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What Has Hindenburg Done? By Lovat Fraser

The War Illustrated

2d Weekly

ALL THE BEST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Vol. 7 [Nos. 157-182]

Friends Indeed: Italy's Glad Welcome to Britain Hurrying to Her Aid

No. 174

OUR OBSERVATION POST

SOME RANDOM REMARKS ON ECONOMY

I CAME home this evening with the laudable intention of writing an essay on the subject of economy, which was to end with an appeal to my readers to act upon the advice it should contain, and to begin by buying a War Bond from the "tank" in Trafalgar Square, or from any other place more speedily accessible to them. In case of accidents between the beginning and the ending of my night's work—the moon is full, and you never know your luck—I take the literary liberty of setting down the moral before telling the tale. It is, of course, that common-sense, as well as common decency, requires that every individual who has money should invest every penny, over and above the amount required to pay his way, in one or other of the loans issued by the Government.

TO that one sentence, at any rate, no one can possibly take exception, but I am by no means certain that what remains to be written by me will be equally blameless. For meditation gradually makes me aware that my qualifications to write about economy are meagre in the extreme. There is something in my composition which is attuned rather to extravagance, and were I at the confessional box I should have to quote Horace under the rose and acknowledge that, while I saw and approved the better part, I commonly followed the worse.

SARAH BERNHARDT is credited with having defined economy as doing without the things you really want in order to be able to buy things you don't like. My joyous appreciation of the witticism is measure of my unregeneracy. But it is well to remember that wisdom is an inherent quality in wit. Only those detestable people the unco guid will deprecate the great French actress's epigram as flippant. It is, indeed, only a variant of the better-known assertion that man shall not live by bread alone, an assertion made in the old dispensation and reaffirmed in the new, which is sanction for gratification of the natural appetite for the beautiful as well as for the useful.

ALMOST the first purpose for which man seizes on the beautiful is to put it on his back. He painted his body before he painted his hut, and he had progressed far in the scale of civilisation before he fastened the plumage of the bird upon his wall instead of in his head-dress. His artistic powers are perfected in the highest, which is also the last, stage of his development. The period of a State's supremacy in the fine arts always precedes immediately the period in which its decay begins. But to the last the primitive man—and, still more, the primitive woman—endures, and worms spin their finest silk, and birds give their most brilliant plumage, and beasts their richest furs for the adornment of the human body. Extravagance finds expression for the most part in dress, and because history shows that States have been most extravagant in the matter of costume when enervating luxury has begun to sap their moral stamina, superficial thinkers—and even strong-minded men when aflame, like Savonarola, with moral indignation—have convinced them-

selves that there is an inalienable association between fine dress and immorality.

AT the very most it is not more than half the truth. But, as Tennyson insisted, that is a harder thing to contest than a lie which is all a lie. To come down to our own day, it is enough for a woman to be conspicuously better dressed than her sister for malice to mutter that she is no better than she ought to be. The silly phrase! What woman ever was? Let me be bold to declare on behalf of my brother men that we recognise no inalienable association between the fragile fripperies that dainty women wear and immorality, and that, one and all, we pray to be preserved from marrying a wife who, by choice, would encase herself in red flannel, which, however, good as a specific against rheumatism, is no proof of virtue.

WHAT we object to vehemently is spurious finery, excessive ornamentation, that is to say, with imitation materials. We understand, and approve, the desire to wear a gem because of its intrinsic beauty, or a soft fabric finely woven and cunningly wrought with the needle. Art we know, and craft we know; and both of these are good. But for the coloured glass of the artificial jewel, stuck in rolled gold and shrieking its falseness; for the ill-cut, loosely machine-sewn blouse, made of material whose every fold proclaims it is not the silk it professes to represent; and for the thin fibre stocking, between



To My People

THESE lines, "To My People, before the Great Offensive," were written by Captain Eric Fitzwater Wilkinson, M.C. of the West Yorkshire Regiment, who fell in action on October 9th while leading the first wave of attack on part of the Paschendaele Ridge. They were published in the "Daily News," as proof of the clearness with which the British soldier sees the length of the odds against him and the steadfastness with which he looks into the eyes of death.

MOURN not for me too sadly; I have been For months of an exalted life, a King, Peer for these months of those whose graves grow green

Where'er the borders of our Empire fling Their mighty arms, And if the crown is death, Death while I'm fighting for my home and King, Thank God! the son who drew from you his breath

To death could bring, A not entirely worthless sacrifice, Because of those brief months when life meant more Than selfish pleasures, Grudge not then the price,

But say, "Our country in the storm of war Has found him fit to fight and die for her," And lift your heads in pride for evermore, But when the leaves the evening breezes stir Close not the door.

But listen to the wind that hurries by, To all the Song of Life for tones you knew; For in the voice of birds, the scent of flowers, The evening silence and the falling dew, Through every throbbing pulse of Nature's powers I speak to you.

the rungs of whose ladders the flesh is seen uncovered, we have nothing but contemptuous dislike. This is all shoddy; and, as Quinney declared in the play, shoddy's bad—vicious.

AND so at last I arrive at one of the points I would have sought to make in an essay on economy, had I had personal qualifications to write one. People whose money is limited cannot afford to buy real gems and pure silks, I shall be told. These artificial trinkets and imitation silks are cheap, and the poor must have them or none. To which I reply that they are not cheap, and that it is very much better for rich or poor to have none than to have these. If economy—by which is now meant the frugal and judicious use of money—is being studied, it is very much wiser to save up the pennies until they grow into pounds and then to buy real silk underclothing, which will stand wear and washing for an indefinite number of years. Next to cheap shoe leather, cheap drapery is the costliest bargain in the world of clothes. From the point of view of the extravagant artist and craftsman it is an enormity; from the point of view of the prudent investor it is a blunder.

OBSERVE how cunningly I have introduced the second point of the essay whose moral was to have been "Buy War Bonds." Save the pennies, mistress mine, and you'll have pounds to buy yourself silken smocks withal after the war, and gowns of cramoisy satin, and tippets of vair, and many other things hitherto unmet with by your dainty self outside the poetry books. Moreover, now is an opportunity to save, the like of which you have never had before. The price of everything is up so high that no woman has the heart to buy anything except the actual necessaries of life, and that despite the fact that with her own capable hands and brain she is earning money by means and in sums hitherto unimagined by her. And again, moreover, there is an inducement for women to save now such as they never had before. The inducement is a "bargain," a magic lure for women which, so far as I am aware, was first discovered by a draper. The man who devised a "sale" to dispose of his shop-soiled stock was a genius. Exploited since by every store where clothes are sold, the idea has not been exhausted of its profit, and now a Business Government has adopted it, going one better than the shopkeeper by offering no depreciated stock. The War Bond is a gilt-edged security, guaranteed by the whole credit of the British Empire.

FINALLY, and above all, the Empire needs the money, and beyond that really nothing requires to be said. It is an astonishing reflection, but if every subscriber to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED would buy one fifteen-and-sixpenny War Savings Certificate in response to the suggestion put forward here to-day, the sum so placed at the Government's disposal would run into hundreds of thousands of pounds. If each one bought a War Bond the amount would be in excess of a million and a half. Prodigious! Why not try?

C. M.



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



FIRST-AID FOR A WOUNDED COMRADE.—Soldiers in the front line who have a fox-terrier with them—the pet of one becomes the friendly companion of all—are interested and sympathetic when the little chap has hurt his leg. One of them nurses the patient while another bandages the injured limb, the dog looking at his surgical attendant with absolute confidence.

WHAT HAS HINDENBURG DONE?

By Lovat Fraser

IN the German Reichstag, on November 29th, the new Chancellor, Count Hertling, made an impressive speech in which he claimed that "the arms of Germany and her allies have been successful on almost every occasion and everywhere." It is worth while to analyse his claim at this critical juncture.

If in the fourth year of the war German prowess in the field had been amply vindicated, then we might conceivably despair of obtaining the victory for which we strive. I propose to show here that Count Hertling's claim has no substantial foundation, and that the Allies are justified in believing that, if they adhere firmly to their purpose, the military defeat of Germany is fully attainable.

It is quite true that at present Germany is in a better and more promising military position than she has held since the end of 1915, but it is not true that she owes her new advantages to the superiority of her armies. She owes it to the mistakes of the Allies, and to political changes which were not wrought upon the battlefield. At the moment her military strength has increased because her adversaries in the fighting-line are fewer; but factors are coming into play which will again restore the balance, and meanwhile Germany is suffering from grave internal weaknesses which Count Hertling studiously omitted to mention.

The thing to bear steadily in mind is that the reviving strength of Germany is not primarily due to military victories. The Allies have beaten her again and again in battle, and should continue to do so. They have a tough struggle ahead in the next few months, but time is on their side.

Falkenhayn's Failure at Verdun

German military skill is supposed to be incarnate in Marshal von Hindenburg. He is over seventy years of age, and current report suggests that the real brain which guides the German war-machine is Hindenburg's colleague, General von Ludendorff. We must take Hindenburg as we find him. Whoever does the work, he gets the credit. At Tannenberg, in the first month of the war, he won a remarkable victory. The sequel has been unduly obscured. When Hindenburg triumphantly entered Russia after his success at Tannenberg and advanced to the Niemen he was crushingly repulsed. He is a one-battle soldier.

Hindenburg's chance came after Falkenhayn failed before Verdun in the summer of 1916. The Germans have no false sentiment about their military commanders. Falkenhayn had to go, and Hindenburg was exalted in his stead, bringing in his train the faithful Ludendorff. The Battle of the Somme was in full swing when he was appointed, and it cannot be said that he affected its issue one way or the other. The defensive tactics previously adopted by the Germans were continued, and there was no attempt to create a diversion at any other point on the western front. Rumania entered the war, and Hindenburg had a marvellous opportunity. Rumania's courage was in excess of her military preparedness, and almost from the outset fortune went against her. She made serious errors of strategy, and she was grievously deficient in heavy artillery. Hindenburg sent his two best generals, Falkenhayn, who is a very able soldier despite his miscalculations at Verdun,

led the forces which crossed the Transylvanian Alps, and Mackensen directed the operations in the Dobruja.

What happened? In the confusion which followed the first retreat of the Rumanians, the enemy swept through Wallachia and occupied Bukarest. The German newspapers were thrilled with excitement. Hindenburg, they said, would overwhelm Rumania. He was going to Odessa. He meant to seize and occupy the rich black lands of Southern Russia, which would feed Germany for years to come.

"Marshal Backwards"

Then followed disillusion. The Rumanian Army rallied, help came from Russia, and the Austro-German march faltered and stopped. For a whole twelve months, in spite of the subsequent collapse of Russia, Hindenburg has made no appreciable farther progress in Rumania. History will assuredly give him no great credit for the Rumanian campaign in the autumn and early winter of 1916; and I have ever since thought that the inactivity of the forces which still line the Sereth and the Bistritza is one of the surest signs that Austro-German strength is the reverse of illimitable. The true test of Austro-German arms in this matter is not what they did, but what they failed to do.

Hindenburg, it must be remembered, controls all the vassal armies of Germany. The Austrians, the Bulgarians, and the Turks obey his nod. He saw Mandelstead steadily preparing to avenge Kut, but he did not save Bagdad. He saw Murray moving across Sinai into Palestine, but if our first attacks upon Gaza failed, no credit was due to Hindenburg. In the west he was preparing at that time for the great German retreat. Whatever may have been the outcome of that retreat, it was no victory for German arms. It gained for Hindenburg the nickname of "Marshal Backwards," and it was an acknowledgment that the German Army had been driven from positions which they had spent more than two years in strengthening and consolidating. The retreat was followed by the Battles of Vimy Ridge and Arras. Were they German victories? Simultaneously the French, under the direction of General Nivelle, attacked upon the Aisne. They did not penetrate as far as they had hoped, but was the great French offensive in the spring terminated by a German victory?

Everywhere on the Defensive

The British offensive east of Ypres began on July 31st this year. It has not produced the full results which were expected, but does it bear the smallest resemblance to a German victory? The German line was broken before Cambrai last month. The enemy hurried up reinforcements and closed the gap, but was it a German victory? Maude before his death shattered the Turkish forces in three directions, and captured the entire garrison of Ramadie. Were these victories for Germany's allies? Allenby swept into Palestine, captured Gaza and Beersheba and Jaffa, and drove the Turks headlong. Were these victories for Falkenhayn, who was responsible for the defence of Palestine? On the Russian front the Germans marched unopposed

into Riga, and occupied three islands at the entrance to the Gulf of Riga after very slight resistance. These were definite advances, but they shed no lustre upon German arms. Hindenburg has only fought once on the Russian front since he was appointed to the supreme command, and that was when the Russians broke and fled in Galicia this summer as the result of treachery. He advanced to the frontier, but he went no farther.

When Hindenburg succeeded Falkenhayn he had only one victory to his credit, and that was Tannenberg. Since he has been in charge of the German operations, the one victory he has achieved is the breaking of the Italian line on the Isonzo. The invasion of Italy has been primarily the work of the Austrians, and not of the German Army; it was rendered possible by secret propaganda rather than by military valour; and at the time of writing it has been firmly checked on the Piave and in the Venetian foot-hills. It has brought Germany great results, but so far very little fresh military glory.

It may be said that I am arguing in the face of established facts. I may be asked how I can reconcile my contention that until the Isonzo was crossed Germany had won no military victories under Hindenburg, with the statement that Germany is now in a better military position than she has held since 1915. The answer is that, whatever her position may now be, she has not won it, as Count Hertling alleges, by the success of her arms, for until recently she has been everywhere on the defensive since Verdun.

