FROM · ALL THE · FRONTS

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in France and Flanders.

FROM
ALL THE FRONTS

BY

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

Author of "Heroes and Heroic Deeds of the Great War"
"Lord Kitchener" "Wonder Tales from
Scottish Myth and Legend" &c.

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FROM ALL THE FRONTS

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON

Chief of the Imperial General Staff

Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was scarcely known to the general public at the outbreak of war, but in the army he had long been regarded as an officer of great ability and strong force of character, and admired as one who had raised himself from the rank of a private soldier by sheer hard work, marked ability, and close attention to duty.

He was born in 1860, in the Lincolnshire village of Welbourne. On his father's side he is of Scottish extraction and on his mother's of English. At school he was known as an industrious and painstaking pupil, who seemed determined to get on. Some thought he was likely to become an artist, so fond was he of sketching landscapes and drawing maps in his spare time.

His teachers were greatly interested in him, and he was popular among the pupils because he was a manly boy of bright and cheery disposition. At home he was greatly influenced by his mother, who was a woman of high principle and warm heart, and by his father, who had a strong sense of duty and an independent spirit. Both his parents encouraged him to pursue his studies, and by precept and example taught him to take a serious view of life. While yet quite a boy, Sir William came to realize that success in life depended mainly upon his own efforts.

He came early under the influence of the local rector, Canon Melville, who took a kindly interest in his education. He found the boy studying shorthand on his own account, in addition to doing his ordinary school work, and made arrangements to give him lessons in French, much to young Robertson's delight. "He was not only anxious but determined to learn," says one who knew him at this time; "indeed, he was quite a glutton for knowledge."

At fourteen he had to leave school, his parents not being able to afford the expense of a higher education for him. But he did not cease to study after he began work in his first situation. He was a great reader, and became specially interested in military history, and in time he resolved to become a soldier. He, however, kept his secret to himself, and it was a great surprise to his parents when they learned that he had enlisted in the

16th Lancers at Aldershot. He was only seventeen at the time, but being a tall, well-built youth, he passed for a recruit of military age.

His father and mother were much distressed at first, fearing the temptations of army life, and wanted to purchase his discharge, but Canon Melville, who had great confidence in the lad, persuaded them that it was best to allow him to follow the career he had chosen for himself. "I am sure he will do well," he said; "a clever lad of good character like William is certain to get on in the army." The rector proved to be right. Robertson rose to the rank of lance-corporal in about twelve months.

"What did I tell you?" smiled the rector, when the young soldier's father informed him of this. "The lad is determined to rise."

At the regimental school, Robertson proved himself an apt and hard-working pupil. In a few months he took his second-class certificate, which entitled him to promotion to the rank of sergeant. But he was not satisfied with this success, and continued his studies so as to qualify for a first-class certificate, the possession of which would enable him to rise to the rank of a junior officer. It was quite evident that the young soldier had great ambitions.

In the ordinary work of soldiering Robertson took a keen interest. He mastered every detail, and paid strict attention to duty. Being of splendid physique, he became an excellent athlete, and acquitted himself with great credit at regimental sports, especially as a long-distance runner.

In time he rose from the rank of sergeant to that of sergeant-major. In his new post he showed ability to manage and control. He was a strict disciplinarian. In fact, there was never a more thorough and capable sergeant-major in the Dragoons. Yet, notwithstanding all the claims upon his time, he still continued to study hard so as to prepare himself for further promotion.

After ten years' service he applied for a commission. At the time, he was stationed in Dublin, and it was at the Royal Barracks there that he went through an examination in practical work. So well did he acquit himself in drilling and commanding a force of cavalry that he passed with distinction. He was then sent to the Hythe School of Musketry, where he met, among other students, Lord Derby, who was to become Secretary of State for War in succession to Lord Kitchener, with Robertson occupying the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff. But that is to look far ahead. At Hythe Robertson proved to be one of the most distinguished students of his term, and having passed the various tests, qualified to become an officer, and in due course received his commission.

His parents in their home in Welbourne had long ceased to doubt that their son had acted wisely in choosing to follow a career in the army, and were exceedingly proud of the high distinction he had won at a time when promotion from the ranks was uncommon. Their pride was shared by the rector, who never failed to refer to Lieutenant Robertson as an example to the pupils at the village school. He welcomed the young officer with enthusiasm and warm friendship when he returned to his native place to bid farewell to his parents before leaving for India, where he was to join the 3rd Dragoon Guards. The furlough was all too brief. When he kissed his mother farewell he little thought that he would never see her again. She died when her son, several years later, was on his way home with the rank of captain to take up an important post at the War Office.

The story of Sir William Robertson's career is not packed with thrilling incidents, but it is not the less inspiring. It is the record of a serious-minded and resolute man, who was not only a man of action, but also a devoted student striving to extend his knowledge, and never missing an opportunity to increase his efficiency. In a speech which he made at Bradfield College in November, 1916, he revealed the secret of his own success when he said with regard to the great war:—

> "We are now passing through a time of some stress, not very great stress yet. We must expect that it will be much greater in the future. We must remember that success in war, as in nearly everything else, invariably goes to those who show the greatest determination and who can best set their teeth. That is a remark that applies not merely to the soldier and the

> sailor, but to the people at home, from the highest to the lowest. . . . We may look forward to the future with complete confidence, subject to the condition that we do the right thing and do it in time."

Sir William has ever striven to do the right thing at the right time. Soon after he went to India in 1888 he was sent to Rawal Pindi to take charge of a great military grass farm which supplied fodder for army horses. There he came into touch with native workers who spoke various languages and dialects, and he set himself to studying these. First he acquired a knowledge of Punjabi, the Aryan language of the Punjab, and Pushtu, the language of the Pathans. After a time, when engaged on other duties, he not only perfected his knowledge of these languages, but also learned to speak Hindustani, Gurkhali, the Gurkha language, and Persian. His knowledge of the native languages was of great value to the military authorities, and in 1892 he was sent to Simla, the mountain capital of India, situated 7084 feet above sea-level, on a spur of the Central Himalayas. Simla, besides being the summer head-quarters of the Indian Government, is a trading centre and an important military post. In his interesting book, *A Soldier's Memories*, Major-General Sir George Younghusband writes:—

> "Working in the office of the Intelligence Branch at Simla I first met Sir William Robertson. . . . An extraordinarily hard-working and zealous officer, he struck one then, but never

in the wildest imaginings of anyone, certainly not in Sir William's own modest dreams, did we see before us the great brain that was to direct a European war. . . .

"For many years I never heard of him or saw him, but one day I picked up an official magazine and therein read his opening or closing address to the students at the Staff College. It was one of the finest pieces of instructional oratory that has ever been delivered. That stamped the man. One who could educate himself up to delivering a lecture like that before undoubtedly the most critical military audience in England, must be a great man."

At Simla Robertson continued his studies, and became so familiar with native habits of life and thought that he qualified as an Intelligence Officer. It will be remembered that Kitchener acted in a similar capacity in the Sudan during the period that Khartoum was besieged by the Mahdi's forces, for having learned to speak Arabic quite fluently, he was able to move about among the people disguised as a sheikh. Robertson had to conduct his investigations sometimes in the mountainous districts of the Indian frontier, and, like Kitchener, employed natives to secure information for him.

Meanwhile he continued his studies of Indian languages and dialects until he had acquired a knowledge of about ten in all. It is told that when he was being examined in Mahratti, a very difficult language, his examiner exclaimed with a smile, "You know more about it than I do."

Trouble had broken out in 1892 in the province of Chitral, which is situated at the north-east corner of Afghanistan, and borders Turkestan, where it is flanked by the great Hindu Kush mountain range. It was important to the military authorities of India that peace should prevail in this wild country, the inhabitants of which had been prone to make warlike expeditions into northern India. The ruler of Chitral received an annual subsidy from the Government of India for keeping the peace. Revolts broke out, however, in consequence of deadly feuds between members of the ruling family. So serious did these become, that a small military expedition had to be sent to Chitral in January, 1895, to settle a dispute regarding the succession to the throne. For a time it seemed as if a peaceful settlement would be brought about, but in March one of the claimants to the throne, having gathered a considerable force, attacked the British expedition and laid siege to Chitral fort, in which there was a Sikh force with several British officers, including Captain Townshend, he who later on, as Major-General, defended Kut-el-Amara against the Turks in Babylonia during the present great war.

The Indo-British army which entered Chitral consisted of about 15,000 troops. Robertson served with the Intelligence Branch, which went on ahead. "Stage by stage as the force advanced," Major-General Sir Robert C. Low has recorded, "the officers of the Intelligence Department reconnoitred, sketched, and reported on the

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GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON

Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

route to be followed by the troops in the rear—the mileage of this alone being 186 miles. In addition, 600 miles of branch road were sketched and reconnoitred, as well as between thirty and forty passes; and the whole country embraced by these reconnaissances was gazetted, and much new information collected."

While engaged in this intelligence work Robertson ran many risks, and on one occasion narrowly escaped with his life. It happened that he was scouting with a small party of natives, his guide being a Pathan, in whom he trusted. But this wily and plausible hillman was really a spy, and one evening in a lonely place attempted to kill Robertson, first trying to shoot him, and then to cut him down with a sword. The gallant Lieutenant, finding the whole party against him, had to set up a desperate fight, and being as powerful as he is courageous, he managed to effect his escape, although suffering from severe wounds in the head, back, and left hand. It will be recalled that Kitchener defended himself in like manner against an armed mob in Palestine, when by sheer gallantry and prowess he saved his own life and that of his friend, Lieutenant Conder.

For his services in this campaign Robertson received the D.S.O., and was specially mentioned in dispatches as "a very active and intelligent officer of exceptional promise".

In the following year he served under Lord

Roberts as a staff-captain at Simla. Having thus won promotion, he resolved to rise still higher. With this end in view he began to study hard for the entrance examination of the Staff College. He had to acquire a knowledge of two Continental languages, and selected French—which he already knew to some extent—and German, which he had to learn specially for the purpose. Having passed successfully, he bade farewell to India and returned to his native country to continue his studies at the Staff College at Camberley, London. He was accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Lieutenant-General Palin, whom he had married at Simla in 1894.

For two years Captain Robertson studied hard at the Staff College, where his fellow students included Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Archibald Murray, and passed the final examination with distinction. He afterwards received an appointment at the War Office, with which he was, later, to become so closely associated.

During the South African War Robertson served with the rank of Major on the staff of Lord Roberts, and performed special and important duties on the Intelligence Branch at Headquarters. For his services he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, was mentioned in dispatches, and received the medal with four clasps.

On the conclusion of peace he returned to the War Office, where, for several years, he held the important post of Assistant Director of military operations. His duties were chiefly concerned with offensive and defensive war plans for the Empire. No one realized more than he the great importance of thorough military organization, and the need for setting up a high standard of training for every branch of the army.

In 1907 he became Assistant-Quartermaster-General at Aldershot under Lord French, and when General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien took over the command, he became Brigadier-General and Chief of the Staff. Having made a reputation for himself by his thoroughness and method and his devotion to duty, he was appointed in 1910 Commandant of the Staff College at Camberley, where he was charged with the instruction of the future staff officers of the army. This post he held for three years. In one of the addresses he delivered to these young officers he said:—

> "You should direct your studies and peace preparations in general to a special and definite end—that of fighting the most probable and formidable adversary for the time being. Finally, remember that when the day for fighting comes, the qualifications demanded of you, whether on the staff or in command, will include, in addition to a good theoretical knowledge of your professional duties, the possession of a quick eye, a good digestion, an untiring activity, a determination to close with your enemy, and a firm resolution not to take counsel of your fears."

Robertson returned to the War Office in 1913 to occupy the post of Director of Military Training. In less than a year war broke out. Lord French was appointed to the command of the British Expeditionary Force, which was mobilized and sent to France without a hitch or delay, so perfect was the existing organization. The army was small—it consisted of only six divisions—but it was highly trained, and, as all the world knows, achieved great glory, fighting against superior numbers.

Two years later, when addressing a Lincolnshire audience, Sir William spoke of the achievements of this splendid army at Mons and Le Cateau, of how it retreated to the Marne and thrust back the enemy to the Aisne. "It is a story", he said, "which will go down through history for all time." Then he added:—

> "By all the ordinary rules of war, they were thoroughly beaten divisions within a few days after they came in contact with the enemy. But they were not beaten; they never had been beaten; they are not beaten now; on the contrary, they are winning."

Sir William acted as Quartermaster-General in the field, and it was mainly due to him that the army was so well fed, clothed, and supplied with munitions.

An indication of some of the difficulties which had to be overcome, and of the manner in which they were overcome, was given by Sir William when, at Bradfield College, in November, 1916, he unveiled a cross erected to the memory of 159 Bradfield boys who had fallen in the war.

Many of them had been dispatch-riders with the first army, and took part in the great retreat from Mons. Sir William said:—

> "I shall never forget the fine work they did. Dispatch-riding in these days was a perilous business, demanding great resource, good physique, and determination. I have had many experiences of the splendid work done by the dispatch-riders. No matter what time of day or night, what weather, wet or fine, dispatch-riders were ready. On one occasion during the retreat, when things were at their worst, it was necessary to get instructions to head-quarters. All my dispatch-riders were out of the way, and there was no one to send. But two boys came in; they had been out for hours and were hot and tired. They had heard that I wanted someone, and offered their services.
>
> "I did not like to send them, because they were not fit to go, and I told them I could not send them; but they said, 'Yes, sir, we will go.'
>
> "They went, and got through; and I am glad to say they came back."

In his dispatch dealing with the retreat from Mons, Lord French paid a tribute to the Quartermaster-General. "Sir William Robertson", he wrote, "has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic skill and determination." "Eye-Witness", the official war correspondent during the early period of the war, wrote on one occasion: "It is universally admitted that no British army yet placed in the field has been so well fed as ours is to-day. . . . The excellence of the performance of the supply columns during the present campaign is shown by the fact that, except during the retirement, not a single day has passed upon which food has not reached our men." The work performed by the Quartermaster-General made possible the early successes won by our gallant and peerless army.

After serving as Chief of the Staff under Lord French, and as Commander of the 1st Infantry Division, Sir William returned to the War Office, as our army grew rapidly in numbers, to become Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and relieve Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, of the arduous and exacting duties of directing military operations in the various fields of action. His department has been aptly called "the brains of the army". It plans and organizes military training and military operations, keeps up the supply of reinforcements, and, in short, performs the general management of the war. Sir William, with long and great experience, has proved himself an ideal Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He is not only a tireless and efficient worker, but a man of great determination and marked intellectual gifts, with a marvellous memory and a wonderful mastery of details. Withal, he is as genial as he is plain-spoken. In a letter to a member of Lambeth Borough Council in November, 1916, regarding recruiting, he wrote:—

> "There is no doubt whatever of our ability to win the war if only we really put our backs to it. We have not yet done this. We still do not recognize the issues at stake, nor the efforts we ought to make and can make if we will but try.

I have every confidence in my countrymen, but they are not yet fully awake."

Addressing a Red Cross meeting at Westminster, he spoke on the importance of keeping cheerful, and said:—

"Our soldiers and sailors are fighting as well as they always have done, and always will do. It is needless for me to say it is the duty of everyone who can to restore these men and help to keep them in good spirits. Go and see them and give them all the help you can. . . . Go with a cheerful face. Cheerfulness is the duty of every nation in time of war. Every man and woman who wears a cheerful face in time of war is performing a national duty. There is no reason why you should not be cheerful if you have a clear conscience. You will have that if you feel you have done your duty."

The spirit of the strong man thrills through his advice to another audience, in which he said:—

"'Prepare for the worst and hope for the best.' That is a good motto. We have a long way to go, and we must be ready to go all the way. Fight to a finish is the order."

Regarding the work of women, he has said:—

"I have great faith in the women. The women by universal consent have done splendidly in this war, and have shown splendid fortitude in time of anxiety, sorrow, and bereavement. And they have worked hard too."

His reference to the Empire and Germany's mistaken notion regarding it is also worth recalling:—

"All parts of the Empire have sent of their best. Whatever mistakes Germany may or may not have made, she undoubtedly made one in this connection. She thought that as soon as we went to war our Empire would tumble and fall. It was a foolish mistake. Germany has done more to unite the Empire than could possibly have been done without this war."

Sir William, as his letter to the Bishop of London on National Mission work has shown, is a man of strong religious leanings. "I am old-fashioned enough", he wrote, "to think that this great war, like those of which we read in the Old Testament, is intended to teach us a necessary lesson, and if this be so, it follows that we ought to examine ourselves and take the lesson to heart. A serious determination on the part of the nation to seek and deserve Divine help would, we may hope, enable us to take a true perspective of the war."

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British army in France and Flanders, is one of the greatest soldiers that Scotland has given to the Empire. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. John Haig of Cameron Bridge, Fife, and was born in Edinburgh on 19th June, 1861. The Haig family is a very old one, and has been connected with the Lowlands of Scotland since the Middle Ages. The signature of Peter de Haga of Bemersyde appears on documents connected with Melrose Abbey between the years 1150 and 1200. Thomas the Rhymer prophesied that

> "Tyde what may betyde
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde".

A Haig of Bemersyde fought at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, and was killed at the Battle of Halidon Hill in 1333. Another fought at the Battle of Sauchieburn in 1488, and a third fell at Flodden in 1513. Sir Douglas is descended from John Haig of Garthlands, near Alloa, who was fifth in lineal descent from James

Haig, seventeenth of Bemersyde. His mother, Rachel Mackerras, was the daughter and co-heir of Hugh Veitch of Stewartfield, near Edinburgh, and a descendant of King Robert III of Scotland. Sir Douglas has also among his ancestors the distinguished soldier, Sir John Swinton, who commanded the Scots at the Battle of Otterburn in 1388.

Of Sir Douglas's early days four stories are told. Major-General Sir George Younghusband says, in his book *A Soldier's Memories*, that he remembers him at Clifton College as "a nice-looking, clean little boy in an Eton jacket and collar, walking up the aisle of the chapel". "Next," he narrates, he saw "the same boy standing with his back to the chapel wall as a cricket fag, while one of the XI was having his practice at the XI net. From that day forth", he goes on, "we never met till Sir Douglas was a Major-General and an Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. . . . As he came forward to meet me, even after all those years, at once to be recognized was the clean, nice-looking boy with the Eton jacket and collar."

Another fellow-pupil remembers him as "a great stew", whose "habits were very methodical", but whose "love of poring over his books did not prevent him taking his share in healthy outdoor sports". After leaving Clifton, Sir Douglas went to Brasenose College, Oxford, of which he was made an Hon. Fellow in 1915.

Sir Douglas entered the army when he was twenty-four, receiving a commission in the 7th Hussars. Although a "born soldier", he experienced some difficulty in passing his entrance examination. Like Joffre, he suffers from an eye defect. When that great French soldier was a young man he was stung in the left eye by a tropical insect during the march towards Timbuctoo, and suffered so much afterwards from the effects of the glaring sunshine on the desert that he was threatened with blindness. His left eye has ever since been almost useless. Haig's eye defect, however, is not the result of accident or illness. He is said to have been partially "colour blind" from birth. The examiners were inclined to disqualify him on this account, but the Duke of Cambridge, who was then Commander-in-Chief, considered he was otherwise a suitable and promising candidate, and decided to accept his nomination. Thus, like Kitchener, who had fought as a volunteer in the French army during the Franco-Prussian War, and by so doing committed a grave military offence, he owed to the Duke of Cambridge the privilege of becoming an officer of the British army.

It is of special interest, in this connection, to find that Sir Douglas has made a special appeal on behalf of blinded soldiers in the war book of the Savoy Fair in London, in which he wrote:—

"It does seem to me a very fitting thing that a special effort should be made to provide for our soldiers and sailors who sacrificed their sight, perhaps the most precious possession of man after life itself".

For several years after joining the Hussars, Sir Douglas worked hard to make himself efficient and win promotion. He was as devoted a student of military science and history as Lord French or Sir William Robertson. In 1896, when he was already marked out as a soldier of great promise, he qualified himself to pass the entrance examination of the Staff College at Cambridge. Among his fellow-students were three who have become outstanding figures in the Great War. These are Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Archibald Murray, who preceded Sir William in this responsible post, and afterwards became a General Officer Commanding of the First Class, and Major-General Milne, Commander-in-Chief of the British Balkan Army. Sir Douglas passed with distinction, especially in strategy and tactics. He also proved himself an excellent linguist. The French language especially appealed to him strongly, and he spoke it like a Frenchman.

In his appreciation of Haig, which appeared in a Paris newspaper, Lord Esher has said of him:—

> "He has studied his profession deeply. He has put aside all competing interests. He has resisted all temptations to divert his attention to other pursuits or to pleasure. By day he has for years laboured at the details of war, and by night

he has dreamed of it. . . . A master of detail, no detail has been left unconsidered. Method, decision, and perseverance are his *mots d'ordre.*"

Sir Douglas received his baptism of fire in the Sudan, where he served under Kitchener in 1898. He took part in the battles of Atbara and Omdurman, and having been mentioned in dispatches, was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, and received the British medal and the Khedive's medal with two clasps.

In 1899 he went to South Africa, where he first served as Chief of Staff to Lord French, and took part in the delaying action at Colesberg. He also distinguished himself in various other operations, proving himself a brilliant leader of cavalry. He soon became a "marked man". "In Major Haig", declared one of the historians of the war, "he (French) possessed an invaluable officer, one of the few in the whole army capable of doing real General Staff work." In 1900 he was selected by Kitchener to command four of the sweeping columns, and for several months he conducted operations in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State against such elusive and expert Boer leaders as Kritzinger and De Wet. It is noteworthy now to recall that he also came into conflict with General Smuts, whom he attempted to "round up". When Smuts was, later, the guest of Sir Douglas at his head-quarters in France, the two chatted pleasantly over their experiences in the South African War, which had, as is now realized, developed in both those high military qualities which have proved so valuable an asset to the British Empire in the present Great War, in which Briton and Boer are fighting together for freedom and civilization.

For his brilliant services in South Africa Haig was frequently mentioned in dispatches. He was raised to the brevet rank of Colonel, appointed an A.D.C. to the King, made a C.B., and was awarded the Queen's Medal with seven clasps, and also the King's Medal.

From 1901 till 1903 Haig was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 17th Lancers, and he raised that famous regiment to a high pitch of efficiency. "He looks every inch an ideal leader of cavalry", wrote a military critic during this period, "and is a fine horseman and a first-class polo player." He afterwards went to India for three years as Inspector-General of Cavalry. This appointment was due to the special request of Lord Kitchener, then Commander-in-Chief of the army in India. He had a high appreciation of Haig's wide knowledge and special ability, and had reason to be well satisfied with his work while under his command. In 1904, on the recommendation of Kitchener, the future Commander-in-Chief in France was raised to the rank of Major-General.

Haig returned to London in 1906, and for twelve months was engaged at the War Office as

Director of Military Training. Some military experts were of opinion, at the time, that he was worthy of a still higher position.

The Esher Commission had been engaged for some months in making recommendations for the reform of the War Office and the reorganization of the army, and especially in creating a General Staff. "Up till 1905", Lord Esher has written in the Paris *Matin*, "the British army possessed no General Staff. When my committee recommended its formation, the personality of General Haig, then only forty-four years old, and very junior in the army, had so impressed itself upon the British Government that there was a wish to appoint him as chief of the General Staff, making the appointment practically permanent." This decision, however, was not carried out, and an older officer was selected instead.

From 1907 till 1909 the rising young General held the responsible post of Director of Staff Duties at Army Head-quarters. He introduced many far-reaching changes, and the Empire is now reaping directly the benefit of his efficiency as a military organizer and reformer during his strenuous years of service at the War Office. Indeed, Haig may be regarded as one of the "makers" of the new British army, which has proved to be so thoroughly organized in every branch.

In 1909 he was appointed Chief of Staff in India to the Commander-in-Chief. According to

Lord Esher he was reluctant to give up his work at the War Office. "He remonstrated strongly," his lordship tells, "so convinced was he that a war between France and Germany was imminent, a war in which Britain would be on the side of France, and in which it was the wish of his heart to take part."

For three years he performed arduous and valuable work in India, where his services were warmly commended by the Commander-in-Chief. He was glad, however, to return to England in 1912 to become General Officer Commanding at Aldershot, the highest command in the British army during peace time. This post he occupied until the outbreak of the Great World War in August, 1914. The "wish of his heart" was thus realized, and he went to France, serving under Lord French as commander of the First Army Corps.

From the outset he proved himself a leader of great resource and decision. He was generously praised by French in his dispatches for his particularly marked and distinguished services. In the Mons dispatch French said he "could not speak too highly of the skill evinced" by him, and praised the manner "in which he had extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of night", and also praised him for the manner in which he had handled the cavalry under his command. The Germans believed they had enveloped the British army, and joy-bells were ringing in Berlin, but they reckoned without such brilliant leaders as Sir Douglas Haig, among others, proved to be.

After the retreat to the Marne, which he helped to carry out successfully, Haig proved his worth anew in the brilliant thrust against a weakened point in the German line which resulted in the plans of the enemy being thrown into confusion. Paris was saved, and the Germans had to conduct a hurried retreat to the Aisne. So quickly did the British follow that their crossing of that river could not be prevented, although they were confronted by superior numbers and stronger artillery than they could bring up, or than they, indeed, possessed.

The next struggle in which Sir Douglas proved his worth was the Battle of Ypres, when the Germans attempted to break through the British army and reach the French coast. Again they were in superior force and possessed superior equipment, but after a desperate struggle their plan was baffled by leaders more resourceful and efficient than their own, and by fighting men who had first claim to the reputation of invincibility which was regarded throughout Germany as a special attribute of the Kaiser's army. The Germans were outfought and outgeneralled, and received a blow from which they did not recover for a period. Their success depended on striking swiftly and effectively, and to them delay meant defeat. Frustrated in their plans, they were undoubtedly severely defeated, and the losses they sustained in men were exceedingly high.

One of the first signs that the initiative was passing from the Germans was the brilliant action fought at Neuve Chapelle, where Haig achieved his first success in the new phase of the Great War, which made him a hero to the British public. In his dispatch dealing with this action Lord French wrote:—

> "I desire to bring to your lordship's special notice the valuable services of General Sir Douglas Haig, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., A.D.C., commanding the First Army.
>
> "Whilst the success attained was due to the magnificent bearing and indomitable courage displayed by the troops of the 4th and Indian Corps, I consider that the able and skilful dispositions which were made by the General Officer Commanding First Army contributed largely to the defeat of the enemy and to the capture of his position. The energy and vigour with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power."

Our army in France was gradually increasing in numbers. At Neuve Chapelle and elsewhere the Territorials had proved themselves worthy to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Regulars, and the Dominions were sending their contingents overseas to serve the Empire in its time of need. In the mother country new and large armies were being recruited and trained, and the production of munitions on a vast scale was being thoroughly organized. The time was drawing nigh when Great Britain was to step into the front rank of the world's military powers, and along a greatly extended line on the Western Front to attack the enemy in adequate force and in overwhelming strength.

In December, 1915, French retired from the higher command and was succeeded by Haig, whom he had commended in such generous terms and made famous throughout the Empire. In the official announcement of the change it was stated:—

> "General Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French in command of the Army in France and Flanders.
>
> "Since the commencement of the war, during over sixteen months of severe and incessant strain, Field-Marshal Sir John French has most ably commanded our armies in France and Flanders, and he has now at his own instance relinquished that command."

