancing with great élan and courage, and that their best troops — the Prussian Guard — were in front. On the following day the French began to retreat, tired out with incessant fighting and greatly outnumbered, and that afternoon — by a prearranged plan — they dropped back, passed through the line of the Americans, and thus made the Marines the front line. On the right were the French. With one company, only, as a regimental reserve, the Soldiers of the Sea awaited the battle with calm determination.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the Germans attacked in force. Across a field which looked as flat and green as a base-ball diamond they came swinging on, in two thin gray columns. Shoulder to shoulder, rank on rank, in silence and without confusion, the Kaiser's men faced a withering fire from machine-guns and rifles of the Americans and French. Overhead burst thin clouds from shrapnel,— the gunners did not seem to have the proper range — then they found it, and great gaps began to appear in the gray lines. It looked as if great patches of white daisies had begun to grow upon the green fields where those bull-doggish columns were moving. The white patches from the bursting shrapnel would roll away, and great holes could be seen in the gray masses of Germans. A hail of rifle-fire was being poured into them — no human beings could ever withstand such a rain of shot and shell. The columns staggered — stood still — *ha!* They broke! *Hurray!* they were retreating.

An aeroplane was hovering in the air, watching the battle from a safe distance, and, when the French and American gunners got the range of the Hun lines, the operator signaled down "Bravo." As the Boche broke cover and ran to the woods for protection, they could be followed by ripples in the green wheat through which they coursed in their flight. Once in the woods they hurried from view — a mighty shout went up from the thirsty throats of the Marines — first blood had been in favor of the men from over the sea, and, as the cheer welled over the wheat, a thrush caroled a song from a linden tree.

The French crowded around in order to congratulate the Americans, for, that men should fire deliberately and use their sights to adjust the range, was beyond their experience. The rifle-fire had had a telling effect upon the Germans, for it was something that they had not counted on. They had steadily pushed back the weakened French — they expected to get to Paris — when they had run into this stone-wall defense. When they attacked, the Germans did not know that the Americans were in the front line, and they were astonished at the way in which the defense had stiffened up; they realized that their days of triumphant progress were to be no more.

It was only the beginning — the real fire-works broke on the sixth day of June — when it was decided to make a general advance upon the front of the entire Brigade, in order to recover territory and straighten out the lines. The 23d Infantry had been brought up to reinforce the Marines, and these fresh troops had been placed upon the right flank. In front of the eager troops was the Bois de Belleau (Wood of Belleau), and the little village of Bouresches. It was determined to attack at 5 P. M. which would seem to be late in most countries, but, owing to the long twilight in France, this was an excellent moment to advance. The artillery preparation was short, and, before the Yanks pressed forward, one of the platoons of the machine-gun company laid down a barrage. When all was ready, the men leaped from their trenches and went over the top.

The woods were fairly alive with machine-guns, and, as the boys rushed forward, these spat a deadly fire into their ranks. . On the left, the Germans fought stubbornly, doggedly; they mowed down many a youthful and energetic American, yet, about 9 P. M., or after four hours of the struggle — a runner came in with word that the left had advanced as far as the right, and that the worst machine-gun nests were surrounded upon a rocky plateau. Word was also brought in that Colonel Catlin had been wounded, and one Marine officer ejaculated:

"Too bad! Too bad! The bottom of the war has dropped out!"

The Colonel was standing up in a machine-gun pit with his glasses raised when a sniper drilled him clean through the right of his chest. He fell, was carried to the rear, and moved back to a dressing station. As Captain Laspierre went over to report to Captain Feland, a shell burst near him and he was shocked and gassed. Thus two marine officers were done away with in a few moments. The removal of Catlin was a great loss, as he was a man familiar with all that had to be done, had a complete grasp of military situations, and was looked up to by both officers and men.

The fighting now was furious, and, as shells exploded above the dark woodland, both Germans and Americans grappled with each other in a deadly embrace. As darkness began to fall, word came to Marine Headquarters that the village of Bouresches had been captured; that the Americans — racing through a terrific barrage

— had entered the streets, where, after desperate street fighting, they had driven off the tenacious Germans. Prisoners began to stream back of the lines — grinning — as if delighted to be taken, and, with their hands in the air, murmured: "Kamerad! Kamerad!" As darkness fell, the fire from spitting guns reddened the skies, and dull roaring came from the exploding shells.

Meanwhile, spitting telephone and telegraph wires sent back word of what the American boys were doing, and, far to the rear, the anxious Parisians, learning of the smashing advance by our men, shrugged their shoulders, smiled — even laughed — saying to each other: "Voila! What did I tell you of these Americans. They are true fighters. The aid which we gave them with Lafayette will now be doubly repaid." And far, far, away, in the fresh, new land of America, the newsboys called the EXTRAS, and the eager purchasers read how the Marines were stemming the torrent at Belleau Wood. Men and women gathered in crowds — silently read the news, with drawn faces, anxiously awaiting the still later dispatches, including the casualty list.

The fighting went on next day, and dawn saw American and German in another furious embrace. Machine-guns spat, shrapnel screeched, big guns boomed, but on, on went the Yanks, on, on, right through the hail of lead and over the German trenches. So fierce was the attack that the Soldiers of the Sea lost nearly their entire force — of eight thousand engaged, all but two thousand were either killed, captured, or wounded. Prisoners streamed through the French and American lines.

One Marine officer, Timberman, charged a machine-gun nest at the point of the bayonet and sent in seventeen prisoners. Meanwhile, word came back to send up ammunition, so a truck raced down the road for Bouresches, guided by Lieutenant W. B. Moore — the Captain of the Princeton track team, and half-back of the foot-ball eleven. A fierce counter attack upon the town was repelled, and, as the Boche sullenly retired in the direction of Germany, they were greeted by victorious cheering from those who had survived this holocaust.

The Americans had captured Belleau Wood, Château-Thierry, and the smoking village of Bouresches. Grimly they watched the puffing lines of German fire, and grimly they took account of their many wounded, while struggling onward came the great guns to shell the Boche earthworks; and Pershing, far in the rear, yet vigilant, aggressive, confident that his boys would live up to their reputations of dare-devilish fighters, received the warm congratulations of the French. His boys had well sustained the athletic supremacy which they had always won for the old flag in athletic contests at the Olympic games. They had shown themselves to be as competent to wage war as they had been to run the quarter mile.

The Boche had had the fight knocked out of him and he admitted it. The artillery had simply pulverized the German earthworks and stone defenses. The last draft of prisoners taken had been cut off from supplies for three days by the incessant and rapid fire of the Yankee gunners. The prisoners varied in size: some being fine big chaps — apparently retired farmers — but others being undersized and weak-looking, many of them very young.

At first the Germans thought that they were opposed by Canadians, but this illusion was dispelled, the last lot of captives saying that they knew the Americans to have about seven hundred thousand men, and that they did not wish to fight them, for the Yanks gave them no rest, and their artillery punished them terribly. Many diaries were taken from both the dead and living, and these started off with "Gott Mit Uns," and boasted of what the Germans were going to do to the Americans. Then they proceeded to tell of lying in the woods under a hell of steel, and they spoke of the big, brave Americans who seemed to know no fear. The papers would usually end with the statements that they knew themselves to be defeated, for, with the vast horde of fresh Americans in the line, it would be impossible for them to keep up their drive.

As the Germans indulged in gloomy forebodings of coming disaster one Yankee officer tipped this message to the rear:

"The chickens have arrived and they are all scratching."

Not only were they scratching, but the cocks were soon to be all crowing. The five days of fighting had resulted in the capture of the village of Barzy-le-Sac by the First Division, who also had gained the heights above Soissons. The Second Division took Beau Benaire farm and Viceizy, and, upon the second day of their advance, took Tigny. Both Divisions captured seven thousand prisoners and over one hundred pieces of artillery.

As the Prussians were being driven back in this sector, to the south — at St. Mihiel — combined French, English, and American land and air forces started another big drive. At 5 A. M. on September 12th, seven American Divisions advanced, assisted by a limited number of tanks, preceding this attack by four hours of artillery preparation.

As at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, the Americans here fought like demons. Preceded by groups of wire-cutters and other scouts, armed with bangalore torpedoes, they went through the successive bands of barbed-wire which protected the German front-line and supporting trenches in irresistible waves and on scheduled time. Half hidden by fog, the gallant Yanks quickly routed the enemy, already demoralized by the furious artillery fire. At the cost of only seven thousand casualties, mostly light, the Americans captured ten thousand prisoners, four hundred and forty-three guns, a great quantity of war material, and released the inhabitants of many villages from the grasp of the terrible invader. The battle-line was soon established in a position to threaten Metz.

General Pershing, in his official report, says that: "The signal success of the American First Army, in its first offensive, was of prime importance. The Allies found that they had a formidable army to aid them, and the enemy learned formally that he had one to reckon with."

In fact, the great victory at the St. Mihiel salient had prepared the way for the supreme effort of the Allies to win a conclusive victory. The American army moved forward at once to its greatest battle — the fight at the river Meuse.

This action began on the night of September 25th, when the Americans took the place of the wearied French on this long sector. The attack opened on September 26th, and the Americans drove through all the wire entanglements in their path, across No Man's Land, and took all of the enemy's front-line positions. They pushed steadily onward, and eastward. On November 6th, a Division of the 1st Corps reached a point on the Meuse opposite Sedan, the strategic goal for which the French Commander, General Foch, had aimed. Now, the Yanks had cut the main line of communications of the Kaiser's mighty forces, and nothing but an armistice or a surrender, could save the German army from complete disaster.

Forty German divisions had faced the overseas fighters in these battles near the river Meuse. Between September 26th and November 6th the Americans took twenty-six thousand and fifty-nine prisoners and four hundred and sixty-eight guns. They had put a final nail into the coffin of the Kaiser and his armies of would-be world conquerors by their aggressive advance.

And that General Pershing is appreciative of the valor of his noble " boys " may be seen from the following:

" I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardships, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal, and they have earned the eternal gratitude of their country."

So, General Pershing, we salute you! Chosen to command an army of honorable deliverers, who have been truthfully spoken of as Pershing's Crusaders, you have seen that your men fought fairly, conducted themselves cleanly, and have dealt with innocent non-combatants with chivalrous courtesy. Arriving in stricken France at the propitious moment, your troops, by their dash and spirit, have broken the back-bone of the invading Boche, have driven the Germans from Alsace and Lorraine, and are now policing this territory, once the property of France, and soon to be returned to its former owner, as is the wish of the French people, and the desire of many of the inhabitants of this border country.

Conducting yourself as a man of high moral and intellectual courage, you have set a splendid example for future officers to emulate, and you have brought both credit and distinction to the flag of the United States, which has never been unfurled in battle for an ignoble cause, and which will always, we trust, be the symbol of justice, equality, and fair dealing to all people, whether they be strong and prosperous, or weak and poverty-stricken.

PERSHING'S CRUSADERS

The eagle's tail was twitching,
  And the eagle's eyes shone fire
For the Kaiser's men had sunk a ship
  That roused his native ire.
The ship was filled with helpless babes,
  With women weak and frail,
The torpedo's beak had breached the keel
  That bore the Royal mail.

The eagle snapped its pointed bill,
  And screamed a cry of hate,
Which ran from Maine to Texas,
  From the Race to Golden Gate.
The eagle soared into the blue
  And cried: "My children, hear!
Ye must seize your sword of battle,
  For the day of wrath is near."

And the cry reëchoed 'cross the land
  And stirred the peaceful men,
Who toiled o'er desks and farmland,
  O'er vales and mountain glen.
It started from their slumbers
  The sons of North and South,
Who'd bared their breasts in ancient strife
  And dared the cannon's mouth.

"Rouse ye — O men of Dixie!"
  Cried the eagle from the sky,

" Rouse ye — O men of Oregon!
Of the Rocky Mountains high!
Rouse ye — O sons of Florida!
Of the Everglade's lagoon!
Come forth, O men of Iowa!
You'll all be needed soon!

" Come forth, ye men of Wall Street!
Ye sons of chance and gain,
Come forth, you mercenary souls!
For your own kin has been slain.
Beneath the deep Atlantic waves,
Your sons have sunk to sleep,
Struck by a foul, unlooked-for blow,
Unchallenged from the deep!

" Come forth from wide Nebraska's plains!
From Colorado's heights,
Come forth from Mississippi's vales!
Dakota's blazing lights,
Where forge and stamp-mill furnish gold,
Where sluice-box bars the stream,
In bold Alaska's rushing rills,
Where yellow pebbles gleam.

" Come now, O sturdy sons of toil!
To aid poor, bleeding France,
For on her soil the foe has come,
Has led a Devil's dance.
A wild debauch of butchery,
A fierce mêlée of blood.

Against her ancient cities has
  Been loosed the War-King's flood."

And the solemn tread of tramping feet
  Could be heard from sea to sea,
As the mighty hosts were gathered
  Which were pledged to make men free,
And the gray-green ships plied east and west,
  And the twinkling bar-lights gleamed,
While the hosts of freedom sped to France,
  Where the endless war-trains streamed.

No Richard Cœur de Lion was there
  With battle-axe and mail,
To lead these fresh crusaders through
  The belching, leaden hail,
No Knight in golden armor
  Was there to cheer them on,
As they marched forth into battle,—
  A silent, eager throng.

Instead, a square-jawed man of Fate,
  Who had seen the redskins quail,
Who had chased the grim Apaches
  Where the timber vermin wail,
Who had fought o'er fever-ridden swamps
  In distant tropic lands,
Who had supped with Igoroto Chiefs
  Where the bending palm-tree stands.

For these were new Crusaders:
  No crusade half so good

As that which Pershing led to France
  To stem the German flood.
For the eagle's sons had answered
  The call of France for aid,
And all the world will testify
  To the noble part they played.

HENRI P. PÉTAIN
DEFENDER OF VERDUN

HENRI P. PÉTAIN

DEFENDER OF VERDUN

TWO hundred thousand of the Kaiser's picked men lie in their last sleep at Verdun; a tribute to the valor of the French soldiers, who said: "They shall not pass." Over two hundred tons of copper have been aimed at Verdun — only to leave the fortress with the Tricolor floating over it. And above the fallen timber, the wrecked stone work, the broken and shattered windows, rises the name of the heroic defender, General Pétain.

This general, like Marshal Foch, was little known prior to the great war. If he had his way, he would be little known to-day, for like Foch and Haig — he shuns the limelight. When Ferdinand of Bulgaria decorated him for his lectures, he put his decoration into his pocket. He has persistently refused to be photographed since the war began, and, when urged to place his lectures at the École de Guerre into book form, he said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "What's the use?"

The battle of the Marne in the first German drive, had proved to the Germans that Paris could not be reached by that route, so to the Crown Prince was intrusted the task of attacking the French line at Verdun, of overwhelming it, and of piercing the defense. With the army under his command he hoped to press on to

Paris. His high hopes were not to be realized, for in the way stood those French who were not " degenerates," as the Germans were wont to call them prior to the great war.

The second battle opened with considerable success for the Prussian army, and, realizing that the French forces were not handled in the proper manner, General Joffre sent Pétain to command the line. From the very moment that he arrived, the most colossal effort of the Germans since the battle of the Marne was completely checked. Then, when victory was certain and Paris seemed to be secure, everyone began to ask: *" Who is this Pétain? "*

When the war broke out the defender of Verdun was but a Colonel of Infantry — the Thirty-third of Arras. He was known to be a silent man, who shunned both photographers and reviewers. To his soldiers he had often said: " My watchwords are patience, confidence, independence, persistence, energy, tact, speed, concentration. Utilize all of these and you cannot fail to hold your own with your opponent."

The general is an excellent horseman and can fence equally well with both hands. He has made it a point to always keep himself in perfect physical condition, and has endeavored to make himself a perfect officer. He has said that he has minutely studied over five hundred tactical and strategic encounters and that every officer —to be a good officer — should do likewise.

In lecturing to his men, Pétain would often remark: " A troop becomes invincible when prepared in advance to sacrifice itself, for it prepares, in advance, to make

HENRI P. PÉTAIN

the enemy pay the dearest possible price for its sacrifice." He also believes in speed and quickness upon the march. "The constant acceleration of speed is one of the laws of progress," he has often remarked. "If you have a horse, use it! Don't just sit on it and let it carry you around. Get away from men at times and be your own scout."

Someone asked a French officer one day why it was that Pétain was only a colonel (not a well-known colonel, like Roosevelt) when the war broke out. To this was given the following answer, which speaks for itself:

"Because he has a horror of advertising; because he hates politicians; because he is a man of uncompromising opinions, and he has made enemies; because he believes that he is right and that the men who differ from him are wrong; because while other officers — whom I could mention — were busy with the fanforade of brass buttons and ceremonies of garrison life, and were bent upon getting their names and photographs in the papers, Pétain was only occupied in one thing, training his officers and training himself. When an editor asked him for some account of his military career, he sent back three dates, and that was all. He has steadily refused to be photographed since the war; the only photograph of him being in the Thirty-third Regiment book. He is tactician, strategist, but, above all and to the last ounce of him, a fighter."

In those dark days, just prior to the battle of the Marne, when all France was hurrying to the front, Pétain was promoted to be General of Division and was sent to rally and reorganize the remnants of the Third

Corps, which — in bad disorder — were in retreat before the advancing Huns. The general took charge with little to do, and, sitting on his horse beside a bridge over which the soldiers were retreating, made each one march calmly past him and look up to see what a grim fellow was leading them. In his hand he held a pistol which he gripped firmly and occasionally shook in the direction of the oncoming invaders.

The men were apparently imbued with a new spirit, for on September 21st was issued an army order to the effect:

" Pétain — General Commanding the Sixth Division of Infantry — has, by his example, his tenacity, his calmness under fire, his incessant foresight, his continual intervention at the right moment, obtained from his division during fourteen days of consecutive fighting, a magnificent effort, resisting repeated attacks night and day, and the fourteenth day, in spite of his losses, repelling a final, very violent assault."