Gambling with Destiny

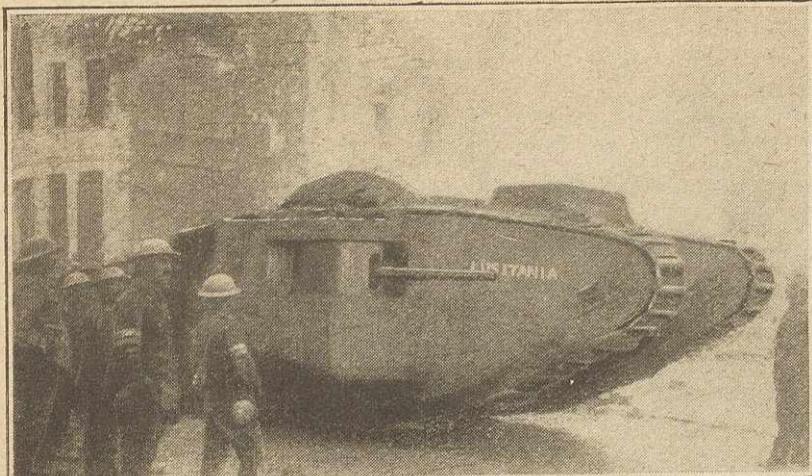
It may further be contended, with some show of reason, that it does not matter very much how Germany attained her present position, and that the one thing we have to consider is that she is now able to revive the old menace of 1914. The answer is that the analysis I have been expounding here is of very present importance, because it tends to allay the new apprehensions which have been aroused among the Allies.

If Germany has not regained a somewhat advantageous position by military successes, we can afford to regard her revival of offensive activity with reasonable calmness, so long as we remain steadfastly determined to fight this issue out by force of arms. If Germany seeks to obtain a decision in the west before the armies of the United States take the field in full force, she must attack; and the moment she attacks she has to abandon the relative protection which defensive strategy and tactics have conferred upon her during the last eighteen months. If the Allies can beat down her defences when attacking, they can assuredly more than hold their own against any fresh German thrust anywhere on their line. The immortal example of the First Battle of Ypres is sufficient proof.

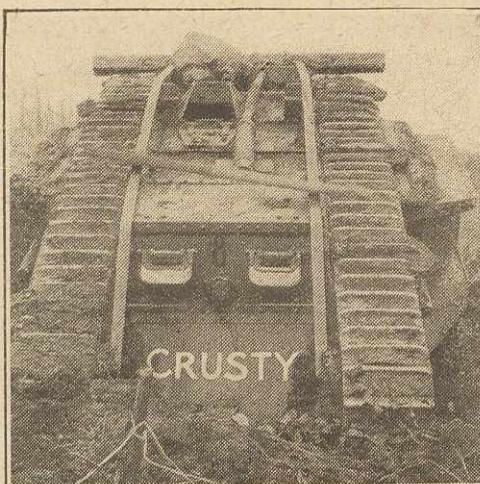
Germany, in short, is still gambling with destiny. She can find no comfort in Hindenburg's record or in the story of her arms during the last twelve months. Whatever forces she may bring from the Russian front, her objects are not likely to be fulfilled so long as the allied nations continue staunch; and though Count Hertling may be right when he maintains that Germany will not disintegrate internally, it is still more to the point that the Allies are able to hold out longest.

H.M. Landships Outdo Hannibal's Elephants

British Official Photographs



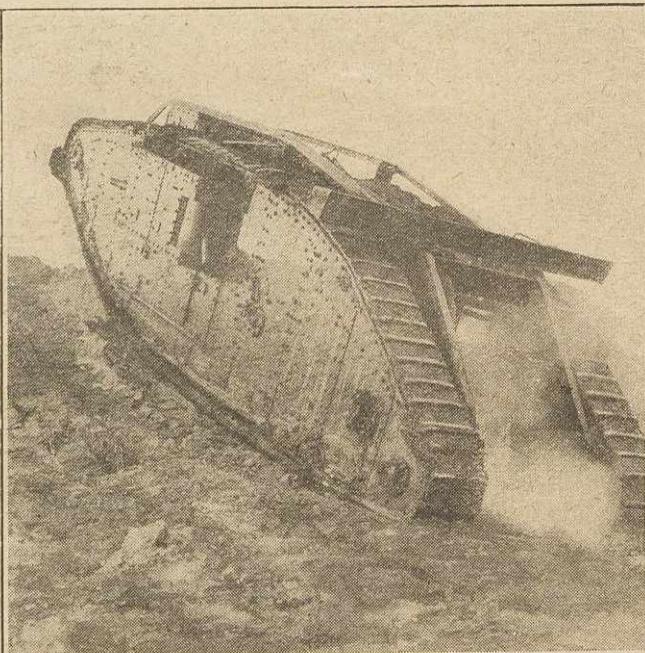
H.M. landship Lusitania waiting to go into action against the Hindenburg line on the Cambrai battle-front on November 20th.



The Lusitania's sister landship Crusty negotiating a newly-made shell-hole with imperturbability.



Imposing study of a "tank" in action poised on the top of a ridge just before the regulated "topple" takes place.



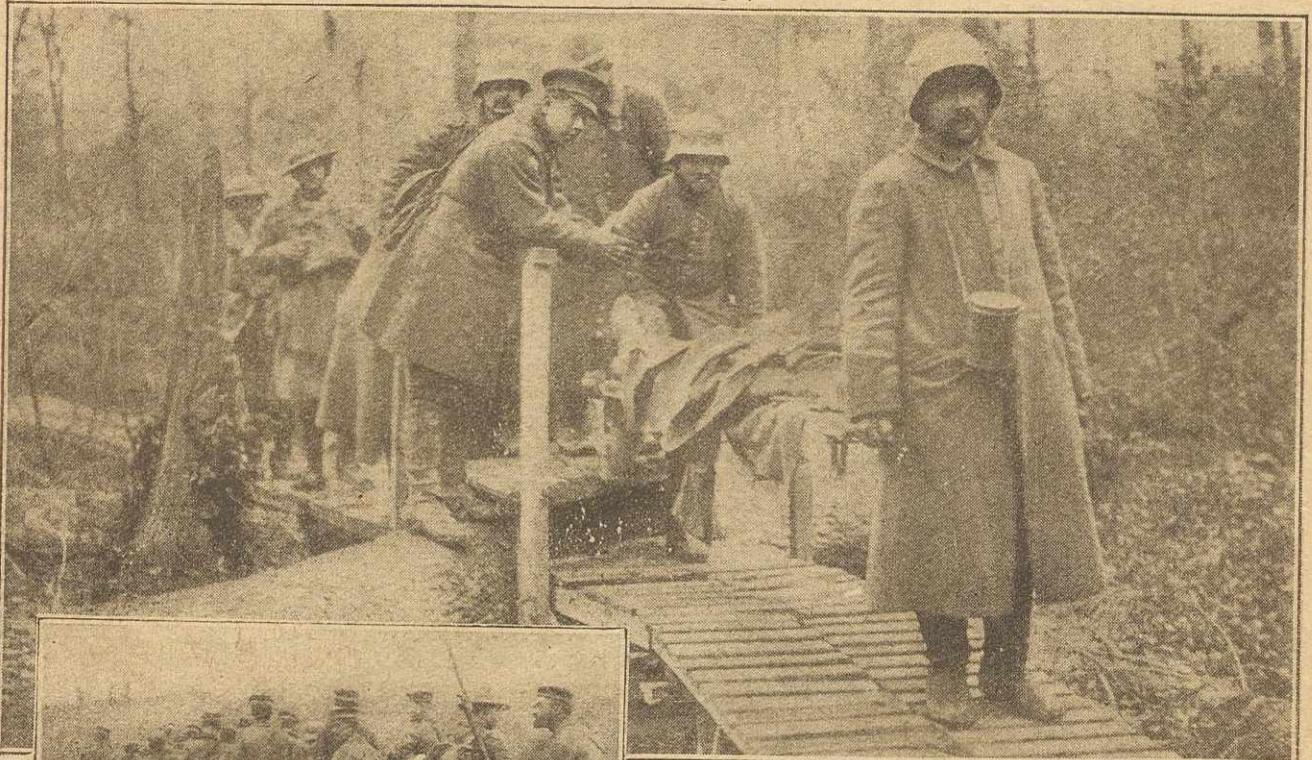
Another impression of a "tank" thrusting its irresistible mass over ground tortured into great tumours and pitted with huge holes.



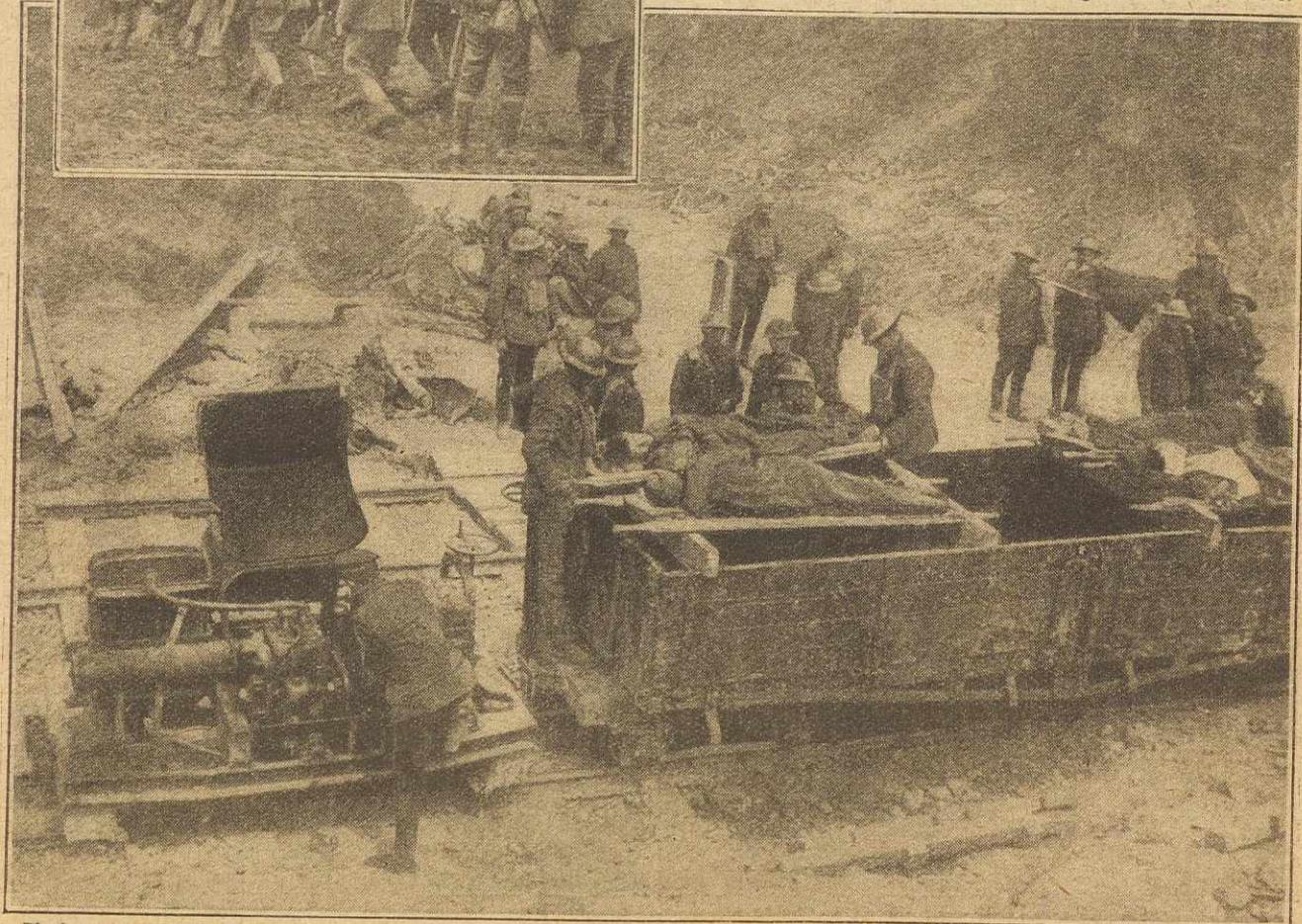
"Tanks" moving into action over good ground, and (right) one moving down the ruins of a village street. The official German communique compared the fleet of landships employed in Sir Julian Byng's surprise attack near Cambrai to Hannibal's employment of elephants in warfare.

Victors & Vanquished from the Combat at Cambrai

British Official Photographs



Wounded coming in from the battlefield over a duck-board track through the woods, German prisoners serving as stretcher-bearers.



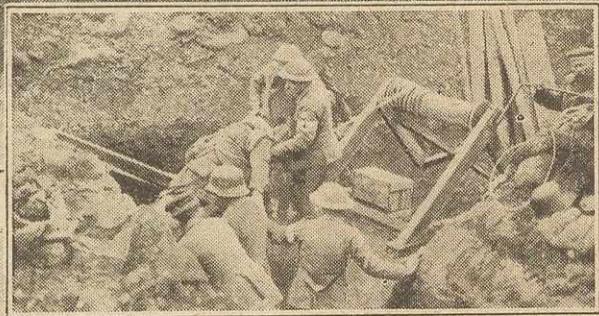
Placing wounded on an empty supply train to be taken down to hospital by light railway. Inset: Prisoners coming in under escort from the German second line near Cambrai. More than 8,000 prisoners were reported on the first day of Sir Julian Byng's attack.

