THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS

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The Illustrated War News

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A NOTICE NEAR A SALVAGE DUMP.

Official Photograph.

THE GREAT WAR.

A FATEFUL ANNIVERSARY—ZEPPELIN ARMADA WRECKED—"SUCCESSFUL MINOR OPERATIONS"—THE GREAT FRENCH VICTORY—GERMANS ATTACK ITALY.

OCTOBER 31 stands out as the third anniversary of the very momentous first battle of Ypres. On that day in 1914, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, the fate of the British Empire was at stake, for the Germans, in their great stroke for Calais and the coast, had all but broken through. Had that happened, the whole course of the war would have been different. Gheluvelt had been lost; the enemy, in heavy masses, was threatening the weak spot in the line ready to pour through in force; but the late Brigadier-General Charles Fitzclarence, without express orders, sent the 2nd Worcesters to retake the village. Their effort saved the situation. The superb heroism the battalion—of immortal fame for deeds in earlier days—showed, was matchless. In recent days the British arms have again fought over and beyond that crucial point of many historic memories, and we have reaped the fruit of the Worcesters' devotion. Honour to whom honour is due. As the full story of the earlier campaigns is gradually revealed, other memorable days, of which we knew nothing at the time, will be marked in the calendar, but none will carry so fateful a meaning as this last day of October, ten days later than the anniversary of Trafalgar.

The week (Oct. 20 to the date of writing) opened with a surprise—an air-raid of a rather unusual kind. We had begun to think that the Zeppelin was played out and might not come again. The waxing of the moon turned people's thoughts in the direction of a renewal of aeroplane visits, and that was all they thought of when the warning went on the evening of the 19th. For a long time there was apparently nothing doing—no gunfire was heard, no sound of Gothas. Then came an explosion or two in the London area, and after that silence once more. The newspapers next morning did little to satisfy curiosity, beyond saying that a numerous fleet of Zeppelins had crossed the coast and had dropped bombs. All was obscure. The attack was called "The Mystery Raid," "The Silent Raid," and so forth. Some damage had been done, and possibly more Londoners saw the broken glass than on any previous occasion. Everybody knows where it was, but no public print violates the precious secret. Unfortunately, although the material

ONE OF GERMANY'S CONSTANT VIOLATIONS OF THE NEUTRALITY OF HOLLAND PENALISED: A GERMAN AEROPLANE, FALLEN WHILE CROSSING OVER DUTCH TERRITORY, LYING IN CUSTODY OF DUTCH SOLDIERS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

damage was slight, persons were killed and injured. Much speculation was held as to the probable punishment of the raiders, and for a time the absence of news gave the grumblers a chance. But during Sunday there were reports of something extremely satisfactory, and this Monday's and Tuesday's news confirmed and enlarged. Once more the circumstances were out of the common. Of eleven enemy airships six had been brought down in France, after wandering lost and helpless over the length and breadth of the land. It is a long feather in the cap of the French aviators. What part our own airmen played is not revealed, but there are hints that their duty was shepherding the returning enemy away from his bases into the clutches of our friends in France. It was a great piece of work, and one that has not encouraged the enemy, except in Voltaire's famous whimsical sense.

THE ROUTED ZEPPELIN SQUADRON'S VICTIMS IN A RAIDED LONDON DISTRICT: THE MAYOR, WITH GENERAL SIR FRANCIS LLOYD, AT THE HEAD OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.—[*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

The encouragement arising from the air-war news was sustained on Oct. 22 by "highly successful minor operations" by the British in the Poelcapelle region and south of Houthulst Forest. In the latter sector the French bore a gallant and effective part. The night had been rainy and the ground was slippery, making the work of assembly peculiarly hard; but, in spite of this, brilliant work was done by battalions of the Suffolk, Essex, and Berks Regiments and the Northumberland Fusiliers. The authorities certainly lose nothing by their new policy of mentioning by name the corps concerned in the fighting. It cannot help the enemy, and it promotes in the public at home a healthy interest in the campaign. The attack was carried out on a front of about one-and-a-half miles, and resulted in the capture of a number of fortified buildings and concrete redoubts. The fighting was fierce, and many Germans were killed. On the south-east of Poelcapelle our men were able to push on and carry valuable positions beyond the line of their first objectives. The southern defences of Houthulst Forest also fell into our hands, and the troops established themselves firmly beyond the southern boundary of the forest. In this part of the operations the units concerned were the Gloucester, Cheshire, Lancashire Fusiliers, Manchester, and Royal Scots battalions, acting in conjunction with the French. Their front extended over two miles from the Ypres-Staden Railway to a point north of Mangelaere. Astride of the railway an enemy counter-attack delayed the advance, which was elsewhere entirely successful; 200 prisoners were taken. Some hours later, satisfactory progress was reported from the sector in which there had been a temporary check. On the following day three counter-attacks were delivered. One of these attacks caused our troops to give a little ground, but the others were easily crushed by artillery, rifle, and machine-gun fire. With the slight exception noted, all our gains were maintained and consolidated. On the 25th the number of counter-attacks had risen to eight; but, in the

THE ROUTED ZEPPELIN SQUADRON'S VICTIMS IN A LONDON DISTRICT—AT THE FUNERAL OF TWELVE, MOSTLY CHILDREN: RELATIVES BY ONE OF THE HEARSES.
Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

words of Sir Douglas Haig, these had achieved "no material result." The enemy will cling with the energy of despair to the last positions on the ridge, and had no choice left except to counter-attack or withdraw. He is putting off the evil day as long as possible, but the increasing futility of his efforts after every serious forward movement by the British is symptomatic of a losing game.

But the week under review had still another surprise in store, this time on the northern sector of the French main line. For months the struggle on the Chemin des Dames has been more or less stationary, although it was never doubted that General Pétain was laying the foundation for some noteworthy effort. Some days ago the French expert commentator let fall a hint that the moment was at hand, and that the increased vigour of our Allies' raids was in the nature of a test of the enemy's strength and dispositions—the parallel, in the new warfare, to Napoleon's trick of preliminary artillery fire, after which he counted the answering reports of his opponent's guns, and made his calculations accordingly. General Pétain's tests were followed on Oct. 23 by a master-stroke. At 5.15 a.m., after artillery preparation which had lasted several days, the French assaulted the powerful German positions at Allemant and Malmaison. The usual fog and rain favoured the enemy, but our Allies were not to be denied. Sweeping forward on a front from Laffaux to Braye, they took the quarries of Pruty and Bohery, and secured the Fort of Malmaison. The best troops of Germany disputed the passage in vain. The French, pressing on, seized the quarries of Mont Parnasse. On the left, they carried the villages of Allemant and Vaudesson, and, fighting with magnificent dash and fire, secured themselves on the heights commanding Pargny and Filain. Lastly, in the centre, they took the key position of Chavrignon, from which they could look up the Valley of the Arden to Laon. The gains are three-fold. The enemy had at length been pushed downhill from his honeycombed refuge on the Aisne heights; on the right the French had virtually turned the German position in the Valley of the Ailette; while on the left they were established somewhat behind his line north of Allemant. The forward move was to a depth of two miles. Brilliant as an infantry day, it is equally brilliant as a tactical move which will have far-reaching results. The prisoners numbered 8500, 70 guns were taken, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was crushing. Among the prisoners were the staff of three regiments. General Pershing, the United States Commander-in-Chief, watched the whole operation, and at the close went forward to the advanced positions.

PORTUGAL'S ACT OF HONOUR TO THE CITY OF VERDUN: THE INSIGNIA OF THE ORDER OF THE TOWER AND SWORD CONFERRED ON VERDUN, AND BESTOWED IN PERSON BY PRESIDENT MACHADO.

At Verdun the situation remained unchanged.

On the Italian front a new phase developed on Oct. 21, with the appearance of strong German reinforcements on the Isonzo front. With the aid of these fresh troops, the Austrians began a determined attack on a thirty-mile front, including the northern sector from Monte Rombon to Tolmino and the northern portion of the Bainsizza Plateau. The Germans claimed to have captured the advanced Italian positions near Plazzo and Tolmino, and to have taken many thousands of prisoners. Italian reports at time of writing announce the impending evacuation of the Bainsizza plateau.

London: Oct. 27, 1917.

With the U.S. Troops Training in France.

AT AN AVIATION CAMP: DONNING OVERALLS FOR A FLIGHT; OFFICERS AND FRENCH INSTRUCTORS.

Every branch of the service of a modern army is represented among the United States troops in France, who are going through the most thorough and complete course of war training in details. From automatic-pistol practice, bombing, and rifle shooting, to the most up-to-date methods of artillery and aviation work—there is nothing left out in the battlefield tuition to which the Americans, both officers and men, have subjected themselves under French instructors. As a "Times" correspondent wrote recently: "American officers and men attend both French schools and ours, and every assistance needed is freely rendered. The progress of all arms is remarkable. All ranks display a serious spirit and show the greatest keenness . . . anxious to learn all the new methods of war."—(*French Official Photographs.*)

On One of the Flanders Battlefields.

DURING ACTION: A GUARDS' ANTI-AIRCRAFT PICKET; GERMAN OFFICERS UNDER GUARD.

A very effective method of ours for checking the prowling activities of low-flying German airmen on the battlefield, out to bomb our attacking troops as they advance, is shown in the upper illustration. It shows an anti-aircraft picket of Guardsmen in the forward line, watching the approach of an enemy plane, with their Lewis gun, swivel-mounted on a handy upright baulk of timber from the ruins of the adjacent captured German field-fort, ready to open fire as soon as the aeroplane gets near enough. An observer stands by with long telescope for "spotting" assistance. A haul of German officer-prisoners beside their smashed-in "pill-box," looking crestfallen and sullen, with a Highlander on guard over them, is seen in the second illustration.—[*Official Photographs.*]

On One of the Flanders Battlefields.

BETWEEN-WHILES DURING ACTION: GUARDSMEN STRETCHER-BEARERS; OTHERS WITH A GERMAN RIFLE.

At every pause in action, opportunity is taken to clear the wounded out of the danger zone, to remove them from places where they may be lying exposed to be again hit by enemy bullets or shell-fragments. The regular R.A.M.C. ambulance men and Red Cross stretcher-bearers are not always able to get up to the place in time, or their numbers on the field may not be sufficient—if the casualties are excessive in the vicinity—to attend to all the wounded at once. Regiments help with their own bearers from the ranks, as Guardsmen in the upper illustration are seen doing. Guardsmen during a brief battlefield rest are shown in the second illustration examining with amusement a German rifle which the owner ran off from the captured "pill-box" near by without waiting for.—[*Official Photographs.*]

With the French Troops of General Anthoine's

A CUNNING GERMAN *CAMOUFLAGE* TRICK WHICH FAILED: A CONCRETE FORT (BU

A remarkable example of German ingenuity in *camouflage* is seen here. The photograph shows a monster hollow concrete structure the enemy built up within the outer walls of a house at the village of Bixschoote, east of the Ypres-Furnes Canal, after the French artillery of General Anthoine's army, co-operating with our troops, had done with it. The house was gutted

Army Co-Operating with Us near Ypres.

OR DISGUISE, INSIDE HOUSE-WALLS) AFTER IT HAD BEEN SHELLED BY THE FRENCH.

by the Germans, the floors being removed and the interior made a thick concrete-walled fort, crammed with machine-guns, with loopholes in the outer house masonry walls all round. The house-walls appeared intact as *camouflage*, to disguise the nature of the building. As seen, the French guns shot away the entire outside masonry, and capsized the concrete walls.

On the British Flanders Front: A Fortified

WHERE ONE OF THE FIERCEST HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTS TOOK PLACE I

The exact locality shown in the photograph may not be—or at least is not—named. All that may be stated is that at and round the smashed-up gasometer seen and the adjoining German field-fort or "redoubt," a desperately fierce close-quarter encounter took place in one of the October battles. The redoubt, or fort, was built of concrete blocks, specially

ɜerman Battlefield Stronghold, Now Ours.

RECENT BATTLE: A GERMAN CONCRETE REDOUBT, AND ITS CAPTORS.

"reinforced" by means of uprights and cross-bars of steel rods embedded in the concrete and inside the fort. As the llustration shows, some of the concrete blocks had been indented and deeply scarred by shells—but the German garrison held out ntil the infantry reached them to settle their fate after a desperate hand-to-hand fight.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

How France is Checkmating German Influence in Morocco.

AT RABAT FAIR: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AND GENERAL LYAUTEY ARRIVING AND GOING ROUND.

Rabat, or in full, R'bat el F'tah, meaning the "Camp of Victory," is a port on the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco, which is now being developed by France into an important commercial emporium and telegraphic centre. The great Rabat Fair (that for 1917 was held recently) has become, under French official auspices, a trade event of far-reaching possibilities in the campaign that France is vigorously prosecuting against the German commercial enterprises in Morocco, which, in recent years before the war, had developed into an aggressive and wide-embracing political movement against French influence. General Lyautey resumed duty on the scene of his epoch-making earlier activities in Morocco, as French Administrator-General, on quitting the Ministry of War in Paris six months ago.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

France's Polish Corps for the Western Front.

ON PARADE: PRESENTING ARMS AT HIGH MASS; BATTALION BUGLERS BEFORE A FRENCH GENERAL.

It is well known that Polish corps, largely recruited from Poles resident in the Allied countries, have been forming in France. As seen here, the rank and file, both mounted troops and infantry, are equipped, uniformed, and armed on the French model, except for the caps the men wear. They are shaped after the historic Polish pattern, square-topped, and of soft, comfortable wearing material, of which all European nations who have lancer regiments have a reminder in the familiar flat, square-topped lancer uniform caps. All armies also call the cap by the original Polish name—"schapka." Historically, the present Polish Corps is the third France has raised. The first was formed during the Revolution, and the second under Napoleon, in whose wars their prowess was above praise.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXIII.—THE 48TH.

STEEL-BACK HOVENDEN.

IN the present more humane times, it is not easy for us to understand the devotion with which corporal punishment was regarded by all ranks in the Army. The cat was abolished only after years of the fiercest controversy; and during his evidence before a Royal Commission an eminent soldier who had risen from the ranks declared that he was never worth a d—— until he had been flogged. The triangles were considered the only guarantee of discipline, and officers—not brutal men at heart—considered that without the lash nothing could be effected. They looked upon the "common soldier" as a creature to whom moral suasion meant nothing. He was a drunken and degraded creature who could be controlled only by fear of physical torture. The view had some justification, and it must be remembered that even so late as the thirties of last century nothing was done for the common soldier. Service periodicals reflect curiously the first beginnings of better things—tentative proposals to establish regimental libraries and reading-rooms, and glimmerings of an idea that there was good material to work upon for the improvement of the rank and file. But the old idea died hard, and the flogging traditions of the Peninsula were not abandoned without a struggle. Under Wellington the lash went merrily. There was seldom a halt but some poor wretch was tied up to take his punishment.

THE PRESIDENT AND PREMIER OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: SIR DOUGLAS HAIG AND THE PORTUGUESE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN FRANCE (RIGHT), AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE VISITORS.

Official Photograph.

As a guarantee of discipline it is not surprising that the Command should have believed in flogging. But the curious thing was the respect in which the custom was held by the rank and file. They did not like it, certainly; but it was all in the day's work, and had to be taken gamely if it had been incurred. One regiment in particular became famous for its stoicism under the lash, and it became a point of honour among the men to take their floggings sturdily. This point is worthy of the attention of those humanitarians who made a noise about Field Punishment No. 1. But that is another story.

The regiment in question was the 48th (Northamptons), whose indifference to the cat's claws earned them the nickname which still endures, "the Steel-Backs." It was an unwritten law of the corps that every man should live up to the name, and the members were profoundly disgusted with any man who fell short of the standard. They went even further. So high was their spirit that even when in individual cases the flesh proved weak, the spirit ultimately prevailed, and voluntarily sought a second chance of showing how a Northampton could support torture.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH FRONT: SENHOR MACHADO BIDDING SIR DOUGLAS HAIG GOOD-BYE—SENHOR COSTA, THE PORTUGUESE PREMIER IS ON THE RIGHT.

Official Photograph.

[Continued overleaf.

With the Italian Navy: U-Boat Hunting.

"CHASE-BOATS" ON PATROL: CROSSING A SUSPECTED AREA; ALTERING COURSE AFTER "SOMETHING."

Italian naval officers have utilised extreme ingenuity in designing numerous types of special craft for the tracking and hunting down of enemy submarines, and many flotillas of such vessels are ever at sea "on the war-path." On their cruises the crews of the submarine-chasers quarter danger-areas both in the Adriatic and in the Mediterranean with the eagerness and zest of packs of hounds in full cry, alert and watchful on all sides. It is no secret that remarkable successes have fallen to the lot of some of the flotillas. As these photographs of typical craft of one class of U-boat chaser show, certain of the vessels employed are of very shallow draught, and extremely handy and able to turn swiftly in any direction at a moment's notice with the smartness of a pike on the pounce.—[*Italian Naval Official Photographs.*]

This shining example was Private Hovenden, who will never be forgotten by the 48th. If ever a man might be said to have kissed the rod, it was he. Yet once his flesh failed him. It happened in the Peninsula. Hovenden had been guilty of some breach of discipline, and was sent to the triangles. His sentence is not recorded, but it was not of the lightest—possibly not less than fifty stripes, and at that period they usually ran to hundreds "at a breakfast." Well, Hovenden was stripped and tied up, and the drummer got to work. The regiment, jealous of its peculiar honour and reputation, looked on. But at the twentieth stroke Hovenden fainted dead away. Discipline could hardly repress the murmur of disgust that ran through the ranks, as the offender was taken down and bundled away to hospital. "A Steel-Back to faint for twenty! Outrageous!"

When Hovenden was able to return to duty his further punishment began. Not that he was tied up again to receive the remainder of his sentence (the legality of that course was long disputed, and finally denied by authority), but something he cared more for. For when he came among his friends again he found that he had been sent to Coventry as a public disgrace. Every man cut him dead. Now this was past endurance. Besides, Hovenden, being a good Northampton, shared the regimental notion about the whole duty of man at the triangles. He had been betrayed merely by some passing physical weakness. He was as willing as any of his comrades to take punishment gamely. There was only one way out of it. He must earn another flogging, and show the boys how he could take it.

He was not a man of half-measures. He would make sure. Accordingly, he took the most direct method possible. He asked no run for his money—no night of fun before suffering. He merely strolled up to his Colonel and called him a fool to his face. The result was quite satisfactory. Immediate arrest, and a sentence of an exemplary number of lashes. Hovenden was delighted. He would vindicate his character in first-class style.

But before his sentence could be carried out the French made a sudden attack, and flogging had to wait. Hovenden was left behind under guard. But this was not to his mind either. He must be in it. Consequently, he eluded his guards and reached the scene of action just in time to see his Colonel wounded and captured. He shot down the Colonel's captors, pulled the chief into a place of safety and bound up his wounds. This done, Hovenden went back to his guards, hoping for a moment of less preoccupation when he could be favoured with the flogging that would rehabilitate him.

But as he returned a bullet struck him. Poor Hovenden fell dead, having vindicated his courage better than he intended—better even than he knew.

THE GREAT WAR SAVINGS MEETING: MR. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKS.

"Time is on our side"; that was the note of the stirring and stimulating speech of the Prime Minister at the Albert Hall on October 23. The meeting was to open the new campaign of the National War Savings Committee. The speech of Mr. Lloyd George was confident and inspiriting, and his audience was heartily with him when he declared that the real enemy is "the war spirit enshrined in Potsdam." Among the influential men supporting Mr. Lloyd George were (right to left): Mr. G. N. Barnes, M.P.; Lord Milner; Lord Curzon; Sir Robert Kindersley, President of the meeting; the Archbishop of Canterbury; Mr. Bonar Law; Sir Edward Carson; and General Smuts.

Photograph by C.N.

Forerunners of the Grand Fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XII.

THE COMING OF STEAM AT SEA: AN EARLY "PADDLER" AND A LATE THREE-DECKER.

The sailing navy was in its prime when the adoption of marine steam-engines by the Admiralty brought in a totally distinct type of ship, destined to revolutionise the way of the sea. The big three-decker "Queen," launched shortly after Queen Victoria's accession, was in her day reckoned the *ne plus ultra* of war-ship construction. Within a twelvemonth the first steam war-ship proper was afloat—a three-masted, paddle-wheel "frigate," shown in the illustration crossing the bows of the "Queen." Three years later the first screw-frigate was built. To test the two systems of propulsion, this ship was made fast by cables to a paddler of equal size and engine-power, stern to stern. Each went full speed ahead. The screw won the "tug of war," and dragged the vainly struggling paddler after her.

The Import of Timber into Britain.

A COMMODITY UNDER MILITARY CONTROL: UNLOADING AND STACKING TIMBER IN BRITISH DOCKS.

Earlier in the year, it may be recalled, the War Office announced that Sir Bampfylde Fuller had been placed in charge of a department dealing with timber. Its functions were classified under the following heads: (1) The supply of timber for the use of the Army; (2) The control of the use of timber in the United Kingdom, with a view to effecting economy in its use for all purposes; (3) The regulation of the purchase of such timber as may be imported from sources outside the United Kingdom, whether on Government or private account; and (4) The stimulation of the felling of timber in the United Kingdom. An advisory committee of timber-merchants was appointed, also experts in packing and casing goods, and the economical construction of wooden buildings.—[*British Naval Official Photographs.*]

On One of the Flanders Battlefields.

NOTES IN THE LINES: A GIANT HOWITZER SEEN AGAINST A TWILIGHT SKY—SHELLS WE USE.

Impressively grim is the silhouetted view in the upper illustration of one of our huge howitzers in Flanders, as seen from close by in the fading half-light of a stormy October day, such as there have been but too many of, unfortunately, for our purposes. We see the great piece as it shows up darkly at dusk with evening fast drawing on, or in the uncertain light of the early morning hour between dawn and sunrise. This particular gun has taken part in the bombardments of the enemy with which Sir Douglas Haig clears the way for his infantry to go forward. The shells being unloaded are said to weigh nearly three-quarters of a ton each, and to make a crater 15 yards across by 5 deep, scattering fragments for half a mile round.—[*Australian Official Photographs.*]

On the British Western front: fresh Troo

IN ORDER TO SAVE A MUDDY MARCH ON THE SWAMPED FLANDERS ROADS: NEAR POLDER

To save the men long, wearisome tramping along the rain-sodden mud-swamps into which the autumn rains have converted the roads of Flanders and Northern France, in certain cases fresh troops to reinforce and support the fighting-line are brought up to the front in the way shown here, in horsed lorries and vans. They come up, a correspondent has said, as cheerfully a

ɔeing Brought up by Horsed Transport.

RRY-LOADS OF MEN DRIVING CHEERILY TO BATTLE, LIKE HOLIDAY PARTIES TO A CUP-TIE.

day-makers going to a Cup-tie. Apropos to that, it may be recalled that—again as war-correspondents' letters relate—nothing ns so much to amaze and depress the Germans we take prisoners as the cheerfulness and confident spirit of our men whom prisoners pass on the road on their way to the rear of the battlefields.—[*Official Photograph*].

One of the Artillery Giants that Thun

"GRANNY" AND HER DESCENDANTS: ONE OF THE MONSTER BRITISH HOWITZERS A

It is easy to understand from this illustration why, as correspondents relate, so many Germans run forward to surrender in a state of physical collapse, to meet our attacking troops as they near the enemy's trenches at the outset of a Flanders battle. After undergoing days and nights of incessant bombardment with projectiles such as are seen here, one can realise

ay and Night in the Flanders Battles.

ENORMOUS SHELLS—SLINGING A SHELL ROUND TO THE BREECH OF THE GUN.

enemy's state. "Granny" is the sobriquet, it is stated, of the gigantic howitzer shown. The dimensions of her escendants," to use the word in a special sense, the huge shells in the photograph, which descend or come down steeply on the enemy's lines, may be gauged by comparing their size with the men at work slinging a shell.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

Between Attacks in Flanders: Bringing Up the Big Guns.

TAKING THE ROAD: MAN-HAULING A BIG GUN.

We see here what takes place in the intervals between battles in Flanders. There is always, as we know, an interval of days between one attack and the next, longer or shorter according to the weather and the state of the ground. While along the extreme forward edge of the newly won ground, the infantry are consolidating the positions captured, and beating back counter-attacks, the artillerymen with the heavy, long-range bombarding guns are laboriously getting forward their pieces, working against time, to the appointed battery line whence the next bombardment will open. Something of the tremendous muscular exertions it means for the gunners in the slough of mud which overspreads the battle-area may be realised from the illustration: a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Between Attacks in Flanders: Bringing Up the Big Guns.

SHIFTING POSITIONS: HAULING A GUN WITH DRAG-ROPES, IN SECTIONS: A TRACTOR-HAULED PIECE.

In the upper illustration a big gun, after one of Sir Douglas Haig's recent victories, is seen being started on a battlefield for the next road bombarding line further forward. In cases, the giant pieces are hauled forward with drag-ropes by the sheer bodily pulling-power of the gunners, and others assisting. As seen, to distribute the ponderous dead-weight for easier hauling, and getting better over the mud-sodden roadway, the piece on occasion is transported in sections: the gun-barrel on one vehicle, and the mounting with recoil-cylinders and gear, by the gun-carriage. The lower illustration shows a bigger gun, tractor-driven, arriving at its new firing-point after stiff haulage through the mud. Planks are laid at extra soft places, as seen, to prevent wheels sinking in.—[*Official Photographs.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: V.—BOMBS.

THERE are several Junior Officers in the British Army; the others are specialists. In this war of the New Warriors the Juniors are experts. In all the wonderful, scientific, lethal, chemical, and complicated methods of obviating the Hun that the Army now practises, the Juniors are Grand Masters, Leaders, and Teachers. They spend their lives doing "courses," and dazing brother Boche with the result. There is never a day, or a subaltern, or a regiment without a "course" of some sort. It is even said that there is a special course for teaching officers to invent courses. Think of something, complicate it, find a bit of ground between Laffans Plain and Bapaume to do it upon, and that is a course. Practical courses run from bombing, gassing, camouflaging, bayonet-fighting, to scouting, cooking, and sanitation, Indent Writing in Triplicate, and the Composition of Eye-Wash for All Occasions.

There are private and pleasant courses, naturally. There are courses for the Elimination, Intimidation, and Turning Back of Inspecting Brass Hats from Trenches that Wish to Be Left Alone. There is the Moral Camouflage course, which enables "One Pips" to interview The Biggest Ones, and, though one knows nothing or even very little, yet helps one to create an impression that Napoleon or Marlborough has been reborn again in one self. These, though not strictly Warrior courses, are certainly scientific. In any case, the course is the thing; everybody does it, everybody is an expert on something, and the specialists are waging a new kind of terrible war.

A SUSPICIOUS PLANE IN SIGHT! ONE OF OUR NAVAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, SOME OF WHICH HAVE WINGED AND BROUGHT DOWN ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS GERMAN AIRCRAFT AT SEA.

Naval Official Photograph.

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?—NO!!!" A LORRY-LOAD OF OUR MEN ON THE FLANDERS FRONT TRAVELLING ON A BATTLEFIELD ROAD TO JOIN THEIR BATTALION.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Take that highbrow lad, the bombing officer. The bombing officer is not merely a hero who can handle a Mills or a Hale grenade as though he had two for his breakfast every morning, but the internal organs of the Mills and Hale, the "tactics of" and the "training for," are things that have no terrors for him. He is an artist in death by detonation. He knows the construction of bombs, from the first jaggy and somewhat capricious Jam-Tin bomb of the infancy of bombery to the latest Hales. He can even make a bomb out of anything, from an old boot and a handful of nails to the neatly corrugated and pretty beast that is launched from a rifle. He walks about with slabs of gun-cotton in his pocket, and he tells you quite cheerily, "I wish you hadn't kicked that haversack into the corner like that. Dangerous! It's full of detonators—oh, and Ammonal." A cheery fellow, Bombs, and so exciting—one never quite knows whether he is about to offer one a whisky or going to blow up.

He has taken vast and intensive courses. At a school he has learnt, as I say, all about the internals of grenades. He has learnt all the precautions necessary in handling grenades, and there are 2,000,306 precautions. He has learnt all the bomb tactics learnable from trench defence to open-order attack. He has learnt how to work out minor Waterloos on his own, combining his bombers with infantry and machine-gunners. He has trained his particular squad to a hair; and the bombers, bayonet-men, carriers, sandbag men, and rifle-grenadiers of that squad can work down an enemy trench,

[Continued overleaf.

With the W.A.A.C. at Aldershot Training Centre.

RECRUITS IN QUARTERS: AT LUNCH IN THEIR MESS-ROOM; BEING SERVED OUT WITH UNIFORM.

The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, or "Waac's," as the now well-known organisation is dubbed for short, or, again, the "Brownies," from their khaki, brown-hatted uniform, is at work both in England and France. Their "Head," or "Chief Controller," in this country, Dr. (Mrs.) Chalmers Watson, has her centre of direction at Army Headquarters in London. Their Chief Controller in France is Mrs. Gwynne Vaughan, who has held the appointment for some months, ever since contingents of W.A.A.C. began to be sent over for service at Base Headquarters and elsewhere. There is, as our photographs indicate, a contingent of recruits at Aldershot, the headquarters training centre for the Army at Home. The "Brownies" are immensely popular both at home and abroad.—[*Photo. Farringdon Photo. Co.*]

clearing up the Hun at a pace, and with a delicate deftness that is beautiful to behold. He knows how to send his men forward in raid, patrol, or actual offensive in a way entirely devastating to the enemy. He knows how to hold a precarious trench in the best and most painful (for Fritz) manner against odds. He has packed into his brain enough scientific and tactical knowledge to equip a Brigade on the old scale of war, though he is a junior and no more than battalion bombing officer.

IN THE CAPTURED GERMAN LINES NEAR REUTEL, ON THE FLANDERS FRONT: DIGGING OUT A GERMAN FIELD-GUN CAPSIZED AND HALF-BURIED BY A BRITISH SHELL WHICH BURST CLOSE BY.

Official Photograph.

Knowing all about bombs himself, he teaches his men all about bombs. He trains them first with clay dummies, that hurt no man and make a lot of smoke about it, graduating them to the real thing. He teaches them the over-arm sling action that is the most effective, and soon he has his squad throwing well and accurately the regulation twenty-five yards, and some of the more expert throwing well over fifty. He shows his men how not to blow their own heads off with rifle-grenades. He also teaches them how to use German bombs when found, and French bombs if necessary. And, by the way, to see him take a German bomb and pull it to pieces is a beautiful, if somewhat unnerving sight.

He is generally an expert in "stunts" too. He is full of tricks wherewith Huns may be sent expeditiously to—wherever they go. At one portion of the line "somewhere" a bombing officer sent back word to the batteries to spare a house that yet possessed a roof. Nobody could understand why—not even the Germans, until they realised that the bombers, by lobbing grenades on to the roof, were causing them to roll down with uncanny accuracy into German positions. At another place, a trench the British had just captured was still connected with the German second line by a communication trench. There was a German sentry at one end, and a British sentry at the other; but the Germans, for all that, had an unpleasant habit of wandering along the single duck-plank at the bottom of the trench at nights on scouting intent. One night the scouting stopped for good. The bombing officer had managed the job with a single grenade. He took the pin out of the grenade, and fixed the bomb under the end of the duck-plank nearer the British. When the Germans came out scouting, the first man on the plank pressed that end down. The British end lifted just enough to release the safety-catch of the grenade. The Germans arrived at the unpleasant end just about the time when the fuse reached its most business-like moment. The effect was very successful. Another bombing officer on a raid did much the same thing with a barrel of beer in a German dug-out. He extracted the pin, and wedged a grenade under the end of the barrel. The raiding party then returned to the British line, having accomplished its task. The Germans returned to their trenches. In time, Germans being what they are, the barrel became empty. One far too thirsty man tipped the barrel to obtain a full glass. The grenade did the rest. The effect of a grenade in a dug-out is comprehensive. The British line was strafed for days after that episode—but it was worth it.

DURING THE BATTLE FOR THE RIDGES: TWO GUNNERS, WEARIED AFTER DAYS AND NIGHTS OF INCESSANTLY BOMBARDING THE GERMAN LINES, SNATCHING A FEW MINUTES' SLEEP ON A GUN-CARRIAGE WHILE ON A ROAD.—[*Official Photograph.*]

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

On the French Front: A German Shell-Freak Effect.

UNSCATHED AMIDST GENERAL WRECKAGE: THE CHURCH-TOWER CLOCK OF ST. HILAIRE-LE-GRAND.

One of the strange shell-freak effects, of which many have been reported by correspondents in Northern France and Flanders, is seen here. The tower at the west end of the parish church of St. Hilaire-le-Grand, in Northern France, is shown as German shells left it. The extraordinary sparing of this church-tower clock, as it was left holding on in position after the whole upper part of the tower and half the adjoining side wall of the tower to the left had been smashed away, will recall similar "escapes" of crucifixes left unharmed amidst the ruins of the churches of which they were the dominant interior feature, and also the exceptional case of the Virgin and Child statue on Albert church-tower.—St. Hilaire is named after the Gaulish bishop after which our Oxford and Law "Hilary" terms are named.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

In the Rear of the Present Battle Area.

INCIDENTS: GERMAN PRISONERS RICK-BUILDING ON A FARM: FRENCH ENGINEERS ON A CANAL.

The upper illustration, taken in the Seine et Marne department, shows one of the ways in which the French, as authorised by the Hague Convention, and in accordance with the time-honoured usage of war, employ to good purpose the services of some of their immense number of German prisoners. Of course, their employment helps to fill the gap caused by the absence of French field-workers with the colours, and to meet food-shortage difficulties. Agricultural and farm work is a kind of manual labour the majority of the German peasant-conscripts are inured to. In the lower illustration French Engineers are seen engaged on navigation arrangements for barge and other traffic on a canal in Belgium, fixing up a beacon mark for pilots engaged on canal navigation.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

The Zeppelin Disaster of October 19-20.

"L 49'S" FATE: THE BOWS; THE FRENCH MARINE MINISTER AND GENERAL CASTELNAU'S VISIT.

The German Zeppelin-raiders on the night of October 19, aware of the formidable efficiency of the British anti-aircraft defences from previous experiences, flew abnormally high, at an altitude of over 14,000 feet. One result was that it was impossible for our men below to detect the hum of the propellers of any overhead, while a stratum of mist at a medium altitude rendered it useless for our anti-aircraft gunners and searchlight squads to attempt to deal with them. The second result of the Zeppelins venturing so high, in the abnormal conditions prevailing in the upper air that night, was that the whole squadron found itself caught in a forty-mile-an-hour north-westerly gale, which swept the majority of the Zeppelins helplessly across France, six of them to meet untimely ends, from a German point of view.

The Disaster to the German Zeppelin Raid

THE FATE OF ONE RAIDER: "L 49," WHICH CAME DOWN AT BOURBONNE-L

The six Zeppelins which were sighted over various parts of France during the morning of October 20 had been blown across the Channel during the previous night by the north-westerly, upper-air storm which drove back the entire raiding squadron of thirteen, while over England. One was destroyed by its own crew on coming to ground. A second was hit by French

quadron which Attacked England on October 19—20.

NS IN FRANCE, LYING AS IT FELL, AFTER CAPTURE WITH ITS CREW.

nti-aircraft gunners and fell in flames. One came down and sixteen men left it, whereupon the Zeppelin sailed off to the outh-west, apparently derelict. Another met destruction near Grenoble. The fifth was seen drifting in a vertical position over he Mediterranean—apparently doomed. The sixth, illustrated here, "L 49," was captured intact with officers and crew.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

ARE women pulling their weight in the national boat during the war? Not long ago, Sir Auckland Geddes declared that he knew "the women of the country have been splendid, but those who have been showing the splendidness belong, on the average, either to the working class or to the upper class." He went on to add that "there is a great mass of young, quite healthy, middle-class femininity which is doing nothing really to help the war along." To such he gave the advice, "Get busy—go to the nearest Employment Exchange."

LONDON'S GIRL "COALIES": WORKING THE CRANE WHICH OPERATES THE SCOOP.
Photograph by C.N.

. . .

Femininity, middle-class and otherwise, was distinctly ruffled by the charge of uselessness levelled against a nation of women already officially declared to be "splendid." The question that naturally arises is whether the statement made by the Minister of National Service is justified by facts. There seems to be a pretty general opinion that, while there are still numbers of women who are doing "nothing really to help the war along," they are not by any means all to be found in the ranks of "healthy middle-class femininity."

. . .

Most women are asking themselves what exactly Sir Auckland meant by the "upper class" and the "working class." If in the former he includes only women of wealth and leisure who before the war were wholly ignorant of work in any form, it is difficult to believe that he was really in earnest. Mayfair and Belgravia may include a number of really genuine workers, but the numbers whose activities would boil down to a very few hours' attendance at hospital or canteen are probably far more numerous. Canteen-workers know by experience that the enthusiasm of the "well-knowns" who flocked to help in the first months of war has not been equal to the strain of a three years' "grind" of even four hours' work a day or every other day. Most of them will tell you that the best, as well as the most regular, workers are drawn from those who, by necessity, inclination, or patriotism, spend the greater part of their time earning their own living.

. . .

As a rule, the term "middle-class" is usually interpreted as meaning the great mass of people—other than the industrial or working classes—who, men as well as women, work for their living. Surely the Minister of National Service did not mean to include the women of this type in his criticism. Those who have dealt much with women's work in the war are almost unanimous in their opinion that it would be difficult to find a "slacker" amongst the ranks of those girls who, before the war, acquired the habit of work. Things, in fact, are rather the other way. Discussing the response to the appeal for volunteers for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, one of the officials stated

LONDON'S GIRL "COALIES": CLEARING A TIP-WAGON.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

[*Continued overleaf.*

Rough Work but Ready Workers: Girl "Coalies."

WILLING WAR-TIME HELPERS: LONDON GIRLS UNDERTAKE WORK COMMONLY DONE BY MEN.

In the world of labour the necessities of war-time have inaugurated an era of topsy-turvydom. They have caused a reversal of the stereotyped view held before the war that woman was incalculably the inferior of man in the matter of physical strength. To-day we find her grappling with tasks which might well seem beyond her power, but she perseveres, and she proves that she can be a capable and reliable substitute for the men who are thereby released for active service in the Army in one form or another. Our striking picture shows women acting as coal-haulers at the London Hydraulic Power Company's pumping station: filling a tip-wagon from the shoot, which is fed by the scoops which empty the barges. Stiff and exacting muscular toil as the task looks, the women are equal to it.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

that a very large proportion of the recruits had been women who, in many instances, had given up lucrative employment in order to serve their country.

. . . . .

But, perhaps, by the expression "middle-class" was meant the large numbers of educated girls who, while not exactly rich, had yet no reason to work in order to live. If so, the criticism comes very near the mark. There are still numbers of girls whose main object in life is to have a "good time," and who succeed remarkably well in attaining it. It would be unfair to say that they never did anything else. In their ranks are those who started out with the laudable intention of working hard all day. Unfortunately, actual experience proved that burning the candle at both ends is a process that can't be carried on indefinitely; and, the social round proving more attractive than a régime of hard work, the hard work went to the wall. Of course, there are "slackers" in every class; but, if someone could take a census, Mayfair and Belgravia would probably furnish higher returns than humble suburban districts. But it does seem a pity that Sir Auckland was not more explicit about his class distinctions.