Sir John was appointed to command the troops stationed in the United Kingdom, and His Majesty conferred upon him the dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom.

The choice of Sir Douglas Haig to succeed the gallant and tried hero of Mons, the Marne, and Ypres was approved on all hands, and nowhere more appreciatively than in France, where the newspapers and public men paid tributes to the brilliant work he had already performed in the most critical period of the great struggle. "In our competent military circles", wrote M. Marcel Hutin in *Echo de Paris*, "General Sir Douglas

Haig is regarded as a very remarkable manœuvrer and a soldier who is conversant with all the necessities of modern war, which he has studied thoroughly, whilst the careful and scientific way in which he conceives and carries out his operations, examining every eventuality and laying his plans, is well known. The British army will hail his nomination with great joy, and beyond all doubt the collaboration of the Franco-British Head-quarters staffs will assure a still more effective co-ordination by the nomination of a new British Commander-in-Chief, to whom the French army extends a cordial welcome. If the Germans had still the faintest doubts about Britain's increasing determination to continue the war on our shore to its logical conclusion, the selection of Sir Douglas Haig will remove it."

The German papers assumed an air of indifference, and one of them, the *Lokalanzeiger*, reflected the view of the Kaiser's generals when it declared: "Sir Douglas Haig has no experience in command of large masses of troops". The time was coming when the ponderous and self-satisfied German War Lords would have something to learn from the brilliant and efficient Commander-in-Chief of the British armies on the Western Front. When they put into operation their plan to cripple the French defensive by an overwhelming display of "shock tactics" at Verdun, they found themselves checkmated by Sir Douglas Haig's powerful and irresistible offensive in the Somme valley, which assumed such dimensions and met with so large a measure of success that they had to withdraw their reserves from Verdun and concentrate all their energy and resources in warding off a great disaster to their arms. Early in 1917, when they were planning offensives on other fronts, they had again to fight defensive actions against the great armies of Britain and France, which had developed a strength greater than their own, and were led with a degree of skill they were unable to surpass. Sir Douglas Haig and his French comrades-in-arms, whom the Germans had affected to despise, wrested from them the initiative on which they had prided themselves. As in previous defensive operations, so in the new offensive operations, the Germans were outgeneralled, outmanœuvred, and outfought.

In sharp contrast to the melodramatic Hindenburg, the military idol of Germany, Sir Douglas Haig is a soldier of modest demeanour, simple habits, and temperate speech. "He is Scottish throughout his being," Lord Esher has written in the Paris *Matin*, "religious, steady and cool, with a judgment unbiased by prejudice or passion. His ideal is that of a high-minded man and an accomplished soldier. He has attained to both of them." It has been recorded by a Scottish chaplain that he is in the habit of attending the simple Presbyterian services at the front, sitting among junior officers and common soldiers, displaying a spirit of humility which is not affected, and of devoutness which is an undoubted characteristic of the great man.

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, writing of Sir Douglas Haig at his head-quarters in France, says:—

> "Routine and punctuality are a part of the furniture of the house in France in which the Commander-in-Chief lives, as they are principles in his administration of the army. But there is no stiffness in his routine, no clicking together of heels; there are no shouted orders, no rigid salutes. The army is run as if it were a quiet family affair, with the atmosphere very simple and also Scottish and very strict."

Referring to the success which attended the Somme offensive, when the British took over 40,000 prisoners, and had shown their superiority in aviation, gun-fire and fighting, Mr. Palmer adds:—

> "It took a man with the character of Sir Douglas Haig to accomplish this marvel; a man of his patience, his routine, his iron resolution, and his vision. One phrase he is always using: 'The spirit that quickeneth'. If the army and its officers had that, there was no obstacle which they could not overcome. He himself had it, and sent its thrill down through all ranks to the waves of men who charge under protecting curtains of fire, and the individual who took his life in his hands and crept up across shell craters to bomb machine-gunners to death in order that the infantry might advance."

But Sir Douglas's influence has not been confined to the army. It was due in no small measure to his direct appeal to the workers of Great Britain that they agreed to do without summer holidays in 1916, so as to help in keeping up the supply of munitions. His expression of thanks to them was as simple as it was sincere. "All ranks", he wrote, "realize how much this success is due to the patriotism, self-denial, and whole-hearted co-operation of their brother workers at home."

In one of his messages to the King, in reply to royal congratulations, he struck a note of unifying patriotism which resounded throughout the Empire when he wrote:—

> "May the comradeship of the battle-field knit still closer together the peoples of the Dominions and Mother Country in the Age of Peace which, please God, will be the fruit of the long and arduous war".

He has found time to attend to comforts and recreations of the soldiers under his command, and to appeal to the public at home asking for supplies of books and magazines for the "rest huts". "I understand fully", he wrote, "the value of readable books to men who are out of the line with time in their hands and little opportunity of getting anything of the sort for themselves."

Sir Douglas once wrote from the front a charming letter to Muriel Porte, a little girl seven years of age, who had sent him a quantity of mittens, handkerchiefs, and Christmas cards from the Infant Department of Belfast Model School for distribution among the troops. It is as follows:—

"Please accept my best thanks for your letter, and also please tell the other little girls how grateful we all are for their gifts, and how delighted we feel at knowing that they have thought of the soldiers of the First Army Corps and their wants. I am also very touched at what you say in your letter, 'that you are so small that you cannot do much to help, but you have done your best'. One cannot do more than one's best, can one? I very much hope that everyone in the great British Empire will also do his or her best to help, because then the war will soon be brought to a successful end. Again many thanks to you and the other little Irish girls, and with every good wish from the First Army Corps."

C 903 Manuel

GENERAL FOCH

Chief of the French General Staff

GENERAL FOCH

Chief of French General Staff

General Foch was appointed Chief of the General Staff of the French army at the Ministry of War in Paris in May, 1917. The post was a new one. It had been held with distinction for several months by General Pétain, who was called to the Commandership-in-Chief of the French armies of the north and north-east soon after the spring offensive had opened.

Prior to General Pétain's appointment the French Commander-in-Chief in the field was also Chief of the General Staff, and his second staff officer acted for him at the War Office in Paris. Now the Commander-in-Chief in the field is relieved from the direction of War Office work, and receives instructions from the Chief of the General Staff. The new system of French war organization thus resembles the British, and differs from that of the German. It has the advantage that it enables the Chief of the General Staff to be constantly in touch with the Minister of War and with the Government, to which he can give advice promptly regarding questions of policy and strategy. The final control is thus in the hands of the Government, and the Commander-in-Chief can devote his whole time and attention to his immediate duties at the front.

Like so many other distinguished officers, General Foch made his name first as an artillery officer. He is a native of Lorraine, and proved himself from his earliest days in the army a conscientious and industrious officer of studious and methodical habits, with a large fund of common sense and a gift for organization. His only handicap is a somewhat delicate constitution.

Long before the outbreak of war he was known and admired in military circles as a writer on modern methods of warfare, and in his various articles he showed himself an original thinker and one who could express his ideas in clear and simple language.

For a period he acted as an instructor at the French Staff College, a post for which he was well suited by his extensive knowledge of military affairs.

On the outbreak of the Great War General Foch commanded an army, and did much by vigorous fighting and clever tactics to retard the German advance towards Paris. He is one of the heroes of the battle of the Marne, at which he commanded the 9th French Army on the French left. In September, 1914, he found himself opposed by three German army corps and the famous Prussian Guard, commanded by General Bulow.

The enemy were confident of success, and had thrown pontoons across the river, threatening both the British and French forces. Foch telegraphed to Joffre: "I am hard pressed on both flanks; therefore I attack in the centre". He attacked with fine effect, inflicting a severe defeat on the invaders and forcing them across the Marne towards Rheims. This action helped greatly to decide the battle which has proved to have been one of the decisive actions of the war. The British pressed forward also, and soon the German forces, under Bulow and Kluck, were in full retreat, after a four days' battle, which ended in victory for the Allies.

General Foch was afterwards given command of a group of armies in the north of France, and, as at the Marne, was again closely associated with the British forces. He was in charge of the French offensive in the vicinity of Arras in the spring of 1915, and although he failed to drive the Germans from their main positions, not having enough troops or sufficient weight of artillery, he inflicted upon them hard blows. Several minor successes were achieved north of Arras and on the road to Lille. The fighting fluctuated a good deal. The fiercest part of the struggle was waged for the possession of the Loretto positions, and trenches were captured and lost and recaptured time and again. Great gallantry was displayed by the French troops, and tributes, as generous as they were deserved, were paid to the superb leadership of General Foch, who, until the names of Pétain and Nivelle leapt into fame in connection with the Verdun operations, was, next to Joffre, the most-talked-of among the French leaders.

After visiting the front in the autumn of 1915, Lord Kitchener made special mention in a House of Lords speech of Foch's operations near Arras. He referred to the "capture of the whole of the heights of Notre Dame de Loretto, as well as a number of strongly fortified villages around the high ground", and said that General Foch had "secured an area of great tactical importance in view of future operations". As we now know, this operation of General Foch prepared the way for General Haig's great advance in 1917. Kitchener declared himself "profoundly impressed by the high state of efficiency and the *moral* exhibited by the French army".

At the Second Battle of Ypres, the most fierce and critical of the 1915 battles in France, General Foch co-operated with General Sir John French in frustrating the German plan to break through the Allied lines and capture Calais. The crisis in the great conflict was reached when the French Colonials were forced to retreat suddenly from their positions as the result of a sudden and overwhelming discharge of gas by the Germans. A breach was thus made, and the enemy advanced confidently and assured of success; but the situation was saved by the gallant and famous 3rd

Canadian Brigade, which extended its line and held back the Germans until reinforcements arrived. It was when the position still remained perilous that General Foch, who paid an eloquent tribute to the Canadians, undertook to try and recapture within a certain period the trenches that the French division had lost. Days and nights of heavy fighting ensued, and although Foch did not achieve his purpose, the enemy was severely punished. It was then found possible to effect a strategic retreat, for the purpose of consolidating the Allied line, from ground of little military value. The combined efforts of Foch and French thus prevented the Germans from achieving their purpose of forcing a way to Calais.

Sir John (now Lord) French referred more than once in his dispatches to the Allied General. In November, 1914, after the Germans made their first attempt to reach Calais, he wrote: "Throughout these operations General Foch has strained his resources to the utmost to afford me all the support he could". In the La Bassée dispatch in February, 1915, French also made mention "gratefully once more" of "the valuable help and support I have received throughout this period from General Foch".

The strain imposed by the severe and prolonged fighting, during the period when the Allies were mainly on the defensive, told heavily on a constitution which had never been very robust, and General Foch found it necessary to ask to be relieved of his command of an army group. The rest he was enabled to take had been well earned.

As Chief of the French General Staff at the Ministry of War, General Foch's great knowledge of modern warfare is of the utmost service to his country. "His marvellous head for military organization", as one Paris writer wrote when he was selected as Pétain's successor, "will certainly be most valuable to the Government in Paris and to the Commander-in-Chief in the field."

GENERAL PÉTAIN

Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies in France

General Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French armies of the north and north-east, is the world-famous defender of Verdun. When war broke out he held the rank of colonel in an infantry regiment, a position he won by great devotion to duty and much hard work. In his school days he was known as a solitary and somewhat bashful lad, much given to reading and walking about alone. "He was full of ideas," says a friend of his boyhood, "and many quaint ideas, indeed, for he was a thinker. He had always his own way of looking at things."

After entering the army, Pétain applied himself to military studies with great enthusiasm and industry. He was determined to master his subject, and he did so in the most intelligent way. "He took nothing for granted", the same writer says. "He had to think out every problem for himself, and in doing so he sometimes found out, or thought out, a new way of solving a difficulty. When considering a military operation which had proved a failure, he liked to explain to one how it could have been made successful if such and such had been done instead of what had been done, and if such and such preparations had been made and such and such precautions taken."

While serving as a junior officer, Pétain paid strict attention to his immediate duties, and won promotion slowly but surely. His habit of doing things in a different way from other officers, however, caused him to be looked upon as something of a crank. "He was bound to get on," a fellow officer has declared; "he took himself and his profession very seriously."

A man of few words, and somewhat blunt in his manner of expressing himself, he was never very popular in his early days, although it cannot be said that he was disliked. At the mess table, when the conversation was taken up with gossip and "small talk", he usually sat as silent as a sphinx. In fact, he has been called "a sphinx". But when military matters were under discussion he became alert and keenly interested. "I have seen him holding his own against a dozen," writes a fellow officer; "and more than once he proved himself a match for the majority. He had a wonderful range of knowledge, and a retentive memory, and gave expression to so many fresh ideas, which had been carefully thought out, that he was a difficult fellow to stand up against. He annoyed many, but everyone respected him."

During military manœuvres in peace time

[illegible] Meley

GENERAL PÉTAIN

Commander in-Chief of the French Armies in France.

Pétain was seen at his best. He was always "doing the unexpected". When he had risen to the rank of colonel, his regiment became noted in sham battles because of his new and original system of tactics. He always made a point of sparing his men and obtaining a success with the minimum of loss. In discussions with his superior officers regarding large military movements, he came to be known as a strategist with fresh and quite revolutionary ideas. It is told of him that his bluntness of speech often surprised and even annoyed the generals. When one of his plans was criticized pretty severely, he would sometimes exclaim, "You are quite wrong: you misunderstand me". Then he would go into every detail, working out the problem carefully to prove his point, often with the result that his critic would have to admit in the end that Pétain had made out a good case. "I wonder how your plans will work out in real warfare," a superior officer once said. The time came when, at Verdun and elsewhere, Pétain proved the soundness of his strategy, and convinced everyone that the system which saved the lives of soldiers was a system invaluable in modern warfare. He has always endeavoured to win a success with the minimum of losses, holding that successes which were won by a great expenditure of life might come to be reckoned as defeats in disguise.

Besides being an original strategist, Pétain is a very shrewd and cool-headed leader. "Nothing", says a Paris correspondent, "can upset him. He is the sort of man who, if he began to shave himself in a burning house, would not leave it until he had finished shaving. If he ever finds himself in serious trouble, he does not worry or show emotion. He just sits down at once to think out a plan which will take him out of the trouble. And his thinking must be done thoroughly. Of course, his plan is sure to be original, and it is usually successful."

A story is told regarding an important military operation which brings out this trait in his character. One forenoon, during the early part of trench warfare, when Pétain was a general in command of a division, one of the staff officers entered the General's private room in a rather excited state and told that the Germans had made a surprise attack on a part of the French line and had captured a line of trenches, taking a good many prisoners.

The General laid out a map before him and asked for fuller details. He remained quite cool, and did not even rise from his chair. The clock struck eleven.

The staff officer told all he knew, and added: "The attack is still proceeding, and grows in strength."

General Pétain answered calmly, "I must have fuller details." He was so cool that he seemed to be quite unconcerned. An hour went past while the staff officers supplied the general from time to time with the scraps of information that came in. These were received by Pétain in silence.

"Have you decided what you shall do?" asked his chief staff officer at length. He was anxious and impatient.

"I can do naught until I know everything," was the General's answer, as he lit a cigar and began to puff clouds of smoke across the map.

Another hour went past, and the information that filtered in regarding the German attack became more and more serious. The staff officers grew more and more impatient as the minutes flew past, and Pétain remained seated at his desk.

"Oh, this is terrible!" exclaimed an exasperated officer. "Will the General never issue an order?"

At half-past twelve the Chief of Staff, having received almost all the information required by the General, hastened to the private room and repeated it in full detail. Pétain nodded and, pointing to a position on the map, asked a question. The officer was unable to answer it. "I must know exactly how matters stand there," said the General very calmly.

The Chief of Staff turned away with a gesture of despair, and ran to a telephone instrument.

"No order yet?" questioned another officer.

The Chief shook his head.

"Has the General lost his reason?" exclaimed this officer to others who stood near him.

No one answered, but the faces of all looked very grave.

Just as one o'clock struck, the Chief Staff Officer rushed towards the General's private room, having obtained the information desired. The position seemed to him to be growing extremely serious indeed.

Pétain heard what he had to say, and sat for a few moments pondering in silence. Then he rose up and began to dictate orders. He had worked out his plan to the minutest detail and decided to launch a counter-attack.

Every member of the staff was soon at work. The telephone bells tinkled sweetly in their ears, and order after order was sent over the wires.

In less than an hour favourable reports began to come in, and these were conveyed to the General, who remained in his room jotting down details on his large-scale map. Before three o'clock it became evident to every member of the staff that Pétain had taken action at the right moment, and had caught the Germans in a trap. Sitting alone in his little study, he directed the counter-attack as coolly as if he were playing a game of chess. The result was a complete success for him. So skilfully were his forces manœuvred that by four o'clock all the lost trenches had been won back by the French, who not only made many German prisoners, but also set free those of their comrades who had been taken by the enemy.

When the operation came to an end, the General discussed the plans he had made with the members of his staff, throwing off all reserve and speaking with animation and delight. What he prided himself most about was the fact that he had saved the lives of many men by moving forward quickly at one point, yielding a little at another, and completely deceiving the enemy. "We must always think of final victory," he added, "which comes to the army with the strongest force ready for action."

At Verdun, the success which ultimately came to the French was due in no small measure to the manner in which Pétain prevented the undue wastage of life. "Some sacrifices, which I grudged, were necessary," he said to one of the war correspondents; "but on the whole, yes, we have reason to be content. You see, I am an infantry officer, and I think I appreciate more than some may that the final victory lies with the army which has most men in the field. Even had we lost Verdun itself, the Germans could not have counted it less than a defeat. It cost them far too dearly."

Trusted and admired by the French soldiers, General Pétain is known not only as a clever and original strategist, but also as a just although severe disciplinarian. A story is told of how he once cleared the reputation of an officer, who was to be tried by court martial for disobeying orders. This officer was a company commander, and was accused of having retired from an advanced position, which he had been instructed to defend at all costs. The matter was reported to Pétain, who was not satisfied with the information laid before him. "I shall visit this commander's sector to-morrow," he said, "and ask him a few questions."

Next day Pétain was in the trenches, and when he reached the company commander, against whom the grave charge had been made, he spoke to him in his usual blunt fashion, asking why he had fallen back from the position he had been ordered to hold.

The commander answered frankly, pointing out that if he had remained where he was expected to remain, the French artillery would not have been able to shell the enemy's lines at the point where it had been decided to make the attack. The General cross-questioned the officer; and, then, having satisfied himself that he had acted properly by falling back as he had done, he said: 'Allow me to congratulate you. In my opinion you were right."

Then the General turned to the other officers who accompanied him and said: "This company commander has done exactly as I wish you all to do; he has used his own judgment like an intelligent man."

Pétain afterwards censured the senior officers who had charged the commander with a grave offence, pointing out to them that they themselves were at fault.

In less than a fortnight the company commander was promoted to a higher rank. His alleged offence had, in the General's opinion, brought out his qualities as a strategist.

From his command at Verdun, General Pétain was appointed Chief of the General Staff of the French army at Paris. He acted in this capacity until May, 1917, when he was selected to take the place of General Nivelle as Commander-in Chief in the field.

HEROES OF EMPIRE

War has lost much of its picturesqueness. This is especially true when we consider the phase of the war which followed the retreat of the Germans after the battle of the Marne. Until the time of writing these impressions battles were no longer fought in the open between troops in brilliant uniforms, nor were infantry formations broken by brilliant charges of forces of cavalry. Armies concealed themselves in trenches, which were bombarded by heavy artillery, trench mortars, and bombs, and when soldiers went out to attack, their ranks were swept by shrapnel, rifle fire, and machine-gun fire from concealed and protected positions. Withal, miners burrowed underground to lay mines below the enemy's trenches, while flying men waged fierce warfare above the clouds. Nor were battles fought and won in a single day as was the case in the past. They might continue day and night for a week, for a month, and even for several months on end, and be waged along a front extending for many miles.

These great changes were brought about mainly by the development of artillery, the general use of quick-firing guns, and of barbed wire as a protection.

"Modern war", declared an Australian soldier who had had considerable experience of trench fighting, "is fought, so to speak, with machinery. The Germans burrow through the ground like rabbits, and hide behind their machine-guns. If they came out into the open they could not hold against us for long. Man to man they are no match for us. When you manage to reach them, they rarely show fight, but fling up their hands and cry 'Kamerad! Kamerad!'"

"If", declared a French general at Verdun, "the Germans were less strong in big and small guns, and had to depend chiefly on their rifles and bayonets, the war would not have lasted six months in all. The British alone would have beaten them with the small army they sent out at the beginning of the war."

A similar opinion has been expressed by a South African officer of Dutch extraction. He had fought against the British in the Boer War, and had served under Botha in the German West African campaign, when Boer and Briton fought shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. Then he came to London, where he obtained a commission in an English regiment.

"The German can fight—yes, but he cannot beat the British soldier," he said while lying wounded in an English hospital. "I often heard my men deliver sage aphorisms regarding the

Boche for the benefit of the new men in the drafts. One of them was this: 'The closer you are to Fritz the safer you are'. Another: 'Get in quick and bite quick'. Just how very sage these sayings are I can show you. As long as you are far enough away from the Boche he will snipe you as hard as he can or turn his machine-gun on you. Nearer again, he will bomb you, and do it well. But when you get within striking distance he will either surrender or run. . . . Our men are getting better every day while they deteriorate."

He had nothing but praise for the "Tommy". "My men", he declared, "are splendid. They are very lovable fellows, good-humoured, clean, smart, and obedient. . . . The British Tommy is gruffest when he is being kind. He threatens the Boche with the most awful luridness, and the next thing you see of him is that he is spoon-feeding a bandaged prisoner as he would a child and as gently. A wonderful fellow!"

The German soldier did not impress him favourably, as the following extract from his statement shows: "See what he has done so wantonly to that part of the land (the Arras sector, St. Quentin)! He has stripped it bare, and left it naked and bleeding behind him. He has been foul beyond description."

Many stories are told of the superb gallantry and dash of our British soldiers in France, where they have proved themselves more than a match for the Germans. At the village of Rœux, which lies in a loop of the River Scarpe, a few miles to the east of Arras, for instance, strong German positions were carried at the point of the bayonet. One officer tells:—

> "We simply had to crawl towards a position until we were near enough to rush it at any cost. The worst experience of all was that last rush on the enemy's position. The bullets were showered over us like rice on a bridal party leaving the church, and when they added the liquid fire you can imagine how hot it was. There was no turning back; we simply had to get through. We charged three times across ground that was swept from end to end by machine-gun bullets, and with bayonet and bomb we drove back enemy forces twice as strong as we were. We held our ground throughout the night against all comers, and in the morning carried some positions in front of us in the teeth of very severe opposition."

It was at Rœux that a party of about twenty Scots set up a desperate fight against overwhelming odds until they were relieved by an English regiment. The Chemical Works had been captured, but the Germans counter-attacked in great force and retook this position. For three days the little company of Scots who had been left behind when their comrades retreated held their own against the Germans, although completely surrounded. "Then", relates an eye-witness, "a body of Germans three times their number began moving down an outflanking trench. By a clever counter-manœuvre the Scots outwitted their antagonists, and, with the help of thirty-five men of an English regiment sent to their assistance, captured the sixty Germans and retook the Chemical Works."

Even the Germans have had to pay tributes to the gallantry and determination of British soldiers. One of their war correspondents tells how he met an officer of his acquaintance who had narrowly escaped being made a prisoner when our men advanced. "He was covered with mud, his uniform was torn, and there were deep furrows on his brow. 'The slaughter was terrible', he said." This officer described an attack as follows:—

> "A machine-gun had been displaced by a shell. Some of our men seized it and began to fire. British on the right. Where? They are our men. No, no! they are British, and are quite near. . . . More trenches had to be evacuated. The British were pressing forward hotly. . . . We are in a village. Suddenly a British company appears as if from nowhere. Our machine-gun is turned on. Some fall, but an officer rallies them and they come forward. The machine-gun is silenced. . . . Often it was hard to say who was opposite, who was on the flank, or in the rear. The British seemed to be everywhere."

The coolness and bravery of our men in attack have made "all the world wonder". One morning as an Irish regiment scampered across No-Man's-Land a couple of privates took a football with them and kept dribbling and passing it, under fire, until at length they saw a German dug-out in front of them. The ball was sent spinning into it, and the men shouted "Goal!"

Scots have been led to an attack by pipers. Piper Laidlaw, who won the Victoria Cross, led the King's Own Scottish Borderers in a charge, playing first "Blue Bonnets over the Border" and then "The Standard on the Braes of Mar". At Loos a Black Watch piper kept his pipes blowing amidst the roar of big guns and the clatter of machine-guns.

Sometimes during an attack different regiments got mixed up, and lads from north and south, east and west, fought together in fine form. At the battle of Arras a mixed force of Middlesex men and Argyll-and-Sutherland Highlanders were isolated by a German counter-attack. Not only did the enemy press past them on their right and left, but even got behind them. The Londoners and Highlanders, however, held on gallantly and never dreamed of surrendering. They occupied a stretch of ground which was pitted with shell craters, and in one of the craters they had about a dozen German prisoners. For a whole day they held back the enemy, sharing food and ammunition, and cheering one another with words of encouragement or banter. Night came on and still they held their ground, beating back the Germans who ventured near them. They were relieved early next morning by a fresh force that had been in reserve, and were able to press forward and win more ground.

It was only on rare occasions during counter-attacks that a battle-field became, for a brief space, as spectacular as in the days of Wellington. The Germans, leaving their trenches and tunnels, advanced in massed formations, their bayonets flashing in sunshine, and the men shouting and cheering. But this brave show came to a speedy end when the British guns got into play. "I have seen German regiments", one soldier tells, "swept out of existence in a few minutes. Masses of men came across a field. Then shrapnel began to pour on them in torrents, while rifle and machine-gun bullets pelted down as thickly as hailstones. When the smoke began to clear away, you saw only a few scattered men scampering away like so many scared rabbits."

In the Somme valley and Arras offensives the Germans rarely showed much heart in attack. "They seem", declared an English captain, "to have been as much afraid of their own officers as of ourselves. When our men get near them, they show they have little heart in the business by their readiness to throw up their hands and cry, 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' Some seem to go forward to charge in a counter-attack quite cheerfully in the hope that they will be made prisoners. A Danzig regiment on one occasion surrendered during a counter-attack almost without firing a shot."

Our own army has indeed been an army of heroes. The Germans never expected that the millions of civilians who have been recruited in all parts of the British Empire since the outbreak of war would become matchless fighting men, and more than the equal of their own highly trained soldiers. It is impossible to mention in detail the various regiments that have distinguished themselves. All have been splendid. The lads from Wales, for instance, won renown in the Somme valley when they captured Mametz Wood. As Mr. Lloyd George said at the time: "They are registered in the history of a country that has produced many valiant deeds in the past. . . . A few weeks ago I saw that terrible wood. It was only those who saw it who could have any notion of the daring and the courage, as well as the skill, required to drive out the enemy entrenched in it."