A bit later, with General Sangle de Carey, he was told by General Castelnau to break the German front in Champagne. The French here fought with tenacity and fury, as only those who are defending their homes could do. It was Pétain's army which dealt a stubborn blow, which took hundreds of cannons, and thousands of prisoners.

With these two successes to his credit, " Papa " Joffre did well when he did not hesitate to promote this stern, faithful soldier to be the leader of the defenders of Verdun. *" Nach Verdun — Paris! "* the Crown Prince is said to have remarked, as he raised a glass of

MAURICE P. SERRAIL

stolen champagne on high. But General Pétain is said to have murmured: "Nach Verdun — Metz, Sedan, and then — Berlin!"

The Germans meant to take Verdun when they made the first big drive upon Paris. They did all that they could to approach it and to besiege it. The Third German Army under the Crown Prince fought incessantly with the main object of isolating, of investing, and of taking Verdun. Assisted by his counselor, Von Eichhorn, the Crown Prince did all in his power to overwhelm and destroy the Third French Army under General Serrail.

It was September 8th and 9th, 1915. General Foch was hurling back the Germans on the Marne, but many more Germans under the Crown Prince — the 3d, 5th and 16th, 1st Bavarian, and two Reserve Corps — were approaching Verdun, the eastern pivot of the French armies between Toul and Belfort. Here is where the most important railway lines of northeastern France converge, and here is where the Germans would have found a great arsenal and a huge amount of supplies. Its capture would have very materially altered the course of the war.

The French under Serrail had ten infantry divisions — the Crown Prince fifteen. Outnumbered, the French had to retreat, and General Serrail had a difficult and thankless task to perform. As he fell back through the broken and wooded country of the Argonne — so as not to lose connection with the other French armies on the left — he had to protect Verdun from North, East, and West. The Crown Prince had such great numbers that he could deploy around his opponent and could surround and drive into Verdun a part of the French army. This he did.

To the east of Verdun German reserve divisions made their way, on the right bank of the Meuse, with the object of crossing the river at St. Mihiel, and joining the German force on the left bank. This would have divided Serrail's army, and such a success would have heavily counter-balanced the success which the French were then having in the Marne.

On September 8th, the army of the gallant Serrail reached the limit of its retirement, and, on the day following, the French counter-attacked along the entire front. Two cavalry corps were sent, meanwhile, to check the progress of the Germans, who had succeeded in crossing the Meuse, near St. Mihiel.

The French fought valiantly and success was theirs, even as at the Marne. At St. Mihiel the Germans were driven back with heavy losses across the Meuse; on the left, the 3d German army corps — which was endeavoring to reach Bar le Duc — was thrown back, after a murderous struggle. In the center the 16th German army corps lost eleven batteries, destroyed by the French 75's. Verdun was saved for the time being.

The Germans retreated to the Aisne and intrenched, leaving many prisoners, guns, and other booty behind them, but Verdun was not to be left alone. In February, 1916, one of the greatest and most sanguinary battles of the war began before the ill-fated town. In the presence of the Kaiser, the army of the Crown Prince started a determined and desperate drive against the great French fortress. For ten days the battle raged on the plains, in the forests, and on the hills before Verdun, and the loss of life, on both sides, was something appalling.

By February 26th, after six days of continuous fighting, the Germans had driven the French line along several miles of front, had occupied several villages a few miles north of Verdun, had hurled the French from a peninsula of the Meuse, formed by a bend in the river, about six miles from the city, and had carried by storm the outlying fort of Douaumont, at the northeast corner of the Verdun fortifications. Here the triumphant advance was halted by the French in a series of brilliant counter-attacks, and the German offensive died down until March 1st, when it was again renewed. The losses to the German army, up to this time, had been about one hundred and seventy-five thousand men, including between forty thousand and fifty thousand killed.

Heavy reinforcements had been brought up by the Germans, and it is estimated that the troops engaged in the attack numbered at least five hundred thousand, assisted by all the artillery used in the Serbian campaign and part of that formerly employed on the Russian front.

Here is where Pétain was called upon to lead the French army of defense; Serrail, as we have seen, having done a masterful piece of work in eluding and outwitting the Germans in their advance of the former year. The battle lasted from February the 21st to April the 15th. There was a slight rest, and then the offensive was assumed again, the attacks on Verdun continuing until June 10th. But the French stood first under an avalanche of shot and shell, and drove back wave after wave of Teutonic infantry. Here was the fiercest fighting of the war, the Germans losing fully three hundred thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; the French perhaps three-quarters of that number, and the British one hundred thousand.

Finally, on October 24th the French took the village and Fort of Douamont; also Thiaumont, the Haudromont quarries, La Carlette Wood, and the trenches along a four-mile front to a depth of two miles. The ground retaken was the same that the Crown Prince's army had required two months of hard fighting to capture.

On the 24th four thousand German prisoners were taken, and, on the day following, Pétain's men began to encircle Fort Vaux, the only one of the outer fortifications which remained in German hands. The German attempts to regain lost ground were fruitless and four of their separate attacks were beaten back. By the first of November the French had taken seven thousand prisoners.

Flushed with victory, on November 4th the French began the attempt to take the village of Vaux, held by the Crown Prince, and gained a foothold in the shot-riddled town. Next day the entire village was captured and also that of Damloup. This closed the furious affair.

The long and bloody struggle for Verdun thus apparently ended, although artillery duels still continued at varying intervals. The French had shown an indomitable courage in its defense — first under Serrail in 1915 — again under Pétain in continuous fighting from February to November, 1916. The laurels for this prolonged and bitter struggle rested entirely with the French; and right nobly they had fought the Prussian war machine to a standstill. Well might the populace of Paris cry vociferously: *" Vive la France! Vive Pétain!"*

Pétain alone did not win the great fight, it was the French themselves; for no one man — no matter what his personal attributes — could ever have enthused his troops to the proper point of sacrifice that was necessary for the defense of the grim fortress. Modern warfare was here seen in its panoply of terror. The town, the farms, the countryside were transformed into a vast scene of ruin and desolation, while many a poor soldier went completely insane from the ghastly horrors of the battle. So, to the cry which is now heard 'round the world — *" Vive le General Pétain!"* — let us add another vociferous chorus — *" Vive le Poilu!—Hurrah for the brave soldiers of la Belle France!"*

VERDUN

Grim city on the winding Meuse,
Proud in ruins, bleak and stern;
Thy frowning battlements of old,
Lie prostrate — grass and fern
Are trampled, torn 'neath hobnailed boots,
While o'er the vale the brown owl hoots,
And cries in mournful, wistful notes:
" Where are the cheers from Gallic throats,
Where are the legions, rank on rank,
The pride of Prussia? Where the clank
Of war-like steel? O'er all a hush!
I thought that nought would stem their rush!"

Grim city, with your shattered towers,
Where once pealed merrily the bells;
The flag of France still floats above,
While hark! I hear th' exultant yells
Of val'rous French. They cry and sing,
And from their windows banners fling,
And shout with loud, resounding cheers:
" Where are the Huns with evil leers,
Who boasted that they'd take our land?
Where is that Kaiser's mailéd hand?
Crushed by the pluck of the valiant few!
Crushed by the grit of the men in blue."

Hail city! Stricken, battered, shorn
Of all your ancient splendid art.

Your name for all time is revered,
By those who love a hero's part.
Ancient battlements! Stand in glory!
Stand among the great in story!
A requiem our brass-band plays:
" City blessed for all days;
Holy city of Verdun,
Where at last we stopped the Hun;
With Troy and Carthage take thy place,
Sacrificed to save thy race."

ARMANDO DIAZ

COMMANDER OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMIES OF ITALY

ARMANDO DIAZ

COMMANDER OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMIES OF ITALY

WHEN Germany began her attack upon France the Italians were neutral. But in a short time these people, who had at one time governed all of Southern Europe, threw their allegiance to the side of the Allies and entered into the war with all the might which they possessed. Their differences with Austria-Hungary dated back from ancient times and were mainly because of territorial aggressions upon the part of the Dual Monarchy.

When Lord Byron visited Northern Italy in 1816, and established his residence in Venice, he was a keen observer of the conditions in the midst of which he lived. Like all Englishmen, he loved liberty, but about him he saw only tyranny and oppression. He pictured the brutality of the Austrian domination of northern Italy in these lines:

" An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt. Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains clank over sceptered cities."

The great poet was disgusted with what he saw, and two years later wrote the following words from Ravenna — in the Papal States — where Austrian influence was supreme:

" Of the state of things it would be difficult and not very prudent to speak at large, the Huns opening all letters. I wonder if they can read them when they open them? If so, they may see, in my most legible hand, that I think them scoundrels and barbarians, their Emperor a fool, and themselves more fools than he; all of which they may send to Vienna for anything I care. They have got themselves masters of the Papal police and are bullying away; but some day or other they will pay for it all. It may not be very soon — but I suppose Providence will get tired of them at last, and show that God is not an Austrian."

The famous poet had the correct idea. The day of reckoning for the Austrian oppressors of poor Italy was delayed, but it had to come at last, and it remained for General Diaz with his army to free northern Italy from the invader and destroyer of Italian liberty.

Lord Palmerston, a prominent British statesman, had as great a sympathy with the oppressed Italians as had Lord Bryon. Here is what he said, as far back as the year 1849:

"The Austrian Government knows no method of administration but what consists in flogging, imprisoning, and shooting. The Austrians know no argument but force. As to working upon their feelings of generosity and gentlemanlikeness, that is out of the question. The real fact is — the Austrians have no business in Italy at all and have no real right to be there. The right they have is founded upon force of arms and the treaty of Vienna. The treaty of Vienna they themselves set at naught when they took possession of Cracow. They cannot claim the treaty when it suits their purpose, and at the same time when it suits their purpose they reject it. Austria has never possessed Italy as part of her Empire, but has always held it as a conquered territory. There has been no mixture of races. The only Austrians have been the troops and the cure officers. She has governed as you govern a garrison town, and her rule has always been hateful."

In the time of Napoleon the First, Austria was Great Britain's ally, but not so in 1914. In 1859 Count Buol, an Austrian leader, said to the British Minister at Vienna: "You have your ideas of liberty, of constitutional government, of religion, all in opposition to ours — but you are with us. We were your allies against Napoleon I, we have the same political interests; we have mutual friends and mutual enemies, on that *terrain* we meet."

In 1914 the German horrors in Belgium stirred the hearts of the Italians even as they did those of the people of the United States. The Italian population heard — at the same time — a great cry from the northern provinces of the peninsula, which begged to be redeemed from the crushing yoke of Austrian domination. The philosophy of the Austro-Germans was that whosoever possesses the necessary strength to subjugate others is also entitled to do so without committing any injustice. The Italians, like the Americans, realized that people who had such a philosophy must be humbled to the dust by means of force before they could be made to treat others as they wished to be themselves treated. Stimulated by such reasoning and reasons, Italy entered the war.

Reinforced by well-trained Prussian regiments, the Austrian soldiers swept down from the north to conquer and ravish Italy as the Huns had done in the time of Attila, and the Goths and Vandals in later years. At first they were successful, even as the Prussians were successful in France and in Belgium. For forty years the Prussians had been preparing for "Der Tag" and a forty-year military preparation is bound to bring splendid results at first. Yet after the Italians had fought for a time, they rallied to the attack with such force that the Austrian armies were overwhelmingly defeated. Italy, therefore, played a very important role as a decisive factor in the war.

On August 2d, 1914, three days before England declared war upon Germany, the Italian Government decided upon neutrality.

This news was immediately communicated to the Italian Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, as the Italian Ambassador was absent. The telegram arrived at one o'clock in the morning. Without delaying an instant, the Chargé d'Affaires went to see Monsieur Viviani, the President of the French Council, and came to his room. When he entered, the President turned pale and started backwards, feeling sure that only the decision of Italy to throw in her lot with Germany would have caused this Italian diplomat to come to see him at that early hour. But when he had read the telegram, Viviani immediately began to shout. Why this action?

In less than half an hour Viviani had ordered the mobilization — north of Paris — of almost a million men whom France would otherwise have been obliged to keep upon her eastern and southern frontier to protect herself from possible attack on the part of Italy. These millions of men stopped the German advance, won the great battle of the Marne, and thus saved France from being crushed underneath the cruel heel of Prussian militarism.

Thus Italy may be said to have saved France, because of her attitude of neutrality.

General Diaz, who commanded the Italian army in the final campaign of the great world war, has grown up with, and in, the Italian army. Like Pétain and Foch, his modesty is his chief characteristic, unless you take into consideration his love of hard work, which is also a strong attribute of character. He is strong of body, vigorous of mind, and keenly intelligent. A fine horseman and swordsman, none can hold their own better at manly sport than the General of the victorious Italian troops.

With over a milllion men under arms, Austria launched her offensive. Her soldiers advanced toward Venice, crossed the Piave, and here matters looked badly for the Italians. This was on June 15th, 1918. But a general retreat before the Italian counter-attacks began just a week later, which rapidly developed, at some points, into a rout. Soon a jubilant dispatch from Rome announced: "The enemy has been beaten back across the Piave from Montello to the sea"; and General Diaz, himself, reported: "A great victory, with the enemy repulsed at all points with very heavy losses and with his 'pride broken.'"

Austria lost a great number of men. According to the Italian estimates they were nearly two hundred thousand, including forty-five thousand prisoners and a great quantity of guns and ammunition. Italy's entire losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners — according to a semi-official dispatch from Rome, was only forty thousand, although Vienna extravagantly claimed that number of prisoners alone, and put the total Italian casualties at one hundred and fifty thousand for the first ten days of the battle. Yet the fact remained that — striking with her greatest military strength, after six months of preparation,— Austria was hurled back in disastrous defeat on a hundred mile front. Austria had promised her soldiers that this would be the last stroke to put Italy out of the war, but the gigantic offensive met with no such result.

As for General Diaz, it cannot be said that he enjoyed his victory, for although accustomed to the evil sights of battle, so many of his brave soldiers perished, that he felt a great sorrow instead of a great jubilation. Born in Naples, October 4th, 1861, of an old Spanish family which had emigrated to Italy with Charles the Third in the 18th Century, this warrior has the blood of military heroes coursing in his veins. His father was Colonel Ludovico Diaz, of the Royal Naval Engineers, and for several years a director in the shipyards of Naples, Leghorn, and Venice. The Colonel married Baroness Irene Ceconi, and had four children: Signora Ludovica Morelli, wife of Colonel Mauricio Morelli; Maria, widow of a Monsieur de Rosa; Chevalier Cicorgio Diaz, Royal Prosecutor in Perugia, and Armando Diaz, the General-in-Chief of the Italian

ARMANDO DIAZ

forces. The estimable Colonel Diaz died when young, and his four children were educated by Baron Luigi Ceconi, brother of Signora Diaz.

Young Armando Diaz had a youth similar to that of most Italian boys. He grew up rather wildly until he was sent to the College of Annunziatella at Naples — the oldest military institution in all of Italy. But he did not remain here, and in 1878 entered the military Academy at Turin. He was graduated as a Second Lieutenant of Artillery in 1881.

Italy was peaceful at the time so the young soldier saw no active service. He served for several years in the 10th Regiment of Artillery, and in 1889 became Captain of the First Regiment. He then entered the War School at Turin, and, after two years of study, joined the General Staff. He was promoted to the position of Colonel in 1911.

Shortly after this he saw real fighting, for Italy had a war with the Turks, upon the northern coast of Africa. The cause of this war was, of course, territorial expansion, both people — Turks and Italians — desiring a piece of African soil as a colonial empire. In the Libyan War — so called — Colonel Diaz was prominent in the famous battle of Zara, where, although badly wounded, he remained on the firing line until the end of the fighting. This victory succeeded in gaining for the Italians that for which they strove, and the Turks had to relinquish their hold upon this particular part of African soil.

Colonel Diaz saw no more active service until 1914, when he was appointed Chief of the Secretary's Office of General Pollio of the Italian General Staff. Promoted to be Major General in the same year, he was appointed to be Commandant of the Siena brigade, and later was made Commandant on the Staff of Duke a' Aosta's Army. He served here until Italy joined the Allies in warfare against the central powers.

In 1916, as Lieutenant General, this now famous soldier was placed in command of a division, and this body of troops fought with so much courage that they were mentioned several times for bravery in the heroic fight on the Caiso. In June, 1916, General Cadorna gave General Diaz command of the 23d Army Corps. In November, 1917, he was appointed Generalissimo of the Italian armies, which post he was holding at the conclusion of the great conflict.

General Diaz married Signora Sarah De Rosa Mirabelli, granddaughter of Count Guiseppe Mirabelli, First President of the Supreme Court of Naples. He has three children: Marcelio, now fifteen years of age (in 1918); Anna, aged twelve, and Irene, aged ten.

The Italians, under this able soldier, fought for their natural rights. Nearly five million soldiers, perfectly armed and equipped for the most difficult of campaigns, coöperated with the English, French, and Americans to hurl back the Prussians and Austro-Hungarians. Wherever their soldiers advanced they constructed superb roads, aqueducts, and hospitals, which aroused even the admiration of the enemy. When, in the early stages of the war, the Italian fleet saved the Serbian army, which Austria had driven out of their own country, together with the civil population which followed it, the Italian troops did not hesitate to succor these helpless people. They were literally walking skeletons, dying of hunger, ill with various diseases. The Italians treated them generously; washed them, fed them, clothed them. These prisoners were so grateful to their deliverers that, as a tribute to Italy, they constructed a stone monument to Dante.

The great victory won by General Diaz and his men, sustained by a united people, who have borne the financial burdens of the war without a complaint, should secure for Italy its lost provinces in the north. Italy requires the completion of the work of her King Victor Emmanuel, or a union of all the component parts of the nation.

Italy should, furthermore, obtain commercial outlets in the Adriatic sea which have heretofore been held by the Austrians. Greece is in no way threatened by Italy, and she can peacefully enjoy the possession of that which she acquired in the second Balkan war, provided that she respects the independence of Albania and the essential strategic interests of the Italians in the Adriatic.

Thus — at the close of her successful campaign — the world looks on at a united Italian people, chastened by war, yet secure in their possessions of land, and of a population which should have belonged to them for many years.

