

With the Scots in France by Neil Munro

The War Illustrated

2^d Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



OUR OBSERVATION POST

THE SONS OF THE SUBURBS

GENERATIONS of novelists have made very merry at the expense of the suburbs. An opinion not uncommonly held is that the novelists who have been merriest, though not perhaps wittiest, are those whose profession of knowledge of really good society is greater than their possession of it. I will not carry the war into that camp, however. Novelists, major and minor, have played the man during these last three years, and their great work may well be remembered in preference to their little works.

NEVER again, however, should the suburbs be chosen as an object for cheap sarcasm by any writer, for in glorious truth the sons of the suburbs have played the man as well. How many of them thronged into the battalions of the London Regiment, long before any suggestion of compulsory service was breathed into the air of their native, least military, environment? And not into the London Regiment alone. Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Kent have drawn high honour from districts whose postal classification—N., E., S.E., and S.W.—was once regarded as a stigma of suburban domicile by aristocratic quarters of the town that could dispense with such precise indication of their geographical position, such as Mayfair and Park Lane, and that other district whose fine name, "Belgravia" is only very late Latin for Pimlico.

UNIVERSAL consent has declared suburban youth to be a fine flower of British manhood, and I should no more dream of trying to paint the lily than of challenging the verdict after supporting it with my own vote. Nevertheless, I am abased in my estimation when I remember my own complete failure to perceive the heroic quality latent in these lads, for I deemed myself some judge of character. Now, of course, profoundly wise after the event, I am ready with explanation of the heroism by phrases about the "breed," which are not the less true because they come glibly from the tongue. Their truth, however, precisely because it is so obvious now, brings greater shame to those of us who, in the days before the war, were so ready to disparage the manliness of these young fellows. Whatever hope we may have professed as to what they might do in emergency, we did not credit them with spirit to leap as they leapt from their counter and till, or strength to strike home as they struck. The shame is ours, and theirs the glory.

RECOGNITION of our utter misjudgment of the boys warns us to revise our judgment of the parents to whom they were born, and of the home atmosphere in which they were brought up; and now, reconsidering my opinions in the new light thrown upon things by the war, I venture to declare that the heroism shown abroad by the sons of the suburbs derives directly from the heroism with which their parents have carried on for years a campaign of trench warfare against actual poverty, by which I mean now the point when the maximum income is insufficient to procure the minimum of things actually necessary. Many medals have been won in France by holding positions against heavy odds.

More have been earned in England by like achievements. And the fruits of these have been the generation of young men able to endure extremity of physical discomfort and fatigue, and unimaginable mental strain under incessant bombardment by modern artillery. Satire seems hardly called for against men and women who bred and who reared our New Army. Yet an insinuation of physical degeneration in Suburbia is part of the satirist's offence.

THE primary reason which takes people into the suburbs is, of course, the comparative cheapness of rent; but a reason which might well be alleged by the special pleader would be the beauty of many of the districts. Within the four-mile radius a pleasant outlook is the utmost one can hope to have from the windows of any house. Within the compass of Suburbia are many houses commanding lovely views, and many more so secluded among trees that no other habitation is visible from them. If susceptibility to environment is measure of a man's imaginative quality, then the man who elects to dwell within view of Clapham Common might be credited with possessing a finer nature than his richer brother who prefers to live in Brook Street or Berkeley Square. And since it is a scientific fact that environment influences a man's whole outlook upon life, the closer association with Nature given by residence in a suburb inclines suburban people to take interest in the simple pleasures of Nature, and to

occupy themselves with gardens and green things.

THEIR ingenuous enjoyment of their little gardens has been a principal whetstone for the wit of sprightly writers of newspaper articles. One might turn over old files of any newspaper, and never fail to find a year in which the approach of Easter did not suggest to some freelance an opportunity for earning a guinea easily by an imaginative description of how some good fellow spent Good Friday trimming the Virginia creeper on his villa wall, clipping the hedge of golden privet, and cutting the grass with a pair of scissors, since the limited area of the lawn had never justified his buying even a six-inch mowing-machine. And many another sprightly article has purported to describe the scene and conversation in second-class carriages of the G15, when this man descanted on the propagation of auriculas, and that man on the proper trenching for sweet peas, and both challenged competition as rose-growers by the size and perfection of the specimen bloom most ostentatiously displayed in their button-hole.

LOOK at those gardens to-day, and you will find evidence of Imperial Will to Victory expressed in terms of suburban common-sense. Gone is the lawn and, very likely, gone the privet hedge. Potatoes grow where once the turf lay level, and scarlet runners have replaced the golden privet. Lettuce seedlings occupy the space once devoted to velvety auriculas, mint and parsley that once tenanted by "Mrs. Sinkins." This is one of the changes wrought in Suburbia by the war, and it is significant of the brave spirit of her sons. Still, however, does the sprightly writer earn his easy guinea at their expense, and even within the last few days I have read a variant of the old article at Eastertide, pretending now that telling "potato-stories" is the new ploy wherewith to while away the daily journey into town, excelling "fish-stories" as exercise for cool lying.

I DON'T suppose Suburbia's sons resent such badinage. Potatoes were hard to come by not many months ago. Those suburban lawns have done much to minimise the risk of scarcity in the future. And the little suburban gardens occupy only part of these fine fellows' energy. Not very far away are allotments, and those, and their produce, mean a service to the Empire of no less magnitude than defeat of the enemy's submarine blockade. Only a few days ago a meeting was held of representatives of a society of allotment holders, and it was announced that more than three-quarters of a million allotments were under cultivation already. Translate that figure into acres, and assess the value of the crops grown there in their scanty day-lit leisure by suburban men of gathering old age, who have given their sons to the Army and who are, many of them, giving hours of the rest they deserve and require at night to other national service, unpaid and dangerous, as special constables. "Suburban" was once a term of reproach. So, I remember, was "contemptible." I protest that henceforward the one is as honourable as the other.

C. M.



Italy

THE following lines, by Eleanor Alexander, were contributed to the "Times" a little more than a year ago. They may fittingly be recalled to-day in view of Italy's great and glorious progress towards Trieste.

DREAMLAND of all high souls that ever dreamed
Beauty, and love, and minstrelsy,
On her wild walls the mountain eagle screamed
To see the Roman eagles flaunting by.

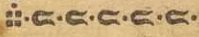
Human in form, in beauty half divine,
The gracious gods of old are hers,
And pictured beauty for a holier shrine
To wondering ecstasy her spirit stirs.

Her heart holds dear the hundred tales that move
Laughter and tears' romantic woe
For mad adventure, and for madder love
From the Decameron of Boccaccio.

But in her soul more loved, and lovelier far
Echoes her Virgil's magic lyre,
And his who ever saw the morning star,
Through hell's black mouth, beyond the sulphurous fire.

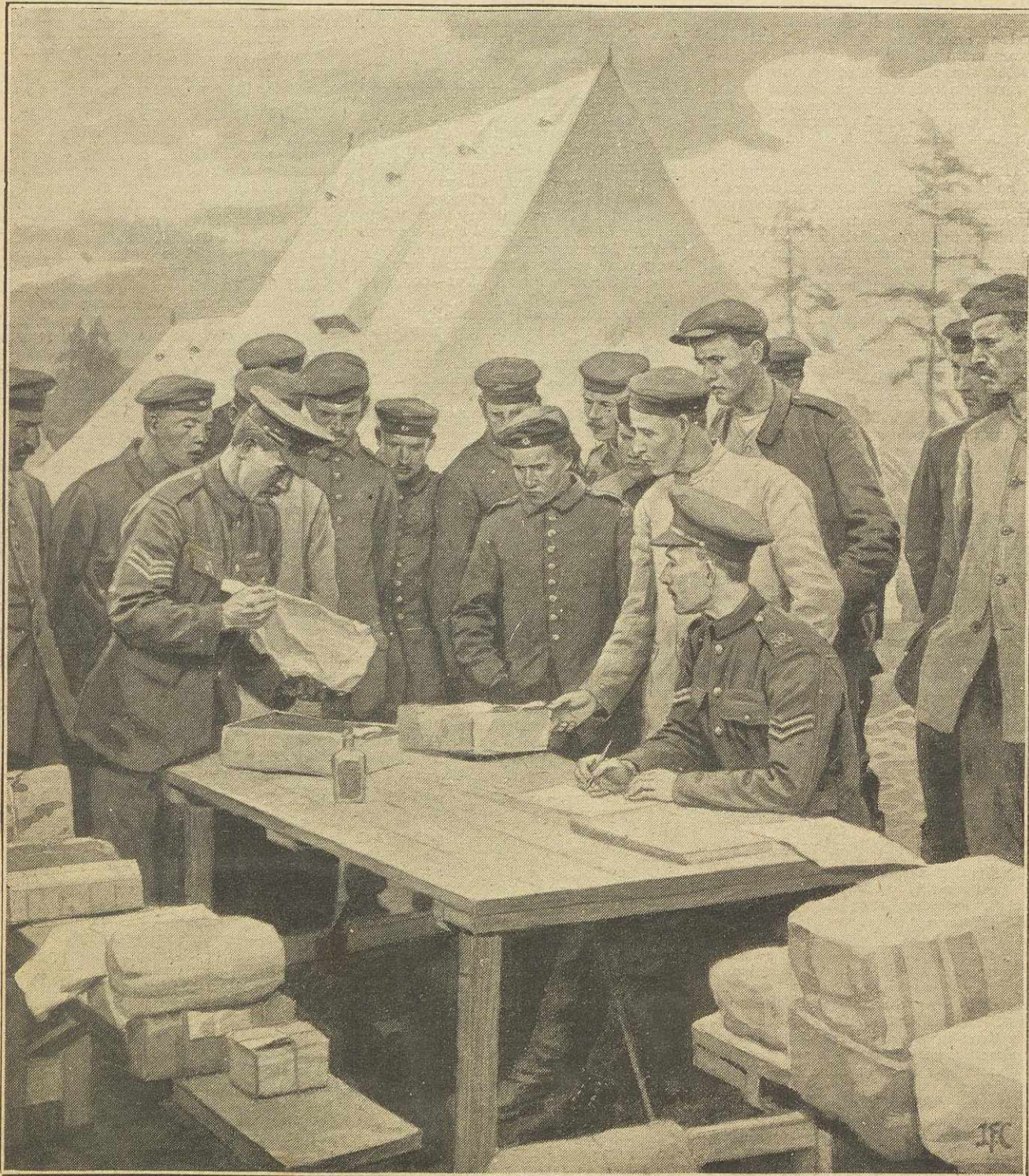
No cloud of dreams hangs on her soldier's brow
Where high above man's day and night,
Camped in the clouds, and tented with the snow,
Clear-eyed he champions Freedom's royal right.

Or, if he sees a vision in the dawn,
Pale over peak and misty sward,
It flashes on a blade of battle drawn
Bright from the scabbard—Garibaldi's sword.





A PICTURE-RECORD of Events by Land, Sea and Air. Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON



WHAT HAS THE POST BROUGHT THIS TIME?—Arrival of the parcel-mail in a camp for German prisoners of war in England. The Hun prisoners who stand around look on with gloomy curiosity as the parcels are opened that a list of their contents may be made.

WITH THE SCOTS IN FRANCE

Valour and Sacrifice of the First "Contemptibles"

By NEIL MUNRO, LL.D.

The Famous Scottish Author and Special Correspondent

IT may be advisable, as an introduction to what I have to write of the Scots in France, to explain that my apparently exclusive interest in them implies no lack of appreciation of the worth and valour of our English, Irish, and Overseas troops. My official engagement this year in France was to write about the Scottish regiments primarily for Scottish readers at home, and it precluded any opportunity for dealing with the British Army as a whole, a task which would have been quite as agreeable to me.

Hardihood and valour are the monopoly of no single race in Europe, and it would be absurd to suggest that these very ancient virtues are in any sense peculiar, so far as the British Isles are concerned, to the natives of any particular part of them. All history, and especially the history of the past thirty-six months, should dispel any such illusion. The Cockney draper has displayed in Flanders, Artois, and Picardy as much loyal devotion, gallantry, craft, and humour as old d'Artagnan himself; what Irish we have had in our ranks have endured and died, if fate so decreed, with Píngalian heroism; Highland and Lowland, the Scots have proved as dour and indomitable as their own historians and romancers have always said they were; and the men who have rallied from over the seas to help the Motherland have amply proved that transplantation in no way impairs the race nor cools its old patriotic fires.

All Sons of One Empire

If I write specially about the Scots, it is because I was engaged to do so. There is not a single Scotsman among the War Correspondents at Press Headquarters, and if English readers feel sometimes that the Scots figure unduly in the reports, they cannot put the blame on national partisanship. England, as contributory of by far the largest number of troops to the great conflict, is, very naturally and properly, represented in the field by at least half a dozen admirable English journalists, whose graphic and impartial chronicles of the more stirring deeds of our soldiers from all parts of these islands and from the Overseas Dominions must satisfy every reasonable person who realises that war correspondence under modern conditions cannot, and dare not, for strategical reasons, direct any close and special attention to the individual achievements of shire, or race, or battalion. Yet, though we are all sons of the British Empire, with old national sentiments subordinate to our anxieties, elations, and aims as members of one great family, the Scottish, like the English, the Irish, the Canadians, Australasians, and South Africans, have naturally a special desire to know how it fares with their fellow-countrymen.

In deference to this "local feeling," as it may be called, special correspondents have, all along, accompanied to the field of war the various contingents from the Overseas Dominions, but not the Scots, Irish, nor Welsh. I am not a war correspondent; the immediate chronicle of battles is none of my affair, but in the absence of any other Scottish correspon-

dent with the Army, I have recently, for two periods, been invited to the front and given every facility to meet with those regiments massed now in Scottish Divisions and those others of the same race fighting side by side with English, Irish, or troops from overseas.

Days of Splendid Sacrifice

Some of those Scottish battalions I had met earlier in the war—in 1914, when, sparsely furnished with credentials and quite properly regarded with some distrust by British and French alike, I hung precariously on the fringes of war in Flanders, Picardy, and Champagne. It was after the Battle of the Marne, and the little British Expeditionary Force had just shifted to the north to stem the rush of the Germans towards the sea coast. They were, perhaps, the most anxious days of the war, for all of us—could we stand our ground at Ypres?

Our Army suffered poignantly in the previous two months. It was only pathetic surviving fragments of the Scots battalions that I saw. The Scots Greys, Scots Guards, Royal Scots, Black Watch, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Gordons, Argylls, K.O.S.B.'s, Seaforths, Camerons, and Cameronians had been at Mons, where, Von Kluck and Von Buelow leading them, the Germans poured down on the dangerously isolated little British line like a cataract, overwhelmingly superior in numbers and guns. During the days of dogged retreat that followed all these regiments lost many men, and two of them were particularly unfortunate. The 1st Gordons, ambushed on a dark night near the Sambre, had been practically all killed, wounded, or made prisoners. On 1st September, in a fierce encounter at Troyon, the 1st Camerons lost seventeen officers and over five hundred men; eleven days later the battalion headquarters was wrecked by an enemy shell, when five officers and thirty men were killed; no battalion suffered more heavily in the first two months of war. So far Britain was depending wholly upon her "contemptible little Army" of Regulars.

The Port of Many Dolours

The first Territorial corps I encountered was the London Scottish, hastily brought north from Paris, whose first attractions had begun to pall on them; how magnificently they acquitted themselves at Messines is known to everybody. Autumn was on the wane, and in the later days of October and early November, men, alas! fell like the woodland leaves. Before the German thrust through Ypres for the coast could be stopped effectively, at least 40,000 British casualties were recorded, and Scotland suffered her own share of them. The Royal Scots Fusiliers, who had landed in Flanders over 1,000 strong, were reduced to seventy men for a while, commanded by a subaltern. Whole battalions had virtually disappeared—the 2nd Royal Scots and the 1st Camerons (a fate which likewise befell the 1st Coldstreams and the 2nd Wiltshires). The Scots Guards and the 2nd Gordons had suffered terribly.

Boulogne, then our chief hospital base seemed a dreadful town—a port of many

dolours; the ebb and flow of battle sixty miles away reacted immediately on its wharves and railways, where the ambulance trains disloaded and the ambulance ships took up their melancholy freightage. The Boche advance towards Calais was foiled, but at a lamentable cost. I remember a Highland sergeant, newly from the trenches, wounded, ragged, wearied to the bone, yet with blazing eyes, saying to me, "Our sons will speak of Ypres! Well may they call it Ypres!" He was the first man of the ranks I had heard pronounce that baffling word correctly; no Highlander at least should err about it, for its sound is the sound of the Gaelic word for "sacrifice."