Wounded Hauled by Windlass from a Deep Dug-out

British Official Photographs



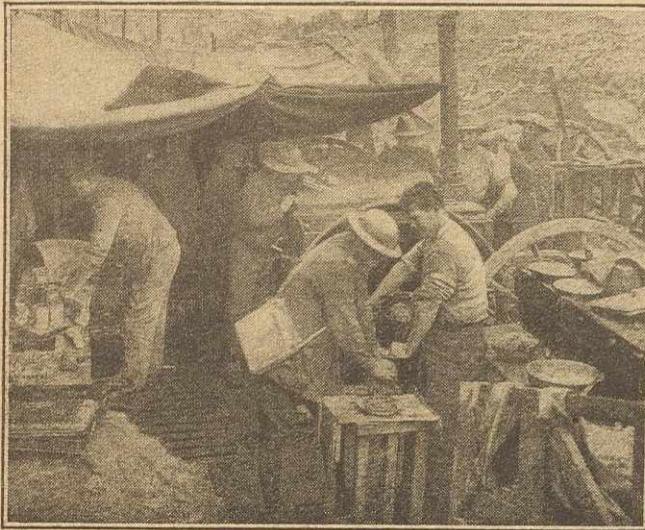
An interlude during the Cambrai advance. Cavalry watering their horses in captured village and ammunition limbers going forward.



Curious scene at an advanced dressing station of a Highland battalion during the advance on the Cambrai front. German prisoners are helping to haul up wounded men from a deep dug-out by means of a windlass. Inset is another view from the opposite point.

English County Troops Who Would Not be Denied

British and Australian Official Photographs



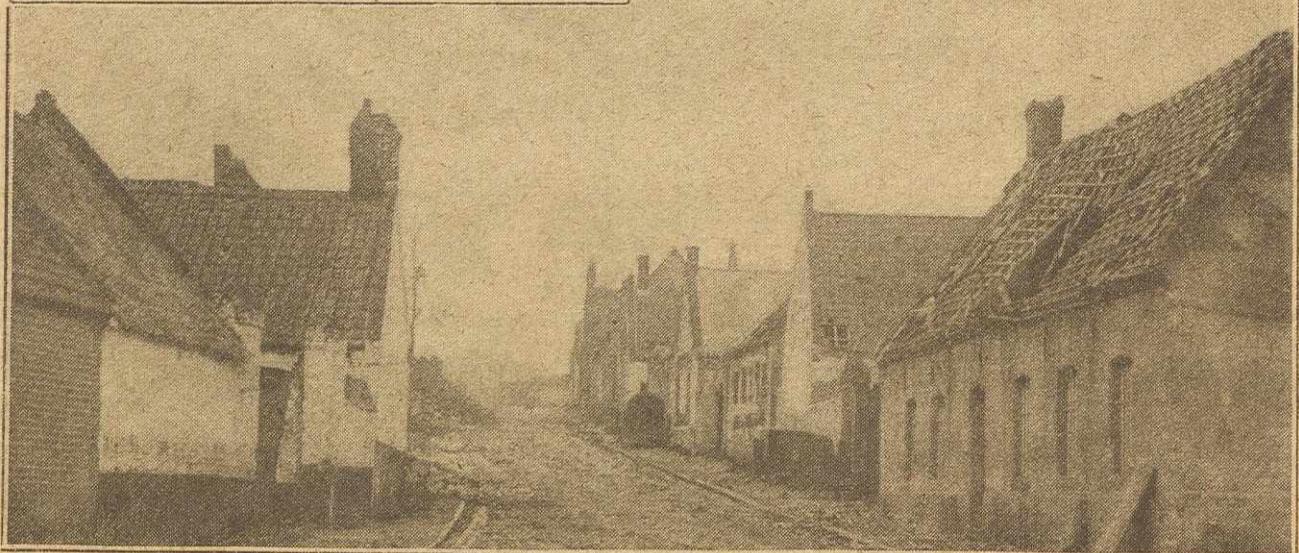
At a field kitchen in the Australian lines on the western front. Preparing bully-beef rissoles for the evening meal.



Some of the booty, including enemy helmets, captured by English County troops during the recent fighting on the Cambrai front.



Irish troops in the German trenches captured during Sir Julian Byng's great surprise thrust towards Cambrai. Left: Inside view of an enemy concreted machine-gun emplacement captured by our men.



In Ribecourt immediately after the English County troops took it early in the Cambrai attack of Nov. 20th. Ribecourt, said Mr. G. A. B. Dewar in one of his graphic despatches, appeared a whole village at a short distance, but on entering it every house was found to be battered.

Green & Orange Brave it with Red, White & Blue

British Official Photographs



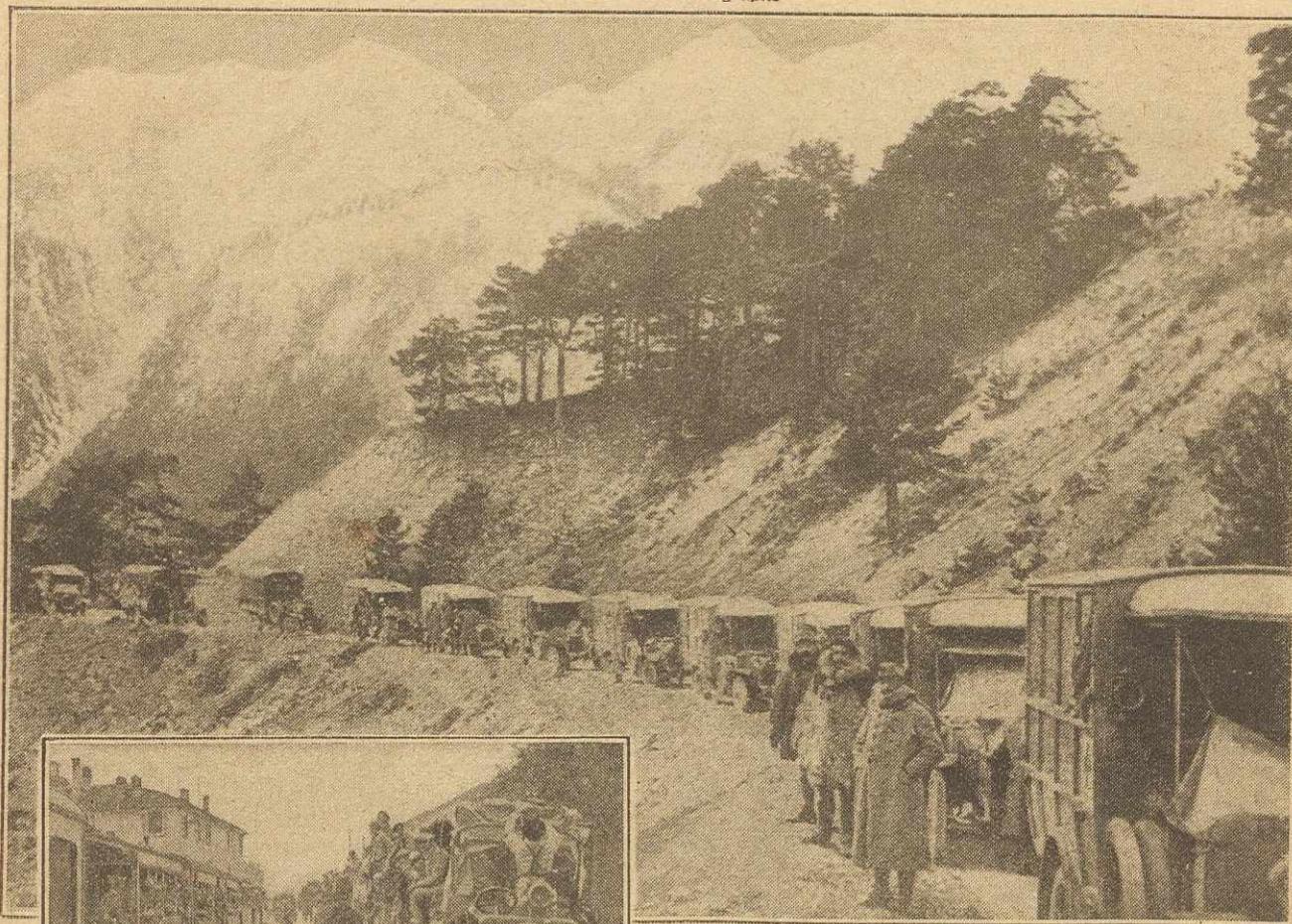
Irish troops resting on captured ground. These troops, besides co-operating with English and Scottish regiments in the main attack on the whole front, were credited with the capture of important sections of the Hindenburg Line between Bullecourt and Fontaines-les-Croisilles.



Ulster men ready to go up the line. Sir Douglas Haig reported in his early communique after the Cambrai victory that Ulster battalions moved northwards up the west bank of the Canal du Nord and, crossing the Bapaume-Cambrai Road, entered Mœuvres, west of Bourlon Wood.

Pouring Help Into Italy in Her Hour of Peril

French Official Photographs



A French transport column halting on Monte Geneva—part of the reinforcements pouring from the Allies into Italy while the Italians are gallantly stemming the Austro-German rush into the Venetian plain.



French cavalry riding through the streets of Verona, and (inset) a French motor convoy passing through Brescia being cheered by the Italian troops on the left. These earlier camera proofs that help is close at hand for the Italian Army will be studied with interest.

JOY-BELLS IN PETROGRAD

Light on the Legend that the Germans were "Lured" to Warsaw

By HAMILTON FYFE

THOSE first dark days which I spent in Russia at the end of October and the beginning of November, 1914, after my three months on the French front, were lightened by a great joy.

In the train, on the last day of our journey, an officer had given us news of victory. The Germans who threatened Warsaw had been driven back. Just in time strong columns of Siberian troops had arrived. The enemy had been misled by a trick into believing that no attempt would be made to hold the Polish capital. After a council of war, at which the Grand Duke Nicholas had announced his intention to evacuate the city, he had sent secret messages to his generals ordering them to prepare for an attack, and explaining the apparent vacillation by the curt remark that "walls can hear." The attack had been made, the Russian officer in the train told us, and the enemy were in retreat.

I was surprised to find, when we arrived in Petrograd, that the news was true. In time of war it is as well to make a rule: Believe nothing you hear, and very little that you read. Lying is as much a part of war as fighting. Generals fear the truth no less than officials. The whole truth is not known about any war. About this war very little will be made public in our time.

"War in a Fog"

For a long period generals were allowed to control news absolutely. What they did not like they suppressed. "War in a fog," Mr. Winston Churchill said at the start, "that is what this war is going to be."

The phrase was Lord Kitchener's, not his own. It described the policy which Lord Kitchener tried to follow. Whether the fog ever concealed from the enemy anything that he wanted to know, whether such tales as that of the Grand Duke's trickery were any of them true, is doubtful. But the fog will certainly conceal—from this generation, at all events—the course that events really took.

The fiction that General Joffre "drew on" the Germans until they were near Paris will be repeated by patriotic Frenchmen with an industry so untiring that it will take its place in history. Along with it will probably go an equally misleading version of the first German approach to Warsaw.

"The Grand Duke laid a trap for the enemy," I was assured frequently. "He allowed them to come nearer and nearer, and then fell upon them with masses of fresh troops."

When those who spoke in this way seemed to be capable of argument, I used to say, "Have you read Tolstoy's 'War and Peace'? There you will find a masterly refutation of the claim, which is always made on behalf of generals, that they foresaw and directed the course of battles. No general ever orders a retreat

on a wide front if he can help it. When they cannot help it, they set about—or their sycophants set about for them—some story to 'save their face.'"

War is a simpler matter, so far as the directing of it is concerned, than most of us believe. The strategy of campaigns, even the tactics of engagements, are often invented by historians after they have been fought. What little opportunities existed for the handling of troops disappeared with the creation of enormous conscript armies and with the invention of the flying machine. It would have been difficult, even had aeroplanes remained the dream of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, to manœuvre hundreds of thousands of men. Air-scouting makes it impossible.

Coming of Hindenburg

All that generals can do nowadays is to hold their ground and hammer the enemy wherever possible. Fanciful accounts of their "luring him on" should be treated with polite contempt.

I have no doubt the Grand Duke was himself politely contemptuous of the fiction that he lured the Germans to the gates of Warsaw. Had he been able, he would, of course, have kept his armies on Prussian soil. He had responded to the cry of France for help by a vigorous offensive. Unhappily, the Russians, as usual, pushed on too impetuously. They did not know the ground they were fighting over. They fought with courage and enterprise, but without brains.

Opposed to the dashing but careless Samsonoff was the old German general who had been pulled out of his retirement to direct operations in the marshes he had studied so closely. In Hanover, Hindenburg was a joke. He used to sit of an evening at a certain café and demonstrate how he beat the Kaiser in manœuvres among the dreary wastes of sand, water, and monotonous forest which compose the East Prussian landscape. All his life he had pondered the problems of attack and defence in this region. He had made himself a nuisance by insisting upon the importance of his studies. Now he was given the chance to prove that he was not merely an old fool with a "bee in his bonnet," which had been the view of the General Staff, and of the Kaiser after his beating in manœuvres.

Wild Anticipations

The victory which Hindenburg won at Tannenberg in September, 1914, was complete and crushing. Samsonoff and his army disappeared. The killed alone numbered more than a hundred thousand. At the time the losses were concealed. Only long afterwards did France and England learn the size of the calamity. It was kept as long as possible from the Russian people. When they came to hear of it, they exaggerated, as their habit is. To the appalling losses suffered by their

armies, and hidden from them, the frame of mind which led to the Revolution and to the present chaos was in very large measure due.

However, at this time, in the autumn of the first year of war, there was no talk of Revolution, no widespread discontent. That there would be "changes after the war" was said by all who hoped for changes. Those who hoped against them believed that a victorious war would so strengthen the aristocracy that all ideas of Constitutional government would be stifled.

The people generally had no doubt that the war would end victoriously for them. Soon the enemy were in retreat along the whole front from East Prussia to the Rumanian frontier. Thanksgiving Masses were sung. Wild anticipations of a march on Berlin through Dresden were joyously indulged in.