. . . .

Meantime, it is cheering to know that the Government is taking every precaution to ensure that the women who do work shall not be exposed to undue strain or hardship while engaged in the service of their country. Of necessity, the hours of labour are long in a factory, but every effort is being made to make them as short as may be. In the case of women, sixty hours a week is the maximum unless a special extension permit has been given by the Home Office. Those who work on twelve-hour shifts are obliged to take one hour for dinner and a half-hour for tea. Care for the workers is not merely restricted to duration of hours. Their housing and feeding is another matter that receives the most careful consideration and attention. Canteens, rest-rooms, and cloak-rooms are now commonplaces of factory life. The rest-rooms really live up to their reputation; the canteens are so "run" that the workers can buy well-cooked and really nourishing food at the lowest possible prices. As for housing, hostels where the workers may lodge in comfort at a moderate charge are increasing in number every day. The bogey of the discomfort and general undesirability of factory conditions is, so far as "war" institutions are concerned, being gradually exorcised.

LONDON'S GIRL "COALIES": WORKING ON A COAL-BARGE—FEEDING COAL TO THE SCOOP.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

HEAVY WORK BUT WILLING WORKERS: LONDON'S GIRL "COALIES" TIPPING COAL ON TO THE BANK.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

. . . .

Those who, by circumstances or for physical reasons, are unable to compete with their more robust sisters in the labour market can still help to win the war. The first step is to buy "Food, and How to Save It," by Dr. Edmund I. Spriggs, published by the Ministry of Food and priced at twopence. Once the contents have been thoroughly mastered, women, as the housekeepers of the nation, will have it in their power to increase the national energy by a per-centage that would seem incredible if Dr. Spriggs didn't demonstrate food values in so simple and convincing a fashion.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE RIGA FRONT—UNEXPECTED GERMAN WITHDRAWAL—THE LOST CONVOY—SHIPPING LOSSES UP—THE FAR EAST.

FOLLOWING the German threat to the northern front, Russia announced that the Government contemplated withdrawing from Petrograd to Moscow, a movement which was thought by the Allies to be well considered, as the capital is a hotbed of disaffection. In the old capital the forces of order would stand a better chance of completing their organisation. Before any definite departure had begun, the civilian evacuation of Kronstadt was reported. This was equally well understood, as the great naval station has seethed with sedition for a long time. But the most unexpected news was that which, on Oct. 25, announced that Hindenburg was withdrawing from the Riga front and had retired some fifteen miles. In some cases the withdrawal was so rapid that the pursuing Russian detachments lost touch with the enemy. In their retreat the Germans, as usual, destroyed all buildings, roads, and bridges. The reasons for this unexpected movement were not immediately apparent. It may have been as much political as military. For the moment the capture of the Gulf of Riga has brought no very signal gain to Germany. A better tone is reported from the fleet, which is guarding the Gulf of Finland and is said to be in good fighting trim. The enemy has, since the coup of Oesel, Dago, and the smaller islands, made only one feeble attempt at a further landing near Tombe, eight miles outh of Werder. This was easily dealt with by the coast guard. If Hindenburg has no immediate plan of advance to serve by his retiral, it is not improbable that he has General Winter in mind. General Brusiloff has pointed out the extreme riskiness of an advance on Petrograd at this late season. The sittings of the Russian Preliminary Parliament began on Oct. 22, at Petrograd. It was expected that M. Kerensky would relinquish the post of Commander-in-Chief. As he had accepted that office only provisionally, his resignation had no particular significance The Russian leaders continued to exhort the people to show a united front and to work for the restoration of discipline. The Minister of Marine, taking the Baltic reverse as his text, drew a powerful moral from the incident. General Alexeieff spoke strongly on the weakness that would lead to "a fatal peace." But one day of vigorous action would mean more to Russia than many homilies. Talk has been her undoing. Her friends pray that she may yet adopt the policy of a shut mouth, a stiff lip, and hard hitting.

DURING THE FINAL ROUNDING-UP CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA: ONE OF THE FRONTIERSMEN BATTALIONS OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS ON THE MARCH.

In British naval affairs an unfortunate incident has to be recorded. On Oct. 17, between the

[Continued on page 40.

The Captured Zeppelin "L 49" just af

NEW AND INTERESTING VITAL FEATURES: THE STARBOARD-SIDE "POWER-EGG" AND PROPELL

The hull section of Zeppelin "L 49" shown, which came down intact near Bourbonne-les-Bains on October 20, and of which other photographs appear in this issue, is specially interesting. Note on the hull-top traces of frozen vapour, encrusted at the altitude, over 14,000 feet, at which the raiders were caught by the forty-miles-an-hour north-westerly gale that drove them

ning Down in France—Fore-End to the Right.

BY CABLES AND ENTERED BY A RAILED LADDER FROM THE "CAT-WALK."

. Also, note the Iron Cross nationality badge. The oval object is a "power-egg," containing the mechanism for the eller, shown, corresponding to one on the other side. A mechanic works inside, reaching the "power-egg" by the ladder ng from the central gallery under the gas-bag—the "cat-walk." Beneath the egg is the tube like "silencer."—[*Photo. Alfieri.*]

Shetland Islands and the Norwegian coast, a British convoy of neutral ships was attacked by two fast and heavily armed German commerce-raiders. H.M. ships *Mary Rose* and *Strongbow* (destroyers) were sunk after a short and unequal fight; and five Norwegian, one Danish, and three Swedish vessels, all unarmed, were sunk by gunfire without warning or examination. The enemy showed his usual disregard of the customs of the sea, and made no effort to rescue the crews of the sinking ships. They even fired upon the boats as the few survivors attempted to get away. No more abominable act occurs in the long list of Germany's crimes upon the high seas. As soon as they had finished their foul work, the raiders scuttled back to Germany. The Seamen's and Firemen's Union may be trusted to note this incident for future reference. On the other side of the account stands the sinking of a U-boat by a British airship.

WITH THE R.F.C. IN MESOPOTAMIA: ADDITIONAL AEROPLANES, ON ARRIVAL FROM OVERSEAS, BEING TRANSPORTED ON MOTOR-LORRIES TO THE R.F.C. BASE CAMP.

The weekly return of Shipping Losses showed seventeen large vessels sunk, an increase of five on the previous week's number. Smaller ships, eight, an increase of four; fishing craft, nil. Some light was lately thrown on the tonnage question by Mr. Lloyd George, who stated that our monthly loss is now under one-third of what it was in April, the black month of submarine warfare.

The news from outlying theatres of war, if scanty, is always a tale of progress. In East Africa the enemy is hard pressed, and is still retreating in the Mahenge area. The Kilwa force presses him rapidly southward, and in the Lindi region he gets no rest. In Mesopotamia, on Oct. 18, 19, and 20, successful operations were carried out at Kizil Robat, seventy miles north-east of Baghdad. Our troops enveloped the enemy and drove him across the Diala. Prisoners and some wagon-loads of ammunition were taken.

America has been making huge efforts to ensure the success of the Liberty Loan. The war gains daily in popularity, and the sinking of the *Antilles* has proved a strong argument against the Hun in the United States. LONDON: OCT. 27, 1917.

A SWEDISH TRIBUTE TO SEAMEN WHOSE BODIES WERE WASHED ASHORE AFTER THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND: THE LOCAL FISHERFOLK'S MEMORIAL OVER THEIR GRAVES IN THE CEMETERY IN KUNGSHAMNS COUNTY, SWEDEN. The fisherfolk in villages near the cemetery collected money for the memorial among themselves, and put it up a few weeks ago. The inscription, translated, runs: "To the Memory of English and German sailors, fallen in the Battle of the North Sea in the summer of 1916. By the Ocean waves they were carried to our Coast. May they now rest in peace in the Foreign Land."—[*Photograph by Samuelson.*]

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The Illustrated War News

THE RUINS OF ARRAS CATHEDRAL: THE INTERIOR AND WRECKED FAÇADE.

French Official Photograph.

THE GREAT WAR.

ITALY'S BOLD FRONT TO ADVERSITY—ALLIED HELP PROMISED—HAIG'S HAMMER—AIR-WARFARE ON GERMAN TOWNS—THE FRENCH FRONT—AMERICA'S FIRST SHOT.

ITALY has commanded the attention and sympathy of the Allies in her misfortune. About the seriousness of the Austro-German thrust there could be no doubt from the very first, and later news only confirmed the general expectation. The enemy had struck a shrewd blow in every respect. The Austrians had been reinforced by German troops drawn from other areas; the massed attacks were delivered with the utmost determination at a vulnerable point, and Italy had been caught at a moment of political crisis. The enemy had even attempted peace propaganda in the very midst of the attack, but that does not seem to have helped him much. From the outset, the Italians at home and in the field would give no sign of faint-heartedness. They faced the situation resolutely. Retreat there must be, and much hard-won ground had to be given up. The disappointment must have been very bitter, but from the beginning of the setback General Cadorna showed a bold front. As the hard days went on he spoke of orderly retreat, and of gallant fighting to cover the retirement. Udine, the headquarters, was lost on Oct. 30, but by that time the Italians were establishing themselves on the Tagliamento line and the enemy's advance was being successfully arrested. With the descent into the plain the Italian cavalry had come into action, and was in close touch with the enemy's advance guards. The Central Powers will not have it all their own way in the lowlands, where the Italians have a better chance. And the enemy has not many routes—perhaps two passes at most—by which he can descend into Venetia. His problem of communications becomes more difficult with every mile of advance, for on the Cis-Alpine side he can depend upon little or no military transport. That is the more hopeful side of the picture. It is no use, however, to deny that Italy has had an awkward blow. The German claim of 180,000 prisoners and 1500 guns may be exaggerated, but the losses are undoubtedly severe, and the Entente Powers have to face the facts. The most reassuring feature of the situation was the prompt announcement that help would be sent at once. Italy received the promise with unfeigned gratitude and with renewed assurances of an iron national will. She pledged herself to "victory or death." And even at the height of the misfortune the political horizon began to clear. There could be no better proof of the steadiness of the people.

HOME AS THE HUNS LEAVE IT! FRENCH WOMEN RETURN TO FIND THEIR HOUSE A FEW SCATTERED BRICKS.

Official Photograph.

On the 30th King Victor asked Signor Orlando to form a Cabinet, and the same day the new Prime Minister had made good progress with his task. Parliament, it seemed, was ready to put aside dissensions, in face of the national danger. The country was resolved that the fate of Serbia and Rumania should not be hers. The enemy's customary late autumn foray might have been successful in its first rush. But the tide could be stemmed. Italy was very far from the last ditch. She had her army intact as a fighting force, still orderly, still capable of the offensive, when new dispositions should be completed. During the retreat the Italians had put as many obstacles as possible in the way of the enemy. Stores were destroyed, and the bridges over the Isonzo blown up. Nowhere did the retreat become a rout. The British artillerymen, who have served for many months with our Allies, suffered many discomforts of the retreat, but saved their guns. By Nov. 1 the whole of the Italian Army had been safely withdrawn, and General Cadorna telegraphed to Signor Orlando, "Let the country have confidence that the Army will be worthy of its determination to hold our flag in high honour and to avenge the cry of pain issuing from our sacred soil which has been trodden underfoot." That is the voice of free Italy. A few months ago in these columns we quoted some famous lines of Petrarch, germane to the occasion. It is interesting to note that they were alluded to once more on Nov. 1 by an Italian editor in a fraternal message to the British nation.

Anxiety for Italy and interest in her affairs rather overshadowed the news from Flanders. But the period of Italian reverse was one of fruitful progress on the British front. Sir Douglas Haig never ceased to hammer at the Paschendaele Ridge, and he brought off two successful forward thrusts. The first of these was sustained by home troops on Bellevue Spur; in the second, which was made on Oct. 30, the Canadians again added to their laurels. The operation was carried out with limited objectives between the Ypres-Roulers railway and the Poelcapelle-Westroosebeck road. The attack was delivered over marshy ground, and the weather, as usual, did nothing to lighten the task of our troops. Communication was difficult, and the going again abominable. But the Canadians pushed through, gained their main objectives, and reached the outskirts of Paschendaele. West of the village they had to deal with five heavy counter-attacks, but these they beat off and turned captured machine-guns upon the enemy. On the left, over ground intersected with streams in flood, Naval and London Territorial battalions made good, capturing fortified positions. The previous night Gloucester battalions performed useful raiding work south-east of Gavrelle. The enemy admitted that Paschendaele was lost, but claimed that he drove the British out again. Sir Douglas Haig did not claim to have won more than the outskirts of the village. The counter-attacks were *west* of the village—a significant point. Next day the enemy shelled our new positions, but attempted no fresh counter-attack. Our line was further improved near the Ypres-Staden railway.

On Nov. 1 there was only a hostile cannonade east and north-east of Ypres. An enemy

WAITING FOR A BATHING-PARADE WHERE A CHURCH ONCE STOOD: MEN OF A SUFFOLK REGIMENT.—[*Official Photograph.*]

CLEANING THEIR RIFLES IN A RUINED VILLAGE: MEN OF THE DORSETS.
Official Photograph.

concentration near Paschendaele was detected, and came to grief under our fire. By this time the Canadians were fairly established in their gains of the 30th, and had not been seriously molested.

Our aviators have kept up a regular succession of raids on posts and depôts behind the enemy's lines. The Royal Naval Air Service had a full programme on the Gotha aerodromes at St. Denis Westrem, and on railway junctions south-east and south-west of Thouront, and in the Bruges district. Saarbruck was again visited by the R.F.C., and the railways got a stiff dose; also gasworks and a munition-factory at Pirmaeens. Billets at Roulers had two courses of treatment on the 29th, and received over a hundred bombs. On the 30th our men bombed Roulers and Ingelmunster Stations soundly. The steel-works and station at Volkliegen, a mile or two west of Saarbruck, were severely handled. At the same time French aviators were equally active.

ON A ROAD NEAR THE FRONT: AN AMERICAN LUMBER-MAN.
Official Photograph.

Return compliments to the London front were attempted by the enemy on the nights of Oct. 29-30 and Oct. 30-Nov. 1. On the former occasion the south-eastern counties were attacked, but no enemy machine penetrated the outer defences. The second attack under the Hunter's Moon was made by seven relays of aeroplanes, and thirty machines were said to be engaged. Only three machines got as far as the London area. The casualties and damage were light.

While the detached French have been keeping their end up briskly near the coast, their main front has been comparatively quiescent. General Pétain, by causing the German retreat, added a great advantage to his stroke on the Chemin des Dames. Another noteworthy incident has been a bombardment and attack in the Verdun area. The sector concerned was that of Bois le Chaume-Bézonvaux. In the air, however, our Allies have been as busy as ourselves.

The firing of the first American shot in the war fell to a detachment of the United States Artillery on the French front—presumably on Oct. 27. Great progress has been made by the Americans now training in France, and certain units are so far advanced that they were sent to finish their preparation in the actual firing line side by side with seasoned French troops. These contingents are to form the nucleus of training battalions, which will take over the instruction of fresh drafts as they arrive in France. The men were said to be adapting themselves admirably to the life of the trenches.

LONDON: Nov. 3, 1917.

AN HOURLY SCENE OF MOVEMENT BY DAY AND BY NIGHT: ON A ROAD NEAR THE FRONT.
Official Photograph.

The French Sportsman who "Bagged" a Zeppelin.

THE MAN WHO PREVENTED THE DESTRUCTION OF "L 49" BY HER COMMANDER: M. JULES BOITEUX.

M. Jules Boiteux, of Serqueux, near Bourbonne-les-Bains, a metallurgical worker recently returned from the front, was the means of saving intact the Zeppelin ("L 49") driven down by French airmen at that place on October 20 after the raid on England. His admirable promptitude was commended by General Castelnau and M. Dumesnil, Under-Secretary for Aeronautics. M. Boiteux was out shooting, when the Zeppelin descended near him and nineteen men jumped out. "The commander," he said, "fired his pistol into the enveiope. Realising that he intended to set it on fire, and determined to prevent this at all costs, I loaded my sporting gun and shouted, 'Stop, or I fire!' The commander threw down his pistol and held up his arms, crying, 'Kamerad! Kamerad!'"—[*Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

On the Western Front: With the American Engineers.

ON BATTLE-FRONT RAILWAY-CONSTRUCTION: UNLOADING COAL FOR A CAMP; TYPES OF THE MEN.

The Engineer branch of the United States Army has had, at all times, a reputation for expert ability and executive skill second to none. In peace time they are always at work, tackling stiff jobs of one kind or another in State service somewhere in America; and their keenness and their up-to-date methods are hard to beat. Also, during the past twenty years or so, they have had considerable war-experience of the most practical and exacting sort, on campaign in Cuba and the Philippines. They come to the Western Front well up to their tasks, and with their ranks brought up to war strength with volunteers and enrolled men, drawn from the American engineering profession at large, and trained in engineering work of all kinds. The lower illustration shows the sturdy physique of the rank and file of the corps.—[*Official Photos.*]

On the Western Front: With the American Engineers.

ON BATTLE-FRONT RAILWAY-WORK: TRACK-MAKING THE ENGINEER-COMMANDANT AND STAFF.

One of the most pressing needs of the hour on certain sections of the Western Front is the extension and multiplication of the field railways. More and more railways have to be built as the course of events shapes and reshapes itself, and fresh track-laying has to be taken in hand somewhere or other in several places practically daily. To that task the American Engineer Corps at the front in France and Flanders is turning itself with all its energies, and with the most satisfactory results. It is work of a kind at which both men and officers are adepts from railway-laying experience in the States, and field-work in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, for which some of the officers wear medals. In the lower illustration the American General and his Chief of Staff are shown wearing medal ribbons.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Delivered at Last from German Shell-f

THE BURNING OF THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES, FIRED BY GERMAN SHELLS:

The recent victorious British advances in Flanders have at last placed Ypres practically beyond the range of German guns. Writing a short time previously, Mr. Perry Robinson says: "We visited poor Ypres, which grows more battered and sadder in its beauty every day—literally every day, for there is never a day when the German does not shell its ruins, and there

ores—a Memory of its Earlier Agonies.

STRUCTION OF A BEAUTIFUL CITY NOW LIBERATED BY OUR TROOPS, BUT IN RUINS.

has not been one for some nine hundred days or so. . . . Rarely have I seen a more beautiful sight than the jagged ruins of the Cloth Hall and Cathedral were to-day. . . . And as I write the Germans are shelling the place again." Our illustration, which goes back further in the tragedy, is one of a number of war drawings on exhibition in Paris.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

The Bersaglieri—Italy's Most famous Hard fighters.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD: BERSAGLIERI CHARGING IN AN ATTACK; FIRING BY COMPANIES ADVANCING.

The Bersaglieri are by reputation the "crack" regiments of the Italian infantry. They represent the "light infantry sharpshooters" of King Victor's military establishment, and may be said to correspond as an organisation to our own Rifle Brigade and King's Royal Rifle Corps, and to the Chasseurs à Pied of the French Army, and the German Jäger battalions. As hard fighters the Bersaglieri have traditions of valour that go back to the first battles of the former Sardinian armies which won the Independence of Italy. The brilliant feats they have accomplished on the battlefield wherever they fought is the pride of all Italy. In the present war the Bersaglieri regiments have, over and over again, alike in attack and defence, covered themselves with glory, as the phrase goes.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Italian Bersaglieri and Carabinieri with Our Troops.

ON SERVICE IN EGYPT: IN CAMP—DRAWING WATER; MACHINE-GUN TRAINING IN THE DESERT.

The Bersaglieri regiments for war are distributed among the infantry divisions, being attached mostly for duty as special service units in emergencies. They are the pick of the recruits in each year's class, having to come up to a special standard in physique. At drill they carry out all movements at the double, and are trained to march far and fast, with a view to their being used to support cavalry reconnaissances in force. The plume of cock's feathers worn in their hats is the well-known Bersaglieri badge. The cocked-hatted Carabinieri, some of whom are seen in the upper illustration, are military police, organised by battalions, and trained for fighting, but ordinarily told off to guard head-quarters, camps, and the lines of communication. The Italians are as indefatigable as they are brave in action.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Belgians Making Munitions for Their Army.

WORK IN BELGIAN MUNITION-FACTORIES: LEAD MANUFACTURE; MOLTEN METAL FOR SHELLS.

Not only have the Belgians reorganised and re-equipped their army, which has long been holding part of the Western Front, and has taken a brilliant share, alongside French troops, in the recent battles in Flanders: they are also making every effort in the work behind the front which supplies the military force with the necessary material. How important an ample supply of munitions is to the Belgian Army, as, indeed, to all armies, may be gathered from a recent article by the well-known Belgian author, M. Emile Cammaerts, written after a visit to the front. "Even in the sector of the floods," he writes, "the front held by the Belgian Army has never ceased to be lively. . . . The artillery duel has never stopped for more than a few days, and there

(Continued opposite.

Belgium's Effort in Munition-Making.

WORK IN BELGIAN MUNITION-FACTORIES: POURING MOLTEN STEEL FOR MAKING SHELL-CASES.

Continued]

is not one night when some bombing expedition or some advance-post raid does not take place. Those who would go to the Belgian front with the preconceived idea that nothing happens in that quarter, might be sorely disillusioned. . . . On my way back to the boat, I met a Belgian officer on leave, to whom I expressed my admiration for the transformation which had occurred during these last years, and how happy I felt to see the Belgian Army re-equipped and stronger in men and material than it had ever been before. 'Yes,' he answered: 'We have worked a good deal, but there is something much more amazing than these physical improvements; it is the fact that the men, after so many months of patient waiting, have kept up their spirits."—[*Belgian Official Photographs.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXIV.—THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

GOOSEBERRY-PUDDING AND PUNISHMENT.

SOME time in the easy days that fell between the close of the Napoleonic Wars and the Crimea, the 7th (the Royal Fusiliers, now the City of London Regiment) was billeted at Islington in order to be out of the way during a Parliamentary election. While there, a detachment of two hundred men got the route for Chester, and were well pleased at the prospect of a march through the pleasantest counties of England at the best season of the year. But, in the inscrutable wisdom of the War Office, it was suddenly ordained that the party should go by an unusual means of transport—nothing else than canal-boat. The officers were a little disappointed, but they took the affair as a lark, marched to Paddington, and embarked in high spirits. The procession was not exactly military, but it kept some semblance of the usual order. In the first barge went a depôt band, which played the Fusiliers cheerfully along the waterways, and the troops found various means to beguile the long and tedious voyage. Very often they were allowed to get out and walk on the towpath. The officers' boat was made luxurious with trusses of straw, and had a tarpaulin rigged overhead to keep off the sun. Summer was at its best, and all ranks enjoyed a great deal of *dolce far niente*. They had also at least one adventure. One day three gay young sparks of subalterns fell overboard, and one had a narrow shave of drowning.

At length they got as far as Nantwich, whence they were to march to Liverpool. They arrived early, and the Captain in command (the Major having preferred a coach to the canal-boat) did not intend to take the road until the following morning. He and his brother-officers, all young, saw to the quartering of the men, and then looked about them for an evening's amusement, imagining that the Major was by this time safe in barracks at Chester. They accordingly went to the Red Lion at Nantwich and ordered the best dinner the house could provide, insisting on a gooseberry-pudding as the *pièce-de-résistance*, for it was the height of the gooseberry season.

The earlier part of the meal went well, and then came the pudding—a veritable triumph. It was all they had dreamed, and a first helping set them wondering what Peninsular heroes would not have given for such a dish on the banks of the Zadora. Never had there been such a pudding. A second helping was clearly "indicated," as the physicians say, and to that the party was proceeding with a will when the door opened and in rushed their young Adjutant, kept hitherto from the feast by urgent duties. He was expected to sit down and fall to, but instead he shouted—

[Continued overleaf.

ILLUSTRATING THE RISK TAKEN BY THE BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS: THE RESULT OF GUN-FIRE ON ENEMY CONCRETE BLOCKHOUSES.

Incidentally, this photograph gives an excellent idea of the risks taken daily by the British Official Photographers, as, when it was made, the big blockhouse in the distance (to the left of the centre) was still in enemy hands. It will be noted that the blockhouse in the foreground has not been smashed entirely; but Fritz, hurried by our bayonet-men, decided to quit nevertheless.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Forerunners of the Grand Fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XIII.

OUR FIRST ARMOURED SEAGOING WAR-SHIP: THE SCREW IRONCLAD "FRIGATE," THE "WARRIOR."

The "Warrior" was our first seagoing armoured war-ship, an ironclad screw "frigate," as she was at first officially styled, launched in 1860. A sister-ship, the "Black Prince," was laid down shortly after the "Warrior," and launched in the following year. The "Warrior" is seen in the foreground, and the "Black Prince" further off. Both, as seen, were fully masted and ship-rigged vessels, and both had the then orthodox sailing man-of-war pattern of bows, although at the cut-water the fore-part of each below was formed as a ram. The armour formed a "belt" over great part of the ship's side, and was of iron, 4½ in. thick. France had already built the first ironclad afloat; the "Gloire," and the "Warrior" and "Black Prince" were England's answer.

"By Job, the Major 's here! We march at once—he 's sent me to bid the officers summon the men."

A roar of derision greeted the words.

"All nonsense and humbug! Sit down, Mr. Adjutant, and none of your sells."

WITH ENGINEERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: CONSTRUCTING A FIELD-OVEN IN CAMP.
Official Photograph.

"On my word," he replied, with a long face, "it 's true."

He hurried out, and his comrades—too old sparrows to be caught with chaff—fell once more upon the delicious pudding. No silly, hoaxing Adjutant should play it off on them.

But now in came a sergeant, with positive orders to attend the C.O. immediately. Fearing the worst, the majority of the party reluctantly got up and departed; but three stout spirits, still persuaded that the affair was a hoax, resolved to see their blessed pudding out. Just as the last morsel had disappeared, the Adjutant returned, and in severe tones told the three young scapegraces that they were either to leave the hotel or consider themselves under arrest. Not yet quite persuaded that they were not being victimised, they rose. There could be no great object in further refusal, for the gooseberry-pudding was now only a happy memory.

The Major was in Nantwich, sure enough. He wigged all three, telling the two elder subs. that he would recommend their immediate attachment to regimental headquarters for neglect of duty on the line of march. The youngest he condemned to take a detachment of eight men and a sergeant to Liverpool, there to remain until the C.O. thought proper to relieve him. The culprits left the presence, feeling that the joy had gone out of life, that they were broken men, and that gooseberry-pudding was a delusion and a snare.

The punishments, however, did not prove excessive. In the case of the two elder rebels, nothing was done. It was believed that the Commander-in-Chief had himself a weakness for gooseberry-pudding, and that he secretly sympathised with the reason for the insubordination. All the culprits, in greater or less degree, enjoyed a score off their martinet of a Major. The mere youngster, the worst offender, came out of it with flying colours. He felt at first very dull at the prospect of being sent, as he said, "to vegetate among a set of heathen merchants," but all was for the best.

In Liverpool he had next to no duty. Part of his little command was constantly away, looking after deserters to and from Ireland; and, beyond an occasional church parade, he had his time pretty well at his own disposal.

Being very well connected, he had endless invitations from the county families; he never let it be known that he was under official displeasure, and he found that the bearskin cap of the Fusiliers was not without charms for the fair. The Major could not have done him a better turn. He spent a glorious three months, devoutly grateful to the gooseberry-pudding, of which dish he became the life-long slave.

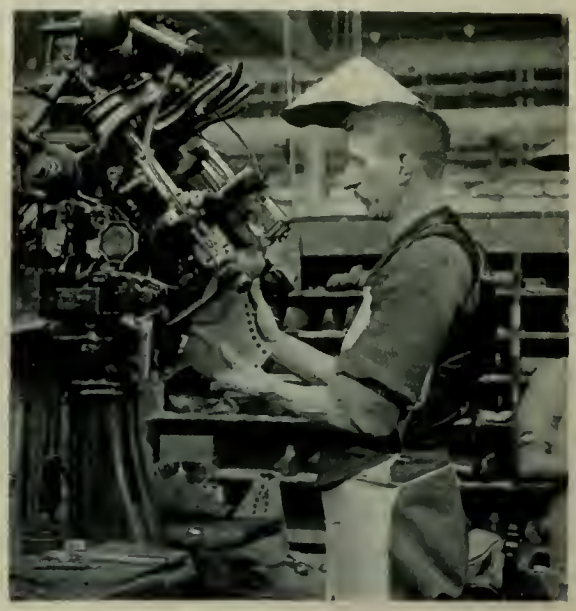
PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE BRITISH FRONT-LINE TRENCHES: GERMAN TRENCHES OUTSIDE POELCAPELLE AFTER OUR BOMBARDMENT.
Official Photograph.

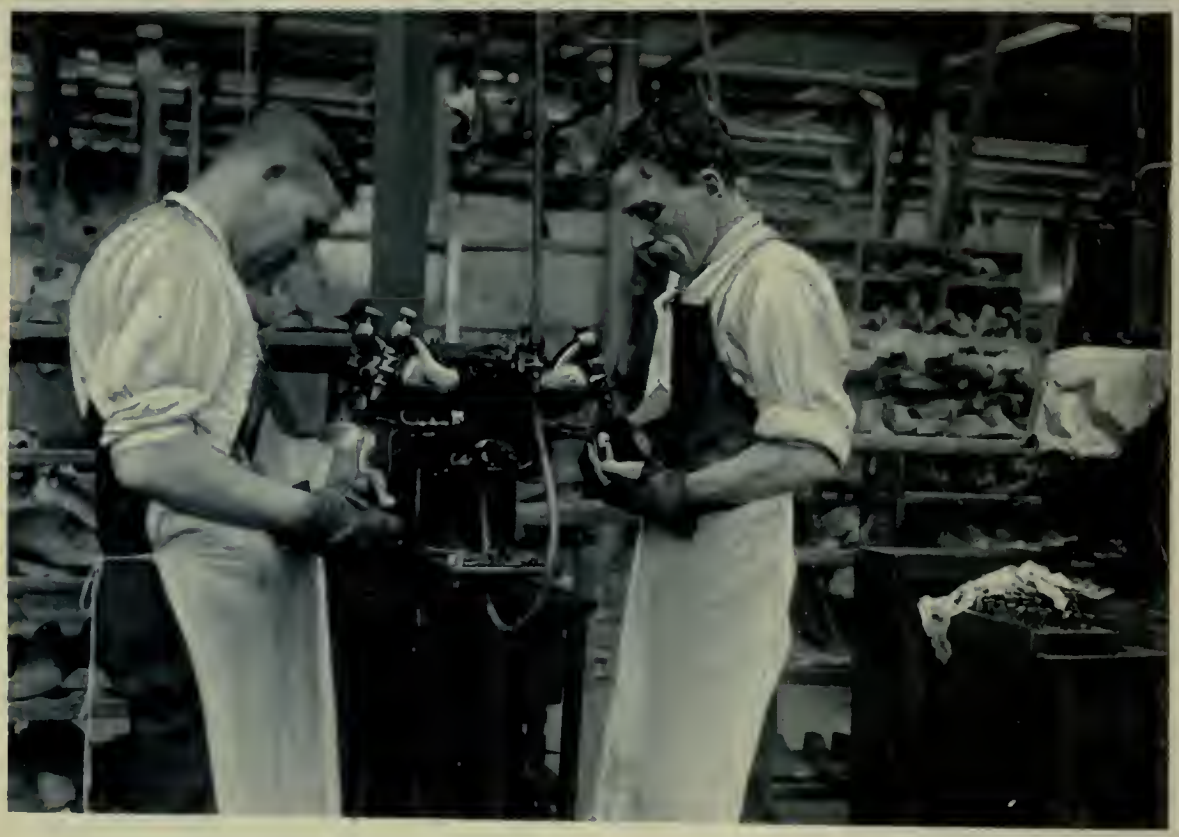
On the Western Front: Indian Non-Combatants in France.

MANIPURIS FROM THE BURMAH BORDER ASSISTING BEHIND THE LINES: EXPLORING A MOTOR-CAR.

In addition to the Indian troops on various fronts all over the war-area, a number of non-military natives of India are doing excellent work everywhere behind the lines. In France, there are, for instance, some Manipuris, from the country to the south-east of Assam, towards the western border of Burmah. They are racially, in some degree, akin to the French Indo-Chinese colonial natives from Tonquin, Siam, and Annam, large numbers of whom have been in France for the past two years, and have proved hardworking and handy workmen in munition-factories, and as camp and hut constructors. Manipur has a population of a quarter of a million, and is a semi-independent State with a British Resident. It came into prominence some years ago owing to internal political troubls. Polo traditionally originated there.—[*Official Photo.*]

Government Pattern "War Boots" for Everybody.





AT A GOVERNMENT-CONTROLLED FACTORY: "LASTING" BOOTS; CUTTING SOLES; FINISHING.

In consequence of the shortage of leather for the boots and shoes of the civilian population, and the excessive prices charged in many of the shops, the Government have taken the matter in hand, and taken over control of factories with a view to regulating prices where practicable, and providing a serviceable article at reasonable prices. It is the same everywhere in regard to the shortage of boot-leather, in consequence of Army requirements—but infinitely worse in enemy countries than among the Allies. As extracts from German papers published in the London Press have recorded—brown paper and shoddy made of rags, "doctored" in various ways, is used for boot-uppers in Germany, also, very widely, wood for the soles. Our Government boots are, at any rate, leather.—[*Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

Government Pattern "War Boots" for Everybody.

AT A GOVERNMENT-CONTROLLED FACTORY: A WOMAN WORKER "SLOGGING" BOOTS; "WAR BOOTS."

It is estimated that the Government-controlled boot-manufacturing establishments should, by means of the very up-to-date machinery and mechanical appliances available at the principal centres of the industry in England, turn out upwards of two million pairs of "war boots" a month. The somewhat cumbrous and long-winded term of "Government controlled war-boots" is stated to be the general designation adopted, which has taken the place of the earlier official designation, "standard boots," which for one reason or another was found unsuitable. The boots are well and carefully made, and cut as "smartly" as circumstances permit, and also are well finished. Many extra women and girls, as well as discharged wounded soldiers, are being employed in the factories.—[*Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

"Grappling in the Central Blue": Aeroplane

THE VULNERABILITY OF THE KITE-BALLOON, AND ITS OCCUPANT'S MEANS OF ESCAPE: TWO

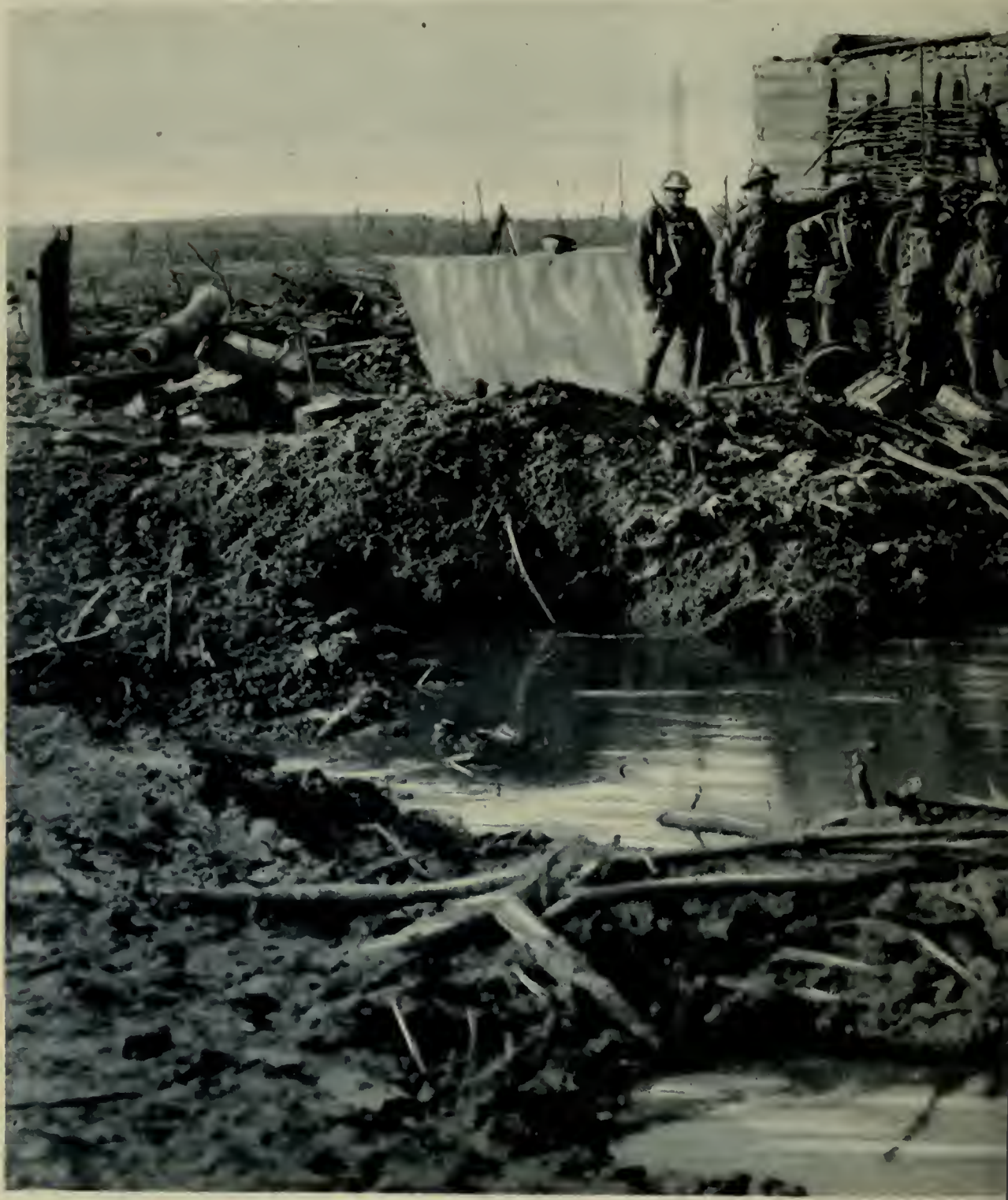
The captive kite-balloon (or *saucisse*, as the French nickname them) is naturally vulnerable, and stands but little chance against hostile aeroplanes. It depends for its safety on the extent to which its own side possesses the mastery of the air. The above illustration, which is from an exhibition of war drawings now on view in Paris, shows the perils to which kite-balloons are subject

Kite-Balloons—One Phase of Aerial Warfare.

SES" DESTROYED BY AEROPLANES, AND AN OBSERVER DESCENDING FROM ONE BY PARACHUTE.

Two of them are seen in process of destruction by a squadron of aeroplanes, one of which is flying between them, firing on either side. The kite-balloon on the left is already consumed by the flames. That on the right is just beginning to burn, and the observer is seen making his escape by means of a parachute—a difficult and perilous operation.—[*French Official Photograph*].