The advance in the Somme valley was greatly hindered for a time by the strength of the German positions in the four woods, named Bailiff, Trones, Bornafay, and Mametz. English regiments had pressed forward into the village of Contalmaison, where they had to sustain heavy fire on their flanks, and especially from Mametz Wood. The Welsh lads were sent out to capture it, and made a fierce and determined attack in face of powerful resistance. From their trenches and earth-forts the enemy poured a withering fire, and their positions were protected by fallen and shattered trees. But the Welshmen never flinched. They fought till nightfall, and fought through the darkness until they routed the enemy, captured the whole wood, and pressed on beyond it.

The London Regiments have time and again proved their worth, going out to attack with the proud cry, "London Leads!" and, at times, holding their own against great odds, while the lads from Devon, the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and elsewhere throughout England, have fully maintained the martial fame of their great ancestors.

The Scots, Highland and Lowland, known to their English comrades as the "Jocks", from whose lips have often come the inspiring cry, "Scotland For Ever!" have ever been a terror to the enemy, as have also been the impetuous and determined fighting men from Ireland.

Heroes of mixed blood from all parts of the British Empire—sons of the sons of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales—have similarly performed great deeds and won new laurels for Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and shown the whole world, and especially the Germans, who, prior to the war, called the British race "decadent", that our Empire is peopled by a breed of heroes, and is united in sentiment and principle as lovers of freedom and justice. To the strength of the Empire has been added the loyal co-operation of its native races. Indians have fought nobly and well in France, Egypt, German East Africa, and Mesopotamia. Maories from New Zealand have proved their worth in many a battle. But an even more remarkable feature of the Empire's military resources and united sentiment is the part taken by the Boers, with whom we were at war not many years ago. Boer and Briton have united against the

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SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS' MOTOR AMBULANCES IN MACEDONIA common enemy, and obliterated the differences of the past. General Botha and General Smuts have once again proved their military genius in the great struggle, and have also distinguished themselves as great statesmen and born leaders of men.

But while we take pardonable pride in the achievements of our soldiers of Empire, we have full appreciation of the great qualities displayed by our magnificent allies the French, Belgians, Italians, Russians, Portuguese, Japanese, Serbians, and Rumanians. To these have been added our kinsmen, the Americans of the United States, who are taking their part in the great struggle for liberty, the rights of nations, and international peace.

THE MACEDONIAN HEROINES

The inspiring story of the noble work done by the British lady doctors, nurses, and chauffeurs of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in Macedonia will long be remembered, not only in their native land, but in the Balkans as well, and especially in Serbia.

When the Serbian army had been reorganized after its great retreat to the Albanian coast before the superior forces of Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians, and conveyed by sea to Salonika, it lacked a sufficient staff of doctors or trained nurses. The directors of the Scottish Women's Hospitals in Edinburgh were appealed to for help, and at once sent out a hospital unit, which had been named "The America Unit", because the women of America had given generous contributions to the funds required. Before it reached Salonika the Serbian army, with the aid of the Allies, had advanced towards and across the frontier of Macedonia, and the men saw once again the mountains of their conquered kingdom. Heavy fighting was in progress, and the enemy was being gradually driven back on Monastir.

The America unit hastened northward from

Salonika soon after arrival there, with all their tents and hospital material packed in motor-ambulances, which were driven by ladies. For eighty miles of their journey towards Ostrovo they had to go over rough and narrow roads which were in places little better than cattle tracks, having been torn up by the heavy traffic and made very muddy by the rain. The skeletons of horses and cattle strewed the roadside; many villages were in ruins, and the inhabitants could be seen doing their utmost to repair their houses and make them comfortable again. They passed hundreds of poor people who were camping by the wayside, waiting for the soldiers to drive back the invaders, so that they might be able to reach their desolated homes among the mountains.

When the lady doctors and nurses reached Ostrovo, they looked about for a suitable place for their camp, and chose a sheltered spot behind a ridge of bare mountain, not far from the highway. Serbian soldiers welcomed them, and told that many wounded men were waiting for treatment. Could the hospital be ready to take them in that night?

Such a request could not be refused. Although they were tired and weary after their long rough journey, the staff set to work at once, erecting the hospital, laying out the beds, and doing everything necessary to treat the wounded Serbians.

Meanwhile the lady drivers set out with their motor-ambulances to bring in the patients. They had to go up the mountain passes as far as they dared towards the scene of the fighting and collect the wounded, who had been brought down from the little field stations on pack-ponies and stretchers. The roads through the passes were narrow and muddy, and in places very dangerous, especially where they twisted round the edges of precipices and skirted steep slopes of loose gravel and clay. Several army motor-lorries and carts had tumbled over the sides of these terrible roads before the hospital workers arrived, and could be seen lying among the rocks twisted and battered beyond repair. Some stretches of the roads ran sheer up and down among the hills like switchback railways. The motors often stuck on steep inclines, and the nurses had to jump out and place big stones behind the wheels to keep them from rolling back. The daring and clever lady drivers, however, got over all difficulties and brought in the wounded safely, nor did one of them meet with a fatal accident. It was pitiful to see the wounded men. Many of them had been lying for hours on the bare ground, weak from loss of blood, suffering from pain and cold and hunger, and covered with mud. They were very brave and made no complaint; hardly a groan came from the lips of the greatest sufferers. These Serbian heroes were all very grateful for the kindness shown them by the lady doctors and nurses from a distant land far across the ocean, and when they found themselves in comfortable beds, with their wounds dressed, and were given hot drinks, their faces grew cheerful and their eyes bright. Again and again they thanked the ladies, who did everything in their power to help them and relieve their pain.

When night fell the booming of the guns could be heard in the distance. The battle was waging constantly behind the hill under which the hospital tent had been pitched, and all through the hours of darkness wounded men were being brought in. Few of the hospital staff got any sleep.

Next day, and on many days that followed, German aeroplanes flew over the camp. It was feared that bombs would be dropped, but fortunately at the time the enemy was short of munitions. French motor-cars, armed with anti-aircraft guns, opened fire at the aeroplanes, and the little shells sometimes burst right above the hospital.

When some of the staff found time to take a little exercise, they climbed the hill behind the hospital to get a glimpse of the fighting. They saw big shells bursting in the valleys beyond, and soldiers leaving their trenches to deliver attacks against strong positions. Again and again the enemy tried to break through the Allied lines so as to force their way into the passes. Had they succeeded in doing so the wounded could not have been removed in time, for the roads would have been blocked by soldiers and transport vehicles, and the hospital would probably have come under the fire of field guns in the confusion. People at home scarcely realize how great were the perils faced by the brave lady doctors and nurses in Macedonia and Serbia.

Besides treating the wounded, the hospital staff often did their utmost to relieve the sufferings of troops on the march. One wet and stormy afternoon a regiment of dark Senegalese soldiers, under the command of French officers, halted beside the hospital on their way to the front. All the men suffered greatly from cold. They were taken into the kitchen in batches and given hot drinks. They thanked the ladies in broken French, bowing and smiling and saluting as they came and went. When they marched away at length through the rain, they raised cheers for the hospital staff and looked wonderfully happy. Soon after night fell about forty Senegalese stragglers arrived. They had lost their regiment and looked dejected and miserable, being very cold and drenched to the skin. The ladies set to work to make them comfortable, and gave them hot tea. The dusky soldiers gathered round the stove, and pleaded to be allowed to sleep on the kitchen floor all night. The nurses could not give up the kitchen to them, but they had a tent erected, and placed in it a big tin box filled with glowing charcoal. The stragglers were thus able to pass the night in shelter and pretty comfortably. No sooner were they thus attended to than a British soldier arrived. He was covered with mud from head to foot, and so weary that he was hardly able to walk. "Yet," as one of the nurses has told, "he was still smiling."

The soldier received a warm welcome from his countrywomen. He told them he was in charge of a motor-car which had got stuck in the mud, and that after leaving it to look for help, darkness had come on and he could not find it again. A complete change of clothing was found for the soldier, and after he had been given some food, a "shakedown" was provided for him in one of the tents. "Well, well, ladies," he exclaimed, "I am in great luck to-night. How can I thank you?" The ladies, who had been doing their best to help everyone, were only too pleased to do what they could for a countryman, and especially a soldier of the great British citizen army.

Often the camp was a "Babel of tongues". One day a motor-lorry got stuck in a quagmire not far from it, and a motley company of workers did their best to pull it out. Among the men who "put their shoulders to the wheel" were British men, Frenchmen, Anamites from Indo-China, Serbians, Russians, and a few Bulgarian prisoners. They were all shouting in their own languages, and the only orders they could understand were those given in dumb show. After a great effort they were able to haul the motor on to hard ground again.

As the fighting increased in fury the wounded were brought in by day and night in large numbers. Those patients who could be removed with safety were from time to time sent south to Salonika to make room for fresh cases. Many difficult operations had to be performed, and the staff in the operating tent were kept very busy. They worked at all hours, and had to snatch a little time for sleep when possible. It is no wonder to learn that some of them lost count of the days of the week. "Is this Wednesday?" a hard-worked nurse asked one evening. "No," laughed another, "it is Friday."

In addition to organizing and running the hospital, the staff had also to undertake a great deal of laundry work. A house near the camp was occupied for this purpose, and a number of native women had to be employed to do the washing. Most of them spoke a mixture of the Serbian, Bulgarian, and Turkish languages, and the Scottish lady in charge of the laundry found it difficult to make herself understood. An interpreter, who had a slight knowledge of French, was, however, found, and she translated to the women workers the orders that were issued. The native women were very poor, and were glad to be able to earn a little money. They came every morning with their babies and gave them to little girls to nurse. The sickly children were treated by the lady doctors, who received many blessings from the poor women who had been suffering greatly on account of the war. The villagers learned to admire and love the ladies of the hospital staff who treated them with such great kindness, and were ever ready to attend to their needs. In days to come many touching stories will be told in Macedonia and Serbia about the noble women of Great Britain who performed a labour of love in their war-stricken land, and did everything in their power to relieve suffering without desire for or hope of reward. Among those who met their death while engaged in the good work was Mrs. Harley, sister of Lord French, who was fatally wounded by a shell at Monastir

THE LADY OF LOOS

The story of "The Lady of Loos" is one of the most inspiring in the annals of the Great War. This French heroine's name is Emilienne Moreau, and she was only eighteen years of age when the battle of Loos was fought on that memorable Saturday in September, 1915, and the heroic British troops won a victory over the Germans, pushing back their lines and capturing many prisoners and guns.

Emilienne is a native of the village of Loos, and with the other villagers—chiefly old men and women and young children, for the able-bodied men were fighting in the armies of France—endured the perils of the fierce bombardment of the British guns, which compelled the Germans to crouch within cellars and dug-outs. The enemy had turned the village into a fortification. Earthworks on every side bristled with machine-guns. The cemetery had been converted into a fort; it was riddled with trenches, and tombs had been cleared to make room for guns, so that each tomb became a machine-gun emplacement. Mazes of barbed wire crossed every roadway and bulged round every earthwork. The Germans were confident that the village was impregnable, and that they would hold it with ease against attack. But the British soldiers broke through every obstacle, fighting with great valour and determination until the village was completely captured. The Londoners approached from the south and assaulted the cemetery, and the Scots broke through on the west and the north.

Emilienne Moreau's home was situated in one of the little streets in the west side of the village. The villagers, huddled in cellars and in narrow rooms, heard the shells screaming overhead and bursting above and around the German redoubts and emplacements. All night long the clamour resounded far and near. Everyone was weary, yet none could sleep. Whispers went round that the attack would open at dawn, and all looked forward with confidence to victory.

When daylight came at length the roar of battle increased in fury. It was unsafe to venture out of doors, but brave men and women did so in quest of water and food for moaning and affrighted children. Shrapnel bullets spattered on roofs and walls time and again, and stray shells burst in narrow lanes, ploughing up the hard earth and wrecking buildings, which collapsed in clouds of dust. In the house next to Emilienne's a shell tore through the roof early in the forenoon and exploded in the backyard.

"The end is near," cried an old woman.

"Do not say that, mother," the daughter replied. "We are still safe."

"Our soldiers are at hand, my girl. That is what I mean when I say 'the end is near'—the end of the Boche rule here. Do you not hear the clamour of the machine-guns? The attack has commenced now."

As she spoke, her husband ran into the house. "Ah! you are still alive," he exclaimed. He carried a pail of water and a loaf of bread.

"How goes the battle?" asked his wife.

"Our deliverers are at hand. I have seen them. They are not far off now."

"The soldiers of France?"

"No, not our soldiers, but those of our great ally; and they are kilted Scots, big brave men whom nothing will keep back. Hear them! hear them!" he cried, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm.

Confused shouts resounded above the din of battle.

"The Highlanders, the Highlanders are coming!" someone called from without.

"Did I not tell you they were at hand?" the old man said proudly. "I have seen them with mine own eyes."

The old woman peered from the window, and watched several Germans scampering past.

"Ha! the Boches are running," she cried.

Then she caught a glimpse of a tall Highlander. "The end is near, as I have said," she murmured gladly.

Soon the street was the scene of fierce fighting. A German machine-gun swept it for a few seconds, and then stopped suddenly, for its team had been overpowered. Scots soldiers rushed past the doors, and German riflemen crouching on house roofs and behind windows tried in vain to hold them back. Many fell, but the survivors swept on, driving the Boches before them as an autumn gale drives fallen leaves through a forest. The villagers ran out of doors, risking their lives to help and succour the wounded. Bleeding Highlanders were carried into the houses, where their wounds were bandaged, and they were laid on beds and couches. Kindly hands smoothed their aching brows and pressed cups of cool water to their burning lips.

Several wounded men lay in Emilienne Moreau's house. She helped to stanch their wounds, and showed great skill and sympathy in nursing them and attending to their needs. She seemed a born nurse, and her gentle words and sweet smile were like a tonic to the stricken soldiers.

All day long she nursed them, while the battle waged fiercely through the village. "Water, water!" was a constant cry. An old man who had been drawing water all forenoon lay dead beside the well. A German sniper, concealed on a roof, had slain him. Women who attended to the wounded, passing from house to house with no thought of their own safety, had been wounded or slain, and several children had perished. Yet the villagers continued their noble work. They were all inspired with the spirit which has made France great and strong. Time and again Emilienne drew water for her patients, and she had many narrow escapes.

There was much confused fighting. Positions were taken and lost and taken again during the day. In the afternoon the quarter in which Emilienne Moreau lived was partially regained by the enemy. But the Germans were ultimately isolated.

"They are coming back!" the shout went down the little street on one of the occasions when it seemed the Germans were regaining ground.

"Who? The Boches?" one villager asked another.

"Yes, they have rallied," called someone.

"No, no," another protested, "these are Boches who have been cut off and are trying to retreat."

A woman shrieked with horror. Through a shattered window in Emilienne's home she had seen a German soldier bayoneting a wounded Highlander in the street.

"They are killing the wounded," she cried.

As she spoke a German darted into the house. Emilienne caught a glimpse of his blood-stained bayonet, and a thrill of cold horror went through her. A kilted officer raised himself on his elbow and drew his revolver, but his hand shook as the

German, uttering a curse, darted towards him. Quick as lightning, Emilienne seized the revolver and fired. The German fell in a heap on the floor. She hardly realized what she had done, and ere she could collect her thoughts the officer called out something. Another German had appeared at the door. He too was searching for wounded men. Without hesitation Emilienne sprang towards him, and raising the revolver again, pulled the trigger. The German fell across the doorway mortally wounded.

The air was thick with smoke. Emilienne glanced out at a window, but could not ascertain what was happening. A German soldier rushed past her, and then someone screamed near at hand; bullets whizzed through the air, and the groans of wounded men rose on all sides. But amidst that scene of horror and terror Emilienne remained fearless and composed. For her own safety she took no thought. Her sole concern was for the wounded men under her care.

After a long interval an old man ran across the street, shouting Emilienne's name, and she answered him.

"You are still alive," he exclaimed with relief.

"Two Boches tried to attack the wounded, and I shot them down," Emilienne told him.

"Hush! hide that revolver lest they should return and see you," he advised her.

"But they have been driven away," the girl answered. "They cannot return."

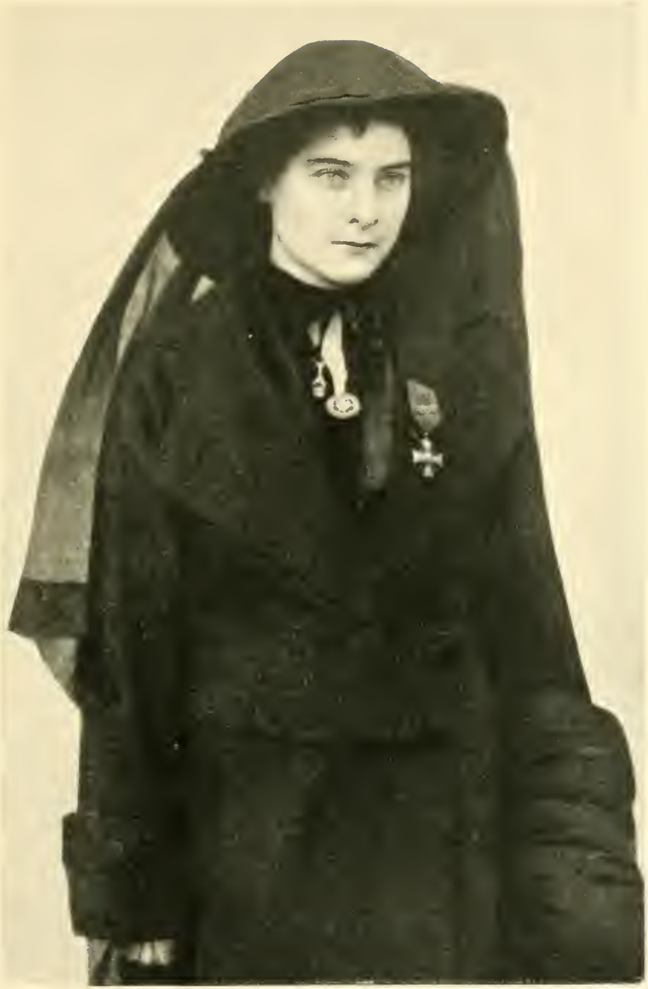
"The fighting surges backward and forward," said the other. He pointed down the street. "Some Boches still lie concealed among these houses. They are waiting for a chance to retreat, and are sure to come this way."

Having thus warned the girl he ran back to his own house.

One of Emilienne's patients was calling for water, and she hastened to attend to him. Another plucked at a bandage round his head, repeating something over and over again which the girl could not understand. But she sprinkled water on his face, poured some drops into his mouth, and was comforted to find that he quietened down, having obtained some relief from his sufferings.

While thus engaged, she heard once again the sound of German voices in the street. Rising quickly, she went towards a shattered window and peered cautiously in the direction from which the voices seemed to come.

In the dim light she caught sight of four Germans coming out of a house where, as she learned afterwards, they had killed and robbed the wounded. They made signals to others she could not see. A cold shiver ran through her body. She glanced round the room at the helpless men who were under her care. The Highlander with the bandage round his head was shouting somebody's name, like a child calling for his mother. He was delirious and in pain.



MLLE EMILIENNE MOREAU

"The Lady of Loos."

The wounded officer seemed to be asleep. There was no one to give her aid if the enemy should come.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of German voices. She glanced at the revolver, and then crept behind a chair. Kneeling down, she leaned her elbow on the seat and held her revolver towards the doorway. Stealthy footsteps sounded from outside. Someone was approaching her house. A prayer rose from her lips. Then she heard the welcome sound of rifle fire at the end of the street. Bullets whizzed past the window and smacked the stones like great hailstones. The prowling Boches had been observed and were being fired at. Then she heard hurried footsteps outside, and a German soldier flung the door open. She raised her revolver, and as a dim form entered the room she fired. The man fell and cried out with surprise and pain. A voice answered his and another entered. Again Emilienne fired, and the second German fell over the body of the first, while a third turned back and ran into the street, shouting a warning to his fellows.

For a few seconds the rifle firing slackened. Emilienne was uncertain whether the Germans had been driven back, or had overcome those who had attacked them. She remained kneeling behind the chair.

The room was dim with smoke. It seemed to grow darker. Then a cry from one of her wounded patients made her look round. A German had appeared at the back window of the small room. He leapt up on the sill to force his way in. A sudden faintness seized her, but she struggled against it, and darting towards the window fired again, and the German soldier tumbled back in a heap.

A single cartridge remained in the revolver. The next shot would have to be the last!

Emilienne drew a deep breath and waited, listening intently. The soldiers had ceased to moan, the wounded officer had been awakened by the sound of the revolver, and was leaning on his elbow, whispering something she could not understand.

Then the shouts of British soldiers broke on her ears. Londoners and Highlanders charging side by side came running down the street, sweeping the last remnants of Germans before them. They were opposed for a brief space by a fitful fire. But at length, one after another, the skulking Boches raised cries of "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

The battle for possession of the village was over and won. Emilienne dropped the revolver, and running to a window, called for help. Three British soldiers heard her, and at once entered the house, leaping over the bodies of the dead Germans. One could speak French, and was told by Emilienne what had happened. She pointed to the prostrate bodies at the doorway

"They were coming to kill the wounded," she said.

It was almost dark, and she took down a lamp and lit it with trembling fingers.

A British officer entered, and was told in a few words what had happened. "This brave girl," said a sergeant, "fought here alone against the enemy to defend our wounded men."

The officer bowed. "Your country may well be proud of you," he said simply, and shook hands with her.

A group of British soldiers had gathered in the street, and when the war-stained heroes learned what Mlle Moreau had done, they raised a cheer, hailing her as "The Lady of Loos". And as "The Lady of Loos" she will always be known.

The story of Emilienne's brave stand against the Germans sent a thrill through France when it was related in the newspapers, and she was compared by more than one writer to Joan of Arc herself. A few weeks later she was publicly decorated at Versailles by General de Sailly, who, when he had related in dignified terms what she had done, declared proudly: "You do honour to the women of France".

"Vive la Emilienne Moreau! Vive la France!" shouted the assembled soldiers and spectators.

Pale and agitated the comely French girl, who was attired in deep mourning for near relatives fallen in battle, bowed to the General and to the crowd that cheered her. And everyone who gazed on the slim, small woman wondered at her courage and daring on that memorable day when she baffled and drove back the cowardly Boches, who had sought to rob and murder wounded and helpless soldiers. She was a heroine indeed, and France was proud of her.

"Vive la Emilienne Moreau!" they shouted. "Vive la France!"

A GREAT MODERN BATTLE

The battle of Messines, on 7th June, 1917, was one of the greatest battles in modern times. It was fought for possession of the ridge of Messines and to drive back the bulging German line between that point and Ypres, so as to change the military situation in Flanders and northern France in favour of the British.

For nearly three years the Germans had held the Messines Ridge, which they had strongly fortified. It was riddled with trenches, protected by masses of barbed wire, and intersected by deep and long tunnels and great dug-outs lined with concrete. Earthen forts bristled with field- and machine-guns well concealed and shielded against shell fire. Strong forces of Germans occupied the ridge and the positions around it, and a network of railways had been constructed to rush up reinforcements when required.

Before this ridge could be attacked with any hope of success, great preparations had to be made. Nor could they be made unknown to the enemy, for the ridge commands a wide view of the surrounding country. As soon as our artillery and troops were being massed for attack, the

Germans took warning and collected strong forces to defend their positions, and make it impossible, as they believed, for our men to attack with success.

Success was assured to the side which had the best system of organization and the most valiant troops. As it happened, the superiority of the British was proved in every respect.

The British preparations for the battle were of a very thorough character. At some distance behind the lines, for instance, a great open-air model of the battle ground was constructed with care and exactness. It was shaped something in the same manner as children shape sand models of fields and castles when on holiday at the seaside. With the aid of maps and of photographs taken by our airman, every natural feature was produced on exact scale, trenches and dug-outs were marked, as were also mounds, trees, buildings, streams, and canals. On this wonderful contour map the intended attack was carefully planned and rehearsed, so that the most minute instructions could be given to officers and men. No one was left in doubt as to what he was expected to do when the time came to attack the enemy.

Among the preparations for the great battle there was one element of surprise of which the enemy could obtain little knowledge. For about twelve months great forces of engineers and miners, including Australians and New Zealanders, had been employed driving tunnels below the German positions. This work was carried on constantly until the tunnels were so deep and so long that they could have concealed several thousand men. But they were not meant to serve as hiding-places, except for the miners when at work. "Millions of tons of earth were excavated," says a French writer, "and £80,000 worth of timber was used to stay up the galleries." When the time came to make use of these underground chambers they were packed, at vital points beneath the German defences, with hundreds of tons of explosives. In all, nineteen great mines were laid. These were packed up with earth and boulders, and connected by electric wires with switchboards from which they could be exploded by touching buttons.

A complete programme of the battle had been drawn up. The time was fixed for exploding the mines, for opening the attacks by infantry, and even for reaching certain points of the enemy's position. Victory was organized in a most complete and wonderful manner.

Numerous guns of all calibres were collected on the British front. These were arranged so as to open fire not only on the positions to be attacked, but also on either flank and behind them. By thus organizing the artillery fire, a ring of flame was to be drawn round the enemy, so as to prevent supplies and reinforcements being brought up.

When the massed British artillery opened fire "at full blast", the German positions from a point north of Ypres to a point south of Messines were hammered day and night for a full week by high-explosive shells and shrapnel. Trenches were wiped out, dug-outs blown up, earthen forts destroyed, and acres of barbed wire torn to small fragments. The Germans suffered heavily, and many had to crouch in their underground chambers while the shells rained down with constant shriek and roar. Food and water ran short because of the barrage that cut off the communications. Transport men and reserves were killed in hundreds as they entered the zone of fire and tried to press through it.

The attack by infantry was planned to take place early on Thursday morning. First of all, the mines were exploded. The electric buttons were touched about three o'clock just as dawn began to break, while the guns were bellowing and blazing fiercely, and countless shells screamed through the air to burst within the German lines. Then an awe-inspiring spectacle was seen. The nineteen mine chambers under the fortified ridge exploded with a dull and terrible roar. Vast tongues of flame leapt high in the subdued moonlight through dense volumes of smoke and debris. It seemed as if the hill had yawned like a gigantic dragon to swallow men, guns, trees, and houses, or as if nineteen new volcanoes had suddenly broken out in fiery fury to devastate the countryside. Cemented fortresses, heavily armed, which had been carefully constructed by the enemy, were shattered and buried; shells exploded in magazines; guns were tossed about like twigs; concealed chambers were split open and swept by flame; thousands of the enemy were killed, wounded, stunned, dazed, and terrorized.

The explosions resounded far and near. Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, heard them on Walton Heath, near London. Confusion spread through the enemy lines as the earth for miles round was shaken as if by an earthquake. Those who ran out to gaze towards the ridge while yet the roar of the exploded mines rumbled through the air saw great pillars of smoke and dust drifting against the sky, which was still illumined by a crimson haze. The sight was at once beautiful and terrible. And the guns never ceased to bellow. A tornado of shells lashed the enemy's ground during and after the explosions, and overhead, above the curtain of shells, flocks of British airmen moved hither and thither like swallows in active flight.