Sanguinary though the battling on the Yser was, and though our losses at the time seemed to put the ultimate strain on the nation's fortitude, we have, in the period that has elapsed since then, drunk many times deeper of the bitter cup of war without our endurance for a moment shaking or our confidence breaking down. The long-protracted struggle on the Somme involved sacrifices in which every part of the Empire shared, but the British Army has now attained a magnitude compared with which our gallant First Expeditionary Force would seem a trivial advanced guard.

Then—and Now

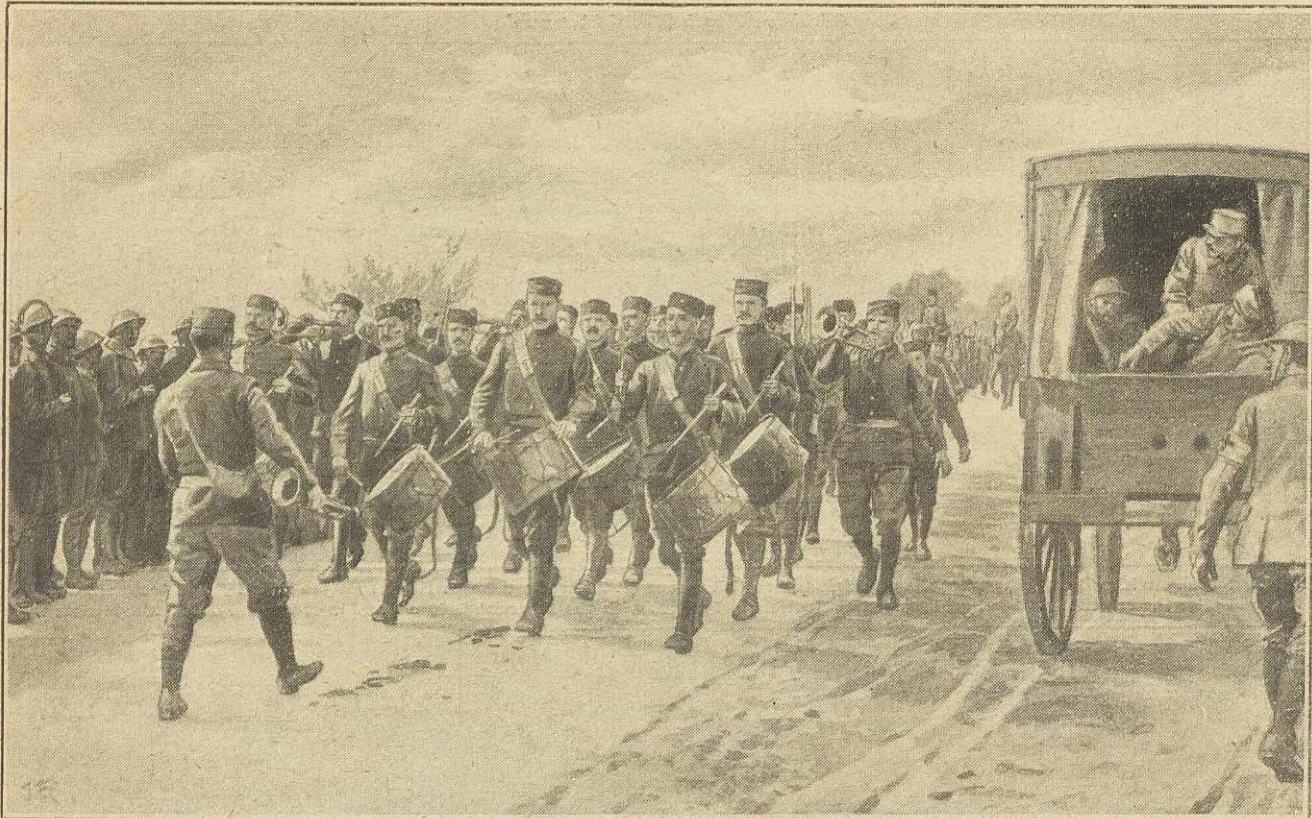
In 1914 and during the greater part of the following year the thin khaki line which so stubbornly held the Germans in check had practically no background of supporting troops and was inevitably but lamentably lacking in the munitions and material essential to a great Continental war. The British uniform was then to be seen, but in little patches here and there, and only immediately behind the firing-line. How great the change now, with all Northern France between St. Quentin and the flats of Flanders, and right back to the sea, a British camp, its towns and villages swarming with our troops, its roads by day and night congested with the traffic of material.

Of late I have seen in France as many Scottish infantry alone as there were of all arms of the service and the whole kingdom's troops in the First Expeditionary Force of 1914. Scotland is a thinly-populated country compared with England, and her regiments were proportionately inconspicuous to view until the New Army was rallied, and with the Territorials—now indistinguishable from the Regulars—thrown into action.

To-day the Scots are to a large extent massed in Scots Divisions which, by the way, are commanded by English generals, who are much more eloquent in their praises of their men than my national modesty will permit me to be in writing of them. The Scots are well content to have such good and gallant commanders; they could ask for no better, and if perchance they should sometimes feel for national sentiment's sake that even their divisional commanders should be born to the bonnet, they have the consolation of knowing that the Commander-in-Chief and the head of his Intelligence are Caledonians.

Next article:
"Where the Badge is the Bonnet."

Forward with Flying Colours and Martial Music



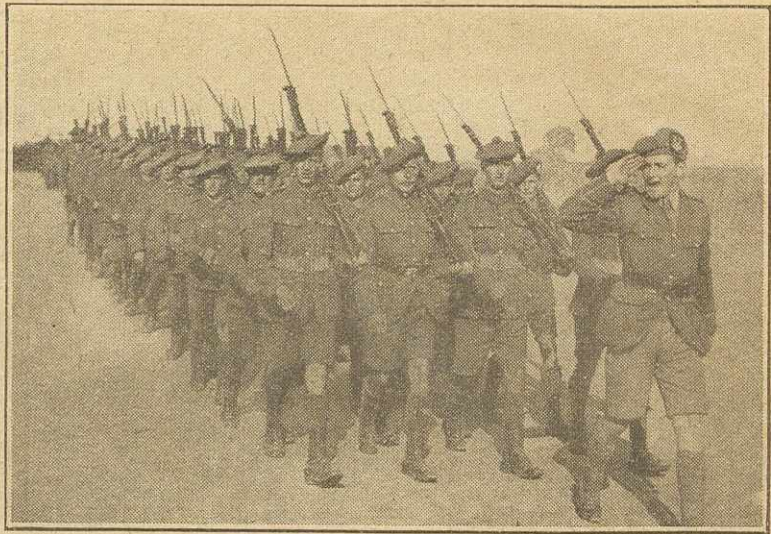
Drum and bugle band of the 8th Regiment of Algerian Tirailleurs. They were marching past General Petain during a review of the Algerian troops which the French Commander-in-Chief recently held on the Oise front.



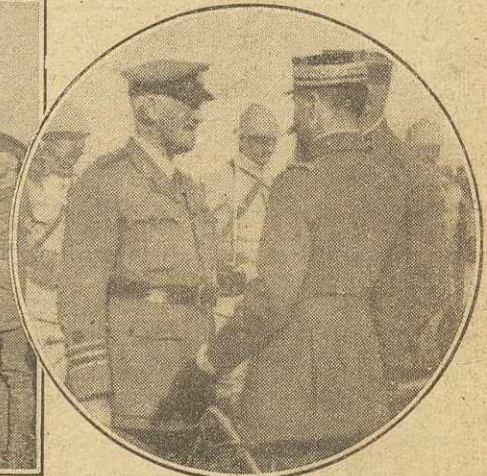
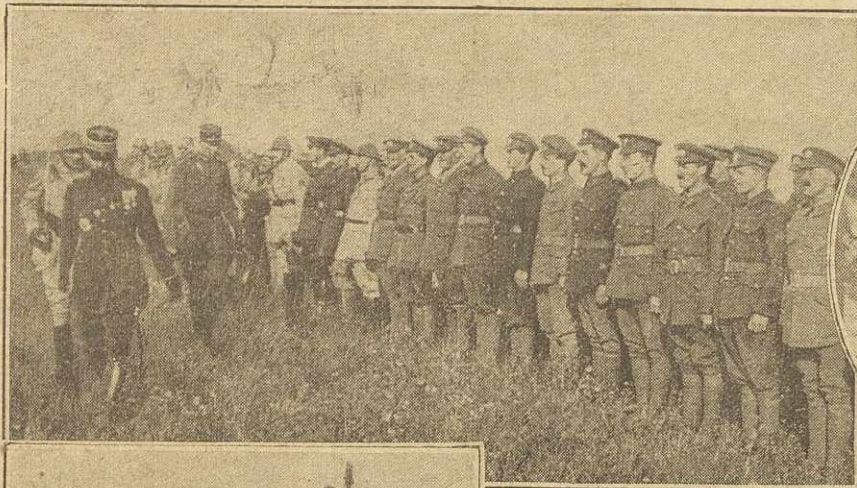
Men of a famous regiment of the Canadian Scottish on the western front marching forward with their colours flying and to the spirited and invigorating strains of their band of drums and pipes.

Gallant British Soldiers Decorated in France

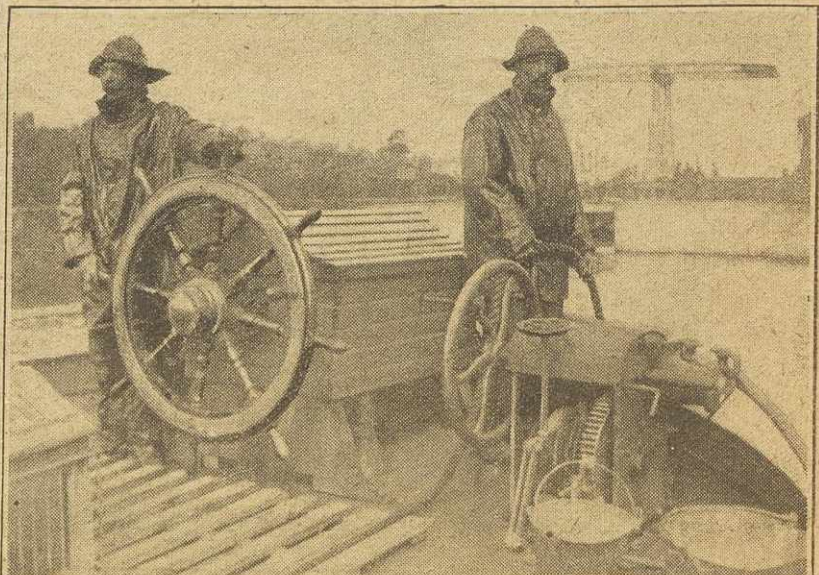
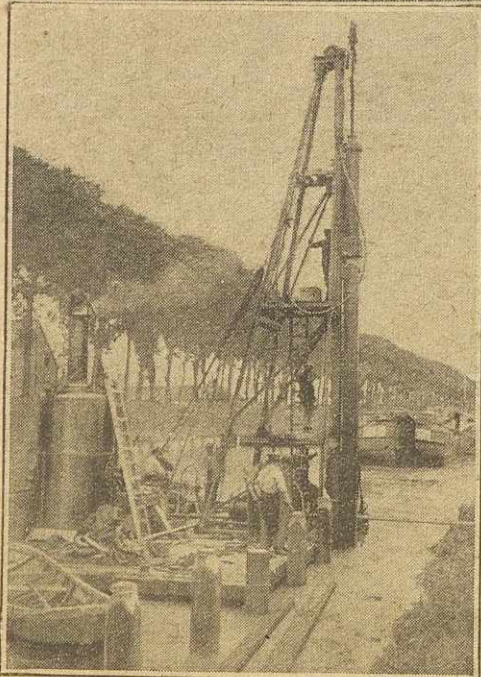
British and French Official Photographs



Lt.-Gen. Sir Ivor Maxse, K.C.B., presenting medals to Scottish troops on the western front. Right: "Eyes right!" The troops marching past after the ceremony. Sir Ivor has won distinction in France, with the Guards' Brigade and in command of the 18th Division.



General Gouraud bestowing the Cross of War on the officer, and (left) reviewing and decorating men of the British Red Cross with the French airmen at Verdun.



Building a wharf on a French canal. Right: British soldiers engaged in transport work on a barge. The elaborate canal system that covers France with a network of waterways has been invaluable to the transport service, and also to the French Army medical service.

Getting Used to War Conditions While in Camp



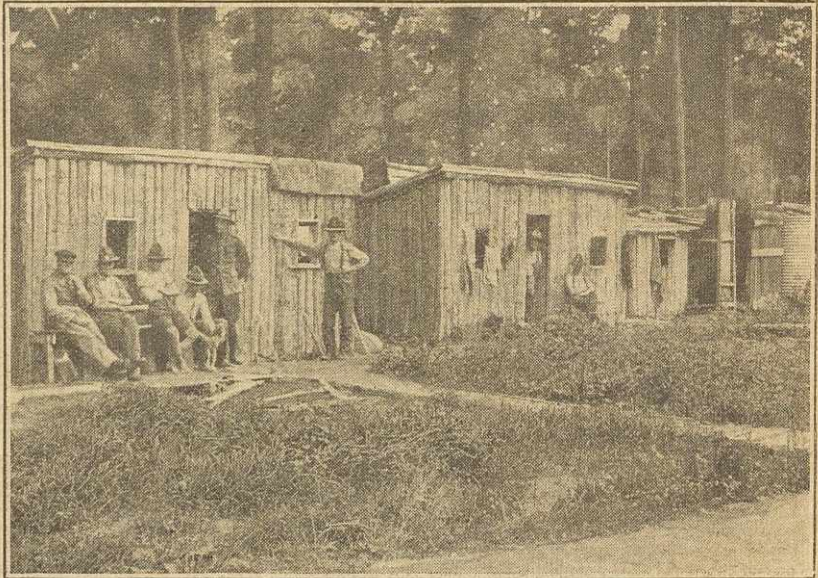
Canadian soldiers making a practice attack through gas and smoke during a series of "fighting competitions" that recently took place at one of the Canadian camps in England. The "practice" was done in conditions as near to those of actual fighting as could be achieved.



Firing rifle-grenades across into "dummy" trenches during the series of fighting competitions at a Canadian training camp in England. These competitions were carried out in most realistic fashion with bursting mines and smoke-bombs and all the din of modern warfare.

Axe and Spade Chime in the Orchestra of War

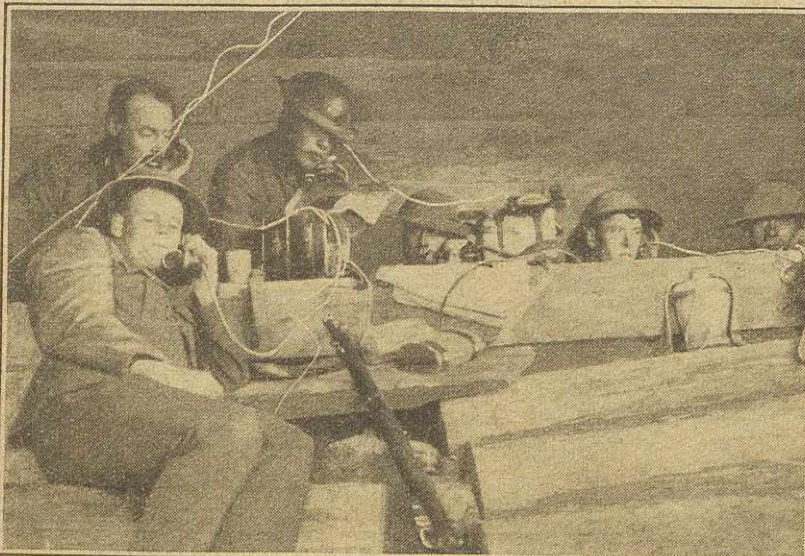
British and New Zealand Official Photographs



Log cabins in which the New Zealanders engaged on forestry work in France are living. Left: Two of the New Zealand foresters grinding their own axes.