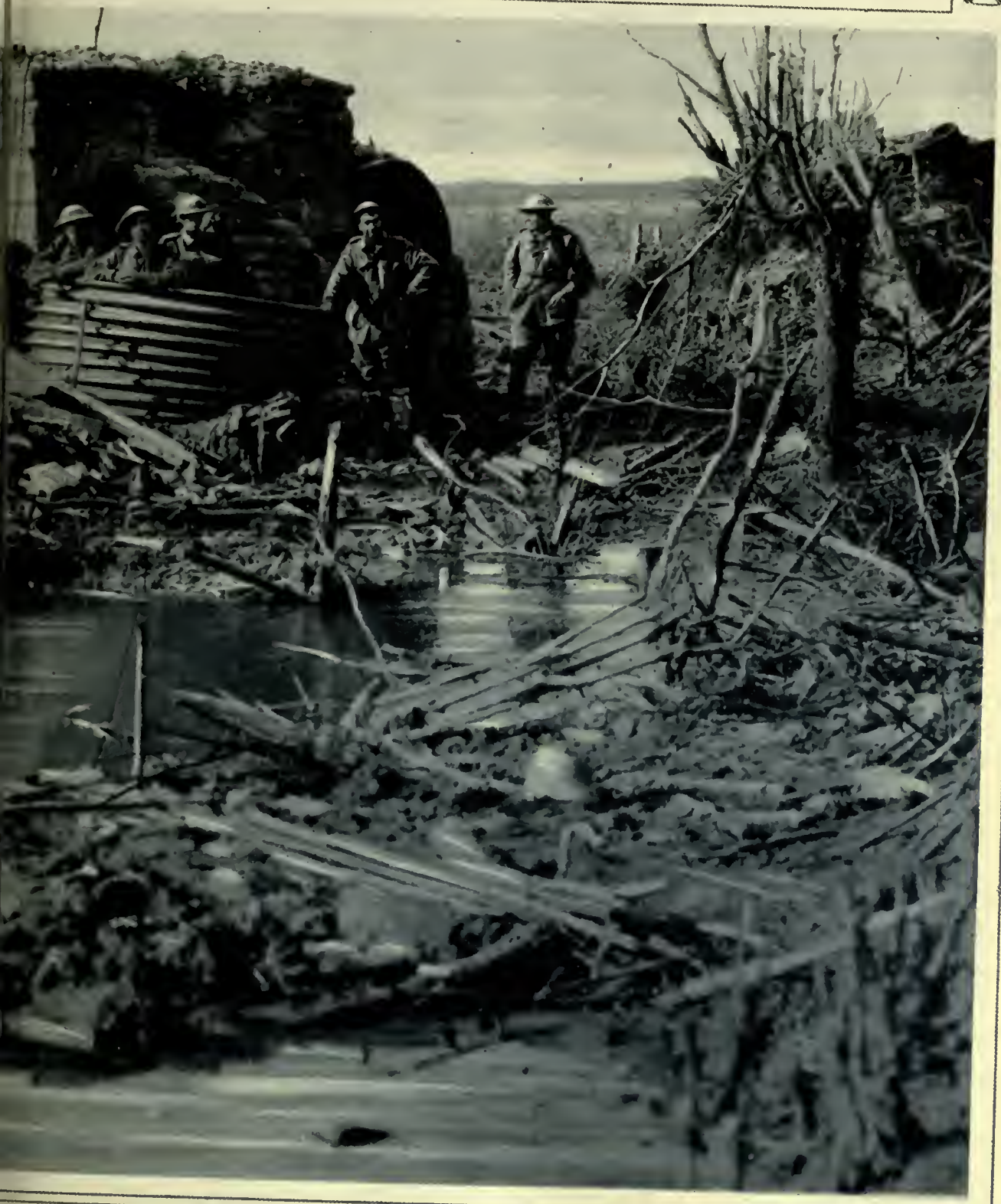
During Action on the Western Front: A Captured



FOR THE TIME BEING, RENDERING US USEFUL SERVICE AS A DRESSING-STATIC

The illustration shows one of the German bombproof-roofed blockhouses, built with thick slabs and blocks of concrete, reinforced and strutted together within with steel bars, so as to be, as the enemy vainly hoped, able to withstand artillery pounding, and prove impregnable to infantry attacks at close quarters. They have, however, proved as much a failure, from

German Blockhouse as a Red-Cross Advanced Post.



NE OF THE CAPTURED CONCRETE-AND-STEEL GERMAN "STRONG POINTS."

all accounts, as were the smaller "pill-boxes," which the blockhouses were intended to support. The blockhouse is seen in possession of our infantry, as it was taken, in spite of its having up to then escaped serious harm from our shells. Some of these dropped very close to it apparently, as is evidenced by the shell-craters in the foreground.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

On the Scene of Very Severe Fighting.

ON THE WAY TO PASSCHENDAELE : TWO GERMAN BLOCKHOUSES CAPTURED ; AN UPSET GUN-LIMBER.

Two fortified German "strongholds," built as blockhouses, with thick walls loopholed, and posted to support one another with cross-fire while sweeping with the machine-guns and rifles of their garrisons the open ground in front, are shown in the upper illustration. The nearer one (left of the centre) was, as it would seem from its comparatively little damaged state, taken in an infantry attack, although before that our shells had made havoc of the surroundings, and left big craters close by. The supporting blockhouse is to the right, towards the background a hundred yards or so off. The lower photograph was taken on a battlefield road on a spur of the Passchendaele Ridge stormed after a hard fight.—[*Australian Official Photographs.*]

The Ground Our Men in Flanders Fight Over.

BATTLEFIELD AND ROAD: PACK-MULES CROSSING WHERE INFANTRY WADED; EXHAUSTED.

Between them, these two illustrations will help to visualise for our readers in a specially impressive way the apparently almost insuperable difficulties against which our soldiers on the Western Front—and our gallant French allies as well—struggle while fighting across battlefield after battlefield, gaining ground at each fierce "push." Everywhere the open ground is a swamp, a half-submerged morass, seamed with muddy water channels and overspread with a network of shell-craters, deep pools, and ponds, in which, as recorded, the men at places wade "up to the waist, even to the shoulders." The roads are knee-deep mud, through which artillery and transport vehicles have to churn their way, while the horses flounder through, and but too often come down hopelessly.—[*Australian Official Photographs.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: VI.—THE LORD OF UNSUSPECTED DEATH.

IN certain ways the "Sniper Officer" is the Grand Master and Gilt-Edged Diploma of Specialists. He may have been nothing in particular before the war; just about now he is Everything in General. One Sniper Officer I know, a modest Scotsman with a lethal eye, tells me he is going to write a book of one page after the war; it will be called "The Things a Sniping Officer is Not Expected to Know or Do." He'd write the book now, but he has a hard task gathering facts.

The Sniper Officer (call him "Intelligence and Sniping Officer"—it is official, and he likes it) starts accidentally. One day in a moment of innocence he goes to his Company Officer and says that the anaemic laburnum opposite the fifth bay has sprouted two new branches and seven reputable leaves during the night. He considers the fact sinister. The Company bloke murmurs interiorly, "Bright lad. Observant!" He says outwardly, "I have a laburnum that grew eight leaves and a bud in a night. Nothing to brag about, Pontius. Still, if you like worry—can you shoot any?" Pontius shoots some. The extra branches of the laburnum detach themselves violently—periscopes and sniper's helmets and telescopic sights—and a large Hun, mixed up with leaves, falls, withers, and dies. . . .

Pontius goes off and does a course.

He goes back to the Palatial Places of the rear, to a spot where all that are great and wise of the *shikaris* of subtle, cunning, and unexpected death teach the young and willing how to hide behind a sunbeam and shoot a Fritz round the angle of a wall. They are quiet men, and deadly expert of their kind. They have hunted big game in the places where the smell of a man, or the crack of a twig, or a pair of leggings the wrong colour for the stalking-place, means death. There are men who have stalked deer, and others who have shot feather and fur under all modes of intricacy. There are others who have shot Huns with an uncanny brilliancy that has terrorised Divisions. They have learnt on the knife-edge of death all the moves in the game, and Pontius learns from them.

MAKING USE OF RUINS: TOMMY FINDS SHELTER UNDER A ROOF OF A SHATTERED BUILDING.
Official Photograph.

He learns all about concealment; he learns all about the detection of concealment. He learns all about the rifle, and discovers it has a soul as well as a safety-catch. He learns about telescopic sights, and the use of field-glasses and the most major kind of telescope. He learns about maps, how to plot out an area, and to pin down a Hun snapshooter he cannot see and will never see, though he sends him to glory with dropping or grenade fire. He learns something about bombs. He learns how to stalk, how to get up to Boche trenches and into them, how to map out sectors of line, and how to observe. Particularly he learns how to observe. For that reason the blessed word "Intelligence" is tacked on to his otherwise slaughterous name.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A DESERTED SNIPER'S POST IN A TREE.
Australian Official Photograph.

He learns, and in due time he can learn no more. He goes back to battalion or brigade, and he has a squad of some twenty other hardened pickers-off of Huns put

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The King and Queen Visit the Bow Match-Girls.

AT BRYANT AND MAY'S: GOING THROUGH THE YARDS; TREE-TRUNKS FOR MATCHWOOD.

The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince Albert, motored to Bow on the afternoon of October 30, and spent two hours among the match-girl workers at Messrs. Bryant and May's factory. The royal party went through most of the departments, and the staff and workers' dining-rooms, and after that witnessed the entire modern method of making matches, from the outset to finish. In the dining-room the Queen carefully examined the menus of the meals provided. Their Majesties, in going round, made special inquiries as to the health and work conditions of the employees, who at the present are women and girls, owing to all the eligible men in the firm's employ having joined the colours. Their Majesties are indefatigable in learning details of the daily life of workers.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

under him. With these he is to do dirty work along the Hun line.

Work is a good word. There is such a lot of it. He is not merely there to do a little killing; he is there to help others on with that good work. Hi eagle eye has to be on the enemy all the time. Does a German put an extra bag on top of his parapet, he suspects the worst. If he doesn't knock that extra bag silly with a few well-placed rifle-grenades, he keeps it well under observation, so that, if it develops devil, the Trench-Mortar pundit can be exactly informed and a strafe initiated.

He has to keep up to date in the positions of German searchlights, and German machine-gun posts, trench-mortar emplacements, and sniper-posts. If he sees bags of blue clay arriving on the parapet, he has to send a minute to the tunnelling officer that Fritz is digging deep in the Flanders sub-soil somewhere, and it is wise to look out. If he sees gun-flashes, he reports them (and he is there to see things). If he sees newly dug earth, he reports it. If trees, the other side of the German line, one night transfer themselves from E.S.E. of Bay 31 and shift to due east of that position, he reports that The Hun moves trees frequently, but he doesn't do it for sport. If fresh wire blooms in the night, he goes across some odd time and inspects said wire, and, if necessary, takes a specimen or two for the analysis of H.Q. There are a variety of wires, and any ordinary Sniper Officer has gashed his hands on all of them. If there is any movement or change, or any pronounced "nothing in particular," he is there to note, investigate, and write a minute about it; and possibly he has to strafe, snipe, or eradicate same, in due order.

The map of the enemy land is in his head. A new F.O.O. arrives; the Sniper Officer informs him of all the targets the best people shell. He supplies the same information to any wandering Trench-Mortar Ancient Mariner who wishes to employ his little Stokes gun. If there is going to be an attack, he reconnoitres and maps out the ground over which the attack is to press. He also indicates all the snags and pitfalls. He also, as his name suggests, does some sniping.

OUTSIDE AN ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION: A GAS-GONG HUNG BETWEEN TWO FLAG-POLES—THE GAS-SENTRIES HAVING A QUIET CHAT.—[*Official Photograph.*]

ADVERTISING THEIR SHOW: "THE TONICS'" BILL-POSTING ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[*Official Photograph.*]

He has his men so trained that they can pick off a penny-piece at fifty yards with a snap shot. He sees that those men are best disposed to cause annoyance. He is great on enfilades and command positions; and, for purposes of attack, he teaches his lads how to stalk and worm and glide round flanks and between ranks, so as to gall and startle the defence by fire from the flank and rear. He teaches them how to deal with the Hun sniper. If the sniper cannot be located, the Sniper Officer takes the direction and bearing of his bullets, and works out his position on the map. The good sniper has the patience of a good hunter. He will have his man covered, but until he is certain that his bullet is going to kill he does not loose. He will let the German fire a score of shots rather than scare him to no effect. But the waiting is infinitely worth while. Patience wins. One day the German is a little careless—he exposes himself just the "bit more" the Britisher needs. That is the end of Fritz.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A French Drawing of German Trenches.

THE ENEMY AS PICTURED BY OUR FRENCH ALLIES: A DRAWING FROM A PARIS EXHIBITION.

It is interesting to see, in the above illustration, a French view of German trenches, identified as such by the shape of the helmets worn by the men. Some of them, it will be noted, are attending to a wounded comrade at the entrance to a dug-out, while others are looking over the parapet towards the Allied lines. In the background is seen the smoke of shell-fire. The drawing is one of a number now on view at an exhibition in Paris, devoted to various aspects of the war. From the same exhibition come two other drawings reproduced in this issue, on double pages, one showing the burning of the Cloth Hall at Ypres, and the other, the destruction of two kite-balloons by aeroplanes. They vividly reproduce two terrible scenes those who were there will never forget.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

The Japanese Mission to the United States.

AT GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB: VISCOUNT ISHI ENTERING THE MAUSOLEUM TO PLACE A WREATH.

Just as Great Britain, France, and Italy, in turn, have done, Japan, as a member of the Grand Alliance of the Nations against Prussianism, sent a special mission of distinguished personages to the United States, in order to confer and exchange views with President Wilson's Government, and to offer the imperial congratulations to America on her taking part in the Great War of World Freedom. The Japanese Mission was headed by Viscount Ishi, one of Japan's foremost statesmen, and its reception in New York, particularly, was marked with the utmost popular enthusiasm. Speaking at a banquet, given in honour of the mission in New York, Viscount Ishi said: "We are neighbours, friends, and Allies. There is no Pacific Ocean question between us now. We will co-operate, we will help!"—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

The Japanese Mission to the United States.

AT WASHINGTON: THE WASHINGTON ARCH DISPLAYING THE NATIONAL BADGE OF JAPAN.

Speaking of the reception of the Japanese Mission in America, the "Times" correspondent said this: "The Japanese have been fêted with a fervour which leaves no doubt of the feeling of Eastern America about the relations of the two countries. New York fairly outshone itself in the endeavour to give fitting decorative accompaniment to the occasion. . . Since the Coronation festivities in London, I have nowhere witnessed decorative schemes so artistic and impressive. The chief New York thoroughfares have been ablaze with light and flags." On the night of the Japanese banquet, "the streets were lined with tens of thousands of people, all waving the Japanese colours, and giving to the scene the illusion of endless fields of gracefully swaying red flowers."—[*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

The Bond of Sacrifice between Britain and France: A

A SOLDIERLY TRIBUTE TO HEROIC ALLIES: BRITISH MOUNTED MEN SALUTING T

The war has bound Britain and France together by indissoluble ties. Between the two nations henceforward there will ever exist a bond of sacrifice, of blood shed together in the common cause of right and freedom. This feeling is naturally intensified in the French and British Armies, which have learnt to understand and appreciate each other's fighting qualities.

British Tribute of Respect to fallen French Comrades.

RAVES OF FRENCHMEN KILLED NEAR BARLEUX AND BURIED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Throughout the war there has been the closest comradeship and the best of goodwill between our own troops and those of our heroic Allies, not only in the higher commands, but also in the ranks. Such a photograph as that reproduced here bears testimony to the regard which British soldiers feel for their French comrades and brothers-in-arms.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THE energy and enthusiasm with which Italian women have thrown themselves into war-work of every description is the more remarkable when one remembers that their interest in national affairs is something that dates back only a few years. It was not that Italian women were unpatriotic. But it was generally held that their proper sphere was the home, and the women were content to exercise their influence through domestic channels.

. .

But war is no respecter of persons, nor of traditions. Conventions which bound women in peace time have yielded to the stern necessity that demands sacrifice and service from men and women alike. It is not only the women of England who have been splendid. Feminine Italy has met the demands made upon it with the same selfless enthusiasm that has been shown by women of the allied nations. From the highest to the lowest, Italian women are bent on winning the war, and consider no sacrifice too great, no service too trivial, that may help to hasten that end.

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A VETERINARY HOSPITAL RUN BY WOMEN: AT MESSRS. McNAMARA'S IN NORTH LONDON—GIVING A PHYSIC-BALL.

Among many others, the whole of the horses used by the G.P.O. pass through the hands of women before they appear on London streets, drawing the familiar red vans.

Official Photograph.

At their head stands the Queen, who has given a practical lead by herself undertaking the duties of a nurse. Example is worth much, and no doubt her Majesty's action in turning part of her palace into a hospital has stimulated hundreds of others who might otherwise have held back from what is, after all, arduous and not always pleasant work.

. . . . .

Experience has taught us the enormous variety of the activities that come under the heading of war-work. One of the most original forms is probably that carried on by an Italian lady who prefers to remain anonymous, and who, amongst other things, has started a work in Florence which, though it costs nothing to carry on, is enormously appreciated by the men it is designed to benefit. The workers are invited to bring as many newspapers as they can collect. These are pasted together, and finally modelled into food-cosies that are used to keep the food warm during its journey from the field-kitchens to the men. The commissariat problem for an army in the field is never an easy one to solve. In Italy, owing to the nature of the country, both the transport difficulties and the distances are increased, so that the provision of hot meals becomes more difficult than ever. In consequence, the cosies supply a very real want. The making of paper gaiters is another work that is due to the energy and originality of the same lady. The mountainous character of the battle area and the intense cold make everything that tends to additional warmth doubly welcome.

. . . . .

However, papery activity does not represent the sum-total of this unknown lady's work. Like England, Italy depended largely upon Germany for her toy supply. Like England, she has decided that things shall be different in future, and a flourishing toy industry has already been

[Continued overleaf.

Women War-Workers Making Hospital Requisites.

AT THE WAR HOSPITAL SUPPLY DEPÔT FACTORY, KENSINGTON: A WELDER, AT A FORGE.

A glimpse at one of the manifold and multiplex activities and forms of occupation of our legions of women war-workers is given in the two illustrations on this page. The place where the two women shown are at work is in London—at the War Hospital Supply Depôt, Kensington, an institution which has developed into a specialised factory in which hospital requisites and appliances of almost every kind are made for the medical services of the Army. All the work is done by women—even, as seen here, welding and forging. In the upper illustration, a woman welder is seen at work with gloved hands, in consequence of the intense heat during the process, and with dark glass goggles on because of the blinding glare of the flame. But they accept the conditions without complaint.—[*Photo. by L.N.A.*]

started at Milan by the benefactress, who prefers to be nameless. This industry has a rather special and pathetic interest, for numbers of the employees are wounded soldiers, not a few of whom have lost an arm, who are being taught to overcome their handicap and to feel themselves of use in the world once more.

. . . .

To the same woman is due the existence of an organisation that aims at providing the armies with woollen underclothing in the form of an all-enveloping under-garment with legs and feet complete, to interpose between themselves and the intense cold in which most of their operations have to be carried on. The provision of literature for the men at the front completes her list of good works.

. . . .

Daily casualty lists, which form the saddest records of the war, are not published by the Italian Government, though relatives of men killed or wounded are notified of the fact. News as to the subsequent progress of the injured ones would be almost impossible to obtain if it were not for the exertions of a well-known Countess, who has started a bureau with the express object of notifying the fate of the wounded or missing to their anxious friends and relations. The work involved is enormous, and increases each day the war lasts; and a never-ending stream of inquiries is the best possible evidence of how widely the efforts of the Countess and her friends are appreciated by those most concerned.

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Many people in England have seen Signora Duse. It is interesting to know that this great actress has now fitted out a theatre of her own not far from the front lines, where, helped by other members of the profession, she organises dramatic performances and lectures for the benefit of such troops as can find time to attend them.

A VETERINARY HOSPITAL RUN BY WOMEN: GROOMING HORSES.
Official Photograph.

Her own energies are devoted chiefly to teaching the more ignorant amongst her audience exactly what they are fighting for — a fact of which not a few of the Italian mountain troops are wholly ignorant. But Signora Duse has a knack of making herself understood, and her "lessons" on the why and the wherefore of the war, and the meaning of and necessity for patriotism, are appreciated both by audiences and authorities.

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Then there are the war orphans. Their wants have been forestalled by a sympathetic philanthropist whose zeal for the fighting men has induced her to start a home for the children of those who fall in battle. To raise the necessary money to carry on the enterprise is not an easy matter, and the plan is pursued of persuading others to adopt, or at least pay for the expenses of, one or more children.

A VETERINARY HOSPITAL RUN BY WOMEN: UNLOADING A FORAGE-VAN.
Official Photograph.

. . . .

No mention of what women in Italy are doing to help their country would be complete without a reference to Lady Rodd, wife of our Ambassador in Rome, whose untiring efforts on behalf of the Red Cross and other charitable activities have done much to cement sympathy and friendship between Italy and England.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

From the First a Stout-Hearted War-Worker.

HARRY LAUDER IN NEW YORK: ADDRESSING A STREET CROWD ON BEHALF OF THE LIBERTY LOAN.

Harry Lauder has throughout the war done yeoman service for the cause of the Allies. In the days of the first raising of the "Kitchener Army," he organised a Scottish musicians' band for touring in the North, and many a sturdy North Country lad now fighting in Flanders and elsewhere was so led to place his services at the nation's disposal. He has given a son to the Roll of Honour, indomitably meanwhile going on with his work for the country, by utilising his special talent for the cause. In London, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, he did his "bit" in his own way to help on the national war loans. Alike in the British Isles and across the Atlantic Harry Lauder has not slackened his energies, and he is seen here addressing New Yorkers outside the Sub-Treasury, New York, on behalf of the Liberty Loan.—[*Photo. Newspaper Illus.*]

THE GREAT WAR.

SCANTY NEWS FROM RUSSIA—NAVAL QUESTIONS—BEERSHEBA CAPTURED—THE EAST AFRICAN DRIVE—THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLORSHIP FARCE.

ALMOST complete silence descended on the Russian front during the period covered by these notes. The German withdrawal on the Riga front was understood to continue, but the whole movement was "wrapt in mistry." The enemy had abandoned the Verder Peninsula, burnt a manor, and appropriated stores of provisions. In the Southern Carpathians Austrian troops attempted to fraternise with Russians, but were answered and dispersed by cannon. Of political news, the only notable detail was that M. Kerensky had issued an order prohibiting the infliction of the death penalty at the front. Scanty news may not, however, mean that there is "nothing doing." That assumption, too rashly made in certain quarters, is said to have caused great irritation in Russia. On the contrary, it is asserted that the army is still in fighting form, and is holding the line firmly in good strength.

Naval intelligence, beyond the sinking of an American vessel by a U-boat in the Mediterranean, was confined to the weekly returns of losses by submarine attacks. Sinkings of both large and small vessels had decreased by three and four respectively; fishing-vessels, nil (no change); unsuccessfully attacked, one—as against seven. Many questions have been asked as to the efficiency of our Naval Policy, as regards the mastering of submarines, and the apparent inaction of the Grand Fleet. Official defences show huge undertakings successfully carried through, and that is so far reassuring; but the question of strategy as distinct from administration has been widely canvassed, and is likely to lead to further inquiry.

ON THE PALESTINE LINES OF COMMUNICATION: YEOMANRY RESTING AT EL ARISH.—[*Official Photograph.*]

After long obscurity, the Palestine Front came once more into the limelight. On Oct. 28 the Turks claim to have inflicted a severe check on the British. The facts, as given later by General Allenby, were that a line of cavalry posts was attacked by 3000 Turks, with twelve guns. The British Force, London Yeomanry, was outnumbered and enveloped on both flanks, but held its ground with great gallantry for six hours until help arrived. The Turks charged repeatedly, and gained a little ground at heavy cost. Not quite a victory. But this affair was the prelude to something better. On Oct. 31, the British, after a night march, attacked Beersheba. While the infantry assaulted from the west, cavalry made a

[*Continued on page 40.*

The Protection of Small Children during Air-Raids.

A CHILDREN'S DUG-OUT IN LONDON: LITTLE ONES REHEARSING AT THE ENTRANCE.

To safeguard small children during day-time air-raids, as a matter of common-sense precaution at some hospitals and institutions in London where little ones are concentrated, bomb-proof dug-outs have been prepared and arrangements made, for rapidly conducting and transferring children there immediately on a "Take Cover" warning. Miss Margaret McMillan, C.B.E., is seen in the upper illustration at a certain institution leading a train of small children to a very safe dug-out. The tiny ones, who regard it as a game, are seen holding on to each other's skirts and pinafores as they follow their leader. Nurses carry down the infants in arms. The children are shown in the lower illustration at the entrance to the dug-out, or "smugglers' cave" as larger youngsters call the place.—[*Photos. by G.P.U.*]

wide turning movement through the desert and approached the town from the east. A fierce fight raged all day, but in the evening the British occupied the place. A second highly important success has been scored at Gaza.

In East Africa the round-up takes its normal course. Lirweh was occupied on Oct. 28 and the pressure of the enemy to the east of Mahenge was steadily continued. The enemy's recent losses number over 1500.

Brazil has taken active measures following her declaration of war. A telegraphic censorship has been established, and troops have been moved to Paso Centurion to watch the German colony in the State of Rio Grande. President Wilson telegraphed to welcome Brazil into the company of the Allies.

As was a foregone conclusion, Herr Michaelis had had to join the company of ex-Imperial Chancellors. He is now with Bismarck, Caprivi, Hohenlohe, and Bethmann-Hollweg. The uneasy seat has a new and unexpected occupant.

FOR THE GODMOTHERS OF *POILUS*: A BREVET SOLD IN FRANCE.

The card reads: "Brevet de marraine. I, the undersigned, have had for war-godmother ——." [*French Official.*]

ON THE RETURN FROM THE TRENCHES: CARING FOR THE FEET OF SOME AUSTRALIANS.—[*Australian Official.*]

Baron von Hertling, a former Prime Minister of Bavaria, has, after apparently a good deal of imperial negotiation, been definitely appointed. A curious game of see-saw seems to have been going on. The first news of his being in the running roused a section of the Prussian Press, notably the organs controlled by Krupp. He had things against him. He is a Bavarian; he does not desire to see Alsace-Lorraine made a Federal State; he opposes all forms of Parliamentary Government. It is said that the game among certain worthies at Potsdam was to put forward a list of impossible conditions until the Kaiser's patience was at an end. Then, hey presto, conjure up — Bethmann once more, and the trick is done! It may have been a canard, but it was amusing. Another dummy "on the cards" was Herr Former-Food-Direktor Batocki, who would not survive a night. Gilbert, in a famous song, described a state in which Dukes were "three-a-penny." Very soon Imperial Chancellors will not command even that modest price. Signs of "rot" in Germany must not be too eagerly seized upon, but this sorry business of the Chancellorship does not point to a healthy state of affairs. We may perhaps see new developments again shortly.

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The Illustrated War News

Photo. Canadian War Records.

MODERN WARRIORS AT A MEDIÆVAL STRONGHOLD: HELMETED CANADIANS LUNCHING AT A SHELLED CHÂTEAU.

THE GREAT WAR.

PASSCHENDAELE RIDGE AND THE CHEMIN DES DAMES CLEARED—ITALY RESOLUTE TO RETRIEVE LOSS—ALLIED REINFORCEMENTS ON ITALIAN SOIL.

THE chronicle of the week's fighting on the Flanders front and on the Chemin des Dames is a record of two great undertakings brought to success. On Nov. 6 the long struggle for the Passchendaele Ridge reached what may be regarded as its penultimate stage with the capture, by the Canadians, of the remains of the village, and the British troops were at last in possession of the very crest of the rising ground for which so desperate a fight has been waged without pause since the month of June. The artillery on both sides worked with fierce energy. The enemy tried an enormous concentration of guns, which were held in check by ours, and at length there were unmistakable signs that his punishment had grown too great to bear. On the 5th, London Territorials raided dug-outs further to the south, and on the northern ridge our posts again crept forward. The morning of the 6th broke unusually fine for a day of big fighting, and in greater comparative comfort than they had known for months the troops began

ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: NEAR A DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS DURING A BATTLE.
Australian Official Photograph.

landmarks of the gradual advance are names of imperishable memory, each the scene of a battle, or battles, beside which the great fights of history will seem puny affairs when the whole story is told. Yet they are only interludes in the whole tremendous operation, which began at Messines and Wytschaete, with the great springing of mines, worked forward over the Pilkem Ridge, Westhoek, and Polygon Wood, Inverness Copse and Glencorse, Zonnebeke to Broodseinde, Gavenstafel to the Heights of Abraham, Langemarck to Poelcapelle, and finally to Mosselmarkt, Goudberg, Passchendaele, and Crest Farm. The winning thrust was preceded by local affairs, which improved little by little the positions already won. The Lancashire and Lincolnshire men distinguished themselves in preliminary raids. On Nov. 4 the another big thrust and carried it through to admiration. Later, the weather was again unsettled; but by midday the Canadians had won all the points they had been ordered to take. From Passchendaele and the hamlets of Mosselmarkt and Goudberg they were looking across the flat lands towards Roulers, and the German knew that his hold on ground which he had made incredible sacrifices to keep was now finally relaxed. It was no cheap victory. Fresh enemy troops of good quality had been put into the line, but they did not stand at close quarters. There was not much bayonet-work, and surrenders were frequent. On the days immediately following no counter-attacks were delivered, and the Canadians were reported to be well dug-in and secured in their gains. The British command of the level

ground eastward of the ridge brings the Germans face to face with a new situation The position of three years' standing has been reversed, and the advantage of observation is now on our side. The enemy must now either sit still under complete observation and ceaseless annoyance from our guns on the rising ground, or make a general withdrawal to a new line. Either way, he can now only contribute to his own final discomfiture on this front.

A day or two earlier, General Pétain was able to take full advantage of his great victory of Oct. 23 on the Chemin des Dames. The end of that brilliant operation left him in a position of potential strength, which he used at the right moment. Sooner, perhaps, than even hopeful observers expected, the results of the capture of Malmaison became apparent. The enemy, threatened on his right, pressed by the French infantry and crushed by the artillery — weakened, too, in this sector by his recent loss of 11,517 prisoners and 180 guns, together with casualties in proportion—at length abandoned the Chemin des Dames on a front of 12½ miles. The villages of Courtecon, Cerny-en-Laonnais, Ailles, and Chevreux passed into the hands of the pursuing French, and the road to Laon was made even more accessible than it had been by the advance on the 23rd. At the same time, the forest of St. Gobain, still a formidable German salient, was imperilled. The virtual conclusion of the two affairs, Passchendaele and the Chemin des Dames, is the supreme justification of the British and French leaders' plans. It has been "a long long way to"—where was it? Some place in Ireland, was it not?—but Haig and Pétain have got "right there" at last.

ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: A CANADIAN SHAVING IN A BADLY SHELLED VILLAGE CAPTURED RECENTLY.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

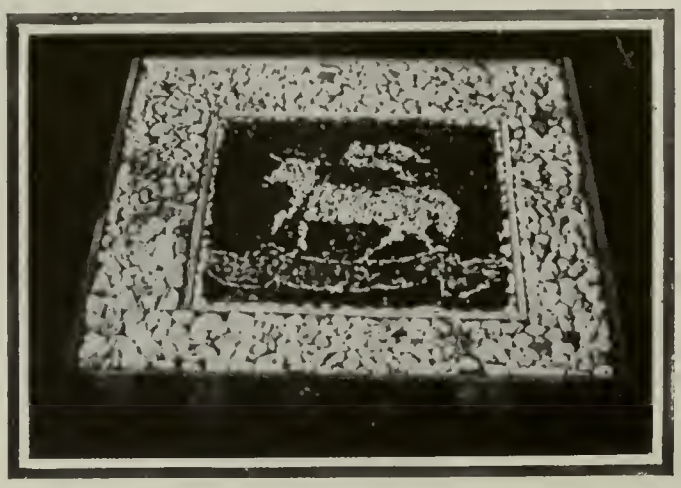
Against the encouragement of recent affairs in France has still to be set the misfortune in Italy. The news has been good and not so good—good in its assurance of steady determination, able leadership, and heroic resistance; but not so good in the continued withdrawal of the line. It remains doubtful whether Italia Irredenta will be recovered by another advance over the lost territory, or by a winning stroke on a different line, which will bring restoration by the demand of the victors. It seemed once as if Italy were fated to retake Trieste by an actual feat of arms at the gates of the city. That dream has receded somewhat to-day, and the Allies share the disappointment with the chief sufferer, yet not without hope. It is now known in detail how magnificent the Italians have shown themselves in retreat; how their calamity came upon them through German intrigue, which sapped the *moral* of some troops at a weak point of the line between Plazzo and Gorizia. The Italian Second Army had been seduced by German peace propaganda. They retired without fighting, and the enemy poured in through the breach. There was nothing for it but withdrawal to the Tagliamento line. In the retreat, the Third Army, under the Duke of Aosta, nobly upheld the credit of Italian arms; while cavalry and artillery did their utmost to delay the Austro-German advance. Much, perhaps too much, was hoped of the new line by those who did not know the physical features of the ground — vulnerable by a chance of nature. While the river was in

AT THE MINISTRY OF FOOD: THE KING'S CHEF EXPLAINING HOW TO COOK "PATRIOTIC DISHES" FOR CHRISTMAS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

flood, it afforded a good barrier. Otherwise, it is a shallow, easily fordable stream. The favouring spate of the first days fell suddenly; on Nov. 5 the river was crossed by the enemy north of Pinzano; and General Cadorna, compelled by the increased pressure on his left flank, retired to a new position on the Livenza. That also was, however, evacuated. The enemy further claimed to have driven back a considerable portion of the Italian front in the Trentino, to the north of the head-waters of the Tagliamento.

One result of the Italian reverse has been the strengthening of the conviction that the Allied front is one and indivisible. This has never been doubted in theory, but the proof of belief—practice — may not have been completely supplied hitherto. No time was lost in hurrying French and British supports to the help of Italy, and on Nov. 5 the British, French, and Italian Prime Ministers held a conference at Rapallo, near Genoa. The meeting was no less political than military, for with the Ministers were General Cadorna, General Foch, and General Sir William Robertson. One result, announced on Nov. 10, was that a "Permanent Political Inter-Allied Council" for the whole Western Front has been appointed. General Foch reprents France; General Sir H. Wilson, England; General Cadorna, Italy. General Cadorna is succeeded in the supreme Italian command by General Diaz, one of the most brilliantly successful Generals on the Carso.



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: THE "QUEEN'S" BADGE IN STONES AND GLASS, AT A CAMP.—[*Official Photograph.*]

It is understood there was no intention to stand on the line of the Livenza, which is not suitable for a great operation. At that point there were no previously prepared positions. These are on the River Piave, fifteen miles from Venice. In case of emergency, the Piave has long been in the consideration of the Italian High Command, and measures had been taken accordingly. It is there, in all probability, that Italy will begin to profit by her own resolution and the Allied reinforcements, the vanguard of which had an enthusiastic welcome as it passed to the front. According to one report, the Prince of Wales was said to be with the British troops already in Northern Italy.

By Royal Proclamation, the King has set apart Jan. 6, the first Sunday of the New Year, as a day of special prayer, "that we may have clear-sightedness and strength necessary to the victory of our cause." The day is to be observed throughout the British Dominions. LONDON: Nov. 10, 1917.

WITH A DOG AS SENTRY: A BRITISH SOLDIER'S HOME ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
Official Photograph.

In Factory-Land: The King and Queen.

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND: THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO BRISTOL.

With their usual keen interest in war-work, the King and Queen, on November 8, visited Bristol, where they were much interested in a group of veterans, and also in the working and the staff of Wills's huge tobacco-factory, whence have issued millions of cigarettes and other forms of tobacco which have cheered the men who are fighting for the Empire. In our first photograph the King is seen chatting to some Navy and Army veterans, all of whom are between eighty and ninety years of age. In the second photograph the King and Queen are seen leaving the great factory. The King held an open-air Investiture, and the royal progress to the Council House reception, through cheering crowds, was unforgettable.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

A Royal Compliment to Japan's Splendid Navy: T

"THE UNION JACK AND THE RISING SUN ARE TO BE SEEN FLYING SIDE BY SI

This interesting photograph was taken many months ago, but has only just been officially released for publication. In connection with it, we may appropriately recall a speech by the Japanese Ambassador at a recent gathering of the Navy League in London, in which he alluded to Japan's naval co-operation in the war. After the capture of Tsing-tau and the pursuit

King Inspecting Japanese Sailors at a British Port.

NG GEORGE INSPECTING JAPANESE SAILORS—A PHOTOGRAPH ONLY JUST "RELEASED."

of German ocean-raiders, "the Japanese Navy," he went on to say, "transferred its field of action to the West, and to-day our ships are busily engaged in varied activities in European waters, where the Union Jack and the Rising Sun are to be seen flying side by side." He was not at liberty to give further details about the work of Japan's naval forces.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

"Liberty Loan" Day Parade in New York.

A BRITISH TROPHY THAT DREW DOLLARS: THE GERMAN SUBMARINE "UC 5" IN THE STREETS.

The German submarine "UC 5," captured early in the war by the British, figured prominently among the war-exhibits which were paraded through New York to bring in dollars for the Liberty Loan. Crowds stood about the streets all over the city to see "UC 5" pass, and the submarine proved, everybody considered, one of the biggest and most popular "draws" of all. It was, as the illustration shows, carried well above the ground, with the Stars and Stripes draped at the bows, on a gigantic lorry to which two immense teams of horses in pairs were harnessed. "UC 5," it will be recalled, was exhibited as a mine-laying submarine in London, in July 1916, moored off the Temple steps by the Thames Embankment.—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

"Liberty Loan" Day Parade in New York.

AS SUCCESSFUL IN CAPTURING DOLLARS AS IN CAPTURING GERMANS: A TANK FROM FLANDERS.

Next in popular estimation and interest to the captured German submarine "UC 5," in the war-exhibit parade through the streets of New York on behalf of the Five-Billion Dollar "Liberty Loan," was the British "Tank" shown above, as it appeared when passing in the procession in front of a colossal sky-scraper building. It represented the "real thing" in every particular, for the actual Tank was one that had taken its part on battlefields in Flanders. It was specially sent over to the United States for the occasion manned by its own crew. In the parade through Fifth Avenue a hundred thousand people took part, while the side-walks, or pavements, all through the city were packed with a record crowd.—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

On a Flanders Battlefield towards Passchendaele.

TWO ENEMY STRONG-POINTS: A ROOFLESS MACHINE-GUN "PILL-BOX"; "GIBRALTAR'S" CONCRETE.

Samples are shown here of the tremendous solidity with which the more recent German open battlefield fortifications in Flanders are constructed. The defence system in which they are employed has to a large extent been substituted by the enemy for the earlier deep-trench defence system. Our artillerymen, however, continue to make as little of one as of the other. In the same resistless way that our shells ploughed up and smothered in the German deep trenches, in like manner we succeed in smashing in or knocking down the concrete structures. In the upper illustration a German machine-gun emplacement, embedded in a mound of earth, is shown with its roof smashed away. A concrete fort, called "Gibraltar," is shown in the lower illustration.—[*Official Photographs.*]

On Board a French Airship Aloft.