The last stars faded as morning dawned on the scene. Then through the mist and smoke the British infantry went forward to attack. German rockets, red and green and white, had been sent up. These were signals of distress and warning, appeals for help by the defenders of shattered positions. But the British barrage made it difficult for the Germans to send forward reinforcements. A curtain of shells cut off the defenders behind, and another curtain travelled in front of the attackers, while the positions between were heavily hammered by high explosives.

The whole of the Messines Ridge was carried ere the sun had risen high in the heavens. Mazes of barbed wire had vanished, strong redoubts had become heaps of debris, gaps yawned where there had been impregnable forts, and our men, although stoutly resisted, were able to surround isolated strongholds and capture them after vigorous attacks. Hundreds of the enemy showed no desire to fight as the British infantrymen dashed towards them. They abandoned their machine-guns, crowded out of dug-outs, threw down their weapons, and, holding up their hands, shouted, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" Strings of prisoners soon began to pour into the British lines. Many were dazed as a result of the explosions and the long bombardment, and those who could relate their experiences said they were surprised to be still alive, and glad to be out of the inferno they had had to endure for a week.

The first-line defences had been captured in a few minutes, and our troops, scarcely pausing, swept forward to the summit of the ridge. In vain the German artillery tried to beat back the waves of attackers. After three hours' hard fighting the whole crest line from north to south was in our hands. Soon afterwards Messines was captured at a rush, and before twelve o'clock

Wytschaete village fell into our hands. During the afternoon the advance in this quarter was pushed forward until the whole trench system in the rear was wrested from the enemy.

North of the ridge the fighting was equally hard and determined and equally successful. The British advanced everywhere until the **G**-shaped German line was flattened out like the letter **I**. The British plan was then completed "according to time table". When darkness fell, our men had done all they had been asked to do, and the new British line had been "organized and secured". All resistance was overcome. "The British", declared a French writer, "have given fresh proof that the Germans are not fit to resist them."

The British airmen did splendid work during the battle. They went out in squadrons—some to spy on the enemy positions and locate the batteries, some to drive back the German flyers, and others to harass the movements of troops. Never before had they displayed greater daring. They swept the air clear of German machines so as to allow our scouts a free hand in dealing with the enemy batteries, the positions of which were signalled to our gunners. During the battle, over seventy German batteries located by the airmen were silenced by the British artillery.

Having fought a number of duels with success, some of our daring flyers attacked German troops behind the lines while they were being marched forward to reinforce the defenders. One airman flew so low that he used his machine-gun to scatter half a battalion. Another attacked a motor-car, the driver of which became so excited that he drove the car against a bank and upset it, killing or injuring the occupants, who were all officers. A third chased a train and bombed it, causing it to leave the rails.

Daring attacks were made upon enemy aerodromes. A young flyer who began to drop bombs on one of these was harassed by the fire of two anti-aircraft guns. Instead of soaring beyond range to escape the bursting shrapnel, he made a bold dive and came down low enough to turn his machine-gun on the Germans, who were forced to scamper away and take cover. Then he returned to the aerodrome, and wrecked it with bombs. Many feats of this kind were performed.

Of acts of personal courage there are many recorded. For instance, it is told of a Yorkshireman who, on the night before the battle, was ordered to the rear because he was suffering from an injury to one of his feet. He managed, however, to remain among his comrades, and when the attack took place went forward with the rest. The officer who had ordered him to the rear was surprised when he found him in a strong enemy redoubt which he had helped to capture. He was wearing a slipper on his injured foot. "Is this the road to the dressing-station?" the officer asked with a smile.

Similarly, a wounded Australian, who had a temporary dressing on his right arm, failed to go to the rear, and took part in the attack on Hill 60. When the summit was taken, he was there to help hoist the flag, which fluttered bravely over a great crater blown open by one of the mines.

A New Zealander took captive a dozen Germans who were concealed in an earthwork and had been using a machine-gun. With a bomb in his right hand he called upon them to surrender, which they all did.

Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Australians, and New Zealanders fought with peerless gallantry and daring, and proved themselves, man to man, greatly superior to the enemy.

Desperate fighting took place in the wooded country on the British left to the south of Ypres, when English regiments were confronted by Prussians in strong force. A fierce bayonet attack was delivered in a shell-splintered wood. The Prussians set up a stubborn resistance, but were driven back from their strong positions with heavy losses. A large number of prisoners were taken.

The Australians and New Zealanders, on the right wing, went forward with superb dash and bravery to capture the part of Messines Ridge in front of them. It was a hot, dusty day, and the air was made more oppressive by fumes from German gas shells which were rained on the rough slopes. Position after position was carried until the crest was reached. The ruins of Messines were quickly surrounded and taken by the New Zealanders, while the Victorians and Tasmanians pressed forward on their right, capturing many prisoners in their irresistible advance.

The Irish regiments also carried all before them, Nationalists and Ulstermen fighting side by side in friendly rivalry against the common enemy and displaying great courage and determination. They swept through a wood in which they had to face heavy machine-gun fire from a strong German position; they rushed and captured the earthwork, and, climbing the ridge, took Wytschaete village, bristling with machine-gun emplacements. The taking of Wytschaete, which the Irishmen called "Whitesheet", was one of the notable incidents of the battle. It was a vital part of the defences of the enemy position.

The "tanks" were in action and did splendid work. A new and improved type of these modern engines of war, more powerful and more speedy than the type first used in the Somme valley, created terror in the enemy ranks. One of the tanks which captured a strong position took also a large haul of prisoners.

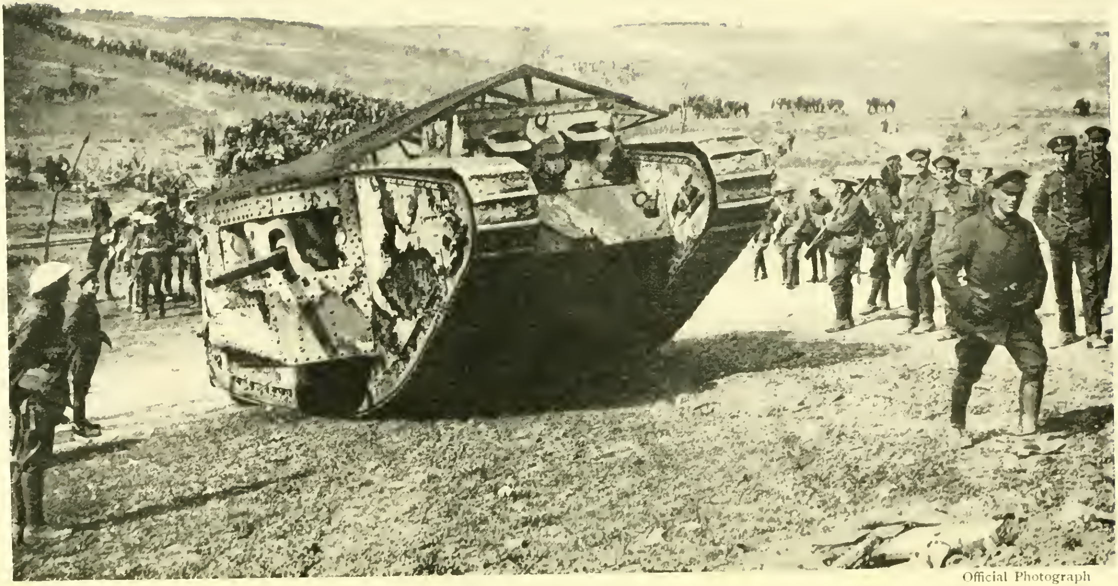
The clever grouping of the British guns has drawn praise even from the enemy. Not only were our infantry protected and the German defenders hammered severely, but counter-attacks were rendered impossible. Indeed, only one counter-attack was attempted, and it was broken and beaten back by shells and machine-gun fire. Evidently the enemy had been disorganized as well as defeated, for on the occasion when Bullecourt was captured during the Arras battle there were no fewer than twenty counter-attacks. At Messines, on the other hand, our men, protected so well by the matchless British artillery, were enabled to organize and consolidate the captured positions, and even to make minor advances to render more secure their hold on the great ridge. The German casualties were heavy, over 6000 were taken prisoners; our losses were comparatively slight.

In a message to General Plumer, who was in charge of the operations, Sir Douglas Haig congratulated him on the complete success attained, and said that the Messines battle afforded final and conclusive proof that neither strength of position nor timely preparation to meet the impending assault could save the enemy from defeat. The success, Sir Douglas added, "has brought us a long step nearer to the final victorious end of the war".

M. Painlevé, the French Minister for War, telegraphed to Lord Derby, the British War Secretary:—

> "The French Army acclaims with joy the fine victory gained

by the British Army. It begs you to address its warm congratulations to Marshal Haig, General Plumer, and the valorous troops who have broken in a masterly manner one of the strongest organizations of the common enemy. I am glad of this opportunity which is given me to renew to you the assurance of my very affectionately devoted sentiment."



Official Photograph

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A BRITISH "TANK", PAINTED IN MOTLEY HUES, ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE

(See pages 94-102.)

THE BOY WHO FILLED THE WATER-BOTTLES

A London boy, named John Bradbury, enlisted when he was only fourteen, and served in the Gloucestershire Regiment for about a year. On being invalided home he was claimed by his father, because he was under military age, and the authorities discharged him.

John landed with the Gloucesters at Suvla Bay on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and saw a good deal of fighting. After they had pressed inland and dug themselves in, the Gloucesters, like others, suffered from the want of water. A hot sun burned overhead, and the men's tongues and throats were parched with thirst.

"This is a dry spot, I tell you," exclaimed a corporal.

"Oh, what would I not give for a little drop of water!" another sighed.

The Turks were fighting with great determination, having been reinforced heavily after the first surprise attack following the landing.

"There is a well below these trees out there," someone said. "I had a drink out of it last night before we fell back." He pointed to a little clump of trees that covered a mound in what was now "No-Man's-Land".

"It's a wonder if some Turkish snipers are not there by this time," suggested the corporal.

"When night comes I'm going out for water," a big soldier declared. "I'll risk the snipers."

"I feel as if I could go now," sighed a companion. "Oh for a little drop of cool well water!"

"Stop that!" the other growled; "you'll make me drier than ever if you talk about your cool well water. Pah!"

He bent over his rifle and blazed away at the Turkish lines.

"Please, sir, let me go out for water," a young voice was heard saying.

Men glanced round with surprise. Who was it that dared to cross the bullet-swept space between the opposing trenches?

"It's that kid, Johnnie," someone said.

"Stay where you are, youngster," a bearded Gloucester advised him. "You'll get bowled over if you try any of your tricks here."

Bradbury and another boy soldier, however, were determined to take any risk in procuring water. They seemed not to know what fear was, and suffered from thirst like their elders.

"Don't hurry; take care of yourselves," the corporal, who had given his consent, advised the lads. "Take all the cover you can."

The boys began to collect the soldiers empty water-bottles. From everyone they received advice. "Creep through the long grass like a snake. . . . Wriggle along on your stomach; don't crawl even. . . . Get in behind the bushes; don't take a bee-line, and rest often. . . . There's no hurry; take your time; don't let Johnnie Turk catch sight of you. . . . If you see a sniper among the trees, lie low until it is dark. . . ." So did man after man counsel the boys to be wary. None of them liked the idea of the youngsters running such terrible risks even for the sake of procuring the water which was so badly needed.

The boys, loaded with water-bottles, which were strung round their shoulders, crept out of the trench and entered the long grass. Bullets whizzed through the air like bees in flight, or struck the earth with a sharp short "ping". The men in the trenches watched the youngsters until they were out of sight. Then they followed their movements by the swaying of the long grass through which they were creeping.

"Are they getting along all right?" the soldiers asked one another from time to time.

"Yes, there they go!" one would say.

"That's Bradbury behind a bush out there," a Gloucester would exclaim suddenly. "He's more than half-way already."

"Yes, he's a bit daring, he is," someone would remark later. "He'd better—oh! he's down."

"I don't think he was struck that time," another would be heard saying. "No, he's all right; he's going on again."

The boys vanished entirely after a time. Not even their movements could be traced, for a slight wind had sprung up and set all the grass and bushes in motion.

An hour went past, and still there was no sign of the boys. The soldiers grew anxious about them, and some began to blame themselves for allowing them to go out.

"When night comes," one said, "I'll search for them. No doubt they've been bowled over."

"There's always the chance that they have been only wounded," another remarked to reassure his companions.

It seemed a case of hoping against hope. "Poor kiddies! it's all up with them, I'm afraid," sighed the bearded soldier who had children of his own at home.

Then someone exclaimed excitedly, "Look! look! isn't that one of the boys?"

He pointed towards a little figure which came past a clump of undergrowth and then vanished in the long grass.

"It's Bradbury, I'm sure," another said, and whistled through his fingers. "He seems to be going the wrong way."

"Not he. He's taking cover; he's—— That's him right enough."

Bradbury had thrust his head through the grass, looking towards the Gloucesters in their trench. The soldier who had whistled to him already whistled once again, and the boy made a sign to indicate that all was well with him. Then he vanished again in the grass.

Several tense moments of waiting went past. Then Bradbury crawled out of the scrub, cleared a few bare yards in a short run, and dropped safely into the trench.

"Good, boy!" shouted the man who caught him in his arms; "what luck?"

"Plenty of water," gasped the boy, who had filled no fewer than twenty-four bottles. "They felt heavy," he declared, "and thumped me on the back all the way in."

"Have the first drink yourself," the soldier suggested.

"I had a long swig at the well," laughed the boy. "I'm all right. The water is as cool as ice."

The men received the bottles gratefully. Never did water taste cooler or sweeter.

"Where's your friend?" Bradbury was asked.

"I've missed him. He never reached the well," was his answer.

Not until darkness was falling did the missing boy return. He came crawling slowly towards the trench, having been wounded, although not seriously, by a dropping bullet.

That night several men went out to the well and carried in more bottles of water, which served the Gloucesters until a plentiful supply was conveyed to them from the shore.

TANKS IN ACTION

Of all the engines of war ever invented the "tanks" are the oddest and most original. Some have called them "land ships" and "land Dreadnoughts", for, like war vessels, they are heavily armoured, and plunge and swing as they make their way over "earth billows" and "earth troughs" shaped by high-explosive shells from the enemies' guns. Others have compared them to sea-elephants that go wobbling and crawling clumsily over a rocky beach. They are comical to see, but not to the enemy, against whom they move like the fiery dragons of the old stories, spitting fire and crashing through strong fortifications.

None was more amused and astonished with the performances of the tanks than were the French officers who saw them at practice shortly before they appeared on the battle-fields of the Somme valley. They chatted merrily, with many a happy jest, as they examined these strange war monsters. Then a general said: "Well, what are they good for?" "You will soon see," smiled a British officer. The place selected for the trial display was an old battle-field. Lines of trenches criss-crossed it;

there were several deep and rugged shell craters with muddy bottoms, stretches of breastworks formed by sand-bags, confused masses of barbed wire, ruins of houses, and a few solitary trees.

"Go straight ahead!" ordered a British officer, addressing the commander of the first tank.

The "crew" crept inside through low and narrow steel doors, and then the tank began to move forward, the endless chain crunching and clattering heavily, and leaving a deep trail on the ground like a steam road-roller. It crept over boulders, cracking some as easily as if they had been chestnuts, pressing others deep into the ground, plunged into shell-holes with its gun-turrets rattling and swinging, surged through mud and water, till eventually it climbed out on the other side dripping with slime, and holding its snout high in the air. The French officers laughed. It seemed to them as if they were gazing at a live monster, "a sort of elephant-tortoise", as one of them put it, which had come floundering out of the depths of the earth. Then their eyes grew wide with surprise as they saw the tank charging a great tangled mass of barbed wire, and flattening it out as if it had been a haystack. Behind the wire was a high parapet of sand-bags. For a moment the tank seemed to pause, wriggling and wobbling as if getting ready for a task requiring special skill. On it went with a slouch, throwing its weight against the breastwork. Sand-bags were tossed away from either side of it as it climbed slowly over the obstruction, rearing its snout in the air until it seemed to lean on its tail like a kangaroo. Snorting and clanging it went right over, and gradually righted itself. A broad trench yawned behind the breastwork, and the officers saw the tank's guns bristling from its sides to spit shells at the defenders. With a proud toss of its head it stretched itself right across the trench, and rumbled on to the opposite side, tilting itself up like a rabbit running into its hole.

The Frenchmen cheered and then laughed aloud. It was all so wonderful and quaint. But the tank was not yet done. On and on it crawled, and, before it reached level ground, crashed right through a brick wall which tumbled down before it. The bricks were ground to powder beneath its broad thick chain. It seemed to devour the bricks, chewing them as a donkey chews thistles. Then it had quite a scamper over a corner of green field, and, leaping a ditch, went straight ahead towards a tree.

"Stop, stop!" cried a Frenchman. He thought the tree would crash down on the tank and do it some injury.

"Now you shall see something," a British officer said.

The tank struck the tree fairly and squarely, broke it in two as easily as one breaks a match between one's fingers, and then rolled right over it.

The French officers could not longer suppress their enthusiasm. Some took off their helmets and cheered, others ran after the tank, shouting with delight and surprise.

When the land Dreadnought slowed up and came to a stop, its crew leapt out to find themselves famous.

"Yonder are the Boches," cried one Frenchman. "Go and eat them up!"

But if the Frenchmen were surprised, the Germans were even more so when they first saw the strange war-engines advancing against them in the Somme valley. They were quite close at hand before the enemy were aware of their existence, for they were painted in different colours so as to blend with the landscape. At one point a tank thrust its snout right into a German trench, and its guns opened fire, mowing down the enemy as if it were a scythe mowing grass. Then, with a lurch, it crossed over and flattened out a machine-gun emplacement. Reinforcements were hurried up to attack this great and clumsy-looking armoured car. About 200 men opened fire at it, but the bullets spattered on the armour-plates as harmlessly as hailstones on a window pane. Hand bombs were thrown, but they made no more impression than do pebbles thrown at a tortoise. The Germans swarmed round the car, some even climbed on to it from behind. Then the machine-guns within opened fire, and the enemy were laid low, scattered and put to flight. Panic spread through the trenches, and before the Germans could be rallied, a wave of British soldiers swept forward and captured a long line of trenches. The tank never rested. It flattened out stretches of barbed wire, wrecked sand-bag emplacements, silenced machine-guns, poured shells up and down trenches, and then swung round and moved ahead again towards a farm-house which had been converted into a fort. It struck the gable a resounding blow, and leaning heavily against it, brought it down with a crash. Another lurch was followed by the collapse of a part of the front wall and the fall of the roof. Germans scampered from the ruins holding up their hands to some British infantrymen who were coming up. The tank then moved against another stronghold. It was "having a very busy day", as a cheerful Tommy put it.

A member of the crew of one famous tank, which has done a great deal of fighting, says that when his landship is moving over rough ground, it dives and rolls like a fishing boat in stormy weather. Some of the crew even suffer at times from attacks of a trouble very like sea-sickness. Asked what it feels like to go against the enemy's trenches, he said: "One cannot help being a little excited. As the 'good ship' rumbles and tumbles and rolls on its way you hear the bullets clattering on the armour-plate like hailstones on a hut roof of corrugated iron. Sometimes a bomb bursts near a 'port-hole' and fills the tank with smoke and fumes. As the air inside is always hot and stifling you can understand what this means. One day a number of Germans came against us, with the purpose, as we learned later, of capturing our tank. Two or three climbed on to the roof. They were searching for a 'port-hole' through which they could shoot us, but they were soon disposed of. A member of the crew had only to open little trap-doors and fire his revolver. As he did so, you heard the attackers sliding down like loose slates from a roof. The Germans soon gave up that game.

"One or two bombs were thrown, and a few splinters entered at a gun-hole. But our crew were not disturbed. They waited until the attackers formed a crowd, and then opened fire with machine-guns. In a few minutes not a single 'visitor' remained beside us.

"We had no time to count the casualties. A big shell-hole gaped before us, and we held on to anything we could grip firmly while the 'tank' plunged into it. The air was oppressive by this time, being full of the fumes from our engines and the smoke from our guns, but it cleared somewhat as we climbed out of the hole and crept to the top of a breezy hillock. A great scratching noise sounded in our ears, while the endless wheels went crunch-crunch-crunching through a lot of barbed wire. Occasionally a tree was struck and splintered like matchwood.

"A fresh shower of machine-gun bullets caught us on one side. The 'tank' swung round and faced the storm. It was a hot time while it lasted. A crowded trench from which rifle-fire broke out had to be passed by, because a machine-gun emplacement in front was making it difficult for one of the kilted regiments to press forward. We wobbled up to it, and did not require to fire a single shot. The 'tank' just crushed it in its deadly embrace, as a cobra crushes a bullock. Silence followed, and as the 'kilties' came on we gave a lurch towards the crowded trench and discharged a few rounds. Above the clatter of machinery and the rattling of rifle-fire rose the screams and shouts of the trapped enemy. When we heard cries of 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' we knew ere we could catch a glimpse of them that the 'kilties' had arrived.

"The main resistance of the enemy was broken, but small parties still remained to be cleared out. As we went snuffling and snorting from corner to corner a sudden burst of fire broke upon us. A machine-gun was rattling somewhere near, and men were throwing bombs. A big high-explosive bomb burst close to a port-hole, but no serious damage was done. A splinter tore open a shallow wound on my left arm. It seemed as if a red-hot wire had been drawn across it. One of our big guns 'spoke' an instant later, and the enemy's attack came to an end.

"A little scamper round about followed. Then we found that our task had come to an end for the time being, so we took shelter in a little wood before the Germans began to search the captured position with their big shells. We were glad to have a chance of resting and of coming out of our noisy landship to breathe fresh air in the open. As I sat down to munch my midday meal of bread and bully beef I heard a linnet singing in the wood. I thought I had never listened to sweeter music in my life. On that battle-field the sun was shining and the air was sweet, and I thought it glorious to be alive."

At the battles of Arras and Messines the tanks did great service. When the Australians, after rushing over and beyond Messines Ridge, were held up by a force of Germans in an earthwork which was surrounded by great coils of barbed wire, a tank officer cried out: "I'll make a road for you, boys". Then he steered his rattling, rumbling machine towards the prickly obstacle and flattened it out. The Australians rushed forward and captured the position.

The steering of a tank is done by the officer in charge, who has also to control the gun-fire. His post is a most responsible one. He requires initiative so as to deal with whatever problem confront's him in the most effective way, and he must keep in touch with the infantry advancing behind in case he is isolated. The Germans have ever been anxious to capture a tank so as to learn its secrets, but this they have failed to do. They have managed to destroy some by direct shell-fire, but care has always been taken that no part of the mechanism should fall into their hands.

The crews are composed of highly-trained soldiers, specially picked out for the work—men of good physique and intelligence who have undergone a special training, and have graduated as expert machine-gunners.

"BOGIE" RAIDS ON WINTER NIGHTS

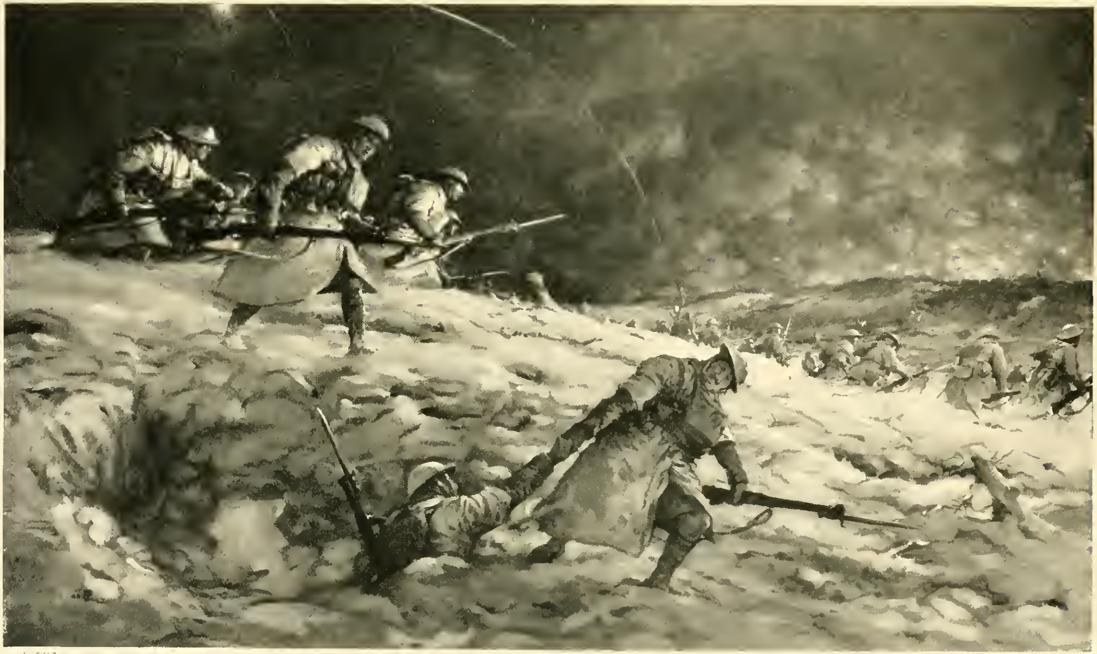
When the heavy snowfalls of February had whitened the Western Front, hiding the rugged shell-furrows and shell-craters, and making all the land look peaceful and fair, the fighting men had to keep well within cover of their trenches, for the khaki uniforms of the British and the blue-grey uniforms of the Germans looked quite dark against the background of shining snow. Surprise attacks could no longer be made during daytime. Even at night, when there was no moon, sentries could detect any movement of men across No-Man's-Land.

It looked as if hand-to-hand fighting would have to cease until the thaw came. Then the Germans tried a ruse which they had already practised against the Russians on the Eastern Front. Parties of their men were clad in long white smocks and sent out to raid the British trenches under cover of darkness. But our gallant soldiers were not to be caught napping. One night the "listening posts" crept in to give the alarm that an attack was being prepared. Lying half-buried in snow, they had heard shouts of command and the clattering of weapons, as the excited Germans made ready to leave their trenches. One man had even caught glimpses of enemy officers in their white overalls. "It looks as if they are to play at ghosts to-night," whispered one of our men as he crept back to the supports.

Word was passed along the British lines to make ready and keep perfect silence. A long pause followed, everyone listening intently. Then suddenly the German artillery opened fire and began to pound our trenches with shell. Soon afterwards a barrage of shell was poured behind the first line to prevent reinforcements being brought up through the communication trenches.

Ere long the raiding parties of ghostly Germans came in sight. They had crept up fairly close to our trenches, and looked like groups of restless ghosts in the dim starlight. "Don't fire until you get the word," was the command passed along the British lines.

Nearer and nearer came the white-clad enemy. Apparently they thought their trick would prove quite successful. Then a fusillade of rifle and machine-gun fire burst forth from the British trenches, and the ghostly raiders were scattered like chaff before the wind. Some fell a few yards distant from the barbed wire, others were laid low half-way across No-Man's-Land. Those who were not caught in the sudden storm of bullets turned and fled in confusion. In the waste



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GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN A "BOGIE" RAID

The men wore white smocks over their kilts and tunics, and their steel helmets were painted white. (See pages 105-110.)

of snow their white smocks made it possible for them to escape the keenest-eyed snipers. The attack of the German ghosts was an utter failure. As our men put it: "They bungled the thing before it had right begun".