So, we can all say,—

Well done, O descendant of the great Julius Cæsar! And may your deeds and heroism in this noble battle for the right, ever be heralded by future historians, who must give credit to you for leading a vast army of five million souls to well-earned victory and not to ignominious defeat!

AH SIN

There are wails and tears in Mott street, the Mandarins
are sad,
They wander droopily around, and murmur: "Bad —
velly bad";
The very dogs in Mott street wag their tails between
their legs,
They moan and groan in Mott street, of sadness drink
the dregs.

For, where is almond-eyed AH SIN,— the pride of Old
Fu San?
He's no more seen in Chinatown,— he's a much-missed,
mourned-for man,
No more his beady eyes snap fire, no more his laughter
peals,
No,— not again do China maids spin with him in wild
reels.

But — hear! One day a soldier bold came stamping
through the street,
To every one he gave a nod and smilingly did greet,
"Your Uncle Sam is fighting, across the sea," he said,
"And we need one hundred Coolies, to help pile up
the dead."

"We need some Chinks to washee-wash, some more to
scrubee-scrub,

We have to have some Chop-suey, and other kinds of grub,
We must have your assistance, in France's bloody plight,
So — step up, Lads, and help Sam out,— sign on, this very night."

Now, AH SIN heard him talking, and AH SIN dropped his pipe,
And little, slender young AH SIN, for hostilities was ripe,
So, he put a cross down on a slip, and guaranteed to sail
The following day for distant France, to help the Kaiser flail.

No good-byes then were taken — he slipped away unseen,
His father still sold china-ware, when AH SIN, lithe and lean,
Leaped from the second-story front, and ran down to the sea,
Where a great, big towering Liner lay there quietly.

The voyage soon was over, he found himself in France,
Where a million soldiers jostled him, and a thousand steeds did prance,
He was told to follow on behind the 27th Division,
But when he carted his pots and pans, he was laughed at, in derision.

" Oh — look at Johnny Chinaman, how Fritz will run ! " was called,

"You pig-tailed, wig-tailed monkey, you Chinky-Chink," was bawled,
"Now all the rats will have to skip, that Chinatown's right here!
Hurroo for Bats, Oh, Tom Cats, Scat!" was cried from far and near.

But little, almond-eyed AH SIN walked on and smiled around,
He looked above at Heaven, and he gazed down at the ground,
With quite Celestial quiet, he manfully went trudging,
While soldiers laughed and jeered at him, and kept each other nudging.

But, now the Boys were at the Front, they huddled in a trench,
There were dead and dying all around — of GAS, an awful stench,
The shells kept screeching o'er their heads, the bullets z-i-n-g-e-d and shied,
And from the mud, occasionally, a horse or mule was pried.

And little AH SIN, in the rear, just cooked and toted food,
'Twas filled with cinders, dirt, and soot, but it tasted awful good,
The men grew tired and restless, but at length the order came,

To " UP AND AT 'EM, OVER THE TOP," it fired their blood aflame.

At last they'd really battle,— and each man cinched his belt,
And, when they jumped up o'er the trench, they raced on, helter-pelt,
The machine-gun fire did thin the lines, the whistling lead did scream,
They now were struggling desperately,— they fought as in a dream.

A part, soon hemmed in all around, had gathered in a vale,
They faced the Germans, everywhere — they cried: " We'll never quail,
We'll fight as in the Alamo; we'll die like Crockett's men,
Remember we're from Old New York, which we want to see again! "

Two days they faced the Hunnish horde, two days,— their water failed,
Two days they battled manfully, and not a doughboy quailed,
" We'll die here fighting to the last, we'll never live to say
That Germans ever captured us — Boys from the U. S. A."

But, see! One day a figure lean came creeping towards the group.

"Let me in —oh, velly tired. I'm AH SIN, I've got soup;
It tastes velly good, Cap! Here's food! Some chicken stew,
Let me lie still. Me velly ill! Me come through with this brew!"

Hurray for the Chink! — Too famished to drink, they merely gulped it down,
Then, turning on the Boche, they fired. HURRAY! They mowed them down,
HUZZAH! The Marines were coming up. HUZZAH! They've flanked the line,
"Now, all out, Boys! And three times three! The battle's going fine!"

The flag advanced,— t'was torn with shell,— the crater was surrounded,
Back to their lines the Hindenburgs were piked, and pushed, and hounded,
And, after the joy of being saved had spent itself in part,
They looked around.— Ah! Poor AH SIN lay wounded to the heart.

A shell exploded near the trench, the dirt and dust fell there.
And weak AH SIN was buried,— his eyes in vacant stare.
The Captain took his hand in his.— Too late! He'd gone aloft,

Too late — too late —at poor AH SIN no longer
soldiers scoffed.

There's a little mound in sunny France, there's a single
slab of pine,
There's a tiny grave at Bourlon Wood, near the Crater
of a Mine,
And, should you go there, Stranger, when now hushed is
battle's din,
Remove your hat and breathe a prayer for poor, little
true AH SIN.

SIR EDMUND ALLENBY, K.C.B.

THE CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM

SIR EDMUND ALLENBY, K.C.B.

THE CONQUEROR OF JERUSALEM

FEW of us realize that, as the British and French were struggling in France, the Russians in Russia, and the Serbians in Serbia, another British army was smashing its way to Jerusalem, the Holy City — held by the Turks. The place which watched over the shrine of Christ fell before the legions of Sir Edmund Allenby, and thus became a part of the British Empire. The Turks were driven northward and eventually to their own country.

The broad-shouldered English General who handled the British troops had taken over his command of the Egyptian Expedition, or Expeditionary Force, from Sir Archibald Murray in June. He had seen hard fighting in Flanders, having been in all the actions there, and he had distinguished himself in the retreat from Mons. He was a K.C.B. (or a Knight Commander of the Bath) and was educated at Harleybury. He had entered the Enniskillen Dragoons, and had served with them in the Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884–1885. He had fought the Zulus in Zululand in 1889, and had been appointed Adjutant of the Enniskilleners in 1889. He was what is familiarily known as a " scrapper."

When Oom Paul Kruger had defied the Uitlanders and had started war against England in far distant

South Africa this danger-lover was there in a very active capacity, for he was placed in command of the Fourth Cavalry Brigade. These were with French in his attack on Bloemfontein, were in the advance on Pretoria, the capture of Cronje, and the subsequent guerilla warfare on the veldt. Promoted for meritorious and gallant service to the supreme direction of the Fourth Cavalry Brigade, he was ordered to take full charge of the cavalry sent to Flanders by the British in 1914. From this post he was dispatched to bandy cudgels with the marauding Turk in Southern Palestine.

Sir Edmund surveyed the English forces there, and said: " It is well! Thou, Turk, shalt feel the might of my strong right arm! Selah! "

Then, Sir Edmund surveyed the line held by the Turks in front of him. Here is what he saw:

The enemy positions lay from Beersheba to the sea of Gaza, along the main road which links the two towns: a front of some thirty miles. Gaza, and its neighboring villages, had been converted into a strong fortress, and the rest of this line was protected by a series of groups of fortified redoubts. These were about a mile apart save between Beersheba and Hereira, where the fortifications were four and a half miles from each other. The lateral communications were good and any threatened point on the line could be quickly reinforced. In March Sir Archibald Murray had moved against the Turkish army, but the force which faced him was far less formidable than the well-organized and equipped fighters which faced the English now.

SIR EDMUND ALLENBY

After some consultation with his officers, the British leader decided to strike a blow against the Turkish right, or eastern flank, near the towns of Hereira and Sheria. Here the works of the enemy were less formidable than elsewhere, and were easier of approach. The capture of Beersheba was a necessary preliminary to all operations, in order to secure the proper water supplies and to give room for the development of greater maneuvers, and the deployment of an attacking force on the high ground to the north and northwest of Beersheba. The General says in his report: "With Beersheba in our hands, we would have an open flank attack against which to operate, and I could make full use of my superiority of mounted troops, and a success here offered prospects of pursuing our advantage and of forcing the enemy to abandon the rest of his fortified position, which no other line of attack could afford."

The enemy's force on the Palestine had been greatly increased from the period of July to October. It was evident that the Turks would make every effort to maintain their position on the Gaza-Beersheba line. They had strengthened their defenses on this front and had thrown up defensive works around Beersheba. October 1st was set as the date of attack on the latter place, when a large flanking force was to strike the town from the east and northeast.

But the Turks were not to be caught napping. On the morning of October 27th they made a strong reconnaissance toward Karm, from the direction of Kanwukab, with two regiments of cavalry and two or three thousand infantrymen. One small British post was rushed and the men were cut up, but not before heavy losses had been inflicted upon the enemy. Another post — although surrounded — held out all day, and also caused the enemy heavy losses. Here the Yeomanry fought, and made such a strong defense that the 53rd (Welsh) Division came up to aid them. As the Turks saw them advancing, they withdrew.

Several war-ships of the British navy, assisted by a French battleship, now approached the coast near Gaza, and bombarded the town from the sea. On the evening of October 30th, the portion of the eastern force, which was to make the attack upon Beersheba, was concentrated in a position of readiness for a night march to a position of deployment. This march was successfully carried out, and all of the separate units reached their appointed positions on time.

General Allenby's plan was a good one. It was to attack the hostile works between Khalsa Road and the Wado Saba, with the Imperial cavalry corps and some infantry, while a portion of the 53rd (Welsh) Division, farther north, covered the left of the corps. The right of the attack was to be made by a cavalry regiment, while, farther east, mounted troops took up a line opposite the southern defense of Beersheba.

At 8:45 A. M.— after a preliminary bombardment by London troops, with a small loss — an attack was launched. The enemy's barbed-wire was cut, and at 12:15 P. M. a final assault was ordered. With a wild cheer the men rushed forward, leaped into the enemy's works, and by 1 P. M. all of the intrenchments had been captured. The casualties were very light.

The mounted troops, meanwhile, had been marching northward — through the night — arriving early in the morning of the 31st, about Khasim Zanna, in the hills some five miles east of Beersheba. In the evening a mounted attack by Australian light horse proved a complete success. They galloped over two deep trenches held by the enemy, just outside of the town, and entered Beersheba at about 7 P. M., capturing numerous prisoners.

Thus a very strong position was taken with but slight loss, and the Turkish detachment at Beersheba was almost completely put out of action. Thirteen guns and about two thousand prisoners were captured, while some five hundred corpses were buried on the battlefield. Such a marked success laid open the left flank of the Turkish army to a decisive blow.

Pushing forward, the British troops took Gaza, where four hundred and fifty prisoners were seized, and many Turks were killed. The British losses were considerable, and, although the Turks made a vigorous counterattack, they were again driven back into the rough and hilly country north of Beersheba, where they were followed, attacked, and driven northward. Gaza, meanwhile, was evacuated by the Turks, and, fighting a strong rear-guard action, the Turkish army retreated towards Hebron.

It was rumored in Jerusalem, on November 9th, that the British were at Huj, behind the center of the Gaza-Beersheba line, and that Tel-el-Sheria and his men were even now preparing to evacuate the Holy City. Wounded and straggling Turks began to stream into the town and Turkish officers, in utter rout, brought news of the English victory.

Immediately the Turkish officials began to leave the city with their families. Munitions and essential stores were sent north to Shechem, or east to Jerico, while a great wall of dust bore witness to the retreat of carts, pack animals and motor lorries.

General Falkenhayn — the German ally — came from the city of Aleppo to reorganize the beaten army, but he left for Shechem on November 16th, so the control of the troops reverted into Turkish hands. Ali Fuad Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces in Jerusalem, issued two proclamations to the people of the city.

First, he warned all of the civilians that street fighting was to be expected, and that, when it began, they were to keep indoors, and were to assist the troops in the impending house-to-house conflict, under pain of severe punishment. The second proclamation stated that the Turks had held Jerusalem for one thousand three hundred years (or for nine centuries longer than they had really held it) and they could not now abandon it. The townspeople were ordered to have complete confidence in the good behavior of the troops detailed to defend the city to the last ditch.

Meanwhile, the British were coming ever nearer and were soon reported to be within sight of the city. A sudden panic seemed to fall upon the Turks west and southwest of the town, and soon the citizens saw numerous transport columns in full retreat. This gave great pleasure to the Jews, who were at last seeing the terrible Turks in retreat, after four centuries of conflict.

"The Turks are running away!" many called out. "The day of deliverance has come!"

Early in the day — in fact, at two o'clock in the morning — tired Turks began to troop through the Jaffa Gate from the west and the southwest. From two o'clock to seven o'clock the Turkish army streamed through the city, while some disgruntled officers murmured, "Gitmaya mej'boomz" ("We've got to go"). The Governor was the last to depart, leaving behind him a letter of surrender, which the Mayor carried to the British commander, accompanied by a couple of policemen, holding two white flags.

The Turkish army finally melted into the dust clouds in the shadowy depth of the valley of Jehosaphet, and soon the British army approached the Jaffa Gate, with Sir Edmund Allenby leading it, on foot. A great crowd gathered to meet the oncoming conquerors, and, as they came into the town, set up a cheer of triumph. Many embraced each other, several wept for joy, and others bowed reverently as the dust-stained legions tramped by.

The long, dark night of Turkish misrule had passed away forever. After four hundred years of government by the Turks, the Holy City had come into the hands of those who will give equal rights to Moslem, Jew, or Christian. Known to the Jews as a city of mourning, let us hope that, being now delivered from the black night of oppression, she may turn her mourning into joy.

When the British entered, they showed characteristic tact. A proclamation was read from the parapet of the citadel below the tower of David. It was in English, French, and Arabic, and announced that order would be maintained in all the hallowed sites of the three great religions, and that no impediment would be put in the way of all worshipers therein. When this ceremony had been completed, General Allenby went to the small square behind the citadel, where he was presented to the chief notables and ecclesiastics of the different communities who had remained. After this brief introduction, he left the City of David by the Jaffa Gate.

As he swung past them, the Turks saw a fine specimen of English manhood — as fine a specimen as athletics and outdoor-life in that foggy Isle could create. Here was a man who had withstood every shock of the campaign with a smiling face: a man hardened to the life of a soldier by polo and horse-back riding. Here was an old steeple-chase rider of note, and a man who had once owned his own stable of steeple-chasers: animals which had made a good account of themselves in many a hotly contested race in the far-away country.

An old sheik turned to one of the awe-struck native carriers, saying:

" Truly the Prophet must have stood beside yonder soldier's cradle."

" It is the truth, Sahib," answered the carrier. " He has been blessed by Mahomet."

A veiled lady gazed at him above her white covering, which hid her face to the eyes, and whispered:

"It is well that we have such men here, instead of the terrible Turk."

And as the cavalcade of soldiers retired to their tents, outside the city walls, all of these crusaders felt heartily glad that the great and historic city had finally come into Christian hands, for those who worshiped Christ could from henceforth feel secure in the knowledge that the shrine of the Great Teacher as under the protection of those who believed in his teachings.

No conqueror ever entered a city with more prestige, as for centuries there had been current an Arab prophecy that a deliverer from the West would come. The people had been told that he would come on foot and would bear the name of the Prophet of God. It had also been rumored that he would not appear until the Nile flowed into Palestine. To the peasant mind the prophecy now seemed to be fulfilled, for General Allenby's name was, in Arabic, the "Prophet," and his men had come to that land bearing the waters of Egypt with them.

The famous city in the thirty-three centuries of her history had witnessed some twenty sieges and an equal number of blockades and occupations. She had been the Holy City alike to Jew, Christian, and Moslem, and dreamers of every age rebuilt her "bulwarks, in the heaven of their imagining." She had been the goal of many an expedition and the prize of many a war. Conquerors from the Tiber, the Bosphorous, the Rhone, and the Thames had struggled to gain possession of her walls.

So fierce had been the struggles for the mastery of her sacred portals, that, in the Book of Lamentations, composed five hundred years before the birth of Christ, it had been written:

"Behold and say if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

The British operations had taken place between October 31st and December 9th, and over twelve thousand prisoners had been taken. Many machine guns were captured, twenty million rounds of rifle ammunition, and two hundred and fifty thousand rounds of gun ammunition. More than twenty airplanes were destroyed by the English airmen, or burned in order to avoid capture. Fatigue, thirst, heat, and cold had been uncomplainingly endured by the British army, and the cooperation of all arms enabled the success in battle to be followed by an irresistible and victorious pursuit of the fleeing Turkish forces.

Three weeks after they had left it, the Turks rallied and tried desperately to regain the Holy City. But when they endeavored to recover by force that which they had lost they found the British lion was too strong for them. They were again beaten and sent flying to the northward, humbled and crippled by the Allenby machine.

So a great shout went up from all the free peoples of the world, for Jerusalem — the Holy City — at last had been saved from Turkish misrule and oppression.

YOUR UNCLE SAM

Your Uncle Sam's a long, lean man,
Built on the aeronautic plan,
He's kinder keerless, kinder 'fraid,
That some one'll say, " He's slow an' staid,"
Yet, when th' old boy gits eroused,
He's 'tarnal cussed — hair's all frowsed
An' tangled — he jes' chews an' swears,
An' growls an' yowls like twenty bears.

He sat one day a-cleaning his gun,
When some young feller came on the run,
An' shouted to him: " See here, Old Man,
Them gol dinged Dutchmen have th' plan,
Ter take fer theirs th' whole durned world,
An' drink their beer, their flag unfurled
Above your little cabin door! "
At that old Sam got mighty sore!

Old Sam he blinked: " By Gum," says he,
" I see they've sunk th' Lusitanee.
By gum," says he, " we'll hev tew know,
Who in Thunder's goin' ter run this show! "
Old Sam jumps up. Old Sam he cries:
" We'll give them Germans a little surprise! "

Wall! Your Uncle Sam he kept his word,
The men they went at the Fritzie herd.

Your Uncle Sam he was on to th' job,
An' he put such a punch in th' German mob,
That soon they made the Kaiser say:
"Let's quit! I don't like the way you play!"