Life in the cities, and in the villages, too, was normal at this time. The prevalence of uniform was nothing new. Russia was a country of uniforms. From the earliest boyhood the Russian of the comfortable class put on a peaked cap and a jacket with brass buttons and a military greatcoat. That was the regulation costume at school. He wore much the same at the university or the technical college. Then, if he entered the Government service, or became an engineer or a schoolmaster, he was uniformed for the rest of his life.

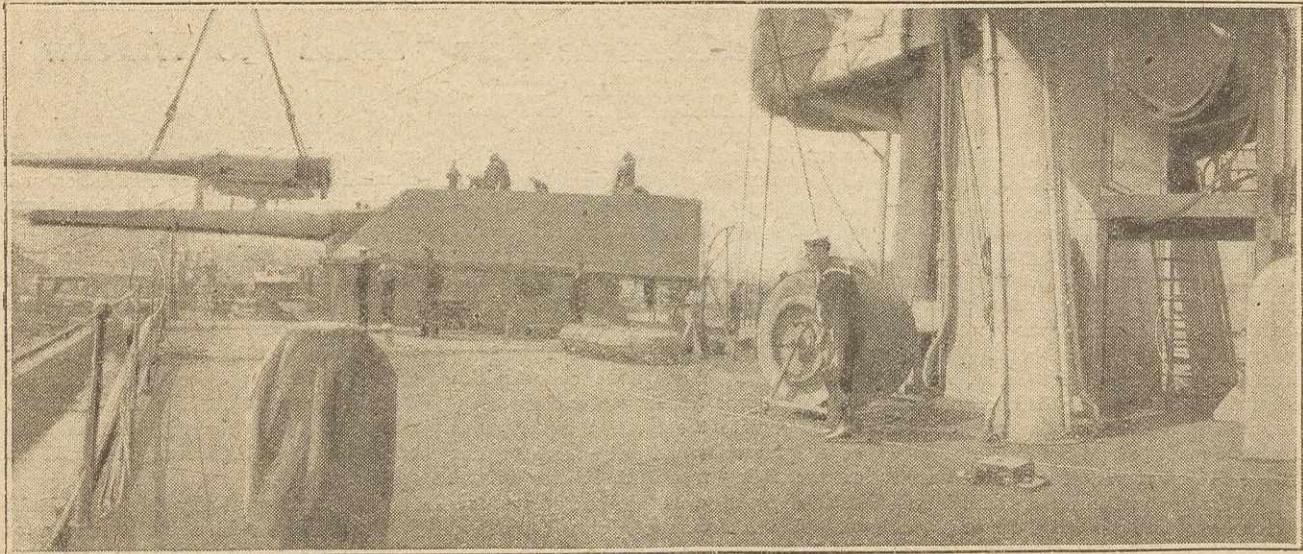
"Tag-Days" and Tips

Nor was the succession of "tag-days" for the benefit of the soldiers such a nuisance as it would have been elsewhere. Almost every day boxes were rattled in the streets and restaurants. Until you had two or three little labels in the lapel of your coat you couldn't hope to be left alone. But putting one's hand frequently in one's pocket was so regular a proceeding in Russia that no resentment was felt, even though it was said cynically that "probably the collectors kept a bit for themselves."

The paying out of small sums was a habit which everyone had to acquire. Every office in Russian cities kept a hall-porter. He was called the "Sveitzar" (the Swiss). All who went in were deprived by him of overcoat, hat, and rubber overshoes, which for eight months in the year are universally worn. For his custody of these articles the Swiss had to be paid, according to the gorgeousness of the uniform he wore.

Every visit to an office, and most visits to private houses, cost one from fourpence to a shilling. Often I have thus spent from three to five shillings a day. The "taggers," therefore, found us an easy prey. The hopeful, cheerful atmosphere helped them also. All wanted to show the soldiers who were doing so well that their efforts and their sufferings were appreciated.

Bubbles that Burst Where U Boats Meet their Fate

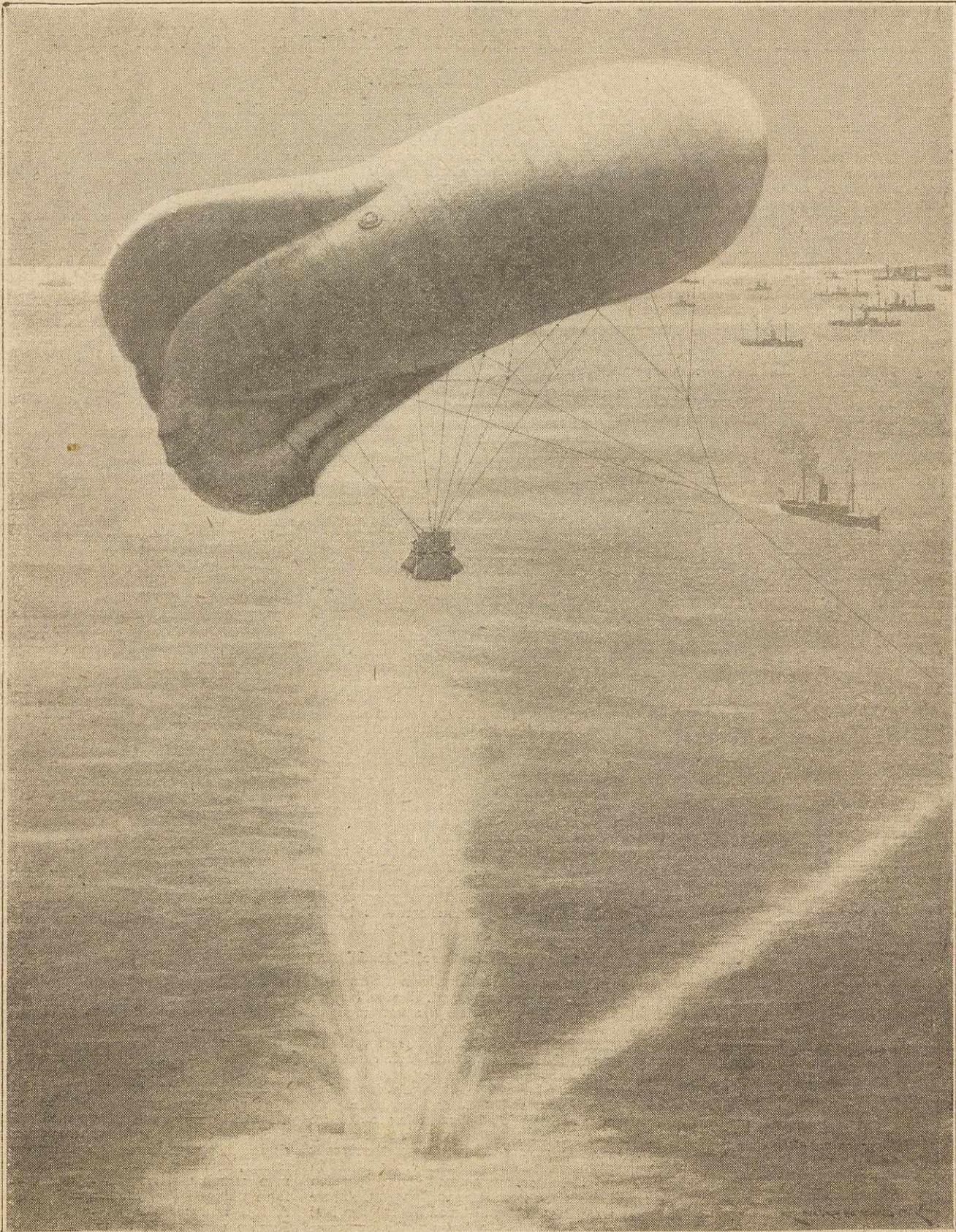


Lifting out one of the twin 14 in. guns on a British warship. The weighty weapon is seen swinging in mid-air as it has been raised by a powerful crane out of its position in the gun-turret.



A patrol boat caught sight of a U boat near a torpedoed ship, headed for it at full speed, and rammed it abaft the conning-tower, so that it rolled over and vanished. Immense air bubbles rose, and with them two Germans, one of whom was rescued.

A Bolt from the Blue for the Lurking U Boat



Observation balloon dropping a bomb on a lurking U boat while guarding the vicinity of the approaches to a British port where many ships are daily arriving with food supplies and other necessaries. The ships are brought-to while awaiting instructions to pass into

harbour. The observation balloon is towed thither by a destroyer, and from a goodly height is able to trace the course of any enemy submarine hovering about, and, having spotted one, drops a bomb just ahead of its track, as shown in Mr. Paddy's drawing.

NEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE WESTERN FRONT—III.

THE ARMY BEHIND THE ARMY

White, Black, Brown, and Yellow Workers in the War Area

By SIDNEY LOW

THERE is a reverse to that picture of ruin and ruthless devastation which is before you in the districts of Artois and Picardy over which the Hun has trampled. On the one hand you see the traces of wanton and barbarous destruction, on the other the business of restoration going quietly and steadily on right up to the line where the battle still rages and the guns thunder. Roads are being restored or reconstructed, railways rebuilt, towns and villages rendered habitable again, the horrid vestiges of war removed from the seared and stricken fields. All this is one part of the task of that disciplined industrial force, the Army Labour Corps, which is now an integral part of the British military establishment.

The Labour Corps in France and the "Works Companies" at home are made up of men not young enough, or not quite strong and active enough, for the trenches and the batteries, supplemented by certain aliens from the allied or neutral countries, and German prisoners. But all these are not nearly sufficient. The labour reservoirs of the outer Empire and the outer world have been tapped, with the result that there are now tens of thousands of black men, brown men, and yellow men, Asiatics and Africans, Mongolians, Negroes, Indians, and Egyptians, working under British officers and British military discipline at the wharves, railway sidings, roads, and transport centres of Northern France.

Cheery "Celestials"

Their presence is borne in upon you oddly and unexpectedly all over that strangely transformed triangle of French territory, which will surely be classic ground for Britons through all time. It was on one of the great arterial highways, which is a main avenue from the base to the front, that I came upon them first. The road was humming with traffic and action. Huge lorries, laden with ammunition and heavy stores, ploughed through the mud; motor-cycles splashed by, coughing and spitting; an infantry battalion, down from the front, trench-stained and weary, trudged grimly under its burden of kit and weapons; a party of Boche prisoners were repairing the causeway, watched by a bored guard with rifles and fixed bayonets. It was a dull afternoon of mist and drizzle, and everybody was inclined to be depressed and silent.

No; not everybody. There was a sound of many voices, chattering and twittering in an unfamiliar tongue, and presently there appeared a procession of short, sturdy men in terra-cotta cloaks, with smooth yellow faces under dripping tarpaulin hats. I gazed at them with astonishment, and they threw friendly grins in response, and called out remarks which were obviously jocular. They were a Chinese labour squad going back to their camp for rest and dinner, having been at work since the dawn unloading logs and planks from a timber train. They were damp and muddy, and might well have been tired, but they were invincibly cheerful. Later I visited them in their compound, and saw them settled down

for the night. They had changed their wet boots and puttees—the officers see to that—consumed a big meal of rice and stew and tea, and were lying about comfortably on the floor of their huts. They are well-fed and well-paid, and steady, capable workers, the most efficient, their officers maintain, of all the labour companies in this field.

Kaffirs and Zulus

But then every officer holds that opinion about his own special contingent. When I visited a South African company the commandant declared that there is no better labourer than the African native when properly handled. He is stronger than any Asiatic, or than most white men, and he gives no trouble if he gets his rations and wages regularly, and is kept away from drink and female society, which is the case in the war zone, where the Kaffir, under military discipline, is strictly restrained from intercourse with the European population. When not at work he is in his camp, where he eats, sleeps, rests, and amuses himself after his fashion. Sometimes he sings, and dances the native dances; now and again he shows a tendency to indulge in a tribal fight, which may demand the intervention of the white officers and non-coms. These natives have come here under strict regulations laid down by the Governments of the South African Union and the Portuguese colonies, and arrangements are made for them to receive occasional visits from their own chiefs. The men are genial, good-tempered, and generally willing to conform to the restrictions imposed upon them. Some of these concern sanitation and cleanliness, in which matters something like the British Army standard is enforced. The Kaffirs and Mashonas and Zulus will go back to their kraals and villages with novel and salutary ideas on the rudiments of civilisation.

It was in a belt of woodland, where the trees were being cut and sawn to make railway sleepers, that I happened upon a company of Indian labourers. On the instant one breathed the atmosphere of Asia, and recalled distant scenes and half-forgotten memories.

"From India's Coral Strand"

Here were tall Pathans from the frontier, hook-nosed and keen-eyed, Hindus, Punjab Mohammedans, swarthy squat men of the South. There were groups sitting on their heels, as Indians will sit for hours, round the fires on which their *chupatties* were baking; there were men in loose gowns and khaki turbans carrying water in soda-water bottles and kerosene tins, even as they do all over India; and there was wafted to one's nostrils that unmistakable savour of the East, that scent compounded of wood-smoke, food fried in liquid butter, and warm humanity, which haunts you from Suez to Rangoon. There were fierce old whiskered Sikhs, who had once served in the Army of the Emperor, and were very soldierly and warlike still; and an English-speaking babu clerk or two; and English sahibs in command, civil servants and police-officers who had

left their bungalows and offices to look after their people in a far country. Hindus and Mohammedans followed their own customs, lived apart, and of course ate and prepared their food separately.