"I had been snoozing in my dug-out," an officer tells, "when I got the alarm. Our men seemed quite pleased at the prospect of a scrimmage with what they called 'the German bogies'. 'Here they are!' someone whispered as the raiders came on. I peered out, and all I could see was some dark things that looked like dogs; these were the heads, arms, and legs of the Germans; the white smocks having made the rest of their bodies invisible. I thought of the song: 'Hush! hush! here comes the bogie man!' as we waited them without firing a single round until the enemy came quite near. Then our men let them have it. So hot was our fire that the 'bogies' fled pell-mell, screaming and wailing. You could hear their cries even after they had vanished and our men had ceased to fire, seeing nothing to fire at. Instead of scaring us, the German 'bogies' were greatly scared themselves."

The British soldiers were anxious to beat the Germans at their own game, and it was not long before they had a chance of doing so. One famous night-attack across the white surface of No-Man's-Land was made by the Gordon Highlanders, who were clad in white overalls and had their steel helmets painted white. In high spirits the men got ready for the adventure. To hear their humorous chaff about playing at "ghosts" and "bogie men" one might have thought that they did not expect to run risks, and were only going out for a night's fun, like masqueraders at Hallowe'en in their homeland. Not a few of them had in their boyhood dressed up and smeared their faces with white powder or charcoal to play pranks in their native villages during the festive season, and the idea of having a little fun of a similar kind when attacking the Germans tickled them greatly.

The night chosen was suitable for the attempt. No-Man's-Land was covered with freshly-fallen snow, and although a bright moon raced through wisps of cloud and lit up the whole landscape, a thin low fog drifted over the ground like smoke from burning grass.

The word of command was passed along the line to advance stealthily and silently, taking advantage of the cover obtained in the rough, shell-pitted waste of No-Man's-Land.

"Go canny," the men whispered one to another; "don't smoke, don't speak, don't cough, don't sneeze even."

"How can I help sneezing if a sneeze comes on?" growled a big Kiltie.

"Stuff snow in your mouth and freeze the sneeze," another answered with a chuckle.

At length the order came to leave the trenches and advance. "Good-bye, bogie!" "Good-bye, Mr. Ghost!" whispered the khaki-clad men who were left behind, as the attackers ventured forth in what some of them called their "nightdresses".

Bayonets smeared with mud to prevent their flashing in the moonlight were fixed before leaving the trenches. The magazines were charged.

One by one the men went out, creeping over the snow. At a few yards' distance they were scarcely visible. Each time the moon went behind a bit of cloud, men rose up and scampered forward with bended backs. Some dropped into shell-holes; some threw themselves flat on the snow, and, when they had a chance to do so, they heaped snow in front of them and over their arms, for their overalls had no sleeves.

Forward they went in short rushes, while the German sentries listened intently and peered across No-Man's-Land, and their trained dogs sniffed and growled and began to grow restless.

Then suddenly the British artillery opened fire, and shells burst over and behind the German trenches. The bombardment was short and sharp, and was not confined to the points selected for attack by the "bogie" soldiers. It travelled far up and down the enemy's line, and gave no indication to the Germans as to the exact place where an attack was likely to burst upon them.

Taking advantage of the noise and confusion, the ghostly Gordons went forward speedily, the shell smoke helping to conceal them until they reached the enemy's advance posts, which were overcome at a rush. Two separate parties of attackers worked round a strong position, which was protected by underground chambers in which the Germans had concealed themselves from shell-fire. Hardly, however, had the last shell burst over these deep dug-outs than the enemy found that they were being cornered like rats in a trap. At each outlet stood groups of Gordons, who shouted in their broad dialect to the amazed Germans: "Come awa' wi' ye—d'ye hear? Come oot at once if ye dinna want to be bombed."

"Kamerad! Kamerad!" answered German after German as he threw up his hands and came out as a prisoner.

At one outlet the Germans prepared to show fight. Officers shouted on their men to open fire and charge, but a couple of bombs silenced them and caused part of the dug-out to fall in, preventing escape at that quarter. There were, however, other outlets connected with the elaborate system of underground chambers and passages. At one of these the Germans refused to take any notice of the offer made to them to yield. They evidently wanted the Gordons to come down and try to clear them out at the point of the bayonet. But the Gordons were taking no risks, and when they found the enemy preparing for an underground battle they opened fire with a few bombs. Suddenly the woodwork inside one deep passage took fire and blazed furiously. Ere long the flames leapt through the layers of logs that formed the roof. A huge flare sprang up and illuminated the German works.

"Here's a sudden thaw!" cried a Gordon as the snow melted rapidly and water poured into the empty trenches.

Groups of Germans who had escaped by concealed outlets opened fire on the attackers, and especially on those of them who were seen clearly in the flare of the dug-out roof. Bombs were also thrown. But the Gordons fought doggedly and gallantly, and after suffering a few casualties overcame all opposition.

One party of the "bogies" would not retreat until a dug-out which they had tried to clear was entered. Down went the men with a rush and carried all before them. One big German, loaded with bombs, came forward to meet them, but a well-directed bullet laid him low. Then his comrades surrendered. They were taken out speedily, and as they were being marched off a few bombs were scattered through the dug-out, causing it to collapse entirely.

It was a great night's work. All that the Gordons set out to do they accomplished in thorough fashion, and the men returned to their trenches in high spirits with a goodly batch of prisoners, bringing in also all their wounded and almost all their dead.

The humorous side of the adventure appealed to them greatly. "I tripped over my 'nightdress'", one man told, "just when I had held up three Germans. I was holding a bomb in my hand. Although I fell, I managed to keep the bomb from striking anything, and so saved myself. The Germans could have bayoneted me, but they were too scared to move. They thought that I and they would be blown up right away. I got up at once, and found them standing with arms up and grinning as if I had been giving them a display of gymnastics. It was a narrow squeak, I tell you."

"I got my two prisoners easily," another told. "They were mere boys, and came forward crying 'Please, please!'—all the English they knew. They can't have been long out of school."

"The sentry I collared", declared a third, "was scared out of his wits. I crawled out of a shell-hole and stood up in front of him. He dropped his rifle and gave a yell as if he thought I was a ghost.

"'Hullo, Kamerad!' says I. But he couldn't answer a word. He was dazed with fright."

"One of the schoolboys, I suppose," suggested a friend.

"Not at all; he's old enough to be my father. I never saw a man so scared in all my life."

Many attacks of this kind took place before the thaw set in and the Germans began to retreat towards the east.

A FRENCH BOY'S SEARCH FOR HIDDEN JEWELS

Guy Cazenove was ten years old when war broke out and the Germans began to swarm over the French frontier. His father, a cavalry officer, had joined his regiment, his mother being dead, and he and his little sister, Eugénie, lived with their grandmother, Madame Cazenove, in her pretty country château, which stands on a wooded hillside near Curlu in the Somme valley.

The village was threatened by the enemy during the early days of the war. Old men and women and children stood in groups in the market square at all hours, repeating rumours and advising one another to prepare to take flight when the thunder of the big guns would be heard drawing near. "The Boches will show no mercy," they said; "they will shoot young and old, man and woman, and plunder and rob and burn."

Baptiste, Madame Cazenove's old man-servant, was greatly concerned about the safety of Guy and Eugénie, and advised his mistress to shut up the château and take refuge in Paris.

"To hear you speak," said Madame, "one would never think you had been a soldier. The

Boches cannot reach Curlu. Our brave army will soon drive them back over the frontier. We shall remain here in perfect safety until the war is over."

Ere long, however, she had to change her mind. One forenoon Guy came scampering from the village to tell that all the people were leaving their homes and hastening westward, crying, "The Boches are coming, the Boches are coming!"

He found his grandmother sitting on the drawing-room floor sewing the bottom of a green armchair. "The Boches are coming!" he shouted, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I know, I know," his grandmother sighed. "We must hasten away at once. Eugénie is dressing upstairs."

"Why are you not getting ready yourself?" asked the boy. "If you sit there mending the old chair, the Boches will come and take you away."

"My dear, I am hiding something," she whispered—"something very precious. You will remember where I have put it."

"Yes, grandmamma," said Guy. "But what is it you are hiding?"

"Some day I shall tell you," she promised him as she rose up and set the chair standing on its legs again. "We can't take everything with us. There is no time. And it might not be safe to take with us what I have hidden."

Guy had no chance at the time to ask more questions. He was dressed hurriedly, while Baptiste went through the house locking all the doors, and putting the keys in his pockets. Then his grandmother left the château with Guy holding one hand and Eugénie the other. Baptiste came hobbling behind them.

"Where is Louise?" asked Guy, looking about for the servant girl.

"She has gone ahead," his grandmother told him. "We shall meet her at the station."

A trap was in waiting for them at the foot of the hill, and they were driven along a road crowded with refugees who were all hastening towards Albert. The horse went very slowly, and Baptiste feared they would lose their train. But when they reached the station they found that they would have to wait a full hour before the train could leave. They did not reach Albert until after darkness had fallen, and then they set out on a long and weary journey to Paris, where they put up at a hotel until Baptiste rented a furnished flat.

For a time it seemed as if they could not remain long in the great city. The Germans were pressing towards it, and Baptiste began to urge Madame Cazenove to take refuge in Brittany with the children. Then came the battle of the Marne, when the Germans were forced to retreat.

"We are quite safe now," Madame said. "I knew I was right when I refused to believe that Paris was in danger."

Baptiste shrugged his shoulders. "Grandmamma is always right!" Guy cried out. "Why are you afraid of the Boches, Baptiste? If I were a big man like you I'd go and fight them."

His grandmother took him in her arms and kissed him twice.

"My brave little boy!" she said, "when we return to Curlu I shall give you a present for saying that."

The months dragged on, and yet they had to remain in Paris. Both Guy and Eugénie were delighted with the great city. It was so busy and gay compared with the little village in the Somme valley, and every day they saw something new to interest them. But their grandmother longed to return to her château, and she was grievously downcast when news reached her that it had been occupied by the Germans.

"What a mess they will have made!" Baptiste said. "They will have burst open all the doors. No doubt, too, they have stolen everything of value."

"Oh, my green arm-chair!" sighed Madame Cazenove. "I wish we had taken it with us."

"The pictures are of more consequence," Baptiste said.

"But I loved the green arm-chair," cried the old lady. "What would I not give to have it now?"

During the winter, Madame took ill and lay for many weeks in bed. When she was in delirium she kept talking about the green arm-chair.

"What is there about that chair?" the nurse asked one morning at breakfast. "Madame is always calling out for it."

"I can't understand," Baptiste said. "She spoke about it once or twice before she took ill."

"I know why Grandmamma wants the green arm-chair," whispered Guy to Eugénie.

"Please tell me," his sister pleaded.

"I mustn't," said the boy; "Grandmamma would be angry if I told. Besides, I don't know everything about it yet."

Madame's illness left her very weak, and she made a slow recovery. All her old cheerfulness had passed away, and she began to fear that she would be ruined before the war was over.

"If I only had the green arm-chair," she said to Guy one evening, "I should feel quite happy again."

"What did you hide in the chair, Grandmamma?" asked the boy.

"If I tell you, will you keep it a secret?"

"Oh, yes! I shall not tell Eugénie even."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Well, I shall tell you. Inside the cushion I hid a little ball of wool."

The boy gazed in his grandmother's face for a moment in silence. Then he laughed lightly.

"Why do you laugh, dear?" she asked with a smile.

"What is inside the ball of wool?" Guy whispered, with a sly look on his face.

"You'll promise to keep my secret?"

"Yes, Grandmamma."

"Inside the ball are three diamond rings and a ruby ring. They are very valuable, and if I had them here I should not be troubled about money, for I could sell them."

"Why did you not take the rings away with you?"

"Because I feared we might be robbed on the journey. No one will ever think of looking for rings inside the cushion of an old chair. I am sure I hid them in the safest place."

Guy kissed his grandmother's pale cheeks. He was very sorry for her, and wanted to make her happy.

"Grandmamma, will you grow well again if you get the rings?"

"Oh yes, my dear. I am sure I shall."

"I'll go to Curlu and find them for you."

"That is not possible, my child. The Boches would kill you."

"I heard Baptiste telling Louise before I came in here that the Boches have been driven from our château, and our own soldiers are now protecting it."

"Oh, that is glad news!" cried the old lady. "Run for Baptiste and tell him to come here at once. But", she added, "do not say anything about the rings."

"I shan't tell anyone," Guy whispered, and ran off to call Baptiste.

The old man-servant was amazed to receive orders from his mistress to leave Paris next day and travel to Curlu, taking Guy with him. "I want you," she said, "to bring back the green arm-chair from the château."

"I'm afraid," Baptiste told Louise afterwards, "that our mistress has gone quite out of her mind. Fancy sending me on such an errand! I was afraid to tell her that the château is in ruins. I hope she won't take ill again when she finds that I will not be allowed to go near Curlu yet awhile. It's almost within the firing line."

Next day, however, Baptiste read in the papers that the Germans had been driven back several miles beyond Curlu. "I shall obtain permission for you to visit the château," Madame Cazenove told him. "So be prepared to leave here at a moment's notice." Then she told the man-servant about the rings. He held up his hands with surprise, but said nothing. He never expected to find the chair.

The permission asked for was obtained a few days later, and Baptiste and Guy set out on their journey towards the fighting front.

"I shall bring you back a Boche helmet," Guy promised Eugénie, who clapped her hands with joy.

"You will bring me something also," his grandmother said, as she kissed him good-bye.

"Oh, yes!" answered the boy. "I'll bring you a green arm-chair, grandmamma dear; and also," he added, "a little wool."

"You silly boy!" Eugénie laughed, "we can get plenty of wool in Paris."

"But not such nice wool as Curlu wool," he answered, as he ran away to join Baptiste.

"What does he mean?" asked Eugénie.

"You must wait until he comes back," her grandmother said; "then perhaps he will explain."

Baptiste and Guy were kept waiting for two days at Albert before they were allowed to make their way to Curlu. Then they were taken in a military motor-car towards the village. As the roads were badly torn up by shell-fire, they had to follow the roundabout by-ways, and at one point were taken quite near the firing line.

"It's safe to-day," an officer told them, "but yesterday shells were bursting quite close to the road." Baptiste shivered. He did not mind facing any danger himself, but he dreaded any harm might come to Guy.

"I can't take you any farther," the officer said as the car drew up close to the trenches. "You will have to walk the rest of the way through these old trenches until you get behind the hill, where you will be perfectly safe. The British soldiers know you are coming, and they will look after you all right. Now," said he, smiling to Baptiste, "see that the boy does not get lost in the mud."

There were seas of mud everywhere. Guy never saw so much mud in his life before. English and Scottish soldiers who were laying down trench boards waded ankle-deep in it, and some looked as if they had been carefully plastered over with mud from head to foot. But amidst all the mire and wreckage the wild flowers were blooming and anointing the air with their sweetness. Guy thought he had never seen such beautiful flowers in his life before. When a big kilted soldier came forward and lifted the boy on his right shoulder, saying, "I'll carry you a bit, my laddie," the blood-red poppies and the snow-white marguerites flicked his face; they seemed like old friends, who were welcoming him home again and whispering, "Pluck us and take us to little Eugénie; she always loved us so."

Guy was carried shoulder-high for about 200 yards. Then he was set down on an open space behind a little hill that rises to the south of the village. At first the boy did not recognize the spot, although he had often played there in the happy days that now seemed so far off. The trees had been stripped of their branches, and looked like big fence posts stuck at random over the slope. He climbed a narrow path, following Baptiste, stepping over heaps of bark, wood splinters, and dead leaves. At length Baptiste turned round and said, "Do you see where you are now?" Guy shook his head. The man-servant pointed to the left, "The village is down there." He sighed heavily. "I should have said it used to be down there."

As he spoke, Baptiste broke his way through a heap of tangled branches, and soon Guy found himself in the desolated village. All the houses were in ruins. Few had even a fragment of roof left. Great gaps made by shells yawned in the few walls that were left standing. Windows were shattered, doors lay on the ground or hung swinging on a single twisted hinge. The street was strewn with heaps of plaster, broken glass and crockery, bits of furniture, shreds of bedding and clothing, rusted pots, and, as Guy noted, some children's toys. He saw a little wax doll lying in a mud pool, and thought of Eugénie again. Over all there was deep silence—the silence of a lonely graveyard. Baptiste shivered. He thought of the vanished innocents whose homes lay in ruins, but more of those whose bodies lay beneath the debris than those who were in safety far westward, where they had found new homes and new friends.

He hastened down a narrow street and crossed the empty market-place, which used to be such a merry place on market days, and paused for a moment to stare at a ruined chapel, the steeple of which had fallen through the roof. A few small panes of stained glass shone bright as the petals of wild flowers. All else was shattered and torn and defaced. He turned away with quickening steps, and did not pause until he reached the château. What a change was there! The walls remained standing, and still supported a part of the roof. Bedding, tables, and chairs were heaped up against the broken windows. In the front garden, which was overgrown with weeds, was a dug-out, roofed with logs and sand-bags. Guy ran towards it, and peered with wonder through the narrow entrance and down a flight of stairs which seemed to lead to the middle of the earth. He wanted to go down and see the strange place beneath, but Baptiste called him away. "It's dangerous there," he said. They walked round the château, and found that the back garden had become a cemetery. Rows and rows of little wooden crosses stretched across it from end to end. On one cross there was a photograph. Guy gazed at it for a moment. It showed a tall German officer with his helmet low over his eyes, that were puckered in bright sunshine, and he was smiling, as if well pleased with himself and everything about him. In the background was a glimpse of the château.

"Look, look, Baptiste!" the boy exclaimed. "This is the German Commander who lived in Grandmother's house."

Baptiste made no answer. He was peering through a window of the château and muttering to himself. "I wonder if it's safe to venture inside," he said aloud at length. "The roof seems about to fall."

Guy had crept over to the window. "Lift me up," he whispered.

Baptiste raised the boy in his arms. "I cannot see the green arm-chair," Guy said in a low voice.

"Oh, that green arm-chair!" sighed the man-servant. "One would think there had been nothing else in the château."

As he spoke he heard footsteps behind him, and looking round beheld a French corporal, who seemed to have dropped from the clouds. As a matter of fact, he had come from the dug-out.

"What is it you look for?" said the corporal, when he had examined Baptiste's permit.

"Well, you may ask that," the man-servant answered cautiously. "It seems quite hopeless to look for anything in particular. What a mess war makes!"

"Yes, indeed."

"My grandmother wants her green arm-chair," the boy explained.

"Do you hear what he says?" whispered the soldier with a smile.

"The old lady does not realize what has happened here," sighed Baptiste. "What has not been destroyed has been carried away, it seems."

"My friend," the soldier exclaimed, "do you really think the Boches have been stealing your mistress's furniture? Not they. Most of it is all safe and sound, I can assure you."

"What do you mean?"

The soldier pointed to the earth. "Have you not been down below?" he asked with a smile.

"Down below? I do not understand."

"The dug-out is all furnished with carpets, beds, tables, sofas, and chairs. No doubt, the old lady's green arm-chair is with the rest."

"What is that you say?" asked the boy, who had been listening in silence.

"The corporal tells me that all the furniture is down that hole," Baptiste explained.

"I was sure they had made a house under the ground," Guy pouted, "for I saw the stairs, and you would not let me go down."

"Is it safe to enter such a place now?" asked Baptiste with a nervous shrug.

"I can assure you there is not a Boche left alive who has not gone," smiled the soldier. "The place is 'to let', so to speak. Don't you see the British have pushed on behind the hill? They have no need of shelter here. Besides, they prefer to be above ground and," he added, "higher up." He pointed a finger towards a British aeroplane, which passed overhead humming like a bee, and seemed, from where they stood, to be not much larger than one.

"Let us go down at once," urged Guy, who was all impatience to explore the dug-out.

"I will guide you, my young friend," laughed the corporal.

"That is good of you," Baptiste explained;

"but do not let us delay you, if you have aught else to do."

"It is my business to go down with you," said the corporal with a smile. "See, I am provided with what is required." He drew an electric torch from his pocket.

"Is it so dark, then, that you require that at this time of day?" asked Baptiste.

"Well, there are no windows, and the electric current has been cut off," the corporal answered.

"Go in front, then," Baptiste pleaded, looking quite as uncomfortable as he felt.

"I have been down several times already," smiled the corporal. "Every time I have gone down I have found something."

"Of value?" asked Baptiste suspiciously.

"Well, what a soldier considers to be valuable."

"Such as?"

"Something to smoke, drink, or put on."

Baptiste sighed. "And money, too, I suppose."

They had begun to descend the creaking stairs that led to the underground chambers.

"Money?" laughed the soldier. "How amusing you are! The Boches have no money—only worthless paper."

"I'm glad I have come after all," Guy exclaimed, as he walked along the narrow tunnel and caught glimpses of wide chambers leading off from it. Heaps of clothing, blankets, waterproof sheets, empty bottles, and broken crockery were littered about the ground.

Guy paused now and again. "Wait till you see the officers' quarters," the soldier said.

"What is that?" Baptiste exclaimed suddenly, darting aside. Something had gone past him quickly.

"A rat, or perhaps a cat," the soldier answered.

"I hate rats," Baptiste groaned.

"Here's a door—one of our own doors, too," said Guy, as the soldier played his light over it, muttering, "This is the place I was searching for!"

He pushed the door open. Guy gave a shout of wonder and clapped his hands. It seemed as if one of the rooms of the ruined château had been lifted out and packed into this grimy place deep down in the earth. The floor was level; it had been laid with concrete and there was a carpet on it; the walls had been plastered and painted white, and were hung with pictures that Guy recognized—yonder was Grandmother herself, as she had been when a girl; her portrait, after all, was safe. The room was not only well furnished, but neat and clear. A writing-desk stood in a corner—Guy's father's desk—a folding-screen beside it. The soldier went towards the desk and lit three candles on a branched brass candlestick.

"How nicely arranged the place is!" Baptiste exclaimed.

"It was in terrible confusion," explained the soldier, "until I put things in order."

"Oh! look here, look here!" cried Guy, who was peering into every corner.

"What is it?" Baptiste asked in a flurry.

"Grandmamma's green arm-chair is safe and sound," the boy answered. He sat down in it and laughed with joy. "So I've found the chair, I've found the chair," he kept repeating, between shouts of laughter.

"I hope it has not been much damaged," Baptiste muttered in a low voice; "my mistress is always talking about that chair."

"It seems to be all right," said the soldier. "We had better get on, however, there is much more to see."

"We've seen enough for a day," Baptiste sighed. "All I want to do now is to carry away the green arm-chair with us. It is for the chair we came here."

"You can't do that," the soldier told him.

"Why?"

"It is forbidden. I am here to keep watch on everything. Nothing can be moved without official sanction. Do you understand?"

"But this is my mistress's chair," protested Baptiste.

"It makes no difference," the corporal told him politely but firmly.

"No one will touch it until I get permission to take it away, I suppose?" said Baptiste.

"Oh! certainly not. Perhaps you would like to make a list of everything here. I can allow you to do that. But first come and look at the bedroom."

The soldier led Baptiste into an inner chamber, but did not observe at first that he was not followed by the boy. Guy had heard all that had passed, and when the two men left the room he turned the green arm-chair upside down and examined the bottom carefully. It seemed not to have been interfered with since his grandmother had sewn it up. Darting his hand into a pocket he drew out a penknife, slit open the packing, and thrust in his small hand between the springs. His fingers touched a little round ball of wool, and he pulled it out. He had just time to conceal it, turn the chair over again, and sit down, when the two men re-entered the room.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the soldier, "the little fellow has made himself quite at home. How he loves that chair!"

"I wish you could let us take it away," Baptiste sighed.

The soldier shook his head. "I promise to keep it safe for you. That's all I can say. Now, shall we go on further? There are other rooms further down. The stairway is somewhat dangerous, but——"

"We shall come back some other day," Guy said. "What think you, Baptiste? We must write to Grandmother at once to tell her that the green arm-chair has been found."

"Yes, of course," Baptiste agreed, rubbing his hands and twitching his face. It was plain to see that he was ill at ease.

"My torch, I find, is failing," the soldier said. "I thought it was good for another hour. Never mind, I'll take a candle and lead you back to sunshine."

When they had climbed up again to the desolate garden Baptiste and Guy bade good-bye to the soldier, and made their way in silence through the ruined village and along the ridge of the hillside among the shattered trees.

Guy was in high spirits and whistled merrily, but Baptiste had a long face and walked on in silence. At length the boy tugged his sleeve and said: "I know why you are sad. It is because you are not carrying the green arm-chair on your back."

Baptiste nodded.

"Never mind. We'll get the chair some day."

"But what if that soldier should suspect?"

"It doesn't matter now," laughed the boy.

"What do you mean?"

Guy drew the ball of wool from his pocket. "I found it," he explained, "when you were in the bedroom."

"Well, you do surprise me!" Baptiste exclaimed. "But are you sure the rings are in it?"

Guy handed him the ball. "You can feel something hard inside," he smiled.

"So you can," exclaimed Baptiste, thrusting the ball into one of his pockets.

"Nay," Guy said, "the ball is mine! I found it, and must hand it over to Grandmother."

"So you shall," the old servant exclaimed as he restored the treasure to Guy. "Oh, I feel happy now! My faith! you are a wonder." Then he laughed aloud, holding his sides with his old wrinkled hands.

"Why do you laugh so?" asked the boy.

"It is all so funny," Baptiste chuckled. "What would the Boche officers say, now, if they knew what they had been sitting on? What would the sentry who was our guide say? What would everybody say?"

"I know what Grandmamma will say for one," said Guy.

"Oh! she will thank you and kiss you."

"Grandmamma," said Guy solemnly, will say, "I knew I hid the rings in the proper place."

And that was just what the old lady did say when Baptiste told her all that had taken place, and she sat listening with Guy in her arms and the rings glittering once again on her thin white fingers.

ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Admiral Sir David Beatty, who was appointed to the command of the Grand Fleet of Great Britain when Admiral Sir John Jellicoe became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, is an Irishman by birth and descent. He was born in 1871, his father being Captain D. L. Beatty, of Borrodale, County Wexford. Like Jellicoe, he is short of stature, but is of more muscular build. He has a strong, resolute face, with sharply-cut features and deep lines that betoken the thinker, clear and penetrating grey eyes, and firmly-set lips. The sternness of his mouth, however, is relieved by a suggestion of innate kindliness and humour. There is a picturesque touch in his bearing. Alert, fearless, and full of energy, he seems like one to whom adventurous undertakings are congenial. He has undoubtedly proved himself a born fighting seaman and a great leader of men. In battle his personal example is an inspiration to those who serve under him. Every sailor in the Grand Fleet knows that when a blow has to be struck Beatty will strike well and strike hard, and that he will give every man an opportunity of proving his worth. He trusts the men of the British Navy and the men trust him, having had experience of his skill and efficiency. In one of his inspiring messages to his countrymen, which was read by Lady Beatty at an Edinburgh war concert, the Admiral revealed himself when he wrote:—

> "The history of our beloved country is wrapped round the history of our navy. The history of the navy is full and overflowing of glorious deeds in the past. The navy to-day is ready and prepared to add to those pages, and to live up to the standard of the past."