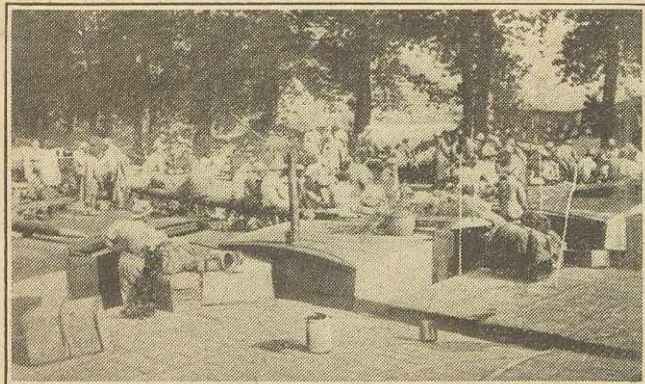


Men of the first American contingent to arrive in France at trench practice. Right: British soldiers and French "Poilus" working side by side on the Flanders battlefield.

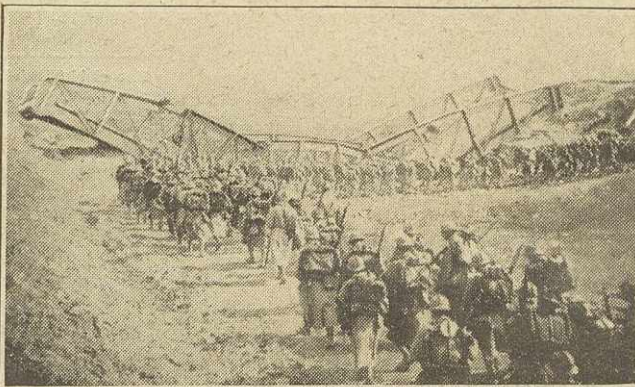
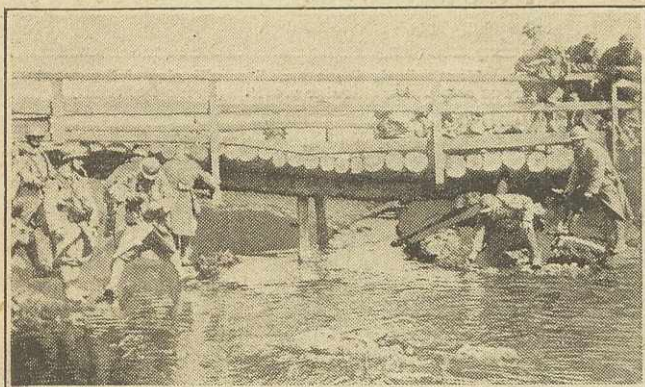


Within five hundred yards of the enemy and in one of his captured dug-outs British artillerymen transmit the orders of the observation officers altering the range for the batteries. Right: British soldiers trying on German armour taken in the Battle of Flanders.

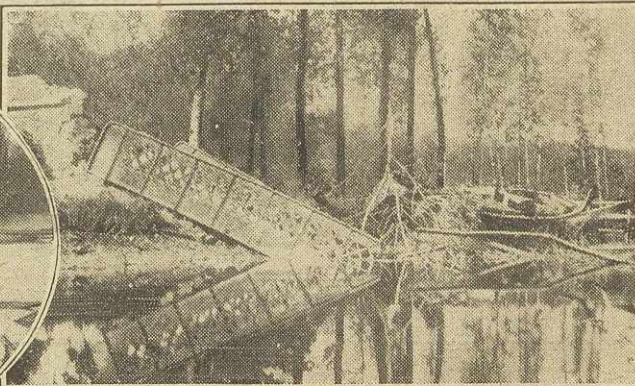
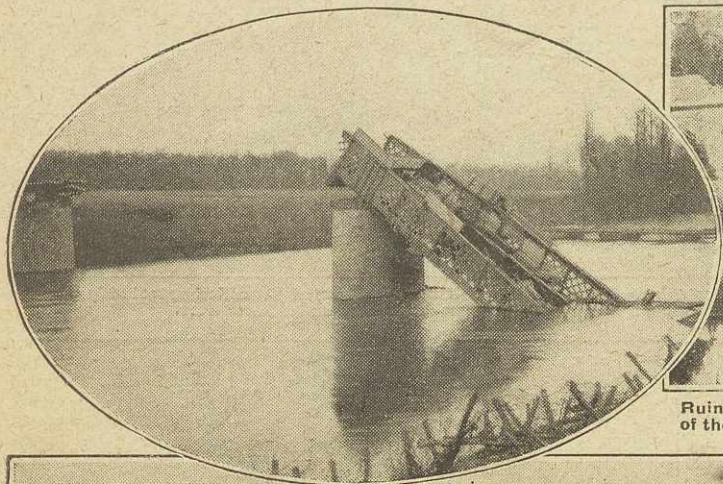
Rest Billets and Ruined Bridges of Oise and Aisne



Two picturesque views of barges on the Great Northern Canal in the Department of the Oise converted into quarters for French soldiers behind the lines. The houseboats on the quiet waterways of France form ideal rest billets for men worn out by long spells of fighting.



A temporary bridge over the River Oise, and (right) a column of French infantry marching alongside one of the bridges over the Great Northern Canal, destroyed in the course of the fighting in the shell-shattered area of Peronne.

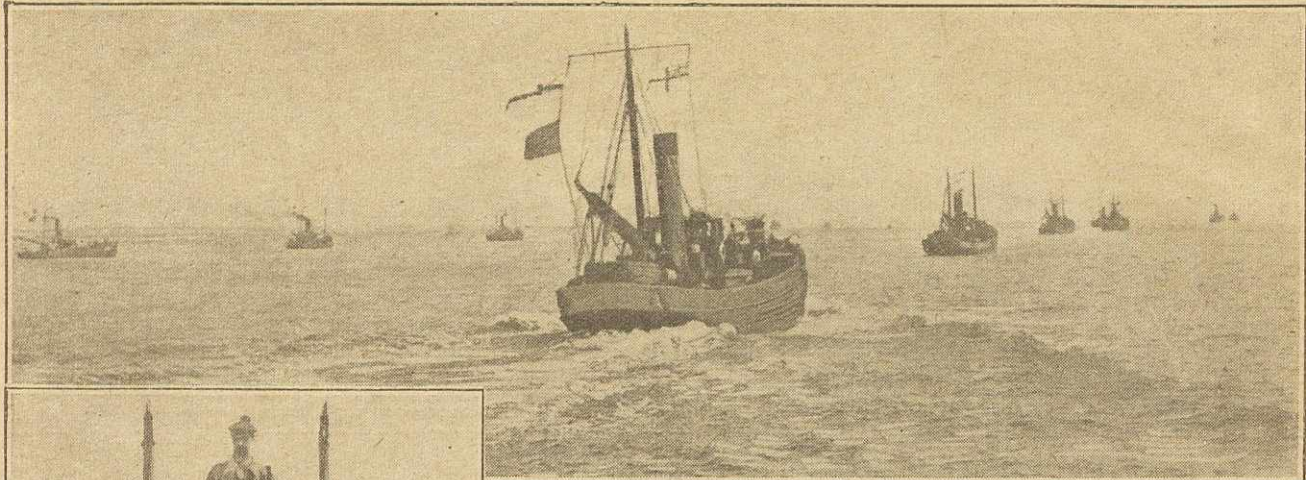


Ruins of the bridge over the canal at Vauxillon, near Laon, and (left) of the Venizel bridge, near Soissons, with a pontoon bridge beyond.

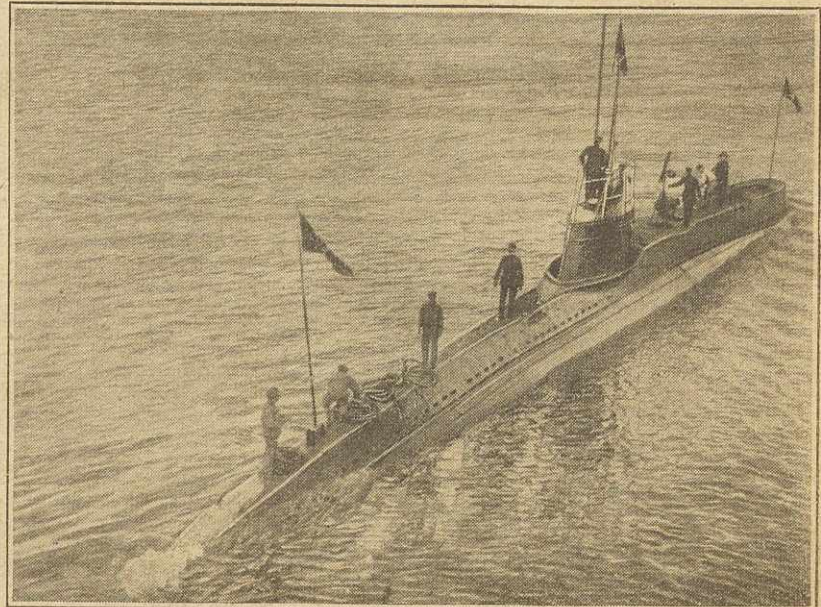
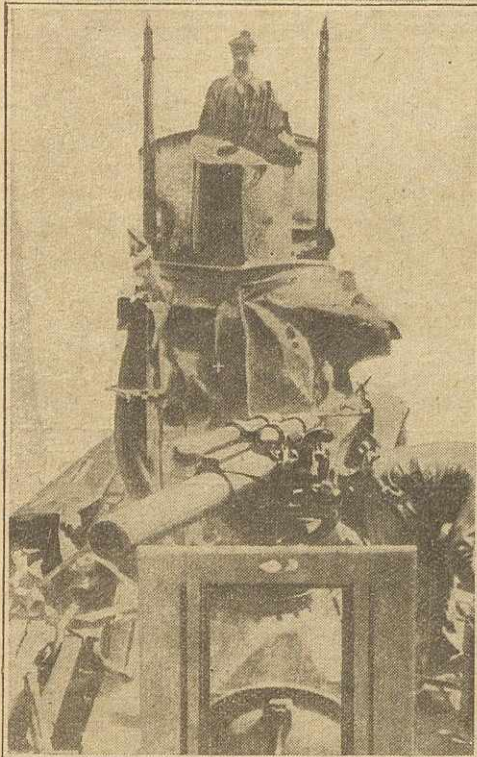


The central pier of another bridge over the Aisne, with a fragment of the ironwork still in position. The pity of all this destruction seems to be the utter needlessness of it. While justifiable according to military law, it failed to cause the delay which was its purpose.

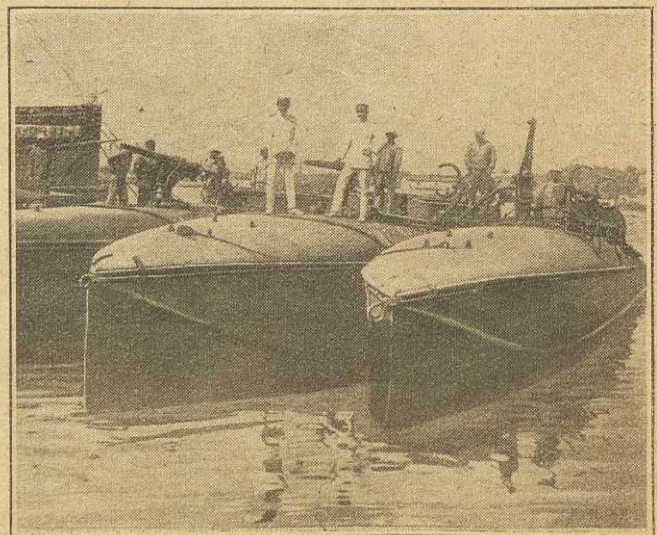
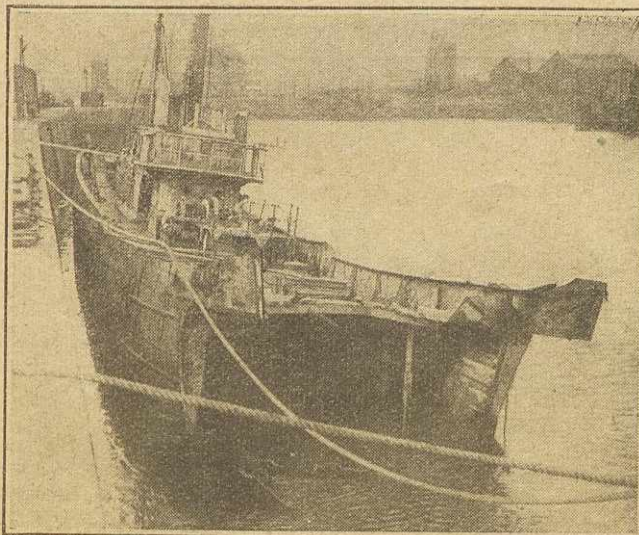
Captured U Boats and Some of their StrafERS



One of H.M. drifter fleets at sea. Unceasingly these small auxiliaries of the great Navy carry on their dangerous and unspectacular work. (British official.)



U61, which recently ran ashore near Calais in consequence of the damage received by shell fire from one of the allied patrol ships, and (right) Austrian submarine captured by the Italians, and now an effective unit of Italy's underwater fleet.



Trawler which had had its bows blown away as the result of striking a mine, but was yet brought safely to harbour. (British official photograph.) Right: Three of Italy's latest U boat chasers at Durazzo, armed, it will be observed, with swivel guns.

THE MYSTERY OF CORONEL

By Lovat Fraser

THE naval Battle of Coronel was fought off the coast of Chile in the evening of November 1st, 1914. It is still enveloped in mystery, which ought to be cleared up. There is no valid reason for silence about a conflict which occurred nearly three years ago.

The naval phase of the war is over, save for the struggle with the submarines, the maintenance of the blockade, and possible minor actions. It is now highly improbable that "The Day" will ever dawn. The German Fleet will almost certainly remain in its retreats, and its fate will be settled at the peace. If these beliefs are correct, the Admiralty might now tell the nation why the Battle of Coronel was fought and lost.

In the meantime, we can examine frankly the facts which have been made public regarding the action. When war began, Admiral von Spee was in command of the German Cruiser Squadron in the China seas, which was based on Tsingtau. The admiral himself was at the Caroline Islands with the twin armoured cruisers Scharnhorst (flagship) and Gneisenau, which each carried eight 8.2 in. guns. The light cruisers Leipzig and Nuernberg were on the west coast of Mexico, dabbling in revolution. The light cruiser Emden was at Tsingtau, whence she started to raid the Indian Ocean.

"A Converging Pursuit"

Von Spee had to reckon with the British China Squadron, the Australian Squadron (which included a swift Dreadnought), and with certain French warships, including the cruiser Montcalm, in the China seas. After August 24th he had to reckon with the Japanese Fleet also. There was no going back to Tsingtau, and from the outset he must have known that he was doomed. Yet he bombarded Papete, in the Society Islands, on September 22nd, and afterwards made for Easter Island, a lonely spot 2,800 miles from the coast of South America. On October 2nd the French Ministry of Marine stated that "the cruisers of the Allies" were pursuing him "across the Pacific," and this announcement is important, because it suggests that Von Spee was the object of a converging pursuit. By October 14th he had been joined at Easter Island by the Leipzig and the Nuernberg, and also by the Dresden, another light cruiser which came from the Atlantic.

Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock had meanwhile arrived in the South Atlantic with a squadron which eventually consisted of the armoured cruisers Good Hope (flagship) and Monmouth, the light cruiser Glasgow, and the armed liner Otranto. The Good Hope had a couple of 9.2 in. guns, but the main armament of both the armoured cruisers consisted of 6 in. guns. They were distinctly inferior in fighting power to the two principal German cruisers.

At the Falkland Islands, which at first he made his base, Cradock was joined by the battleship Canopus. The Canopus represents the first feature of the mystery. She carried four 12 in. guns, and to that extent was more than equal to tackling the Germans if well supported; but she was comparatively slow, and was certainly not a unit qualified to join in the chase of enemy cruisers. While Cradock was given the Canopus, the

really powerful and fast armoured cruiser Defence was left on the eastern coast of South America.

The whole composition of Cradock's squadron is a puzzle. Although it was known that Von Spee was his quarry, he was sent to meet him with a battleship which was too slow and a couple of armoured cruisers which were too weak.

Composition of Cradock's Force

There is only one conceivable explanation, and even that is inadequate. Cradock's force was possibly considered to represent part of a great converging movement, in which the Australian and Japanese and French ships, and perhaps some units of our China Squadron also, may have been participating. He might perhaps have been supposed to stand sentry over the Strait of Magellan and Cape Horn; but in that case he could hardly have relied upon the help of the Canopus, unless Von Spee elected to stop and give battle. It has to be remarked, however, that Von Spee was as ardent a fighter as Cradock himself.