Not all of the Indian labourers belong to the two great Oriental religions. Some are Christians, some what we are pleased to call pagans. The Christians are Santals and Ranchis, aboriginal tribesmen whom the missionaries have converted to become devout Catholics and zealous Protestants. Some of the missionaries have come over with their flocks as labour officers or chaplains; and these Indian hillmen are probably the only contingents among all the millions in the war area who begin and end the day regularly with prayers and hymns. Needless to say, these children of the mission schools are exceedingly well-behaved and obedient. But there are other Indian companies who know nothing of priests or padres. These are the Nagas, who are "animists," with no belief in anything in particular except ghosts. They are wild-looking little fellows, with shocks of long black hair, and big knives in their girdles, with which, it is said, in their native hills they may do a little head-hunting when the humour takes them. Also they have no castes, and no prejudices about diet, and will, if allowed, eat anything in the nature of animal food, from bully beef to dead ammunition mules. Here in France they are quite good-tempered and jolly, and their quaint ways and broad grins have endeared them to the inhabitants.

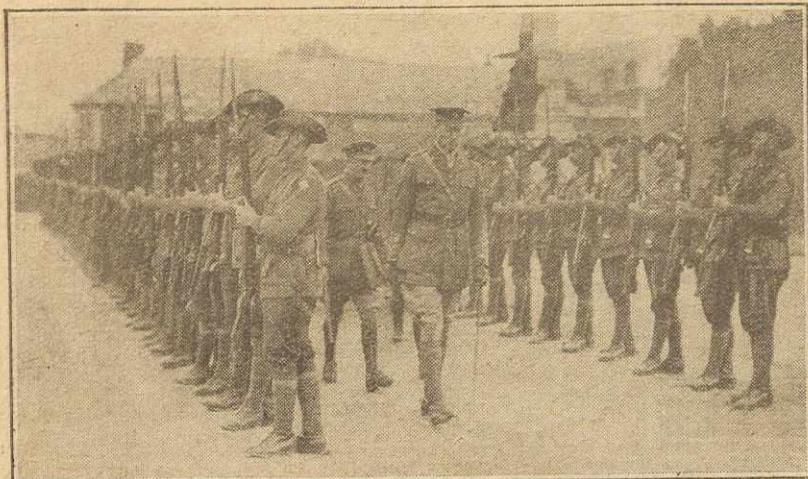
Egyptians and Fijians

There are other labour companies of whom much might be said, like the Egyptians, who have left their delving and sluicing in the Nile mud for the sometimes scarcely less muddy fields and roads of France. They are not so easy to handle as some of the others, for they know a little more about Europe and the manners and customs of the European; but they can dig and haul with the best. I confess that my own favourites among all this motley multitude of coloured workers are the Fijians. They are very few in numbers, but remarkably fine in quality and appearance. They come from their sun-lit Southern seas to load trucks and pile stores on French wharves, out of loyalty to the King, and the High Commissioner, and their Chiefs, and the British Empire, for which they would gladly fight as well as work if they were given the chance.

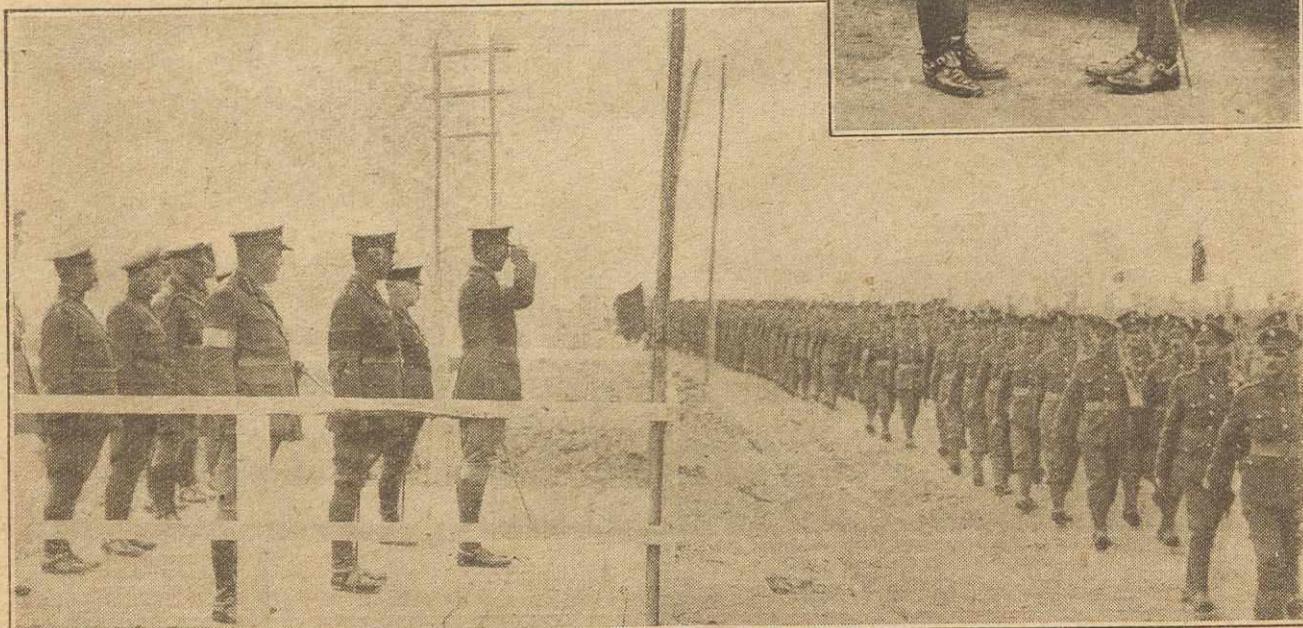
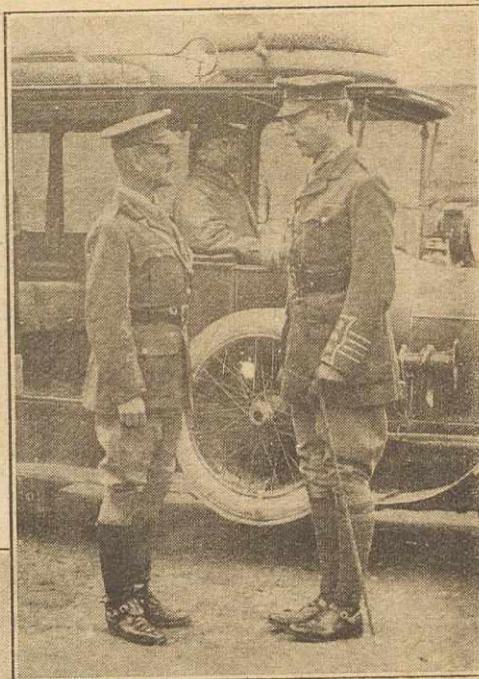
Much might be written of the officers who direct the work and see to the welfare of this great labour army. Some are soldiers, wounded, or over the military age; most were in civil life before the war, and their occupations were varied. They have been country squires and sportsmen, engineers, barristers, university professors, novelists, architects, builders' foremen, merchants, importers, and officials from China, India, the Argentine, South Africa, and all the Seven Seas. The Empire owes much to this zealous, unobtrusive body of hard-working, self-denying men, who make the onward movement of the fighting force possible, and tidy up in its wake.

Belgium's King Visits Britain's Armies

British Official Photographs



The King of the Belgians on a visit to the western front inspects a Guard of Honour of Australians. Right: King Albert chatting with General Birdwood.



King Albert reviewing the Guards Division during his recent visit to the British western front. On November 27th men of the Guards—Goldstreams, Scots, and Irish—were hotly engaged against the German Guards in the stubborn fighting around Fontaine Notre Dame.

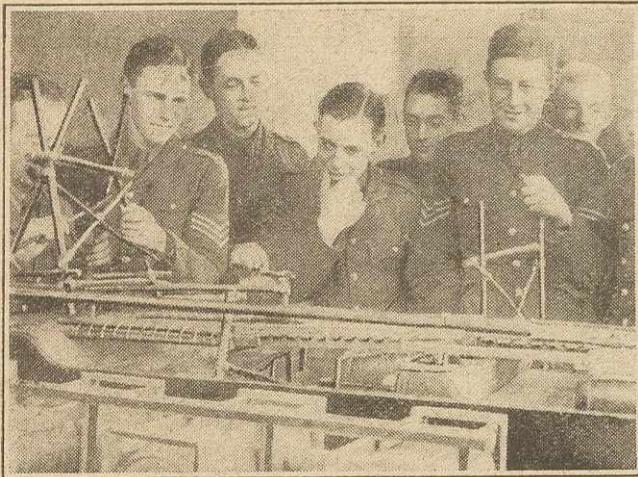


Water-carrying cart stuck in the mud on the western front. Pushing, pulling, and levering were necessary to get it out.

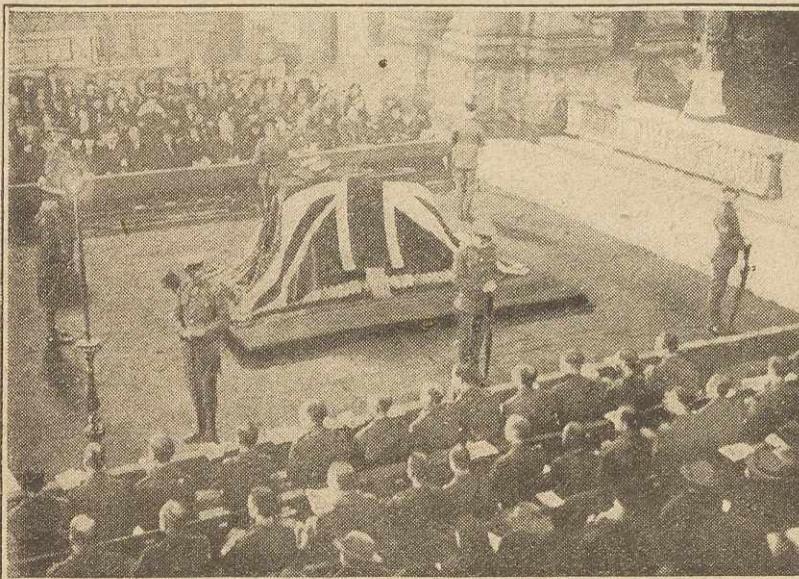


Corner of Marcoing after the British captured it on November 20th. The enemy had followed the arrow—"From the Front to Cambrai."

War's Sidelights on Everyday Life in England



Learning the art and craft of bridge-building. R.E. Cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, studying an important branch of their work. Right: Funeral with military honours of Sister Dorothy Maud Chandler, for two and a half years a nurse at Millbank Hospital.

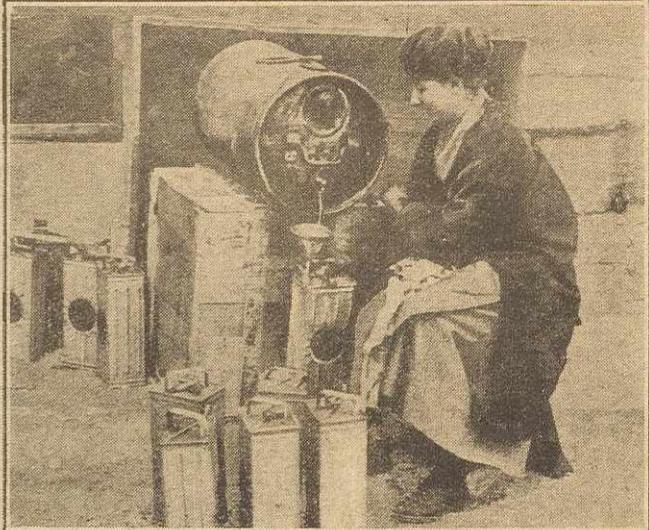


Scene at the Solemn Requiem Mass at the Brompton Oratory in memory of Irish Guardsmen who have fallen in the war—Lord French, Colonel-in-Chief, was present—and (right) the boarhound mascot of the Irish Guards, waiting outside during the ceremony.



Treating a patient's knee with Bath mud, which has been found very beneficial in curing stiff joints and other ills resulting from Flanders mud. Right: Putting the finishing touches to the badge of the Cameron men at the Royal School of Art Needlework.

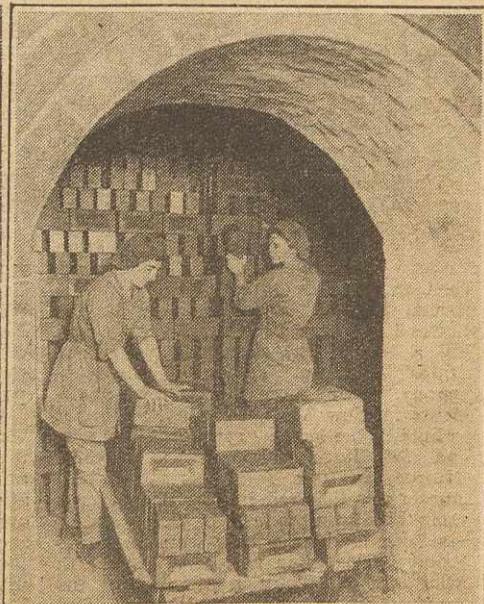
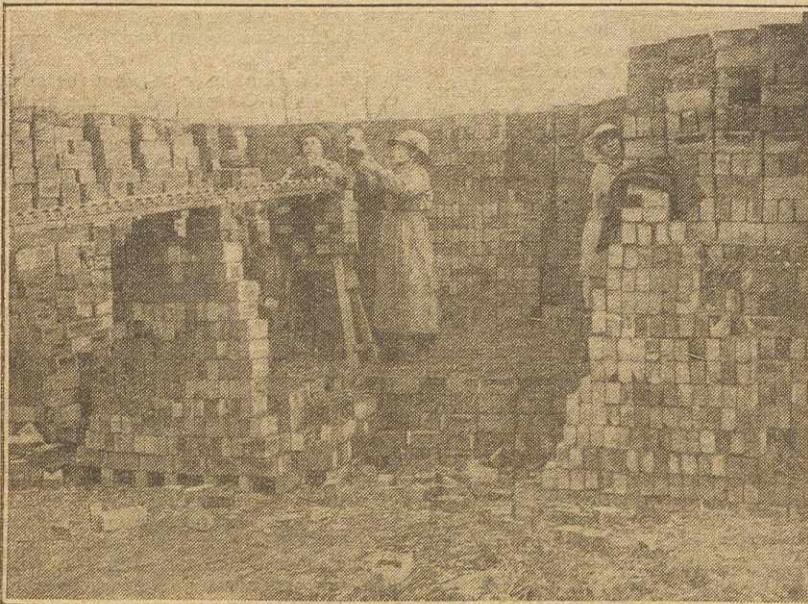
Women's War Work in England and France



Women at work in a French Government factory cutting out from "waste" leather every scrap which may be utilised for repairs, and (right) a French girl in charge of an oil depot who measures out the oil for distribution. (French official photographs.)