A SUBMARINE-HUNTER: A FRENCH DIRIGIBLE—(1) REPAIRS DURING FLIGHT; (2) NEARING A SHIP.

The French naval airships, which are larger than the British type, do exceedingly useful work in patrolling the seas and locating German submarines, whose presence they signal by wireless, or in acting as escorts for convoys. "French dirigibles," writes M. Raymond Lestonnat, "are fitted with at least two motors, strong and light, which give them great speed, and their petrol supply ensures them an extensive range of action. At sea they have nothing to fear from the German submarine, their only foe, which has great difficulty in firing at a high target. . . . With a single engine they can still go at a good pace, and, in case of a total breakdown, they carry an outfit sufficient to effect necessary repairs in the air without descending to the surface of the sea."

With the Gaza Wing of Sir Edmund Allenby's Army.

THE GAZA VICTORY: THE COAST DISTRICT SECURED BY THE BRITISH SUCCESS; "M.G." OFFICERS.

In the upper photograph is seen a view at Dar-el-Belah on the coast road near Gaza, where part of the army under Sir Edmund Allenby's leadership, on November 6 and 7, won a victory which was not only brilliantly successful in its results, but also of very great, if not of vital, strategical importance, as giving the troops in Palestine a harbour and sea-base within easy distance of their theatre of operations. The lengthy overland line of communication with Egypt across the Sinai Desert, highly useful as it must remain now that a railway extends along it, becomes of comparatively secondary importance the further north beyond Gaza the Palestine army advances. The machine-gun corps, some of the officers of which are seen, played a notable part at Gaza.

In Palestine: Some of the Captors of Beersheba.

DURING THE ADVANCE: WATERING A LIGHT HORSE COLUMN; ROUND A FALLEN GERMAN 'PLANE.

Beersheba and Gaza have fallen, in testimony to the way in which Sir Edmund Allenby's forces are recommencing active operations in Palestine. There is yet, though, some hard marching to be got through across the outlying sand-wastes that fringe the Sinai Desert to the north, and cover, in wide strips, a large part of Southern Palestine. Water is deficient everywhere, and our mobile columns have to load up supplies at each camp, and carry enough with them over every stage of the advance, mostly in metal receptacles borne on light carts, with awnings over, or on pack-animals. A Light Horse column, one of those at Beersheba, is seen watering in the first illustration. In the second, Light Horse troops are seen crowding to look at a German scouting aeroplane just brought down.

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXV.—THE 61ST.

A DREAM, NOT ALL A DREAM.

NOT long after the battle of Maida, when the 61st was on duty in Sicily, a curious adventure befell a detachment under the command of Captain, later Lieutenant-General, Sir John Burke. The party had been sent from Messina to Palermo to escort treasure for current pay, and had been warned to exercise special vigilance because of the frequent brigand. The Captain was alone in command, for one of his subalterns was on the sick-list, and the other on picket duty. At Palermo they took in charge four chests of silver and one of gold, which they piled upon a light ammunition-wagon, and so set out for headquarters.

On the second day's march the party halted at a vineyard where the vine-dresser had such excellent wine that the Captain ordered the men to fill their cans, so that they need not procure any further supply on the journey. He believed afterwards that he was urged by some beneficent intuition, for he had great reason to bless his forethought before he saw Messina again. As night fell, they decided to halt at a wayside inn, a long, low range of buildings, with an upper story of lofts—a curious, Eastern-looking place of some strength. Their landlord amused the men hugely by his appearance, for a more villainous-looking character they had never seen. Very strong, bull-necked, bandy-legged, squinting, long-nosed, bushy-haired his mouth immense, and his teeth like a saw, this worthy was the ideal landlord of romance for travellers who carried treasure. Captain Burke did not fancy him, but put his feeling down to prejudice, for the fellow proved hospitable and genial. He set out a super-excellent supper, and promised the men choice wine; but the latter the Captain refused, as his party was already well supplied. He himself accepted a bottle of a peculiarly exquisite *Lacrymae Christi*, but his unconquerable distrust of his host kept him from drinking very much of it.

ON THE FLANDERS FRONT—CARRYING "CORKSCREW"-TAILED IRON SUPPORTS FOR SPREADING BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT: A LADEN SOLDIER RESTING TO TAKE BREATH.—[*Official Photograph.*]

As he supped, Captain Burke heard a smothered laugh from his men at the door. He rushed out, and found half his company in a ring round an open cask, which the landlord was urging upon the men's attention. In a moment the officer had kicked it over, spilling all the wine. He gave his host to understand that if he tried any more treating he would be soundly flogged. For answer he received a diabolical scowl. The Captain now set about his dispositions for the night. The treasure was piled in the room

[*Continued overleaf.*

ON THE FLANDERS FRONT—A "DUCK-BOARD" ROAD: HOW OUR REINFORCING TROOPS CROSS THE SWAMPED BATTLEFIELD.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

On the Flanders Front: Concrete after Shell-fire.

A GERMAN WINDMILL BLOCKHOUSE, FORTIFIED WITH CONCRETE, AS ITS CAPTORS FOUND IT.

The windmills which, as visitors to Belgium in the days before the war will remember, form a predominant feature in the landscape, are everywhere turned to account by the enemy on the Flanders front and converted into fortified strongholds. As in the case of the windmill shown here wrecked by our artillery fire, their walls are heavily concreted, right up to the top floor, making them like larger "pill-boxes," or blockhouses. The enormous dimensions of the concrete blocks used for walling the base of the windmill will be observed, also the thick slabs shown broken away above. The heavy mass of the entire structure, as shown, did not prevent its being nearly toppled bodily over as well as being smashed all down one side.—[*Official Photograph.*]

where he was to sleep, and on the top of the pile was set a large lantern. Over the money he posted a sentry. Sentries were also posted round the building. The rest of the party, fully armed, lay down outside the door. Burke went his rounds, felt satisfied, and, returning, threw himself on his camp-bed, which had been set up close to the treasure. He laid his pistols ready to his hand.

At first he could not sleep. Occasionally he fell into a disturbed dose, from which he would awaken with a start and a cry, which puzzled the sentry on his walk. But at length the Captain slept heavily, and dreamed uncomfortably of his landlord. He seemed to see himself in his cot, he saw also the treasure-chests, but somehow the room was quite dark. Where the lantern might be he could not make out. Through the open door he saw also his sleeping men; he saw, too, the sentry pacing to and fro, and heard him whistling as he went. But it was all very confused and nightmarish.

Then suddenly a new wonder appeared. The roof opened with a bright blaze of light, and the horrible figure of the landlord descended by some means not revealed to the sleeper. The monster, brandishing a wicked Calabrian knife, approached his guest, and, muttering threats, pointed his weapon at the Captain's throat. Burke broke out in a cold sweat, and struggled to rise and shout; but motion and voice were alike denied him. Some dreadful weight seemed to pin him down. The knife quivered—was descending, when——

A flash and a terrific report brought the Captain to full consciousness. Some heavy body lay across his chest. The room was quite dark.

Next moment there was a huge noise at the door, which seemed to have been closed and locked while Burke slept. His colour-sergeant called out to him to stand clear, as they were about to blow in the lock. The Captain, however, could not move, for all his struggles. He had to chance it. Several musket-shots followed, the door yielded, and most of the party rushed in with lanterns.

Across Burke's breast lay the landlord, dead. Close to the Captain's hand lay one of his pistols, still smoking. It had fallen from his grasp, but his finger was still touching the trigger. From a trap-door in the ceiling hung a stout rope, attached to a pulley. On the floor was the very knife of which Burke had dreamed. The whole story of the intended crime could be read at a glance.

But the sentry in the room? Had he, too, slept? Not at all. Alarmed by his Captain's troubled sleep, he had gone to call the sergeant, when suddenly the lantern was overturned and the door was slammed to. Hearing the pistol-shot within, the men immediately blew the lock to pieces with their muskets. The villain landlord must have had confederates, but they had vanished. Ample proof, however, remained in the lofts that mine host lived by plunder as much as by honest inn-keeping. The authorities said he had long been suspected, but nothing hitherto could be proved against him. Next day the party reached Messina. All the way Captain Burke had felt exceedingly unwell. The regimental doctor took him in hand at once, and very soon proved that the exquisite *Lacrymae Christi* had been heavily drugged. Lucky that Burke drank so little. Luckier still that the men were kept from tasting the landlord's good cheer. It was months before Captain Burke quite recovered from the effects of the poison, which, in the doctor's opinion, had saved his life, for the wine, being over-drugged, had produced the restlessness and nightmare amid which, although only half-conscious, he had fought and killed his assailant.

ON THE FLANDERS FRONT: AN AUSTRALIAN WORKING-PARTY CLEARING A ROADWAY ACROSS A RECENT BATTLEFIELD.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

Among the Gunners on the Western Front.

IN ACTION: "STRIPPED TO THE BUFF," AND A GUN-BARREL AT FULL RECOIL.

An interesting detail, by the way, is brought out here. It suggests something of the physical exertion and hot work that "fighting" even only a moderately heavy gun means, for the gunners. It means—except, perhaps, in the bitterest winter weather, and not always then—not only a man taking off his coat and turning up his shirt-sleeves, but, as seen here, "stripping to the buff," as far as the upper clothing is concerned. Of course, in the confined space of a roofed-over gun-emplacement, or a dug-out casemate, the stifling heat compels men to strip as they work at high pressure and let off round after round in quick succession, whatever point below zero the outer air temperature may happen to stand at.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Keeping the Ocean Highway Open f

ABOARD A DESTROYER OF THE U.S. ATLANTIC WATCH FLOTILLA: A HEAVY S

Destroyers are "wet ships," as sailors say; that is, in anything of a heavy sea, or when steaming against a head wind, as they drive rapidly ahead, surging masses of water and sheets of foam break on board. With a cross-sea they are often as "wet." When, in rough weather, the helm is put hard over, to make a sudden change of course—to swing sharply round and head

Men and Munitions for the U.S. Army.

EAKING IN-BOARD AFT IN CASCADES OF FOAM AS THE HELM IS PUT OVER.

for something suspicious, or for any other reason while on ocean patrol—the "following sea" overtakes and swamps all aft, as seen here. A cascade of spray and foam spouts high as the new rudder angle widens from the line of keel, and meets abruptly and stems the racing current sweeping along the ship's sides on the former course.—[*Official Photograph.*]

In Mid-Ocean in

SAFEGUARDING THE WAY TO EUROPE FOR THE U.S. TRANSPORTS IN

As has been the case with all British destroyers built during the past twenty years, the destroyers of the United States Navy a constructed for ocean-cruising, and made capable of standing practically any amount of knocking about in any weather. Seagoi qualities, and the capability of keeping up high speed, however stormy the sea, have long been held as prime essentials in destroye

se November Days.

THERS : AN AMERICAN DESTROYER ROLLING ON THE ATLANTIC SWELL.

construction, in especial with the naval architects on both sides of the Atlantic. The result is seen in the way the policing of the trade routes between England and America is kept up by the destroyers of both nations, working in touch and in unison, as they safeguard incessantly the passing stream of transport and store ships, some by themselves, some under convoy.—[*Official Photo.*]

The American Navy: When Not at Sea

U.S. "JACKIES" OFF DUTY: A RECREATION HALL AT A NAVAL DEPOT FITTE

Just as at our own naval ports everything possible has been done in the way of providing recreative institutions attached to naval depots and barracks, with the view of making ships' crews comfortable while on shore, and affording healthy relaxation for men off duty, so it is at headquarter stations of the U.S. Navy. It has been the case, as a fact, with both Navies for

The Equivalent of an Army "Rest Camp."

P AS THEATRE, GYMNASIUM, AND BILLIARD AND SOCIAL-GATHERING ROOM.

a long time past—for many years, indeed, before the war. In the illustration we are shown the interior arrangement of a large recreation hall, as fitted up for the use of American "Jackies," the familiar name for the American bluejackets across the Atlantic. As seen, it combines in one a theatre, a gymnasium, and a billiard, reading, and social-gathering room.—[*Official Photo.*]

On Board a U.S. Destroyer on Patrol.

ABOVE AND BELOW: A GUN AND "SPRAY-SHIELD"; WARD-ROOM HOLDFASTS AND LIFE-BELTS.

A forecastle gun on board a U.S. destroyer at sea, with a tarpaulin waterproof "overall" cover, or "spray-shield," on its armour-shield for "dirty weather," is shown in the upper illustration. In the lower we get a glimpse of life on board when a heavy sea is running—in the ward-room, where the officers live; where they mess and spend their time when not on duty, and also sleep. Accommodation for all on board is necessarily limited. The greater part of the ship is taken up by the machinery, magazines, torpedo compartments, etc. As seen, to enable officers to keep their seats or footing in the ward-room when moving about, rope lines to hang on to are provided, and the officers wear life-belts at all times, in case of the ship being mined.—[*Official Photographs.*]

U.S. Destroyers on an Atlantic Traffic Route.

AS A TRANSPORT IS PASSING: A PATROLLING DESTROYER CHANGING COURSE ON ITS BEAT.

The ocean traffic routes in war are "policed" against U-boat attacks by war-ships of various kinds, mostly destroyers, very much as the main traffic arteries and streets of a great city, such as London, are regularly policed all the year round. All along the routes destroyers are stationed at intervals, each on its own patrolling beat, all in touch with one another. Where the traffic routes from various ports meet, or converge and cross—as in London, say, at Piccadilly Circus—other "fixed point" destroyers are stationed to keep watch and give warning of U-boats, which often lurk thereabouts. In addition—just as the police "shepherd" street processions—so destroyers and other cruising war-craft escort convoys throughout their voyages.—[*Official Photograph.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: VII.—THE BAL MASQUÉ OF WAR.

I REMEMBER when Young Souwelch took me into a large and assorted field. It was a nice field—the sort of field that almost any reputable county family would not be very proud of. It had some trees, and there were bushes, and there was a hedge. Some of the trees I didn't like. These trees were too meek, and not like the hearty, real trees close by, thought I. And some of the bushes were dubious. I said to Young Souwelch, "We will avoid your ring-wormish trees, and your peptonised bushes, and we will walk decently across that pleasant, flat stretch of green and open paddock towards the hedge. That will be less embarrassing for us. For, you know, you have tricks about you, Young Souwelch."

WINTER CAMPAIGN PREPARATIONS ON THE FLANDERS FRONT: A DUMP OF TIMBER PLANKING AND BAULKS FOR TRENCH-REVETTING AND HEAVY TRANSPORT ROAD-MAKING.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

Young Souwelch grinned, and we walked. We passed one of the very melancholy trees, and I stepped aside and kicked it. "Give up your secret," I said dramatically, and then hopped. My toe was extremely battered. The tree was solid and natural. I turned peevishly. One of the really healthy and hearty trees had dropped a branch or two and was covering me with a rifle.

Young Souwelch still grinned.

The peptonised bushes remained extremely meek and unreal, but the veritably natural ones were coming forward in artillery formation, and I saw the gleam of bayonets. And the flat stretch of green, open paddock—it was a lie! Some lad had pushed a yard or so of grass-land aside, and I saw a grinning face and the muzzle of a howitzer: and, by Jove, the hedge was moving little by little across the infernal field. I looked at it, and it was there; I looked again, and it was two yards nearer—but it never said a word, nor did it appear to move.

"Machine-gun squad," said Young Souwelch, and he blew a whistle. Everything that was thoroughly real in tree and bush and paddock rose up on puttees and came into a circle to listen to Young Souwelch's lecture on Camouflage.

Camouflage is another of the New and Modern ways of fighting war with the brain. Camouflage is all brain.

Camouflage, in essence, is innocence. Its one aim is to convince the enemy of the innocence of such dubious articles as howitzers and snipers and machine-gun posts. If a German comes across No Man's Land to pick grapes off a trench-mortar redoubt under the impression that it is a vinery, then Camouflage has conquered. There are not many of this kind of German left.

In actual practice Camouflage is a sort of stew of scenic effect as known at His Majesty's Theatre, Futurism, Impressionism, and the habits of the chameleon. That is, one can build up a hiding-place, or obscure it with a paint-pot and a few accessories, or let it sink itself into the natural tinting of a natural background.

ON A FLANDERS BATTLEFIELD—A SPOT WHERE WELL-PLACED BRITISH SHELLS FELL: WHAT REMAINED OF A BLOWN-UP GERMAN AMMUNITION-DEPÔT.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

One can, in this way too, remove trees and plant them elsewhere and more usefully, or build up branches and foliage to trees that are indiscreetly

[*Continued overleaf.*

The fate in France of a Zeppelin Raider on England.

HIT AT 18,000 FEET UP: THE ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN AT ST. CLEMENT, FALLING IN FLAMES.

As recorded in the French official statement of the fate of the Zeppelin raiders on England on the night of October 19, which were attacked next day by the French while crossing France as fugitives. The Zeppelin brought down in flames at St. Clement, in the Department Meurthe-et-Moselle, is seen here. It wss dealt with by one of the mobile anti-aircraft gun sections which sighted it heading south, shortly after half-past six in the morning of the 20th. Immediately it came within range, the Zeppelin was fired at, being a fair target in daylight. It was hit by one of the first half-dozen shots, while at a height of 5500 metres, or, approximately, 18,000 feet, and took fire at once. The blazing Zeppelin was, it is stated, 4400 metres above ground when photogrsphed.

bare, or add a new outline to a hill or rubbish-heap, or put down something that looks like a stream but is not, or cover a stream. One can do anything in the building-up line; some brain and craftsmanship, with a few stage props, are all the things necessary.

ON THE FLANDERS FRONT—IN WAIT FOR A PROBABLE GERMAN TRENCH-RAID ATTEMPT: A HIGHLANDER ON WATCH WITH HIS LEWIS GUN READY TO SWEEP THE GROUND IN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

The Camouflage of the paint-pot is made useful to both human and inanimate fighting material. A sniper can be painted — face and clothes — in appropriate lines and spots that will make him look like the surface of the earth or the surroundings of his lair amid trees or bushes. He can wear leaves in his hair too, or can creep into this *bal masqué* of killing, matted to look like a grassy hillock, or daubed to resemble the brick rubble of a shattered village. This form of Camouflage is not really new; khaki is of this genre of deception, and even before khaki regiments — like the green-clad riflemen — used to daub their uniforms with mud in order to hide themselves. Indeed, uniforms through all time have been modified to their surroundings for the purpose of concealment.

Howitzers, guns, tanks, wagons, and what-not else also come under the concealment of the brush. Experts — some of them artists one would be delighted to meet—paint these massy weapons over in colours that blend and blur into the country, so that the most keen-eyed scout or the low-flying aviator cannot discover them. Guns and tanks have been masked in branches and turfs also, and tanks have even been disguised as haystacks and what not else.

Another form of Camouflage is to let the countryside itself do the hiding. This is a science too intricate to expound in this space. It relies on its strength in the choice of ground, ground where guns would not be suspected, positions daring and simple enough to convince an enemy that no 5·9 guile lurks there. Another form of Camouflage is the intimidating. It is founded on bluff. Instances could be given in this war, but an example of the sort of thing indicated is of a small and feeble British convoy that kept a Commando of Boers at arms'-length during the South African War with nothing more deadly than a number of tree-boughs. These tree-boughs were fastened under the tail-boards of the wagons and allowed to drag on the roads. The dust they raised was infernal and tremendous . . . the enemy was convinced by the sight of that enormous cloud that nothing less than a Brigade was on the march. They therefore did not attack, and the small column had a quite comfortable journey.

ON THE FLANDERS FRONT—AT A GAS-ALARM SIREN-POST IN THE TRENCHES: A HIGHLAND SENTRY SNATCHING A HASTY GLANCE AT A LETTER FROM HOME.—[*Official Photograph.*]

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

The Heroic Storming of Passchendaele.

TAKEN IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT: THE HIGH STREET; THE CHURCH, THE ENEMY'S LAST HOPE.

Passchendaele village was stormed by the Canadians, who fought their way through it and kept the German garrison on the run. The enemy were picked Prussians; battalions of "Silesian Grenadiers," regiments, by reputation in the German Army, hardly less formidable fighters than the vaunted Prussian Guard. The Grenadiers were specially put in charge of Passchendaele village, as being the key position of the now famous ridge. The Canadians hunted the tall Grenadiers with bomb and bayonet, and finally stormed the church, the centre stronghold, "fighting their way through the church step by step up the long nave until the last of the garrison surrendered in the chancel." Then they "bombed other Germans in the crypt," and fugitives running away.—[*Photos. S. and G.*]

The French Chemin des Dames Victory: At Fort Malmaison.

OUTSIDE THE FORT AND INSIDE: GERMAN PRISONERS LEAVING A TRENCH; WITHIN THE RAMPARTS.

Fort Malmaison, or, at least, Malmaison, has given its name to the victory of October which so shook the German foothold across the Chemin des Dames that a week later the enemy evacuated the plateau, stealing off at night. It was the key of the German position on the Chemin des Dames sector of the Aisne front, and was garrisoned by Prussian Guardsmen. It fell to an attack of the Zouaves on the first of the three days of the battle, and its capture entailed retreat for the German Army on the Chemin des Dames. Prisoners filing from a deep trench in front of the fort are seen in the upper illustration, and in the lower, part of the interior, with supporting arches of the masonry vaulting below the ramparts.—[*French Official Photographs*]

With the Victorious French 6th Army on the Aisne Front.

AFTER MALMAISON VICTORY: A CROWDED "CAGE" OF GERMAN PRISONERS; POILUS COOKING.

The upper illustration shows what may be termed some of the first fruits of the great victory won on the Chemin des Dames by General Maistre and the French Sixth Army. We see here some of the eleven-thousand-odd German prisoners taken in the three-days' battle, crowding one of the French detention "cages" in rear of the battlefield. The second fruits of the victory may be taken to be the enforced withdrawal, surreptitiously and after dark, a few days later, of the enemy from the entire position to which he had clung tenaciously ever since first occupying the Aisne Heights after the retreat from the Marne. The prisoners were mostly Prussians from crack regiments; among them, "thousands of the Prussian Guard."—[*French Official Photographs.*]

French Colonials who Rallied to the Tricolour.

NEW ANNAMITE ARRIVALS ON BOARD SHIP IN PORT: A LIFE-SAVING ALARM-DRILL; BATHING-TIME.

France owes a great debt—which the authorities have handsomely acknowledged—to the native peoples of her overseas possessions; both in West Africa and in the Far East. It speaks volumes for the considerate and humane methods of the French Colonial administration and its officials in the past that nowhere have the insidious German efforts to stir up disaffection and sedition had the least success. On the contrary, everywhere volunteers to cross the seas and work in France have been abundant; and there is no falling off. Particularly useful work has been done by the Annamites of Indo-China, both as battalions in the field—at Verdun, among other places—and as munition and land and camp workers.—[*Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

At a Portuguese Training Camp in England.

BATTALION "SPECIALISTS" PRACTISING: SIGNALLERS "FLAG-WAGGING"; RANGE-FINDER PRACTICE.

We have in previous issues given illustrations of some of the Portuguese regiments which, it is no secret, have for some time past been in training in camp in England. They are reported on all hands to be making excellent progress, and the men have all the physical qualifications to make sturdy fighters, recruited as the rank and file of the infantry of the Portuguese Army are from the hardy peasantry and agriculturists of the districts lying between the Tagus and the Douro. As we know, a strong force of the first contingent of the Portuguese is on the Western Front, where it has already done good work in action. Those in this country are having the final touches put to their home course of training in Western Front battlefield methods.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

OFFICIALDOM is so often accused of extravagance that it is refreshing to hear that it occasionally shows leanings towards thrift. Three hundred women are helping to effect economy in the national finances at Dewsbury, where their work is to sort and classify discarded uniforms collected from the battlefield. Those that are still fit for use or worth repairing are first cleaned, and subsequently make their appearance again either as part of a soldier's outfit or as clothing for German prisoners. Useless things are sent to a factory, there to be made into cloth for military purposes. Though the work has been going on for less than a year, a very substantial saving has been effected and an enormous amount of material has been dealt with. The best testimonial to the usefulness of the scheme is the fact that the credit balance at Dewsbury is over £900,000.

. . . . . .

It is interesting to know that while schemes are being prepared to help soldiers, especially disabled soldiers, to earn a livelihood after the war, the interests of the widows of our fighting men are not being entirely neglected. The Ministry of Pensions has formulated a scheme by which such widows receive a special allowance from the Government whilst training for some profession of which the Ministry approves; whilst, if necessary, training fees are also paid. A number of applications have already been dealt with, and pupils are now being trained in midwifery, massage, shorthand and typing, and motor-driving at the expense of the State. Such a course was suggested by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies three years ago

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The work of the British Women's Hospital on behalf of the Star and Garter Home for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors has already been described in these articles. Its latest activity is the no less important and equally necessary one of raising a fund for the purpose of endowing the College of Nursing by way of a national memorial and thank-offering to a profession that has done such splendid work in the war.

. . . . . .

It is, of course, a well-known fact that the lives of the wounded depend on the care and attention lavished upon them in hospital, and, since this work is almost entirely in the hands of women, it does not require much imagination to realise the enormous debt of gratitude that the nation, as well as individuals, owe to the women who cheerfully face the risks and horrors of war in order that those who suffer through it shall be

[Continued overleaf.

SIGNING THE NEW FOOD ECONOMY PLEDGE: PATRIOTIC LONDONERS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE.

Sir Arthur Yapp's League of National Safety is meeting with great success. At the Ministry of Food, Grosvenor House, as elsewhere, numerous members have enrolled. The pledge runs: "I realise that economy in the use of all food and the checking of all waste helps my country to complete victory, and I promise to do all in my power to assist this campaign for national safety."

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Tree-felling for the War in the Home Counties.

IN BUCKS: LOADING TIMBER-LORRIES FOR THE RAILWAY; SAWING AND CHECKING BY WOMEN.

Almost every day the newspapers record the taking over by the authorities, for cutting down, of stretches of woodland famous as beauty-spots, and often, in addition, of historic interest. The sacrifice is a hard one, but national interests are paramount. The trees have to be felled, for their timber is urgently needed, both for war purposes at home and at the front. And the same is taking place in France and Italy. Lumbermen battalions from Canada, Portuguese woodcutters, and gangs of local labourers are daily at work all over Great Britain, in the Highlands, among the woodlands of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in the Home Counties, in the Midlands and Wales, and in the West of England. Women act as checkers and measurers.—[*Photos. by S. and G.*]

well cared for and looked after. Not a few members of the service have literally been "killed in action," for the enemy has as much respect for the Red Cross as for other humane considerations. The fund now to be raised, to be known as the "Tribute to Women," is designed to allow of the British people putting on permanent record their appreciation of the part played by the nursing profession in the Great War.

. . . .

Wounded soldiers and officers not a few have already shown their approval of the new scheme in a very practical way by sending letters of approval and cheques to help on the good work.

. . . . .

Sir Frederick Treves showed in his appeal on behalf of the College of Nurses that the Nightingale Training School and Fund was one of the results of the Crimean War. The College of Nursing, and funds sufficient to endow it, will, it is hoped, arise out of the crisis in the history of the nursing profession brought about by the present conflict.

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The scope of the College and the Tribute Fund is best described in the words of the appeal to the nation recently published by the British Women's

WOMEN-WORKERS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: THREE OF THE U.S. "WOMEN YEOMEN" AT BOSTON NAVY YARD, IN THE MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN UNIFORM THEY WEAR.

The three shown are Helen McCormack, 1st Class Yeoman; Helen Barr, Radio-Operator, and Eva Forbes, 1st Class Yeoman, who have joined the U.S. Navy for dockyard work.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Hospital: "In addition to its chief purpose of training nurses in their profession, the College has to consider many tragedies arising out of such a war as this. Nurses run great risks mentally and physically: loss of sight, injury to limbs, nervous breakdown from shock and overwork, and other serious maladies are contracted. The nursing profession is one which tests the endurance of its

"MADAME LE MAJOR": MME. GERARD-MANGIN, HEAD MATRON OF THE "EDITH CAVELL" HOSPITAL, AND HER DOG.

An amusing story is told of how Mme. Gerard-Mangin was "called up" in error by the French Army, and given the poilu's sou a day pay, and an allowance of tobacco. She is said to be the only woman doctor given rank in the French Army. She went through two years' campaigning without illness or rest. As a reward, the authorities have made her Head Matron of the "Edith Cavell" Hospital.—[*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*]

members very severely, and not all have the health and strength to suffer its hardships without mishap. There are few years in a nurse's life during which she earns sufficient money to enable her to save anything for illness or old age, and up to the present time the profession, though there exists no nobler public service, has been miserably ill-paid. Standardisation and organisation will provide a remedy for this, and it is hoped that the generosity of the public may enable the College to make provision for those of its members who, through no fault of their own, are in need or in suffering, thus rendering back to the nurses themselves some small part of the immeasurable debt owed to them by the community to which they have ministered so devotedly."

. . . . .

So far as nurses working on military lines are concerned, they are, to some extent, provided for by Government, but no such provision exists for the thousands of women at home, whose work, with so many of their numbers absent on foreign and military service, is more arduous than ever.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

On the Italian front: A British Battery.

BEFORE THE RETREAT IN WHICH ALL OUR GUNS WERE SAVED: ONE OF OUR GUN POSITIONS.

The one alleviating item of news for the British public in the ill-starred story of the Italian Army's misfortunes on the Austrian frontier was that all the British guns in the first line have been saved. It was a magnificent feat of heroic endurance unparalleled in war. They were, as Mr. Ward Price, in his thrilling narrative of the retreat tells, "pulled by overburdened tractors and man-handled desperately round sharp corners by men who had had already days and nights of firing as fast as the guns could be loaded. Every single gun was saved from capture, though, as the last but one to go was being hitched on to the tractor, the very last one of all was still firing, with no other gun in action between it and the enemy."

THE GREAT WAR.

THE MAXIMALISTS SEIZE PETROGRAD—TWO GOOD STROKES IN THE EAST—GAZA AND TEKRIT—THE CATTEGAT FIGHT—WAR FACTS AND FIGURES.

ONCE more as in the early days of the Revolution, a curtain has descended on Russian affairs. Of military movements there was no news of any importance, except affirmations that a new stroke might be expected from the Russo-Roumanian forces, and rumours of a success in the Caucasus. From Petrograd the reports, such as they were, grew ominous of further trouble. The split between the Maximalists and the Provisional Government became wider, and the Government took armed precautions. Regiments brought to the official quarter of the city were forbidden by the Soviet to obey orders. The Government caused the bridges to be closed, thus cutting off the official from the industrial part of the capital. Both sides, it was surmised, were ready to strike. The question was, which first? Brief messages of Nov. 7 pointed to the Maximalists having taken the lead. They had seized the Central Telegraph Office, the State Bank, and the Marie Palace, where the Preliminary Parliament sat. That body suspended its sittings, after promising to support M. Kerensky. He commanded, however, a majority of only 21 votes out of 225. A *coup d'état* followed, as the telegrams state. The Petrograd troops sided with the Soviet, seized the seat of Government, the Winter Palace, after a bombardment, and arrested the Ministers. M. Kerensky escaped, and, it is understood, went to bring up certain of the loyal troops at the Front.

AN INDIAN SPORTSMAN OF NOTE HOLDING A COMMISSION: LIEUT. SYED ABDUL ALAJEED, NOW ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT.

Amid the ups and downs of the world-war, the Palestine front produced a further success following the capture of Beersheba. On the morning of Nov. 7, General Allenby's forces captured Gaza, the scene of the action in March last between the British and 20,000 Turks. That engagement, at first represented as a success, was later understood to be something less than satisfactory, although we took 950 prisoners and the staff of the Turkish 3rd Division. About Gaza, however, there is no doubt, and the capture of the border stronghold is an event of far-reaching consequences. It may, in fact, alter the whole complexion of the campaign in Palestine. At the same time, the British advanced again north of Beersheba, and took the whole of the Turkish defences south of the line from Tel-el-Sheria to Abu-Hareira. The conduct of the troops was reported to be magnificent. The prisoners numbered over 3000 with 40 guns, as far as counted.

Equally useful for the instruction of Oriental enemies was the neat drive carried out on Nov. 2

[Continued on page 40.

War Scenes in India—British and Native.

PICTURES FROM INDIA: TERRITORIALS; A DISTINGUISHED NATIVE GENERAL FROM EAST AFRICA.

In the upper photograph are seen some British Territorials resting during maroeuvres in a hilly district. In this connection, it may be noted that a despatch was recently published from General Sir Charles Monro, Commander-in-Chief in India, on minor military operations there this year and last. The lower photograph was taken at a public reception to Major-General Sardar Puran Singh Bahadur, Commander-in-Chief of the State forces of Kapurthala, on his return from East Africa, where he has done excellent service for over two years. He also fought in the Tirah Campaign. In the group he is wearing garlands of flowers, which were placed round his neck as a mark of honour. Next to him, in a black coat, is the Chief Justice of Kapurthala.—[*Photos. by Topical.*]

by General Maude's troops in Mesopotamia. A reconnoitring column attacked the Turks on the right bank of the Tigris, about twenty miles north of Samarra, and pushed them to Tekrit, seizing the whole Turkish position. At the same time, our cavalry harassed the retreating enemy. Prisoners and stores fell into our hands.

The British naval forces put a sound piece of useful work to their credit on Nov. 3. In the Cattegat they sank a German auxiliary cruiser and ten armed patrol craft. Off the Belgian coast, an electrically controlled high-speed German boat was also sunk. After the Cattegat fight, the British, as is customary, rescued enemy crews. Sixty-four prisoners were taken. Following the recent assurances of the First Lord of the Admiralty that the U-boat menace is being met, came the lowest record in sinkings since the campaign of naval "frightfulnes" was begun by the whiskered Tirpitz. Of larger vessels, 8 have been lost of smaller, 4; fishing-vessels, nil. This, as against 14, 4, and nil for the previous period. These figures are further improved by the fact that 3 must be subtracted from the total, on account of earlier date. The actual week's haul to the enemy was, therefore, only 9 vessels, which improves on the record of the week ending Sept. 20, during which 11 ships were sunk.

THE LEADER OF THE JAPANESE WAR MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES, VISCOUNT ISHI.

Viscount Ishi is one of the most prominent of Japan's present-day statesmen. His masterly handling and settlement of outstanding diplomatic questions between Japan and the U.S. has been a feature of the visit of the Mission.—[*Photograph by Newspaper Illus.*]

Mr. Bonar Law, reviewing the war in a speech at Manchester, said that in the first year we lost 80 guns and took 25; in the second year we did better; in the third year we took 169, and the Germans took none; this year we had taken 380 and had lost none. Our advance in aeroplane construction had been immense. With regard to the bombing of German towns from the air, more had been done in that direction than the public realised.

LONDON: NOV. 10, 1917.

AT ONE OF THE BELGIAN MUNITION-FACTORIES ESTABLISHED DURING THE WAR IN NORTHERN FRANCE: STACKS OF COMPLETED SHELLS READY FOR FILLING WITH EXPLOSIVE.

At a certain Belgian munition-factory, as stated in the papers, the "Millionth Shell" was turned out a few days ago.

Belgian Official Photograph.

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The Illustrated War News

WITH THE UNITED STATES TROOPS IN FRANCE: A ROUTE MARCH.

French Official.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE ITALIAN STRUGGLE—THE ENEMY'S FIERCE BID FOR PASSCHENDAELE—THE CONTEST IN FRANCE—POLITICAL INCIDENTS—VISITS, DOMICILIARY AND ROYAL.

THE question of the Piave line, its power of resistance, and the fate of Venice became the main interest of the world as soon as the hard-pressed Italian troops had reached their prepared positions. To a depth of sixty miles and more the Austro-Germans had penetrated, stoutly opposed, but always advancing; there were hopes, however, that the Piave would prove the last point of retreat. But the earlier days after the establishment of the Italians on that line were not wholly reassuring. The enemy established a bridge-head across the Lower Piave at Zenson, twenty miles north-east of Venice. Here the Italians claimed to have repulsed the enemy in a counter-attack, which forced him back again upon the river bank. Meanwhile, there was a further withdrawal from Val Sugana. Fonzano was given up, as were Asiago and Belluno, although the Asiago Plateau was still held in force. These reports, although not encouraging in themselves, were at the same time somewhat relieved by the signs of a general stiffening both in the Trentino and on the Lower Piave. In the Trentino the enemy tried a powerful thrust near Gallio, by which he hoped to get behind the main Italian forces. This was stubbornly met and beaten back. Four days later, a surprise attack was launched from Lake Ledno to Lake Garda, but this also failed. Simultaneously the increase of heavy artillery fire was taken to mean that the defending army was settling down to a general battle. On the 14th the enemy's attack swung round more to the north, on the front extending from Maletta to Mount Castelgoberto. The stroke was parried, but renewed the same evening with increased forces and greater violence. Again Italy claimed to have repulsed the attack. On the upper reaches of the Brenta advancing Austro-German columns were caught and held up by artillery fire. At various points along the line southward to Zenson the passes had also been resolutely barred, and further attempts of the enemy to cross the river were frustrated. At Zenson itself, the enemy already across the river had been hemmed in, and those in the marshy loop between the mouths of the Piave and the Old Piave had been kept there and were being counter-attacked. Naval artillery had also begun to give them trouble. So far, the news was better. A great resistance which might last as long as Verdun had begun to solidify. The enemy had gained ground, but he had not broken the Italian Army. Snow was hindering his movements. The troops of King Victor were everywhere giving

IN A CRATER: THE GRAVE OF THOSE OF THE 2ND DIVISION CANADIANS KILLED ON VIMY RIDGE.
A corner of the grave was hit by a German shell recently, at the point behind the man in the photograph.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

proof that they were still as brave and as determined as ever. At the Greve di Papedopoli, an islet north of the Piave Bridge to which the enemy had penetrated, and also at Grisolera near the river mouth, where high banks and close-growing vegetation interfere with visibility and give the enemy an advantage, the check was firm. The political situation is again healthier. All parties, represented by the four ex-Premiers, have formally declared for unity in face of the common foe.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A CAR PASSING OVER THE FORMER GERMAN FRONT-LINE TRENCH ON VIMY RIDGE.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Somewhat overshadowed by the critical situation in Italy, affairs on the British front were still full of incident and moment. Beyond Ypres a heavier concentration of German artillery renewed the dispute of the positions our troops (British and Canadian) had further improved on the Passchendaele Ridge, and at the same time the enemy attacked north-east of Armentières, only to be repulsed. On Nov. 14, another heavy German attack was delivered and repulsed on the line of the Westroosebeke Road. Artillery and infantry fire had the chief credit of this operation, and the British line was reported intact. Nor were our men stationary, for, despite the severe assaults, the line north-west of Passchendaele was slightly improved. The British barrage fire was even more than usually effective, and the artillery fighting as a whole was said to be the fiercest and most concentrated of the present year. The enemy gun-fire was no less severe, but it did not appear to attain its object, for in many cases a cannonade that was obviously intended to prepare the way for an infantry assault had no such consequence. Our gunners had found and broken up the hostile formations at their point of assembly. They did equally useful work in keeping down the enemy's artillery fire, searching out his gun-positions and making them very difficult to use. On the 14th, hostile reconnoitring parties were foiled near Polderhoek Wood, and the Belgians blew up German concrete shelters north of Dixmude. At Bixschoote an attempted raid broke down under artillery and machine-gun fire.