The intentions of the Admiralty have never been disclosed; and Cradock certainly did not stay at the Strait of Magellan after he left the Falkland Islands. While Von Spee was secretly concentrating at Easter Island, far out in the Pacific, the Monmouth and the Glasgow were scouting up the western coast of South America as far as Valparaiso. On October 28th these two cruisers met Cradock in the Good Hope, and also the liner Otranto, off the coast of Chile. The rendezvous was apparently about one day's steaming south of Coronel.

By this time the Monmouth and the Glasgow were very short of coal and provisions, and they coaled and took in stores at the meeting-place. The Glasgow was then sent north again to Coronel to pick up letters and despatch telegrams, and she entered the port on October 31st. The rest of the squadron was to meet her off Coronel the next day. But meanwhile, where was the Canopus? Here we touch the second point of the mystery.

Why Did Not Cradock Wait?

The Canopus was somewhere off the Chilean coast, and it has been stated in letters published with official sanction that when the battle was fought she was only two hundred miles away. One well-informed narrative says her distance was a hundred and fifty miles. Where was she on October 31st? The indications are that some time or other on that day she must have reached the original meeting-place, where she doubtless proceeded to coal as the rest had already done.

In any case, Cradock started north from the meeting-place without her. An account published only last August says that the captain of the Canopus "implored the admiral to wait for him before risking an engagement." Why was it that Cradock did not wait? That is the third point of the mystery. The Admiralty plainly meant him to go into action with the Canopus. In a statement issued four days after the action, they said that the Canopus "had been specially sent to strengthen Admiral Cradock's squadron, and would have given him a

decided superiority." The only suggestion I can make is that Cradock hurried on ahead because he feared that Von Spee might escape him. But what of the supposed converging movement?

We have, then, if these assumptions are correct, Cradock starting north to meet the Glasgow near Coronel somewhere about the time when the Canopus presumably came to the earlier meeting-place to take in coal. What happened afterwards is known to the whole world. Towards the end of October, Von Spee had left Easter Island, and he was at Valparaiso on October 31st, when he must have learned that the Glasgow had entered Coronel. He steamed south at once.

The Glasgow left Coronel at 9 a.m. on November 1st, rejoined Cradock, who was moving on the enemy, and by 5 o'clock that afternoon the two opposing squadrons were in sight of each other. Cradock's signals show that he desired to attack soon after 6 o'clock, but the enemy kept their distance until the sun had set, by which time they had the British ships silhouetted against the afterglow. The battle began at 7 o'clock.

A Point for Inquiry

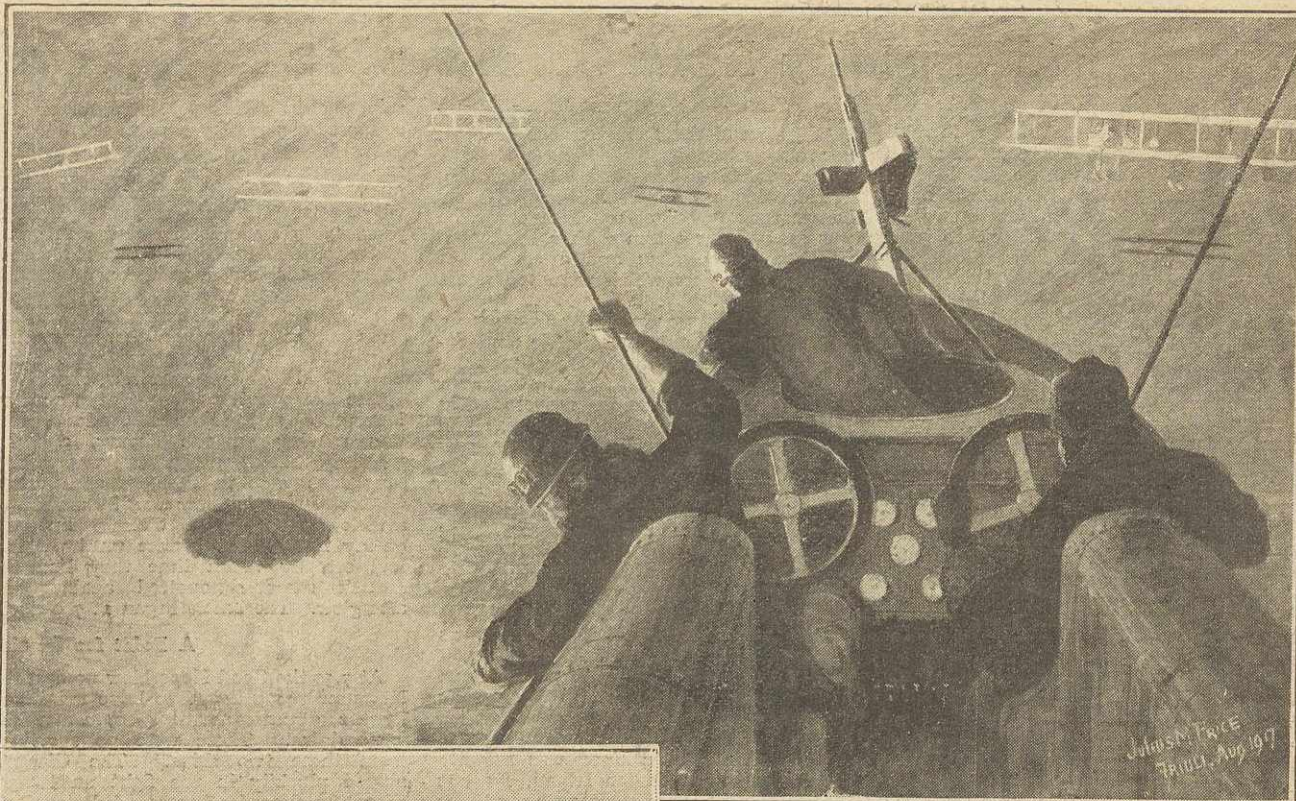
At 7.50 the Good Hope blew up, but the Monmouth is believed to have fought on in the darkness until 9.20, when she went down. There were no survivors from these two ships. The Glasgow stayed pluckily in the fight until 8.30, when she cleared off to avoid destruction. The liner Otranto had naturally made herself scarce when the battle began.

We have asked why Cradock did not wait for the Canopus, but the fourth point of the mystery is why he persisted in engaging the enemy under conditions so unfavourable to himself. The point is not a matter for criticism here, but rather for inquiry. During the long weeks of waiting, Cradock's views and intentions doubtless became known to the commanders of the ships which survived. He was a man of extraordinary gallantry and daring, but he must have had reasons which seemed to him sufficient.

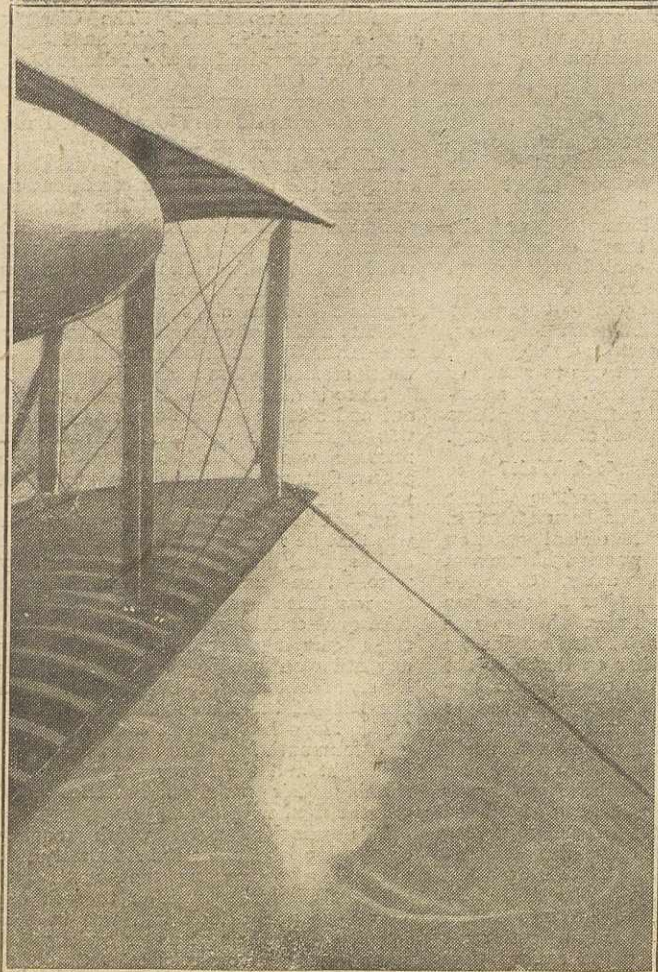
There is no doubt that Cradock sought out and attacked Von Spee, and that he was eager to do so. His last published message was a wireless signal to the absent Canopus, sent at 6.18 p.m., which read: "I am going to attack the enemy now." One suggestion afterwards made was that he may not have considered the odds against him to be so heavy as they were. Some naval experts held before the war that ships plentifully armed with 6 in. guns could render a good account of ships carrying heavier guns if they engaged closely enough. The theory is hardly tenable to-day, but it never had a fair trial at the Battle of Coronel. The Good Hope had sixteen 6 in. guns and the Monmouth fourteen, but owing to the bad light and the heavy sea which was running their maindeck batteries could only be fired with difficulty.

The principal point which requires elucidation is whether the Admiralty had planned a converging movement, and whether Cradock's decision to seek out Von Spee and attack him was in conformity with their plans or a departure from them. Five weeks later Cradock's defeat was gloriously avenged by Admiral Sturdee in the Battle of the Falkland Islands, when Von Spee met his doom.

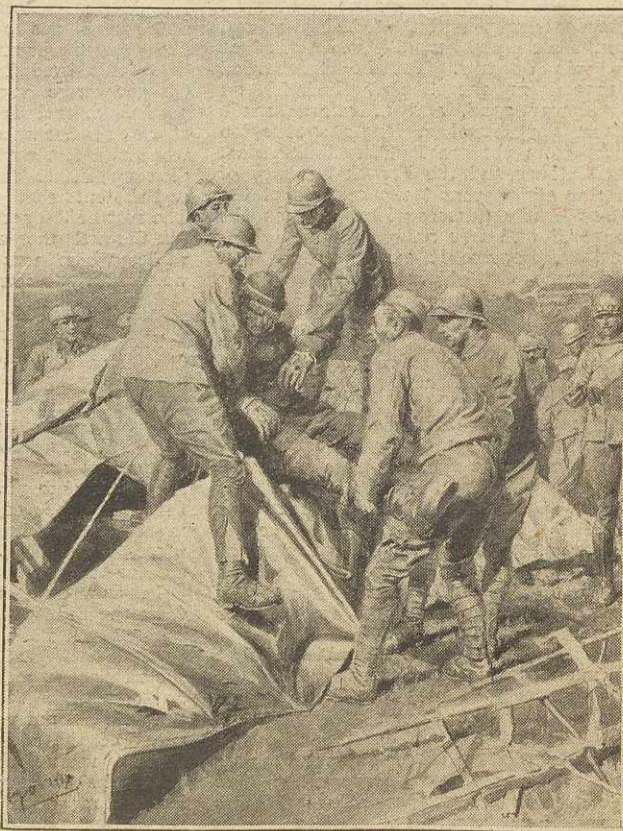
Lights and Shades of the War in the Air



Remarkable night air raid on Pola by Italian aviators, when fourteen tons of explosives were dropped on the Austrian naval base and arsenal. With a brilliant parachute light (left of the picture) the airmen got clear views of their objectives and stupefied the enemy.

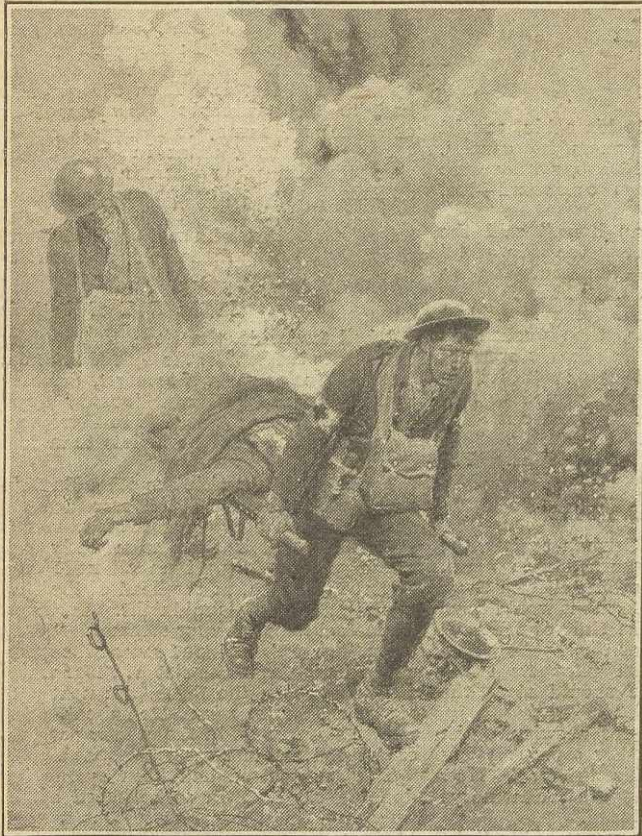


French air raid behind the enemy lines on the western front, where a German ammunition depot has been set on fire.

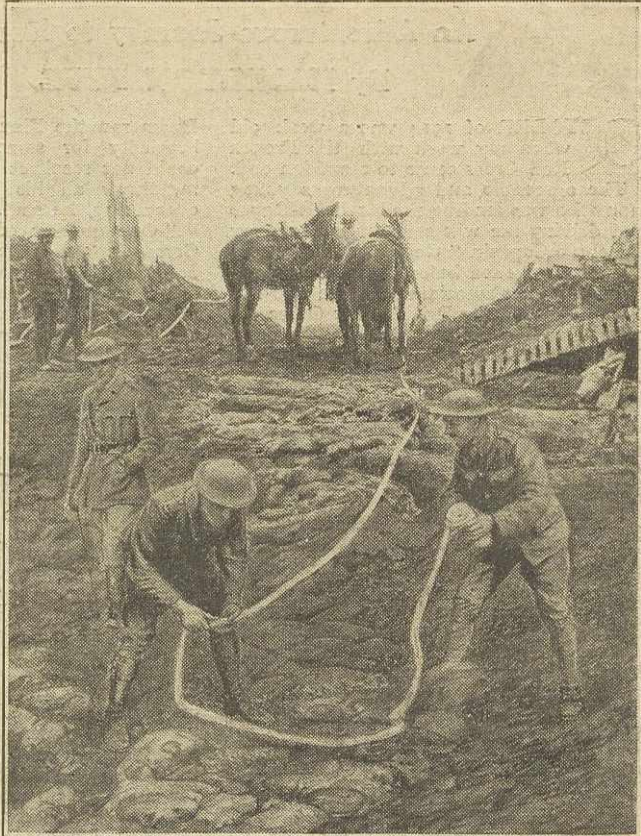


German aeroplane winged and brought down on the western front. French soldiers are removing the injured aviator from the debris.