Crossing a bad corner of the piggery. A woman farm-worker finds the ground about her porcine charges affords awkward walking. Right: A woman carter has to coax her horse drawing a cartload of mangel-wurzels over the muddy junction of two fields.



Work at the world's largest brick kiln, near Peterborough. To the left women are unstacking bricks and putting them on the slide down which they travel to a railway waggon. On the right they are stacking bricks in a kiln ready for firing.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF GERMANY'S SECRET SERVICE—VII.

SPY-CRAFT AT WORK IN THE U.S.A.

How Criminal Teuton Conspirators Repaid American Hospitality

By TIGHE HOPKINS

THE conspiracy in America was never mythical, and is no longer mysterious. If much is still withheld, much has already been divulged. During more than two years this was a conspiracy of guests in a friendly country, a country that steadily refused to break with Germany until Germany had practically broken with her.

These Teutonic guests of President Wilson were chiefly diplomatic and commercial representatives of the Kaiser—noblemen and others, kindly and even flatteringly entertained in Washington and New York. There were three principal Germanic agents. Dr. Heinrich F. Albert, Privy Councillor to the German Embassy in America and Fiscal Agent of the German Empire, sat at the headquarters of the propaganda, the New York offices of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company. The criminal conspirator *par excellence* was Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché of the German Embassy, scholar, linguist, traveller, dandy, and a born spy, trained for the Secret Service. Von Papen engineered the military part of the system from an office in Wall Street. The naval expert was Captain Karl Boy-Ed, who had made world-trips under Von Tirpitz. Born of a Turkish father and a popular German novelist, Boy-Ed was a man combining some of the shrewdest qualities of East and West. To this trio may be added the elderly diplomatist Dr. Constantin Dumba, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Washington—the ninth diplomatic envoy to be expelled from America since the war began.

Von Papen at Work

As to the proofs of this conspiracy, which radiated from the United States to India, there is no obscurity. Von Papen's office was raided by the police, and of the contents of the safe they made a splendid bag—his diary, the counterfoils of his cheque-book, and other treasures. From Dr. Albert was taken a portfolio fairly stuffed with incriminating papers. Letters have been seized which passed between the conspirators in chief, reports translated out of cipher, and the spy-book of Paul Koenig, of the Hamburg-American line.

We have further a mass of evidence produced in courts of justice. There was, for instance, the trial at San Francisco of the five persons convicted of conspiring to blow up railroads, among whom were the German Consul in Frisco and a woman named Cornell. Far and wide in the States there have been similar trials, and not a few of the accused have turned States' evidence. Traces of the conspiracy, flowing from the three establishments in New York, have been brought to light in the farthest corners of America, and Mr. Roger Wood, U.S. Assistant-Attorney in New York, has shown how murder has followed murder on the high seas; how from the first the United States has been used as a base from which to supply the German raiders in the South Atlantic; and how, in addition to the immense organisation of scientists and experts, men of criminal character have

been equipped with explosives to destroy warehouses, factories, railroads, and canals. Much of the story has been amply summarised by Mr. John Price Jones, of the New York "Sun."

Wireless telegraphy has played from the beginning a signal part in the conspiracy. By wireless and other means Reserve officers from the German Army, and agents more pliable, temporarily engaged in many countries, were sent to help Von Papen in New York. He gathered around him a little host of assistants, and when America had been more or less completely blocked out, the great design on Canada was begun.

Attempts on Canada

For this design a war-chest of ten million dollars was provided. The first idea was to terrorise the people of Canada into keeping their troops at home. At chosen points on the Canadian border there were to be invasions by German Reservists, serious enough to lead the Governor-General to think that no soldiers could be spared for Europe. Rifles and rounds of ammunition were stored by the hundred thousand in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. This enterprise proving abortive, a plan was next projected of smashing by dynamite large sections of the Canadian Pacific Railway, paralysing the whole Transcontinental system, so that neither troops nor munitions of war could be despatched in any direction, east or west. For these vast campaigns Von Papen (who had been straining for a monopoly in various high explosives) had lieutenants posted at one spot and another. The San Francisco trial laid bare not a few of the stratagems of the Wall Street office and the German Club. In an inner room of the club Von Papen met some of the party every night.

Among his expert advisers were chemists and inventors who had studied explosives, mines, fire-bombs, and all the contrivances of the dynamiter. One Robert Fay had "conceived the idea of manufacturing high-explosive mines which could be attached to the rudder-posts of ships, and so regulated by a detonating device that explosions would occur far out at sea." A Dr. Scheele was responsible for "fire-bombs which could be placed in the holds of ships, and which, exploding after a certain time, would set fire to the cargoes."

"Nobbling" Congress

I have given little place to the astute Boy-Ed, whose hand is discerned in an order from the Washington Embassy on New Year's Eve last, under which—at a cost of £6,000,000—the machinery of every German merchantman entered in American ports was to be destroyed in a night.

On any country in the world through which a blow might be struck at Britain the conspirators in New York had an eye; and Ireland was not neglected. The disaffected Irish in America were bribed on every hand, and money went to them in sums of thousands at about the date of the puerile attempt of Casement. In the main, however, the Irishman in the States, whether friendly or not too friendly to Britain, has stood by the Allies.

From America also the plot was steered for a rising in India. Hindu schemers came from Berlin to New York, travelled thence through Chicago to the West, and were everywhere furnished with money by Von Papen's people. To Berlin Papen himself addressed a detailed report on the possibilities of revolt among Mohammedan troops. On the Pacific coast, in the summer of 1915, ships were chartered by agents of Boy-Ed "to carry arms and ammunition to India and Ceylon."

Of Germany's lobby in Congress, President Wilson himself told us, only a year ago. "A very active and subtle minority," in the President's phrase, has long been at work at the National Capitol. The wire-pulling seems to have been adroit enough—and unavailing. That Germany, sticking at nothing, had given thought to some audacious means of "nobbling" Congress is not merely probable, but has been definitely asserted. It is added—we may hope without full authority—that the inner history of this design will never be revealed.

How did Boy-Ed get knowledge of the ships in which munitions went to the Allies? This was long a mystery. It is dispelled by Mr. Price Jones, who says that through Paul Koenig a young German named Schleindl was posted in the National City Bank in New York, which had large deposits of the Allies. In letters and cable messages of clients the necessary information was contained. This was passed on by Schleindl—who has since passed on into prison.

Plot after plot we survey, and the most of them crumble or are confounded. One appalling triumph of careful cruelty the enemy in America achieved.

Mystery of the Lusitania

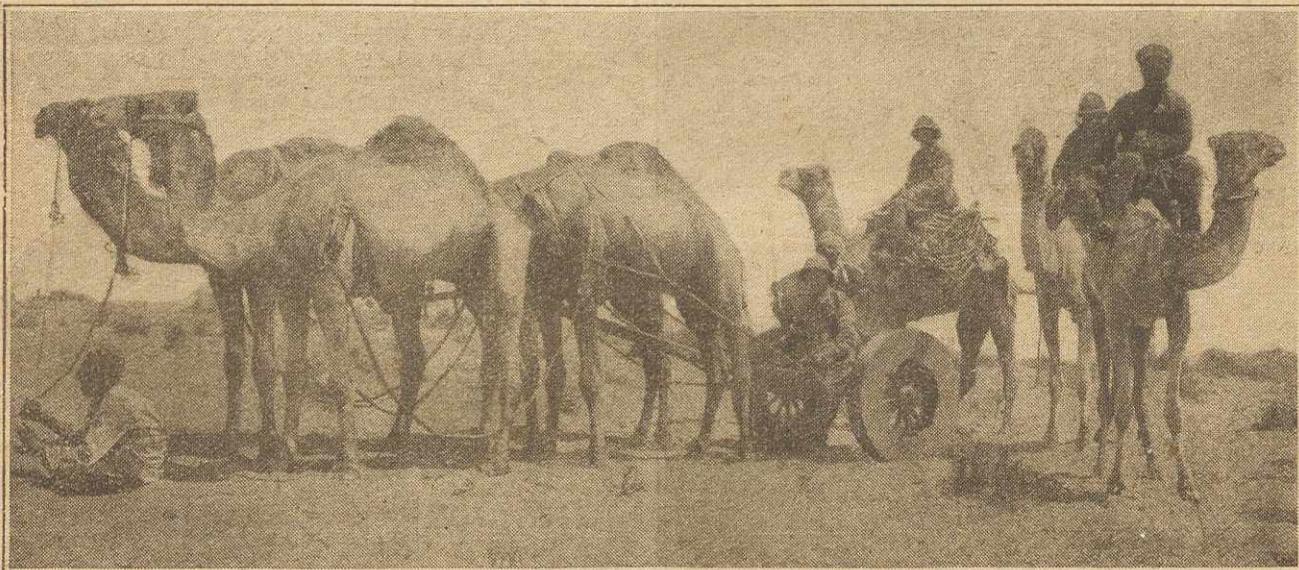
On the evening of May 7th, 1915, the Lusitania, lured from her course, ran straight between two waiting submarines, had her side blown out by a torpedo, and sank with twelve hundred and fourteen men and women. The truth about this tragedy is still as dark as may be; but the crimes of wireless in German hands are here at culmination. According to one of the various unofficial explanations put forth, the instructions of the Admiralty to Captain Turner were never received by him. Instead, a false wireless message decoyed him miles away from his waiting escort of warships, to where the German pirates lay in ambush. If the fact was as stated—and we have at present no means of determining—the problems arise: How was the Admiralty message diverted and how was it possible for the Germans to get their forged instructions to the operator in the Lusitania? These are among the deadliest enigmas of the war.

Since this flagitious venture the perfidies of Germany have carried her to other fields. Exhausting common modes of murder, she converts to this end the fruits of experimental science. The most recent official news from Washington as to the introduction into Bukarest (while Rumania was neutral) of microbes wherewith to infect cattle destined for human food is but another item in the story.

Spanning the Desert and Encircling the Foe



Laying a railway over the desert. As the British advanced the engineers spun lines behind them, light railways and broad-gauge tracks linking the base with the vanguard, ever progressing towards Palestine, and bringing up materials for still further lines.

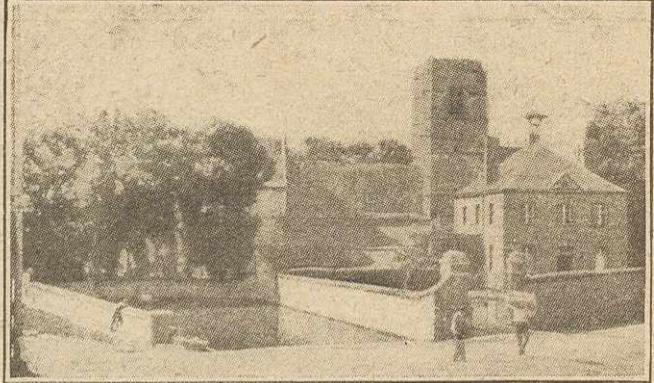
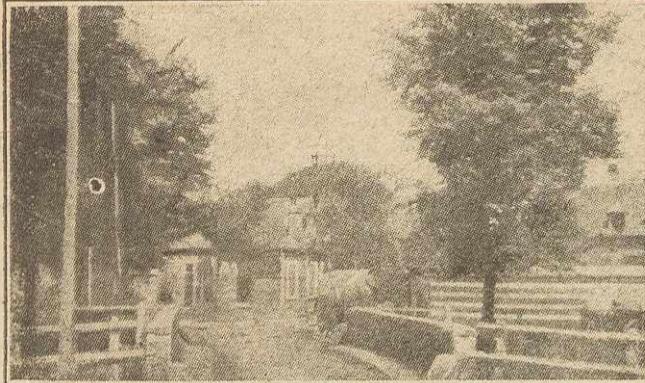


Simultaneously, too, with the advance the engineers spun other lines of telegraph and telephone wires to keep communication open between the army and the base. This photograph shows a camel team drawing a rude but effective chariot for laying telephone cables.

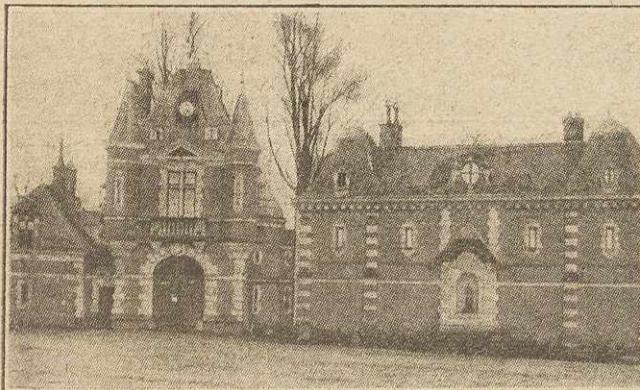


Turko-Teuton prisoners of war corralled in a "cage" in Egypt. The total number of prisoners taken from the Turks between July 1st, 1914, and November 15th, 1917, exceed thirty thousand, and this number was increased during the fighting for Jaffa and Jerusalem.