So, boys, keep your eyes on your Uncle Sam,
His nose is lean and he butts like a ram.
The grand Ole Cuss is just keen on er scrap,
An' fer gas an' bullets don't keer er rap;
So, Lads, let th' Ole Man hoe his tater,
Don't plague him or bother his better nater,
Or th' Bear Cat'll take down his rifle agin,
An' then — *Look out fer yer Couplin' Pin!*

SIR STANLEY MAUDE

ANOTHER KITCHENER

SIR STANLEY MAUDE

ANOTHER KITCHENER

WHILE the British army was wrestling with the Germans in Belgium, another British army, three hundred thousand strong, was advancing through a desert country in Mesopotamia, to the capture of Kut-el-Amara, held by the Turks. The Germans were allied with these people, and, among other dreams of the Kaiser, was one of the conquest of that territory lying towards India, so that a German railroad could run from Berlin to Bagdad. He had often said: "We Germans must expand to the East, to the West, and towards India."

The British army was led by General Maude: a man similar to Kitchener of Khartoum in many particulars, and with a task quite similar to that which confronted Kitchener on the way to Khartoum, in Egypt. Here General Gordon had been killed by the followers of the Mahdi — an Egyptian ruler — and, in order to take this country away from him and to punish him for his massacre of British troops, Kitchener had advanced to Omdurman and Khartoum. He had successfully captured both places, had defeated the Mahdi, and had made a British protectorate of the country.

General Maude was born in 1864, the son of General Sir Francis Maude, G.C.B., V.C.; he was educated at

Eton and Sandhurst, entering the British army in 1884. Married in 1893 to Miss Cecil Cornelia Marianne St. Leger, he is the proud parent of one son and two daughters. His rise to a commanding position has been gradual, for in 1896 he was a Captain, in 1899 a Major, in 1907 a Lieutenant-Colonel, a Colonel in 1911, and a Major-General and Divisional Commander in 1915. He was appointed Lieutenant-General in command of the Tigris Army Corps in July, 1916, and Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia in August, 1916.

Prior to this campaign, the noted leader had been in many an engagement. He served in the Soudan against the black troops of that country in 1885, and was awarded the medal with clasp and Khedive's star. He was in the advance upon Kimberly in the South African war from 1899 to 1901; was in the actions at Poplar Grove, Dreifontein, Karire Siding, Vet River and crossings of the Zand; also in the many operations of the British army in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State. He had smelled freely of the powder of battle, prior to the advance to Kut-el-Amara.

This British hero of the Great War is also like Kitchener in that he has the ability to bide his own time, to keep his own counsel, and yet to drive men unmercifully — inspiring them, at the same instant, with his indomitable spirit. The Tommies simply adored him. "When he passes," says a war correspondent, who was with the army at Kut-el-Amara, "every Tommy stands so stiff and salutes so earnestly that he quivers all over. They do that, I suppose, because they feel deeply about it, and that is the only way that they can show him

SIR STANLEY MAUDE

how they feel." The soldiers, in fact, worshiped him, just as they did Kitchener, and they have woven legends about him just as they did around Lord Kitchener.

General Maude is a hard worker and he drives his Staff terribly — if an officer makes a mistake he knows it, I can assure you. Every one is afraid of him, and has — at the same time — implicit confidence in him. A silent man, with a wonderful face, he is strong and clean cut. He notices every detail and is quick to criticise if anything is wrong.

" One day, in Bagdad," writes a correspondent, " he came into the Y. M. C. A. to see what we were doing, and, as I happened to be there alone, he asked me to take him around. He wanted to see everything — the servant's quarters, the kitchens, the ice-cream freezers, the sleeping couches,— everything. He went over them all himself. He did not say much — except to ask questions. And he didn't offer any compliments — that's his way. If anything is all right — well and good. You have done your duty. That is enough. But, if it is not done right he tells you so, and he tells it to you in a way that you will not soon forget."

In the advance into Mesopotamia the British had to contend with an alien climate in which white troops could work only during the cool months of the year. General Maude reached Basra, which was the British base in Mesopotamia, in August, 1916. From then until December 13th, he devoted himself entirely to the organization of the campaign in hand. Nearly all the army was put to work helping the coolies and the transport troops, in building roads, and in carrying up supplies. Including coolies, transport, commissariat, base troops, boatmen, and other units behind the lines, the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force must have numbered three hundred thousand men, or four complete divisions and part of three others.

In these divisions, numbering some twenty thousand men each, the proportion of Indian troops to white was about two to one. The Indians and whites were intermingled in every division but the Thirteenth, which was direct from England, and it included a Lancashire Brigade and Battalions of the Hants, Wilts, and Welsh Fusileers, South Wales Borderers, North Staffordshires, Warwicks, and Worcesters. The Indian troops were Sikhs, Punjabis, and Ghurkas.

There was a division of cavalry also made up mainly of Indian troops, with only two white regiments: the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Hussars. The Indian Lancers were gaudily attired and made a great spectacle as they rode over the desert with their lances held high, and their lance pennons fluttering over their heads. There was plenty of artillery also; none of the guns larger than the four-inch piece, because of the deep sand and difficulty of transporting heavier ammunition across it. The British had poison gas, but so had their opponents — the Turks — and, by a gentlemen's agreement, neither side used it against the other. The Turks were well supplied with air-ships — the British had only B E 12's and a couple of Bristol Scouts, which they never fought in, unless they absolutely had to.

By the morning of December 13th all seemed to be ready.

"We will attack," said General Maude, softly, "and we will *strafe* those Turks to the Mediterranean. Are you ready, boys?"

And all the Staff said, "We are."

At first a feint attack was made upon the position held by the Turks at Sunniyat, a strong set of earthworks behind a river, which barred the direct advance upon Bagdad. It was so strong that it seemed impossible to take it by frontal attacks. The British held what was called the Sinn-Diyarhah position out on the desert on the right bank of the Tigris — across the river — from the Sunniyat position, to a point midway between the Sunniyat position and the Shatt-el-Hai, a tributary of the Tigris.

As the guns roared at the Turks intrenched on the Sunniyat line, the English Commander had a bridge thrown across the Shatt-el-Hai River, and advanced his troops from the Sinn-Dujarhah position almost to the banks of the Tigris, above Kut. The fighting was fierce, and, by January 19th, the British had cleared the Turks from the ground between the Shatt-el-Hai and the right bank of the Tigris.

The Turks fought gamely, and, above Kut, still held the right bank of the Dihra Bend, a rather deep stream. On February 10th the British attacked here, captured the licorice factory which General Townshend had held throughout the siege of Kut, in the year previous, and drove the Turks away. Meanwhile on the 17th of February, and up to the 22nd, there was a general attack upon the Sunniyat position in order to divert the Turks' attention from what was really going to occur.

On February 15th, the Dihra Bend was taken from the Turks, who were sent reeling to the left bank of the stream, and on the night of the 22nd a fierce attack was launched across the river at Kut, and at a position just above and below Kut. Three parties of the Norfolks, meanwhile, were sent to force what was known as the Shumran Bend, in pontoons. Two companies got safely over and intrenched, under cover of the spitting fire from machine-guns. A bridge was built over the river in the extraordinary time of nine hours, for the river is here three hundred yards wide and the current flows nine miles an hour. It was a daring deed.

While this was transpiring, the British attacked the Sunniyat position and took the first two lines of trenches which were counter-attacked six times by the desperate Turk. Next morning some one came into their lines, crying:

" The British are in your rear and have crossed the Tigris."

Selah!

Turning tail, the Turks ran away so fast that few were captured, and, advancing rapidly, the British took two-thirds of their artillery. Kut had been taken.

The Turks retreated to the Diala River, and here they again intrenched. On March 7th the British tried to throw a bridge across, near the mouth of the stream, but, although many volunteers endeavored to get the pontoons into position, every man was killed by the accurate marksmen hidden behind earthworks upon the opposite side of the river. It was a desperate fight.

The Turks were excellent fighting men, for they had been well trained by numerous German officers, drilled in the hard school of the German military machine. Contrary to expectation, they stood the British fire without wincing, and took more punishment than the English had expected them to do. They seemed to be still game — in spite of defeat — and pluckily held their ground against the advancing British and Indian troops, who, with the lust of victory in their eyes now were bent upon carrying all before them.

On the evening of March 8th sixty men of the North Lancashires under cover of a barrage fire so intense that it raised clouds of sand which obscured the evening's sun, forded the Diala and intrenched in a nullah, or gully. With a loss of twenty men they held on until midnight of the ninth, when they were relieved by troops which had crossed farther up the stream.

When their ammunition had become exhausted, more was sent to them by a cable which was shot across the river by a rocket. This was cut by the Turks with machine-gun fire and thus the ammunition had to be thrown across by hand. The men hung on with grim and silent determination.

A bridge was now built over the Diala still higher up, and this was soon crowded with troops pushing over to the rescue of the men in the nullah. Flanking the Turks on this side, they marched onward to the suburbs of the city in the early morning of March 11th, captured the railway station and finally entered the town of Bagdad. The Seventh Division claimed that it was the first to march into this place, but the battalions of the Thirteenth Division always asserted that they entered at the same time from the south. Over eight thousand Turkish prisoners were taken, the British losing perhaps thirty thousand men in the entire campaign.

A member of the Y. M. C. A. who was there at the British entry tells us that:

" The Kurds came in and looted and massacred before the British arrived. All the houses were stripped of their doors by the looters, and most houses were without doors when I arrived in the city in order to open the Y. M. C. A. station there. You know that the British kept on after they reached Bagdad, and by May the first were fighting about one hundred miles north of the city, thirty-two miles above Samaras, where the first break in the railroad begins. The Turks left six locomotives here, after carefully blowing off the cylinders from four, all on one side. The British promptly took the engines, removed the cylinders from four, and patched up two, so they had the railroad operating again in a few days.

" Except for its size Bagdad was like every other city in Mesopotamia; mud-built, dirty, and unsanitary. ' Blow me, I thought that we was comin' somewhere,' I heard one Tommy say.

" The Tommies got along very well with the Turks and had quite an admiration for them. They called their enemies Johnny Turk, which is their pet name for their Indian favorite, Johnny Ghurka. During the hot weather of 1916, when both armies faced each other in the Sunniyat position, by a gentlemen's agreement, like that in reference to gas, both sides stopped fighting. The only water was in the river, and an hour was fixed for the British to go down and get theirs, and another hour for the Turks. I heard that, after the British had made an advance, a Turkish aeroplane flew over the camp and dropped a note of congratulations. I don't know whether this was true, but the Tommies believed it."

In the surrounding country were plenty of Arabs, and these proved to be the worst enemy to both Turk and British. The Arabs plundered both sides indiscriminately, and whenever a battle was fought the wild tribesmen joined with the winning side. They would go over the field — after the fighting was over — and would steal everything that was portable. So bad were they, that, at one time, a suggestion was made that the Turks and British call the war off for a while and form a composite Anglo-Turk army to *strafe* the Arabs — or to beat them up.

Arabs are the most inveterate thieves in the world, and, in order to plunder and steal, will risk everything — including their necks. The English say that they prefer to steal where it is difficult, rather than where it is easy.

One of the soldiers who was with General Maude tells the following story:

" Two Arabs entered the tent next to mine at Omara, and, while one of them held a knife over the Sergeant who occupied it, the other took everything which he could place his hands on. And they escaped, although that was in the middle of the camp."

One night — when their sentry went to sleep — the Australian wireless detachment at Omara lost thirty-one rifles through the depredations of the slick and sleek Arabs.

These children of the desert were crafty in regard to feigning death, and frequently would fall down when shot at and would appear to be killed. When the unsuspecting sentry would march on, they would then creep into camp and steal everything that they could. So slick were they, that, at one time, they stole ten camels out of a camp which had block-houses every five hundred yards and sentries every two hundred and fifty yards.

After the British troops entered Bagdad, order was soon restored and the British flag was hoisted over the city. In the afternoon, the English gun-boat flotilla proceeded up the stream, anchored opposite the British residency, and a considerable force was put on guard upon either bank of the river. Quiet now reigned, and peace seemed to have settled over the mud-walls of the captured citadel of Turkish power in Mesopotamia.

There was little of great value in the town, for the Turks had been removing stores and articles of military value for a fortnight before the English came. In the arsenal were found all the guns (rendered useless by General Townshend) which fell into the enemy's hands in the capture of Kut-el-Amara, in April, 1916, when the Turks had been the victors.

The Turks meanwhile, had intrenched in a strong position south of the Mushaidie railroad station, some twenty miles north of Bagdad, and eagerly watched the British army. On March 14 a force under General Coble carried this, after a brilliant charge by the

Black Watch and Ghurkas. At the station itself the enemy made his last stand, but the Black Watch and Ghurkas rushed the station at midnight, and pursued the enemy for half a mile beyond. The Turks went off so rapidly that it was impossible for the British to keep up with the fast moving hordes, and, on March 16, the English aeroplanes reported stragglers over a depth of twenty miles.

The Turks were now pretty thoroughly whipped, and a post was established on the right bank of the Diala, opposite Baqubah, thirty miles northeast of Bagdad. On the nineteenth of the month, British troops occupied Feluja, thirty-five miles west of Bagdad on the Euphrates, driving out the Turkish garrison. The occupation of Feluja, with Nasariyeh already in British possession, gave the English control over the middle Euphrates from both ends of the river. During the rest of the month minor operations were undertaken on the Diala, pending the arrival of Russian forces advancing from Persia. Mesopotamia was hopelessly lost to both Turk and Kaiser, and a great cheer of victory went up from the anxious multitudes in far away Great Britain, for they knew that the danger from Kaiserism had been removed from this particular area of the world.

In announcing the success of this expedition in the House of Commons, the day following the receipt of the news, Mr. Bonar Law said:

" General Maude in these operations, has completed his victory by a pursuit of one hundred and ten miles in fifteen days, during which the Tigris was crossed three times. This pursuit was conducted through a country destitute of supplies, despite the commencement of the summer heat. Such operations could be carried out in such a country only after the most careful arrangements made for the supplies of the troops. The fact that General Maude not only has been able to assure proper attention to the sick and wounded, but has been able to report that he is satisfied that he can provide for the necessities of his army in Bagdad, reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned."

WE'RE HERE, LAFAYETTE!

When Franklin went to gay Paree, so many years ago,
He talked with all the potentates, and told them of the blow
That the Yankee boys were stemming in the land across the sea,
And, when they shrugged their shoulders, he urged them eagerly:

"We need your good franc pieces, and we need your soldiers, too,
We're fighting for our lives, Messieurs, 'neath the old red, white and blue,
We've had a row with General Gage, we've fought with Tarleton's men,
And we're standing off old man Burgoyne, in a far-off northern glen."

But the Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders, so many years ago,
And they said: "We cannot help you, *cher monsieur,* unless you show,
That you can trim these grenadiers: these soldiers of the King,
And, if that's so, we'll give you all the help that we can bring."

So, Franklin kept on waiting, while back at home they worked;

And Franklin kept on smiling, although the waiting irked,
'Til a cruiser sailed into Boulogne, a cheer arose straightway,
As they cried: "At Saratoga, your boys have won the day."

So the Frenchmen gave him soldiers, and they gave him money, too,
With Lafayette and Rochambeau, all dressed in buff and blue,
And a mighty fleet went with them to the wide Virginia shore,
Where they rounded up Cornwallis, 'neath the cannon's grumbling roar.

Now many years have passed away, 'tis France that's sorely pressed,
The Germans have them on the run, and are driving them to Brest,
A cry goes up to Uncle Sam —"We need your help, Old Man,
We aided you when you were young, now give us all you can!"

Hurray! The Yanks have answered and they're rushing to her aid,
Hurrah! The boys are coming, and the debt of honor's paid!
Look there — the mighty Legions swarming, listen, can't you hear?

A mighty shout arises — 'tis — " LAFAYETTE, WE'RE HERE!"

" Oh, Lafayette, we're here, in time, we're coming thousands strong,
Oh, Lafayette, we'll ne'er forget your aid when we were young,
'Tis *noblesse oblige,* my boy, we are glad to help you win,
We'll drive the Germans back for you, just let us once begin!

" We're here, Lafayette, and we'll repay one thousand fold,
What you did, Lafayette, in the rustic days of old,
We've come, Lafayette, and we raise a cheer for you,
And dip the gallant colors of the old red, white and blue."

FRANCHET D'ESPEREY

HERO OF THE BALKAN CAMPAIGN

FRANCHET D'ESPEREY

HERO OF THE BALKAN CAMPAIGN

WHEN the Germans were trying to get to Paris they endeavored to push straight on, by crossing the river Meuse. This would have been all right, as far as they were concerned, had it not been that a doughty French General stood in their path. So doughty was the fellow, that, after meeting with his men, the following German reason was given for non-ability to reach the objective desired.

" It was on August 23d that Von Hausen's Saxon army crossed the Meuse. If better plans had been laid, the crossing of the river could have taken place much more quickly. The delay was a contributory cause of the failure of the German army in the beginning of September, and the German forces, marching towards Paris, had to be grouped differently. Signed

"KIRCHAUSEN."

As a result of this inability to crush the French, General Von Hausen — one of the most famous Generals of the German army — lost his command, and some few weeks later he was crossed off the list of that army. The Kaiser had to have men who " made good," or they were sent to the rear.

While the German officer was being reprimanded and dishonored, the man who had opposed him — General Franchet D'Esperey — was given a well-deserved promotion. General Foch immediately intrusted him with the command of the entire Fifth Army, made up of the 18th, the 3d, the 1st, and the 10th corps, and the cavalry corps.

General Franchet D'Esperey was already well known in France, for he had carried the flag to success in Morocco, and had there distinguished himself. Promoted to be General of Brigade March 23d, 1908, he had the good fortune to be sent to far distant Morocco four years later, where he succeeded General Moinier. Near the end of 1913, after having accomplished several very arduous campaigns against rebellious tribesmen, which were productive of excellent results, he returned to the mother country where he later received three stars and the collar of a Commander of the Legion of Honor.