Sir David entered the navy in his thirteenth year, and as a midshipman was known as a youth of high spirits and determined character, who devoted himself with enthusiasm to his duties. His love of a good prank and his genial manners made him popular among his fellows, while his resource and smartness attracted the attention of his superiors. He has been called "Lucky Beatty", because, in winning promotion, he seemed always to be in the right place just at the right time; but he really owes more to pluck than to luck. A young officer of his character and ability was sure to distinguish himself when he got an opportunity of doing so.

Strangely enough, it was not at sea but in the interior of Africa that, to use a military term, he "won his spurs". He was one of the naval officers selected to go out to Egypt in 1896, to join Kitchener's naval flotilla on the Nile and fight against the Dervishes of the Sudan. At that time he held the rank of lieutenant.

There were no aeroplanes in those days, and river gunboats, native spies, and squadrons of cavalry which scouted across wastes of sandy desert, were "the eyes of the army". In no other country can river gunboats be more usefully employed than in Egypt, which, south of Cairo, stretches through the desert like a long green double ribbon on the banks of the Nile. "These banks", as one writer puts it, "are indeed the land of Egypt." The narrow valley is fringed by hills which here and there close in almost to the water's edge. River craft can therefore pass through the very heart of Egypt and the Sudan, watch the movements of an enemy, and sweep with their guns the main highways and fortified places.

For navy men, accustomed to wide stormy seas and changing tides, there are few problems of navigation on the Nile. But these may at times prove to be extremely difficult of solution. There are, for instance, six cataracts on that great looping river, which extends for about 1350 miles from Khartoum to the Mediterranean. These cataracts are formed by great masses of granite. When the river is low, between November and June, the shallow waters surge fiercely over the rugged ledges, and when it is high, the narrow channels remain dangerous on account of the swirling currents and the submerged and jutting rocks.

Beatty arrived in Egypt when Kitchener was beginning to move southward with a strong army to recover the province of Dongola from the Mahdi's followers, and thus prepare for the advance on Omdurman and Khartoum. He had mobilized a small river flotilla of well-armed steamers supplied with guns powerful enough to attack Dervish forts and even engage the Dervish field artillery.

The first great problem to be solved was how to get the gunboats through the Second Cataract. The summer of 1896 was extremely hot and dry, and the Nile ran very low. When it began, as usual, to rise in June, the cataract resembled a mountain waterfall. No boat could possibly go up or down the foaming channel. It was necessary, therefore, to wait until the river increased in volume, fed by the rain-flooded equatorial lakes and charged with mud from the mountains of Abyssinia. As a rule, there is a great flow of water by the latter half of July, but in 1896 the "new Nile" entered the Sudan very reluctantly, and it was not until the middle of August that an attempt could be made to get the gunboats through the terrible Second Cataract. The channel was not only narrow and dangerous on account of its rocky obstacles above and below water, but also because for over 100 yards it sloped almost as steeply as the roof of a house. Here was a problem indeed for the British navy men to solve; but they tackled it, and proved themselves equal to it. The gunboats could not make headway under their own steam against the rapidly running slope of water, and there was nothing for it but to haul them up it. About 2000 soldiers were employed to pull the cables on both banks of the river, pretty much in the same manner as the workers of ancient Egypt were employed to haul blocks of stone to the sites of the great Pyramids near Cairo.

The first gunboat to be dealt with in this way was the *Metemma*. Its guns had to be taken ashore, its magazine emptied of ammunition, and its free-board raised. Withal, it had to be protected from stem to stern by temporary wooden bulwarks, so that its plates might not be damaged by the ridges of rock fringing the dangerous channel. The little vessel steamed forward until she could make no further headway against the current, and her fires had to be drawn. Then the men at the cables began "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together". It was hard work under a burning sun, requiring not only great muscular effort, but also skilful management on the part of the navigators. When, at length, after overcoming many difficulties, the steamer was got safely through the foaming cataract, the resourceful naval officers, including Beatty, felt justly proud of the cheers raised for them by the wearied but enthusiastic soldiers. During the week that followed half a dozen other vessels were also got through.

Meanwhile a new river gunboat, named the *Zafir*, was being built at Kosheh, a few miles south of the Second Cataract, where Kitchener had his advanced base. The parts had been sent out from Great Britain and conveyed southward through Cairo by rail.

Great things were expected of the *Zafir*, which was, in a way, a small Dreadnought, being strongly armoured and capable of carrying bigger guns than any other river gunboat in the flotilla. Beatty was present at the trial trip, which was made on 11th September. The *Zafir* had been lavishly "dressed" with bunting, and among those on board were Commander Colville[1] and Sir H. H. Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian army. Masses of cheering soldiers lined the river banks. Unfortunately, however, the *Zafir* broke down, a cylinder having burst. As she could not take part in the advance next day, the river flotilla unit of the British navy had to proceed without its Dreadnought southward towards the Dervish stronghold at Kerma.

Below Kosheh there are two great loops of the Nile resembling the letter **S**. Kitchener's army cut across the desert to shorten the first loop, while the gunboats steamed round it against the strong current. Then fleet and army moved forward together. All went well until the Third Cataract was reached, and there a gunboat was stranded on a ledge of rock; other vessels were delayed.

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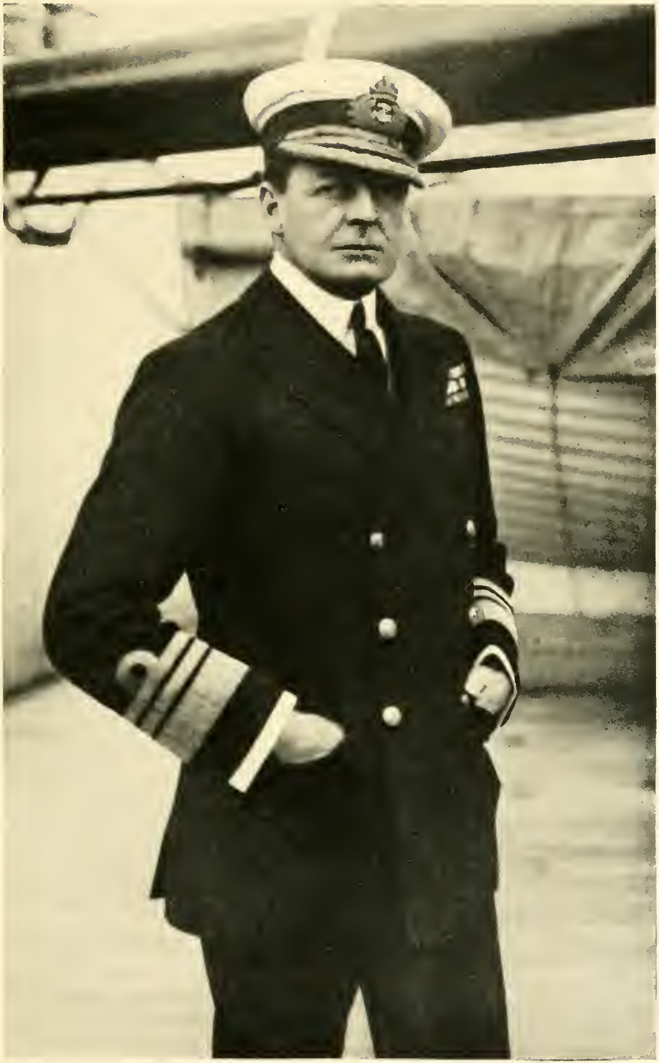
[1] Afterwards Admiral Hon. Sir Stanley C. J. Colville, Vice-Admiral Commanding First Battle Squadron, 1912–14; engaged in "special service", 1914–16; and appointed Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in 1916.

Three gunboats—the *Metemma*, *Abu Klea*, and *Tamai*—went through the cataract and steamed up to Kerma, where they began to engage the Dervishes at close range. Lieutenant Beatty commanded the *Abu Klea*, which set up a hot and daring attack at Hafir, south of Kerma. She was struck by a shell that entered the magazine, but, fortunately, did not explode. This was Beatty's first narrow escape in action. The *Tamai*, Commander Colville's flagship, was also struck, and Colville was wounded. She retired, leaving the other boats in action, so that Colville might consult with Kitchener and report regarding the strength of the enemy. The *Metemma* sustained a good deal of damage, but fought on pluckily. Kitchener meanwhile pressed on in force, and compelled the enemy to retreat. Such was the battle of Hafir, on 19th September, 1896.

Next day the gunboats went up the river scouting, a distance of over thirty miles, shelling the main force of the enemy, and turning Maxim guns on forces of mounted men in the rear. The Dervishes retired on Dongola, where on the 21st they were harassed by the fire of the *Abu Klea*, commanded by Lieutenant Beatty, who displayed



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Official Photograph

ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet.

great dash and courage. Next day he was supported by a second steamer. Kitchener's army meanwhile hastened southward, and after a short but decisive skirmish captured Dongola with slight losses, taking nearly 1000 prisoners.

Meanwhile the Dervishes continued their retreat round the **U** loop of the Nile in the direction of Abu Hamed, followed by the gunboats for a considerable part of the way.

A year had to elapse, however, after the reconquest of the province of Dongola before a further advance in strong force could be made. Kitchener was constructing his great railway across the desert from Wady Halfa to Abu Hamed.

When the time at length came for the river gunboats to advance round the great **C** loop of the Nile towards Abu Hamed, the navy men had to solve the problem of getting through the Fourth Cataract. Though not so difficult as the Second, it proved to be formidable enough. The cables were hauled by Egyptian soldiers and gangs of natives, difficult to manage.

The gunboat *Tamai* made the first attempt, but, owing to the confused and awkward efforts of the men at the cables, it was swept aside by the current, and had to back water to escape disaster. Then Beatty tried to get through with his steamer the *El Teb.* He displayed his usual daring and resource, but without success. When half-way through, the vessel listed heavily, on account of the unequal strain on the cables, and shipped a good deal of water. Then suddenly a cable snapped, and the *El Teb* "turned turtle" and was carried down the stream keel uppermost. Beatty and all his men were on deck when this happened. They leapt into the Nile just in time to escape from the doomed vessel, and all save one, an Egyptian, were rescued by the men of the *Tamai*, after being swept down the swirling waters of the channel. It was then found that two men, an engineer and a stoker, had been unable to leave the *El Teb* before she capsized. They were both given up for lost, when attention was drawn to the fact that a constant and regular tapping came from the hull of the *El Teb*. The two missing men were inside and still alive, and were rescued after the hull was broken through.

In a few days the river rose rapidly, and the *Tamai* and other gunboats, including the *Zafir*, which had meanwhile been repaired, were got safely through the Fourth Cataract. Quite a strong river flotilla was then mobilized at Abu Hamed, and before the end of August moved up to Berber, which the Dervishes had evacuated. The flotilla followed the retreating enemy, and, having thrown their rearguard into confusion, captured several grain boats. In this "scrap" the *El Teb* distinguished herself as usual.

Beatty afterwards took part in the advance to Omdurman, and with his naval men did excellent service in the Sudan. Time and again dashing raids were made against Dervish encampments and strongholds, and just as aeroplanes now spy upon enemy positions, so did the gunboats spy upon the positions and movements of the Dervishes on the banks of the Nile. In vain the Khalifa attempted to protect himself against that mosquito unit of the British navy. He had a great mine laid in the river. It had been made by utilizing an old boiler of one of Gordon's steamers, which was packed with powder, but it blew up the Dervish gunboat that laid it.

The British naval men grew more and more troublesome to the enemy, and although the *Zafir* sprang a leak and sank, other three steamers were conveyed southward in sections by rail, fitted up and set afloat below Atbara. On the day before the battle of Omdurman the gunboats attacked the forts of the capital, dismounting guns and silencing batteries, while they also swept trenches with Maxim gun-fire. After darkness fell the naval searchlights were turned on the Dervish encampment, and struck terror into the hearts of the superstitious enemy.

When Kitchener had won his great victory, and occupied Omdurman, the river boats went far up the Blue and White Niles, and helped to break up scattered forces of Dervishes.

In recognition of the great services he had rendered during this campaign, Beatty, who had been mentioned in dispatches, was awarded the D.S.O., and promoted to the rank of Commander, although only twenty-seven years of age.

His next experience of active service was obtained in China, where a war, waged chiefly against foreigners and in defiance of the Government, broke out in 1900. It was known as the "Boxer rising", having been organized by a secret society called the "Boxers". The foreign Legations at Pekin were besieged, and a mixed naval force was dispatched from Tientsin to relieve the men, women, and children of the Legations and foreign quarter, who were threatened with massacre. It was commanded by Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, who had selected Captain Jellicoe as his chief staff officer. Beatty was in command of a section of the force. This expedition was hopelessly outnumbered, and forced to retreat when about half-way towards the capital. It would undoubtedly have met with disaster but for the skilful leadership of Seymour and the gallantry displayed by officers and men. The enemy suffered heavily, and before the Boxer army was able to recover from the blows struck by the "handy men", an Allied army, about 20,000 strong, made a victorious advance to Pekin and relieved the Legation garrisons. Beatty was promoted to the rank of Captain as a reward for the services he had performed with gallantry and distinction.

Subsequently Beatty commanded various warships, and was captain of the *Queen* when, in 1912, he was appointed Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. The First Lord at the time was Mr. MacKenna, but Beatty had differences with him which ultimately resulted in his being placed on half-pay. When, however, Mr. Winston Churchill was appointed First Lord, Beatty returned to the Admiralty post which he had vacated. Mr. Churchill and he were old friends. They had both fought in the Sudan, Churchill serving as an officer in the 21st Lancers when Beatty commanded a river gunboat. At the Admiralty both worked well together during a period which saw many progressive changes carried out.

In 1910 Beatty left the Admiralty to take command of a powerful cruiser squadron of the Home Fleet. He had been promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and, being under age for such high rank (for he was thirty-nine at the time), a special Order in Council had to be issued to make the appointment possible. He proved his worth in manœuvres and won an enviable reputation as a daring and original strategist. It was generally recognized that he was the right man in the right place.

On the outbreak of war Beatty was appointed as Acting Vice-Admiral, and although the youngest holder of that distinguished post in the British Navy, soon became the most distinguished and best-known. As a fighting Admiral he achieved his first success in the brilliant action in the Bight of Heligoland on 28th August, 1914, when he conducted a "scooping out" action, drawing the German fleet into action, and sinking three light cruisers, the *Köln*, *Mainz*, and *Ariadne*, and two destroyers.

His next important naval engagement was fought in the North Sea on Sunday, 24th January, 1915. It is usually referred to as the Dogger Bank action. His patrolling squadron of battle cruisers and light cruisers, with a destroyer flotilla under Commander Tyrwhitt, sighted four German battle cruisers, six light cruisers, and a number of destroyers, steering westward and apparently making for the English coast, probably with intention to repeat the tactics of 16th December, 1914, when Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby were shelled. When Beatty's vessels hove in sight about 7.30 a.m. the enemy turned and fled. They were hotly pursued, and at about 9 o'clock a running action opened and was kept up with great vigour. The British battle cruisers were the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *Indomitable*, and *New Zealand*, and the German battle cruisers, the *Derfflinger*, *Seydlitz*, *Möltke*, and *Blücher*.

During the early part of the chase the *Lion*, Beatty's flagship, and the *Tiger*, which both have a speed of about 28 knots, and carry eight 13.5 guns each, having gained on the Germans, were alone in action for some time and drew the concentrated fire of the enemy vessels. The *Lion* made the first hit on the *Blücher*, which was fourth in the German line, and having damaged her considerably, pressed ahead to engage the ship in front of her, leaving the *Tiger* to deal further blows. The *Tiger* left the *Blücher* badly battered, and she was afterwards subjected to the fire of the *Princess Royal* and *New Zealand*. At 10.48 the *Blücher* had dropped out of the German line and was listing heavily, while the *Indomitable* attacked her. In the end she was torpedoed by the light cruiser *Arethusa*, and, heeling over, sank with most of her crew shortly after one o'clock. Over 120 of the enemy were rescued by our chivalrous seamen.

Meanwhile the other German vessels were being pursued and furiously shelled, and fire broke out on two of them. The *Lion*, which had previously avoided submarine attack, was struck at 11.3 below the water-line by a shell which damaged one of her feed-tanks, with the result that she fell out of line. Beatty, who had been in the front of battle, had then to leave his flagship. He transferred his flag to the destroyer *Attack*, until, about an hour later, he could board the *Princess Royal*, which then became the flagship.

The chase was kept up with vigour until a danger zone was reached. This zone had been sown with German mines, and was being patrolled with German submarines. Beatty decided to abandon the chase, and the three remaining enemy cruisers escaped, two of them being on fire, and all of them seriously crippled.

Owing to the damage done by the chance shot to the *Lion's* feed-tank, Beatty was deprived of a greater victory. He had, however, achieved a brilliant success, and made it impossible for the Germans to attempt another attack on the English coast for a considerable period, because of the serious damage done to their surviving fast cruisers and other craft. He also proved to the whole world "that", as a New York newspaper declared at the time, "the Germans have no hope of vanquishing Great Britain on the sea. The British Navy is obviously wide awake," added the writer, "and Admiral Sir David Beatty has advanced still further in the esteem of his countrymen."

Months elapsed before the German fleet again ventured into the North Sea to challenge the naval supremacy of Great Britain. Then, with dramatic suddenness, came the famous battle off Jutland, which was fought on 31st May, 1916. In Sir John Jellicoe's dispatch frank and generous acknowledgment was made of Beatty's services, as the following extract from it shows:—

> "Sir David Beatty once again showed his fine qualities of gallant leadership, firm determination, and correct strategic insight. He appreciated the situations at once on sighting first the enemy's lighter forces, then his battle cruisers, and finally his battle fleet. I can fully sympathize with his feelings when the evening mist and fading light robbed the fleet of

> that complete victory for which he had manœuvred, and for which the vessels in company with him had striven so hard The services rendered by him, not only on this, but on two previous occasions, have been of the greatest value."

In these few sentences a vivid impression of the battle is conveyed. It began between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Beatty was cruising and steering northward to join Jellicoe's flagship when the smoke of enemy light cruisers was sighted. Not long afterwards five German battle cruisers hove in sight. It was a dull afternoon with low-hanging clouds, and a British seaplane pilot had to fly far to discover the strength of the hostile force. Soon after the first exchange of shots, however, it became evident that the Germans were out in considerable strength, and with purpose to engage in a big conflict.

Beatty accepted battle readily, although, as events proved, in command of a fleet inferior in number to that of the German. He did the right thing at the right moment in his characteristic way, combining skill with fearlessness and dash with accurate calculation.

The first phase of the battle was an encounter with the German light cruisers, which lasted until the German battle cruisers were drawn into the fray, followed by the Kaiser's Main High Seas Fleet of Dreadnought battleships.

After a spell of heavy fighting, in which the British cruiser squadron sustained losses, Beatty, supported by four Queen Elizabeth battleships, made a bold move with purpose to cut off the enemy from his base, and to keep his main fleet engaged until Jellicoe had time to come up with his battleship squadron and destroy it. He turned right round, and directed his course across the head of the German fleet, while Rear-Admiral Evan-Thomas, with his Queen Elizabeth battleships, drew the German battleships towards Jellicoe, who was approaching speedily from the north. This was about half-past five. In an hour later Beatty was curving round the German fleet, Jellicoe was following him, and Evan-Thomas was behind Jellicoe. A loop was thus being drawn round the enemy, who was cut off from possible escape into the Baltic or towards Heligoland.

Had the battle begun early in the forenoon, it would probably have resulted in the complete destruction of the German fleet, which had been outmanœuvred and caught in a trap. But the night came on rapidly, and prevented Jellicoe and Beatty from completely surrounding the enemy. To save his remaining vessels from destruction, the German Admiral took flight in a south-westerly direction, thus escaping by the only loophole that remained. He could not have escaped but for the darkness. Another hour of visibility would have been sufficient to complete the British victory.

When, late in the evening, the strategy of

Jellicoe and Beatty developed, and the Germans found themselves being gradually encircled, they became demoralized to such an extent that their battle cruisers and battleships were freely attacked by the British light cruisers and destroyers. "Our fire began to tell," runs the official report, "the accuracy and rapidity of that of the enemy depreciating considerably." Throughout the battle the British superiority in gunnery and tactics "was very marked, their (the enemy's) efficiency becoming rapidly reduced under punishment, while ours was maintained throughout". No doubt could remain, when the German fleet took flight, that its effective power had been crushed. The British fleet remained all night in the proximity of the scene of the battle, and until 11 a.m. next day, but the enemy did not venture out again. The supremacy of Britain's sea power had been tested, and it remained undisputed.

The losses were heavy on both sides, but heaviest on that of the Germans. At least twenty-one enemy vessels were put out of action, sixteen having been actually seen to sink; these included two Dreadnought battleships, a battleship of the Deutschland type, a battle cruiser, five light cruisers, six torpedo-boat destroyers, and a submarine. In addition, a Dreadnought battleship, a battle cruiser, and three torpedo-boat destroyers were "seen to be so severely damaged as to render it extremely doubtful if they could reach port". No British battleship was lost, but three battle cruisers and three armoured cruisers went down, and also eight destroyers.

In recognition of his services in the Jutland battle, Sir David Beatty had conferred upon him the Knight Commandership of the Victorian Order, and when Sir John Jellicoe became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, he was promoted to the Chief Command of the Grand Fleet.

In the battles of Heligoland Bight, off Dogger Bank, and off Jutland, Beatty has undoubtedly proved himself a great admiral, worthy to be ranked with the greatest in the annals of the British Navy.

An impression of him as a man is vividly conveyed in a pen-sketch by Mr. Filson Young in *New Leaves.* "If you saw the Admiral hunting with the Quorn or the Cottesmere, you would think", writes Mr. Young, "he had never seen a ship in his life. If you saw him on the quarter-deck you would think he did not know one end of a horse from the other. But anywhere else, I think, you would know him for one of those on whom the sea has set its seal. . . . There is nothing of the drawing-room sea-dog about him, nor will he ever be one of your hornpipe admirals. But when there is work to be done, such terrible work as he has been doing . . . in the North Sea, he will be there doing it—doing it with a quiet and cheery spirit."

Lady Beatty is an American, and the daughter of the late Mr. Marshall Field, Chicago. Her ladyship's great interest in all war schemes, promoted in the interests of the men and the relatives of the men of the fleet, has brought her much popularity and great esteem, which is shared by all classes.

A FAMOUS DESTROYER BATTLE

In the naval annals of the Empire there is no more thrilling story than that of the brief but glorious night battle between two British and six German destroyers in the English Channel in April, 1917. It recalls the famous exploits of Drake and Blake, of Nelson and Cochrane. Once again our peerless seamen won great glory fighting against a superior force; but the most remarkable feature of the fight was the revival of boarding tactics and hand-to-hand fighting with pistol and cutlass, so common in the days of wooden warships. No sea battle in modern times has shown more clearly that the valour and daring of the British navy is as much alive in our own time as it was in the great days of old.

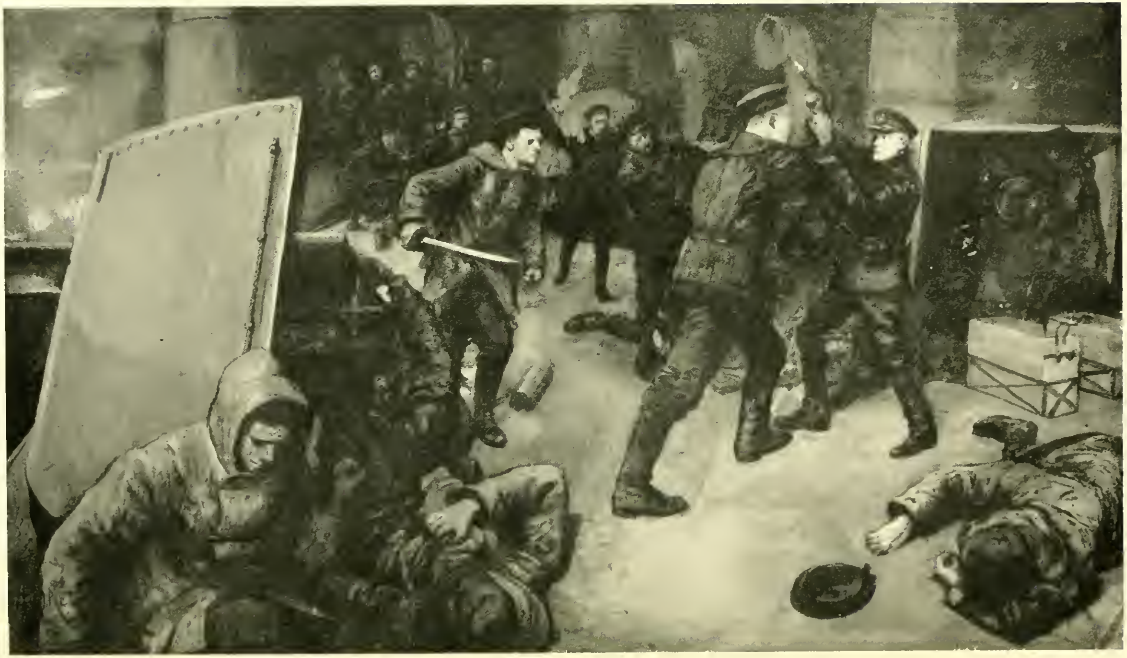
The two British destroyers which have "made history", and shed lustre on the fame of our fearless seamen, are the *Swift* and the *Broke*. They were engaged on patrol duty, scouring the English Channel after nightfall in quest of enemy craft. A wonderful stillness prevailed, wind and tide having been hushed as if by the arresting spell of springtide; the sky was overcast and the night was black as pitch. The destroyers were steaming through the thick darkness at a speed of 14 knots, and when midnight came, and many slumbered in their hammocks, it seemed to the patient, keen-eyed seamen who kept watch that the Channel was lonelier and emptier than usual. But forty minutes later the night was stabbed with flares of crimson fire, while the crash of battle resounded over the sea.

The enemy was abroad in the darkness. A flotilla of six German destroyers had crept into the Channel, with the intention of attacking shipping, or shelling some defenceless coast town, and was suddenly met by the *Swift* and *Broke* as they ran on a westerly course. The *Swift* was leading, and sighted the intruders at a distance of about only 600 yards. Fate had been kind! It had delivered the enemy into British hands; and although there were six against two—what of that? In the annals of the British navy great glory had been won more than once by a few against many. Commander Ambrose M. Peck of the *Swift* did not hesitate to strike a blow, despite the odds against him. Here was the enemy: it was his duty, as it certainly was his desire and that of every man under him to get into action at once.

The Germans sighted our ships ere a shot was discharged, and their fire gongs sounded over the sea. Out sprang their searchlights and their guns began to blaze vigorously. Commander Peck made up his mind in a flash. He decided to ram the leading German destroyer, and at his word of command the steering wheel span round, and the *Swift* swerved rapidly and ran full tilt, at high speed, towards the enemy, cleaving the waters like a knife. The operation was a perilous one. If the *Swift* should happen to miss the leading destroyer it would run the risk of being rammed itself by the second as it cut through the enemy line.