For some time the Champagne sector has not been very prominent in the reports, but in that region there has been a greater liveliness. Enemy raids north-east of Rheims and north of Samogneux came to nothing. The French undertook raids in the Woevre; and repulsed, after a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, a new German attempt on Hartmannsweilerkopp, in the Vosges At Verdun, the Chaume Wood and Bezonvaux position was once more active. On the 13th, the Rheims region saw a renewed bombardment and brisk raids, and on the 14th one of these cleared trenches west of Mont Cornillet. On that day French and German artillery was very busy on both sides of the Meuse. During the period under review the Aisne sector showed no further noteworthy change; but some prisoners were taken in the Ailette region, where reconnoitring is constantly carried on. The French airmen have also scored heavily in these days, and have damaged depôts and cantonments near Mulhouse. German aeroplanes visited Calais, and killed a number of civilians.

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS' FIGHTING: MEN RETURNING FOR A REST.
Official Photograph.

The formation of the Allied War Council, noted last week, led to a flutter in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and the *quidnuncs* began to hint at a political crisis. Mr. Asquith gave notice

of a question to the Prime Minister asking whether Mr. Lloyd George would be prepared to make a statement to the House upon "the very serious matters" to which he had referred in his Paris speech. Next day the Prime Minister set all doubts at rest by the simple expedient of making public the articles of agreement between the Allies regarding the constitution of the War Council. Mr. Asquith desired to know how it affected the controlling powers of the General Staff at home and the Commander-in-Chief in the field, whether the Military Staff of the Council would have Intelligence and Operations Departments of its own, and, lastly, with whom the ultimate decisions would rest. The Prime Minister, laying the points of agreement before the House, showed that the Council would have no executive power, and that the final decisions as to army movements would rest with the respective Governments of the Allies immediately concerned. There would be no Operations Department attached to the Council; the existing Intelligence Departments would be at the disposal of the military representatives. The Council he defined as a central body charged with the duty of surveying the field as a whole, and of co-ordinating the plans prepared by the different General Staffs. If necessary, the Council would submit proposals of its own. The reply gave the House complete satisfaction. On the other question, the Premier's Paris speech, Mr. Lloyd George set aside last Monday for a general debate. Whatever views some may have held as to the Prime Minister's words, it is significant that French opinion has heartily blessed the speech, as a straightforward and essentially encouraging presentation of the war—encouraging, that is, to the Allies, not to the enemy.

WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN WAR-TIME: THE NEW CROW'S-NEST.—[*Official Photograph.*]

France found herself in the midst of another political crisis. After two months of unhappy life, M. Painlevé's Ministry resigned, chiefly because it had failed to find a vigorous home policy, especially in dealing with Bolsism. A section of the Chamber did not see much comfort in the Allied War Council. There was a call for a single leader. The Prime Minister deprecated discussion until after the Inter-Allied Conference, and moved an adjournment, declaring that he would treat it as a vote of confidence. The vote placed M. Painlevé in a minority of 93, whereupon he resigned at once. So ends France's fifth War Ministry. M. Clemenceau became the new Prime Minister.

There has been in Great Britain a stiffening—not of public opinion, for that is sound enough, but of Governmental control. Of this a hopeful outward and visible sign was the raiding of the offices of several Pacifist Societies. Three offices and the private houses of two officials were visited by the police. No arrests were made, but documents were impounded.

WITH THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN WAR-TIME: THE BRIDGE OF A DESTROYER AT SEA.—[*Official Photograph.*]

A pleasanter surprise visit was that paid by the King to the London Docks, where his Majesty inspected the wonderful arrangements for the transport and store of foodstuffs. The King took especial interest in the huge grain-elevators, which discharge ships at the rate of 300 tons per hour.

London: Nov. 17, 1917.

A Unique Novelty of the Great War.

COVERING OVER AN ACRE, WITH DETAILS EXACT: THE GIANT RELIEF-MAP OF MESSINES RIDGE.

Among the amazing novelties of the war few can beat that shown above: the large-scale relief-model of the battle-ground of Messines, officially constructed before the advance, to instruct officers and men in the features of the ground. "They had," writes the "Morning Post" correspondent, "a wonderful model of the ridge covering more than an acre of ground, and true in every detail of contour, which could be studied for hours. . . . There were the ruins of Wytschaete and Messines, the many little farms with their fantastic and often humorous names, the winding road and the German trenches, and even the stumps of splintered woods . . . constructed out of concrete, carefully banked-up earth, and bits of broken bricks."—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

The U.S. Navy's Atlantic Convoy Service.

ESCORT-SHIP WORK: SENDING THE DOCTOR TO A SHIP; ON WATCH AGAINST FOLLOWING U-BOATS.

A continuous stream of steamship traffic, employed entirely on war service, is ever passing across the Atlantic at the present time. A large portion of it is comprised of convoys of transports or troop-ships, and of store and supply ships, in connection with the American Army in Europe. Light cruisers and a number of U.S. destroyers mostly perform the duties of escort, which means many things besides the paramount business of keeping on the look-out for U-boats. The upper illustration shows one of the duties one escort-ship has to see to. On board some of the smaller supply and store ships it often happens that no surgeon can be carried. In cases of accident, or sudden illness, the nearest escorting vessel has to send off the doctor by boat.—[*Official Photographs.*]

England on the Allied War Council: A Popular General.

A WISE CHOICE: TO REPRESENT ENGLAND ON THE MILITARY COMMITTEE—GENERAL SIR HENRY WILSON.

The burden of responsibility for the representation of England in the Allied Council and Permanent Military Committee could scarcely have been entrusted to better hands than those of General Sir Henry Hughes Wilson, K.C.B., D.S.O., a soldier with a record of distinguished service. Unlike the historic Council of Ten, which wielded, often without mercy, the sceptre of unlimited power in the ancient Republic of Venice, or the Council of Five Hundred in France during the Directory, the Military Committee of the Supreme Political Council for the Allies will have for the keynote of its deliberations agreement, in order to ensure unity of strategical direction in the Western theatre of war. General Wilson will be the right man in the right place.—[*Photo. by Lafayette.*]

On the Western Front in Flanders.

CLOSE TO THE FIGHTING: A RAILWAY LAID BY CANADIAN R.E.; A REINFORCING BATTALION.

Take a map of Russia and look at the main railway lines, the older ones which existed before the war. Mostly they run directly from one chief city or garrison town to another. So it was ordained by the Emperor Nicholas I. in pre-Crimean War days, when the first Russian railways were laid. Asked how the routes were to run, his Majesty simply took a rule and drew lines radiating from Petrograd. "That is how they are to go," he said, and the matter was settled. Flanders battlefield lines are laid on much the same principle. They go straight from point to point to save time, through the remains of bombarded towns and villages in places as shown, for one case, in the upper illustration.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Italy's World-Renowned Builder of War-Aeroplanes.

INVENTOR AND CONSTRUCTOR OF FAMOUS AEROPLANES BEARING HIS NAME: SIGNOR CAPRONI.

The Italian Caproni aeroplane has attained to world-wide celebrity during the war, for its long-distance flights, in addition to its record speed and marvellous efficiency as a fighting craft. Most, if not almost all, of the daring and brilliantly successful feats of the Italian aviators in the Alpine and Carso air-fighting, as well as at the bombardments of Pola and the Austrian fleet sheltering there, have been accomplished with Caproni machines. It was also a Caproni that made the marvellous flight from Italy to London some weeks ago. Before the war, Italy had several Caproni in army service, but now they are innumerable, so to speak. The Caproni brothers, of whom the chief is seen here, have an immense factory and flying school in Italy.—[*Photo. by Wyndham.*]

At Baghdad: A Street Crowd Watching British

STOLIDLY GAZING, BUT SECRETLY GLAD THAT TURKISH SOLDIERS ARE NOT WITH THE

British soldiers are seen here man-handling a heavy gun up an incline and round a corner in Baghdad, under the apparently stolid gaze of Arabs and city natives of all classes. Most of these are in the native garb, but among them may be observed groups of Europeanised natives, or civilian Turks in mercantile offices, wearing European-cut "whites" with the fez, a

Gunners Hauling and Shoving a Heavy Gun.

UN : THE BRITISH WAY—THE CROWD WOULD HAVE TO HAUL IN TURKISH TIMES.

combination familiar to English winter visitors to Cairo. No doubt the Baghdadese (if the term be right) looking on are secretly thanking their stars that British soldiers are hauling the gun. Had it been a gun belonging to their former Turkish masters they themselves would have been yoked to the gun-carriage with Turkish soldiers lashing their backs.—[*Official Photograph.*]

General Allenby's Advance towards Jerusalem.

VICTORIES IN PALESTINE: TROOPS MOVING FROM RAFA; BOMBARDMENT OF UMBRELLA HILL.

In the series of brilliant operations in Palestine, General Allenby's forces captured between October 30 and November 14 over 7000 Turkish prisoners, with a great quantity of war material. Beersheba, Gaza, Ascalon, and Ashdod fell to the British troops in rapid succession during that period. On the 15th a further advance was announced, the Turks being driven from a new position twelve miles north of Ascalon and forced to retire five miles to the Wadi Surar, only eight miles south of Jaffa. In a message, dated from Gaza on November 12, Mr. W. T. Massey writes: "General Allenby's pressure, exerted without a moment's pause, has caused the Turks to lose part of the line of the Wadi Sukerier, along which they had been digging with much energy

[Continued opposite

The British Conquest of Philistia.

BEFORE GAZA: A FIRST-LINE OFFICERS' MESS, WITH DUG-OUTS IN THE SIDES OF A WADI.

(Continued.)

for two days. . . . It appears that the enemy intended to resist on the Sukerier, where he had some 13,000 men entrenched behind the wadi (watercourse) banks. These wadis are substantial obstacles, with steep banks, and when the regular crossings have been destroyed, much hard work is necessary by the Engineers in building ramps before the guns and wheeled traffic can proceed. . . . Our troops, despite the arduous nature of the fighting of the last fortnight, are in wonderfully good condition. They have now marched more than fifty miles into Palestine. At every advance we have come across abandoned material and ammunition in great quantities, . . . among it, 70 limbers and waggons in good condition, no effort having been made to destroy them."

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXVI.—THE 10TH AND THE 37TH.

THE TRAGEDY OF ARRAH.

THE 10th and the 37th Regiments are inseparably linked together by an act of heroic devotion to duty, in the face of fearful odds, which they performed shoulder to shoulder during the Indian Mutiny. The outbreak was some two months old; Meerut, Barrackpore, and Delhi had witnessed the initial horrors, and the disaffection of the native troops had spread as far as Peshawar and Dacca; but at Dinapore the British officers still believed in the Sepoys under their command and took no severe measures against them. But the Sepoys were like the rest, only biding their time. At length their day came. They mutinied *en masse*, and went off with their arms across the flooded country, knowing well that pursuit by artillery was impossible at that season. They crossed the Soane and threatened Arrah, where a small body of Europeans — twelve white men—and a few Sikhs formed the whole garrison. This little force held a small and imperfectly fortified building, into which the British residents—a mere handful—had been gathered for protection. The rebels were led by Rajah Koor Singh, an old man, who had been believed to be one of the most loyal adherents of the Government. The mutineers from Dinapore were in considerable strength. They made several determined attacks, and, although these were gallantly met, the position of the defenders soon became desperate.

EN ROUTE FOR BLIGHTY: A CANADIAN RED CROSS AMBULANCE STARTING FROM THE DRESSING-STATION IN A RECENTLY CAPTURED VILLAGE.

Canadian War Records.

News of the state of affairs at Arrah reached Dinapore, and a relief expedition was immediately organised. But the preparations were not made with judgment. The situation was very difficult, it is true; but the efficiency of the force was crippled by a chivalrous consideration, praiseworthy enough, but in war not the last argument. The first intention was to send a whole regiment. But the means of transport was entirely insufficient. The troops were to proceed by river steamer. But if a whole regiment was to be sent, the steamer would not hold so large a force. There was, to be sure, the accommodation-boat belonging to the steamer. That, however, was already crowded with women and children anxious to escape downstream. It was decided that they could not be turned out, although there were buildings on shore where they might have found temporary shelter. At the moment the rebels were not actually pressing

[Continued overleaf.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: LIFTING PART OF A GUN FOR REPAIRS IN A SHED OF A FIELD WORKSHOP.

Canadian War Records.

Within the War Area—Present and Past.

CONTRASTS: A SOLDIER'S WEDDING-DAY; THE KING OF ITALY VISITING THE GRAVES OF VETERANS.

"Twist ye, twine ye, even so, Mingle threads of joy and woe"—so a poet wrote once when moralising over a certain mixed incident in life; and the lines have their contrasting application in these two scenes near the front. In the upper photograph we have a war-wedding scene in France, at an ancient church within sound of, or which not so long ago, before the Germans were forced back from the neighbourhood, was at least within hearing of the enemy's cannonade. A soldier-bridegroom is seen leaving the church with his bride; while following through the doorway are relatives whom the war has bereaved. Again, in contrast, the King of Italy is seen visiting a cemetery where the remains of veterans of 1870 are at rest.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

Dinapore, and the military necessity might have been given full weight. It was only on a question of relative convenience that the refugees were kept on board. For this a terrible price was paid.

Seeing that one complete regiment could not be sent to the relief of Arrah, small detachments were detailed from the 10th and the 37th. Of the former, 6 officers and 152 men were despatched; of the latter, 6 officers and 180 men, who had recently arrived from Ceylon. Their departure was so hurried that no proper provision was made for the transport of the inevitable sick and wounded. The force was far too small for the task before it, and it was a further error to draw it from two distinct corps, for it lacked that cohesion which a single command, however inadequate in numbers, would at least have possessed. Their voyage was disastrous from the outset. Their steamer stuck in the mud of the Ganges, causing grievous delay; and when at last they reached the place where they were to disembark darkness was coming on. Their commissariat was quite defective; the men were weary and hungry. Their Commander would have been well advised to wait for daybreak; but, in an excess of zeal, he resolved to push forward at once. A native guide was found, who was beyond doubt a traitor.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: LIÉVEN VILLAGE.
Canadian War Records.

Through the pitch-black night and over unknown country, the devoted little band stumbled on, unable to see where they were going. Suddenly, from every side, a terrible fusillade broke forth. They had been led into an ambush. Half the force fell at the first volley. There was nothing for it but to wait where they were until daylight. In the morning the broken remnant saw themselves outnumbered. Sepoys were swarming down, clubbing the wounded with their muskets. Then began a miserable withdrawal to a place of safety. To reach this they had to cross a deep nullah, in which many more were shot down. But still the survivors held together, and did what brave men could to bring off their wounded. One man, shot through the ankle-joint, actually walked, with a comrade's help, eleven miles. A young officer, desperately wounded, was carried for a great distance by two of his men, who had turned back, under fierce fire, to pick him up. Again and again he begged them to leave him to his fate. What that would be they could see, for the pursuers were busy with fiendish atrocities. But still they struggled on until utter exhaustion compelled them to give in. The officer asked for his revolver. And so they parted. The Sepoys came on, gloating. There was a crack and a puff of smoke. Their victim was beyond their reach. The mutineers kicked the dead they could not torture.

At last the survivors of the expedition, with their burdens, reached the steamer, which headed back to Dinapore. There the garrison was anxiously awaiting its return, full of hope of a successful issue. But the hearts of the watchers sank as they noted the strange emptiness of the steamer. Telescopes were levelled at the approaching steamer, and the observers were seized with dreadful misgiving as they made out the motionless forms huddled on deck. This was no victorious force, but wreckage.

PASSING THROUGH A RUINED VILLAGE: A CANADIAN AMMUNITION COLUMN.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Of the 10th, 1 officer and 47 men fell, 2 officers and 32 men were wounded, and of these 3 died; of the 37th, 3 officers and 65 men were killed, and 21 wounded. Of their 55 wounded they brought back 51 to Dinapore, and that with no means of transport. Pluck and endurance had performed a notable feat of rescue.

A Parachute Escape from a Blazing Kite-Balloon.

A RECENT EXCITING SPECTACLE: AS THE OBSERVERS DROPPED—THE FLAMING DÉBRIS ABOVE.

This air-fighting episode on the Flanders front was witnessed by the spectators with breathless interest. One of our observation-balloons was suddenly swooped down on by an enemy aeroplane and set on fire. Our patrolling planes could not get to the place in time. The two observers in the kite-balloon's basket jumped out as the "sausage" took fire. They had difficulty in escaping, being entangled in the blazing débris. The German plane is seen high up to the left, with the blazing balloon below. The observers in their parachutes are yet further below to the right. The parachute of one is in the act of opening. The German was cut off by our airmen, and sent down in flames within five minutes.—[*Drawn by F. de Haenen from Materials supplied by an Eye-Witness.*]

"Invalided" Guns being Doctored at the Front.

AT AN ARTILLERY REPAIRS-DEPÔT: A BIG GUN TAKEN APART; CLEANING A HOWITZER-BUFFER.

Unless a British gun is so seriously injured, or out of working order, that only the resources of an arsenal establishment can set the piece to rights again, it does not recross the Channel on being "invalided" at the Front. It is only temporarily taken away from its battery, and transported back for not very many miles to one of the artillery repairing depôts which are to be found at various places on the line of communications between the front and the main base. Such repairing depots have been doing invaluable work for some time past. They are staffed by trained workmen and artificers, and supplied with requisites for effecting practically, and at short notice, any kind of refitment likely to be called for.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Looking Not Unlike a Type of Tank.

VIEWED FROM A FEW YARDS IN REAR: ONE OF OUR BIGGEST WESTERN FRONT HOWITZERS FIRING.

A rather unusual pictorial effect is given by the illustration seen here, which reproduces the appearance of a howitzer of the largest size with its barrel fully recoiled at the instant of discharge, when viewed from a few yards off, directly in rear of the mounting or gun-carriage. The barrel has slid back to the full distance, and only the tips of the fore-ends of the recoil-cylinders are visible from the view-point. The piece, as seen, has apparently been electrically fired by means of a contact wire carried back well to the rear, a method that is employed on occasion as a safeguard to guns' crews from the effects of the concussion of the discharge in the cases of the very biggest guns. As we have illustrated previously, the big German howitzers are so fired.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

floundering to Victory through the Mud of f

DURING ONE OF THE ATTACKS ON PASSCHENDAELE RIDGE, WHICH MADE US

In one of his accounts of the fighting for Passchendaele, Mr. Philip Gibbs remarks that the overspreading swampy mud all over the battlefield is just now "worse than ever." Speaking of one part of the advance, he tells how "battalions of fighting men, busy, not with their rifles, but with shovels and duck-boards, worked in the mud, mud baulking all labour—swallowing up logs,

ders: The Normal State of the Battlefields.

ERS OF THE VILLAGE: A MORE TRYING ENEMY THAN "PILL-BOXES."

'ds, gun-wheels, shells, spades, and the legs of men, slime and filthy water slopping over everything. . . . They went into mps everywhere, into the zone of shell-craters brimmed with water and along tracks where the men went ankle-deep, if not e-deep, or waist-deep." Yet our men got to the top and drove the enemy headlong.—[*Drawn by H. W. Koekkoek.*]

A formerly Interned German Liner No

THE "FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE" ON WAR-WORK AS A TRANSPORT F

One of the big German Atlantic liners, the "Friedrich der Grosse," which were prevented from recrossing the ocean from America by the outbreak of the War, and fear of the British Fleet, is seen on service as a transport bringing U.S. troops to France. The great ship is shown after completing her voyage, while being brought-to in a French port. The numerous

Employed in Bringing Over U.S. Troops.

. SOLDIERS: ABOUT TO MOOR, ON ARRIVAL AT A FRENCH PORT.

German liners in the harbours of the United States when war broke out, or which hastily stopped their homeward voyages, and took shelter in American ports, were interned there until the United States broke with Germany last spring. Thereupon they were taken over by the U.S. Government for the service of the Allies in various capacities.—[*From a Drawing by Chas. Tanqueray.*]

"Heavy Shells were Coming Over": German Gu

"THE EARTH IS VOMITING BLACK CLOUDS WHERE SHELLS ARE BURSTING": TH

The German artillery has been very active of late on the British front, but our gallant troops have not been deterred from steadily pushing forward. Describing the battlefield, Mr. Philip Gibbs speaks of "the ruins, the fanged tree stumps, the huddle of tents and huts, and the long stretch of barren land, where the guns are smoking and the earth is vomiting black

Searching a British Battery near Passchendaele.

TTLE OF PASSCHENDAELE—ONE OF OUR BATTERIES UNDER GERMAN ARTILLERY FIRE.

clouds where shells are bursting. . . . When I went up to Passchendaele yesterday, and all that great shell-fire of the battle, one little picture came through the mist. . . . A column of transport galloping up to the guns with ammunition. Heavy shells were coming over from the enemy, and the tracks and batteries were not safe for man or beast."—[*Official Photograph.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: VIII.—THE OVERLORD OF VAPOURS.

FRANCIS frequently saves our lives, but that does not make him really popular. Francis is the lad who blows in from Exalted Places at unpropitious moments and makes us hustle.

Francis simply overflows himself along the trench. Francis orders "Gas Alert"; Francis then orders gas-masks on.

Box-respirators and tube-helmets are soul-destroying things when one doesn't want to play and one's wits are woolly. But they have to be put on. Francis is the lord of such things. He is Gas Officer, something very "pomptions" on Division, and what he says holds. We all, Field Officers and just Subalterns, Sergeant-Majors and ordinary human men, stand up in gollywog rows, and wriggle into the infernal things, at a pace to break records. It wouldn't be so bad if we hadn't to break records, but speed is two points of the game, and Francis likes it played fast. When all is done, and we are thoroughly repulsive, Francis walks amongst us in a beastly superior manner, and tells us very acidly how badly we have done it.

It is very nice of Francis. He stands before us and wrinkles his nose.

"Consider yourself dead," he says. "You are showing decimal-o-three too much nostril. If you can't get it on better than that, you 'd better get a Staff job. It doesn't matter so much away back there—and also nobody 'd notice if you went."

Really, we are rather grateful to Francis; we suffer him gladly—well, almost gladly—because we know he has our interests at heart. He is one of the New Warriors, of course. Barbarism brought him into being; but brains count with him, as with the rest of the new dispensation of war. And, actually, as Gas Officer, he hasn't the cushiest of times. There is such a lot of work about his job, and where there isn't work there is responsibility.

He is with the Olympian at Division, but he has all the Division to look after. We begin with gas-masks. It is his job to see that all of us, from Hubert the Careful to Ginger Nobbs the inevitable bonehead new-draft man, have not merely a box-respirator, masks, and all that, but that those fearsome but necessary instruments fit as close as a glove. There is no room for bad tailoring about the mask that is to guard against modern gas. A misfit of a fraction might let in the fumes, and that means death. Francis is the man responsible for the slightest error in mis-fitting.

Francis has his testing-shop at Division. At this testing-place he has an air-tight chamber, into which men and their masks are inserted. If the mask allows the slightest percolation, it is soon known in that chamber, for it is full of S.K.—otherwise, Tear Gas—and as a searching vapour that is pretty nearly infallible. Just one whiff of it will decide a man whether his mask fits or not.

The School is naturally the centre of other things. Here Francis teaches Gas Subalterns and

[Continued overleaf.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: LOCATING A BULLET BY MEANS OF THE X-RAYS.

The patient is a French soldier, and the scene is the Canadian Hospital, a gift from Canada. The staff are Canadians, and only French patients are taken in.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

On the Flanders Front: Bad Weather Road-Traps.

ON A RAIN AND MUD-SODDEN ROAD, RECENTLY SHELLED: TRANSPORT VEHICLES IN DIFFICULTIES.

The autumn rains have covered the roads in the battle area in Flanders with water and mud, which is often deep enough in places to be over the knees of horses and the axle-trees of vehicles. The overlying water-and-mud surface also, in particular where the enemy have been recently shelling the neighbourhood, presents other difficulties. It fills up the shell-craters and converts them into traps, less or more dangerous to traffic according to the depth of the holes. There is usually no time for drivers to stop and find out if they can get safely over, or to get round by the roadside. They have to "chance it" and drive on—with results, now and again, such as are shown in the illustrations.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Gas Sergeants all the gadgets of gas. How to suspect it, how to get ready for it, how to meet it, and how to clear it out when it has arrived.

He has about his School several attractive wind-vanes. They are wind-vanes inclined to ignore subtleties and to concentrate solely on two kinds of wind — the dangerous and the safe. The safe wind is that which blows towards our friends the Germans; the dangerous, the one that blows from him. Having appreciated this simple fact, the student is taught that, should the wind turn to "unsafe," no time is to be lost in arguing. The Gas Alert is given, and the men are then to stand ready for the worst. The worst, of course, is the Gas itself; and the next point in the training is to see that the men know how to put their masks on not only properly, but in the shortest possible space of time. Delay is death, and the men must be drilled to fix their masks swiftly, and constantly practised in the drill. Francis teaches his students this, and then sees by personal supervision that these students are conveying the full fruits of their course to the men under them.

UNITED STATES TROOPS ATTACHED TO THE FRENCH ARMY ON THE WESTERN FRONT: INTERESTED IN THE EVOLUTION OF FRENCH AIRMEN.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Hence the reasons of his surprise visits. He is like the person in the parable and the gas itself—one does not know the day nor the hour of his coming. Which is very wise—it keeps us all on the alert for either gas or Francis. I don't quite know which we consider the most important.

ATTACHED TO THE FRENCH ARMY ON THE WESTERN FRONT: U.S. SOLDIERS AT A LISTENING-POST.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Francis has also to be sure that the Gas methods in the trench are up to schedule: the look-outs properly kept (day and night), and properly placed; the Gas Alarms wisely and handily hung; and the methods of conveying the news not merely along the trench, but to neighbouring units and batteries (especially batteries; batteries are usually too busy to notice things) and H.Q. are well thought out and efficient—also that the certain preventative measures can be instantly applied.

Then he has to be certain that we can all clear away the Gas once it has come, and the issue for that day or hour has been stopped. For gas is a clinging sort of horror. It does not merely pass over and done with it. It finds out all the dug-outs and the crannies, and hides about in them to catch the unwary who strips his mask too early. In this way gas casualties have been caused hours after the attack is over. Francis has to see to the clearing of these pockets of death. He has to see that fans or sprays are handy, and that we know how to use them in dug-outs and elsewhere, and that we won't be so foolish as to take off our masks until we are certain that fans and sprays have eliminated the last trace of the vapour. Francis knows, and has taught us, that it is only the fool who does not take all the precautions.

A worrying sort of life for Francis, you will agree. A life in which his warrior task is even more of the brain than of the hands, as it is with others of the new cultus of fighting. He is a warrior who rather prevents death than deals it out. But a lad in the front flight of the modern war specialists, all the same. The men he has saved since the German first loosed the blessing of vaporous slaughter on the world can be numbered by divisions, and those divisions are there to carry on the war, and will be able to drive the fighting on with a continued power and a continued deadliness because of him. W. Douglas Newton.

On the Flanders Front, near Passchendaele.

IN THE ENEMY TRENCHES: A BRITISH CLEARING-UP PARTY; AT AN ANGLE OF A TRENCH.

As has been stated in correspondents' letters from the Front in Flanders, according to information from prisoners and others, the Germans to the very last felt confident of being able to keep hold of Passchendaele Ridge, and, in especial, of the fortified village on the highest part of the ridge. They looked forward to be in possession all through the coming winter. Their lines of concrete blockhouses and redoubts and "pill-boxes" were elaborately strengthened and stoutly constructed as for permanent occupation. What the Passchendaele trench-defences looked like after our artillery had shelled them, as well as the terrible state of the ground across which our men had to move to the attack after the swamping rains, the illustrations show.—[*Official Photographs.*]

The Commanders-in-Chief of the British and U.S. fleets.

ADMIRAL MAYO VISITING SIR DAVID BEATTY: MEETING ON BOARD: A QUIET CHAT.

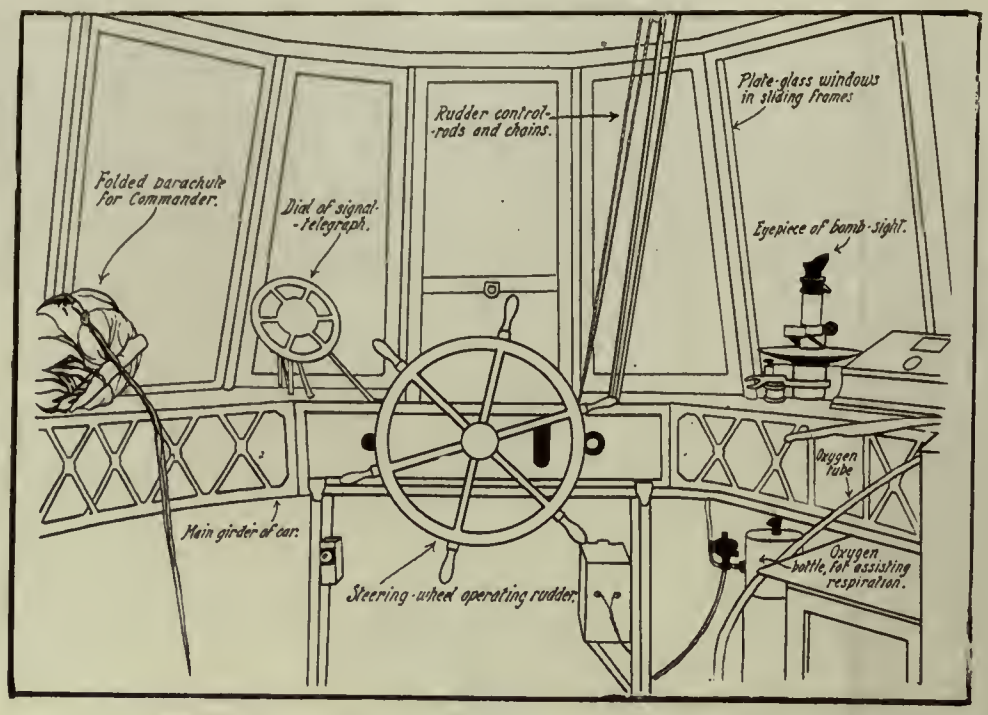
One of the later visitors of distinction to the Grand Fleet, and the first of the Allied naval Commanders-in-Chief to be Admiral Sir David Beatty's guest, has been the Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy at sea, Admiral Mayo. He fills the same rôle as Sir David Beatty in regard to America's battle squadrons or main war fleet—is, in a word, his counterpart. Admiral Sims' functions have specially to do with certain operations of an exceptional kind, and are mostly concerned with matters of prime importance on this side of the Atlantic. The two Commanders-in-Chief are here seen on board Sir David Beatty's flag-ship, and their meeting was not a mere matter of courtesy, it may be taken for granted.—[*Official Naval Photograph.*]

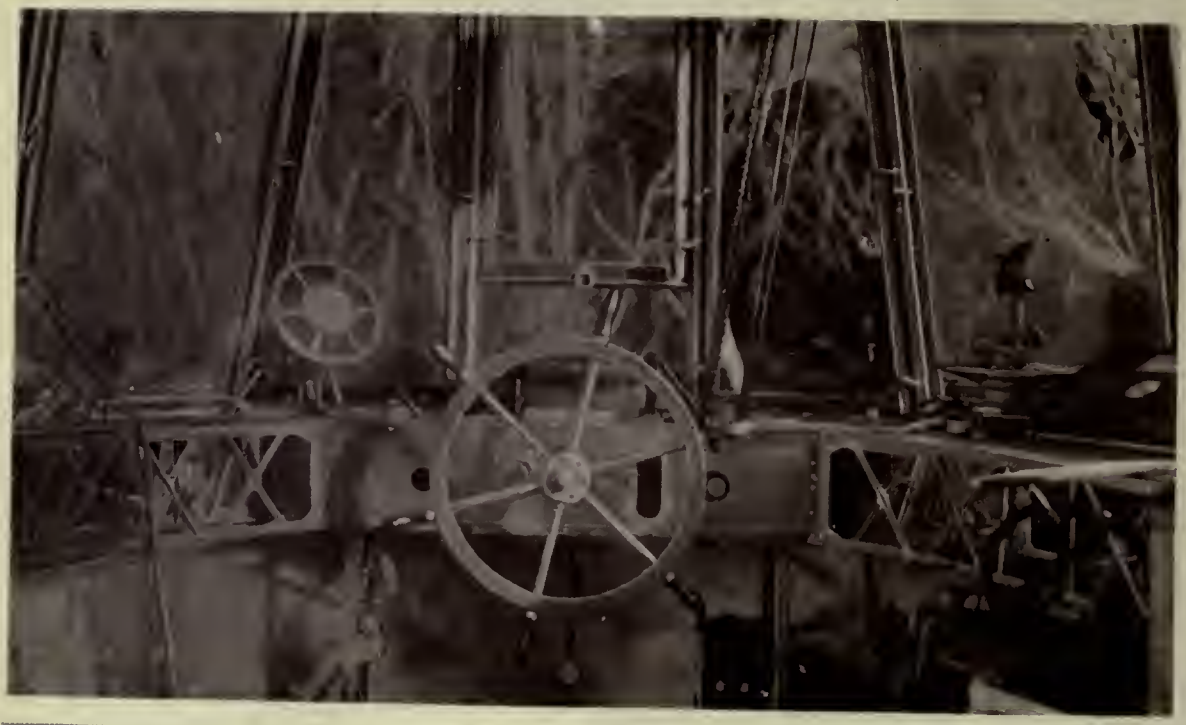
A Historic and Unique Compliment to the United States.

BROTHERS IN ARMS: ADMIRAL BEATTY'S AND ADMIRAL MAYO'S FLAGS FLYING TOGETHER.

The incident depicted above is surely unique in the annals of our Navy—the flags-of-command of a British and a foreign Admiral flying conjointly, side by side, at the mast-head of a British man-of-war. The compliment is the highest possible to pay on board ship, and its significance will be understood everywhere. The occasion was the coming on board the Grand Fleet flag-ship, on a visit to the British Commander-in-Chief, of the Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Fleet. The occurrence is only paralleled—and then incompletely, having regard to national naval etiquette and the custom of the sea—by the hoisting on Independence Day of the Union Flag and the Stars and Stripes side by side on the flagstaff of the Houses of Parliament.—[*Official Naval Photograph.*]

Picking the "Brain" of a Captured Zeppelin.





PARACHUTE; EYE-PIECE FOR BOMB-DROPPING; AND OXYGEN-BOTTLE: THE COMMANDER'S CABIN.

Zeppelin "L 49," it will be remembered, was one of those which raided London last month and was brought down by French airmen on her return flight, near Bourbonne-les-Bains. The airship, which was of the latest type of Germany's super-Zeppelins, was taken practically intact, and all the secrets of her mechanism have been investigated by French aeronautical experts. Our illustrations show the "brain" of the monster; that is, the interior of the commander's cabin, with the navigating-controls, in the fore part of the forward car. The upper drawing is a diagram of the photograph below, indicating details; the folded parachute (left), for escape in emergency, and (right) the eye-piece of the bomb-dropping gear, and (below it) the oxygen-bottle for assisting respiration.

Killing the "Hidden Death" of the Sea.

THE HEROISM OF OUR MINE-SWEEPERS: EXPLODING A GERMAN MINE SWEPT UP.

The heroism of our mine-sweepers should become a household word to everybody. Yet barely a tithe of their acts of cool intrepidity has hitherto been disclosed. As Mr. Lloyd George said in Parliament of the mine-sweepers, sixty per cent. of whom are fishermen round our coasts in peace-time, "their trawlers are engaged in some of the most perilous tasks that can be entrusted to seamen—mine-sweeping—a dangerous occupation, often ending in disaster. The number of mines they have swept is incredible." The mines are swept for with a cable stretched between two trawlers steaming abreast, which drags them to the surface, to be sunk by bullets through the metal casing, or blown up by direct hits on the detonator "horns."

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

CHRISTMAS "sales" are a commonplace of life during the weeks immediately preceding Dec. 25, but the one organised by Lady Wilson in aid of the Clothing Branch of the Officers' Families Fund, and held at 42, Berkeley Square, last week, had a special claim on the support of the public. Lady Lansdowne's fund for the wives and families of officers has already proved an inestimable boon to the hundreds who have cause to be grateful for its help. The same applies to the Clothing Branch, of which Lady Wilson, with an enthusiastic and devoted staff to assist her, has been in charge since August 1914.

. . .

The work, begun in two rooms of Mr. Alfred Brassey's house —29, Berkeley Square—has expanded to such an extent that helpers now fill practically every room in the place; for every day, alas! brings additions to the number of those for whose especial benefit the department is carried on. There are no busier places in London than the great reception and bed rooms where the business of unpacking and sorting, repairing, renovating, and then again packing the clothes is carried on every day with the same selfless devotion and energy that was shown when the war was still young, and patience and perseverance hadn't been demanded of all those who were so ready to "help." There is nothing haphazard about the methods at 29, Berkeley Square, where the "books" would stand comparison with those of any purely business undertaking, and where the person responsible for any given department can produce evidence to show that she is a believer in the principle of personally attending to her own job. There is a room devoted to the necessary coat and skirt, "suits" being carefully graded according to size to ensure greater despatch in finding them when required. Baby-clothes have a department to themselves; dressing-gowns and lingerie are similarly treated; the boot and shoe section engages all the attention of its own special staff; and with the approach of winter the energy of the people who have the

[Continued overleaf.

WITH "CATERPILLAR" WHEELS: A DEMONSTRATION CLASS ROUND A TRACTOR TYRED LIKE A "TANK."

A thousand women tractor-plough drivers are wanted by the Board of Agriculture. The Government teach volunteers free, and after two or three weeks pay salaries of 25 to 30 shillings a week, with a bonus for every acre ploughed.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

IT IS THE FIRST STEP THAT COSTS: A NOVICE WORKING A TRACTOR PLOUGH.—[*Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

An Autumn Afternoon in a French Camp.

OUTSIDE A COLONEL'S QUARTERS: TWO PETS, A KITTEN AND A JAY, ENJOYING THE UNUSUAL QUIET.

The locality in which the above photograph was taken is "somewhere" in the Verdun district, at one of the camps of the French Army holding that sector. It is ground where, a year ago, there was fierce fighting, and from which the enemy were driven in bayonet battles. The occasion was an off-day for the enemy in that quarter, it would appear, although German bullets still find their way across, every now and again. The shortened top of the sapling and the snipped-off ends of the branches suggest that. A Colonel has his quarters near by, as the notice-board nailed on the stem of the tree informs all and sundry. Two pets, a kitten and a tame jay, like the officer, are taking advantage of the quiet time in the pleasant autumn sunshine.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

care of the warm coats has been taxed to its utmost limit

. . . . .