In 1914 this well-known soldier was called to command the First Army Corps at Lille, and when the German hordes swept down upon Paris there was General D'Esperey in their path, there with the Poilus: determined, hard-fighting, desperate. At Charleroi, where both English and French were defeated, he was the only Allied General who won a victory. He was then in command of the First Army Corps — made up for the greater part of men from Lille and Flanders and these were men of heroic mold who said: "They shall not pass."

"They shall not pass," they cried, and, as the gray-clad hordes surged to the bridges of the Meuse, there were the Poilus to riddle them with machine gun and rifle fire. At no great distance from Namur these gallant souls held the bridges all day, and, as the shadows of evening began to fall, they charged, singing their ancient battle cries which had led them to victory under Jeanne D'Arc. The issue of the battle, however had been already decided, and several allied corps, which were in a bad position, were forced backwards.

The army dropped to the rear fighting grimly, while it was left for General D'Esperey, with the First Army Corps, to protect the right flank of the Franco-British Corps, and, with extraordinary dash, he achieved that formidable task. Attacking the Saxons — the hardest fighters of all Germany — he threw them into disorder and he drove back to the River Meuse an enemy division which had succeeded in crossing the river. It was a furious attack and it seemed to fairly hypnotize the Saxons, who stood as if afraid to interfere, and all during the night of the 22nd, and the whole day of the 24th, they allowed the entire French army to pass by unmolested.

On August 23d the Boche saw that it was impossible to advance against D'Esperey's men, and hence the note from Kirchausen which admitted the valiancy of the leader of the First Army Corps.

On the River Marne, when French and English stubbornly battled with the Kaiser's vanguard, Franchet D'Esperey won new laurels. In command of the Fifth Army, he here held the line to the north of Provins, as far as Sezanue — between the commands of Generals French and Foch. Facing him were the left wing of

Von Kluck's army and the right wing of Von Bulow's horde.

The Germans were then supremely confident of ultimate victory, and they came on with a rush. It was early on the morning of September 6th that Joffre gave his famous order to attack, and, when the news reached General D'Esperey, that fighting man threw himself with extraordinary fury upon the left wing of Von Kluck's army, and the right wing of Von Bulow, including the Saxons, the Prussian Guard, and the victors of the battles in Belgium.

There is a small stream in Virginia which runs just below the place where the men of the North charged the famous Stonewall Brigade behind a railroad embankment during the battle of Second Bull Run. Standing there one day and conversing with a farmer, who had been in the battle, he informed me that the waters of this quiet brook had been red with blood during the furious fighting which there occurred. So at the River Marne the waters of the stream which flowed between the forces of General D'Esperey and Von Kluck were soon dyed a rich crimson with the blood of the contending armies. Prying a wedge between Von Bulow and Von Kluck, the hard-fighting Frenchmen took the village of Esternay at the point of the bayonet. Driving the Germans before them, they threw everything into disorder which faced them, and on the 8th they entered Montmirail, over a mountain of German dead.

Hurrah! The Boche was trounced, and, on the morning of the 9th, the aviators signaled that Von Kluck and Von Bulow were retreating. True enough, distressed and somewhat disorganized by the furious onslaught, the gray-backs thought that they had proceeded into France quite far enough. All were happy as they pressed hard upon the rear of these invaders, and they sang.

On, on, pressed D'Esperey with his men, on towards Montmirail, Vauchamp, and Champaubert.

Finally it became necessary to recall the victorious Frenchmen from their bloody onslaught and they were moved towards Château-Thierry where, aided by the English, they menaced Von Kluck's rear. Another corps of this Fifth Army, meanwhile, echeloned towards the south, taking in flank the second half of Von Bulow's Army, and helped Marshal Foch to perform deeds of great heroism in the center of this great battle.

The battle of the Marne was soon over. France — humanity — civilization — had been saved, and among the immortals who had stemmed the onslaught of the barbarians was Franchet D'Esperey — now with the same rank as Foch, Castleneau, Fayolle, and Joffre. His name was associated with all the mighty operations of the French in this great war — the Somme — the Champagne — the Aisne — and no one had higher praise from all than this doughty General. Finally, in the month of June, 1916, he was sent to the Balkans to take a new command, that of the armies of the Orient. Eight short weeks after he had landed at Salonika he again covered his name with glory, and the victor of the Meuse and of Montmirail became the victor of Vardar.

Now — know you — that the Bulgar, against whom our eminent General was pitted, is a curious soldier, for he takes to the rocks and precipices like a mountain goat. He is patriotic and will die for his country when he believes himself to be in the right, but he also is prone to retreat and to give in when he sees that the odds are against him. Perched upon the mountain trails, these tribesmen saw a vast army come to drive them from their country. Here were British, Greeks, French, Italians, and Serbians. They looked down upon them with awe, yet they intrenched, smoked their pipes, and waited for the day of battle.

"War," said Napoleon, "is, above all, the art of execution."

Franchet D'Esperey, immediately after his arrival, began to prepare for the execution of a great drive which would annihilate the Bulgar army, drive the tribesmen to the rear in confusion, and settle the supremacy of the Allies then and there. The Bulgars, meanwhile, thought themselves safe from attack, owing to the natural difficulties which lay in the path of the Allied forces. High up on the hills and ridges of the mountainous region between Dobro Polje to Hozicaks they used spade and shovel to throw up earthworks, and contented themselves with reënforcing their line. They sang their strange songs, and their voices came ringing down from the heights. They blew on their long bugles and danced their curious dances, where they spun around like a top. Yet, all the while, the French Commander-in-Chief was preparing by building roads, hauling up big guns, and making ammunition dumps which could be easily reached.

FRANCHET D'ESPEREY

It was August before these preparations had begun, for many circumstances prevented the Allied Commander from beginning these preparations any earlier. The summer heat lingers along the coast well into the Fall, and the Winter is quite severe. It was thus important that the campaign should be closed before the snow began to drift across the mountain tops.

The sector, chosen for the attack, lacked communications, except for goat-paths which were all right for goats, but impractical for artillery. A road was, therefore, laid out by the Engineers — a road over which troops and ammunition might travel; it ran from Dojne to Pojar, and from Grevesta to Seiliam. To the French troops was assigned the task of piercing the Bulgarian line; they were told that they had to traverse the wild country before them, covered with low brush, dense forests and scrub, while deep ravines, chasms, and precipices were intervening.

This did not seem to worry the Poilus in the least and they went to work, singing. If you have to die soon you might as well do so cheerfully, seemed to be their thought, and, as the work progressed and the road was constructed, guns were pushed up to the front. At an altitude of fully six thousand feet, heavy guns were hoisted into position; guns which could carry far into the Bulgarian line. And the Bulgars, meanwhile, still watched what was going on with apparent stolidity.

General Franchet D'Esperey seemed to know how to deal with his men, for he had a ready word for all, and this quite won the hearts of his troopers. They worked quite willingly, and, when all seemed to be ready for the assault, he had the affections of every one. The Bulgarian position had been carefully studied, and all knew where to attack, so as August wore to a close and the bright sun of September shone over the scene of animation, the General-in-Chief smiled, for he saw that he was soon to launch an offensive that would end in an ultimate triumph.

As the soldiers of the signal detachments laid their telephone and telegraph lines in the chaos of rocks and trees, they had to scale the bowlders like goats. For the main part they were well hidden, but the Bulgars watched them without apparent interest, when they did appear in the open, and only occasionally shelled the Allied line. Finally, on September 14th all seemed to be ready, and the order was passed along the battle-column to open fire with the artillery.

BOOM!

With a roar that reverberated among the giant crags and bowlders, the first signal gun spoke its missive of death, and it was followed by the belching growl from hundreds of iron throats.

BOOM!

The Bulgars answered with 115's, but this seemed to have little effect upon the Allied artillery.

CRASH! ROAR!

Gun after gun spat and shrieked at the mountain fastness and the brushwood was soon blazing. Columns of yellowish smoke began to ascend from the hillside, while the great valley resounded to the roar of the booming cannon. All day raged the artillery duel, and the stillness of night was grateful to the ears of the war-worn soldiery.

Morning came — the morning of September 15th — again spoke the signal gun, and, promptly at five o'clock A. M. the French Colonials went over the top. Cheering wildly, they rushed at the enemy trenches with bomb and bayonet, while an artillery barrage prepared the way. The Bulgars were no match for them, they seemed to be unable to cope with these cheering, piking, striking Poilus.

The Sengalese troops of the French army captured the first line and nine hundred demoralized prisoners in just about forty minutes. They took the second line shortly afterwards, except for one trench which was crammed with machine guns. A company of Sengalese bombers attacked this in the rear, and it also fell. The day was drawing to a close and the Bulgars seemed everywhere to be defeated.

On the extreme right of the line the Serbian troops also advanced, driving the Bulgars from their first and second line trenches with ease. The British line fought grimly, but no advance was obtained, and the Bulgars claimed a repulse with heavy losses, a claim which has never been fully justified.

In the center, the Allied Division had to wait while the division on the left engaged the Bulgars on the slopes of Sokol and in the marshes at the foot of Dobro-Polje, where, although badly hampered by the terrain, they finally completed the task set before them. By eight o'clock in the evening the principal Bulgar positions were in the hands of the Allies, the only obstacle remaining being the Grantza Peak.

The Bulgars began to pull themselves together and they offered stubborn resistance, even attempting to hurl the Allies back over the original line, but reënforcements were coming up quickly and they could do nothing. It was a smashing attack that was delivered, and the Bulgar picked troops were hurried up to stem the advance. They could do no damage. On all sides and everywhere, as the growling cannon boomed and spat, the French, Sengalese, Italians, Greeks, and British, pressed the mountain tribesmen back. Night fell and there was little dancing in the camp of the Bulgars. Instead there was weeping and lamentation.

The Krantza Crest — the key to the entire position — was bitterly fought for, and eventually it was firmly held by the Allies. On the left, the French Division took Sokol and Dobro-Polje and a swamp which was thick with hidden machine-guns. On the right, the Serbs held Vetrenick and the mountainous Pass called the Vetrenick Elephant's Ear. Evening fell upon a field strewn with dead and dying.

Next morning the brown eyes of General D'Esperey were flashing, for it had been a glorious victory. More than three thousand Bulgar prisoners streamed to the rear behind the Allied line, while fully fifty guns were theirs, including a number of 155's. The heavier guns were immediately turned upon the enemy by the Serbs, and great shells went ricocheting over their new-made trenches. Quantities of trench-mortars, machine-guns, rifles, and munitions of all kinds, had fallen into the hands of the victors.

But there was little fight left in the army of hillmen and goat-herds. The Allies went marching onward, with cheers and with confidence, while a flag of truce was soon exhibited upon the other side. Mr. Bulgar had had quite enough.

In fact, the doughty Franchet had taken the following towns with the extraordinary names of: Prelep, Veles, Ish-tich (where there must have been a gentle touch) and Strummit-za.

No wonder that people who owned such possessions wanted to get rid of them, so, Bulgaria asked an armistice and the victory of Vardar had closed the war in the Balkans.

Franchet D'Esperey smiled — even laughed — for he had done a good day's work.

THE CALL TO ARMS

I am just a simple Frenchman
  And I live at Bar le Duc,
Where we make good cheese and jelly,
  Which we sell to every cook.
I am just a simple fellow,
  I'm for peace and the joyous dance,
And I love the rolling acres
  Of my native, beauteous France.

Why should these Germans wish to fight?
  Go ask their Kaiser grand,
He dresses forty times a day
  And owns a lot of land.
He talks of being linked with God,
  He prates of heavenly fire,
Which, emanating from the sky,
  Rolls 'round him like a spire.

Quite right, Monsieur, I love them not,
  And what, sir, can I do?
These Rhinish fellows want to fight,
  And they'll get a good one, too.
They swarm down on our country
  And they drink up all our wine,
And they laugh at us, and say that we
  Are "feeble, spineless swine."

Parbleu, Monsieur! The summons comes,
  It echoes o'er the hill
The bugle's throat is bursting with
  The angry call to kill!
It says: "*Rise up, you Poilu!*"
  Which means you hairy men,
Who used to live here years ago
  In a Neolithic den.

So, *au revoir,* my happy home,
  And *au revoir,* my wife,
I've got to go and fight the Boche
  And end this foolish strife.
Why is it that they want our land?
  Why won't they leave us be?
Ta donc! I do not know, Monsieur,
  Perhaps the Sphinx can see!

EDOUARD DE CURIERES DE CASTELNAU

THE DEFENDER OF NANCY

EDOUARD DE CURIÈRES DE CASTELNAU

THE DEFENDER OF NANCY

A FRENCH General — grizzled, troubled-looking, sad-eyed — was dictating dispatches to his Quartermaster near the battle-lines at Verdun. Far away roared the great guns, and white wisps of smoke rolled across the pock-marked fields. Suddenly a mud-bespattered officer appeared, and, saluting, stood at attention as the war-weary General looked him over.

"What is it, Piquard?" asked the General, still scribbling.

The officer had tears in his eyes and did not reply.

Again the General queried:

"What is it?"

Now the officer had found his voice, but it was quavering, as he stammered:

"Your son Xavier has just been killed in Alsace. They say that he fell gloriously in a charge."

The old soldier's eyes glistened with tears and he remained silent. Then, turning to his Quartermaster, he remarked:

"Go on, sir. One cannot forestall the Will of God. His Will be done."

Without more ado, this Spartan continued with his dispatches, and soon completed the work at hand. He was a Stoic — and a Philosopher. Yet deep, deep into his fatherly heart had pierced the Arrow of Sorrow.

This philosophical soldier of the French Republic was General de Castelnau, known all over France as the "Hero of the Grande Couronne de Nancy."

A true veteran is the eminent soldier; a veteran not only of the Great World War which has just ended, but also a veteran of the war of 1870 between France and Prussia. General Curières de Castelnau, in fact, was born on December 24th, 1851, at Saint-Afrique, Aveyron. His father, a distinguished *Avocat,* or Lawyer, had left the family castle Saint-Come in order to settle in this little French town, where he married Mademoiselle Barthe, of Rouergne, whose ancestors had all been Notaries at Murasson, as well as Mayors of the sleepy little village.

In the Eighteenth Century Jean Baptiste de Curières, Baron of Castelnau, was a Page of the French King, and in the year 1750 he was made a Captain of Cavalry. In 1770 we find him a Lieutenant Colonel, a Brigadier in 1772, and a Marshal in 1788. He was a fighter, too, and was desperately wounded at Forbach, in recognition of which the King gave him a sword studded with jewels, which has been preserved as a precious relic by the de Castelnaus for many years.

This eminent soldier had three brothers, one of whom was an Abbey, another a Chevalier, and a third was distinguished as a Sea Captain. This fellow married his cousin Ayral du Bourg, and had a son Jean Baptiste — historian — one of whose sons was the father of Michel de Castelnau, born at Espalion in 1810, who was the father of the General of the Great War.

The street where the now eminent soldier was born is on the edge of the River Sorge, and, although it formerly had the name of Bart, this has now been changed to the Street of General de Castelnau. This change was made on January 8th, 1916, and many speeches were made at the time, by the Mayor, and others, in praise of this gallant Frenchman who commanded the French Poilus at the awful battles around Verdun.

All of the de Castelnau brothers went to a Sanctuary of the St. Joseph Catholic Sisters, in the village of Bart, and it has been recorded that, although the two older brothers excelled in their lessons, the youngest of all — the Great de Castelnau — remained at the bottom of his class in every one of his studies. In spite of this inability to be a student he was so full of fun that he was the life of every party. He was also of an inquisitive frame of mind and was one day discovered in the act of dissecting a mechanical horse in order to see what was in his stomach. In physical sports he was always first, and in military tactics also.

The French boys were accustomed to play a game called *tournoi,* or tournament, which was something similar to the game of Rounders. They also used to get up mock-plays, or fêtes, called *carrousels.* One day the great Bishop of Lounders — known also as the Monseigneur de Lalle, head of the Diocese of Nancy, came to the school, so a *fête,* or *carrousel,* was staged for his especial benefit, in which our future de Castelkiller-of-men took a very prominent rôle.

At the close of this affair there was a great parade of all who had taken part, and the future General, mounted in a Greek chariot, drawn by soldiers, was carried past the portly Bishop, whom he saluted by bowing low. The Prelate was much pleased by the performance, and especially by the work of little de Castelnau, so he said:

"Young man, I congratulate you. You have staged this affair quite excellently, and you yourself are to be highly commended for all that you have done to make my visit a happy one. I thank you, and may you continue to bring happiness to all."

This was in the year 1867, quite a long time ago, you see, but the future General never forgot what the good Bishop had said to him.

Little de Castelnau remained for nine years in the College of St. Gabriel before he went to Paris and became a student at St. Cyr; the same Military School at which Napoleon the First was educated. Here he remained only a few months and did not graduate. Instead he was dispatched to the Rhine on August 6th, 1870, and billeted with the 31st Infantry, which was soon engaged with the advancing Prussian army under Von Moltke and Bismarck. Six months after he had left St. Cyr he was a Captain, and he was only nineteen years of age.

Throughout the fierce struggle between Napoleon the Third and the Prussians the eminent soldier fought with a courage that was most commendable, and, at the close of the campaign, he continued in the army, entering the College of War in 1878.

Since this time he has always been identified with the French army, and his career has been stable and ever upward.

In 1889 he was a Commandant.

In 1891 he was decorated.

In 1900 he was made a Colonel.

In 1909 he was created General of Brigade.

In 1913 General, or "Papa," Joffre called him to be Chief-of-Staff of the French Army. He was soon sent to take charge of the Poilus in Lorraine, and was made General-in-Chief of the Second Army, which valiantly withstood the shock of the superior German forces which were hurled upon bleeding France. The Army of Lorraine was held on the heights of the Grand Couronne de Nancy while "Papa" Joffre gave battle to the Germans on the Ourcq and the Marne.

The village of Nancy, shelled by the great German guns, stood in the path of the advancing Teutons, and, with all the might of their vast machine they here endeavored to crash through the French lines and on towards Paris. But they had General de Castelnau to contend with, and they had the Army of Lorraine, the ranks of which were filled with fathers of families, with brothers and relatives of all the women and children behind, who were clinging to their houses and farms, hoping against hope that this tide of invasion would be checked.