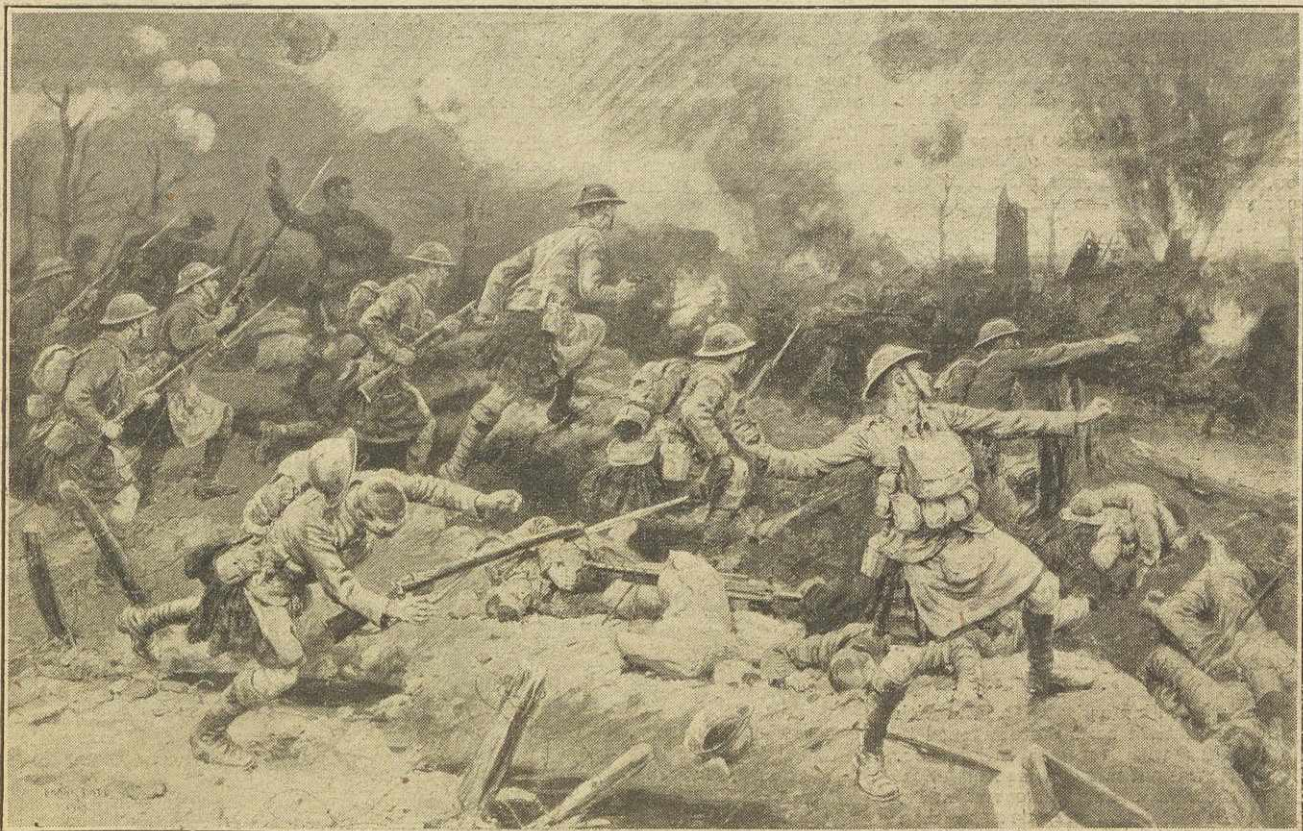
Succour, Security & Heroism on the Western Front



Stretcher-bearers bringing in a wounded man through a barrage fire on the western front, the only living souls visible in the inferno.



Taping out a road to be remade through what was once a prosperous French village—the first business of the reconquering army.



Near Ypres a Highland regiment was held up at a ruined brick factory bristling with machine-guns. A message was sent to the artillery, who plastered the works with high explosive, sending the bricks flying, whereupon the Scotsmen stormed the position.

OFF AFTER THE "STEAM-ROLLER"

An Adventurous Journey to Russia

By HAMILTON FYFE

OCTOBER of 1914 was a week old when my work with the French Red Cross came to a sudden end.

The agreeable and adventurous young man who was lending me his Rolls-Royce and driving me was solemnly warned by the same Captain "Goldschmidt" whom I have mentioned before, that it was unwise for him to associate with one who was "wanted" by the British War Office. I crossed to England to find another car. An hour after I reached London I was under orders to go to the Russian front.

I went to the office straight from the station.

"How soon can you get your kit together and be off?" the editor asked me.

"Is it urgent?"

"It is."

"Three or four days. Getting my passport will take all that, I expect."

In five days I was off.

"Vonderful vedder," said the captain, looking out over a grey desert of water with scarcely a heave in it. "Seldom do I remember the North Sea such in October month."

"Neither do I, too," corroborated the first officer. And then he added quietly, "Too good for dose dam German submarines."

Like all real seafaring men, these two hated the new scientific method of sea-fighting. Like all Norwegian sailors, they took sides with us.

An Eerie Crossing

"What madness made you barter away Heligoland, made you give it away for a pestilent strip of scorching Africa?" A Scandinavian acquaintance asked me the question, standing on deck by my side. I had no reply to give him. "You English!" he said. "You are *too* honest. You do not believe people mean to rob you, even when you find their hands in your pockets. To be so honest as you are does absolutely not pay."

For all we saw as we crossed that grey desert of water there might have existed no state of war in the North Sea. We knew that the British Navy made it safe for us. We knew that not far off there were active scouts hunting, swift cruisers patrolling, battleships cleared for action moving slowly and vigilantly round. We had the sense of them with us all day, and we woke in the night to look out of port-holes for some huge bulk floating near by. It was a strange, eerie feeling this, of unseen monsters keeping watch, ready to tear and rend. In the wireless cabin we could hear them ceaselessly talking to one another. Click-click, click-click-click—their language unknown, even to the Marconi operator. But it gave one comfort to know they were talking, moving night and day in concert, telling each other what they knew.

There was a Finn on board, a Finn with a fine old Scottish name, who listened to the wireless with especial satisfaction. The Baltic was not safe like the North Sea. He had been in a Russian steamer on the Baltic. At midnight there was a shouting. Out of the darkness came a voice, "We are Germans. We are coming aboard!"

Down ran the Finn to his cabin, sought hurriedly for some papers he carried, could not recollect which bag they were in, threw all his bags overboard—lost everything, he said.

"One quarter of an hour," said the Germans, "then we blow the ship up!" Imagine the scene—the scurrying to dress, to fill hand-bags. "Five minutes more!" Haste became frenzy. At last all were in the boats, then packed on board a destroyer. A dull roar, a spurt of flame! End of that ship! "Civilisation!" My Finn friend seemed to bite the syllables off and spit them out. He laughed—not merrily, but bitterly. "To this has civilisation brought us. The mania to destroy!"

Heroism of a Finn

Taken on board a German cruiser, the passengers from the burned ship found forty Englishmen there, seized from three British vessels. The Germans would have liked to steam into the Gulf of Finland and bombard a town or two. They suggested to the Finnish pilot from the Russian ship that he should steer the cruiser into the gulf.

"Do you take me for a swine?" he asked in anger. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" How the old Bible phrase rings in the memory! The Germans threatened.

"You can shoot me if you like," he said, "but you cannot shoot what is in me here." And he struck his breast, where his great heart beat more quickly than usual, but unconquered, unafraid.

They did not shoot him, but they set him to dig potatoes at Danzig, and when they let the other Finns go, because they aimed at setting Finland against Russia, they kept him digging still.

"Chivalry gone along with civilisation," growled the Finn who was with us.

From Bergen, where we landed (one of the places scarcely heard of before the war which have since become known to every newspaper reader), the train took me over the mountains to Christiania. A few hours in that neat, compact, self-conscious little capital; a night's journey to Stockholm. All that was straightforward and simple. Then the question had to be answered: How was I to continue my journey to Petrograd?

I wanted to embark in one of the steamers still plying across the Baltic, and reach my destination in twenty-four hours. The British Consul, kind and fatherly, would not hear of this. I should probably be caught, he said, and sent to Danzig to dig potatoes.

In the Gulf of Bothnia

I had to decide, therefore, to travel by train up to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, cross the narrows in a steamer, drive to railhead in Finland, and journey down the opposite side of the Gulf to Petrograd. This could not be done in less than four days.

Luckily I fell in with two other Englishmen—one a diplomat, the second a sea captain—both having urgent business in Russia. We left Stockholm early one evening. We dragged on all next day, and got to Lulea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, towards midnight. Anxiously we looked about for our steamer. "Over there," we were told, and saw at the quayside a boat about the size of those which ply in Paris on the Seine, not nearly so big as a Thames penny steamboat. She was to start at six in the morning with a crowd of Russian reservists aboard.

The sea captain had been eyeing her doubtfully. As soon as he heard of the reservists, he asked if there was a hotel in the place.

"You don't think we'd better try the boat?" asked the diplomat.

"I certainly do not," was the sea captain's reply.

He explained that squatting on deck for eight hours would be hideously uncomfortable, and if a southerly wind blew there would be danger as well.

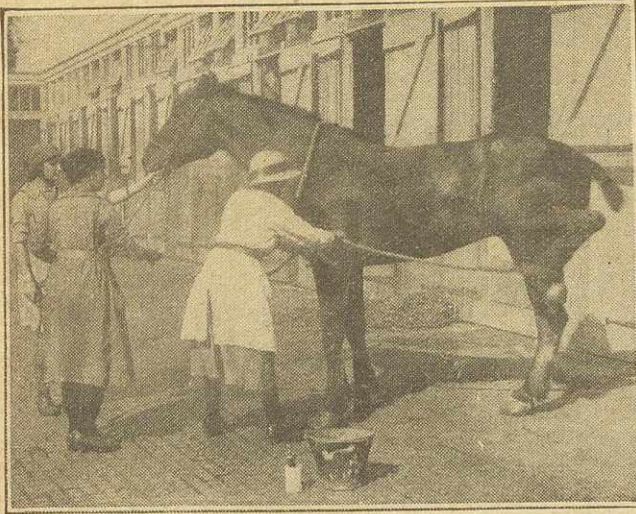
We walked dejectedly into the clean little Swedish town to grope for the hotel.



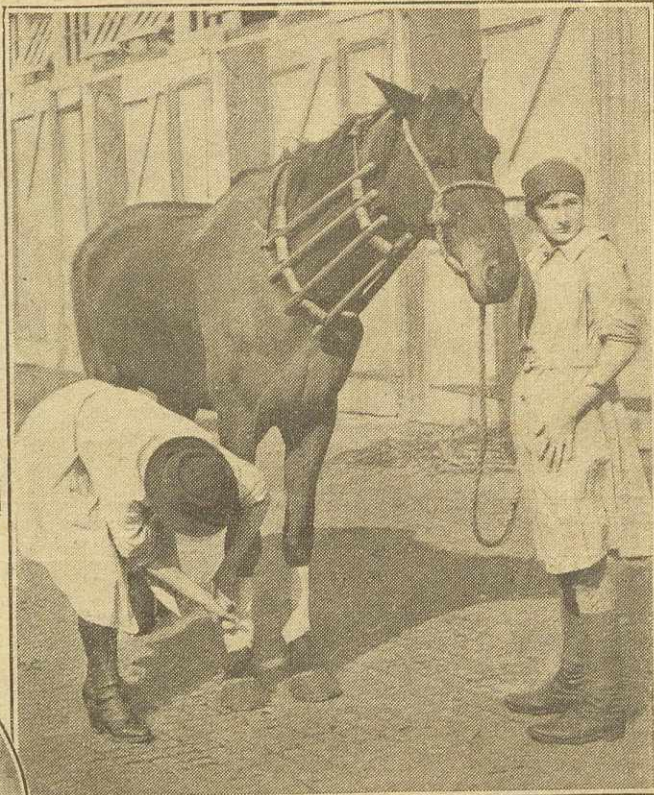
M. KERENSKY ON A VISIT TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT.—M. Kerensky, seated near the centre with forefinger raised, with a typical group of Russian officers and soldiers.

Women's Splendid Work as Veterinary Surgeons

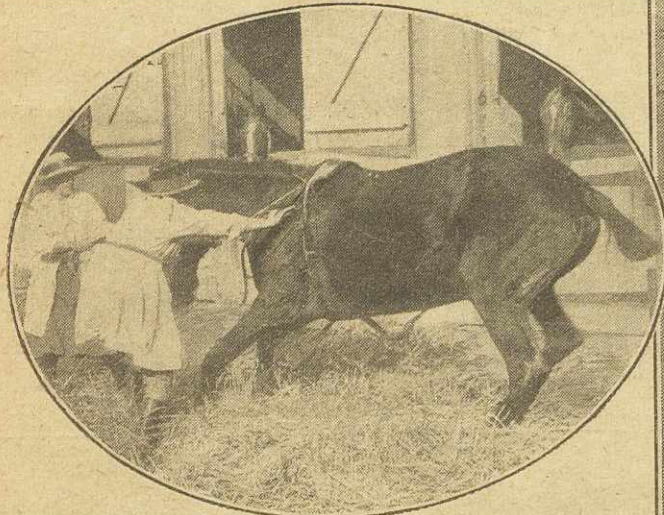
British Official Photographs



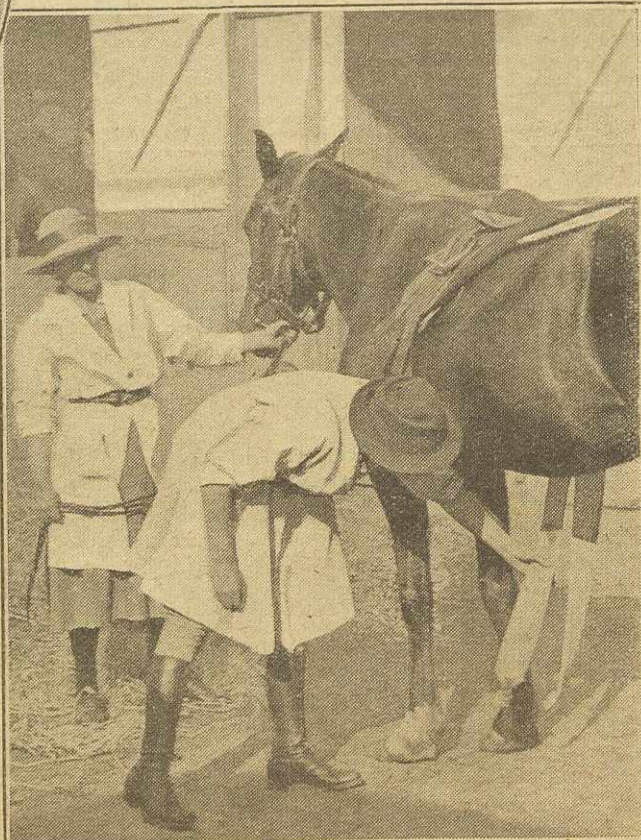
Playing for safety before commencing surgical treatment. How a woman vet. deals with a kicking horse.



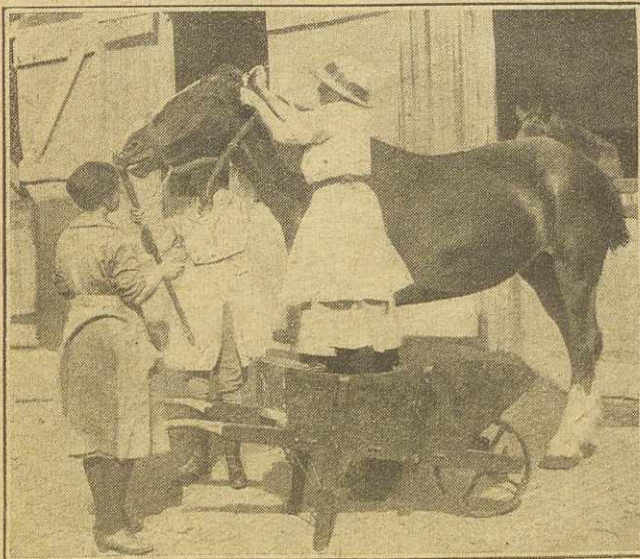
Treating and bandaging strained hocks. The "collar" prevents the patient from nibbling at and disarranging the bandages.



"Throwing" a horse, a task which calls for the employment of considerable knack as well as strength.



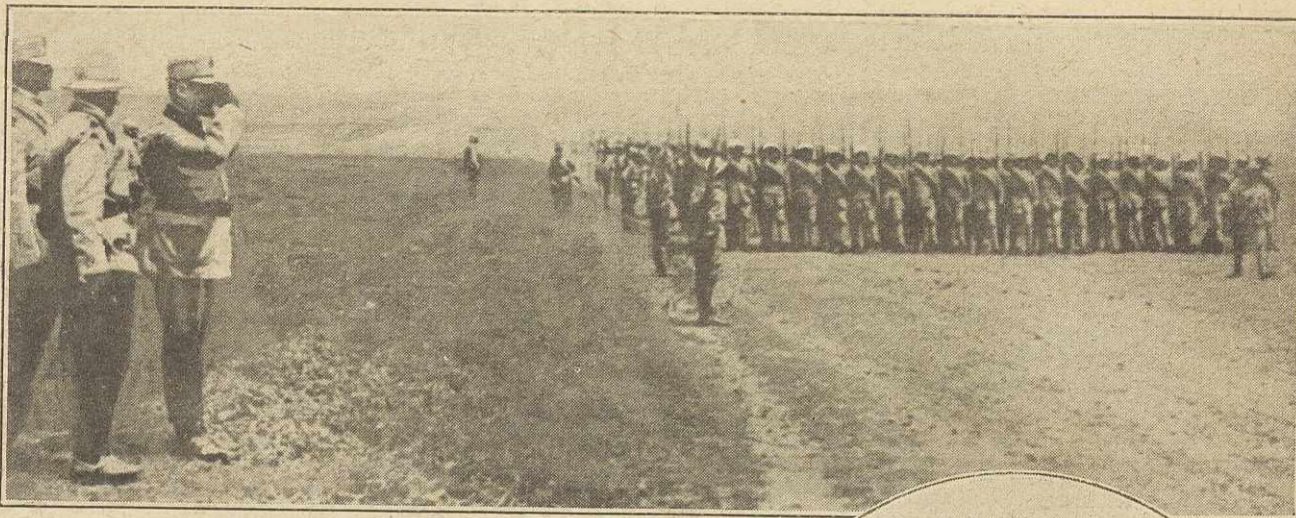
Saddling up preparatory to giving a convalescent patient gentle exercise. Women vets. have proved remarkably successful.