Talking of energy, one is always getting fresh proofs of the enthusiasm with which Uncle Sam's daughters are throwing themselves into war work of every description. Not that they waited for their country to enter the war before taking an active interest in those who suffered as a result of it. Mrs. Hoover was her husband's right-hand "man" when he was planning his schemes for the benefit of the unfortunate victims of German barbarity in Belgium; and it was an American girl, Miss E. Simmonds, who in 1914 proceeded to Serbia, there to cook, nurse, and generally "mother" the unhappy people until the Italian Government, at a later date, appointed her to take official charge of the refugees. The work of the American Women's War Hospital in this country has already been described.

. . . . .

Ever since America "came in," American women have been busy proving the ability of the sex to rise to great emergencies. A great deal has been said of the work that British women are doing on the railways, but, valuable as Eve's help is in this direction, none of our railway companies, I believe, have yet followed the example of the Pennsylvanian Railway and started an "intensive" school for instructing them in the business of running trains to time and working signals. In a special room, a U-shaped table has been erected, with a miniature railroad system and a complicated signalling apparatus, just as one would deal with if engaged in the "real thing." Up and down these lines model trains run continuously until the girls have thoroughly mastered working principles and have become experts at their work. This policy of "thorough" is applied throughout all the war work American women are doing. In England much time, energy, and valuable work were wasted for want of a systematic control. The Americans, wiser by our experience, are taking no risks of that kind. But work is not everything, and the conviction that play is conducive to good work must surely be the secret of the existence of the Hostess House opened at Plattsburg not very long ago. At Plattsburg there is a large training camp for officers, whose "people" have a quite natural desire to visit their "heroes" from time to time. It is the object of those who started the Hostess House to make their visit as pleasant as possible. Mothers and fiancées are made welcome within its hospitable doors; and, with an eye to business, there is a bandage-room where visitors can put in useful work at such times as duty calls the son, brother, or "the only man" to more serious occupations.

HEAVY GOING: A WOMAN IN CHARGE OF A TRACTOR PLOUGH.
Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

WOMEN AT WORK ON A MOTOR-TRACTOR: REMOVING A BIG WHEEL.
Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

. . . . .

France has good cause to be grateful to American women. Probably one of the most practical of the many "helping" schemes devised across the Atlantic is the one that aims at restoring for our Allies some of the villages destroyed either by the Germans or on account of war necessity.

. . . . .

Of a different character, but none the less appreciated, is the work being carried on by the American Distribution Force under Mrs. Bliss. It aims at providing the wounded with small comforts not included in ordinary hospital routine but which mean so much. CLAUDINE CLEVE.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE CONFLICT OF RUSSIAN NEWS—BRILLIANT WORK IN PALESTINE—MESOPOTAMIA—BRITISH CAPTURES IN THE WAR—NAVAL NEWS—IMPROVED SUBMARINE RETURNS—M. VENIZELOS.

THE news from Petrograd has more than ever resembled a harlequinade. Without prejudice, the principal alleged details of the whirligig may be set down for the edification of these curious antiquaries who may chance to turn, in years to come, to these authentic pages. They opened with a reported march on Petrograd of a force under Kerensky. The Lenin "Government" was tottering, a terrible and sanguinary fight at Tsarskoe Selo had routed the Maximalists. Next day neither side was uppermost, but the Red Guard of the Extremists had sacked the Winter Palace. No official wires came through to confirm these particulars. Next day the Maximalists seemed once more to have captured the telegraph wires from Kerensky's supporters, and the conflict at Tsarskoe Selo was represented as a veritable Sheriffmuir—

> Some said that we wan
> And some said that they wan,
> And some said that nane wan ava, man.

The Maximalists, being for the moment the telegraph-operators, claimed to have defeated Kerensky and Korniloff. "Kerensky was retiring." The Prime Minister's whereabouts were never clear. Followed the Proclamations of Mouravieff and Trotsky asserting the supremacy of democracy. Then again official silence. Later, "Kerensky was winning," and had Petrograd in hand. At Moscow, now the headquarters of the Provisional Government, Korniloff had isolated the Bolshevik "Red Guard" in the Kremlin. Kerensky, Kaledin, and Korniloff were acting in concert. On the 16th a German agency confirmed the success of Kerensky in Moscow, but still credited Lenin with the control of Petrograd, where there had been a renewal of severe fighting. Rumours of a separate peace were again rife. Meanwhile, there was silence on the Russian front.

WITH THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN THE EGYPTIAN AREA: LAYING A RAILWAY LINE.

Photograph supplied by Topical.

The news from Palestine became better and better. Sir Edmund Allenby's long preparations were bearing fruit rapidly. Once he had the gates

(Continued on page 40.

With General Allenby's Army in Palestine.

ON THE ALERT: ADVANCED-GUARD MACHINE-GUNNERS WATCHING GROUND AHEAD.

The nature of the ground over large tracts of the country between and to the south of Beersheba and Gaza is well shown above. If it is not quite the same as the bare, loose sand of the desert of Sinai on its northern strip across Southern Palestine, it is not very different from that in barrenness. Scrub-bush covers much of the country, and long ridges of sand-dunes extend everywhere. The scrub affords cover for the enemy, and the advance-guard parties of the British have to crown every ridge of rising ground they come to, keeping machine-gun parties ready to open fire, while the intervening ground to the next rise beyond is carefully scanned with glasses. Thus the possibility of a Turkish ambush taking place is safeguarded against.—[*Photos. by Topical.*]

With General Allenby's Army in Palestine.

TURKISH PRISONERS: REGULARS IN A DETENTION-"CAGE"; IRREGULARS TAKEN IN THE ADVANCE.

The victories of the British Army in Palestine, both at Beersheba and at Gaza, brought in Turkish prisoners wholesale. Over 5000 were taken in one day at Gaza, and more have been taken since. They are dealt with in the same manner as that in which the German prisoners taken in Flanders are dealt with. The upper illustration shows one great collection penned in an enclosure exactly like the "cages" of the German prisoners in Flanders. It is on the outskirts of a British camp, as shown by our men walking about near by. Armed villagers serving as Turkish irregulars, taken prisoners during our advance, are shown in the second illustration. They are routed out of their lurking-places and rounded up mostly by cavalry.—[*Photos. by Topical.*]

of Gaza on his back, he knew no pause. Advancing along the coast, he took Ascalon, Hamamah, and Ashded, at the same time improving his position towards Jerusalem. On the 13th he was further north than Jerusalem, at El Tinah, Katrah, and

ON THE FRENCH FRONT: DECORATING VISITORS FROM THE EAST.

Official Photograph.

Yebna. On the 15th he cut the Jerusalem railway at Naaneh and Mansurah, twenty-one miles from the Sacred City. The British took also the junction of the Beersheba-Damascus railway. The Turks suffered heavily. In the series of operations the enemy has lost over 1500 men prisoners, and several guns. The casualties in killed and wounded were in proportion. The Palestine campaign is a workmanlike performance, which, apart from its local gains, is making the enemy's position in Mesopotamia increasingly difficult.

In Mesopotamia, the British advanced forces have finished their successful work at Tekrit, and, having seen the Turks retire before them to a further distance of thirty to fifty miles northward, returned to their original positions. The enemy being driven clean out of Tekrit, the battlefield being cleared, and everything of value being either removed or destroyed, General Maude was free to move nearer his base. The movement is in no sense a retreat. There was no enemy pressure. The enemy, in fact, was so well in hand that Sir Stanley Maude could make his own dispositions to the best advantage in his own time.

Mr. Forster's figures of British captures on all fronts since the beginning of the war are worthy of attention. Prisoners, 166,000; guns, 800; territory, 128,000 square miles. Since July 1 we have captured on the Western front 101,534 prisoners and 519 guns. During the latter period we have taken from the Turks 30,197 prisoners and 186 guns.

One large steamer sunk for the week ending Nov. 11 is the best proof yet given of our gradual conquest of the submarine. A British destroyer and a monitor have been sunk in action off the Palestine coast.

Further heavy captures of material and many enemy surrenders are reported from East Africa, where the campaign goes at a sure and even pace.

Last week M. Venizelos paid a visit to London. He visited the King, and all the Allied Embassies and Legations. On the 16th he was publicly welcomed at a special meeting held at the Mansion House, where Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon, and Mr. Churchill paid cordial tributes to the distinguished visitor.

ON THE FRENCH FRONT: IN A CHASSEURS' DUG-OUT.

French Official.

LONDON: Nov. 17, 1917.

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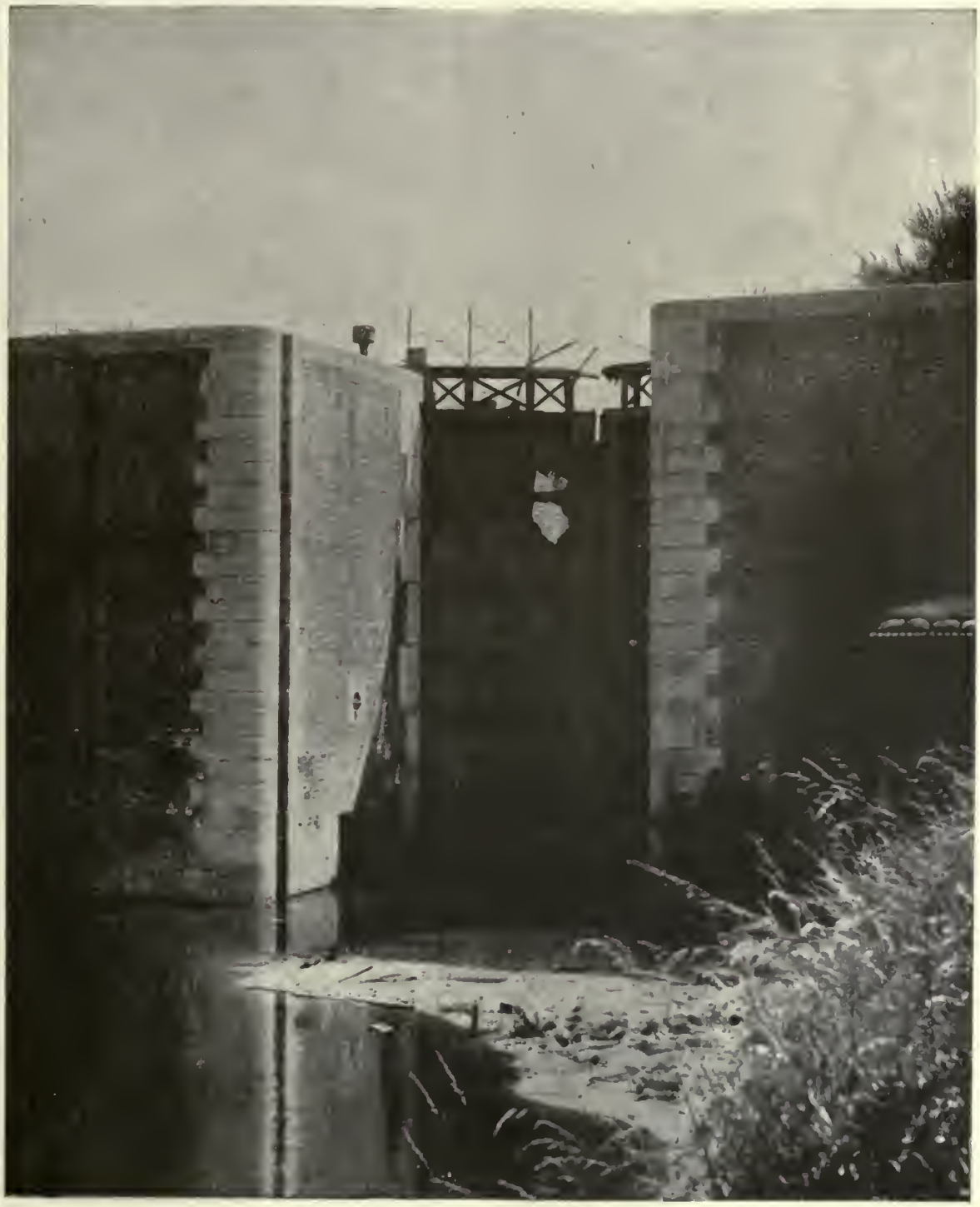


WITH THE WATER NEARLY DRAINED OFF: A LOCK ON THE YPRES CANAL.

Photograph by Canadian War Records.

THE GREAT WAR.

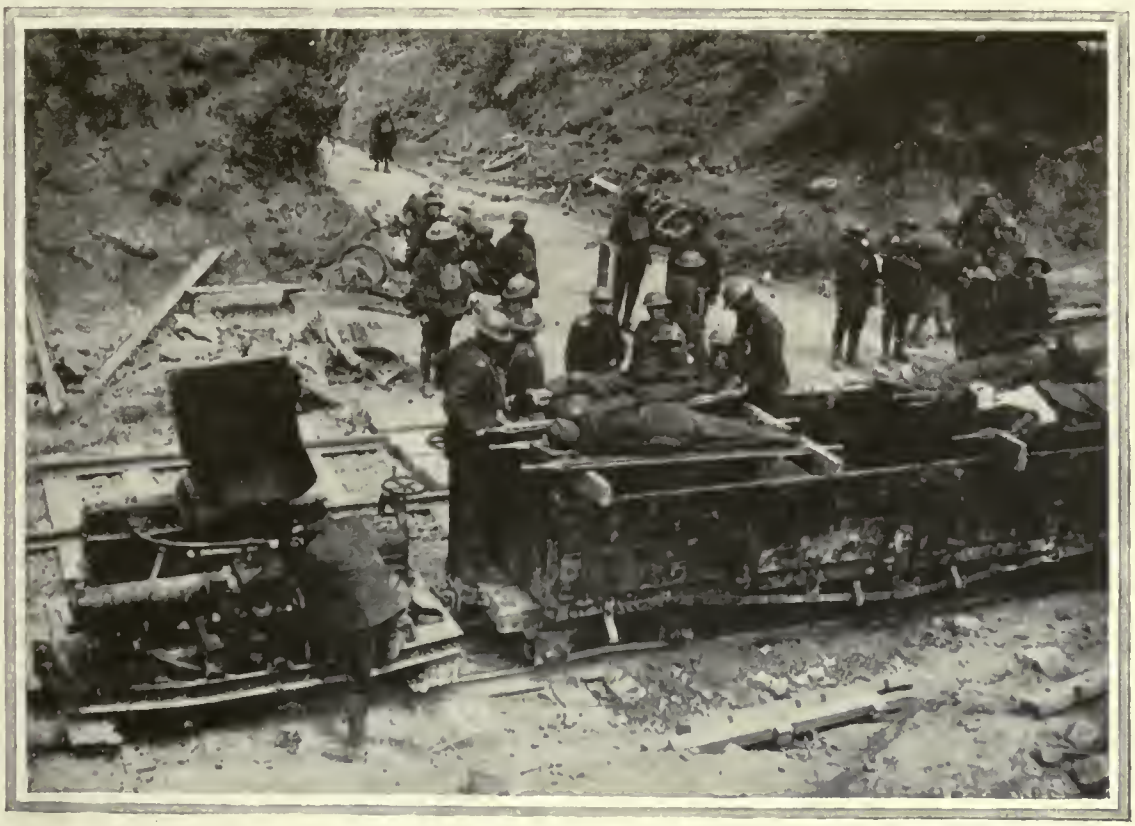
BYNG'S GLORIOUS SURPRISE—TANKS' TRIUMPH—JOY BELLS—CAMERAI ENVELOPED—THE CAVALRY ONCE MORE—FRENCH OPERATIONS—ITALY'S ORDEAL STIFFER RESISTANCE.

THE days which immediately preceded General Byng's extraordinary movement against the Hindenburg line, an event which at length set St. Paul's bells ringing, were occupied with fighting of the kind which marks a so-called "uneventful" period, although we have long known that that term is only relative. Frequent raids and artillery activity were reported from the east of Arras, and the enemy's guns were particularly busy upon our positions at Passchendaele, Langemarck, and south of the Polygon Wood. In these operations, Lancashire, Highland, and Berkshire troops had already carried some further portions of the German defences north of Passchendaele, and had taken some prisoners. On the 19th there was still further improvement on the same ridge, where hostile attacks were repulsed north-east of Polygon Wood, and formations massing to attack were caught and dispersed by machine-gun fire south-east of Poelcapelle. There were also patrol encounters east of Armentières. The British official communiqué of the 20th gave rise to a certain amount of speculation. The scene of the principal activity had suddenly shifted to the long-quiescent sector between St. Quentin and the Scarpe; but beyond the mention of these places Sir Douglas Haig vouchsafed few particulars. He spoke of a series of operations with satisfactory results, and the capture of a considerable quantity of material. That something important was afoot was plain, however,

ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN FLANDERS: GUNNERS HUSTLING A FIELD-GUN FORWARD THROUGH A CEMETERY DURING ACTION.
Official Photograph.

ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN FLANDERS: AN AMMUNITION SUPPLY-COLUMN PASSING THE GUN-POSITION OF ONE OF OUR HEAVY BATTERIES.—[*Official Photograph.*]

from the betraying German communiqué, which admitted a strong attack towards Cambrai and a British gain of ground. "Our counter-measures," the German message concluded, "are in full swing." The precise direction of the swing was to be further revealed by the further communications from our side. Mid-day on the 21st did not bring the usual communiqué from Sir Douglas Haig, and in the news-centres of London, more especially in the Stock Exchange and places where they talk, expectation rose to almost fever-pitch. Two o'clock drew near, and still no word. Between two and three, however, the noon report appeared, and it was worth waiting for. The brief mention of St. Quentin in the previous day's report had foreshadowed an operation of the first magnitude. The success was in itself sufficient to dispel the depression of the Italian misfortune; but it had the added charm of novelty in method, and in progress that was reckoned by miles where for months we had been well content with yards. On the morning of the 20th the Third Army, under the command of General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, attacked between St. Quentin and the River Scarpe. The great new feature of the fight was the absence of artillery preparation. This took the Germans completely by surprise. Instead of a hail of shells, the enemy beheld a huge fleet of tanks waddling quietly forward through his laborious wire entanglements, which were of great depth and strength. Merrily the tanks trod the wire down, grinding great gaps in the defences, through which English, Scottish, and Irish regiments swept over the enemy's outposts, and stormed the first defensive system of the Hindenburg line on the whole front. This done, both tanks and troops pressed on to the Hindenburg support line. Bonavis and Lateau Wood, Lavacquerie and the formidable spur known as Welsh Ridge, were taken after stiff fighting by East County troops. English county regiments stormed Ribecourt, and cleared Coutelai Wood. Highland Territorials, crossing the Grand Ravine, entered Flesquières and Havrincourt; while the German trench system to the north fell to the West Riding Territorials. Ulster battalions on the left flank went northwards up the west bank of the Canal du Nord. The advance continued, and rapid progress was made at all points. English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh battalions, securing the crossings of the canal at Masnières, captured Marcoing and Neuf Wood. The West Riding troops surged east from Havrincourt and the canal, taking on their way Craincourt and Anneux, and, together with the Ulster troops, carried the whole of the German line northwards to the Bapaume-Cambrai Road. West Lancashires broke the enemy east of Epehy; the Irish seized important sections of the Hindenburg line between Bullecourt and Fontaine-lez-Croisilles.



A LIGHT RAILWAY ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT DOING RED CROSS SERVICE: LOADING UP A TRAIN WITH WOUNDED.

The light railways bring up stores to the front lines, and, on emergency, take back wounded on stretchers.—[*Official Photographs.*]

The enemy flung fresh reinforcements forward in strong counter-attacks, which were defeated. An estimate of the day's prisoners exceeded 10,000, including 180 officers, one a General. There has as yet been no return of the guns taken. The absence of artillery preparation greatly helped the advance, as the troops were able to move over ground which had not been pitted with shell-holes. The cavalry came into action as the line was pierced, and charged batteries in the good old style. In the evening Byng gained Fontaine-Notre-Dame, three miles from Cambrai. Fighting continues.

From the 18th onward, the operations on the Aisne and the Meuse were of the kind which may be called routine, and the same applies to the Champagne sector. On the 20th the enemy attempted an attack on the French positions north of the Caurières Wood, on a front of about five-eighths of a mile. The attack was, however, broken by fire, and the Germans reached the advance line over only a very small area. Such enemy troops as managed to gain a footing in the French advanced trenches were immediately driven out. On the same day violent artillery firing was reported from the French front in Belgium, from the new positions north of the Chemin des Dames, and on the right bank of the Meuse. On the 21st the French attacked a salient of the German line to the south of Juvincourt, west of the Miette, a tributary of the Aisne. Our Allies reached all their objectives. A counter-attack was repulsed with serious loss to the enemy. On both banks of the Meuse the same day attempted attacks on small French posts were stopped by strong fire. The Griesheim Chemical Works near Frankfort, one of the biggest in Germany, was blown up.

In our last article we were able to report the satisfactory stiffening of the Italian resistance. During the week the situation, though still critical, became gradually more encouraging. On the Piave, our Allies were able to prevent any further crossing. The world has watched with bated breath the Piave battle, upon which the fate of Venice depends. On the 21st the German official message could be read with hope by the Allies, inasmuch as it announced "no change in the situation" on the Italian front. The 21st had seen intense artillery activity along the whole front; while on the coast the Navy and British monitors continued to harass the Austrians in the marshes at the mouth of the Piave. During the same period, in the region between the head-waters of the Brenta and the Piave, the enemy made three violent attacks upon Mount Perpica, but was repulsed with severe losses. The enemy is seeking a weak spot on that line which circles round from the mouth of the Piave north-westward to the head-waters of the Brenta, and so eastward to Asiago, whence the line turns in a slightly south-westerly direction towards Lake Garda. The Austro-German cannonade has been of the most terrific kind.

London: Nov. 24, 1917.

OPENED AT THE WHITE CITY BY MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, ACCOMPANIED BY HER MARRIED DAUGHTER, MRS. CAREY EVANS: A CANTEEN AT WHICH 4000 MEALS ARE SERVED FOR LUNCH.

Reading from right to left, the names are: Sir George Riddell, Mrs. Carey Evans, Mr. S. J. Waring, Mrs. Waring, Mrs. Lloyd George, Mr. G. A. Sawyer.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

The Leader of the Victorious Third Army.

DIRECTING THE OPERATIONS WHICH BROKE THE HINDENBURG LINE: GENERAL SIR JULIAN BYNG.

General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng is a former officer of the 10th Hussars, with whom he served in the Soudan in 1884. He made a name for himself as a dashing cavalry leader in the South African War. He first served in the Great War as commander of the 3rd Cavalry Division, which took part with Rawlinson's 7th Division in the retreat from Antwerp to Ypres. In May 1915, General Byng succeeded Sir E. Allenby in command of the Cavalry of the Army in Flanders. In August 1915, he took command of the Ninth Corps at Gallipoli. He returned to France in February 1916, to command the Seventeenth Corps, and after that he took command of the Canadians. He succeeded General Allenby in command of the Third Army last June.—[*Photo. by Canadian War Records.*]

On the French Front: German Concrete Construction.

NOW IN FRENCH HANDS: A "PILL-BOX"; A CONCRETE AND STEEL-BAR-BUILT OBSERVATORY.

One can realise from the first illustration how our soldiers' name of "pill-box" came to be given to the smaller German field-defence "forts" which they found themselves confronted by on the battlefields of this autumn. The general shape of the "pill-box" seen answers to the descriptive appellation. The structure is embedded in the ground, and has its wide, horizontal loopholes for machine-guns at surface-level. In the second illustration is exposed the construction method of most of the German concrete field-works; by means of closely fitted and cemented blocks, backed by an inner cagework of steel bars set in a prison-window pattern. Shell-fire has brought down the concrete facing, and the steel-frame backing is disclosed.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

On the French Front: German Concrete Construction.

ON CAPTURED GROUND: A BOULDER, OR OLD MILESTONE-SHAPED WATCH-POST; A LOOK-OUT.

The upper illustration shows a small one-man trench-observation sentry-post by the side of a highway, the trees of which appear to be little the worse for the ravages of war. The concrete look-out "box" has its spy-hole, to keep the road and the ground beyond under watch. Incidentally, the use of concrete for so small an object suggests that the Germans have ample for all purposes—wherever they get its materials from. The concrete observation-post also is shaped like a wayside boulder, and stood at the foot of a tree for deceptive purposes, while it is *camouflaged* by being strewn over with roadside grass. The second illustration shows a German concrete-built blockhouse, loopholed for both observation and machine-gun purposes—[*French Official Photographs.*]

The Western Front: Our Messenger-Pigeon Service.

AT HEADQUARTERS: CYCLISTS TAKING PIGEONS TO THE TRENCHES; THE MOTOR-LORRY "LOFT."

The Western Front Allies—British, French, and Belgians—use pigeons as message-carriers in conjunction with despatch-riders, the telephone, field-telegraphs, and wireless. In previous issues we have given illustrations of the French and Belgian methods and arrangements in the field. They are similar to ours. As the upper illustration of one detail in the working of the British service shows, the birds are taken in crates to the trenches by cyclists and there released as necessary with messages, to fly "home" to their motor-lorry "lofts," which remain meanwhile at staff headquarters behind that section of the front. It is not stated what methods the Germans take, if any, against the transmission of messages by pigeons.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Western Front Railway Work, British and German.

WAYS OF BINDING A TRACK ACROSS A WATER-LOGGED MORASS; A *CAMOUFLAGED* GERMAN LINE.

As difficult ground for track-laying as railway engineers ever encounter is where a line crosses marshy ground. How the task was accomplished by our field engineers at a certain place in the war-area is shown in the upper illustration. First, a sufficiently firm "bottom" or foundation for the track, to prevent the permanent-way sinking during traffic, is created by tipping loads of stones into the spongy morass, until a "road" appears above water. Brushwood fascines weighted with layers of stones are used in emergency. The levelled stone surface is flattened, planked over and surmounted with crib-work to take sleepers and rails. The lower illustration shows German *camouflage* to hide a light railway by laying the line under the bushy foliage.—[*Official Photos.*]

With the British on the Western Front.

ITEMS: A TRANSPORT DEPOT IN A FORTRESS; MAKING SCALING-LADDERS FOR TRENCH-RAIDING.

The upper illustration shows a transport depôt, with mule lines below, on the raised *terrain*, within the outer belt of the ramparts of a certain "place of arms" on the Western Front. In the lower illustration, men are preparing scaling-ladders for a night raid along German trenches in the neighbourhood. The ladders are for quickly getting out of the deep German trenches after the raid. Trench-raiding is a form of harassing tactics, the enemy, it is notorious, particularly dislike, but which we find particularly useful. Raiding serves not only as a means of wearing out the Germans, but it is also useful as bringing in prisoners from whom valuable information can usually be got in cross-examination by officers of the Intelligence Staff.—[*Official Photogaphs.*]

A Memento of the German Bombardments of Ypres.

SUGGESTING THE "LEANING TOWER" OF PISA AFTER BOMBARDMENT: YPRES RESERVOIR TOWER.

At a first hasty glance at this illustration, the reader might almost think that the Austro-German invaders of Italy had swept across Lombardy and Tuscany, and had bombarded Pisa. The wrecked structure, here seen tilted over, might well pass for the world-famous "Leaning Tower" of Pisa, with the upper portions knocked away and the remainder badly battered by shell-fire. It is, as indicated above, the great water-tower reservoir of Ypres, as it appeared after being for over a year repeatedly hit by German shells. At first, apparently, the German artillery concentrated their fire specially on the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral. The Water Tower and Waterworks were obviously shelled to deprive the inhabitants of their drinking-supply.—[*Official Photograph.*]

A German Dug-Out Warren o

REPRESENTING MONTHS OF ENEMY TOIL: DUG-OUT SHELTERS FOR A LAR

Every natural depression is turned to account as shelter in Flanders, and especially where the surface rises in ridges of low elevation, as to the north of Ypres, with consequent intervening trough-like, shallow valleys. How one of these valleys, now captured by us, which had a sunken road running along it at the bottom, was made use of by the enemy by burrowing into the

the Western front after Capture.

CE IN THE BANKS OF A SHALLOW VALLEY ALONGSIDE A SUNKEN ROAD.

elving banks at either side with a maze of dug-outs and connecting passages, is shown here. The place was like a rabbit-arren in complexity, but little defence of the dug-outs was attempted, as their condition shows in the illustration, in spite of e imposing array of sand-bag traverses, on our "clearing-up" bombers ferreting out the Germans underground.—[*Official Photo.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXVII.—THE 91ST HIGHLANDERS.

BILLETS.

HERE is no tale of fighting, or of tartans waving on the stricken field, for the gay young Ensign of the 91st who is the hero was for the time being attached to the Portuguese. He had been appointed to the 20th Portuguese Regiment, and went to Campo d'Ourique Barracks, Lisbon, to join; but his gazette hung fire unconscionably in that land of official dilatoriness. As he loitered about the town, amusing himself tolerably well, for he was a merry blade, the Commandant of the British Depôt got wind of him. Now this worthy Colonel was dead nuts on idlers, and made a hobby of hunting them up—or down. He sent for the Ensign, and asked awkward questions. The story that our young man was waiting to be gazetted to a Portuguese company did not help much, and the unemployed was ordered to join the depôt and do regular guard duty until his appointment should be confirmed. He was put on guard at once; but the same day Heaven or "To-Morrow'—the other god of the Peninsula—sent out the gazette. Mr. Ensign, now honorary Portuguese Captain with a company of his own, joined his new corps.

ITALY'S NEW GENERALISSIMO, GENERAL CADORNA'S SUCCESSOR: GENERAL DIAZ, PREVIOUSLY CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

With that his life in billets brought him endless variety. It was his luck usually to be quartered in good, sometimes even in aristocratic, houses. His host for a time was a Marquis, whose household amused the guest exceedingly. The Marquis was a nonentity. The breeches were worn by the Marchioness, a faded beauty, once the belle of Lisbon. She had a son, twelve years old, whose studies were supposed to be guided by an Irish priest. But that earlier Irish literary movement had no power over young Portugal. His Reverence used to groan to the Highlander that the boy could neither read nor write, nor was ever likely to, for his mother backed him up in all disobedience. Fearing to lose a good billet, the priest suffered in silence. His poverty, and not his will, made him even as the Apothecary.

[Continued overleaf.

THE ALLIES' HELP TO ITALY: ALLIED MINISTERS AND GENERALS AFTER SEEING THE KING OF ITALY AT PESCHIERA, SOUTH OF LAKE GARDA.

In the front row are, reading from left to right: General Foch; M. Painlevé (the then French Premier); Signor Orlando, the Italian Premier (with hands in pockets); Mr. Lloyd George; Signor Sonnino (bare-headed); General Smuts (in uniform); M. Franklin Bouillon, the French Minister who interpreted Mr. Lloyd George's Paris speech, sentence by sentence; General Sir W. Robertson.

A British Artillery Column at the Front.

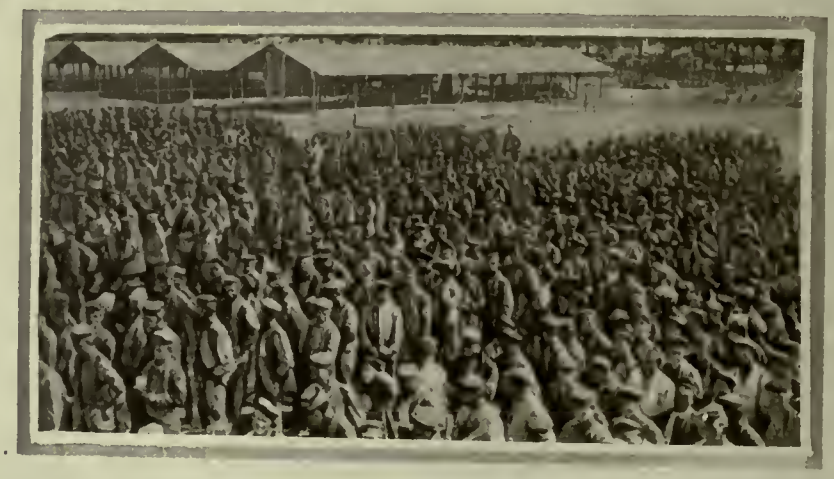
TO TAKE PART IN A GREAT GUN-DUEL: ARTILLERY MOVING UP DURING AN ADVANCE.

After the capture of the Passchendaele ridge, the Germans concentrated strong artillery fire on the new British positions, but unavailingly. "If the German shelling has been heavy," says a Reuter message from the Front, "our reply has been even more terrific, and wounded Canadians coming back from beyond Passchendaele speak with the greatest admiration of the work of our gunners. Whenever there has been a threat of infantry attack, our barrage has settled down like a curtain over the devoted area. . . . Under the volume of our counter-battery work, the German gun-positions grow more and more difficult to maintain. It is doubtful if so fierce and concentrated an artillery duel has been seen upon this front this year."—[*Official Photograph.*]

From the Marquis, the officer passed to the house of a rich hidalgo and contractor at Belem. This worthy was insulted at the idea of having to entertain a mere subaltern. Honorary captain's rank did not impress him, and he applied for some more dignified lodger. For the moment he consigned the Lusitanian-Kiltie to a garret at the top of the principal staircase. There our friend was made very uncomfortable. One night he found the sheets on his bed dripping wet. He gathered them up in a bunch, and, going to the top of the stairs, kicked up no end of a row. No servants came in answer to his call. There was a big party at the house that evening. From where he stood, the Captain could see the hall full of guests. Many fine equipages waited at the door. The aggrieved roared lustily for the Senhor. At length the master of the house appeared, powdered footmen making ceremonious way for him. The orator aloft continued his complaint, to his host's great wrath. Then the bad boy, heaving up his bundle of damp sheets, dropped them plumb on the old man's powdered head and knocked him flat. Roars of laughter from guests and servants greeted the hidalgo's fall. He was helped to retire, while some ladies abused the angry Briton aloft. Many condoled with the hidalgo's misfortune in being compelled to house a poor mad Englishman. Meanwhile, the officer went back to his garret, locked himself in, and, taking the least damp of his blankets, rolled himself up in it and spent a tolerable night on the floor Next day he removed, without taking formal leave. He heard no more of his escapade. If the hidalgo wished to report, he did not know where to find his adversary.

ON GENERAL ALLENBY'S ROAD TO VICTORY: ONE OF THE CAMEL AND MULE TRANSPORTS, WITH ITS ESCORT, HALTED WHILE CROSSING THE SAND WASTES OF SOUTHERN PALESTINE.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

The young man's next quarters were with a silk-weaver, who was also inhospitable. He nailed up all the doors but the one by which his guest went out and in; he kept watch on him through a glass panel in his own bedroom door. Through this panel the weaver's pretty niece used to make faces at the Highlander, and cry "Oh, you English devil!" Becoming bolder, the damsel learned how to slip the nail out of the door, and began to pay visits, more or less friendly. But she always held a chair between herself and the Lowland-Highlander in her country's uniform. She might have liked him better in his kilt. Once he caught her, but let her off with a single gentle squeeze, so pitiful were her protests. The young lady had a duenna, and before long the pair began to play practical jokes. One night the Captain awoke perishing with cold. By means of a stick thrust through the doorway, the door being set slightly ajar, the women had removed all the unhappy boy's bed-clothes. The stick was also used to stir him up in various ways on every possible occasion. He regretted he had not made that squeeze a really hard one. Nevertheless, he seems not to have been ill-pleased with his lot, for when the time came to leave that billet he was very good friends with the household. What tricks he played in return are not recorded.



GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN IN GENERAL MAISTRE'S VICTORY ON THE CHEMIN DES DAMES: A BATTALION OF THE PRISONERS MUSTERED BY COMPANIES AT A DETENTION-CAMP.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

In Rear of the Fire-Trenches on the Western Front.

OUR EVER-ADVANCING FRONT LINE: A COMMUNICATION-TRENCH BRIDGED FOR CAVALRY TO CROSS.

Trench-lines, however indispensable to infantry, are, in the case of other arms, obstacles to free movement. In particular is this so in places where it may be necessary to cross winding communication-trenches in rear of the fire-trench line. The deep trenches of the universal battle-zone pattern on the Western Front impede cavalry requiring to move out quickly to the front, and still more so artillery batteries and transport-vehicles. To obviate the defect, especially nowadays when our troops of all arms are continually on the advance in one neighbourhood or another, light bridges of baulks, or logs, of timber, with a covering of soil, as shown above, are built over the trenches at many points, so as to enable the cavalry to cross at will.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The Stream of Army Traffic o

ON THE MOVE WITHOUT INTERMISSION AT ALL HOURS, BY NIGHT A

The stream of war-service road-traffic on the roads of Northern France leading from the bases to the front, and at the front in Flanders, and within the war-area, goes on as incessantly as the London traffic in the Strand, and interminably. By night and day, in addition to the enormous and almost incredibly large freights carried on the railway and canal systems, road

a Battlefield Road in flanders.

DY: SERVICE VEHICLES OF ALL KINDS PASSING AND REPASSING.

traffic in as large quantities is ever passing to and fro. The scene of endless movement, at a place where one of the newly made military roads traverses a former battlefield of only a few days before, forging its way stolidly ahead, in one direction or the other, in spite of deep mud, shell-holes, and wayside breakdowns, is shown in the illustration.—[*Official Photo.*]

Bringing Up a Field Artiller

THE ROADWAY KNEE-DEEP MUD, AND THE DIPS IN IT A

When the guns are ordered forward during an advance, they take the straightest way to their new positions, either by battle-field road or across country, according to the urgency of the situation. Obstacles in their route, unless plainly impassable, are faced and got over as best may be. In the illustration, a gun-team of a field-artillery battery are tackling a bad bi

n on a Battlefield in Flanders.

L-HOLES, PONDS: A HARD PULL FOR AN EIGHT-HORSE TEAM.

n a battlefield road, where the rains have swamped everything, and turned the soil into deep mud, concealing flooded shell-holes hich prove sometimes ponds of unknown depth, and all but impossible to flounder across. So heavy is the going in the case ere seen, that the gun is eight-horsed.—[*Drawn by H. W. Koekkoek from Material supplied by an Eye-Witness.*]

Motor-'Bus Joy-Riding

CONSTANTLY BRINGING UP REINFORCEMENTS ON JOURNEYS TO THE FRONT

The other day a story from the front went the round of the papers, as having been told by an artilleryman on leave, to the effect that both he and the six horses of his gun-team had been through the war from the first day of the Mons retreat to the present time, and that not one had suffered a scratch. That story makes one wonder on looking at the above illustration

Real Sort at the Front.

MOTOR-'BUSES ON THE RETURN JOURNEY BRINGING MEN FROM THE TRENCHES.

of ex-London motor-'buses bringing battalions recently in action back to rest-camps for a spell of relief, what has become of the immense array of motor-'buses originally sent to France. Hundreds of motor-'buses, from London and elsewhere, went across during August and September 1914—how many, after three years of war, are still "on the road."?—[*Official Photograph.*]

On the British Western Front in Flanders.

NOTES: HORSES AT A BATTLEFIELD WATERING-POINT; STRETCHER CASES AT A DRESSING-STATION.