For a brief space it seemed as if the attempt would be successful, but the German searchlights were turned on the attacker, and for the time being blinded every man on board. The *Swift* missed her prey by almost a hairbreadth, but so cleverly was she manœuvred that she evaded the second destroyer. As soon as she was clear, she came round sharply and discharged a torpedo, which crippled this second vessel. Then the *Swift* dashed forward once more against the leading destroyer, which, however, managed a second time to evade being rammed. The German commander evidently thought by this time that his only hope was to effect a speedy escape. Putting on full speed, he raced away through the darkness, followed by the *Swift* with her guns in action. Not a shot was fired in return. Off went the enemy, with lights out, as if the whole British navy were at his heels.

Meanwhile the *Broke* was scattering and shattering the rest of the enemy flotilla. Commander R. G. R. Evans, C.B., followed the *Swift* as it



THE BOARDING OF THE "BROKE" IN THE CHANNEL FIGHT (April, 1917)

The picture shows the attack on Midshipman Gyles, of which his own graphic account is given on page 158.

dashed against the leading German vessel, and, realizing the risk it ran, attacked the second destroyer. First he struck it, as he ran forward, with a well-directed torpedo; then his guns opened fire with fine effect. A panic spread through all the remaining German vessels. Their furnaces were heavily stoked, so that they might get up increased speed for flight, and every funnel began to glow as the flames leapt up. Nothing better could have happened. The enemy craft were now marked out clearly in the darkness, and every move made could be followed.

"Thanks for your torches!" shouted an excited British tar, who was bringing up ammunition for the eagle-eyed gunners.

The *Broke* pursued its way. No. 2 destroyer was out of action, and No. 3 was coming on. Commander Evans decided to ram it, and being satisfied with the *Broke's* increased rate of speed gave the word of command.

The steersman of the *Broke* was Able Seaman Rawle, and he thrilled with the joy of the born fighting man when he received the order. As he has said himself: "It put new life into me." He has been badly wounded. Soon after the German destroyers had been sighted the leading boat opened fire on the *Broke*, and a shell burst behind the wheel where Rawle was standing. "The fragments", he tells, "struck me all over the lower part of the body. Two pieces were embedded in my back, and a piece in the fleshy part of each of my legs. Although slightly dazed by my wounds and suffering from shock, I stuck to my post, but I had to look round occasionally over the stern to get a puff of wind and a sniff of the briny to buck me up."

Rawle received his orders from the captain through the voice tube connecting the telegraph and the helm. A lad of nineteen, named Fowles, was at the voice tube. He, too, had been wounded by a shell. One leg was broken, and the other was torn and bleeding, while his face was also badly scratched. He stuck to his post, however, and shouted the captain's orders as they came through the voice tube, to steersman Rawle. He lay most of the time propped on an elbow and clinging to the tube. Rawle knew that the lad was wounded. "I've been hit myself also," he said, "but let's stick it out." Fowles nodded. Both stuck to their posts like heroes.

When the order came to slue round and ram the German destroyer, Fowles was able to give a hand to Rawle in getting the wheel into the position ordered. Then he sank back. Rawle knew what was going to happen, but Fowles had no other thought but to carry out orders as long as he had an ounce of strength left.

The *Broke* answered her helm nobly, sluing round to dash at the enemy like a hound in pursuit of a fox. Smoke poured in heavy wreaths from her funnels, and great writhing waves, crested with foam, were tossed aside from her razor-like bow as she clove through the black mysterious waters, the enemy's shells bursting, the while, round her and over her. The *Broke*, however, answered to some purpose, with every available gun in action.

Down below, the men were working fearlessly and hard. No one spared himself. The *Broke* had been steaming at 14 knots when the signal for "full speed" was suddenly given. The speed was quickly raised to 27 knots. Shortly afterwards the stokers and engineers knew they had gone into action, for they heard shells dropping and bursting overhead. The excitement was intense, but the men worked with increasing vigour. All were doing their duty nobly and well.

Nothing could stop the *Swift* avenging the *Broke* as she swept upon her prey. "We are going to hit her", men called to one another as they saw their vessel slue round to ram the enemy. Commander Evans had calculated the speed of the *Broke* and that of the enemy's vessel to a nicety, and as the British destroyer charged forward, sure of its prey, he found it possible to strike two blows at once, and ordered a torpedo to be fired at the fourth German destroyer. The deadly missile clattered through the water and "got home", as the sailors put it.

In a second later the *Broke*, with her guns at full blaze, rammed the third German destroyer right abreast the after funnel. There was a loud grinding crash. "The bow of our ship", one tar relates, "seemed to rise right up into the middle of the enemy's deck." The *Broke* quivered violently from stem to stern. Down below the men guessed what had happened, and were greatly cheered when word came from the deck that a German vessel had been crippled. Everyone was thrilled by the welcome news. Lying on the deck beside the voice tube the lad Fowles thought at first the *Broke* had been struck by a torpedo, and began to pull off his boots so that they might not hinder him should he suddenly find himself in the sea. Rawle clung to his wheel, forgetting his wounds for the time, being determined "to see the thing through".

Locked together the *Broke* and the German vessel continued to fight. The enemy's decks were swept "at point-blank range with every gun", says an eye-witness, "from main armament to pom-pom, Maxim, rifle, and pistols". Two German destroyers which were hovering near were meanwhile firing furiously at the *Broke*, wounding and killing many. "The foremost guns' crews were reduced from eighteen men to six", but the survivors kept the guns in action.

A crowd of Germans rushed forward on the deck of the rammed destroyer to board the *Broke*, some to fight, but most of them with desire to save their lives by escaping from their doomed vessel.

A machine-gun scattered a group of armed boarders in a twinkling as they climbed on to the *Broke's* deck. Others, however, managed to swarm over and on to the forecastle and rush past the gunners. The British bluejackets were ready, however, for any emergency. Cutlasses and rifles with fixed bayonets were at hand and were promptly made use of. Those Germans who gave themselves up were spared, but those who showed fight had to be promptly dealt with.

A cowardly attack was made by a big blustering German on that gallant midshipman Donald A. Gyles, who was one of the heroes of the fray. A shell from an enemy destroyer had struck the *Broke* ere she rammed the enemy and carried away a part of the superstructure of the bridge. Several of the crew were killed and wounded. "I myself", Gyles has told, "was struck by a fragment of shrapnel which pierced my right eye. I was also wounded in my right leg and right arm." He had been thrown down and stunned, but he recovered quickly, and carried out his duties with courage and skill. When the foremost guns' crews were suddenly reduced by the fire of the two German destroyers after the *Broke* rammed its victim, he loaded the starboard gun, while Able Seaman Ingleson loaded the port gun. The firing was thus kept up with vigour. "Owing to the great quantity of blood which was pouring down my face from my wounded eye," Gyles tells, "I experienced great difficulty in doing my work."

The midshipman's own account of what followed is very graphic. "Whilst", he says, "we were firing, several Germans managed to board us, yelling all the time for mercy, and saying other things we could not understand. They rushed along the decks and endeavoured to attack us, and I pointed my revolver at them and ordered them to go forward. Then one burly German—a regular giant—made a lunge at me and got hold of my wrist, endeavouring to wrench my revolver from me. But he did not succeed. Petty Officer Woodfield aimed a blow at him, which, however, he managed to avoid. He then dashed round our gun and endeavoured to attack me from the rear, but he was run through by a cutlass by Able Seaman Ingleson. We threw his body overboard. Then we cleared the decks of the remaining Germans, whom we made prisoners. Later, we discovered two others hiding in the forecastle. These we also made prisoners." Two of the Germans pretended they were dead as they lay on the deck. Some of the British tars who could not obtain arms in time had used their fists against the boarders, with the desired effect.

All this happened more quickly than it takes to tell. The *Broke* remained for only about two minutes locked with her adversary. The gallant steersman Rawle was obeying orders at the wheel, and down below the command to "back water" was carried out promptly. Then the *Broke* wrenched herself free and slued away to attack the other destroyers. As Rawle brought round the helm he saw the rammed destroyer lying under the port bow with only her fore part visible. The sight nerved him to endure his wounds, and he smiled and kept smiling. "I have been smiling ever since," he declared in hospital afterwards.

Then followed another thrilling incident. The *Broke* raced through the darkness, gathering speed once again, and was suddenly slued round to ram the last boat in the German line, its guns in full blaze, but the enemy managed to evade the blow. A torpedo which was discharged as she raced forward, however, struck the stern of another destroyer as it "turned tail" to escape.

Both these vessels were now in flight, with their guns in action, and the *Broke* hung on to them, speeding in the direction that the *Swift* had been seen to take in pursuit of the leading German vessel. Then the *Broke* was partly crippled by an enemy shell which crashed into the boiler-room, doing damage to the main engines. Her speed was at once reduced, and the two destroyers were able to race away in the darkness and vanish from sight.

The *Broke's* course was then altered. She headed in the direction of a German destroyer which was seen to be on fire. As soon as its crew caught sight of the *Broke* they began to shout together: "Save! save! save!" It was dangerous to approach her, for if the fire should reach the magazines she would blow up, and probably wreck the British vessel. But the commander of the *Broke* risked his vessel and the lives of all on board, by steering towards the enemy, with the object of saving its officers and crew from an awful death.

Then came an ugly act of treachery. As the *Broke* drew near, with reduced speed, the enemy suddenly opened fire. A shell crashed into the aft stokehold of the British vessel, putting her out of control for the time being. Four rounds were fired from the *Broke* in return, and a torpedo was launched with effect, for it struck the enemy vessel amidships and sent her to the bottom. The man who released the torpedo was killed a second later by a shell splinter, which struck his head.

It was a thrilling end to a brief but eventful night battle. The *Broke* was no longer able to sweep through the darkness in search of surviving enemy craft. It lay alone in triumph, having fought and won a good fight.

Able Seaman Rawle, clinging to the steering wheel, felt his strength giving way. So he shouted to the captain, "I'm going off now, sir," and then fell on deck in a faint. It was thus that it came to be known the gallant steersman had been wounded. There were others who, like him, had also kept secret the fact that they had received injuries. A stoker who had a splinter of shrapnel in his head was asked by the surgeon why he had not asked sooner to be treated. His answer was: "I was too busy, sir, clearing up that rubbish on the stoker's mess deck."

Under guard of armed men the German prisoners, with scared and wondering faces, watched the British tars, who, despite their wounds or weariness after stiff fighting, were all in great spirits. It was evident they thought it a privilege to have had the chance of striking a blow at the enemy.

While the *Broke* was winning great glory in its fight against great odds, the *Swift* gave up the chase of the leading German vessel on account of injuries from shell fire, which hindered her speed, and turned back to deal with other craft. A stationary destroyer was sighted in the darkness, and she steamed towards her. It was a German vessel, and its crew were shouting together over and over again, "We surrender! we surrender! we surrender!"

The *Swift* went forward cautiously with every gun loaded and trained on the enemy. It was necessary to be on guard, for German trickery and treachery had been experienced more than once in previous battles. This vessel proved to be the destroyer which had been rammed by the *Broke* a few minutes earlier, and it soon became evident that she was doomed. Her crew suddenly stopped shouting in the darkness, and as there were no other enemy vessels in sight, the *Swift* turned on her search-lights. The crippled destroyer was seen to be heeling over, while her crew, with life-belts on, began to leap into the sea. Slowly sank the destroyer, stern first. It was no longer able to strike a blow. Commander Peck at once gave orders, in accordance with the traditions of the British navy, to rescue the enemy. Boats were lowered to pick up the survivors in the flare of search-lights, and a large number were rescued.

About this time the *Broke* was located. Her electric circuits had been cut by shell fire, but signals were flashed through the darkness from an electric torch. When the commanders of the *Broke* and the *Swift* had related their experiences one to the other, the crews of both vessels were informed of the details of the fighting, and at once raised loud and hearty cheers, which rang through the darkness again and again. Then the fact was realized by all that the exciting and decisive little battle had lasted for only about five minutes. Two British vessels had met, fought, and defeated six Germans. The Germans had been outfought and outmanœuvred most thoroughly. Two had been sunk for certain, a third probably went down also in the darkness. The others had been more or less heavily damaged by shell fire.

When the surviving German destroyers reached their ports, exaggerated stories were told regarding the British force which had attacked the flotilla. It was described as "a great number of enemy destroyers and leader ships". No doubt the Germans did really believe that they had encountered several vessels, instead of two only, for these two had struck so hard, and manœuvred so quickly and decisively, that they seemed to be a host in themselves. "They had made circles round the enemy", as one writer has aptly put it.

But the Germans were not content with multiplying the number of the attackers. They actually boasted of having fought well. In their official account it was stated that "an enemy leader ship was sunk by a torpedo, several others were heavily damaged by artillery hits; one of the latter was probably sunk in the same manner". Had there been another British destroyer with the *Broke* and *Swift*, it is possible that not a single German vessel would have escaped to tell a fairy story like this.

Commander Evans of the *Broke*, who fought such a gallant fight, was second in command of the Antarctic Expedition led by Captain Scott. He was in charge of the destroyer *Mohawk* in the early stages of the war, when this vessel bombarded the right wing of the German army on the Belgian coast. Afterwards he commanded the destroyers *Viking* and *Crusader* in turn, and had many scraps with submarines and other enemy craft before commanding the *Broke*, which he has now made famous.

Commander Peck served during the South African War, and when a lieutenant on the *Doris* landed in command of a force which defended Mossel Bay for nearly a month. He had made a name for himself as a gunnery expert before the outbreak of war, and was gunnery officer of the light cruiser *Diamond*, attached to a destroyer flotilla. From this post he was raised to the rank of commander.

Midshipman Donald A. Gyles was nineteen years of age, and had been four years at sea when he took part in the destroyer battle. He joined the battleship *London* just before war broke out, and served in the Mediterranean. His baptism of fire was received at the Dardanelles, and he served throughout the whole campaign. At Gaba Tepe he helped to land the gallant Australian force under heavy fire. He was twice wounded, and on recovering the second time was appointed to the *Broke* on the Dover patrol.

The destroyer *Swift* was a ten-year-old boat when she went into the fight. For several years before the war she was the only vessel of her class in the world, being something between a destroyer and light cruiser, with a speed of about 36 knots. In the navy she was nicknamed "Wireless Incarnate", because she sped so quickly in all weathers, and also "Boy Scout", because of her size. The *Broke* is a newer boat, and a sister ship of the *Tipperary*, a leading destroyer which went down fighting against great odds in the Jutland battle.

GIRL'S FLIGHT IN AN AEROPLANE

Marya Simitch had often heard stories from her old nurse Bettye of goblins that flew through the air like white owls, and sometimes carried away children to their dens among the mountains, where they lived for long years and never grew old. There was one story she liked particularly well. It was about a girl who liked to live among the goblins, because they took her out to fly with them every night in moonlight or starlight, and showed her all the wonders of the world. Marya often wished she could make friends with a goblin who would teach her to fly like that little girl, but she never expected that the day would come when she would know how it felt to soar high in the air, and skim over hills and valleys, and over lakes and rivers, with the ease and speed of a bird in flight.

For some time past she has been living in Salonika, and she laughs now when she tells how it all came about. Her home is at Nish in Serbia, and when war broke out her father, who is an officer in the Serbian army, left home to fight against his country's enemies. Her mother took ill, and after lying in bed for many months was sent to Salonika to regain her strength. Marya remained behind with her two brothers, Gioke and Draguten, in charge of Bettye, the old housekeeper, so that they might attend school. All went well until the armies of Austrians, Germans, and Bulgarians began to invade Serbia in overwhelming forces, and the brave native soldiers were forced to retreat before them. One October morning the boys came home from school to tell Bettye that everyone was preparing to leave Nish because the enemy were nearer at hand.

"We are going away with the teachers," they said; "and you, Bettye, must look after Marya and take her to Salonika."

The old housekeeper was thrown into a great state of alarm. She locked up the house, and, having filled a handbag with food and clothing, hastened away to the station in the hope that she would be able to travel by train. But the station was packed with refugees, and she saw three trains leaving without being able to get near them. In time, however, she met an officer who knew Marya's father, and he found seats for her and the little girl in the guard's van of a goods train which was going to Macedonia with military stores. They travelled all night until they reached Veles. Then they were told to leave the train, because a force of Bulgarians was at hand.

The dawn was breaking on a cold clear sky when Bettye walked out of the station clutching Marya by the hand. Hundreds of homeless refugees crowded the roads, and all were hastening westward to escape from the enemy. It was a pitiful sight to see weary women carrying babes on their backs, old men pushing hand-carts on which were piles of bedding and furniture, and children and cripples, driving footsore cattle before them, while the air resounded with cries of sorrow and pain. "The Bulgars are coming," one told the other, "and death awaits all who remain."

Marya walked many miles before the sun rose high, and then grew so weary that she wanted to lie down by the roadside and go to sleep. Bettye gave her some food and drew water from a well, but even after she had rested for a time the little girl was quite unable to walk any farther. A man who was driving an ox-wagon took pity on her. "I think I can find room for her," he said with a smile. As he spoke he lifted Marya in his strong arms, and placed her beside his own children, who were crouching together on a bale of hay on the heavily-loaded wagon which carried all his worldly possessions.

The oxen walked slowly, and often the wheels of the wagon stuck in the deep ruts on the rough highway, but there were always many refugees at hand who were glad to give their aid, so that they might be allowed to hold on to the wagon as they trudged wearily on their way. Marya fell fast asleep, and did not wake up until they reached a little village on the road to Brod. It was there that the little girl met with her "goblin", as she now calls him. He was not a "real goblin", as she says, "but a very polite French airman, who was doing service in the Serbian army".

The Frenchman's aeroplane had broken down, but he had landed safely near the village, and was trying to repair his machine with the assistance of a blacksmith. He had been in action that morning, and his observer had been wounded and was lying in the blacksmith's house with his head wrapped in white bandages. As good luck would have it Bettye knew the blacksmith, a man named Bogosav, who, like herself, came from a village in Bosnia. Bogosav gave her a warm welcome, and invited her and Marya to his house.

"You shall stay with me," he said, "until this trouble passes over."

Like many others he believed that the Bulgars would soon be driven back over the frontier, but Bettye had heard enough from the soldiers to make her doubt this.

When she had got little Marya to sleep she helped to nurse the wounded Frenchman. She was very skilled at dressing wounds, and was able to give the sufferer much relief from pain, and he felt very grateful to her. Bettye could speak French, for she had lived in Paris a few years in the service of the Serbian ambassador, and the Frenchman was greatly delighted to hear his own language in that strange land.

"You had better lie down and sleep," Bettye said, "you will feel much stronger afterwards."

"Whether I am strong or weak I must leave to-morrow morning," said he.

"You are not afraid to fly?"

The Frenchman laughed. "Oh no, there is nothing to be afraid of."

"The Bulgars may shoot at you."

"We are not going near the Bulgars to-morrow; our orders are to return to Salonika."

"How long will it take you to get there?"

"A few hours at most."

"And there is no fear of the aeroplane breaking down?"

"The pilot won't leave until he is sure it is quite safe to fly. Don't worry about that. I shall be safer in the aeroplane than if I remained here."

Bettye went outside to look at the wonderful flying machine, and suddenly an idea took hold of her. She was anxious that Marya should reach Salonika safely, and as quickly as possible. Why should she not go in the aeroplane?

She walked towards the Frenchman, who was busy repairing the machine with the aid of the blacksmith. After a time she entered into conversation with him.

"How is my friend?" he asked her.

"He has lain down to sleep," Bettye answered. "He will feel very much better after he has had a good rest."

Then she began to tell him about her troubles, and to plead with him to help her.

"We have come from Nish," she said. "The little girl's name is Marya, and she is an officer's daughter. Her mother is an invalid, and is staying at present at Salonika. If anything happens to the child she will certainly die of sorrow. Won't you take Marya with you?"

"Oh! it is impossible."

"Don't say that. She would not require much room. She could sit between your friend's knees.'

"No, no, I cannot consent to risk the child's life."

"She may be killed if she is left behind."

"There is no fear of that."

"Or she may die of hunger."

"I am sorry for you and for her," sighed the Frenchman, "but I can do nothing."

"And what about Marya's mother?" Bettye went on. "The dear lady will break her heart when she hears that the child is left here to the mercy of the enemy."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. He was sorry for Bettye and the child, but what could he do?

"I shall take a message to Madame at Salonika," he said, "and assure her that Marya is well and in your safe-keeping."

"That will not comfort her greatly. She knows that the enemy will show us small pity."

"You'll be asking me next to take yourself as well as the child," the Frenchman said with an uneasy laugh.

"No, no," cried Bettye. "I will be satisfied if you will carry Marya only to Salonika. Never mind me. I may be able to hide among the mountains. Oh, say you will take my little Marya with you!"

"There you go again! How often must I say I cannot do it? Please go away and let me get on with my work." The Frenchman turned from her as he spoke. He was ill at ease, but had to be firm.

Bettye heaved a deep sigh and wiped tears from her eyes. "Think over what I have said to you," she pleaded as she left the airman to return to the blacksmith's house.

It was a clear starlight night, with hardly a breath of wind. The owls were hooting from the hill-side, and now and again shafts of light glittered in the eastern sky. Bettye knew that the enemy were not far off, for there were their search-lights.

The wounded Frenchman had wakened up and was sitting beside the blacksmith's fire drinking hot milk.

"How do you feel now?" Bettye asked him.

"Much stronger," was his answer. "I think I shall be able to get away after all."

"How glad I am!" smiled the old woman.

"It is very kind of you to say that."

"If the Bulgars found you here they would put you to death."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"And what about you and the others?" asked the wounded man with concern.

Bettye shook her head. "Alas!" she sighed, "we cannot hope for mercy."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and gazed at the fire in silence. Then he said: "If you think your life is in danger you should escape while yet there is time."

"The child is very weary," said Bettye. "She cannot walk far."

"Oh, but the Bulgars would never injure a child."

"You must know," Bettye said, "that she is the daughter of a Serbian officer, a very brave man, who is hated by his enemies. I dread to think what may become of her if she falls into Bulgar hands."

"Poor little girl!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "How sweet and innocent she looks in her sleep! I have a little girl of my own who is about the same age. What is her name?"

"Her name is Marya."

"And my child is called Henrietta."

"Then thank God she is not here," Bettye exclaimed with flashing eyes.

"You must do your best to protect that child," said the Frenchman. "Let no harm come to her. See how she smiles in her sleep! My little Henrietta smiles like that. How like children are to one another!"

"I am afraid I cannot do much," Bettye sighed.

"Oh, do not say that!"

"But you can save her if you choose," the old woman said firmly.

"Me? Why, I am wounded and helpless, as you see."

"Take her with you to Salonika."

The Frenchman was struck dumb with amaze. Bettye spoke to him as if she had a right to give him orders. "You must not leave the child here," she went on. "Her mother is ill at Salonika, and would die with grief if any harm came to her daughter."

"But I cannot take the child, I say."

"You must," Bettye urged. "You dare not leave her behind. Think of your own little Henrietta—God bless her and protect her! What would you do if she were here now and in peril, like my sweet Marya? Would you leave her to fall into the hands of your enemies?"

The Frenchman was silent, but Bettye read his thoughts and knew she had made a friend. She waited for his answer as he stared at the fire with flushed cheeks and tears in his eyes, thinking of his own little girl in distant France. At length he spoke in a low whisper: "What is your plan?" he asked.

Bettye smiled. "I shall place the child in your flying-machine when the pilot is not looking. Then you can take your place and conceal her under your legs."

"Very well, I promise to do as you desire," the Frenchman said with emotion. "Give me the name and address of the child's mother."

Bettye threw her arms round his neck and kissed his cheeks.

When dawn was breaking, the blacksmith came in to tell that the aeroplane had been repaired, and he asked Bettye to cook a breakfast for the two airmen. This she did, and as the Frenchmen sat at table she stole out of the house carrying the sleeping child in her arms and laid her below the observer's seat. Marya was well wrapped up and never stirred, so deep was her slumber. Then the old woman hastened back to the house.

When the men were ready to leave, Bettye took the observer's arm and said: "I shall help you into the machine."

"Oh, I am quite fit to walk, and even to climb," he smiled.

"One would think the old lady was your mother," laughed the pilot.

Bettye assisted the pilot to climb into the aeroplane and then kissed him again. "Good-bye," she said, "and may you have a safe journey!"

"Thank you, thank you! I will never forget you, Bettye," the observer assured her. As he spoke he drew a thick rug over his knees, concealing the little child who lay at his feet fast asleep.

"Good-bye!" Bettye called to the pilot, who had started the propeller, which roared like a tempest in a deep forest.

"Good-bye!" he answered. "Look well after the child." Then he climbed to his seat.

Bettye nodded with a smile, and he waved his hand to her. Then the aeroplane darted across the level plain and soon afterwards began to soar. The sun was rising in a cloudless sky. Everything promised well for a safe and speedy flight to Salonika.

Bettye watched the wonderful machine as it climbed through the air like a giant bird in flight, its graceful form sharply outlined against the golden sky. Then she knelt down and prayed, while tears streamed down her old withered cheeks.

Little Marya awoke just as the aeroplane was rising from the ground. "I did not know where I was," she tells. "The boards shook beneath me, and I heard a terrible noise—the noise of the engine—and the first thing I thought of was a big gun. It seemed to me that the enemy were very near. I sprang up, and found myself in the arms of the wounded Frenchman whom I had seen in the blacksmith's house. He patted me and smiled, but I could not make myself heard when I spoke to him, asking 'Where am I?' because of the noise. . . . I felt myself being lifted up, and I looked round and about, and then, all at once, I came to know that I was in an aeroplane. I was dreadfully frightened, and the

Frenchman patted me again and again, and kept smiling and nodding, as if he wanted to say· 'You are quite safe here. I'll look after you.' After a time the aeroplane stopped climbing and began to skim forward through the air. I did not know it was moving, however, until I peeped over the side and saw the ground flying away from us. The Frenchman was holding me firmly, and drew me back again, and I looked up in his face and said: 'Where is Bettye?' But, of course, he couldn't hear a word, and, as I found afterwards, he did not understand our language."

The French observer told a hospital nurse the whole story about Marya's flight through the air. "She seemed very much afraid at first," he said. "I felt very sorry for her. Her lips kept moving, and I knew she was asking questions, but I couldn't hear her voice. But her eyes seemed to say: 'Do tell me where I am?' I held her firmly in my arms and got her to peep over the side of the car. When she understood where she was, and saw a river far below, she darted back, trembling with fear, and began to sob. But I nursed her as if she were a little baby, and after a time she became quite brave. At first she looked for a long time at the clouds. Then she began to examine the aeroplane, running her eyes along the wings. I set her standing on her feet, and once when a bird went flying past she turned round to me and smiled. The sight of that bird seemed to make her feel quite safe. After a time she wanted to peep over the side of the car again, and I held her firmly. She gave one glance and darted back. A few minutes went past. Then she had another peep, and for quite a long time kept looking steadily at the mountains beneath. I drew her back into my arms and found she was smiling brightly. I thought her the pluckiest little girl I had ever met, so I kissed her cheeks. Then I made her sit down at my feet. 'You must be very hungry,' I said. I gave her a piece of white bread and she ate it greedily, and as she seemed to be feeling cold I wrapped round about her a shawl Bettye had placed over the seat. Then I opened my thermos flask and poured out hot coffee for her. The car was shaking with the constant thumping of the engine, and she spilled a good deal of the coffee, but she drank enough and ate enough bread to satisfy her hunger, and I was glad to see a flush coming into her cheeks.