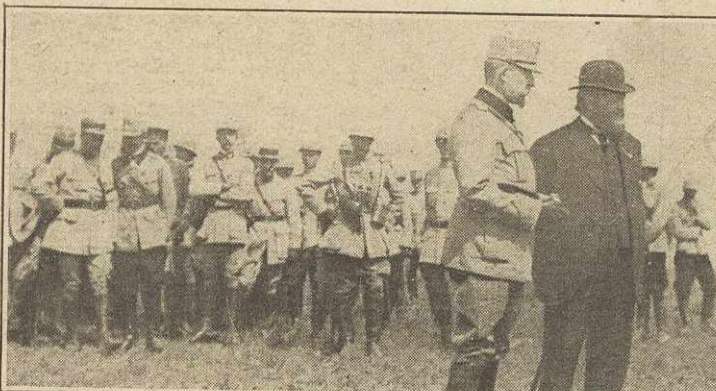
To reach the head of her tall equine patient the woman vet. finds the stable barrow a useful aid.

Rumania's Renovated Forces Take the Field

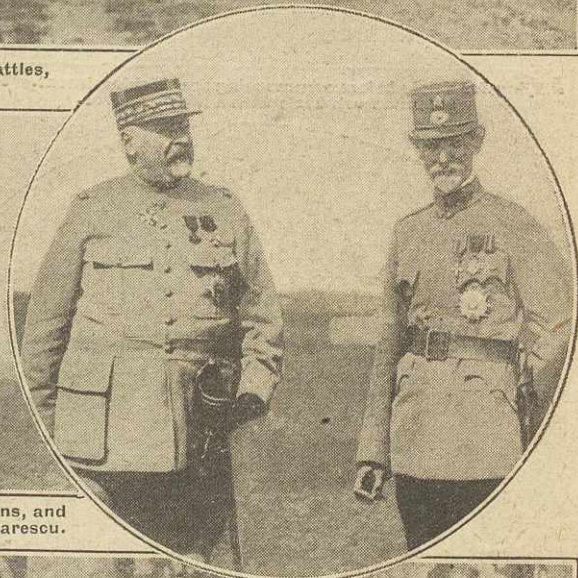
French Official Photographs



Rumanian troops, which recently have been engaged in a series of heroic battles, passing in review before the King of Rumania.



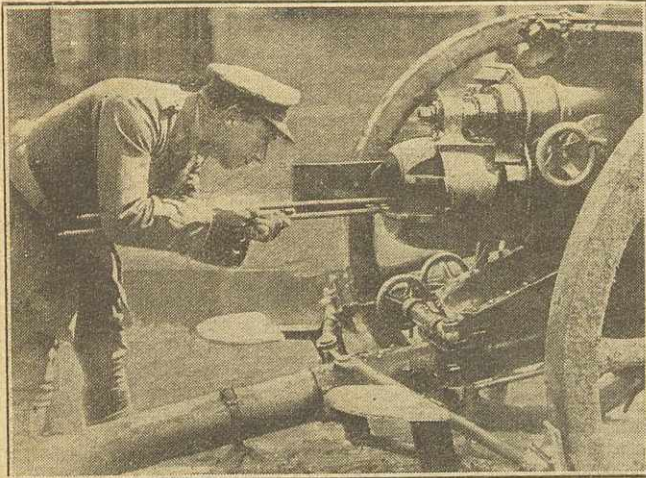
King Ferdinand of Rumania, with M. Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, and (right) General Berthelot, at the head of the French Mission, with General Avarescu.



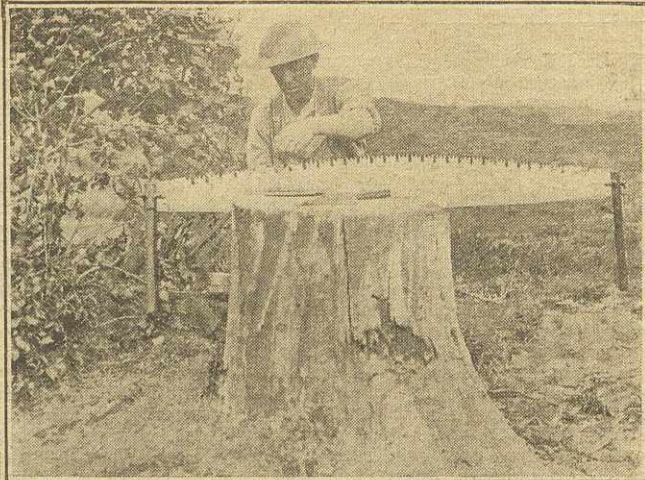
The King of Rumania (left), with the Crown Prince Carlos, saluting their brave troops as they march past. In the centre is General Avarescu, the brilliant commander of the Rumanian armies, with officers of the French Mission on the Rumanian front.

Little Episodes in the Great Adventure

British and Canadian Official Photographs



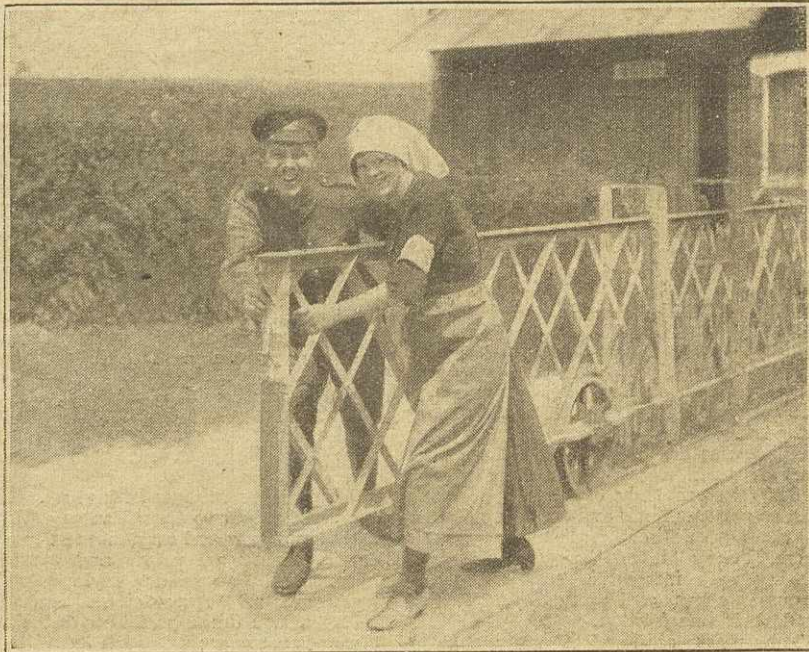
An expert of the A.O.C. examining a damaged gun in an ordnance workshop on the western front before proceeding to operate upon it.



Canadian Pioneer setting a saw for use in felling timber in the neighbourhood of Vimy Ridge.



This baby was treasured as a mascot by British soldiers within eight miles of the German lines.



One of the boys giving a helping hand to Yvonne, the keeper of the gate at a level-crossing near the Canadian lines.



Canadian in charge of a water-tank in a dangerous corner asks a comrade to turn the tap that he may get a drink.



Taking a peep through the port-hole of his dug-out—a fairly snug and safe retreat, one would suppose, from prying observation.

BOY PIRATES OF LONDON

THE NEW ENGLAND:
A SOCIAL REVOLUTION—VIII.

By Harold Ashton

THERE is no philosopher subtle enough to be able definitely to analyse the sort of stuff we are fashioning for the next generation. Our community is a whirling cockpit; upon the floor of it already our young cockerels are strutting, sharpening their spurs and crowing with shrill, rooster energy.

The underworld of London swarms with these mischievous sprites. To deal with them is a problem as difficult as any U-boat equation. They are india-rubber imps; squeeze them as you may with the finger of law and order, the moment the pressure is relaxed they will reshape to the old form, as bad as ever—if not worse—for the nip. It is the ancient story of the puppy running riot when the hound is away. To-day, scores of thousands of London children are literally at a loose end and out of hand. Heaven knows what these young ragamuffins will grow into if the war lasts much longer.

Would-be Desperadoes

I was talking the other day on this subject with a London police-court missionary who has made a special study of juvenile crime in the metropolis. "The problem is a perpetual nightmare to us," said he.

The Juvenile Courts, which were established some years ago for the purpose of dealing simply and solely with young offenders, began well and promised great things. Malefactors of tender age, caught red-handed in some dreadful crime and carried, kicking, to the new court of summary jurisdiction, were (at first) frightened almost to death by the majesty and the terror of their surroundings. But they speedily discovered that the law was not such a terrible thing in their case, after all; that the awful luxury of hanging was denied to them unless they were over sixteen; and that if they were under fourteen they could not be even sent to prison. Their evil deeds, published in their special court, made heroes of them. Penny "bloods" and the Pictures, blazing with impossible cowboys, monstrous murders, and picturesque pirates, fired their imagination.

The most avid of these would-be desperadoes, but recently breeched, and in the early stages of the multiplication table, were too young and tender for the exacting duties of errand-service, but old enough to become Pirate Kings and Corsairs of the Main, and members of blood-curdling secret societies and criminal coteries with ensanguined names.

Rise of the Boy

Of course, these games had been played before, from time immemorial. Every English boy, worthy the breed, has corsair blood in him, with a flavouring of Robin Hood to spice the mixture. His stock was, you may be sure, akin to the old, highly-disreputable British families of the Shepards and the Turpins and the Morgans. It may have been watered down by generations of counter-servitude, and multitudinous annoying tasks of slavery, rewarded pro rata, by the magnificent sum of three shillings and sixpence per week, desperately long hours—and no "pickings"; but it was so deeply planted that nothing could dig it out.

When universal upheaval came, the earthquake that turned us all upside down sent the atom Boy spinning up, and up, and up, and made a complete and terrorising Man of him, landing him on his feet at an elevation where his wildest dreams had never placed him. And here he complacently surveyed the world, chuckling monarch of it. He became dictator. He was no longer a drudge with a dusty broom and an inky face for trade-mark, kicked up and down stairs at the whim of anybody and everybody. In the City he became suddenly and gorgeously precious—gilt-edged in his precocity.

You will find him to-day wearing glittering jewellery, lemon-tinted spats, wrist-watches with illuminated dials, flaunting heavily embossed silver cigarette-cases with gold-tipped contents, and—last and most magnificent of all—in the luxurious possession of a tender-souled damsel who wings him twice or thrice a week upon love's pinions to the Pictures or other cheapish rallying-spots for joy and revel.

My friend the missionary told me some alarming things about these suddenly emancipated youths. Home is nothing to them. Their mothers cannot do anything with them; they simply leave them to their adventures. All the money they make they spend in nonsensical frivolities and "riotous living," false heroics and swagger.

The other evening I spent a couple of hours wandering up and down the neighbourhood of the Tottenham Court Road. "A look round there will open your eyes," said the missionary. It did.

Unhealthy Atmosphere

The picture palaces were all full, and a very large percentage of the audiences were composed of these callow youths, revelling in extravagant nonsense. There are rival shows to the pictures which in their turn draw and fascinate the juvenile crowd. They are penny and twopenny halls, variously named "Joyland," "Entertainments," "Amusements," and so on. These, also, I found packed with the same class of customer; the stuff ladled out to them was all unhealthy tosh and trifle. Before the war, once a week was the limit of indulgence in this sort of thing open to the young pleasure-seeker. He can afford it—and does afford it—now, every night. Squire of dames, he escorts the lady of his choice to share with him his cheap delights. And that's the way the money goes. The atmosphere of these places is more than unhealthy; it leads to all manner of unpleasant, and sometimes criminal, byways.

The bad effect is cumulative. The poison spreads, and travelling down to a lower strata there you find it. Glittering, gad-about youth sets an example to the very small boy—the younger brother of our modern Artful Dodger. It is somewhat comical when you first run across it; but getting to the bed-rock of the whole amazing business, tragedy swamps comedy, and you cannot help wondering where on earth all this is going to lead to. Imagine, if you can, a hardened burglar, a cultivated cracksman, of eleven years of age! Pirates at nine! Accomplished pillagers of Army property at seven! The police

have allowed me to have a peep at some of their records in juvenile precocity. I can hardly believe them. But the cold, official language of their presentment establishes the actuality of them beyond all doubt.

As an illustration of the dreadful wickedness of the small boy, I will tell you the story—a perfectly true story—of the Seventeen Pirates of Regent's Park. It took weeks to scuttle them.

Like most knights of the broad arrow, the seventeen began in quite a small way. They were originally tiddler fishers. But there has always been an alluring piratical atmosphere about Regent's Park, with its gloomy Cimmerian Canal winding its way in ooze and mud to a mysterious land of creeks and crocodile-haunted fastnesses beyond. Here, in spite of the choking mud, the fattest tiddler in the metropolitan area has been known to succumb to the lure of Bill and his crew.

But the arrival of the close season, when trout and tiddlers are alike respected, put an end to the activities of the apostolic seventeen; and, rambling about the Park on a loose end, they came across the Army Post Office, and marked it down for easy prey.

Infant "Corsairs" Captured

They were out of a job; they had no ship; they flew no Jolly Roger, and they had no complete pair of trousers among them. But they knew that every day parcels of luscious stuff were sent off from the Park post-office to our soldiers across the sea.

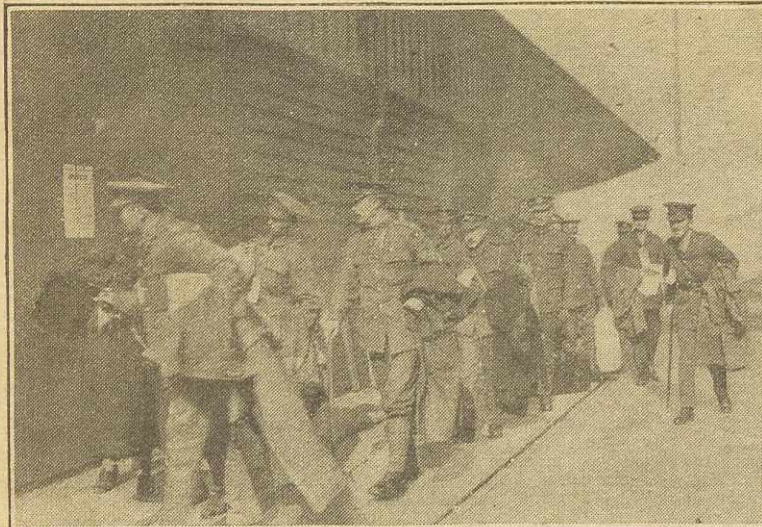
They waited for the vans to be loaded up, and in ones and twos they followed them into the desperate, uncharted seas of the Tottenham Court Road. Here they would stay for a temporary hold-up of the traffic, during which one of the pirates would jump up behind, crawl under the lorry tarpaulin, and lie snugly under cover until the opportunity presented itself of nipping; out with the loot. An unhappy accident gave the game away. In the middle of Tottenham Court Road one of the drivers observed an unusual bulge in the tarpaulin, and imagining a parcel had broken adrift, he raised the flap to adjust it, and laid his hand, in a moment, on the seat of the trouble—the patched pantaloons of one of the pirate crew. It turned out, alas! to be Bobtailed Ben. Bloodstained Bill, watching events from the adjacent pavement, where he had established an observation-post, turned and fled, repented of his evil ways, and ultimately joined the Boy Scouts.

After his birching—well-deserved, and heroically borne—Ben followed in his leader's footsteps; his extensive and peculiar knowledge of the high seas (of London) made him an invaluable Scout, and Regent's Park was troubled no more.