Although for some little time past, previously to the Battle of Cambrai of November 20-21, not much had been said in correspondents' letters from the front about our cavalry in Flanders and Northern France, they were all the time keeping well up with the artillery and infantry battle-line. At every move forward as the German positions were taken, the cavalry followed closely, in readiness for the opportunity ever nearing. Those attached to General Byng's Third Army have already had their foretaste. They have been camping on the battlefields on ground won from the enemy only a few hours before. The upper illustration shows a cavalry party at a watering-place, a stream, the course of which had been dug out to form a drinking-trough.—[*Official Photographs.*]

On the British Western Front in Flanders.

ON A BATTLEFIELD: A GERMAN BLOCKHOUSE BEING USED BY OUR GUNNERS: A BIG-SHELL DUMP.

In the upper illustration is seen what up to a few days ago was a German battlefield blockhouse. It then had inside German artillerymen as its garrison. We see it here as the place appeared after its capture by us, and after it had been "tidied up" and reorganised to form a "strong point" for our gunners. It may be taken that we are looking directly at the original rear face of the German work, as hastily re-fortified by our men with sand-bags, to protect our gunners in firing the reverse way to that in which the German guns pointed. In the lower illustration is seen a battlefield shell-dump formed in rear of one of our heavy gun-batteries amongst the ruins of a bombarded village.—[*Official Photographs.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: IX.—THE JIG-SAW SOLDIER.

AKUMEN is a pleasant boy, notorious for little that matters, a couple of tabs and a band round his hat. As a fact, Akumen is a General Staff Officer, 3rd Grade of the Intelligence. At his appointed place he sits at his table with maps and papers and notes and gathers things in and sticks them together, until all the little bits of the big jig-saw of information are made into a large picture that is complete and satisfactory and useful.

One day there appeared (oh, it was long ago) in the British communiqué a line telling that an enemy H.Q. had been shelled and destroyed. A little while later the Germans mentioned that one of their Generals had been killed at the front. Akumen had destroyed that H.Q. and killed that General.

AMERICAN VISITORS AT A COAST AVIATION CAMP IN FRANCE: ONE OF THE 'PLANES BEING INSPECTED BY A DEPUTATION SENT OVER FROM NEW ORLEANS.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

He had received a message from a Scout officer stating that behind the German line a number of men, probably orderlies, had been seen making their way, at odd times, in the direction X—T on the map. He had received, from an entirely different part of the sector, a note saying that several men, probably orderlies, had been noted moving from X towards P on map. Said men had been carrying objects—some wallets, some papers; Bombing officer who had reported had watched proceedings from selected O.P through telescope. From the local Wing an aeroplane report was sent back to Akumen about many matters. Embedded in a mass of material concerning gun-positions, billet-positions, dump-positions, and the like, was a fragment about motor - cyclists. Motor - cyclists were using the road P—T, apparently dismounting at T, and returning to their mounts by way of P. The three messages were spread over a period of days, but Akumen had them docketed and to hand. He connected up the line. And his facts. He knew, as most do, that cyclist despatch-riders are not so stupid as to race up on their panting mounts to the very doors of H.Q. That is unhealthy for any H.Q. It advertises it, and calls down the wrath of enemy gunners. They leave their bikes at a convenient distance, hidden

[*Continued overleaf.*

A FRENCH BOMBING AEROPLANE WITH ITS ATTENDANT ESCORT 'PLANE: A BIG BRÉGUÉT AND A NIEUPORT "CHASER."

The big machine is a Bréguet "Bomber," the small one a Nieuport "Chaser." The Bréguet is built as a weight-carrier, hence its size; the other is its guardian aloft, having greater speed. It acts as escort to the bomb-dropper. In the Bréguet the pilot and passenger sit well down inside the high fuselage, characteristic of the type.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

A Foe to Germany Since the War of 1870.

A STRONG MAN AND A FIRM FRIEND OF ENGLAND: THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER, M. CLEMENCEAU.

M. Georges Clemenceau has long been prominent as an exceptionally devoted friend to Great Britain, and also as an irreconcilable hater of Germany. He was one of the intimate friends of Edward VII., and in days before the war greatly helped forward the foundation of the Entente Cordiale. Born seventy-five years ago, his hatred of Germany dates from the Franco-German War of 1870-1, when he visited the ruthlessly devastated districts of France immediately after the signing of peace. In 1870 the Germans showed themselves as much "Huns" in France as they have now; M. Clemenceau has never forgotten. He was Premier in 1908, and before again taking office recently, was at the head of the Army Committee.—[*Photo. by Stanley's Press Agency.*]

under a hedge for preference, and slip up to H.Q. shyly and on foot. That generally hides H.Q., but it did not on this occasion.

Akumen connected up the cyclists and the orderlies of the Scout officer with the wallet-carrying fellows of the Bombing officer. He noted that the three points, though seen from different angles, could all be enclosed in a rather waggly triangle. He drew the triangle on the map, and he said "Somewhere within that is an H.Q." There was no indication of a place for an H.Q. on the map, nor hint of it in any of his notes; still, that did not matter—H.Q.s are shy and retiring things. Akumen decided he must learn more. He sent polite notes to the Scout and Bombing officers demanding to know (on map, and as near as possible) the point of disappearance and appearance of orderlies. In a day or two he got his points back. Still the map yielded nothing. He then sent along to the F.O.O. nearest the debatable region, asking if there was anything untoward between points marked on map. The F.O.O. sent back word that between points named were a number of derelict shell-holes—shell-holes made by long-distance firing before the last push. Apparently deserted and useless. Akumen ordered tersely, "Shell them." It was after the shelling that the report of an H.Q. destroyed and a General killed came through.

CROSSING A BATTLEFIELD IN FLANDERS AFTER ACTION: AT WORK REMAKING A DESTROYED WOODEN BRIDGE OVER A NARROW, DEEP STREAM.

Official Photograph.

His work is done in many ways. Scraps of information are picked up from prisoners' letters and the letters of the dead. Enemy papers sometimes give a hint, quite harmless in itself, which can be fitted into the careful and elaborate schemes that Akumen weaves. The nice interrogation of a prisoner will give good results. Prisoners need not talk—many prisoners do not mean to talk, and pressure is not put upon them; but facts can be elicited by oblique methods. A prisoner may go away from the interpellating officer thoroughly convinced that he has said nothing, that he has covered up facts very carefully: nevertheless, the interpellating officer sends in a report to Akumen, and it is full of facts. They have been extracted by a cunning method of questioning that has left the prisoner unsuspicious. From prisoners' letters, diaries, papers, orders, front-line reports, the reports of agents whom the Germans do not suspect, from indications, from aeroplane observations, from raids and patrols, Akumen gathers his scraps and pieces them together. The result may be something that hits the enemy suddenly at a weak spot at a weak moment; it may be the sudden, lightning-like long-distance destruction by shell-fire of hidden gun-positions or dumps that the Germans were perfectly confident were not suspected or discovered; or it may mean the blunting of a powerful German attack that was supposed to come as an entire surprise. Like Sherlock Holmes, Akumen tracks down German actions by clues, and his results are steadily and invariably good.

EVERY-DAY DIFFICULTIES ON THE BATTLEFIELD ROADS IN FLANDERS: A TRANSPORT VEHICLE, TRAPPED IN A MUD-SWAMPED SHELL-HOLE, BEING HELPED OUT.—[*Official Photograph.*]

W. Douglas Newton.

"The Commissariat Cam-u-el" in Palestine.

"'E CHAWS OUR BLOOMIN' ARM"—BUT NOT, IN THIS CASE, IN MALICE: AN EXCEPTIONAL CAMEL.

The description supplied with this official photograph, relating to the Camel Transport Corps on tha Palestine front, says merely that the animal seen with a soldier's hand in its mouth is "an exceptional camel—one in a thousand." Inferentially, the others are less amiable, and "the commissariat cam-u-el" of Kipling's poem "Oonts," still preserves the characteristics therein so vividly described. One verse in particular is recalled by our illustration—"O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary oont! A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we 've got the night-alarm! We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads 'im off in front, An' when we 've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e chaws our bloomin' arm." Elsewhere is seen a column of ammunition-camels.—[*Official Photo.*]

The Camel's Part in the Palestine Campaign

"THE PROBLEM OF TRANSPORT IS ONE OF ENORMOUS DIFFICULTY . . . THE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT H

Camels have proved very useful in Palestine as ammunition-carriers. "The problem of transport," writes Mr. W. T. Massey from the British front there, "is one of enormous difficulty, and the efficiency of the Army has been put to a high test, and not found wanting. . . . The supply department have worked marvels." In another message, describing the character

mmunition-Camels in a Wadi Before an Attack.

RKED MARVELS": A COLUMN OF AMMUNITION-CAMELS DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN PALESTINE.
of the country, with its dry water-courses, he says: "These Wadis form substantial obstacles. None is so wide as the Wadi Ghuzze before Gaza, but all have steep banks, and when the regular crossings have been destroyed, much hard work is necessary by the Engineers, in building ramps before the torrent-torn water-course can be made passable for wheeled traffic.'—[*Photo. Topical.*]

British Big Guns on the Western Front.

OUR WONDERFUL ARTILLERY: HOWITZERS IN ACTION; FITTING "GRANNY" UP IN A NEW HOME.

The mighty force of British artillery which the war has brought into being has accomplished wonders on the Western Front. Although there was not the usual preliminary bombardment before the recent advance towards Cambrai, the guns nevertheless played their part in the great victory by suddenly opening a terrific barrage fire behind which the Tanks and infantry moved forward. Describing that tremendous scene in the early dawn, Mr. Perry Robinson writes: "Then to the left a great gun spoke, breaking into a moment of silence all alone. Far to the right there was a roar and flicker, and then, link by link, the whole line before us broke into a blaze. The air was filled with sudden tumult, with the crash and shock of guns."—[*Official Photographs.*]

Mules and Motor Machine-Guns.

ANCIENT AND MODERN: PACK-MULES; BRITISH MOTOR MACHINE-GUNNERS IN GERMAN HEAD-GEAR.

"The artillery mule 's a mule," says Kipling, and in the present war the mule has lived up to his reputation. Many are the stories that have been told of his incorrigible mulishness; but with it all he has his good qualities, one of which is unflinching courage, and he has proved extremely useful. Our upper photograph shows a long column of pack-mules moving up with stores through a battered village to the British front in France. In the lower illustration is shown, by way of contrast, a form of military locomotion that is as new as mule transport is ancient; that is, motor-cycles adapted for the carriage of machine-guns. The gunners are wearing German helmets and caps, souvenirs, no doubt, of victory.—[*Official Photographs.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

EVE has never been supposed to realise the value of money. In peace time, indeed, woman's supposed inherent incapacity for understanding financial affairs was considered so great that it was not thought worth while even attempting to teach her the rudiments of the subject. Indignant fathers raged against the inability of their daughters to "make both ends meet" on an attenuated dress-allowance; aggrieved husbands now and again publicly announced their determination of being no longer responsible for the debts contracted by their wives; and everybody, or at least a great many people, agreed that "you could never get a woman to understand money matters," quite forgetting that no one had ever thought it worth while to try.

. . . . .

However, the last three and a half years or so have compelled a wholesale readjustment of commonly accepted views—those respecting women and finance amongst the number. When the pressure of war necessity forced banking officials to consider the advisability of admitting women clerks, there were not wanting those who declared that "the thing wouldn't work." The few who believed in woman's capacity for adapting herself to new circumstances were a little doubtful when it came to dealing with gilt-edged transactions. But Mars is no respecter of persons or of banks, and the petticoated bank clerk very soon became a commonplace of the financial world.

More than that, she has fully established her ability to do her work with accuracy and thoroughness. So much so that no less august a body than the Institute of Bankers has hinted that women may hope one day to be admitted as members, and next year women will be eligible to enter for the preliminary examination. However, it is no use Eve allowing herself to be too dazzled by the glittering prospect of being admitted to the company of the financial great. The reform, if it comes, cannot in any case do so while the war is in progress, for its adoption would mean an amendment of the Institute's constitution. But it is something to feel that if, as is anticipated, there is a development in international banking when peace comes, women may be allowed to take a hand in the business.

. . . . .

While the Institute of Bankers is, so to speak, trembling on the brink, the Chartered Institute of Secretaries has already launched away. It was only the other day that its President, at the annual meeting, called the attention of members to the fact that during the year the first woman member had been admitted to the Institute. The course, he added, was amply justified by her success in examination. It seems an excellent and perfectly sensible reason, and one can't help feeling that the same principle might be profitably applied in several other directions.

[Continued overleaf.

NOVEMBER IN THE FIELDS: WOMEN'S ROUGH WORK FOR THE WAR.

The women who are pluckily working on the land are realising the truth of the well-known line: "No sun, no moon, No night, no noon—November," but they keep at their task. This worker is driving three carts all day; while one is being laden with mangolds, she drives the second or third to and fro, often through deep mud and water.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Forerunners of the Grand Fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XIV.

A LINK BETWEEN MASTED AND MASTLESS TURRET-SHIPS: OUR FIRST MONITOR, THE "GLATTON."

The "Glatton," with a small group of sister or half-sister vessels, formed the link between the masted turret-ships of the 'Sixties of the nineteenth century—the ill-fated "Captain" and the "Monarch"—and the mastless turret-ships of the 'Seventies, of which the leading two were the "Devastation" and "Thunderer," sister-ships, and the "Dreadnought" of 1875. The "Captain" was lost through carrying masts and sails combined with low freeboard. The "Glatton" was one of four single-turreted, mastless, low-freeboard monitors, built out of the Vote of Credit asked for on the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870-1, as coast-defence vessels. The set were failures, and the type was not repeated, the originals rusting out in the dockyards.

Who would have thought that the war would have swamped the Women's Social and Political Union, inseparably linked with glass-smashing, not to mention other and more vigorous campaigns? There was a time, we can all remember it, when references to "country" and "Empire" were

IN A SEA OF MUD: WHAT WOMEN ARE PUTTING UP WITH.

The loyal girl seen here sticks to her work of tending pigs and sheep, although she has to make her way as best she can through a veritable quagmire.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

received by the hottest Suffragettes with coldness, not to say indifference. But, with few exceptions, the women's suffrage organisations of the country have generously given their help in any direction most likely to help the efficient conduct of the war. And now the W.S.P.U., in a burst of extra enthusiasm, has changed its name to "The Women's Party," and intends to run a "whole-hogging" crusade in favour of the most vigorous prosecution of the war, as well as against Germanic influence in any shape or form in Britain, whether now or when peace comes.

. . . .

Though the work of an optician was open to women before the war, recent events have done much to improve the prospects of women who enter it, as an article in the *Common Cause* the other day plainly showed. To begin with, the demand for opticians—trained ones—is in excess of the supply, and, as prejudice against professional women is disappearing, there are bright prospects before the woman who, having passed the necessary examinations set by the British Optical Association and the Spectacle-Makers' Company, sets up as a consulting optologist on her own account. There is a preliminary preparation covering a period of six months' or a year's training, according to whether the student attends the British Optical Institute in person or does most of her work by correspondence. Her course completed, and the examinations successfully passed, there are two courses open to her. She can either become an eye-tester in an optician's shop, on an initial salary of a hundred pounds a year, or set up in business by herself.

. . . .

With the resignation of Dame Katharine Furse from her post as Commandant-in-Chief of Women's V.A.D.s, that organisation loses the services of one who has been closely connected with its work and its development ever since it started life as an infant society to which neither military authorities nor private people were prone to attach much seriousness. Much of the success of the work done by the Voluntary Aid Detachments during the war is, no doubt, due to the exertions and enthusiasm of the late Commandant-in-Chief. Possibly the best idea of the value of her services in this direction is conveyed by a letter from "A Commandant of 1910" published in a paper recently. She writes: "While the newly formed V.A.D.s were yet a somewhat disparaged toy of the War Office and an object of derision among their friends, Mrs. Furse, by her splendid enthusiasm and untiring energy, in large measure prevented a dry-rot setting in, and with a small

LAND SERVICE GIRLS AT THEIR TASK: A SNAPSHOT FROM CORNWALL.

The heavy "going" in Flanders is one of the difficulties of our troops; and even at home the sticky earth clinging to the clothes of the women-workers on the land is a real test of their endurance. But, to their credit, they bear it all without a murmur. It is "war-time!"—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

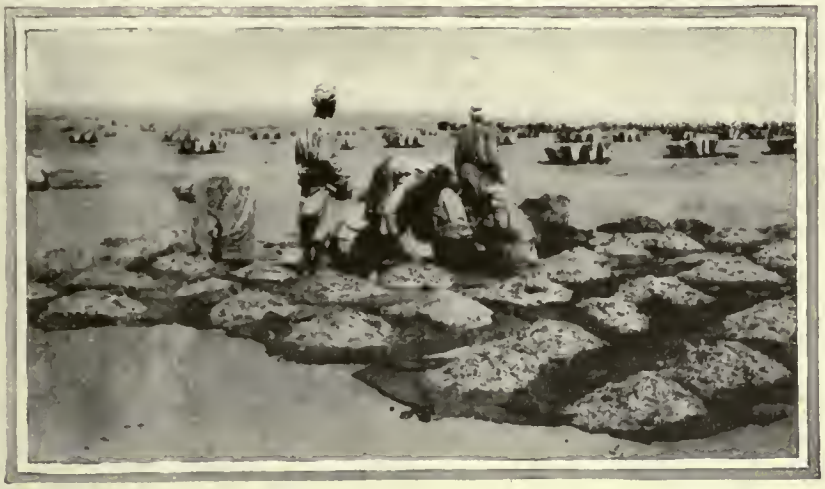
pioneer band brought the venture through its storm-tossed youth to calmer days.

"She toured the Continent at her own expense to study at first hand the systems in being in France, Italy, etc., and also amassed a considerable Red Cross Library of Reference."—CLAUDINE CLEVE.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE FIGHT IN THE BIGHT—FURTHER RUSSIAN CONFUSIONS—LENINITE ANTICS—RECONQUEST OF PALESTINE—DEATH OF GENERAL MAUDE—EAST AFRICA.

ONCE more there is something like a naval action to report. On the 17th, in the Heligoland Bight, enemy light cruisers were chased by British light cruisers to within thirty miles of Heligoland. It was only when the enemy got under the protection of their own battle fleet and mine-fields that our pursuing squadron retired. One of the enemy's vessels was seen to be on fire; and another, obviously a lame duck which was dropping astern, must have received severe damage to her machinery. An enemy mine-sweeper was sunk. We had no losses in ships, and the material damage to our craft was very slight. Our casualties were also, happily, inconsiderable. The submarine returns for the period just ended were not quite so encouraging as those of the previous week, seeing that ten large ships have been sunk; but we have to take the lean with the fat, and we have the Prime Minister's definite assurance that the pirate menace, although it may continue to do us harm in varying degrees for some time to come, is surely doomed to failure. Against the week's losses in merchant-ships we have to set the pleasing news that in one day our sailors had sent five enemy submarines to the bottom. One of our patrol vessels has been torpedoed in the Mediterranean.



WITH THE CAMEL TRANSPORT CORPS IN PALESTINE: PREPARING CAMEL FODDER AT A CAMP.

The average daily camel ration in the Egyptian Army service is ordinarily about 15 lb. of chopped straw with 12 lb. of beans.—[*Official Photograph.*]

In Petrograd the reign of anarchy continued. The Bolsheviks had control of the capital, but showed few signs of any ability to govern the country. A split was reported in their ranks, and large forces were said to be approaching both Petrograd and Moscow, but for what purpose was not known. Kaledin, the Hetman of the Don Cossacks, was said to be in control of the Donetz region, the Russian coal-field. He was said to have stopped all food supplies for Petrograd. Kerensky's flight was said to have been confirmed by his secretary. From the same source

[*Continued on page 40.*

INTERESTING IN CONNECTION WITH ONE OF OUR FAMILIAR NATURAL HISTORY MYTHS: CAMELS OF THE CAMEL TRANSPORT CORPS ON THE PALESTINE FRONT RETURNING FROM WATERING.

Camels can often go three days without water, after that their strength declines. If a camel has to go without water for five or six days, the limit with nine out of ten camels, it takes a month or six weeks to recover its strength. A very thirsty camel can drink 12 gallons at a watering.

Official Photograph.

A Unit of a Squadron Whose Ca

NOW IN ENGLAND FOR A REST AFTER TWO YEARS' CAMPAIGNING ON THE EASTE

An effective piece of *camouflage* is shown here, on one of the armoured cars of Commander Locker-Lampson's squadron, the members of which have recently returned to England for a rest. The photograph was taken shortly before the squadron left the Eastern front, where, during the Russian débâcle, they tried heroically to save the situation in several actions. Illustrations

s Been a Romance of War.

NT: ONE OF COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON'S ARMOURED CARS *CAMOUFLAGED.*

the gallant Commander and some of his men trying to stem runaway Russian soldiers were published in previous issues. he fighting career of the squadron has been a romance throughout. After a preliminary campaign in Belgium, they landed at rchangel, traversed Russia to Persia, fought there, and then in Roumania and Galicia for two years.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

came a statement that Korniloff, contrary to former accounts, had taken no part in the fighting, and was still in prison. Yet another report declared that Kerensky had shot himself. Rumour had it that the Entente Ambassadors were preparing to leave Petrograd, and that the Legations were protected by Polish soldiers. Through Geneva came a story that the Grand Duke Nicholas had arrived at Kaledin's headquarters at Kharkoff, and offered his services. Kaledin, the message continued, had accepted the Grand Duke's services and put him in command of the Cossacks, and had promised to restore the Romanoffs and to proclaim the Grand Duke Regent. A Leninite offer of an armistice moved Petrograd to laughter.

occupied by the Scottish troops. On the 20th, mounted troops were in contact with the enemy four miles west of Bireh, on the Jerusalem-Shechem Road.

From Mesopotamia, the British forces have suffered the severest of personal losses through the death of their great leader, Sir Stanley Maude. General Maude, a soldier little known until our misfortunes in the East declared him the man for Mesopotamia, entirely justified his selection as our leader in that campaign. From the day he took a rather dark situation in hand the horizon has continually brightened, and every hour was adding to the success of the leader's work when he was suddenly struck down by tropical disease.

DURING THE ITALIAN RETREAT ACROSS THE TAGLIAMENTO: BURNING ITALIAN HANGARS AT AN AVIATION CAMP TO PREVENT THEIR FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

From the outlying fronts this week, as last, still by far the best news was that from Palestine. Continuing his victorious progress, Sir Edmund Allenby took for his watchword, "Come, let us go up to Mount Zion." Yeomanry and Scottish troops—lads from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Gourock, and Ayrshire—led the great advance, and gave the Turks plaguey knocks. Following the capture of Jaffa, General Allenby's mounted troops occupied Beit-Ur-et-Thata, twelve miles north-west of Jerusalem, on the 19th. On the 20th, the infantry, advancing into the hill country of Judæa, reached a line fifteen miles west of Jerusalem. On the 21st, while the situation north of Jaffa remained stationary, it was reported that Kuryet-el-Enab, six miles west of Jerusalem, had been carried at the point of the bayonet by Territorial infantry. Meanwhile, Beit Likia, five miles to the north-west, was

But there is no doubt that on the good foundations he has laid this good man's works will follow him, and be carried to a victorious completion. Nevertheless, the glow of recent triumphs has been greatly chilled by what can be only regarded as a calamity.

In East Africa further successful operations have been carried out, and the end may be said to be in sight. The German forces are closely hemmed in, in the south, near to the Portuguese border. Lutschmi has been occupied, thus bringing our troops within forty miles of the border. A large German camp has also been seized, and the remainder of the enemy's troops have been driven into the Kitangari Valley. Surrenders have been frequent, and captures numerous. The enemy has lost his last 4·1 gun, probably from the destroyed Königsberg, captured intact.—LONDON: Nov. 24, 1917.

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The Illustrated War News

ON THE CAMBRAI FRONT: A GUN CAPTURED BY SOME HIGHLAND TROOPS.

Official Photograph.

THE GREAT WAR.

TOWARDS CAMBRAI—BITTER STRUGGLE FOR FONTAINE-NOTRE-DAME—THE BOURLON HEIGHT—A NEAT FRENCH OPERATION—THE ITALIAN BREASTWORK.

STEADY development was the sequel to the victorious breaking of the Hindenburg Line and the opening the road to Cambrai. With the single exception of the loss of Fontaine-Notre-Dame, all went well with the Third Army. The battle was renewed, the Tanks again came into action and scored heavily, and the British captured Bourlon Wood, but did not hold Bourlon village, although it was in their possession for several hours during the 25th. The wood, however, which covers an important piece of rising ground, commanding all the approaches to Cambrai, was held against all attacks and our position there was finally made good. On the same day fierce fighting went on west of Moeuvres, between which and Quéant the London Scottish captured a spur of ground giving observation over the Hindenburg Line to the north and west. No counter-attacks were delivered during daylight on the 26th against the newly won positions on the south of our line. During the night, however, a new counter-attack developed in strength against the north-east corner of Bourlon Wood. It was repulsed, and that operation remained the only noteworthy incident of the day along the whole front. The morning of the 27th saw our troops engaged in local attacks near Fontaine-Notre-Dame and Bourlon. Severe fighting ensued, and the enemy, strongly reinforced, disputed the British advance with great stubbornness. All day the battle swayed to and fro, but the advantage remained with us, and some improvement of our forward positions was reported in the late message. During the same afternoon there had been a fresh enemy attack on the spur west of Moeuvres already mentioned, but the effort came to nothing. On the east and north-east of Ypres, and particularly at Passchendaele, the same period had seen a renewal of vigorous German artillery fire. This fire grew in intensity the following day. There was little of special interest before Cambrai on the 28th. At Avion, south of Lens, local enemy raids were repulsed; while east of Ypres the artillery fire once more increased. Here and there patrol encounters yielded a few prisoners. The more detailed accounts of the earlier fighting speak of magnificent work by the cavalry—work which that arm of the Service has been longing for a chance to perform for more months than it cares to count. The street fighting in Fontaine-Notre-Dame was determined, and on the last day of November there were yet more desperate onslaughts by Stürmtruppen. Gradually the character of the fighting changes towards manœuvre—our

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A SALVO FROM HEAVY BATTERIES FOR THE BOCHE.
Official Photograph.

troops are winning their way out of the mud at last, and it is significantly hinted that the Allied Conference is to consider, as a main part of their programme, the creation of a strong manœuvring army to be used as opportunity directs. On the 29th a hostile attack on the Belgian positions near

AFTER OUR TROOPS HAD ENTERED IT: IN THE VILLAGE OF MARCOING.
Official Photograph.

Aschhoop was beaten off after sharp fighting. South of the Scarpe on the previous night there were patrol encounters, in which we took a few prisoners. Otherwise there was nothing of special interest to report on the rest of the front.

The principal work of our Allies on the Verdun sector was a brilliant and well-timed reply to the tactics which the enemy had recently favoured on he right bank of the Meuse. Without attempting anything of first-class importance, he had been constantly hurling himself against small portions of the French defences on the northern slope of Hill 344. That height i vital to the French as a look-out post. It is also the great bastion of their whole position in that region, and offers a consequent temptation to the German command. Here and there little pieces of ground were lost. The enemy, it is true, paid dear for his trifling gains, but our Allies had no intention to let him hold even the little he had purchased at such cost. Early on the morning of the 26th, after a sound shelling of the German posts, the French infantry sprang forward in one of their brisk and brilliant assaults, which succeeded to admiration. The front of operations extended for about two miles east of Samogneux, and the ground attacked held enemy trenches and many deep dug-outs, the latter in a ravine between Hill 344 and Caures Wood. Trenches and refuges were carried at one rush in a very few minutes, and the whole Verdun situation was improved and strengthened. The French claimed 800 prisoners. As against this, the German official account also claimed prisoners, and spoke of the dispersal of the first waves of attack and of a "French retreat to former positions." Nothing was said about the final results. There had been more than one wave, and the topographical gain cannot be disputed. The enemy became vague as to the general outcome of what proved as sudden, neat, and workmanlike an effort as our Allies have achieved in the whole course of the war. They allowed the enemy to commit a gross extravagance until they themselves were ready. Thereupon, with a swift thrust, they took back all his expensive gains at small loss of men.

On the same day another useful little clearance of dug-outs was made in Champagne. The trenches in question lay north-east of Prunay. Next day a successful raid was made on trenches west of Tahure. On the Aisne artillery activity on both sides was all that fell to be reported. Raids at St. Quentin, further artillery actions on the Aisne, in the Argonne, and at Chambrettes, on the right bank of the Meuse, made up the rest of the news on Nov. 28.

Meanwhile, what of Italy? A grim and glorious fight, a daily hardening of resistance, was indicated by the official messages. It is probable that history will name Nov. 25 as the day on which the world might at least begin to breathe

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TESTING TELEPHONE LINES NEAR THE ADVANCED TRENCHES.
The little poles are just high enough to make an air line.—[*Official Photograph.*]

again and to see good cause for hope that Venice would be preserved. It was still a far cry to safety; but Italy, shaken for a moment, had clearly proved her strength once more, and along her whole line was giving the enemy heavy punishment. The enemy, on his part, ceased to speak of further gains; his story was all of Italian attacks—"repulsed," of course, but clearly pointing to the fact that our Allies were giving him serious trouble. The German was fain to fall back upon the formula "Nothing new to report" or "The situation remains unchanged." On the 25th attempts with massed troops on the Italian positions between the Brenta and the Piave were promptly crushed by deadly and precise counter-attacks. The point most threatened on the left wing was the region around Monte Pertica, where, at Tasson, the Monte Rosa Alpini annihilated their assailants. In the centre the point of fiercest pressure lay towards Monte Cassonet, Col del Orso, Monte Solarolo, and Monte Spinoncia, where the fury of the Germans was met by the greater fury of the Italians and "definitely repulsed" with a loss of 200 prisoners. On the right, at Monfenera, equally violent assaults were dealt with in the same manner by the Alpini. On the 26th a whole infantry division was hurled against the Col della Berretta, to the east of the Brenta Valley. Heavy enemy barrage fire made our Allies' position extremely critical for a time: but the Aosta Brigade, with part of the Messina Brigade and the Val Brenta Alpini, coming up in the nick of time, saved the situation. Their attack was delivered with extraordinary spirit. They drove the enemy before them. On Nov. 28, in the Prinolano Basin, north of the Col della Berretta and on the Middle Piave, the Italian artillery gained in strength, and by concentrated fire harried enemy masses and moving columns. Austro-German picked troops have been among the heaviest sufferers—the 14th Linz Regiment, the 59th Salzburg, Prussian Jaeger Battalions, Von Gorne's shock-troops, and Pomeranians have found that the Italian at bay is a foe to reckon with. Every day, too, sees further French and British forces pouring into Italy. The roads leading to the front are thronged for miles with marching columns, hastening to throw their weight into the Italian scale. Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Plumer, G.C.M.G., is appointed to command the British forces in Italy. On Nov. 29, in Albania, enemy attacks at the confluence of the Susciza and Vojussa rivers were repulsed with heavy losses.

A FIELD DRESSING-STATION IN THE FOREGROUND: GERMANS SHELLING MONCHY.
Official Photograph.

On the 28th the Allied Conference began its deliberations in Paris. The British delegates are Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner, Sir E. Geddes, Lord Reading, Sir J. Jellicoe, and Sir W. Robertson. Colonel House, with his colleagues of the American Mission, represents the United States. Signor Orlando, with five colleagues, represents Italy. The position of the Russian delegate, M. Maklakoff, Ambassador in Paris, is unofficial, in view of the curious state of affairs in Petrograd. M. Venizelos and M. Pashitch represent Greece and Serbia. Japan sends her London and Paris Ambassadors. France is represented by M. Clemenceau, M. Painlevé, and M. Pichon.

London: Dec. 1, 1917.

On the Italian Defence Line at the Mouth of the Piave.

ON A BRITISH MONITOR : TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION WITH WIRELESS ON THE SCREENED UPPER BRIDGE.

Just as the Tanks are taking their part with our armies on other fronts besides the Flanders Front, so it is with their naval counterparts, so to speak, as special-service constructions, the monitors. Beginning with a surprise appearance off the Flanders coast in the first year of the war, monitors have done notable work at the Dardanelles; off German East Africa, where they destroyed the "Königsberg" up the Rufiji River; on the Tigris, in the battle which gave us Baghdad; on the Egyptian coast in the Senussi campaign; off the Palestine coast, and now in the Upper Adriatic. There, working with an Italian destroyer and light-craft anti-U-boat flotilla, they have rendered invaluable service to the Italian land forces off the Piave.—[*Official Naval Photograph.*]

On the Italian Front: British Ships Helpin

ON BOARD A MONITOR WHILE ITALIAN LIGHT CRAFT KEEP OFF U-BO

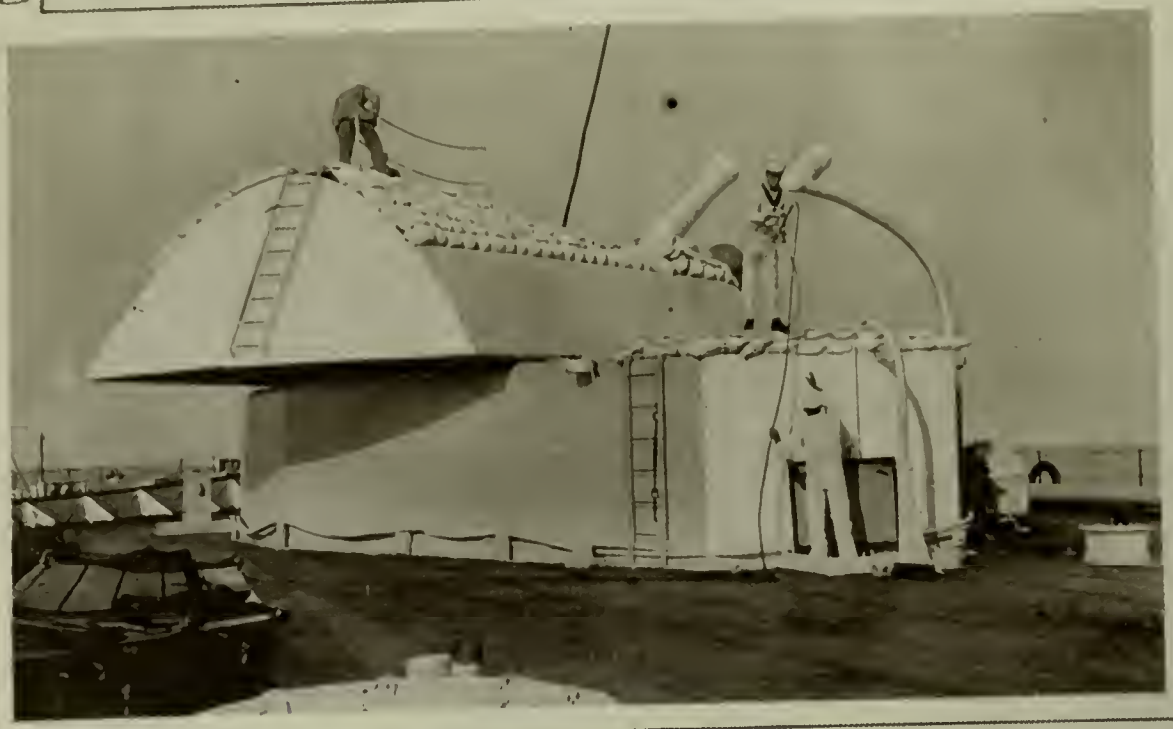
The British monitors that are helping the Italian Army to hold the line of the Piave are operating in the shallow waters to the eastward of the mouth of the river, and coastwise towards Trieste. Their continual shellings, as the Italian headquarters' communiqués have gracefully acknowledged, are of great assistance in stopping Austrian attempts to approach

in the Defence of the Line of the Piave.

AFTER FIRING AT AN AUSTRIAN BOMB-DROPPING AEROPLANE.

ong the coast marshes. Italian naval light craft and destroyers support the monitors, specially devoting themselves to check-ating enemy submarines in their efforts to get at the monitors. As well as U-boats, the monitors have constantly to drive f Austrian bomb-dropping aeroplanes with their own guns. One is seen just after firing.—[*Official Naval Photograph.*]

With our Monitors Assisting the Italians off the Piave.



ON BOARD: A BARBETTE GUN SANDBAG-ROOFED AGAINST BOMBS; STANDING OUT TO BATTLE.

While swift vessels of the Italian light flotilla keep watch and ward round our monitors while in action off the mouth of the Piave and in the Gulf of Trieste against U-boats and bomb-dropping Austrian aeroplanes as far as possible, against the latter the monitors take special precaution on their own account. Sandbags are used all over the ship on the upper deck, among other purposes, to protect the magazines, engine-rooms, and vital parts of the interior, and also on the roofs of the heavy-gun barbettes, and as wall-like breastworks round exposed quick-firing gun-positions on deck. Monitors, as most people know, are shallow-draught vessels, designed for standing close in-shore off low-shelving coasts, and bombarding from there.—[*Official Photographs.*]

The Forces in Mesopotamia: The New Commander.

SIR STANLEY MAUDE'S SUCCESSOR: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM RAINE MARSHALL, K.C.B

By the lamented death of Sir Stanley Maude, it became necessary for an appointment of a new Commander of the Forces in Mesopotamia to be made, and the command has fallen to Lieut.-General Sir William Raine Marshall. The new commander is fifty-two, and has a distinguished record of service, on the N.W. Frontier of India, and, later, in the South African War, during which he was twice wounded. In the present war he was wounded while serving in France, in January 1915, and later went to the Dardanelles, where again he was wounded. He was promoted Lieut.-General a year ago, and knighted in March last. Sir Stanley Maude singled out for special praise the work of General Marshall at the capture of Baghdad.—[*Photo. by Elliott and Fry.*]

Reserves in Cambrai Battle on the Move to

CROSSING GROUND WON FROM THE ENEMY: A RESERVE-LINE ROAD V

While the attack was in progress, from the first moment the Tanks began to advance with the infantry close after them, as we know took place, away in rear, reserves of all arms were on the move. In one unbroken mass along the battle-front, and in rear as far back as there were troops at all, the entire Third Army was in motion, like a high tide surging forward

Clinch the Victory of the First-Line Troops.

A[illegible]-HORSES, CAVALRY, ARTILLERY, AND MOTOR MACHINE-GUNS GOING FORWARD.

[illegible]ith its full volume of waters. Our reserves in this case, also, were immensely assisted by the good roads of the district. A [illegible]ider's-web-like network of roads converge on Cambrai. They have been in existence for years; ever since Napoleon's engineers [illegible]ade them for the use of the Grand Army, one of whose important fortresses Cambrai was.—[*Official Photograph.*]

In Cambrai Battle: On the Afternoon of the First Day.

NEAR LA VACQUERIE AND RIBECOURT: RIFLEMEN PIONEERS; EAST COUNTRY TROOPS' SPOILS.