General Byng's Great Battle for Bourslon Wood



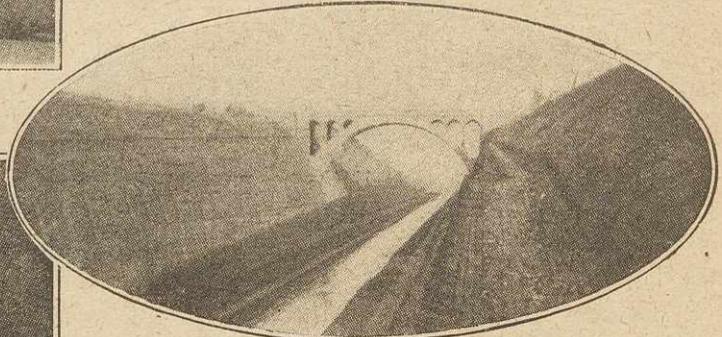
Ribecourt, which was stormed by English County troops on November 20th. The left picture shows the entrance to the village, with the church tower in the distance, and the one on the right the church and village pond.



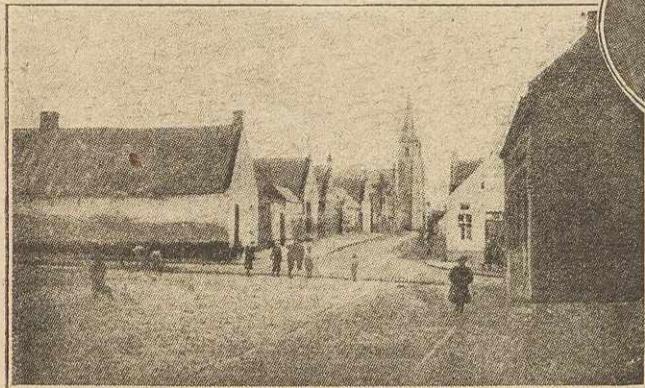
Havrincourt, captured by West Riding Territorials on their way to Graincourt and Anneux. The photograph shows the principal entrance to the chateau.

IN the pictures on this page—reproduced from a series of photographs in a German journal—we have interesting glimpses of French villages which have long been desecrated by the invader, but have now been happily recovered for France by the British troops of the Third Army under Sir Julian Byng.

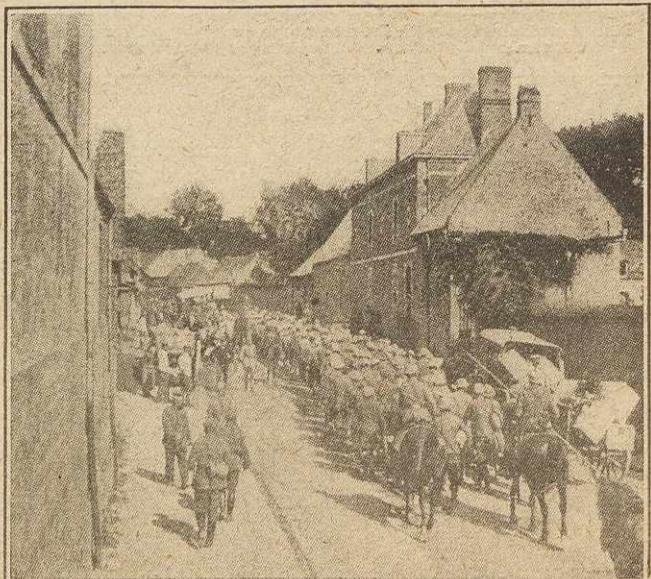
Perhaps special interest attaches to the two views of Fontaine Notre Dame, the village about two miles to the west of Cambrai at the southern foot of the important high ground on which stands Bourslon Wood. Here desperate fighting followed the successful attack on the Cambrai front, the enemy pouring in reinforcements to recover the dominating wood. Sir Douglas Haig said the capture of Bourslon Wood "opens the way to a further exploitation of the advantages already gained."



The North Canal, near Havrincourt. Ulster troops operating along the west side and West Riding troops along the east carried the line to the Bapaume-Cambrai road.

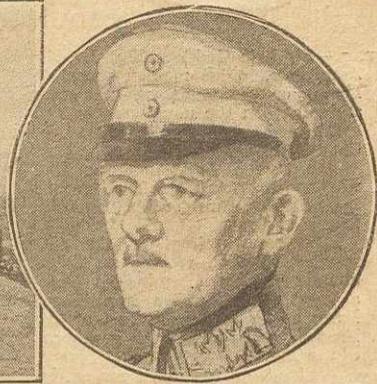
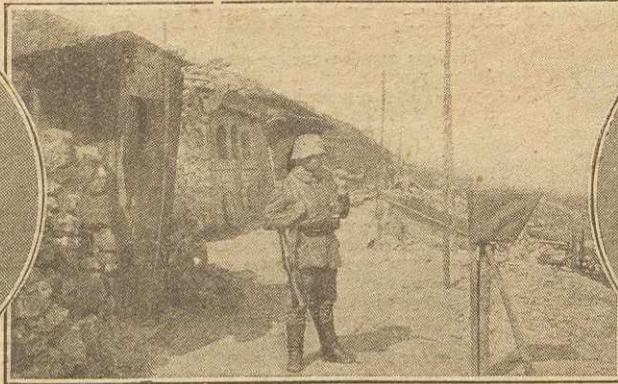
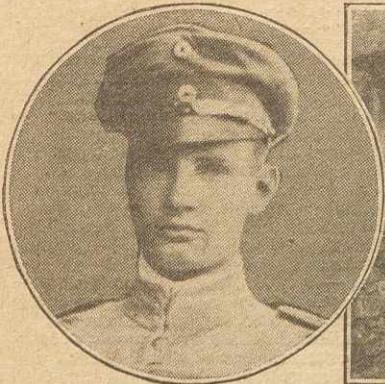


Fontaine Notre Dame, two miles west of Cambrai, which the British troops captured on November 22nd, but were then unable to hold.

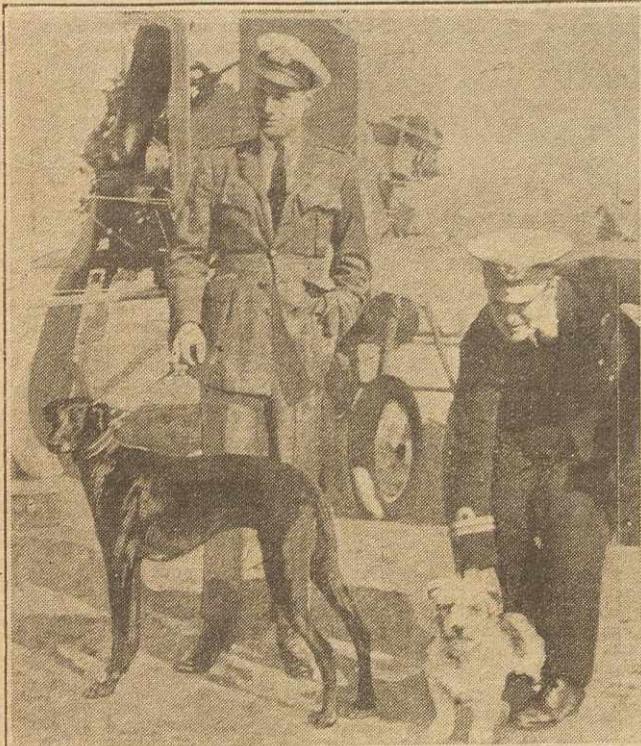


Entrance to La Folie Chateau at Fontaine Notre Dame, and (right) British prisoners being marched through Fremicourt, east of Bapaume, in July, 1916. In March of this year they were avenged when their comrades captured the village.

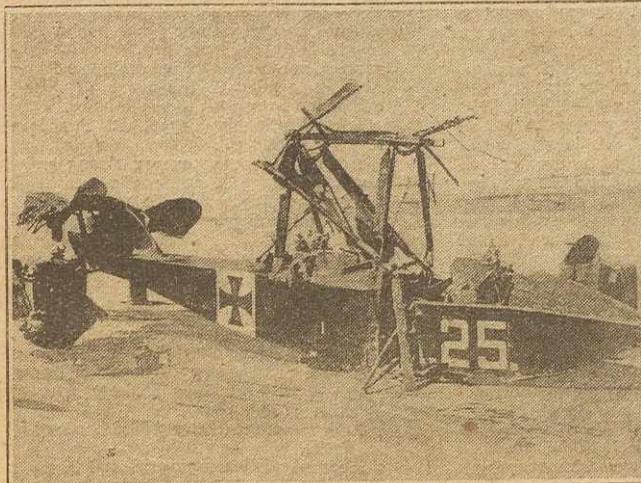
'Take Cover—The British are Coming'



Lieut. Contermann, crack German airman, killed while trying a new machine at Siegen Aerodrome on Nov. 5th. Centre: A German alarm post on the western front—"Take Cover—The British are Coming," and (right) General von Hoepfner, head of the German Air Service.



British airmen who flew a bombing aeroplane from London to Constantinople in eight stages. Flight-Commander Savory, D.S.O. and bar (left), and Sgt. adron-Commander Smyth Piggott, D.S.O., with their mascots. Right: Lord Rothermere, appointed Air Minister, Nov. 21st, 1917, with his son, Captain the Hon. H. A. V. Harmsworth, Irish Guards, recently reported wounded for the third time.



Enemy aeroplanes duly "accounted for." On the left is all that remains of an Austrian machine brought down while flying over the Italian lines. The German machine (right) was "forced down" on the French front in an intact state, and its airmen were made prisoners.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Chronology of Events, November 1st to 30th, 1917