The French 75's were limbered up and pointed at the Germans, and whenever the Hunnish masses endeavored to press onward over the hills of Nancy they were met with such a withering fire from the belching light guns that they could never advance.

Finally, the French themselves went on, and General de Castelnau had the satisfaction of seeing the Hunnish forces beaten away from the town, while their long lines of artillery had to be withdrawn from the trenches of the Mortagne and the Meurthe to positions nearer their own frontier.

A great sigh of satisfaction went up from all the French behind the solid line, as this withdrawal occurred, but there was weeping and desolation in every home, for the very flower of France had fallen — among them the youngest son of our General, and also his favorite, the boy Xavier. The great soldier was the father of eight sons and four daughters.

Although the Battle of the Marne will go down to history as the great battle of this war, this battle of Nancy and of Lorraine was the most important of French victories, and it made possible the defeat of the Germans at the Marne. This Lorraine field was the field that France and Germany had planned — for a generation — to fight on. The French General Staff had prepared numerous plans of battle for this particular sector, as all knew that the Germans would enter France through the gap in between the Vosges mountains and the hills of the Meuse.

Had the Germans but respected the neutrality of Belgium, and not invaded the territory of King Albert, the entire army would have pressed into France by this route. The Marne battlefield was one reached by the Germans by chance. This field, however, was one upon which the French had always known that they would have to fight — every foot of this country had been thoroughly studied by the members of the French General Staff.

General de Castelnau had commanded an army whose line stretched from the village of Pont-a-Musson, on the north, to Bayon — southeast of this position. Barbed-wire entanglements were in front of all this sector, and in the woods of Bois de Fac the Germans reached the high-water mark of their invasion, a position similar to the Clump of Trees at Gettysburg. In the field below this wood now lie four thousand dead Germans; who they were no one knows; they came here at the command of their Kaiser, and they died here before the weltering fire of the French muskets and 75's.

Straight across the river from here, and west of it, is the Forest of the Advance Guard, where were thousands of German machine-guns on the day of battle. Here the French, lying in their trenches, had been swept by an awful fire, but tenaciously and gamely they had held on. So frightful were their losses, however, that their commander had received an order to retreat. He insisted that the order be put in writing so as to gain time, for he did not wish to fall back. The order finally came — made out by one of General de Castelnau's aides. It had to be obeyed, so the French slowly and reluctantly retreated. With silence and depression they went southward. Suddenly a cry resounded all along the line. It was: "The Germans are retreating, themselves."

"En Avant!" With a cheer the French came back, reoccupied their old trenches, and fired at the backs of the enemy,— the northern door to Nancy had been blocked by the bodies of the Poilu.

Yet the Germans attempted to regain the lost ground and made a night attack. Not less than twenty thousand men — an entire Division — were formed beyond the French position, and launched four times at the bleeding but gamey Poilus. The slope which they advanced over was very gradual and these were picked troops, chosen to break through to Paris. But — they failed — failed so utterly that they called this the Hill of the Dead, and thousands of them now lie there, buried without any regard to either regiment or name.

The Grand Mont d'Armance is on the southeastern corner of the Grand Couronne, and is the most famous point of the Lorraine front. From the top of this hill, one thousand and three hundred feet high, one can look eastward into German Lorraine, the Promised Land of France. On the top of this hill General de Castelnau watched his own troops follow the Germans over the frontier in August. In the hills beyond the Germans had hidden their machine-guns, and, as the Poilus advanced exultantly, they had been unsupported by artillery, so had broken badly when enfiladed by the murderous German fire.

In the valley below, more than two hundred thousand men had fought for days and days. At one place a French brigade charged across the fields at 8:15 o'clock P. M., and by 8:30 it had lost three thousand out of six thousand men. Then the Germans, flushed with success, debouched from the woods to charge themselves, and in a quarter of an hour they lost three thousand five

EDOUARD DE CURIÈRES DE CASTELNAU

hundred soldiers. The land is simply one vast graveyard.

In the distance is the little Seille River, which marked the line of the old frontier. Across this first came the Germans, and across this they afterwards retreated, swarming across the low, bare hills, and disappearing into the woods — the Forest of Champenoux. Here they rallied, turned, and fought a frightful battle with the exultant French, which lasted for days. The trees are hacked and torn to pieces with shell fire.

At the foot of the hill is a fountain, in the center of a cluster of buildings, and here is where the Germans reached their highest point of advance. The houses were torn asunder, the whole place was badly wrecked by the battle, while just beyond was the line which Prince Bismark had drawn upon the soil of France as the boundary between France and Germany after the war of 1870, a line which had been a bleeding wound in the side of France ever since.

It is said, that,— as the attack was going on near the Forest of the Advance Guard, the Kaiser and a brilliant staff rode upon a hill near the river Seille to watch the progress of the battle, and to advance into Nancy at the head of his triumphant troops. Clad in white uniform and breast-plate of mail, he was a thing of joy and beauty forever. But there was to be no triumphant advance, instead a riotous retreat, with the disheveled legions cut-up, butchered, and massacred by the French machine-gun and rifle fire. The Kaiser had not guessed correctly — this was a far different France from the France which Prussia attacked in 1870.

The people of Nancy itself remained calm during all of this bitter fighting, for they had been expecting this very thing for many years. The bakers still made macaroons and the children still went to school, in spite of air-raids by Taubes and Zeppelins. For forty-six years the population had lived before the German frontier expecting invasion at any moment and thus they were well prepared for just such happenings.

"Peace will come, but not until we have our ancient frontier," said the people. "We must have Metz and Strassburg again. We have waited a long, long time for revenge, and it must be ours."

Yet — without the assistance of the United States, it looked as if that day of revenge were never to arrive.

It was the third week in August, 1914, that the army of de Castelnau crossed the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine and entered upon German territory, and it was a joyful day for France when it was announced that the victorious armies had reached the villages of Sarrebourg and Morhange, and were sitting upon the Strassburg-Metz railroad. Yet in Berlin there was gloom and depression, and no one there had any regard for the name of de Castelnau.

The French themselves thought so highly of their soldier that, on December 11th, 1915, he was made a Brigadier General, which gave him the position of Generalissimo, and shortly after this he was called by General Pétain to help save the Citadel of Verdun. This was in February, 1916.

Of Pétain and Verdun, you know. You know how long and how strenuously the Germans under the Crown

Prince endeavored to seize this stronghold, and you know how valorously the French fought. To Pétain and Joffre have been given the honor of this stubborn resistance, but de Castelnau was also there, and he directed many a counter-assault against the lines of the enemy. Verdun is now a wreck — a pile of ashes — but if future generations are to place tablets to commemorate the gallant defenders of the citadels and forts they will do well to place the name of de Castelnau upon one of them, and to place it in a most conspicuous position.

So proud of their soldier have been the people of the town of Bart that they have wanted to replace the statue of Liberty there, chiseled by Bartholdi, with one of the brave hero of the Couronne de Nancy, but so far they have not done so. Perhaps this may yet happen.

On September 18th, 1917, a delegation of his townfolk carried him a sword, and, after a poem had been read and an address had been made by the Mayor, it was presented to the aged hero; a veritable Chevalier Bayard, with a heart of steel and a soul of crystal.

The gleaming weapon was of the finest workmanship and was quite fit for a King. On the hilt was emblazoned a coat-of-arms of the General, with the inscription in Latin: "Currens Post Gloriam Semper," which means "Always Following After Glory." This inscription was surrounded by a wreath of laurel, symbolic of the lives of the de Castelnaus.

A day or two before the armistice was signed, the prominent man of war was named to command a group of armies, known as the Army of the East, and he had made elaborate preparations to make a great attack between Strassburg and Metz. The armistice saved the Germans from sure defeat and annihilation.

The end of the Great World War finds General de Castelnau respected and loved by the French, and shortly to be named Inspector of Armies. May the closing years of the life of the Hero of the great battles in Lorraine be fraught with praise and honor, for the doughty general of the zealous Poilus had saved Civilization from the domination of the hard-fisted and ill-mannered Germans.

THE GRAVE AT NANCY

There's a green-topped hill at Nancy, where the wind-blown poppies grow,
There's a shot-torn hill at Nancy, where the quivering aspens blow,
There's a sloping vale at Nancy, where the limbers trotted by,
There's a laughing brook at Nancy, beneath the azure sky.

The linnets sing at Nancy, and their swelling throats breathe joy,
The chaffinch trills at Nancy,— but, where is my darling boy?
'Neath the gas-seared sod at Nancy, he lies — a hero brave,
On the green-topped hill at Nancy they dug his lonely grave.

There lie his comrades — staunch and true — who faced the leaden hail,
There sleep the soldiers — rank on rank — at death they didn't quail.
There are the youthful sons of France, now sleeping where they fell,
There rest the men of Alsace-Lorraine,— they did their duty well.

True — the linnets sing at Nancy — there's joy beneath
the sun,
Yea — the orioles build at Nancy, their nests with
pleasure spun,
But my heart lies there at Nancy, 'neath the shell-torn,
bleeding sod,
For my son sleeps there at Nancy,— his soul rests with
his God.

JAN SMUTS

LEADER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA

JAN SMUTS

LEADER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA

" Jannie is for South Africa,
One and great and free,
' But,' he says, ' if you want it so,
You must leave it *all* to me.'

" Jannie's too big for heaven,
So, at the last trump's sound,
They'll clear a space in a suitable place,
A special shrine, quite round —

" Paneled and tiled with statesmen,
The great of bygone days,
And Jannie will tread on the glorious dead,
And we shall sing his praise.

" Jannie will take the top note,
The rest won't sing for nuts,
But you can ne'er tell, he may end in — well,
Jannie may end in ' Smuts.' "

While the Allies were struggling with the Boche in Flanders and in France, the East African possessions of the Germans were being wrested away from them by the English and Boer troops, led by General Jan Smuts, a man who formerly led rebellious soldiers against the British flag.

Less than sixteen years ago this military leader was in arms against Great Britain. Since that eventful era he has held almost every cabinet position in the government of the Union of South Africa. He has been at different intervals State Attorney for the Transvaal, Acting Assistant Commandant General, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Finance, and has repeatedly assumed the place of General Botha — the Premier — when this official has been absent on a tour of duty.

The Boer-Englishman was born in the year 1870, at Cape Colony, and thus first saw the light of day when united Germany — under Bismarck and Von Moltke — was crushing the disorganized French forces led by Napoleon the Third. Educated at Victoria College at Stellenbasch in South Africa, and at Christ Church, England, he achieved distinction as a student. Afterwards he studied law and applied himself so diligently to this branch of learning that shortly after his return to Cape Town, when only twenty-eight years of age, he was made States Attorney under President Kruger.

When war broke out with England, the youthful barrister was an aide to his chief, when a meeting was held with the British Commissioners at Bloemfontein which resulted in war between Boer and Uitlander. During the bad days which succeeded, he served with distinction as a leader of the former fighters from veldt and mining-town. He learned to know South Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic as one learns a country only under the searching test of war, and as he himself says of this era: "I believe it is generally admitted that I covered more country than any other com-

JAN SMUTS

mander in the field, on either side — and my movements were not always in the direction of the enemy."

When Germany attacked France, in the present war, some one in the little village of Johannesburg was heard to sing a ditty which ran:

"D'ye ken Jan Smuts when he's after the Hun,
D'ye ken Jan Smuts when he's got 'em on the run,
D'ye ken Jan Smuts when he's out with his gun,
And his horse and his men in the morning?"

"Yes, I ken Jan Smuts and Jourdain, too,
Van der V. and Sportsman Selous,
Springbok and Sikh, for they're all true blue,
When they're *straffing* the Hun in the morning."

Jan Smuts, in fact, now General Smuts, if you please, was after the South African Boche with as large an army as the British and loyal Boers could muster. The initial events of the anti-German campaign were to seize the rail-head of the Tanga-Kilimanjaro line, the capture of the town of Moshi, and the threatening of the central German railway from Dar-es-Salam to Tanganyika. The British advanced through a dense brush country, under a blazing sun, and were wet by fearful rains, yet in spite of all obstacles they turned many positions elaborately prepared by the Germans, and, fighting an endless series of minor engagements, they gradually drove the Germans back to the interior of German East Africa. Within a year after the Boche had invaded the British possessions he had been hustled out of them, his army had been reduced two-thirds by death and capture, and, what was left of him, was confined to the southern and southwestern part of the former German colony.

At the beginning of the year 1916 the honors were clearly with the Germans, as far as their East African possessions were concerned. They had their colony intact, and, as their Governor von Schnee proclaimed, they could resist any reënforcements which the British might bring up, since they were self-supporting. They believed that the tropical climate would kill off those who wished to seize their country. Climate, swampland, great distances, and mountains, were better safeguards than either numbers or munitions of war. As they were on the initiative and the British were on the defensive, there was good cause for their confidence in ultimate victory. Their raiding-parties were continuously assaulting the Uganda and Voi-Maktau railways, and they held a considerable amount of British territory along the line of the Lumi River and in the Gap of Kilimanjaro, the main gateway to the north from British East Africa.

East Africa was the only colony left to Germany at the beginning of 1916, as that country had lost Togoland, Southwest Africa, and the Cameroons on the west coast. Therefore she was fully determined to cling to her richest possession. Some of Germany's War Lords even dreamed of a day — not far distant — when Germany would control all of middle Africa — Mittel-Africa, as they called it — when it would have a population of fifty million natives and half a million Germans, when great cities would have sprung up on Lake Chad and Tanganyika, and when a Lake Chad express would run direct from Berlin to this country. The Kaiser had told his people in Africa to hold out to the last, and, with the hope that their armies in Europe would force the English, French, and Belgians to their knees, the Germans in East Africa determined to yield nothing and to fight to the bitter end.

The Germans were commanded by von Lettow-Vorbeck — an officer of the general staff — who had at one time been Chief of Staff in the Posen district of Germany. He was a machine-gun specialist, and clearly saw the advantage of this terrible weapon in bush-fighting. He had an abundance of native troops, the best fighting stock in Africa — Sudanese, Somalis, Zulus, and the Wanyamwezi. His men knew this tangled country like a book; they were immune against the tropical diseases which beset the English, and, as Vorbeck had no conscience, like all Germans, he enforced discipline by the lash and chain. Before General Jan Smuts began to hammer him he had a larger and better force than the English, and even after the arrival of reënforcements from India, which were added to his opponent's forces, he had an army scarcely inferior to that in front of him. It was the first time that an English army fighting in a tropical wilderness had met another army trained by Europeans and of intelligence equal to their own. The struggle, as General Smuts says, was a "campaign against Nature, in which climate, geography, and disease fought more effectively against us than the well-trained forces of the enemy."

When General Smuts began his campaign, large contingents had been raised in South Africa, and, apart from the troops on the lakes and the Rhodesia and Nyasaland forces, there were two British Divisions in the country. The First Division, under General Stewart, was at Longido; and the Second Division, under General Tight, was on the Voi-Makatau line. The Germans were supposed to have sixteen thousand men, of whom two thousand were white; the rest native Africans. Concentrated in the Kilimanjaro district, the German army watched the oncoming British with grim defiance in their eyes. Would their Kultur be supreme in this far distant land?

General Smuts had determined to "drive" the country from north to south with his own men, while his assistant, or subsidiary forces, of British and Belgians were to move eastward from Lake Victoria, from Lake Kivu, from Tanganyika and Nyasa. He wished, in fact, to split the enemy country. Adopting a plan which he knew that Von Lettow Vorbeck would not dream that he would assume, he flung himself into the wilds, trusting to God for time to pick up new communications as he proceeded. It was necessary that he move at once, for the rains would soon be coming, and then it would be perfectly impossible to go on. He hoped — as far as possible — to fight upon the high lands, or, at any rate, to have the uplands adjacent to his rest camps and hospitals.

It was a bright clear day in that South African wilderness when the army of General Jan Smuts — splitting into three divisions — set out to push the enemy from the Tanga railway, and, advancing with élan, the columns went triumphantly forward, maintaining constant communication with each other by means of wireless. One brigade was operating among the foothills of the Pare Mountains where all had formerly been a wilderness. Here their armored cars often crossed the tracks of ostriches, elands, gnus, and other game, while soldiers occasionally took a pot-shot at a lurking hyena. By the end of May two of the brigades had converged and joined, driving before them a German force which was endeavoring to hold the railway between the mountains and the river. Just beyond this was the important German town of Wilhelmstal, and by the thirteenth of June this was occupied by the South African Union troops. The Germans beat a sullen retreat to their town of Handeni, which they had strongly fortified.

Meanwhile, the third British-Boer brigade — or Union Brigade, as it was called — had been left at the tongue-tying town of Kondoa-Irangi, where, under General Van der Venter, an Anglicized Boer and a hard-riding cavalryman, the soldiers endeavored to drive out the German troops under General Vorbeck, who, it is said, was an able soldier who had seen considerable service in Germany with the "Kaiser's own." This fellow, in fact, attacked Van der Venter, and the Allied troops were surrounded by a superior force. They suffered from scant provisions, yet reënforcements came to their assistance, and with a yell the desert-chasers of the British-Boer army were after the Boche. The Van der Venter Brigade started a sweeping movement towards the eastward in order to corner the retreating Hun, while General Smuts smiled grimly from the seat of his automobile. Horses had ceased to carry Generals in South Africa, as in la Belle France.

The Germans held Handeni. How were they to be defeated?

General Smuts was quite equal to the occasion and divided his forces into four columns of about an equal size. All were to march at a given signal and were to surround and converge on the German command at about the same time. The affair was managed with clock-like precision, and all were expecting to capture the Boche — when lo! — as the troops arrived — the Germans had fled. Native spies had warned the Teutons that the Allies were approaching, so, giving up their great depot without firing a shot, they hurried backward into the bush. The troops under Smuts were thus robbed of a straight victory. Despite the difficulties and the danger of pressing the pursuit through a rough and desolate country, as soon as the Boer scouts had learned where the Boche had gone the troops were ordered to be up and after them.