Young London Running Wild

But the scuttling of London's leading corsair crew still left scores of other gangs roaming and malefacting at large; and with the coming of the long nights these young ragamuffins will be terrorising us and robbing us again, right and left. The Black Hand, and many other kindred secret societies, will be out again and doing desperate things. How to deal with them is a problem which is worrying the Home Office, and piling on the nightmare agonies of my good friend the police-court missionary. Young London is running wild, and every year of the war sees it wilder and more difficult of control.

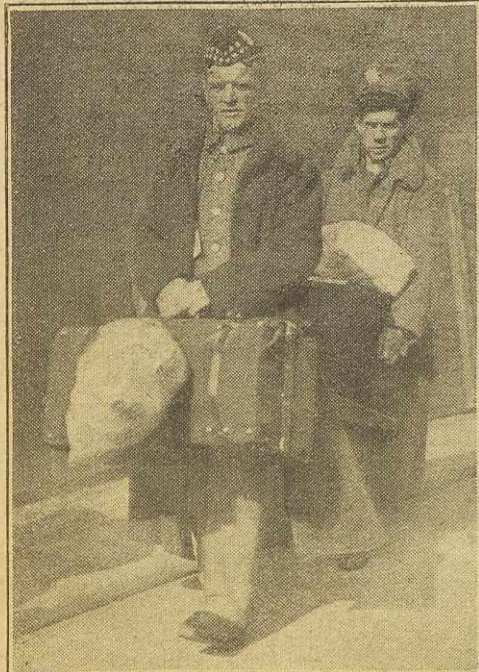
After Three Years: Heroes of Mons Come Home



The first batch of wounded prisoners sent home from Switzerland in exchange for German prisoners, arrived in England on September 11th. The men landing from the hospital-ship in which they crossed, and (right) a cab full of the men leaving Waterloo Station.



The exchanged prisoners arrived a day sooner than expected, and a public welcome was, therefore, not forthcoming, but flowers, cigarettes, and chocolates were distributed amongst them. Left: Repatriated sailors land on their native shore.



Two of the internees from Switzerland, and (right) a group of them at Waterloo. Many of these heroes belonged to the original B. E. F., the "contemptible little Army" which is the glory of the British Empire, and fell into the hands of the enemy during the Mons retreat.

Who's Who in the Great War



H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.



Capt. G. N. WALFORD, V.C.



Major-Gen. WALLACE, Egypt.



Pte. HORACE WALLER, V.C.



Sir E. W. D. WARD, Dir. Voluntary Org.



Lt.-Col. JOHN WARD, M.P.

Wahle, Major-General.—Commanded German force which was conspicuously defeated by Belgian forces at Tabora, East Africa, Sept. 18th-22nd, 1916.

Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of.—Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. Born 1894. Eldest son of King George V. Received naval training at Osborne and Dartmouth. Midshipman in Hindustan. Invested as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon, 1911. K.G. 1911. Went through an undergraduate course at Magdalen College, Oxford. Founded relief fund known as Prince of Wales's Fund, and acted on various war committees, including the Statutory Committee of the Naval and Military War Pensions Act, of which he was chairman until March, 1917. His services in this connection were highly eulogised in Parliament by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith. Gazetted a second-lieutenant of 1st Batt. Grenadier Guards, August, 1914; lieutenant, November, 1914; captain, March, 1916. Appointed A.D.C. to Sir John French, he went on active service. Staff Captain, March, 1916; Deputy-Assistant Q.M.G., May, 1916; General Staff Officer (2nd grade), September, 1916. His work as liaison officer during Battle of Neuve Chapelle mentioned in despatch from Sir John French which his Royal Highness carried to London; hon. col. Cheshire Regt., July, 1917.

Walford, Captain Garth Neville, V.C.—Late brigade-major, Royal Artillery, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. One of outstanding heroes of Gallipoli. On April 26th, 1915, subsequent to a landing having been effected on the beach, during which brigadier-general and brigade-major were killed, Captain Walford, along with Lieut.-Colonel Doughty-Wylie, organised and led attack through and on both sides of village of Seddul Bahr on the Old Castle at top of the hill inland. Mainly due to initiative, skill, and great gallantry of both officers that attack was a complete success. Both killed in moment of victory.

Wallace, Major-General Alexander, C.B.—Rendered distinguished service in Egypt. Commanded 11th Indian Division, Suez Canal, 1914-15. Mediterranean Force, 1915; commanded Western Frontier Force, Egypt, 1915-16, for all of which services highly commended in despatches. Born 1858. Entered Army 1876. Served South African War, Burma. Commanded 15th Scottish Division on its formation in 1914.

Waller, Private Horace, V.C.—Late K.O. York. L.I. Gained his V.C. for most conspicuous bravery when, with a bombing section, forming a block in the enemy line. A very violent counter-attack was made by the enemy on this post, and, although five of the garrison were killed, Private Waller continued for more than an hour to throw bombs, and finally repulsed the attack. In the evening the enemy again counter-attacked, and all the garrison became casualties except Private Waller, who, although wounded later, continued to throw bombs for another half-hour, until killed.

Ward, Colonel Sir E. W. D., Bart., K.C.B., K.C.V.O.—Director-General of Voluntary Organisations. Born 1853. Served Sudan (1885) and Ashanti (1895-96) Expeditions, and in South African War, where he was A.A.G. in Ladysmith during the siege; afterwards Director of Supplies to Field Army. Permanent Under-Sec. of State for War, 1901-14.

Ward, Lieut.-Colonel John, M.P.—Appointed to command 19/2nd (Public Works Pioneers) Middlesex Regiment, May, 1915. Labour Member for Stoke-on-Trent since 1906. Born 1866. Saw active service in Sudan, when received Khedive's Star, medal, and clasp. Joined Social Democratic Federation, 1885. Founded Nanny's Union, 1889. Took leading part as a Labour leader previous to war. Colonel Ward was in command of a battalion of the Middlesex Regiment on board the Admiralty transport Tyndareus, which struck a mine off Cape Agulhas—about 105 miles south-east of Cape Town—February 9th, 1917. The troops on board worthily upheld the Birkenhead tradition—the incident taking

place not far from the spot where the Birkenhead troopship struck a rock, February 26th, 1852. Colonel Ward, according to a member of the battalion, "was great, and acted as a man in charge of men should act."

Wardle, Captain Thomas Erskine, R.N., D.S.O.—Hero of the engagement in the North Sea when in command of the British armed merchant cruiser Alcantara. Latter engaged an armed German "raider," the Greif, which was disguised as a Norwegian merchant vessel, and sank her, February 29th, 1916. Alcantara herself sunk. Captain Wardle awarded D.S.O. in recognition of his services.

Ware, Brigadier-General (temporary) Fabian, C.M.G.—Director-General of Graves Registration and Enquiries. Awarded C.M.G. for efficiency with which he discharged his pathetic duty to the heroic dead. Born 1869. Assistant Director of Education, Transvaal, 1901. Member of Transvaal Legislative Council, 1903-5. Editor of "Morning Post," 1905-11. Commanded Mobile Unit, British Red Cross Society, with French Army, 1914-15, for which service awarded Chevalier of Legion of Honour, Croix de Guerre.

Warneford, Flight Sub-Lieutenant R. A. J., V.C.—The first airman to destroy a Zeppelin. Born 1892. Graduated in the Merchant Service. Joined Sportsmen's Battalion after outbreak of war, and transferred to Air Service, obtaining his pilot's certificate February 25th, 1915. Early in morning of June 7th, 1915, returning from bombing Zeppelin sheds at Evere, near Brussels, he perceived a Zeppelin about midway between Ghent and Brussels. "When I was almost over the monster," said Lieut. Warneford, "I descended about fifteen yards and flung six bombs. The sixth struck the envelope of the ship fair and square in the middle. There was instantly a terrible explosion." The flaming ship crashed down on to the famous nunnery of Ghent known as Le Grand Béguinage de Sainte Elisabeth, and all the crew were killed. Within thirty-six hours of his splendid achievement, King George conferred on him the Victoria Cross. Lieut. Warneford was killed in flight at Buc Aerodrome, Versailles, June 17th, 1915.

Warrender, Vice-Admiral Sir George J. S., Bart., K.C.B.—Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth from March 20th, 1916, to December, 1916, when he retired owing to ill-health. Commanded the Second Battle Squadron, and saw active service in North Sea during the first eighteen months of the war. Born 1860. Entered Navy 1873. Was with Naval Brigade during the Zulu War. From October, 1899, to January, 1902, he commanded the Barfleur as flag-captain to Sir James Bruce. In command the Second Cruiser Squadron, November, 1910-December, 1912.

Watkis, Lieut.-General Sir H. B. B., K.C.B.—Commanded the Lahore Division, Indian Contingent, British Expeditionary Force, France, 1914. Born 1860. Entered Army 1878. Splendid services in India, where he was successively A.A.G.; 1st Deputy-Secretary, Military Department, Government of India; D.A.G. Western Command and Southern Army.

Watson, Mrs. Alex. Mary Chalmers, M.D., C.B.E.—Controller, Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Is a sister of Sir Eric Geddes and Doctor of Medicine. Awarded C.B.E., August, 1917.

Watson, Major-General David, C.B.—Commanded 4th Canadian Division at front since 1916, and one of ablest lieutenants first of General Byng and later General Currie. Born 1871. In active journalism all his life, and devoted leisure to military service. On outbreak of war took command of 2nd Batt., 1st Canadian Division; in 1915 commanded 5th Batt., 2nd Canadian Division. Mentioned in despatches and awarded C.B., 1916.

Watson, Major-General W. A., C.B., C.I.E.—Took over the command against the Senussiyeh, October 4, 1916, and by February, 1917, had freed the Egyptian western front from the menace of the Arabs. Born 1860. Mentioned in General Murray's despatch for services in Egypt, July 1917.



Capt. WARDLE, D.S.O. Sank the Greif.



Brig.-Gen. FABIAN WARE, C.M.G.



Lt. WARNEFORD, V.C. Destroyed Zeppelin.



Vice-Admiral WARRENDER, K.C.B.



Gen. WATKIS, K.C.B., Indian Troops.



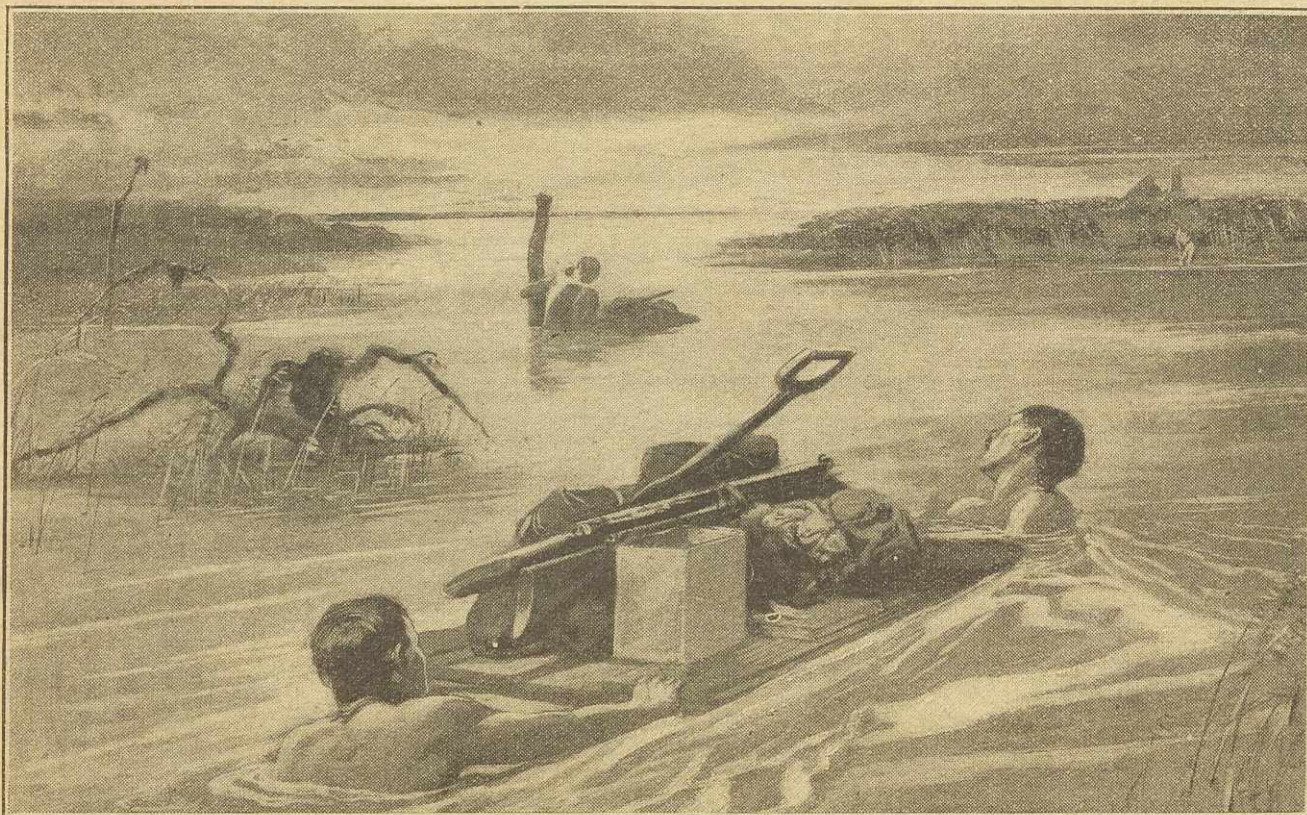
Mrs. CHALMERS WATSON, W.A.A.C.

Continued from page 118

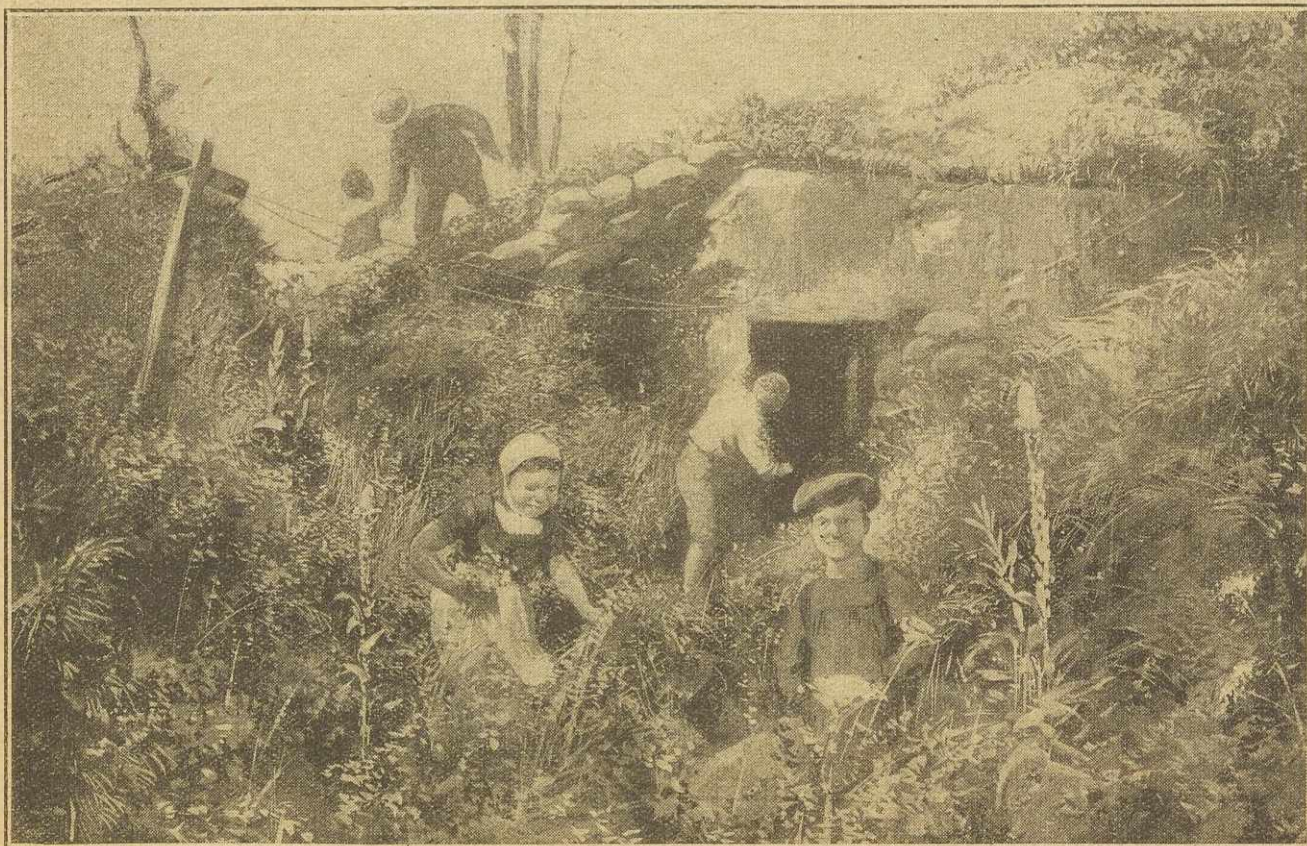
Portraits by Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Russell, Bassano.