- Nov. 1.—Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, in his maiden speech in the House of Commons, makes important statement on the naval position.
Count Hertling accepts the German Chancellorship.
The Italian Armies of the East are withdrawn behind the Tagliamento.
British capture Turkish first-line defences at Gaza.
- Nov. 2.—**German retreat on the Aisne** as result of French victory at Malmaison, abandoning the Chemin des Dames on a front of 12½ miles from Froidmont Farm as far as a point east of Craonne. French troops reach the southern bank of the Ailette.
Austro-Germans reach eastern bank of the Tagliamento.
British Naval Success in the Kattegat.—Our forces operating in the Kattegat destroy a German auxiliary cruiser and ten armed patrol craft; 64 prisoners taken.
- Nov. 3.—**American Troops Killed in Action.**—As the result of a German raid on French front three American soldiers are killed, five wounded, and twelve captured.
- Nov. 4.—German pressure increases on left of Italian Army on the Tagliamento. Enemy attacks west of Lake Garda repulsed.
British naval forces destroy an enemy electrically-controlled high-speed boat that attacked them off Belgian coast.
- Nov. 5.—**Enemy cross the Tagliamento**, and claim to have taken 6,000 prisoners.
Announced Mr. Lloyd George and French Premier are in Italy, also General Smuts, Sir William Robertson, General Foch, and other allied military advisers.
General Allenby reports operations against Gaza continuing; 2,636 prisoners to date.
General Maude routs Turks at Tekrit, on the Tigris, and occupies the town.
- Nov. 6.—Austro-German troops win the passage of the Middle Tagliamento, and Italians fall back to the west towards the lines of the Livenza and Piave.
Canadian troops take village of Passchendaele.
- Nov. 7.—**British capture Gaza.**
Enemy cross the Livenza, and are pursuing Italians towards the line of the Piave.
- Nov. 8.—**Coup d'Etat in Petrograd.**—The Extreme wing of the Petrograd Soviet, under leadership of pacifist agitator Lenin, announces that it has deposed the Provisional Government of M. Kerensky. Latter is said to have fled, and an order for his arrest issued. Extremists issue proclamation for an immediate peace.
British retire from Tekrit according to plan.
- Nov. 9.—Whole of Turkish Army defeated at Gaza and Beersheba in retreat, harassed by Sir E. Allenby's force, which occupies Ascalon.
Western Allies' Council.—A Supreme Political Council of the Allies for the whole of the western front is created, to be assisted by a permanent central military committee. The following are members of this committee: General Foch (France), General Cadorna (Italy), and General Sir Henry Wilson (Great Britain).
General Diaz Italian Commander-in-Chief, in place of General Cadorna.
- Nov. 10.—Enemy advance from the Trentino down the Val Sugana and take Asiago.
General Fayolle Commander-in-Chief of French forces in Venetia.
British and Canadian troops attack on a front of over a mile on both sides of the Passchendaele-Westroosebeke road. Germans succeed in regaining some of the more advanced of the positions gained by British.
- Nov. 11.—Total prisoners captured in Palestine to date are 5,894.
German attack on French trenches at the Hartmannswellerkopf repulsed.
Italians repulse enemy attack on the Asiago plateau.
- Nov. 12.—Turks reported organising a position behind the northern branch of the Wady Sukereir, guarding road to Jerusalem. British mounted troops make progress towards El Tineh.
War Office reports rapid progress in East Africa; Ndonda Mission Station and Chikukwe have been occupied, and main force of the enemy is hard pressed.
Mr. Lloyd George delivers grave speech in Paris on failure of Allies to secure unity of strategical direction.
Enemy across the Piave. Austro-Germans establish a bridgehead across the Lower Piave twenty miles north-east of Venice. Italians give up Fonzaso.
- Nov. 13.—The supporters of Lenin report that the Revolutionary Army (Russia) has defeated the "counter-Revolutionary forces of Kerensky and Korniloff."
French Premier announces British front in France is to be extended.
Victory in Palestine. General Allenby's troops carry enemy's positions "with magnificent dash" on the Wady Sukereir, the mounted division taking 1,100 prisoners. Enemy retreat to the Wady Surar, eight miles south of Jaffa. Total prisoners over 1,500, and 20 machine-guns and four guns.
- Nov. 14.—British destroyer and a small monitor sunk by enemy submarine while co-operating with the Army in Palestine.
French Cabinet resigns.
Enemy repulsed on the section of the Italian line Meletta Davanti-Monte Fior-Monte Castelgoberto. On the Lower Piave fresh enemy attempts to effect a crossing are frustrated.
Jerusalem Railway Reached.—General Allenby reports infantry and mounted troops hold the railway line in vicinity of Naanch and Mansurah, including the junction of Beersheba-Damascus Railway with the line to Jerusalem.
- Nov. 15.—M. Clemenceau (France) accepts the task of forming a Cabinet.
British Captures.—Announced in Parliament that since beginning of the war the British Armies have captured on all fronts about 166,000 prisoners and over 800 guns. Territory conquered in all theatres is about 128,000 square miles.
General Allenby's troops three miles south of Jaffa. Announced total prisoners since October 31st exceed 9,000.
- Nov. 16.—British widen the salient on ridge at Passchendaele.
Austro-Germans advancing on both sides of the Brenta reach Gismont.
Lord Cowdray resigns Air Ministry.
M. Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France, forms a Ministry.
- Nov. 17.—Italians report severe check to enemy, who had effected a lodgment on west bank of Lower Piave. Germans claim to have stormed Monte Prassolan.
Jaffa (Joppa) occupied by British.
Naval Fight in the Bight.—British light cruisers chase those of enemy to within 30 miles of Heligoland. A German patrol vessel is sunk, one light cruiser set on fire, a heavy explosion occurs in another, while a third cruiser is seen to drop behind. British sustain no losses in ships.
- Nov. 18.—British occupy Beit-ur-el-Tahta (12 miles N.W. of Jerusalem).
Enemy forces strike hard between the Brenta and the Piave. Near latter they storm Quero and Monte Cornella.
Sir Stanley Maude dies at Bagdad.
- Nov. 19.—French success in region of Chaume Wood.
Austrians claim to have stormed bridgehead of Feras (12 miles north of Valona).
British forces in Palestine capture Kuryet-el-Enab and Beif Likia.
United States destroyer Chancey sunk in collision; 21 lives lost.
- Nov. 20.—**Great Battle for Cambrai.**—The Third British Army, under General Byng, smashes the Hindenburg Line on a front of 10 miles between Arras and St. Quentin, and advances four to five miles. This blow, which surprised the enemy, is carried out without artillery preparation, a large number of "tanks" cutting passages through the belts of German wire. North and south of the main advance are secondary thrusts. Among the places captured are: La Vacquerie, Flesquières, Marcoing, Neuf Wood, Havrincourt, Graincourt, and Anneux.
- Nov. 21.—**General Byng's Great Victory.**—Important progress is made west and south-west of Cambrai. North-east of Masières, British capture enemy's double line of trenches on east bank of the Canal de l'Escaut. Noyelles de l'Escaut, Cantain, Fontaine Notre Dame, and Mœuvres are captured. The number of prisoners to date exceeds 8,000, including 180 officers.
At the eastern end of the Craonne plateau the French carry a salient in the German line to the south of Juvincourt.
- Nov. 22.—British consolidate their big gains in Battle of Cambrai. Fontaine Notre Dame is retaken by the enemy. Prisoners now total over 9,000.
Germany declares the intention of widening the zone barred to shipping. It is extended around the British Isles, mainly to the west; a new zone cutting off the Azores is designated.
British capture Jabir, in the hinterland of Aden.
- Nov. 23.—**Sir Julian Byng promoted to rank of General**, in recognition of distinguished service in Battle of Cambrai.
Battle for Cambrai. Severe fighting takes place at the storming of the important and dominating high ground about Bourlon Wood. The London Scottish capture an important spur between Mœuvres and Quéant.
- Nov. 24.—Announced General Plumer in command of British Forces in Italy, and that Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. W. Marshall is in command in Mesopotamia.
Powerful German attack presses British back a short distance on the hill in Bourlon Wood. Later our troops counter-attack and re-establish our line on northern edge of wood. British recapture Bourlon village.
- Nov. 25.—**Continued Fighting at Bourlon.**—Enemy succeeds in pressing back British from portions of Bourlon village. Our positions in the wood and on the high ground are intact. Announced 9,774 prisoners taken by British since morning of November 20th.
French carry German first and second lines between Samogneux and region of Anglemont Farm; prisoners exceed 800.
- Nov. 26.—General Allenby's mounted troops capture positions three miles and a half to the west of Jerusalem. British advanced patrols which crossed the River Auja, four miles to the north of Jaffa, compelled to retreat to south bank.
Lord Rothermere appointed President of the Air Council.
French reduce an enemy strong point north of Hill 344, and make certain of their gains obtained on November 25th.
- Nov. 27.—Severe fighting around Bourlon.
Colonel Tafel, commander of a German force—that from Malenge—surrenders unconditionally to British in East Africa. It numbered over 3,500.
British Guards clear Fontaine Notre Dame, but are counter-attacked by two German divisions and fall back.
- Nov. 28.—Enemy artillery active east of Ypres.
- Nov. 29.—British advance slightly west of Bourlon Wood.
First meeting of Inter-Allied Conference at Paris.
Announced Germany prepared to treat for peace with Russian Extremists.
- Nov. 30.—Great German attacks on British on the Cambrai front.

Science Aids in Detecting the Unseen Submarine



DISTANCE INDICATOR GIVING COMMANDER HIS DISTANCE FROM U-BOAT. IT IS CONTROLLED ELECTRICALLY BY VARYING INTENSITY OF THE SOUND FROM MICROPHONES

STEERING INDICATOR CONTROLLED BY MICROPHONES SHOWING HELMSMAN WHEN HE IS HEADING DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE U-BOAT

TELEGRAPH TO SEAMEN AT STERN WHO PREPARE TO DROP DEPTH CHARGES TO DESTROY U-BOAT

GUN CREW PREPARED TO FIRE SHOULD THE U-BOAT COME TO THE SURFACE

BULLY PROOF WHEELHOUSE

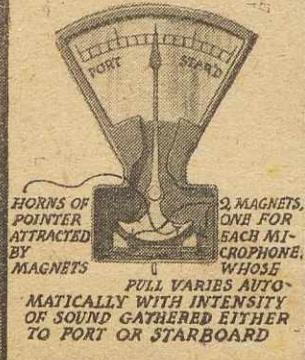
SWITCH TO CLOSE CONNECTIONS OF INDICATORS AND MICROPHONES, RENDERING THEM OPERATIVE
SILENCE CABIN USED ALSO FOR WIRELESS

AIR SPACE SOUND CABIN

SWITCH ALLOWING OPERATOR TO LISTEN MICROPHONE OR THROUGH BOTH TOGETHER

POSITION OF THE TWO MICROPHONES - PORT AND STARBOARD - NEAR THE KEEL

DETAIL OF STEERING INDICATOR



DETAIL OF MICROPHONE



One of the latest suggestions for the detection of submarines at a distance is the application of the microphone, or sound magnifier, for the purpose, so that the sinister craft may be heard though unseen. This very interesting diagram shows the way in which

the microphone might be supposed to operate. The lettering on it shows the way in which the sound on being received by the microphone is transmitted to indicators, which give both the distance and the direction of the hidden underwater craft.

The War Illustrated

Editor's Outlook

I AM sure my readers will share my pleasure in finding that so favourite a contributor as Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has been able to resume this week his brilliant reminiscences of the war which, under the title of "My Corners of Armageddo," have fascinated all of us who take a serious interest in the unfolding of the world's great tragedy. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe unfortunately, so far as this series was concerned, had to leave for journalistic duties in the United States at a time when he had been able to write only a few of the chapters, and although he contrived to maintain the series for some weeks, it eventually had to be temporarily suspended. The personal touch in these articles, and their innate charm, make them unique among war articles which it is not least in the distinguished list of those which have been published in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED.

Our Christmas Number

NEXT week's issue will be our Christmas Number! To-day I do not purpose indulging in any reflections upon this fact, and I shall leave such thoughts as it quickens in my mind for expression in the number itself; but I may at least announce to my readers that, in view of the steadily decreasing supplies of printing paper, it will not be possible to enlarge this Christmas Number. Indeed, it is far more remarkable than my readers would credit that we should be able, on the approach of the fourth Christmas of the war, to continue publishing our popular little periodical at the same price as the first issue was offered in August, 1914. How long that may be possible I should not care to prophesy. But in any case, we'll "carry on."

OUR Christmas Number will be found extremely attractive, but it will not be increased in size nor in price. It will be printed, like our very popular issue of last Christmas, in two colours, the most of the pictorial pages being given in photo brown, and it will contain a wealth of artistic material which will reflect the spirit of the season, so far as that persists under the chilling shadow of the war. Our own favourite artists have been busy at work of late preparing to make next week's issue a memorable one, and I think it will be found that for artistic merit the fourth Christmas Number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will be superior to any of the three that have preceded it. The list of literary contributors will contain no new names, as I have the feeling that at Christmas time, especially, we like to welcome old and tried friends.

Some Old Friends

MAINTAINING our policy, the pictorial side of the Christmas Number will, of course, have a very strong appeal, yet from the literary point of view I think it will be very difficult to find among the innumerable publications of our country any one issued at so modest a price that ever places before its subscribers such a wealth of reading matter as THE WAR ILLUSTRATED will contain next week. Mr. Lovat Fraser, widely recognised as the soundest critic and the weightiest writer on the war, whose weekly contribution

has become one of our fixed attractions, will next week deal with the question "Shall we see another War Christmas?" while Mr. Max Pemberton, whose facile pen has been responsible for so much attractive writing in our pages this year, is contributing an imaginative sketch showing how the spirit of Home really dominates everything in the war.

Three War Christmases

MR. BASIL CLARKE, another writer highly popular with THE WAR ILLUSTRATED readers, is contributing a little set of reminiscences touching the conditions in which he found himself as a war correspondent at each of the first three Christmases of the war; while Mr. Percival Hislam, our popular naval contributor, will be responsible for a breezy article on a new aspect of navy life. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe will also be included in the brilliant list, with a characteristic piece of writing entitled "My Censors," and Mrs. Grace Curnock, who has done so much excellent work on behalf of Women's a considerable success, and who recently spent the extremely interesting time in France investigating the Women's Army Organisation of which I had the privilege of seeing myself two or three weeks ago during a brief visit to the western front, will contribute a most interesting article on the life of the women.

"Our King and Queen"

I PARTICULARLY wish to call the attention of my readers to a publication for the appearance of which I have some responsibility, and which, I am sure, will make an irresistible appeal. I refer to "Our King and Queen in the Great War," a beautifully produced art souvenir published by the Amalgamated Press at 1s. net on Monday last. It consists of forty-four pages splendidly printed on good paper, with a charming art cover in two colours, and no fewer than eight pages of the contents reproduced in fine photogravure. There are in all one hundred illustrations depicting the extraordinarily varied war services of King George and Queen Mary both at home and in France, and it is not too much to say that these one hundred illustrations in years to come will be looked upon with the keenest interest, as many of them depict scenes that will live in history. The literary chronicle is brightly written, and gives for the first time a consecutive review of what I have described as "A Record of Royal Service."

THE bulk of the contents of this very interesting and timely publication appeared originally in two issues of our contemporary "The Great War," but it seemed to me that the matter was worthy of republication and amplification in separate form, and I am happy to say that in this new and attractive form in which it is now obtainable it has the approval of their Majesties. It is really an "Album de luxe," the pages being somewhat larger than those of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, and I am persuaded that it will be treasured in thousands of loyal British homes for many years as a valuable souvenir of our times. Cer-

tainly no better value is being offered in the publishing world to-day than this most attractive art publication at 1s. net. It is obtainable everywhere at the time of writing, but in view of the elaborate and expensive process of photogravure printing it will not be possible to extend the edition, and I would urge upon my readers the desirability of securing their copies immediately, before the stock is exhausted. A copy of "Our King and Queen in the Great War" would form a very appropriate and inexpensive gift to a friend just now.

Of Christmas Presents

THE approach of Christmas turns one's mind to Christmas presents, as naturally as eight o'clock of the morning and a good appetite to breakfast. And it's usually something of a problem—"What shall one buy for their Christmas-boxes?" This year the problem is solved for us in all cases where we feel that something more than half a sovereign is due from us. The little things, the nicknacks for the youngsters that are obtainable for a few shillings each and give pounds' worth of pleasure—let us still exercise our fancy in choosing these, by all means, for the joyous side of the season must not be allowed utterly to wither even in the lethal atmosphere of war. But the Government has provided for us the wisest of all Christmas presents wherever we can afford to pay from 15s. 6d. to £5 or upwards. Even 15s. 6d. in these days of high wages is not beyond the means of many working people, and if John Smith, artisan, wishes to give his wife or his daughter a gift that will grow in value, why not a War Savings Certificate, which will cost him 15s. 6d. and which will be worth £1 in five years? John can get as many of these certificates as he can buy at his nearest post-office, and every one he purchases will help King George to go on fighting the infamous Kaiser, whose criminal ambition has overcast all our lives with shadow.

A War-Bond Christmas

THEN there are the War Bonds for all who can afford to give a relative or friend a present of £5. Every Christmas thousands of "fivers" are wasted in gew-gaws, which may charm the recipients for a little, but are soon outworn and cast aside. Better buy a £5 War Bond which will bring five per cent. interest to its possessor every year and be worth more than £5 on the day the British Government redeem it, and "as good as gold" any day and every day before then. The Government needs to sell twenty-five million pounds of War Bonds every week to keep the war going until we have broken the back of the loathsome Prussian monster, and every £5 we lend the Government helps. Besides, the recipient of such a present has been encouraged to start the wholesome habit of saving, and will surely endeavour on his or her own account to add to the first nest-egg, and thus the good work goes on. Let us make this a War Bond Christmas, say I.

J. A. H.