As the Boers and British went forward it was good to see the hearty welcome which was accorded them by the natives of this particular colony. The Germans had treated the black men with very little respect and had seized about all the food-stuffs that they could lay their hands upon. For this they would give the Austrian 20-heller piece in payment. To the savages this was valueless, as the natives will not barter with any coins save those of gold and of silver.

The porters and carriers seemed to melt away from the German camps whenever an opportunity was offered them. “ The Germans they no pay us. He no treat us fair,” the natives whimpered, and from this it can be seen that fair and honest dealing with the natives will work wonders. If one is to retain the respect and allegiance of savages, square-dealing must always be maintained.

As the white men advanced, their movements were looked upon with speechless awe by the native black men. The aeroplane was called “ the Bird ” by them, and was more dreaded than the ferocious crocodiles in the rivers. An aviator descended, one day, upon the farm-land of one of these black men, and, as he stood near his machine, the dusky inhabitant of South Africa walked towards him, with hand outstretched, saying:

“ Foh sho’ you is de Lawd.”

Horses are virtually unknown in this part of the country, because of the stings of the tsetse fly, and thus the natives were dumfounded at the mounted troops, calling them “ Kabure,” after the old mounted troops of the Boer army. Bodies of armed native soldiers have been often seen to throw away their rifles and run for dear life into the bush at first sight of soldiers on horse-back.

The British soldiers cannot receive too high praise for their indefatigable purpose in this campaign. Remember that the sun was a tropical one, the rations were scanty, and they were tortured by myriads of insect pests; yet, in spite of heat, fever, mosquitoes and fatigue, they pressed joyfully on. The motor-cyclists had the worst duties to perform, and that they were brave fellows is well exemplified by the following story:

One day as the Rhodesian troops under Van der Venter pressed onward, a patrol of four soldiers came upon a white man who was apparently lost in the bush. He was temporarily insane, was muttering incoherent sentences, was stark naked save for a breech clout, and was staggering along a path used by the natives. He was brought into camp, where he was clothed, fed, and given a bath. Then he regained his proper mind and told of his adventures.

It seems that he had been bringing a dispatch from General Van der Venter to General Northey, and, in order to escape a piece of sandy soil, where his wheels would not turn, he left the main road. He soon found himself in a fearfully wild collection of bushes and native shrubs, where — unfortunately for him — a part of his machine became lost. Look as he would, he could not find it, so he was forced to leave his motorcycle in the wilderness.

He had a rifle with him — of course — and with this he shot a small bird, but he became so weak that he could not carry his piece. He became weaker and weaker. He stumbled blindly forward. Then he lost consciousness and, when he woke up, found himself in the hands of the Rhodesian guard.

The Germans, as we have said, were retreating, so the men under General Smuts marched along, as soon as the scouts learned something of the whereabouts of the Boche.

On June 23d, secret orders were given, which were:

“Night march with unwheeled transport. Guns to be carried on mules. Smoking forbidden.”

Late in the afternoon the infantrymen, in long lines, vanished into the dim recesses of the forest, walking in Indian file. In silence they progressed and early next morning scouts brought back word that the Germans were upon an intrenched ridge, protected on the flank by the Lukigura River.

A part of the English-Boer force was now deployed to make a feint at the front of the works. A part — under General Haskin — made a wide, turning movement. All went well with both branches of the army, and by noon the flank was carried by a mixed force of fusileers and Kashmirs, while the troops which had made the feint in the front repulsed an attempt to break across the river. The Germans abandoned their position and again retreated.

A contender in this affair has written:

“That the position had been long and carefully prepared by the Germans ‘in case of accident’ was evident from the elaborate care given the construction of their fortifications. One of their gun-pits in particular, was a masterpiece. Imagine a trench thirty yards in length with sleeping cubicles for the gunners and galleries leading to the officers dug-outs, magazines and pits, the whole being covered with heavy timber and earthen mounds. These were planted with aloes “all-alive-O,” so that everything looked innocent enough, even in the case of aerial reconnoissance. Thorn *bomas* and machine-guns guarded every possible avenue of approach — from the front. The Germans seemed incapable of imagining an attack from any other quarter."

The Boche, you see, had been pretty well cut into by our Jan, and, in the meanwhile, a great movement was made in the south by General Northey, who advanced from the line between Lake Tanganyika and Nyasa, across the mountains which flanked the great plateau of German East Africa, on the west. It is a very mountainous region, but the troops stumbled over it, clambered across the ridges, took Bismarckburg, Neu Langenburg, and Iringa, where they joined hands with the men under Smuts and Van der Venter. The Germans were now pretty well disheartened.

The western boundary of German East Africa was protected by a mountain-chain and a string of lakes, which, from the viewpoint of defense, made a magnificent frontier, so that Belgian forces which moved from the Congo to the invasion of this country found it impossible to invade the enemy territory from the West. Before the Belgians could get into the Boche territory they had to be moved in a northeasterly direction. Once up there, they fell upon the Boche like a wolf on the fold.

The Belgian column reached a town called by the euphonious name of Kigali and drove the Germans everywhere before them. This place was the capital of the province of Ruanda, and, as the disheartened Teutons fell back from the neighborhood of Lake Kivu, the rest of the Belgians advanced from the west across the mountain barrier. At the same time a British column moved southward to the west of Lake Victoria

Nyanza. They reached the borders of this great sheet of water, and, joining with the Belgian troops, a concerted advance was made from Victoria Nyanza and Tanganika. The Germans had numerous armed vessels on the lake, but these were bombed and destroyed by sea planes. The Allies swept on and captured the town of Tabora, which — with the central railway — was occupied early in September of 1916.

The Boche was being pummeled at every angle, for in the far southeastern section the Portuguese had come into action, in order to protect their frontier which lay along that of the Germans. They repulsed two raids on Kionga and Unde, and, crossing the frontier, took possession of a wide strip of German territory along a northern bank of the river. A light cruiser, meanwhile, sailed up the Rouvma River and detached naval landing parties which assisted in driving back the defenders of German East Africa. It began to look as if there would be total surrender for the owners of German East Africa.

Smuts and Van der Venter soon were in action again, and it was to be the final, or "knock-out" blow to German supremacy of this particular part of the globe. Van der Venter, in fact, made a sudden dash, with a mounted column, in order to cut the railway line at Dodoma. The Germans were well intrenched, and, were also well supplied with machine guns. Had Van der Venter been a General Buller, he would have massacred his men by attacking in front. But — not so. He went clean around the Dutchmen and to their rear, so, seeing that the *verdampten Englander* was in their front, and rear, at the same moment, the Boche had to evacuate the *nek* and establish himself across the railway in the rear. He was now at the sweet-sounding town of Mpapua, which one does not attempt to pronounce but once.

Van, in fact, had his fighting blood up and determined to finish the German occupation of East South Africa without much delay. So, having a firm grip on the railway, he swung eastward again, had an old-time catch-as-catch-can fight in the open, captured that town with the jaw-breaking name (Mpapua) and linked his hard-riding dragoons with an advance column of General Smuts' sent on from Mondo. The Germans were now in a hopeless position. Their two main forces were hopelessly cut off from each other, and the remnants of the Kaiser's Imperial Army in South Africa had to face the hard fact that they were soon to be driven from the tiny piece of railway which they were clinging to like leeches. Seeing their last stand, the cheerful Van der Venter proceeded to drive home his final blow.

Now was the closing scene of this great drama of the veldt. It occurred while Britain and Germany were in a death agony on the fields of Flanders.

The German rear-guard — still with fight left in it — was outside the town of Kilossa, which might have better been named Kirch-wasser, after the favorite drink of the German Fatherland. The dare-devilish Van der Venter rode hard after this rear-guard, and, attacking it by foot and horse, drove the despairing Germans towards the sea-coast. Smuts — our Jan — meanwhile had not been idle, and, following up this advantage, sent one of his best brigades to cooperate with a strong naval landing force, which, on the sixth day of September, entered Dar-es-Salam (meaning, in native South African, " The Haven of Peace "). The Boche retreated to Moro-Moro, and it proved to be a town of sorrow, even as is Morro castle at Havana, for a short time afterwards the entire German detachment surrendered. The stubborn defense of South Africa had been a commendable feat, and it was proof of the supreme importance which the German Government placed upon the possession of its East African Colony.

The surrender of General von Lettow Vorbeck — the German Commander of East Africa — with his command of about five thousand Europeans and natives, took place upon November 15th, 1917. The General's army included four hundred armed natives, machine-gun carriers, a medical unit, and numerous women who had followed their husbands through the hardships of years of campaigning. The entire force laid down their arms on the Chambez River, near Kasana, Rhodesia.

Formed into three lines, the troops of the German army of defense stood at attention, while their commander read his formal surrender to General Edwards in charge of the British interests. Von Lettow then ordered his native troops to lay down their arms, but the Europeans among them were allowed to retain theirs in recognition of the hard fighting which they had experienced. The natives were then marched along to their internment camp.

It was a most impressive ceremonial, for the surrendering legions numbered one thousand five hundred and fifty-five Europeans, several hundred natives, and eight hundred and nineteen women. The men were all veterans of hundreds of fights and were surrounded by their women, who were carrying loads of food and of bedding, which they had staggered under during the entire campaign. Many of them had children with them, which were carried on their backs. The native carriers set up a loud shout when they learned that the war was at last over, and began to sing for joy when they understood that their hardships were behind them.

General Smuts had thus aided in adding a vast territory to the British possessions in far away Africa. In economic value this region ranks very high among the tropical countries of the African continent, for probably no portion of Africa has a climate or soil more suitable to the production, on an immense scale, of copra, cocoanuts, coffee, sugar, sisal, rubber, cotton, and other tropical products than has this country. It is a malarial land and is full of wild animals, but science will overcome these drawbacks, and Central and East Africa will eventually become one of the most productive and valuable parts of the tropics.

General Jan Smuts is not only an able General, but also a debater of the highest order. His speaking will command attention anywhere — even in the House of Commons — which once echoed with the masterful oratory of Burke, of Pitt, of Sheridan, and of Gladstone. He is a reserved man — even among his own friends —

and never allows any one to be too familiar with his person. He has done much for South Africa already, and, if the colonies captured by force from Germany are to be added to the British possessions in this equatorial country, Jan Smuts must be ranked with Cecil Rhodes, that masterful English colonist who said: "I want to see all of South Africa painted red."

HE WAS FROM MISSOURI

You know the Huns stormed Cambrai, and the shells
were raining fast,
You know that Devon troops were there, and they stood
the withering blast,
It was welter, welter, welter, and 'twas take cover if you
please,
Or else the shrilling whizz-bangs will knock you to your
knees.

You know the guns wrecked Cambrai,— as Von Hindenberg advanced,
Away out near the farthest walls, a single battery
pranced,
The shells were raining all around — they kicked up
mud and dirt,
While the Sergeant yelled out: "Steady, Lads, or
someone will be hurt."

Just then an H. E. lumbered in — it threw an awful
mess,
It scattered fragments yards around, it made the wheels
"right dress,"
It knocked down men and non-coms and it tore the mules
to bits,
That is — all but one flea-bit brown, with broad ears
like two mits.

The concussion rolled him on his side — but he quickly
scrambled up,
And, opening wide his massive jaws, he sizzled like a
"Hup,"
Then, collecting his extremities, like the nag of the One
Hoss Shay,
He out-roared the grim and thundering guns, with a
withering, piercing bray.

"You can't kill me, Mister Kaiser," spake the mule of
Battery Five,
"For I come from old Missouri, and I'm the vintage
of '55,
I've drunk of Missouri water, where the mud is five feet
thick,
And I've ranged in Texas typhoons, which chill you to
the quick.

"I've wintered in Montana, where the thermometer
hit the ground,
I've summered up Alaska way, where the Kaodiak bears
are found,
I've swum the old Platte River, when the buffalo still
were there,
And I've ranged the steppes of Texas, when the cow-
kings were on the tear.

"I was mistaken for a wart-hog once, and was sold to
Armour's plant,
And when they ran me through the mill, you can bet
my hair was scant,

But I chipped up their machinery, put their cog-wheels on the blink,
And I came out on the other end — and gave the gang the wink.

"I was in the charge at Gettysburg, just at the Clump of Trees,
I scrambled on the Round Tops when Grimes' Battery began to wheeze,
I was down the Shenandoah when Phil Sheridan rode past,
And, I tell you, Boys, that when he came, he sure was riding fast.

"I was in the charge at San Juan Hill, where the shells were raining hard,
And I was on the old ship Texas, when they nailed Cervera to the yard,
I was in the fight at Elaandslaagte, with French and his dragoons,
I was behind the lines at Bloemfontein, in those bright, South Afric moons.

"I was with Kitchener at Khartoum, when we ran the Mahdi down,
And I spent a year at the pyramids, midst the wastes of the desert brown.
I was at the Relief of Lucknow, and I carried the King of Siam,
I was at the fall of Port Arthur, when they gave the Russians the slam.

"I'm as old as Old Methusaleh, and I'm as tough as Bessemer steel,
I'm as lean as a wild hyena, and as slick as a banana peel,
I'm all wool and a yard wide, I'm as wise as Mahomet of Ess,
And if the Germans think I'm dead — why, they've got another guess."

Just then, with a roar that was awful, a big shell hit the sod,
And all looked askance, as this mule did prance — for they thought that he'd gone to his God,
But Old Missouri gave the "Haw! Haw," he turned and switched his tail,
And walked away, with a contemptuous bray, perfectly sound and hale.

SIR JULIAN H. BYNG

THE MAN WHO LED THE SMASH AT CAMBRAI

SIR JULIAN H. BYNG

THE MAN WHO LED THE SMASH AT CAMBRAI

THE man who led the big British drive at Cambrai is a man whom all the Canadians have a great respect for. " Bingo " Byng they call him, and he is such a strict disciplinarian that he makes all the men polish the backs of their buttons, as well as the nails on their boots. In the British army he was well known before this exploit, for he had been in the service for thirty years when he landed in Belgium, in October, 1914, as Commander of the Third Cavalry Division. He covered the Belgian retreat from Antwerp to Ypres, together with General Rawlinson, with the Seventh Cavalry Division, and he did it well.

General, the Honorable Sir Julian Hedworth Byng — if you please — K.C.B., C.M.G., is the seventh son of the Earl of Stafford. As a young man he entered the army with a commission in the 10th Hussars, and with that famous regiment he served in the Soudanese campaign in 1884. He won distinction in the South African war, where he was promoted to be colonel of the regiment. In 1902–1904 he commanded the regiment, and, after that, became the head of the Cavalry School at Netheravor, Salisbury Plain. Made a major-general in 1900, he has been a divisional commander since 1914.

Ask any one about "Bingo" Byng, and they will tell you: "He's a fine soldier, a sportsman, and a gentleman, to boot. He knows his business thoroughly, and he can lead cavalry like a true fox-hunter."

That's about what an English general should be,—a sportsman, a clean fellow through and through, and a Christian gentleman.

General Byng was married in 1902 to Miss Marie Evelyn Moreton, a well-known novelist, and he is the grandson of the first Earl of Stafford, a noted Field Marshal. A historical cloud rested upon the name of Byng for many years, for in 1756 Admiral John Byng was appointed to command a hastily equipped squadron of ten ships sent to the relief of Minorca, which was blocked by a French fleet.

The Admiral fought an unsatisfactory battle from the British standpoint, and was accused of hesitation in attacking the enemy fleet. Public indignation was great against him, he was tried by court-martial and was found to be guilty of treason to his native land. Though recommended to mercy, the ministry then in power insisted upon the extreme penalty. He was consequently shot by a firing squad on the warship *Monarch,* at Portsmouth, March 14th, 1757.

Thus for more than a century and a half a cloud has clung over the memory of this seaman. The general verdict of the English historians is that the execution of Admiral Byng was a case of undue severity, and, after a calm review of the circumstances in the

SIR JULIAN H. BYNG

case, his worst fault seems to have been that he was too cautious. No one would accuse him now of being a traitor.

In spite of this shadow which has hung over the name of Byng for a hundred and sixty years, that name to-day is as noted as any in the annals of British warfare. The brilliant assault at Cambrai has cleared away the cloud which besmirched the name of our General for such a long period of time. This once hated name is now on every lip, for "Bingo" Byng was the man who led the smash at Cambrai.

"Bingo's" Third Division was a part of the Cavalry Brigade — under Allenby — which held the southern half of the salient during the first battle of Ypres. In May of 1915 General Byng succeeded General Allenby (sent to capture Jerusalem) in command of the Cavalry Corps, and in this position fought through the battle of Ypres. In the summer of 1915 he was given the Ninth Corps at the Dardanelles, where he stayed until the expedition was withdrawn. Thus, in February, 1916, he came back to France and here he was placed in command of the Canadian Corps, which then formed part of Sir Herbert Gough's Fifth Army, and which figured continuously in the desperate fighting on Thiepval Ridge. As part of the Third Army — under General Horne — General Byng and the Canadians were moved north to the neighborhood of Vimy Ridge in the fall of 1916. Byng's Canadians took Vimy Ridge.

General French well recognized the merit of "Bingo" Byng, for, when his cavalry division fell back before Ypres, protecting the Belgian withdrawal, these troops stopped the Germans in their march to the sea. In the official reports of the time, General French says that the troops under General Byng were repeatedly called upon to restore situations at critical moments and to fill gaps in the line caused by the tremendous losses which occurred. In recognition of his work at that time, Bingo was made a Knight Commander of Sir Michael and St. George.

When they first went to Europe the Canadian troops were ineffective, because they did not sufficiently appreciate the value of rigid and punctilious discipline. They were full of courage and initiative — too much, in fact — but these qualities, to have military value must be subordinate to discipline. When they learned by bitter experience that to be foolhardy was foolishness, and when they welcomed stern discipline, they came to be the most effective troops in the line. "Bingo" Byng taught them their discipline. Their lack of caution taught them to be more cautious, for thousands were killed by undue exposure to the elements.