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How Nature Hides and Heals the Wounds of War



Reedy lagoons, thronged with waterfowl, cover much of the area where the Belgians confront the Germans. Belgian volunteers soak themselves in oil baths, and spend hours in the water surveying and marking out subaqueous roads with posts.



A deserted trench near Fricourt. In many a ruined corner of France the same beneficent artistry of Nature is seen—roses blooming amid piles of debris, lilies wafting their delicious scent, and the ground blazing with buttercups, poppies, and bluest of cornflowers.

The Empire's Roll of Honour

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY VICTOR MOTTE DE LA FONTAINE, D.S.O., killed in action, was born in 1872, and had his commission in the East Surrey Regiment in 1893. Major in 1911, he was appointed to the command of a Service Battalion of the East Surreys in October, 1915. A graduate of the Staff College, he had seen a good deal of Staff service. He took part in the Relief of Ladysmith, and fought at Vaal Kranz, Tugela Heights, and Pieter's Hill. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and had six bars to the Queen's and the King's Medals. He was appointed to the Distinguished Service Order in the present war.

Major **C. B. Stratton** is eldest son of the late T. H. M. Stratton, Cramlingham House, Northumberland. Educated at Hawick School and Wren's, he passed into the I.C.S. in 1899, and served for some years in the Federated Straits Settlements. Taking up rubber planting, he was at Negri Sembilan when war broke out, and, coming home, rejoined a reserve battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, exchanging into the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in November, 1915.

Captain **Hubert O'Connor, M.C.**, was eldest son of Mr. Charles O'Connor, F.R.C.S.L., of The Grove, Celbridge, Co. Kildare. Educated at Clongowes Wood and Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Irish Bar, and became a member of the Leinster Circuit. In 1910 he unsuccessfully contested East

Limerick as an Independent Nationalist. When war broke out he joined the Trinity College O.T.C., and obtained his commission in the K.S.L.I. in 1915. In June, 1916, he was awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery, going out three times under heavy shell fire to arrange for the carrying in of the wounded. After a special course of training for senior officers at Aldershot last April he returned to his regiment, and died August 17th of wounds received the previous day.

Captain **Geoffrey Robert Wallace, M.C.**, was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Wallace, of Buckingham Gate, and Hawford House, Worcestershire. Educated at Uppingham, he obtained a commission in the Worcestershire Regiment in 1914, and proceeded to France in July, 1915. He won the Military Cross in 1916 and the bar early this year.

Lieutenant **Max A. E. Cremetti**, killed while flying at the London Aerodrome, was third son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cremetti, of Avenue Road, Regent's Park. Educated at Harrow, he was among the first to volunteer when war broke out, and was appointed a despatch-rider. He was present at the Retreat from Mons and wounded at the Battle of the Marne, where he won the D.C.M. and his commission, and was mentioned many times for his bravery. He then joined the R.F.C., and was again wounded while flying over the enemy's lines on the Somme.



Lt.-Col. H. V. M. DE LA FONTAINE, D.S.O., East Surrey R.



Major C. B. STRATTON, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.



Captain A. L. HARRIS, Loyal North Lancashire Regt.



Capt. H. O'CONNOR, M.C., King's Shropshire L.I.



Capt. G. R. WALLACE, M.C., Worcestershire Regt.



Captain G. L. ALEXANDER, London Regt.



Lt. J. HAMSHERE, D.C.M., Canadian Field Artillery.



Lieut. M. A. E. CREMETTI, R.F.C.



Lieut. W. E. DAVIES, Alberta Regt., attd. R.F.C.



Flight-Lieut. C. V. ARNOLD, R.N.



Sec.-Lieut. H. H. WIGLEY, K.O. (Royal Lancaster Regt.).



Lieut. G. W. CALLENDER, Worcestershire Regt.



Lieut. J. KAY, Can. Scottish Field Artillery.



Lt. & Adj. H. L. SLINGSBY, M.C., K.O.Y.L.I., attd. D.C.L.I.



Lieut. V. UZIELLI, R.F.A.



Sec.-Lieut. J. C. LEE, Royal Berkshire Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. A. H. G. CHATERTON, R.F.A.



Sec.-Lieut. A. E. DUFFIELD, Middlesex Regt.



Sec.-Lieut. G. ALLGOOD, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



Sec.-Lieut. R. H. SECRETAN, Hertfordshire Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Russell, Chancellor, Bassano, Elliott & Fry.

RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS—XLVII

THE WELLINGTON BATTALION, N.Z.



THE magnificent physique of the New Zealanders is a thing which strikes every visitor who sees them at the front. All the corps in our great armies contain men of remarkable strength and stamina, men with huge frames, hardened and broadened by the activity and discipline of the soldier's life; but even among such the New Zealanders stand out. And, what is more to the point, their mighty bodies are fitted with mighty hearts.

Egypt, Gallipoli, Egypt, France; August days and nights on Chunuk Bair, where heat and thirst, shells and stench, fire and pestilence were enough to break the heart and destroy the reason of the strongest; the waves of assault, in spite of all that the cunning and devilry of German scientists could devise, closing remorselessly in upon Pozières. A single article cannot pretend to deal with this great story; it must be confined to one part of it—this time the deeds of the Wellington Battalion.

With the other New Zealanders the Wellingtons were sent, in the late autumn of 1914, to Egypt, and in December they went into camp at Heliopolis. They saw a little fighting early in 1915, when the Turks made an attack on the Suez Canal, and a little later were despatched to take part in the forthcoming attack on Gallipoli.

On April 25th the New Zealanders got ashore with very slight losses at Gaba Tepe, and, when General Birdwood's men had dug some sort of protection, they found themselves on the extreme left.

Achi Baba and Chunuk Bair

The key of the Gallipoli Peninsula, so it was thought, was the hill called Achi Baba, and a big attack on this was arranged for the beginning of May. To share in it, the Wellingtons and the other New Zealanders were put into boats at Gaba Tepe, and sent in trawlers to the end of the Peninsula. There they landed, and were soon in position as reserves to the 88th Brigade of British Infantry, the Wellingtons, under Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Malone, being on the left.

On May 8th they received the order to advance, their object being to carry forward our front line, which was then about four hundred yards from where the Wellingtons were. With their Maori cry of "Ake! Ake!" they charged through a storm of Turkish bullets, reached the trenches wherein were the survivors of the 88th, and carried these on with them in another forward rush. They reached and entered one Turkish trench, killed its inhabitants, and passed beyond it, while to support them up there came further lines of men. They won about seven hundred yards of rugged and broken ground towards the summit of Achi Baba, and having won it they threw up their trenches and held it.

The next big enterprise of the Wellingtons in Gallipoli was their share in the attack on Chunuk Bair on August 7th. Under General Johnston, they were in one wing, the right, of the assaulting troops. In spite of the terrible heat, they made good progress during the

morning; they followed the dry bed of a little stream almost to its source, swept across the ridge called Rhododendron, and then, some other troops not being yet in position, were halted for the day. The men were not idle, however. They had to defend themselves when necessary, and their officers proceeded to make arrangements for renewing the attack on the morrow.

That morrow, August 8th, 1915, saw one of the dramatic episodes of the war. The assault on Chunuk Bair was renewed, and after a tremendous struggle the New Zealanders were on the summit of the coveted hill. For a moment, but, alas! for a moment only, the campaign in Gallipoli was successful. Looking across the Peninsula, the New Zealanders saw the waters of the Dardanelles only a few miles away. They were in possession of a spot which commanded the way to Constantinople. Had it been possible to bring up reinforcements and big guns, and with their aid to clear the Turks from the neighbouring heights, our men would have controlled the Peninsula from side to side, and the whole course of the war would have been altered. But it was not.

fortresses in the west, and this was not captured in a day. First of all they advanced and seized a sunken road; then, reserves having come up, there was another move, and some trenches were soon in their hands; finally, as far as this phase of the fight is concerned, they got to the main road to the village. Assault after assault was launched; some of them failed, but the Anzacs would not be denied. Inch by inch they won their way forward, and finally, on the 26th, after three days of the most terrible fighting in this most terrible war, the Anzacs were in Pozières.

At Pozières and Flers

Pozières being ours, arrangements were at once made for another advance, and on September 15th there was a further big attack. On this occasion the New Zealanders were sent against Flers, and with the aid of a "tank" they captured it with little difficulty. This being done, they fortified a new line beyond the village, which was probably the most vulnerable point of the new British front. Anyhow, the Germans thought it vulnerable and, beginning at once, they



Inspection of New Zealand O.T.C. on Salisbury Plain.

The Wellingtons will long remember their day in Chunuk Bair. They went into action seven hundred strong, but when they left the hill only fifty-three answered to their names, not ten per cent., their gallant colonel, Malone, being among the dead.

Nearly a year later, in May, 1916, it was officially stated that the Australian and New Zealand troops had arrived in France, and had taken over a portion of the front. Among the latter were the Wellingtons, and such tried soldiers came most opportunely, for on July 1st the Battle of the Somme opened.

This great battle had raged for a full three weeks when the Wellingtons and the other Anzacs entered it. To strengthen the Fifth Army they were moved up from Armentières, where they had been busy damaging the Germans in front of them as much as possible; and on July 23rd another big attack was made.

Just in front of the Anzacs was Pozières, one of the most redoubtable of the village

assailed it again and again. In this fighting the Wellingtons distinguished themselves by making a further gain of ground. On the 16th they were sent forward against the trench from which the Germans had issued to make their first big counter-attack, and they took it. This trench in its turn was attacked by the enemy, but the Wellingtons stuck to it; for five days at close quarters bomb and bayonet did their deadly work, and then at last the Germans had had enough.

The Wellington Battalion has no long history behind it, but during the past three years it has been making a record which will surely live. The New Zealanders who volunteered at the outbreak of the Great War were enrolled as far as possible locally, and one of the centres of recruiting for North Island was obviously Wellington. It was equally obvious that one of the new battalions should bear that name, and so the Wellington Battalion came into existence.

A. W. H.

The War Illustrated

Editor's Outlook

IF any group of literary critics were asked to nominate the most representative Scots writer of to-day, surely there would be general agreement upon the name of Neil Munro. Sir James Barrie has long ceased to cultivate the "Kailyard" for the more fruitful field of the English theatre, which had sore need of his unique humour, and he was never eminently successful as a novelist. But Dr. Neil Munro is not only one of the foremost novelists of our time; he is one of those rare Scots who have achieved literary success and remained upon their native heath. He is further representative of his land in being a Gael, bred to journalism in "the Second City," and still associated editorially with the "Glasgow Evening News," to whose service so large a part of his career has been given.

DR. MUNRO first won literary renown some twenty years ago with that unrivalled series of Highland tales "The Lost Pibroch," and in 1898 his fine romance "John Splendid"—not unworthy to stand beside "A Legend of Montrose"—disclosed him as a novelist of real genius. His "Bagpipe Ballads" of the Great War are likely to be remembered as long as the great deeds of his countrymen in France and Flanders, forming as they do one of the most sustained examples of poetry of the authentic note which the war has so far proved the inspiration. Here we are concerned with Dr. Munro chiefly as a brilliant journalist who has made various visits to the western fighting front with a special eye to the activities of his fellow-countrymen, and I am sure that my readers will welcome the series of contributions, giving impressions of what he saw and experienced, which he has written expressly for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and the first of which appears in our present issue.

A Magnificent Gift

THE increasing number of shell-shock cases from the battlefields of France has been a source of great anxiety to the Government. Until quite recently, I believe, only one hospital for these cases had been provided—the Sir Frederick Milner Hostel, at Hampstead. Recognising the urgent necessity for further accommodation, Mr. John Leigh, of Beech Lawn, Altrincham, generously offered the Government his late father's beautiful mansion at Brooklands, near Manchester, standing in its own secluded grounds, and containing accommodation for a hundred men. This was first offered to the King, who warmly accepted it and passed on the gift to the Ministry of Pensions, by whom it will be administered. Mr. John Leigh not only provides this hospital free of cost, but has undertaken the expense of equipping it with special medical and nursing staffs and the entire maintenance of every department for a period of five years. Mr. John Leigh is a member of the great cotton firm of John Leigh, Ltd., of Oldham. In April last he gave the British Red Cross a beautiful hospital in Altrincham, for a hundred wounded officers, and has since given that

town a charmingly wooded park, in which he proposes to erect a handsome memorial to the Cheshire men who have fallen in the war.

ACCORDING to a message from Paris, Ralf Reventlow, nephew of the fire-eating Pan-German journalist, Count Reventlow, has deserted, thanks to his mother, who, we are told, has always blamed the excesses committed by the Germans. She declares that she has now separated her own and her son's responsibility from that of Germany before humanity and posterity. It is a small matter from one point of view, perhaps,



Dr. Neil Munro, whose brilliant series of articles, "With the Scots in France," begins in our present issue.

but it has its significance—for the encouragement of others, for example.

The French Red Cross

SOME remarkable figures are published of the work of women under the Red Cross in France. Seventy thousand French women are now serving in the Red Cross ambulances and hospitals with the French Armies in France, Algeria, Morocco, and in the Orient. In addition, 10,000 women of foreign nationalities are also serving with the French. In August, 1914, the military hospitals of France had just 80 permanent nurses. This number was immediately augmented by 3,000 temporary nurses. Then the Red Cross Associations of France furnished 62,000 nurses. Of these the Association des Françaises has given 17,000; the Union des Femmes de France 20,000; and the Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires the remaining 25,000. Some 6,000 nurses serve in the fire zone, subject to constant risk of being wounded or killed. Miss

Ivens, the Scottish surgeon, who has received the Legion of Honour, is at the head of the two Scottish Women's Hospitals at Royaumont and Villers-Cotterets.

SCORES of others—and Japan, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, and France have contributed to the number—have received the highest military decorations. Mlle. de Baye, who has received the Legion of Honour, was in charge of the service at the hospital installed in the Château de Dugny, near Verdun, where the Germans dropped incendiary bombs and fired with machine-guns on the nurses and patients as they ran out. Mlle. de Baye remained at her post of duty and gave orders for all the nurses to put their steel helmets on immediately. All except one obeyed, and Mlle. de Baye handed her own steel helmet to this nurse. A moment later Mlle. de Baye fell stricken with a bomb splinter in the head. For a while it was feared she would lose her eyesight, but she is now out of danger.

Europe's Debt to Belgium

M. EMILE VANDERVELDE, the distinguished Belgian statesman, in an interview published in the "Weekly Dispatch," has given some terrible examples of the ghastly programme of barbarity and infamy carried out by the German invaders of his beloved country. Belgium's bill for material damage, to give a moderate estimate of it, may be tabulated thus:

Money levies	£100,000,000
Pillage	£100,000,000
Destruction	£150,000,000

Germany's indescribable treatment of the civilian inhabitants of Belgium cannot be assessed in terms of money. Germany will have to render an account for this in the time to come. Not for generations after the war will the shame of it be erased from her escutcheon. Meanwhile, the terms of peace will have to include not only the restoration of the whole of Belgium to its people, but return of the money levies, restitution of the loot, and the wherewithal to make good the destruction. "It will be a big bill," says M. Vandervelde, "but it will have to be met, and by Germany."

IN this connection may be welcomed the authoritative refutation given to the unfounded rumours, doubtless of enemy origin, and ignorantly or maliciously repeated, casting doubt on the share—the very great and honourable share—of the Belgian Army in the recent operations on the western front. Flemings and Walloons are alike playing a noble part, side by side with their Allies, despite the horrors they have passed through and despite the efforts of the foe, by intrigue as well as by brutal oppression in the territory he has befouled by his presence, to undermine Belgian loyalty to the allied cause. In Belgium itself the attempts made by the German authorities to induce the Socialists to send delegates to the Stockholm Conference met with condign failure.

J. A. H.