"Soon after she had breakfast we began to pass over a town, and I made her rise up and peer over the side of the car. She almost jumped out of my arms with delight, and when I drew her back her eyes were dancing with excitement. She was beginning to enjoy herself very much.

"It was about this time that the pilot looked round and caught a glimpse of the little girl. I shall never forget the expression of his face. His jaw dropped, and he jerked his head as much as to say: 'Did the little girl drop down out of the clouds?' I knew we were already half-way to

Salonika, and felt quite happy that Marya was far beyond the reach of her country's enemies. 'What a scolding I shall get when we come down to earth again!' I said to myself."

Marya tells that she felt quite sorry when the aeroplane began to descend at Salonika. She had just had a glimpse of the sea, which she had never beheld before, when the machine began to curve round and round in the air as it dropped down gradually to a safe landing-place.

"I wonder you did not die of fright," her mother said to her afterwards.

"I was very much afraid at first," said the little girl, "but I remembered Bettye's story about the little girl who was taken away by the goblins, and I thought I was just like her. Then I felt quite at home. The little girl in the story enjoyed flying through the air and so did I, but the Frenchman would not let me look over the side as often as I wished to. I remember seeing a town. The people were passing up and down the streets, and the oxen, drawing wagons, looked no bigger than flies crawling on a window pane. I also saw a river, and it looked like a white rope lying on the ground. I saw two lakes, and the birds flying over them, but I was far above the birds, and the clouds seemed to be quite close to the flying-machine. Once a big bird flew quite near to us. Its wings were stretched out wide, and did not seem to move. It was just floating on the air. The bird had sharp little eyes, and looked at me for a moment, and then went sliding away until it seemed no bigger than a mouse."

"Would you like to fly again?"

"Oh, yes!" Marya answered, clapping her hands with delight. "I should enjoy it better now that I know what it is like."

When the aeroplane landed outside Salonika, the pilot began to scold his observer. Marya was unable to understand a word he said, but he seemed to be very angry. The wounded man did not say much in reply, but the girl knew he was speaking about her, for he repeated her name over and over again, and spoke also of Henrietta, his own little girl at home in distant France.

The pilot jumped down from his seat, and lifted Marya from the aeroplane. Before he set her down on the ground he kissed her once or twice, and the little girl put her arms round his neck and kissed him also.

Marya was carried to a motor-car, and the wounded Frenchman and she were taken to the house in which her mother was staying. Mrs. Simitch had been worrying a great deal about her children and looked very pale, but when Marya entered her room in the arms of the Frenchman she was quite overjoyed. "Oh, my own dear Marya!" she cried, with tears streaming down her face. "Thank God you are here with me at last!"

Three weeks later word came from Vallona on the Adriatic coast that Marya's two brothers had arrived there safe and well. They had walked a long distance with other refugees through Albania and Montenegro, and suffered greatly from cold and want of food. Several boys had died on the way.

The good news of her children's safety cheered Mrs. Simitch greatly, and she soon grew wonderfully strong again. When her husband was able to visit her in Salonika, he found that she was walking out daily with little Marya, who was known to all the French soldiers as "The little Serbian Air Girl".

WILD LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

Life in the trenches has brought many men into close touch with Nature, and made them take a great interest in birds and other wild animals whose haunts had been rudely disturbed by the clamour and ravages of war. Flocks of migrating swallows have been seen, at times, in France and Italy, scattering in confusion through the drifting smoke of the big guns, but still they have continued to migrate southward and northward in season as of old without changing their routes in flight. Airmen tell that they sometimes meet in France with swarms of birds soaring high above the clouds. In February, 1917, one flying man saw great flocks of migrating plovers at a height of about 6000 feet.

Among the lovely Vosges mountains herds of wild pigs have been driven from their lairs by bursting shells. Some have scampered into camps, where they were promptly hunted down to provide a change of diet for the fighting men. One day a wild boar charged down a trench, and wounded two French soldiers before it was laid low by a well-directed bullet.

Sometimes swarms of hares and rabbits have scrambled amidst the network of trenches, seeking refuge from shrapnel and bullets, only to be seized by ready hands and sent to the cook house.

Rats showed no signs of alarm. They clung to the new haunts of men, made themselves at home, and increased in numbers. In trenches and dug-outs they found numerous scraps of food and fared well. But they proved a great nuisance to the soldiers, especially at night, by running over their bodies as they lay asleep in their dug-outs, and nibbling and scraping in every corner in the darkness.

In France singing birds became accustomed to gun-fire, and after a bombardment lasting several hours, could be heard chirping among the branches of trees which concealed the guns. They even made friends with the British gunners, who threw crumbs to them.

One early spring morning, while a little company of blackbirds, thrushes, robins, and sparrows were feeding on scraps that were laid for them on the frosty ground, a big scared-looking cat came creeping stealthily from the ruins of a village near by. The birds rose fluttering and chirping excitedly, but pussy scarcely glanced at them. It had caught a glimpse of an artillery officer peering out of his dug-out, and ran towards him. " Pussy, pussy!" he called softly. The ruffled animal rubbed itself against his leg, and, when it had been stroked gently, began to purr with delight.

It had been somebody's pet, and seemed glad to be among human friends again. Some condensed milk was poured into a pannikin, and the hungry cat licked it up greedily, pausing now and again to look with solemn tender eyes at its new friend, who kept repeating: "Poor old pussy; poor old girl; get on with your breakfast."

The cat finished the milk, licking the pannikin quite dry. Then it lay down to smooth out its coat, evidently feeling quite at home.

On a branch of an apple tree which hung over the entrance to the dug-out a little red-breasted robin watched the cat intently. It seemed to be greatly annoyed at pussy's presence, and kept hopping to right and to left, bunching out its feathers and chirping excitedly, as if telling the other birds what was happening. The officer watched all that was going on as he ate his breakfast at the door of the dug-out. The cat, having finished its toilet, crept between the officer's legs, and began to take a keen interest in the robin, who chirped louder and faster, as if calling out, "Here he comes! he's actually staring at me. 'Mr. Impudence'—that's what I call him." He was joined by two other robins and a sparrow, while a couple of wrens began to scamper up and down the trunk of the tree. All the birds chirped together as if trying to scare the intruder. Pussy bent his legs, fluffed his tail, and showed his teeth as it crept forward, ready to pounce on a bird bold enough to come within reach.

A gun team close at hand was preparing for the morning bombardment, while an officer shouted commands through a megaphone. Then suddenly a gun bellowed with a deafening crash. Pussy sprang into the air with alarm, and bounding back into the dug-out, crept under some clothing and lay still. But the birds never moved. They were accustomed to gun-fire, and knew it didn't hurt. What seemed of more interest to them was the fact that the cat had disappeared. Then the robin who had given the alarm began to think about its rights, and drove the other robins off its branch.

When fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula our soldiers could not help becoming amateur naturalists. The district was teeming with wild life, and seemed just like a natural zoo. Hyænas prowled through the scrub, and growled and showed their sharp white teeth when soldiers suddenly roused them from their hiding-places. Being cowardly animals, they usually took flight at once. One day a big Highlander was crawling through a clump of bushes to spy on the Turkish lines, when he roused a hyæna. It sprang up, with its back against a ridge of rock which jutted out of the soil, and snarled at him like an angry dog. He did not wish to fire, because he knew there were Turkish snipers not far distant, and it seemed to him as if the hyæna knew this too. So he could do nothing else but stare at the fierce brute, which looked as if it were about to spring at him.

By and by it quailed before his steady gaze, and began to edge round the rock. Remembering he had read somewhere that wild animals cannot resist the power of the human eye, he followed its movements, staring as fiercely as he could, and not moving a muscle of his face or making any sound. The hyæna grew more and more uncomfortable, and began to blink like one who comes out of the darkness into a brightly-lit room. Then it suddenly turned tail and fled. The Turkish snipers caught sight of it a few minutes later, and a shower of bullets spattered all round the soldier, who crept forward to take shelter behind the rock. He lay very still. Some time afterwards, when he moved forward again, he caught a glimpse of the hyæna's body lying in the long grass. The snipers had caught it in their fire, thinking, no doubt, they had disposed of a British soldier.

During lulls in the fighting the British and Turkish fighting men held what might be called sporting competitions. In the month of September large numbers of pelican migrated from the shores of the Ægean Sea towards Egypt. They flew over the peninsula in V-shaped flocks, and as soon as a flock appeared in the sky, fire was opened on them with rifles and machine-guns.

One afternoon a flock, which seemed to have come a long distance, began to wheel round in the air as if preparing to settle down on the Salt Lake marsh in Suvla Bay. Suddenly a British machine-gun sent a rippling stream of bullets towards the birds. Not a single pelican was struck, but the whole flock at once became greatly agitated. Then the onlookers noticed that they were under the command of a leader, who made them behave like well-trained soldiers under fire. Shrill screams, like words of command, came through the air, and the birds rose up in extended formation until they were far beyond range and quite safe from attack. Then they continued their flight towards Egypt. As they passed over the Turkish lines, several volleys from machine-guns were fired at them; but the clamour only made them fly faster, and ere long they vanished from sight.

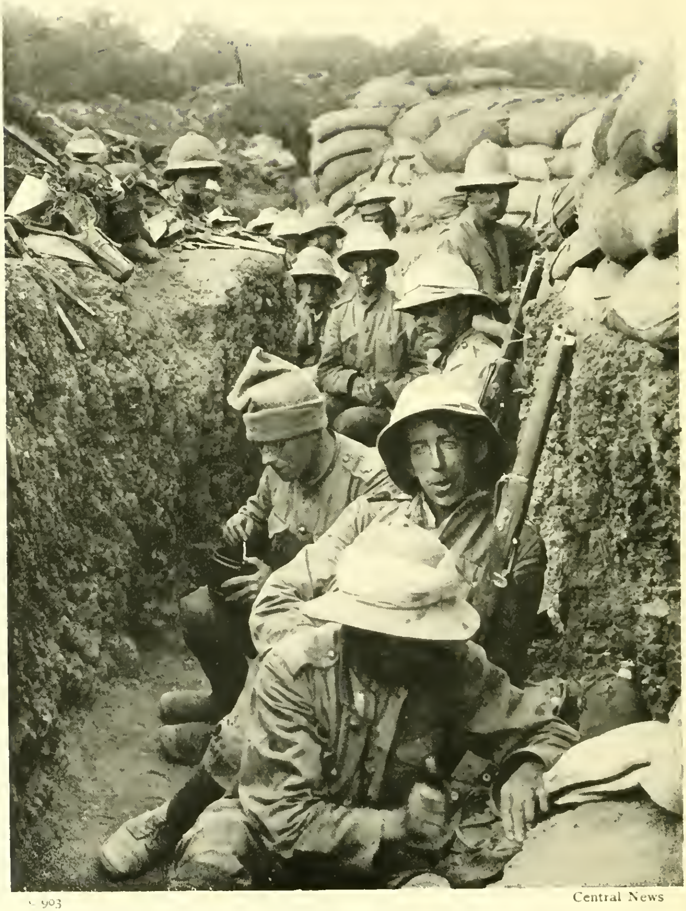
After this the British "Tommies" and "Jocks", and the "Johnny Turks", as our soldiers called their enemies, crouched low in their trenches again, waiting for the next flock of pelican. Sometimes, as the birds flew overhead, one was brought down, but it was hardly worth the ammunition wasted upon it. The men on both sides, however, seemed to find the sport exciting, and cheers broke from the trenches when a shot "got home", and a long-necked pelican came tumbling down through the air from what our soldiers called "the flying regiments".

Lots of tortoises crawled about the Gallipoli trenches, and some of our men tried to make pets of those they laid hands on. But a tortoise is never in a hurry to make friends. It is never in a hurry to do anything. A corporal, who kept one tied to a post for a week, coaxed it at length to feed out of his hand, and when he thought it had grown quite tame allowed it to go free. As soon as evening came on it vanished and was never seen again. "You should try and tame a scorpion next," a friend advised the "tortoise tamer", as he called the corporal. "No, thanks!" was the prompt reply. All the soldiers hated the scorpions with their bright-red armour plates, crab-like toes, and uncanny sting-tipped tails, and killed them at sight. Snakes were also dreaded. They came creeping into the dug-outs, and caused many a soldier to jump up with a shout of alarm. One morning, soon after dawn, a big Yorkshireman woke up to find a snake coiled up on his blanket. He flung the blanket and snake right out of the dug-out, and then, seizing a trench spade, struck at the squirming reptile with such force that he not only cut it in two, but made great rents in the blanket also. It was the first live snake he had ever seen, and he thought the sergeant who told him that it was a non-poisonous one was only making fun of him. "Snakes are snakes all the same," he declared. "Do you expect a man to wait and see if he's going to be stung before he strikes at one?" There are, of course, poisonous as well as non-poisonous snakes on the peninsula.

Then there were the flies, which were even more troublesome than the scorpions or the snakes!

It seemed as if Gallipoli was always suffering from a plague of flies, and our men remembered the Bible story of fly plague in ancient Egypt, in which Moses repeats to Pharaoh the Divine message: "I will send swarms of flies upon thee, and upon thy servants and upon thy people, and into thy houses: and the houses of the Egyptians shall be full of swarms of flies, and also the ground whereon they are. . . . And the Lord did so. . . . The land was corrupted by reason of the swarm of flies."

Black clouds of flies came through the air as soon as our men had settled down in their Gallipoli trenches; the insects crawled over the ground, they blackened the dug-outs, they covered men's bodies; they attacked the mules and made them kick and snort and lash themselves with their tufted tails; they crawled over food, and crept into pots and kettles, and were drowned in hundreds when these were filled with water. The flies were a constant nuisance. Men were always brushing them from their faces, out of the corners of their eyes, out of their ears, off their bare arms. And how they buzzed when they were disturbed! Sometimes when the cooks were busy at their work the buzzing of the flies about them was so loud that they had to shout to one another when only a few yards apart. "One morning," a cook has declared, "the humming of myriads of flies reminded me of the noise of a cotton mill in a Manchester street."



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IN THE TRENCHES AT GALLIPOLI

Royal Irish Fusiliers)

When a soldier lay down to sleep during the daytime the flies settled on him in hundreds. Each time he moved and disturbed his tormentors a loud buzzing broke out. If he covered his face with a handkerchief they went crawling over it in such great numbers that it became as heavy as a bit of blanket, and he had to throw it off. When, at length, he fell asleep the flies began to take liberties. They ran over his hair, into his ears, and across his face. If his jaw dropped they crept into his mouth. "It was a common thing," a soldier tells, "to see a sleeper who had been on duty during the night sitting bolt upright, half awakened, and beginning to cough and splutter while flies darted out of his mouth. Occasionally a few were swallowed, much to the poor chap's disgust."

At meal-times hundreds of flies "mobbed" every soldier. If one should spread jam on a slice of bread the flies dropped on it at once, and, as a victim once wrote home, "made it look like a slice of currant cake". Another has described how the men took jam with their bread. "First of all," he wrote, "you make a little hole in your jam tin, and keep a thumb on it. You eat the bread dry, and when you want jam you suck it out of the tin, and then press your thumb on the hole again. The flies swarm round your thumb and over your hand, as if trying to make you let go so that they may get a chance of creeping into the tin. You ask me if I have been in a battle yet. I am always in the battle of flies. The flies are harder fighters than Johnny Turk."

Besides the flies there were other insects "too numerous to mention", wrote a Welsh soldier. "There are hundreds of different kinds of grotesque insects, big and small, that crawl about or fly through the air. New arrivals get many shocks. I have seen men who were more afraid of a swarm of insects than a battalion of Turks." He then went on to relate an amusing experience he and others had. "A fresh regiment was having its troubles with the insects one evening when a gale began to blow. It sprang up as suddenly as a bird from the scrub, and came in fierce and rapid gusts that took one's breath away. A great long belt of sun-dried thistles stretched across No-Man's-Land, and the wind cut through the prickly mass like a scythe, shearing off the tops and brittle leaves and severing the stalks, which came whirling in clouds towards our trenches in the evening dusk. A private, who was greatly worried about the strange insects and reptiles he saw prowling about, was cleaning his rifle when a bit of prickly thistle darted past his cheek like a living creature. He sprung back, gasping, 'What is that?' Then another bit scratched his hand as it skimmed down the trench. A yell broke from his lips. 'I've been stung!' he declared. Hundreds of prickly stalks and leaves then came whirling and darting about the men's ears. Those who thought they were being attacked by swarms of horrible insects of all sizes and shapes began to dart into dug-outs; but soon the cries of alarm were changed to shouts of laughter, for word was passed along that the supposed winged furies were simply bits of Gallipoli thistles. As the wind increased in fury the thistle plague grew gradually worse. Heaps of dry prickly stalks and leaves collected in the trenches, and the men were kept busy shovelling them out. Some parts of the trenches were filled to the top. The wind fell before dawn, and when the sun rose you could see piles of thistles all along the line of trenches. It looked as if these prickly heaps would prove troublesome again later on, but in the forenoon another gale sprang up and scattered them across the Salt Lake marsh. As the men watched them they were not surprised that the 'green hands' had been alarmed on the previous evening. The broken thistles skimmed through the air like locusts, and bumped and darted on the ground like giant grasshoppers."

The Gallipoli ants were a source of great interest to the fighting men. They continued diligently working in and about the trenches as if nothing unusual was taking place. "I have watched them for hours on end," a Londoner wrote to his friends, "and wondered at their intelligence. As I write a little fellow is trying to carry a crumb of bread to the nest. He has stuck. The load is too heavy. What will he do now? He is signalling for help, I declare. Here comes a friend to give him a hand! The new arrival has got behind the crumb and is pushing it, while the other hauls again. Now they are making progress. . . . They have halted suddenly. It looks as if they are out of breath. Here comes another helper, I declare! He gets behind the crumb also and they haul and push all together. Up they climb to the door of the ant house. They are going to get the crumb for themselves, sure enough. Well done! They have hauled it inside, and are now, I suppose, packing it into the larder. What wonderful little fellows they are!"

DOGS IN WARFARE

The dog has long been called "the friend of man", and in this great war it has proved itself to be a friend indeed. Many stories are told of dogs leaving home and tracking their masters to the trenches, and of their wonderful courage under fire. But it is not as a pet alone that the dog has proved itself a "friend", but also as a worker, whether doing red-cross work, sentinel duty, or hauling sledges with supplies over snow-clad hills.

One of the famous French army dogs is "Marquis", which did splendid service carrying dispatches. This faithful animal showed great intelligence, and ran and crept through bullet-swept zones carrying important messages when no human being could venture to do so. More than once Marquis helped whole companies to get out of "tight corners" by bringing them warnings in time, and it also kept officers in touch with their superiors, when heavy bombardments cut telephone wires, by scampering from point to point with messages. One morning Marquis was sent out on his last journey with a dispatch in his mouth. The Prussians were attacking heavily at the time.

Shell-fire burst above and behind the French trenches, and it was impossible for a soldier to attempt to leave cover. Marquis ran off, going briskly so long as it was under cover. Then he had to cross an open track of country where the bullets pattered down like hailstones. He crept low, and made short rushes from bush to bush, while anxious eyes followed its movements. For a time all went well. Then, when it seemed as if the dog would succeed, it was struck by a bullet and fell on the ground. An officer, who had been watching through his field-glasses, uttered a cry of regret, and began to sorrow for poor Marquis. For a time the dog lay very still. Then he began to come back. Slowly he crept on, suffering pain and very weak from loss of blood. At length, after a great effort, Marquis returned to his master, and, dropping the blood-stained dispatch at his feet, fell over and died.

That evening the French soldiers, with bared heads and heavy hearts, buried the faithful dispatch dog, and set up a little monument to mark his grave.

Another famous dog was named Lutz. It won its reputation near Verdun. One dark night a force of Germans were stealing towards a French position all unknown to the sentinels. Lutz, however, scented them and began to growl.

"Hush! lie down!" a sentinel said in a low voice, but Lutz only grew more restless and excited. The attention of an officer was drawn to the dog's behaviour, and a warning was issued. The French soldiers were roused from sleep and stood ready to deal with any unexpected danger. Ere long they became aware of the near presence of Germans, and a withering fire broke out from the French trenches. The German surprise attack failed completely because of the warning given by Lutz. A large number of this raiding force were killed at point-blank range, and most of the survivors were taken prisoners.

Dogs like Lutz are trained to act as helpers of sentries. They do not all growl and bark when danger is near, however. Some simply "point" like "pointer dogs" used by sportsmen on the moors. When these wise animals scent the enemy, they thrust their noses forward, stiffen out their backs, and signal with their tails, keeping perfectly silent.

One dark night a pointer, named Paul, stood beside a sentry. Suddenly the dog began to sniff and grow restless. Then he pointed stiffly towards a point where he had scented the enemy. An officer was informed that the dog was "pointing". He shrugged his shoulders and said, "The dog can't be trusted." Paul was taken down a trench and led to another sentry post. There he sniffed again and "pointed" in the same direction as formerly.

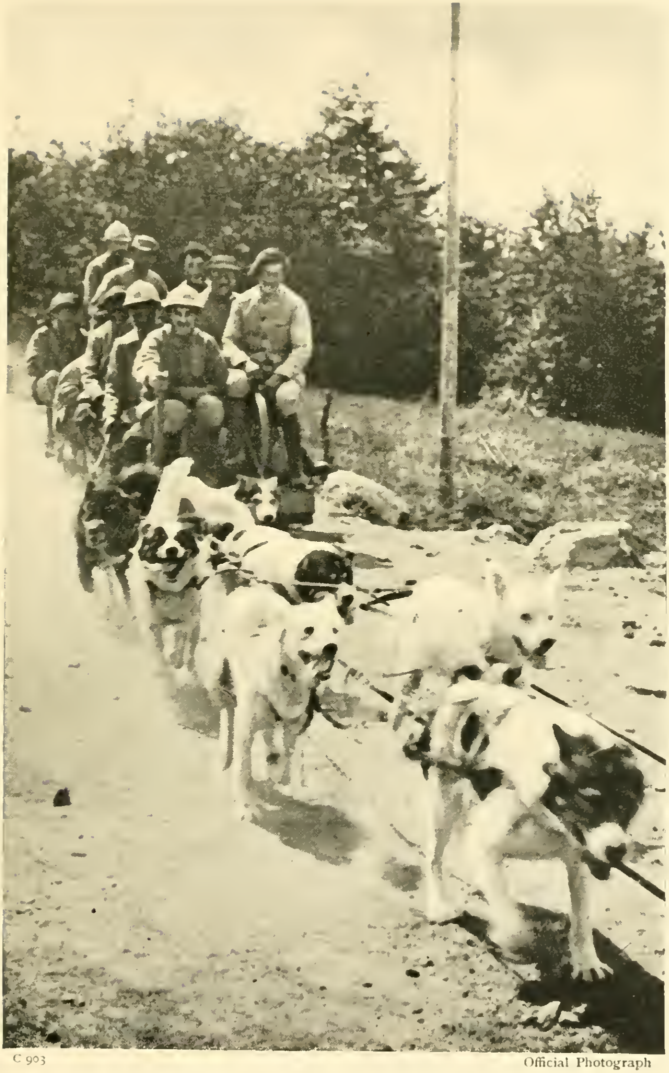
"Now, Paul," the officer said, "we shall put you to the test."

He ordered rockets to be sent up. Flares of vivid light cut through the darkness, and three Germans on "listening post" duty were seen crouching on the ground less than twenty yards distant. Their duty was to spy on the French position and find out whether any preparations were being made for a night attack. This they could do by listening to hear words of command and the movements of soldiers getting ready to creep out in the darkness. If such preparations were being made, it was their duty to creep back and give the alarm.

Having been pointed at by Paul, this particular "listening post" party was rounded up by the French, the three men being brought in as prisoners. The officer patted Paul, and calling him "a treasure", said: "I shall see, good dog, that you are mentioned in dispatches."

The dogs that do ambulance work have saved many lives by going out in the darkness over "No-Man's-Land", after an attack had taken place, finding wounded soldiers, and carrying food and stimulants to them. The intelligent way in which these animals behave is very wonderful. When a red-cross dog finds a stricken soldier, it runs back and leads a party towards him.

On the outbreak of war the French had only a few dogs trained for ambulance work, but these proved to be so useful that their numbers were speedily added to. In less than two years' time there were nearly 3000 dogs at work, and it is



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Official Photograph

A DOG TEAM IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS

Taking a relief party of soldiers to an outpost. (See page 197.)

estimated that owing to their help about 10,000 lives have been saved.

Among the Vosges mountains large numbers of dogs from Labrador and Alaska have been used to pull sleighs loaded with food or ammunition over trackless wastes, and also to drag small trucks on narrow lines of railway. When snow lies heavily on the ground, and a crust is formed on it by the hard frosts, the dogs can scamper up and down the mountain slopes at great speed. Long teams are yoked to the sledges, and the drivers have exciting enough spins. Sometimes it takes them all their time to keep the animals under control. Running in packs, they often become greatly excited, and scamper at such a rate that there is always the danger of an accident taking place. More than one sledge has been overturned during a wild rush down a steep snowy slope. The dogs follow a leader, who picks out a track by instinct, and occasionally swerves this way and that to avoid a danger spot, such as a piece of jutting rock, or a deep hollow over which the snow lies thinly. But the bounding animals never swerve if there should happen to be men or mules in front of them.

One day a company of French soldiers were crossing a little valley, when a team of carrier dogs swept down the long sloping hill-side and ran pell-mell towards them. In another minute three or four soldiers found themselves struggling in the snow with foaming and excited dogs tumbling over them. The sledge was overturned, and the driver thrown a dozen yards into a heavy snow-wreath, from which he came out shouting protests, and shaking himself like his dogs to get rid of the sheets of snow that clung about his shoulders and neck. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt. When the sleigh was righted again, and the dogs were got in hand, the driver set his team scampering merrily down the valley.

Much more trouble is caused if the dogs should happen to run into a group of pack mules. The mule is never, as a rule, too good-tempered, and if he is tripped up, he bites and kicks so much that it is dangerous to go near him.

One evening, just as the sun was setting in a blaze of red over the snow-clad hills, a mule, which was thrown over by a scampering dog team, kicked out so fiercely as it sprawled in the snow that it killed three dogs and injured another half-dozen. The sleigh was loaded with ammunition, but by good luck ran down a sloping bank clear of the animal's hoofs. The dogs' traces had to be cut, and three of them escaped, and scampered away out of sight in a few minutes, but they were found next day to have returned to the camp from which they had set out.

As a rule, these sleigh dogs are somewhat wild. They are greatly given to fighting among themselves, and if one of them should happen to escape from a kennel, they bark and howl at a great rate, and cannot be silenced until the comrade who has won freedom is caught and taken back again. It takes a skilled driver to deal with them when they grow fierce and excited. They are, however, very obedient to, and even quite gentle with, those who feed them readily, and, being most intelligent, answer readily to their names.

But for these dogs, the problem of sending supplies of food and ammunition through the passes of the Vosges during winter would have been a very difficult one. Often when the light railways were buried in snow and rendered quite useless, and teams of pack mules were hardly able to make their way through the wreaths, the northern dogs scampered along, hauling the sleighs and keeping the soldiers well supplied with all they required.

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