"Byng was in charge at Vimy Ridge," an official remarked, "and he certainly ran the show well."

But what of Vimy? Vimy Ridge stood between the British army and the town of Douai, with Lens on the left and Bullecourt upon the right. It was well fortified and was held by German picked troops, but the Canadians said "thou shalt go backward, even towards Valenciennes."

Consequently — under the eye and direction of General Byng — they attacked the Boche, went over the top in wave after wave, and near the dun-colored ridges of this line of defense thousands of brave Canadian youths gave up their lives. Vimy Ridge — vengeful, gas-distorted, reddened with blood of both attacker and defender, stood there beaten to a yellow pulp by the shells of the guns. It was a savage, vengeful affair, and when all was over Vimy had been captured, but solid German legions stood between the British army and the border.

The English kept up the hammer, hammer, hammer in 1916. They took Passchendaele, and the third battle of Ypres drew to a close, but so great had been the losses that gloom and sorrow hung over all England.

" When I read of the conditions under which my men fought," said the Prime Minister of England, " I marvel that the delicate and sensitive instrument of the human mind can endure them without derangement. The campaigns of Stonewall Jackson fill us with admiration and with wonder as we read how that man of iron led his troops through the mire and swamps of Virginia; but his troops were never called upon to live for days and nights in morasses under ceaseless thunderbolts from a powerful artillery and then march into battle through an engulfing quagmire under a hailstorm of machine-gun fire."

It was November, 1916, and the troops were weary and played out, but they had to face more battle, for large forces had been brought from Russia to strengthen the German line, and it was important that some diversion should be created in this sector to relieve the pressure from Italy struggling upon the Piave.

The British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, decided upon attack, and, looking around, he found that the sector of the Siegfried Line, which lay in front of Havincourt Wood, between the Baupaume-Cambrai road, on the Scheldt canal, offered an excellent field for attempting to push through the Boche. It was a dry and open country in which tanks could operate, and it was a sector which was thinly held by the enemy. If Bourlon could be won, the canal crossed, and a defensive flank established in the direction of Rumilly, the English army would command all the approaches to the main Arras-Cambrai road, and would take in the rear all of the enemy positions in the Sensee Valley.

Tanks were to be relied upon to break through the enemy's wire netting, and six infantry divisions were to advance on a six-mile front, supported, as much as possible, by the guns shooting over the heads of the men. There was to be no preliminary bombardment to warn the enemy of impending attack.

The German Second Army was opposite the British troops at this point, and, under the able von der Marwitz, had three divisions in line and three in reserve. Sir Edmund Allenby had commanded the British Third Army, now prepared for the advance in this sector, but, being transferred to Palestine, it was placed under "Bingo" Byng. On the six-mile front he had six divisions in line, in the Bullecourt area, two divisions. At his disposal — as a mounted force — were the 1st, 2d, 4th and 5th Cavalry Divisions. A flotilla of tanks was assembled from every possible place, and many were hidden in the dense undergrowth. Had but a single enemy aeroplane hovered over Havrincourt woods it would have been all over with the plan of attack. The British knew full well, and "Bingo" knew it also, that, had the enemy suspected an overwhelming smash, the front would have been simply honeycombed with mines, and each regiment — as it advanced — would have been blown to smithereens.

It was the month of November, and the skies were sodden and gray, the sun hidden by banks of misty mirage. The weather favored Sir Julian Byng with his Canadians and hard-hitting British. November 20th dawned with heavy clouds overshadowing the sun, which struggled to peep down upon the array of khaki-clad soldiery waiting grimly for the word to advance. Hah! At length it came — a deep boom of a solitary piece — it spoke at exactly twenty minutes past six o'clock — and, as its reverberations died out upon the still air, a long line of tanks crept out in the mist, to the attack. They looked like prehistoric monsters out for the morning's meal, and they snorted as they rumbled across the plowed fields.

Now — *boom* — *boom* — *roar* — *roar* — the British artillery broke loose with a horrid din, shelling the Siegfried line with an appalling drenching of both iron, lead, and gas. But — look! — rank, upon rank; line upon line — the Canadian and British troops marched on to the assault, silently, grimly, briskly,— never had this quiet countryside seen such an array of stalwart men.

The Germans were apparently unaware that the English were coming on, and they were taken by surprise. At Epehy and Bullecourt the assault was launched, even as at the line from Scarpe to St. Quentin. The tanks bustled into the barbed-wire and cut great lanes in this — they broke up the machine-gun nests and the men inside enfiladed the trenches; and the tanks rumbled on, as line after line of infantrymen followed and broke the supposedly impregnable defense of German Kultur.

The main Siegfried line gave completely away, and it was not long before the fighting was among the tunnels of the reserve Siegfried line, some mile and a half to the rear. By half past ten o'clock this line, also, had been broken, and, with the cavalry close behind them, the British triumphantly advanced towards Cambrai in open country. Everywhere the Germans were retreating — everywhere they seemed to be vanquished, so " Bingo " Byng smiled grimly as he looked over this land of desolation with his field-glasses.

The cavalry was fighting gamely — in close alliance with the infantry — the 1st Cavalry Division being in the northern part of the battleground, the 5th Cavalry Division in the south. They moved forward, lustily, took the towns of Cantaing and Anneux, and pushed as far as the river, where the bridge at Masnieres was destroyed so that they could not cross. Had the entire body of hard riders been able to get across at the enemy there is no doubt that they would have taken Cambrai, but such was not to be the case. South of Masnieres a temporary bridge was constructed across the stream, and, by means of this, one squadron of the Fort Garry Horse, belonging to General Seely's Canadian Brigade of the 5th Cavalry Division, crossed, broke through the Beauvoir-Masnieres line, charged and captured a spitting German battery, and fell back after nearly all of the horses had been either killed or wounded. It was a day fraught with success for the British cause. Yet — as the horse was unable to get over the river — its chance to make a big drive had passed, for the Boche hurried up reënforcements to this part of the line.

The battle was to continue for many days and this was just the beginning of trouble.

" Bingo " Byng still smiled, and said:

" Whale them, boys, and get through to Cambrai. It can be done."

Next day the rain fell steadily and the battle-ground was a veritable sea of mud. Yet on plunged the valiant British and Canadians, on, on, ever on, while the machine-guns spat at them like angry cats. At daybreak the guns began to roar and groan, at eleven o'clock the final German line had been breached to the north of Masnieres. The village of Flesquires — a typical little sleepy French town — fell before the charging English — the enemy counter-attacking near Rumilly in a vain attempt to stem the victorious advance. On the right, the village of Les Rues des Vignes was taken, but the Boche was determined and bold — he retook it with awful loss of life. Men were haggard and wan, but they had their battle ire up and were hot for the fray. The Highlanders pressed on to the edge of Bourlon Wood, and, late in the evening — after a terrific battle — took the village of Fontaine-Notre-Dame, on the Baupaume road.

In front was Bourlon Wood — green-gray — silent — ominously drab. Filled with machine-guns, whenever a regiment approached a belching sheet of steel shot from its underbrush. A few tanks crept into this woodland Hades, only to be captured by the Boche, who was here in force. And, as night fell upon attackers and attacked, the sun shone red in the West; red with the hate and lust of war.

Another day dawned — another day of struggle and death — as the rumbling guns woke the stillness of the morn, " Bingo " Byng again said:

" Boys, on! — Cambrai must be taken! "

Sir Douglas Haig, viewing what had been won, cried out:

" To-morrow we must seize the heights of Bourlon."

That day was spent in rearranging the line — preparing, as it were, for what was to follow. The Boche attacked at Fontaine-Notre-Dame and, after a spirited affair, were driven out. Streams of wounded went to the rear, and as they passed the men cheered them.

Another day of battle dawned and the roar of the artillery awoke the sleeping soldiers. They rose to their feet, prepared for the charge, and, breathing a prayer, sped over the trenches in the direction of Bourlon Wood. The 40th Division attacked the forest, line upon line — wave upon wave — up and on they clambered, capturing machine-gun nests, driving out the Boche sharpshooters entering the town of Bourlon itself. The Germans counter-attacked — it was the famous Guards Division — but they could not force back the strenuous Canadians, Australians, and British.

Dead and dying lay on every side — ambulance trains of wounded hurried to the rear, yet the guns boomed on with their grumbling salvos, and the English pressed ever forward; cheering, fighting, bleeding, pushing.

We think that Gettysburg was a battle because it lasted for four days, but what of this affair — it lasted for sixteen?

We thought that Waterloo was a fierce fight, but it only lasted for one day.

We had an idea, perhaps, that Missionary Ridge, Bull Run number two, Sedan, Ramilles, Fontenoy, Culloden, Salamis, Saratoga, Spion Kop, Elandslaagte, were real, true battles — they were child's play compared to this one. This one still continued, although the losses on both sides were already stupendous.

And how about our old friend "Bingo" Byng?

The General still stared stolidly in front, and said: "We are doing extremely well. Cambrai will fail."

Another day dawned — a gray, bleak, misty day, the sun struggling through a pall of sulphurous vapor and murky mist. Roar — roar — roar — the guns were again at it, while silently, slowly, the dust-stained legions again formed for the assault. Silently, slowly the divisions, supported by tanks, made for Fontaine and Bourlon — the whole ridge must be secured. Fire and death spat into their faces, gas and flame was poured upon them, yet on, on they went and back, back fell the Boche. Hurrah! Bourlon ridge was at last gained in the center, while on the left the 16th Division had won the ground of the Siegfried Line northwest of Bourlon. Sixty square miles of territory had been wrested from the Germans and ten thousand five hundred prisoners had been captured. The Kaiser was worried as the news came to him in far distant Berlin. Cambrai would fall if he did not look out.

The English now held a salient formed like a rough rectangle, some ten miles wide and six miles deep. The enemy saw the weakness of this line pushed into him like an arrow and he hurried up reënforcements for a counter-stroke. Meanwhile bells of joy were pealing out in England and people were congratulating each other, for the British army was still advancing.— True — it was advancing, but with what an awful sacrifice of life!

A bespectacled German General, named von der Marwitz, issued — next morning — the following order to his troops:

" The English, by throwing into the fight countless tanks on the 20th of November, gained a victory near Cambrai. Their intention was to break through; but they did not succeed, thanks to the brilliant resistance of our troops. We are now going to turn their embryonic victory into a defeat by an encircling counter-attack. The Fatherland is watching you and expects every man to do his duty."

The Germans cheered at this, but they had to look cheerful or else their officers would *strafe* them.

Everywhere in the British front the warning was given that the Germans were preparing a counter-thrust, for the planes had seen vast reënforcements coming up. Special patrols were sent out to watch for signs of the enemy advance and additional machine-guns were placed to secure supporting points, while reserves were brought up near the line. Bourlon Ridge was held, but Byng knew that the Germans wanted it back, that they would use desperate means to secure it.

Twenty-four fresh German divisions were hurried up by General Ludendorf to wipe out this British advance. Addressing the soldiers himself, he told them to drive back the English — to drive them back to the sea — if they could do so.

It was again morning — this time the morning of November 30th. The sun was still obscured by clouds of murky vapor, while the dull banks of mist blew across the battle lines like a death pall. Boom! A signal gun spoke from the hostile lines, and then a hell of gas and flame spat and flared at the intrenched British and Canadians. Rank upon rank, file upon file, the German troops were hurled upon the British position, and, hidden by a fog, they advanced without being seen until they were close to the line.

From the north end of the Bonvais Ridge to Gonnelieu, and from Gonnelieu to Guilslain and Vendhuille, the British line was overwhelmed by stupendous numbers of gray-clad Teutons. Back they pressed them, in spite of spitting batteries and stubborn Highlanders. The advance could not be stayed: the batteries at LaVacquerie were taken by cheering Huns — the first British guns to fall since the battle of Ypres — and at 9 A. M. the exultant followers of the Kaiser were in the village of Gouzeancourt.

The situation was grave.

Yet "Bingo" Byng was whistling, for he knew that the British were always better rear-guard fighters than dashing onward pushers. It was characteristic of the English to be stubborn in reverse action. Therefore, why not whistle?

"Hold them, Britishers!" he cried.

It was midday when the Guards came into action west of Gouzeancourt, with the Fifth Cavalry Division on their right towards Villiers Guislain. The Germans were driven from the shattered town with fearful slaughter; they retreated, fighting every inch of the way, and, for the rest of the day there was a sanguinary struggle for the Gauche Wood on the St. Quentin Ridge.

The front was held by the 2nd, 56th, and 47th Divisions and against them was hurled the Teutonic might — wave after wave. West of Bourlon Wood they thrust fiercely and the fighting was most severe. Almost shoulder to shoulder the Germans kept coming on, and hand-to-hand conflicts were common. The day was starred with deeds of heroism. The dead fairly littered the ground, piled one over the other like sardines. An incident of the battle is well worth remembering, for it shows of what stern and stubborn stuff the English are made:

"Between Moeuvres and the Canal du Nord a company of the 13th Essex and of the 2nd Division found itself isolated. After maintaining a splendid and successful resistance throughout the day, whereby the pressure upon the main line was greatly relieved, at 4 P. M. this company held a council of war, and unanimously determined to fight until the last and to have 'no surrender.' Two runners, who were sent to announce this decision to Battery Headquarters, succeeded in getting through to our lines, and delivered the message. During the remainder of the afternoon and far into the night this gallant company was heard fighting, and there is little room for doubt that they carried the heroic resolution out to a man. When, two days later, the post was regained, such a heap of German dead lay in and around them that the bodies of our own men were hidden."

The English were awfully resolute. Cooks, orderlies, runners, and signalers joined in the defense of their position, and, before the fierce defense of the British troops, the German assault waves finally broke and fled, leaving immense heaps of dead. The evening hush fell upon fields of groaning wounded.

But the battle had not yet closed. December 1st found the English themselves willing to advance, and so the Guards made an attack at the St. Quentin Ridge — capturing it and also the town of Gonnelieu. Farther south, with the aid of the dismounted Ambala brigade of Indian cavalry, they took Gauche Wood, but failed to take the village of Villiers Guislain. The Division at Masnieres beat off nine separate German attacks. Yet, under pressure from the Boche several regiments were withdrawn backwards, and, on December 3, the enemy won ground north and west of Gonnelieu. The Boche also took the village of La Vacquerie, while the English were withdrawn from the Scheldt Canal and were carried over to the west bank. The fight was about over.

It was the fourth day of December, and Sir Douglas Haig said:

" The line must be shortened."

" Bingo " Byng hastened to obey him, and from the fourth to the seventh the troops were moved so as to present a better front to the exultant Germans. The fresh British line lay along the old Siegfried Line of the Huns, and at Bullecourt the Ludendorf machine made a resolute attack which was repulsed with considerable slaughter. The fighting waned — died down — and peace settled over the shot-plowed fields of death. The most fearful battle of all history was a matter of the past.

The honors were certainly with our friend " Bingo," for the British retained about sixteen miles of enemy territory, that is, sixteen square miles. The Germans had won back only seven miles, which the British had taken from them, and they had lost their far-famed Siegfried Line. Cambrai was a brilliant feat of arms which reflected great credit upon the British troops, but the enemy had not been weakened in his position, nor had it undermined the personnel of the Germans, as the losses were equally great on the side of the English. It had not weakened their *morale,* for the lines which had driven them out of the Siegfried Line and Reserve Line, had been, in turn, checked and hurled towards the sea.

Yet, as the news of this fearful slaughter was carried to the four ends of the earth, one name stood out clearly against the horizon of destruction and death, and that was the silent, imperturbable leader of the Canadian

Army Corps —" Bingo " Byng, the man who whistled when the day looked darkest for the Allied cause.

And, when in 1917, it was reported that this taciturn soldier had been made a full General in the British army many a Canadian who had fought under him, spake as in the Bible, and said: " It is well! "

THE DITCH AT CAMBRAI

OR

THE MAN FROM KANKAKEE, IN KANSAS

'Twas the third attack at Cambrai and the shells were raining fast,
The air was charged with sulphur and the fumes of poison gas,
We were lying facing Boche-ward, with our masks upon our eyes,
When the Germans caught us edgewise, and wholly by surprise.

They shot at us with Mausers, and they shelled at us with Toms,
They raided us with Enfields, and they shied at us with bombs,
They whaled at us with Johnsons, and they threw out liquid flame,
And they squirted deadly chemicals,— it was a dirty game!

The guns were booming all around, there were wails and shrieks of pain,
The Boche were fighting fiercely, like pirates of the Main,
There was grumbling roar of musketry, there was rip and zip of powder,
But above the awful din and noise, my bunkie's voice rose louder.

"I'm from Kankakee, in Kansas," said my gas-masked buddy smiling;
"I'm from Kankakee, in Kansas, and my blood's not even riling;
I'm from Kankakee in Kansas, and I want to tell you, son
That this show just isn't one — two — three when a cyclone has begun.

"Why, last fall a wind-jam struck our town, and it blew for twenty days,
It raised off every roof around, and killed off all the jays,
It broke the Court-House steeple, and it landed in th' crick,
Where it hit a great big bowlder, and smashed it something slick.

"It plowed up forty building lots, it tore up fifty flivvers,
It cut down sixty forests, and it upset seventy rivers;
It blew up a whole mountain, and it killed the Deacon's pig;
But he's a vegetarian, and didn't care a fig.

"It razed the theaters to the sod, and maimed the dogs and cats,
It cleaned out all the mice in town,— put the ki-bosh on the rats,
It ripped up all the bungalows — it mauled the tallest man,
It blew up the new-made Ball Park, and killed the Oldest Fan.

"Yes, I'm from Kankakee, in Kansas, and I want to tell you, son,
That, compared to a Kansas cyclone, this war is merely fun.
I don't regard these Germans with aught but loving joy,
Because I come from Kankakee, and proud of it my boy."

A sheet of flame now swept us, as we lay with guns in hand,
A whirl of gas descended, and blotted out the land,
And as the bugle shrilled "Advance!"— I heard a gentle snore,
My friend, indeed, was sleeping — he'd been through Hell before.

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THE END