"La Vacquerie and the formidable defences of the spur known as the 'Welsh Ridge,'" as Sir Douglas Haig records, were taken by "English rifle regiments and light infantry." Ribecourt, in front of the centre of the British line, fell to East Country troops. The enemy there made no resistance, except by snipers in underground dug-outs after the village had been entered by us. Says the "Morning Post" correspondent: "Ribecourt surrendered easily in the first hours of our advance. Men of an Eastern County regiment came down the road and across the fields from Trescault, and when they appeared on the sky-line above the village, Germans came running from the ruined houses with hands up. The regimental staff in Ribecourt got away."—[*Official Photographs.*]

Cambrai: East Country and Highland Corps.

DURING ACTION: EAST COUNTRY TROOPS IN THE GERMAN SECOND LINE; SCOTS TERRITORIALS.

In the upper illustration some of the East Country troops are seen resting after gaining one of their objectives. The place where the men are cooking an impromptu mid-day meal is a German trench of the German second line. In the course of their advance across the German second line, the "East Country troops," said Sir Douglas Haig, "took the hamlet of Bonavis and Lateau Wood after stiff fighting." Previously they had taken Ribecourt in the first Hindenburg Line. The Highland Territorials seen in the lower illustration crossing a German trench, stormed Flesquières, where there was "fierce fighting." They swept across the German second line to beyond Cantaing, taking 500 prisoners, and halted five miles beyond the former German front.—[*Official Photographs.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXVIII.—THE 1ST FOOT.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

CONTROVERSY raged for many years over the story of the Eve of Waterloo. Much that is romantic and dramatic has long yielded to the cold light of history. The glamour of Byron's poem owes not a little to rumours which are now known to have but small foundation in fact. The "surprise," as it was called, was no surprise at all; and the picturesque legends of officers rushing to the field in dancing-pumps and silk stockings reflect a state of affairs which, although true in a few instances, was not at all general. The Duchess of Richmond's ball was the centre of much pleasing mythology. But the Eve of Waterloo, if it was not quite so poetical and romantic as it has been made out to be, was not lacking in thrills to those who bore a part in the actual events. Many accounts have been given of how the evening of June 15, 1815, was spent by our officers in Brussels; but there is one, little known, which recalls the incidents from a purely personal, one may also say from a regimental point of view, with minute and careful details that set many doubts at rest. The story is from the contemporary note-book of an officer, whose name and regiment are not given. Fortunately, however, it is possible from internal evidence to determine his corps. Being a writer with an eye for detail, and a fine sense of atmosphere, he conveyed, in a few deft touches, the picture of Brussels as she appeared on that memorable evening.

On June 15, his Colonel, who, if our conclusions are sound (and we believe they are), must have been Colin Campbell, told his junior officers that he was invited for that evening by the Duchess of Richmond, and that he might bring two of his colleagues. Three, at most, of any single regiment was the number bidden to the ball, which was to be exclusively confined to officers of the garrison. The mess of the regiment dined at three o'clock at the Hôtel de Tirlemont, kept by Jean Vandoren, afterwards distinguished by his care of the wounded. As the meal proceeded, it became noticeable that there was some unusual stir in the city, and presently several Belgian gentlemen entered, with the news that there had been an affair of outposts on the frontier, and that the French had been repulsed.

Having dined, the officers strolled out into the Park, where the great world of Brussels promenaded every fine evening: About six o'clock, the writer of the brief memoir was still sauntering about the walks—one can reconstruct the scene: the brilliant uniforms, the pretty women, the general air of quasi-festivity which the presence of troops on active service always gives a town—when he met two Prussian aides-de-camp, who had some further information.

[Continued overleaf.

ONE OF OUR GIANT PIECES ON THE WESTERN FRONT BEING TAKEN FORWARD TO A NEW FIRING POSITION: A SAMPLE OF THE MANY BIG GUNS WE HAVE IN THE BATTLE-LINE IN FLANDERS.

Official Photograph.

In Cambrai Battle: first fruits of the Surprise.

GERMAN PRISONERS: A BATCH PASSING THE "SLAG-HEAP"; "KAMERAD"—JUST IN TIME!

Long before the battle by Cambrai was over, German prisoners were streaming in on their way to the rear of the British lines. They were the first fruits of the surprise. By mid-day on November 20, as correspondents state, over six thousand were accounted for, and by nightfall, practically all the nine thousand and more Sir Douglas Haig officially reported as taken were in confinement. We see some in the upper illustration, on the right, going off to the rear near the massive "slag-heap," as it is called, where a furious fight took place, the ground being taken and retaken before the enemy finally broke. To the left in the upper photograph, some of our men are seen passing into the battle beyond—facing towards the reader.—[*Official Photographs.*]

They had come from Blücher, with definite news of Napoleon's advance either upon Brussels itself, or in that direction. On this intelligence Wellington acted.

Before the stroke of seven, signs of preparation were visible. Orderlies were dashing about with their books, seeking their own officers to show them the orders, so as to prevent mistakes. There was, however, plenty of time, and the Royal Scots were not the least put about. It was their habit to parade almost every other day, with all their baggage ready packed for the field on the back of some beast of burden, horse or mule. This section of the transport was invariably drawn up in rear of the brigade, and the arrangement enabled officers' servants to get their masters' baggage ready for the field at half-an-hour's notice. Knowing this, the officers took the news of the impending march with easy minds; some "went off to the ball, others to the play, while some said they would not go to bed at all; it was not worth while."

A "BULL'S-EYE" HIT DURING A BOMBARDMENT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A GERMAN AMMUNITION-DUMP, CONCEALED BEHIND AN OUTLYING VILLAGE NEAR THE ENEMY'S LINES, BLOWN UP BY A SHELL.

Official Photograph.

The narrator of the story lingered in the Park till dusk. As the darkness was falling, he caught sight of the Duke of Wellington, holding a long tête-à-tête in a little dell with Sir Charles Stuart, our Ambassador to Vienna, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay. A little later the Duke went on to the ball. At half-past nine, an orderly dragoon, with his horse in a lather of foam and sweat, dashed up to Wellington's quarters, and was sent on to the Duke of Richmond's, and thence to the coach-house where the dance was held. The only result of this message was that the Duke at once ordered the hour of departure to be changed from four to two o'clock. The troops were already collected, rationed, and supplied with ammunition.

The change of hour of moving caused inconvenience only to one or two individuals, the heroes of the "dancing-pumps" story. The order had been duly left at their quarters, but had not been brought on to the ball. Consequently they got back to billets to find that at half-past one their men had packed up all their traps, and were off. There was nothing for it but to set out for the front as they were. They caught up their corps with all speed, and got hugely chaffed in consequence. Our chronicler of the Royal Scots did not see any of them, but he knew who they were, and for many years he remembered the names of two. But his memory eventually played him an unlucky trick. He could not give these gallant votaries of Mars, Venus, and Terpsichore the recognition which was their due.

GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN IN GENERAL BYNG'S CAMBRAI BATTLE: MARCHING TO THE REAR PAST A SLAG-HEAP WHICH CHANGED HANDS SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE WE FINALLY KEPT THE VANTAGE GROUND.

Official Photograph.

Cambrai Prisoners, Wounded and Unwounded.

THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE: GERMAN WOUNDED AND PRISONERS CAPTURED NEAR CAMBRAI.

Five days after the Battle of Cambrai opened, an official despatch (of November 25) stated: "The number of prisoners taken by us since the commencement of our operations on the morning of the 20th inst. has now reached the total of 9774, including 182 officers." On the 27th it was announced: "We have advanced our line and taken over 500 prisoners." The aggregate for the fighting on the Cambrai front now stands, therefore, at well over 10,000. In our upper photograph two Scottish soldiers are seen with a few of their numerous prisoners taken in the German front line. The lower illustration shows three wounded German prisoners, captured by Highland Territorials, coming in over a "duck-board" track.—[*Official Photographs.*]

In the Cambrai Battle: At One

CROSSING A SECTION OF THE GERMAN SECOND LINE: AN IRISH BATTALIO

Everybody did well in the fighting-line at Cambrai on our side; English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish alike. Sir Douglas Haig mentions the Irish repeatedly in his despatches. Irish battalions were among the leading regiments that stormed the German first line and captured the crossings of the Nord Canal at Masnières, with the fortified positions at Marcoing. One set of

Point where the Irish fought.

ING OVER GROUND WHERE THEY MADE HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS.

Irish battalions, working with the West Riding Territorials," captured the whole of the German line northwards to the Bapaume-Cambrai road." They "crossed the Cambrai road and entered Moeuvres"; "Irish troops captured important sections of the Hindenburg Line between Bullecourt and Fontaine-les-Croisilles." We see them carrying the enemy's second line.—[*Official Photo.*]

On the Flanders Front: Gunner

CROSSING A SHELL-HOLE WITH PLANKS LAID OVER, DRAG-ROPES O

A heavy gun being shifted to a fresh firing-position on the battlefield during action is seen in the above illustration, while being man-handled at an awkward place with drag-ropes made fast to the wheels and levers applied in rear. The ordinary emergency method of negotiating shell-holes lying in the way, by means of planks across which the wheels are carefully guided and kept in

Tackling a Stiff Battlefield Job.

HE WHEELS, AND LEVERS IN REAR: A BIG GUN SHIFTING POSITION.

ne, is exemplified at the same time. In the same way, also, with planks laid beneath the wheels, heavy guns are got across atches of soft, yielding mud, when travelling on the swamped roads of Flanders, and over a battlefield when the surface is boggy. he ponderous deadweight of the gun seen, and its steel-framed trail, is suggested in the picture.—[*Drawn by H. W. Koekkoek.*]

While the Cambrai Battle was in Progress—

FALLEN IN WITH HANDS UP AND GUARDED BY A MAN FROM THE IRIS

German prisoners taken during the Battle of Cambrai are seen under an Irish sentry from one of the Irish regiments that were their captors near Havrincourt. They were taken in a trench close by, and are seen fallen in with hands raised while other Germans in the vicinity are being rounded up to join them. When the locality has been "mopped up," in battlefield

Collecting Surrendered Germans from their Trenches.

RE MENTS THAT CAPTURED THEM: GERMAN PRISONERS NEAR HAVRINCOURT.

rase, all will be marched off to the rear. The holding up of the hands is probably to warn our advancing troops passing the neighbourhood that the Germans there have surrendered—in order that they may not be fired on. Havrincourt, according Sir Douglas Haig's despatch, was taken by Ulster troops and West Riding battalions.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The Battle of Cambrai: Rescued Villagers Leaving Home.

MAKING FOR SAFETY: INHABITANTS OF NOYELLE LEAVING; CANTAING FOLK ON THE ROAD.

"Among the civilians in the newly liberated villages," writes a "Times" correspondent, "are women of all ages, old men, and little children, everything except able-bodied men of military age. As we occupy a village they gather their household goods together, and temporarily leave their homes, moving back to come near village in our territory until each time as the tide of battle shall have swept on and made it safe for them to return. So, bearing bundles or pushing hand-carts, or wheel-barrows, or perambulators, they make a little stream flowing against the great current of our Army going forward, infantry battalions and troops of cavalry, Tanks, and transport columns. . . . The poor people are going, rejoicing in their new liberty."—[*Official Photographs.*]

Scenes of the British Victory before Cambrai.

AT CAMBRAI: TREES FELLED BY THE ENEMY; GERMAN PRISONER STRETCHER-BEARERS.

In their retreat before the great British offensive towards Cambrai, the Germans adopted the same devices to hinder the advance of our troops as they did earlier on the Somme. One of their methods was to cut down large trees so as to fall across the roads, in the manner seen in our upper illustration. The lower photograph shows again, as on another page, how some of the nine thousand-odd prisoners taken by our troops were employed in the task of bringing back the wounded from the battlefield to the dressing-stations. Here two German prisoners are seen carrying a stretcher along a "duckboard" track over muddy ground. A British officer is steadying the arm of one of the stretcher-bearers, while, in the background, are two British soldiers.—[*Official Photographs.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: X.—R.T.O.

THE R.T.O. is an indefatigable if intimidating creature. He is a person of no very high rank, but of almost awing and pontifical power. Before him Colonels melt, and Brigadiers endeavour to stifle their gilt in order to speak on quite human levels with him—for the fell purpose of scoffing at the best type of carriage, on a slightly more reliable train. Generals, so it is said, have asked him in diffident terms would he mind their having a battle on the 15th prox.—that is, would he mind shoving his railways about a bit, so as the General could fit his little job in. It is understood that the R.T.O., after due consideration, and remembering that, in popular opinion at least, wars should have a battle now and then, agreed to fit himself in—agreed in triplicate, of course.

The steam-engine brought this New Warrior, the R.T.O. (Railway Transport Officer), into the arena of wars; and there are not a few R.T.O.s who have very well matured views of the moral character of George Stephenson. The R.T.O.'s is not a jolly job; he has excellent billets, as a rule; he is near the hub of more or less amusements, frequently; he is in a town, quite often, where unbarbaric food, sheeted beds, shops, and other amenities exist—but these trifles do no more than take the acid edge from a sad and embittered life. Also, though they are there about him, ready to his hand, he never has a minute to enjoy them. You, who find it a hustle and a tax upon your very considerable energies to deal with one or two trains a day, can perhaps gauge the output of psychic force necessary to grapple with hundreds of the accursed things.

The R.T.O. is a great grappler. His job is to grapple with people. When A. du Fine Jones, Esq., 2nd Lieut., packs his brand-new sleeping-cot, trench-hut, and valise, and hies him out to war, the R.T.O. is the person who helps him hie. In fact, without the R.T.O., no hie-ing can be done. Without the R.T.O.'s express permission, A. du F. Jones cannot budge an inch. If the R.T.O. says he must stay, stay he must though the fall of Hindenburg's defence is waiting on his presence. When anyone, from a C.O. and his battalion to a cook-house mate, travels, he must report to the R.T.O. at point of entrainment, and from that moment his very breathing is under the jurisdiction of the implacable fellow. He maps out one's career by rail—French rail is the deuce of a career—and one is to abide by it without flaw or falter. One's route changes, halts are set down by him; the very train and the sort of carriage one travels in are ordained by him. It is no good bucking. It is no good saying that one has done this particular route before, and found that the climate during one's considerable sojourn on this line did not suit one; what the R.T.O. says is final. One gets into his train at the time

[Continued overleaf.

ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN REAR OF THE BATTLE-AREA: A DUG-OUT CANTONMENT ALONG ONE SIDE OF A RIDGE OVERLOOKING A RIVER.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Cambrai Prisoners Helping with the Wounded.

CAMBRAI: GERMAN PRISONERS WORKING A WINDLASS AT A HIGHLANDERS' DRESSING-STATION.

As in previous battles, many of the German prisoners taken in the great British victory before Cambrai were set to work to assist in bringing in the wounded. Our photographs were taken at an advanced dressing-station organised by a Highland Battalion in a deep dug-out, and they show an ingenious and novel method used for lowering stretcher cases into the underground chamber and lifting them out after having been treated by the doctors. The apparatus is a kind of lift worked by a windlass, a task which on this occasion was entrusted to some of the prisoners. A couple of R.A.M.C. men, distinguishable by their British helmets, are seen at the door of the dug-out guiding the stretcher as it emerges with its burden from below.—[*Official Photographs.*]

he tells one to get in, neither before nor after; one sits on the seat with the broken spring just as he orders, and that 's an end to it. You are in the hands of the great Masonic guild of R.T.O.s; deviate one hair's-breadth from the line set, and the nether and upper millstones will come together with lamentable results.

And as you cannot move except in the way and by the means he permits, so you cannot move at all unless he permits. When you report to him, and if your appearance and conduct are good, he gives you a Movement Order. With that order you can do everything he tells you. Without that order, not even your cousin the General will have influence enough to enable you to get to the front.

Battalions, if he likes, can be held up in this way. The R.T.O. can say that just now he is out of trains, but presently—or say a week, if not two—he will have a nice selection, one of which may prove suitable for a battalion of this genre. There is nothing for it; if the R.T.O. takes up that attitude, the battalion waits or changes its Colonel.

All moving troops, whether railing or derailing, are handled by the R.T.O.; for, as he permits them to get on to his line, so it is he who gives them permission to get off. It is no good thinking that, because one's battalion has arrived at the point of destination, it can now alight. It cannot alight; at least, not until the R.T.O. has decided whether the war can stand this sudden inrush of stalwart fellows, and has given his word (probably in triplicate), can the eager troops dismount. Even then they have to get out of the R.T.O.'s station, and he managing-directs that too.

IN A BOMBARDED AREA ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: ONE OF OUR FIELD-SERVICE TRACTION-ENGINES TEMPORARILY TRAPPED IN A SHELL-HOLE.—[*Official Photograph.*]

ANZAC TROOPERS WITH A TROPHY TAKEN BY THEM IN PALESTINE: A CAPTURED TURKISH STANDARD HELD UP FOR PHOTOGRAPHING ON A LINE STRETCHED BETWEEN BAYONETS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

In a sense, then, the R.T.O. is a sort of Olympian station-master. He has the control of the whole of the passenger side, and all men—and they are millions, remember—who pass up to the front are passed up by R.T.O.s, and all men passing down from the front are passed down by R.T.O.s. It is station-mastery of a gigantic kind, station-mastery demanding much genius in care, tact, organisation, and close working. The R.T.O. is an arbitrary fellow, but he has these other gifts in large and luminous chunks.

Especially is this noticed when one is "passing down." If, happily, one has to rail oneself homeward on leave, if one, unluckily, is railed homeward wounded, the R.T.O. is the fellow who makes one's passage smooth. The "woundeds" trains have flowed baseward throughout this war in unceasing streams, and without hitch. And the "leave" trains have too. He has a worried life, the R.T.O.; he has a thousand things to think of, and a million memos to fill up. He is constantly on the jag. All the enormously futile questions that are asked of porters are asked of him; trains go lost, or wander about, and add to his grey hairs—but through all his worries he can find the "leave" man a seat in some sort of old train, can tell the "leave" man how best to catch connections. He makes it smooth for the man going home, and he has been known to stretch many points so that a fellow may get his full share of his "off" days. If at times his temper is short, it is probably a good deal sweeter than our own would be under the circumstances And he is a worker, and has had a large finger in this war. Not always a thankful job, that of R.T.O.; but he does it, and does it well.—W. Douglas Newton.

During an Interval after our Attack in Cambrai Battle.

IN REAR, AND ON THE FIELD: A SHOT-DOWN GERMAN 'PLANE; FILLING A MAXIM'S WATER-JACKET.

During Cambrai battle, after our Tank surprise-attack had accomplished its purpose, the Germans, while collecting troops from all quarters for counter-attacks towards Bourlon village and wood, sent over airmen to reconnoitre. It was a venture that cost the enemy several 'planes, for our aircraft speedily dealt with them. One German 'plane, brought down at a distance behind what, on the previous day, had been the German front line, is seen in the upper illustration, soon after coming to earth. The lower illustration shows a Maxim, after being cleaned at the close of action, having its water-cooling-jacket filled. The cylinder casing round the rifle-barrel is filled with water, in order to prevent the barrel overheating during rapid firing.—[*Official Photos.*]

Tanks Such as Led the Van at Cambrai.

BRITISH TANKS GOING INTO ACTION: "THE PERFECT LADY" CROSSES A TRENCH IN BATTLE.

The ways of Tanks are of particular interest just now in view of their triumph in the Battle of Cambrai, where they led the van to break through the enemy's wire and thus open a path for our infantry. It was thus possible to dispense with the usual preliminary bombardment, and to spring a surprise on the enemy which completely succeeded. His Majesty's Landships fully justified the hopes reposed in them, and gallantly acted up to the message which their "Admiral," varying Nelson's Trafalgar signal, issued to his captains just before the battle—"England expects that every Tank to-day will do its damnedest." When the word was given, the monstrous line moved forward behind the smoke of our opening barrage, and rolled over the German defences, flat-

[Continued opposite.

"England Expects——": Tanks Advancing as at Cambrai.

OUR "LANDSHIPS": "PLAIN SAILING" THROUGH A BATTERED VILLAGE; CROSSING A SHELL-HOLE.

Continued.]

tening out the thick wire entanglements, crushing irresistibly across trenches, and scattering death and confusion with their guns and machine-guns. Numbers of them went ahead into various villages which were occupied by the enemy. "As for the part played in the operations by the Tanks," writes Mr. Perry Robinson, "it was overwhelming. A whole grand fleet of them was engaged, and they were led by their distinguished Commanding Officer in person, who flew his Admiral's flag at the peak of his Tank." Like ships, many Tanks have their names inscribed upon them, as in two instances here illustrated—"Crusty" and "The Perfect Lady" (shown in the lower illustration on the left-hand page). The photographs were taken during a previous advance.—[*Official Photos.*]

War Matériel on the Western Front.

TWO DEPOTS: A CAPTURED GERMAN ENGINEERS' DEPOT; AT ONE OF OUR ORDNANCE DEPOTS.

One of the valuable "finds" we come upon at places during our Western Front advances is shown in the upper illustration. It shows a German Army Engineers' store-dump, which we captured intact, *camouflaged* and located in a wood. The place was found well filled with, as seen, all manner of *matériel*—timber, stacked entrenching and other implements and appliances under tarpaulin and canvas sheeting coverings. Its capture proved a useful haul, supplying things of use to our troops, and it saved us the trouble of bringing-up similar stores for use in that district. In the lower illustration is seen one of our numerous Ordnance Store depots, or field arsenals, being visited by the American Congressmen's deputation during their Western Front tour.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Forerunners of the Grand Fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XV.

THE PROTOTYPE OF "DREADNOUGHTS": THE ONE-MASTED TURRET-SHIP "DEVASTATION" OF 1873.

The "Devastation" of 1873, with her sister-ship, the "Thunderer," and the "Dreadnought" of 1875, a larger vessel of similar appearance, formed the prototypes in essentials of our Grand Fleet "Dreadnoughts" and "super-Dreadnoughts." The name "Dreadnought" as a generic designation for big battle-ships, came into vogue in 1905, in consequence of the notoriety attached to the advent of Lord Fisher's "Dreadnought." In the "Devastation" group, a single light pole-mast replaced the three masts and sails which brought about the capsizing of the "Captain" in 1870. Two turrets, mounting the heaviest guns invented, formed the only armament. The mobile torpedo was as yet unknown, and no light-gun secondary armament was needed.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THERE are still plenty of people about who, though they realise vaguely that women are doing "war work," are completely in the dark as to the real meaning and scope of the term. Some day the historian will chronicle women's contribution to the national effort in full, and the work will occupy a considerable space in the History of the Great War. Meantime, the Hon. Mrs. Francis McLaren's book, "Women of the War," published by Hodder and Stoughton recently, gives vivid pictures of the skill and efficiency with which women—to quote Mr. Asquith, who contributes a preface to the book—"are doing things which, before the war, most of us would have said were both foreign to their nature and beyond their physical capacity."

HOW WOMEN-WORKERS AID THE WOUNDED: MODELLING FROM PLASTER CASTS OF LIMBS.

At the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, where this photograph was taken, capable women carpenters, welders, steel forgers, and mechanical workers of other kinds, are turning out thousands of surgical requisites for the wounded.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

. . .

Take the Army Remount Department. Before the war—and after it broke out, for that matter, until necessity brought enlightenment—would even the most ardent believer in women's capabilities have ventured to suggest that the help of Eve should be enlisted in "running" a Remount Depôt for the War Office? Yet that is exactly what has happened, and Miss Bather has turned her pre-war knowledge of horses to national account with such success that she has not only organised a depôt successfully, but has for more than two years carried on the work with the help of girl assistants. It is not a soft job either, and one of which any woman might be proud when the nature of the work is taken into consideration. It is the duty of the "officer" in charge of the remount depôt to make the horses and mules committed to "his" charge fit for active service, the raw material being "usually sent to the depôt in mixed batches of thirty or more, dirty in their coats, perhaps thin and out of condition, and often lame or suffering from various ailments."

HOW WOMEN-WORKERS AID THE WOUNDED: MAKING PAPIER-MACHÉ BOOTS, ARM-CRADLES, AND SPLINTS.

We show here another section of the beneficent work which is being done at the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, by women-workers for the wounded.

Photograph by Topical.

. . .

Here is a passage taken from Mrs. McLaren's book giving an idea of the kind of work that has to be done: "It requires quite a lot of pluck . . . to unload from the railway trucks, saddle up, and mount those horses that look as if they had been ridden lately, and ride them, each rider leading another horse, to their destination some five miles away. The grooming of the horses is hard work, and requires considerable strength even when the horse is quiet; with wild and difficult horses, it is necessary to hobble and muzzle them before grooming is possible. They are often deceptively quiet at first, and it may take a few days of bitter experience before the kickers and biters are discovered! Besides the daily grooming, which has to be performed for each horse like a child's toilet, there is the clipping and singeing. After the grooming comes the work of keeping the stables,

[*Continued overleaf.*

A Capable Helper: In a Hospital Supply Depôt.

IN THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP: A WORKER AT THE KENSINGTON WAR HOSPITAL SUPPLY DEPOT.

The worker whom we see in our photograph is one of the ever-increasing army of willing and capable women-workers who are seconding the heroic efforts of our armies at the Front by their own strenuous work at home. At the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, these amateur but very practical workers in various capacities—women carpenters, welders, steel forgers, and mechanical workers in other directions—succeed in turning out thousands of surgical requisites. Looked at from the sympathetic point of view, no class of war-work could be more womanly. None the less, it imposes a considerable strain upon both mind and body, and those who have undertaken the work are doing loyal service to their country, for their tasks are no easy ones.—[*Photo. by Topical.*]

which must be cleaned out and disinfected daily; while the harness and tackle have to be cleaned and polished. There is also the care of the horses in sickness and convalescence, which requires particular skill and knowledge." Then there is the exercising—not always a pleasant or comfortable performance, but rather a business "fraught with difficulties and anxieties, especially with a new lot of horses. To set the pace, someone responsible has to lead the string with the quiet horses that will face the traffic; but, though all Army horses are supposed to be broken in, I have known," writes Miss Bather, "our string resemble a Wild West show."

WOMEN-WORKERS ON A GREAT BRICK-KILN: TAKING THE PLACE OF MEN.

Two years or so ago, one of the largest brick-kilns in the Kingdom was temporarily closed on account of the shortage of labour. It is now reopened and being largely worked by women, some of whom are here seen loading the bricks on to a railway truck.—[*Photograph by Alfieri.*]

. . . .

The war has provided more than one instance of a woman being decorated for bravery under fire. For sheer romance and heroism combined there is, perhaps, no record to equal that of the Baroness de T'Serclaes and Miss Mairi Chisholm, who, since the very earliest days of the war—they began their work in September 1914—have been living in the firing line, not only attending to wounded Belgian soldiers, but taking food and drink to the men in the trenches and on outpost duty.

. . . .

This is how it happened. The Baroness (then Mrs. Knocker) and Miss Chisholm accompanied Dr. Munro's Ambulance Corps, which started its work in Ghent and Furnes; and the following month Mrs. Knocker gave a splendid example of her "nerve" and devotion by driving an ambulance car between Dixmude and Furnes when shell-fire was so heavy that even men declared themselves unequal to the task; but that was merely a prelude to even more trying experiences, for in November the two friends started their own enterprise in a cellar in Pervyse, the reason being that Mrs. Knocker, whose opinion was shared by the Belgian doctors, "felt the necessity of establishing an advanced dressing-station where the severely wounded men might have time to recover from shock before enduring the jolting journey to hospital, which had already proved fatal to many."

. . . .

Ever since the two women have "been living the lives of the soldiers themselves—their quarters for the most part a tiny cellar, again and again under shell-fire, sometimes suffering fierce bombardments, not taking off their clothes literally for weeks, eating anything they could get, and enduring the trials of cold, dirt, exhaustion, and danger with a gaiety and a courage which have been at once an inspiration and a source of astonishment to those who have been privileged to see them at Pervyse. When the cellar was demolished they moved to another tumble-down cottage, only to be shelled out twice more." In March 1915 the presence of women in the firing line was forbidden, but an exception was made in favour of these two women at the request of the Belgian authorities. King Albert has bestowed on each the decoration of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. Never was Order better deserved.

WOMEN-WORKERS ON A GREAT BRICK-KILN: TAKING BRICKS FROM THE MOULDING-MACHINE.

British women are eager to help "carry on" all necessary work in war-time, and, the one seen in our photograph is taking bricks from the mould, on a kiln that was closed for a time owing to the shortage of labour, but is now reopened and to a large extent being worked by women.—[*Photograph by Alfieri.*]

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

The Reinforcement of the Italians by British and French.

IN ITALIAN TOWNS: A FRENCH REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH; TWO OF THE FRENCH AIRMEN.

The transference of British and French troops from elsewhere to reinforce the Italians and assist in rolling back the wave of invading Austrians and Germans, has been accomplished, according to all accounts, with record swiftness and smoothness. As the daily newspapers have recorded, our troops have been received everywhere in the Italian towns and villages they passed through with enthusiasm and striking manifestations of appreciation; and the same has been stated of the warmth of the reception of the French. They passed through towns and villages at all hours, sometimes too early for demonstrations by the comparatively few inhabitants about, to do more than stand at their doors and watch the soldiers go by.—[*Italian and French Official Photographs.*]

THE GREAT WAR.

LENIN CRIES "PEACE"—FURTHER RUSSIAN CONFUSION—NAVAL ITEMS—OUTLYING FRONTS—NEARER JERUSALEM—A GOOD HAUL IN EAST AFRICA.

THE confusion in Russia makes it still impossible to give any trustworthy account of what is happening from hour to hour in that unhappy country. But a few points, more or less clear, emerge from the general welter. During the period under review Lenin got sufficient hold of affairs to begin a very mischievous series of proceedings. He sent peace parlementaires to the Russian Headquarters, where they were met by a German wireless message saying that Germany would treat only with a legal Russian Government or the Constituent Assembly, the elections for which began on Nov. 25. General Dukhonin refused to surrender his authority to the comic-opera Commander-in-Chief, Ensign Krylenko, appointed by the Bolsheviks. It is reported that the Ensign's real name is Aaron Abram, which, although in itself venerable and patriarchal, does not in this instance lend dignity to the subaltern Commander-in-Chief. While it was reported that Berlin and Petrograd had got so far as to be in wireless telegraphic communication, it was also rumoured that the Allies had protested to the Russian Supreme Command against any breach of the "No Separate Peace" Treaty of Sept. 5, 1914. Serious consequences were spoken of. This protest General Dukhonin was said to have forwarded by "order of the Russian Armies." However that might be, it was reasonably clear on Nov. 29 that the Russian Army still in the field had not taken Lenin's peace-pourparlers very kindly. Only the Fifth Army had agreed to negotiations. The General Army Committee at Headquarters refused to recognise Ensign Krylenko. That worthy went to Pskov, where he summoned General Tcheremisoff to his presence, and received such an answer as discipline called for from the senior rank. Thereupon the great man "dismissed" his superior. If it were not a matter of blood and tears and national agony, it would be admirable Gilbertian comedy. As it is, the matter is tragic. The Bolshevik Government has little dignity. It made free, or attempted to make free, with the money in the State Bank. The officials resisted, and were "dismissed." As regards the army in the field, in spite of Lenin's "cease fire" order, the troops in Trans-Caucasia refuse to recognise Bolshevik orders, and have

[Continued on page 40.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A TRACTOR, WHICH HAS BROUGHT UP A BIG GUN, GETS INTO DIFFICULTIES, BUT THE GUN IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The Reinforcement of the Italians by British and French.

CHASSEURS ALPINS ON THE WAY: WATCHING ARRIVALS; PASSING AN ITALIAN TROOP-TRAIN.

France has sent some of her best troops to fight side by side with oura in Italy. Aa their uniforms betoken in the photograph forming the upper illustration, units of the redoubtable French Alpine troops, the Chasseurs Alpins, are taking part in assisting the Italians in their heroic defence. They are the counterpart of the famoua Italian Alpini, whose marvellous feats of heroisn in previous years of the war, and more recently during the Italian fighting retreat, are among the finest exploits ever recorded of soldiers. In the lower illustration a Chasseurs' baggage-train of motor-lorries is seen in a Northern Italian city being passed by an Italian troop-train running on a light railway laid at the side of the street.—[*Italian and French Official Photographs.*]

been in action on the Diala with some success. But from the Russo-German front disquieting rumours have been rife of soldiers preparing to quit the front and return home in search of food. One bright spot is to be found in the action of the Petrograd Cadets, who rejoiced over the Allies' recent victory before Cambrai, and declared the Bolshevik adventure "criminal and baseless." The Cadets expressed in a formal resolution their contempt for the "pretensions of the usurpers to speak in the name of Russia." Moderate opinion is strong in the country. Petrograd is not Russia. There, and there alone, hope lies. Lord Robert Cecil has affirmed his faith in the more responsible section of Russian public opinion, which would never, he believed, confirm the Leninite policy. There would be no British official recognition of the Bolshevik Government. On the 29th it was announced that Krylenko, acting through a Hussar Lieutenant, an Army Doctor, and a Volunteer, had secured the consent of the Germans to negotiate an armistice. He at once ordered a general "cease fire." Sunday was fixed for the "plenipotentiaries" of both sides to meet.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: LAYING A WATER-PIPE OVER A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH IN A WOOD.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Naval news centred once more in the weekly submarine statement. The figures were again high—fourteen large ships sunk, and seven small. The curve has again risen practically to the point where it rested on Oct. 28. A United States steamer, the *Actaeon*, was torpedoed. The Admiralty has called for women recruits for shore duties hitherto performed by naval ratings.

From outlying fronts the reports were less detailed than of late. General Allenby's advanced patrols were pressed back slightly from the north bank of the Wadi-Andscha, four miles north of Jaffa, and took post on the southern bank to cover crossings. By a later attack the British successfully dislodged the enemy from the northern bank. Mounted troops reached and held Bither Station and Ain-Karim, 3½ miles west of Jerusalem. The Turks were reported in strength west of the city, and on the Jerusalem-Shechem road to the north.

Lieut.-General Sir W. R. Marshall, K.C.B., takes command in Mesopotamia, in place of the late Sir Stanley Maude. The excellent progress already reported from East Africa has been steadily maintained. Some time ago a German force was dislodged from Simbas, in the Kitangari Valley. It is now near the Rovuma River, and is said to be short of food and ammunition. Colonel Tafel's force, which moved south from the Mahenge area, was engaged in the central region of operations by small British detached forces, and pressed on to Newala, on the Portuguese frontier, evidently unaware that that place was already in our hands. It walked straight into the trap, and surrendered. There were taken Colonel Tafel, 12 combatant officers, 6 medical officers, 92 Germans of other ranks, and 3412 natives. The surrender cuts the still resisting Germans in two. Only one force that counts remains.

IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE: CAVALRY WATERING THEIR HORSES WHILE AMMUNITION-LIMBERS GO UP TO THE GUNS.—[*Official Photograph.*]

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THE EARLY MORNING GOTHA RAID ON LONDON ON DECEMBER 6: THE IRON-CROSS-DECORATED COMMANDER OF ONE OF THE TWO AEROPLANES BROUGHT DOWN.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE STRUGGLE BEFORE CAMBRAI—A CONTEST OF GIANTS—PROFIT AND LOSS—A CRITICAL ISSUE—FRENCH LOCAL COMBATS—ITALY AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

IT was inevitable that the Germans, so soundly knocked at Cambrai, should make superhuman efforts to neutralise Sir Julian Byng's great forward drive. When our last article was written, no very serious counter-attack had been recorded, and further progress on our part was confidently expected. But the enemy, considerably eased by the state of affairs on the Eastern front, was at that time preparing an onslaught which, for mass and suddenness, has scarcely had its parallel in the entire course of the war. The immediate result was a penetration of our line, and an undeniable modification of a great victory. Such things must be in war; but the result, somewhat disappointing, is by no means beyond repair, although it will involve a less speedy conquest of Cambrai than the earlier omens gave us good reason to expect. On Nov. 30, the enemy, striking suddenly on the two flanks of the new British salient—with the obvious design of cutting it off, if possible—scored the advantages of a surprise. On the north, their drive was along the Bapaume-Cambrai road to the south of the now famous Bourlon Wood. They got as far as the sugar factory which lies between Bourlon and Anneux, a little to the west of both. On the south they reached Gouzeaucourt, somewhat behind our jumping-off line on Nov. 20. From Gouzeaucourt, however, they were driven out after bitter and determined fighting. At Gonnelieu and La Vacquerie they held what they had taken. On Dec. 1 our troops evacuated Masnières, the point at which we had crossed the Scheldt Canal in the great forward movement. Elsewhere along the salient the British held their own. On the same day nine tremendous attacks were delivered on our positions, and were withstood. On the 2nd, attacks around La Vacquerie and Bourlon were crushed by our fire. On the 3rd the Germans resumed the offensive with great violence; there was a slight withdrawal at La Vacquerie and east of Marcoing. South of Marcoing the enemy broke through for a time, but the situation was immediately restored. On the 4th, enemy artillery was active at Bourlon and Mœuvres, and at the latter place concentrations of hostile infantry were broken up before an attack could develop. The same occurred east of Gouzeaucourt, and the German guns were at the same time busy near La Vacquerie. On the 5th, minor attacks on Gonnelieu were successfully repulsed, and our troops fought with advantage in local affairs round about La Vacquerie. Once more at Bourlon Wood and at Mœuvres our artillery broke up infantry formations preparing to attack. During the night of Dec. 4-5 a slight

PHOTOGRAPHED WITHIN TWO HOURS OF THE CAPTURE OF THE VILLAGE: GERMAN PRISONERS AT RIBECOURT.
Official Photograph.

withdrawal was ordered from the salient of which the base line ran from Bourlon to Noyelles l'Escaut, a front of some four miles' extent. The Germans did not seem to be aware of the movement until it had been successfully carried out

ON THE WESTERN FRONT, NEAR CAMBRAI: IRISH TROOPS IN TRENCHES CAPTURED FROM THE GERMANS.—[*Official Photograph.*]

and the enemy's field-works in that sector entirely destroyed. Local fighting continued at La Vacquerie, and south-west of that village our line was slightly advanced. The last report of the same day showed no further important change in the situation. During the day heavy artillery firing was reported from points south of the Scarpe and near Armentières.

The enemy scored an advantage in a few square miles of territory, but for that he has paid a terrible price. With a recklessness equalling, perhaps surpassing, that of Verdun, he fed his attacking line with human flesh and blood, bringing his troops on by whole divisions at once. Still he clung to massed formations, upon which our guns and rifles did fearful execution. The depletion had its effect. Prisoners spoke of projected attacks abandoned through the weakening of the forces detailed to carry out the operations. But they spoke also of constant reinforcements marked out ruthlessly for slaughter. Such carnage it is impossible to realise. Did we realise it, we could not write of it. It is hell let loose. The enemy brought on his victims, drugged or drunken. Such hideous fighting ensued as has not yet been known even in Armageddon. Yet this is no argument for the Pacifist. Mr. Kipling has given him the lie once for all in "The Holy War"—"No dealings with Diabolus, so long as Mansoul stands."

The enemy claimed 9000 prisoners and 100 guns. On the authority of Mr. Philip Gibbs, it was stated that most of the guns were afterwards recovered. During the whole of the struggle our airmen did remarkably fine work, co-operating with the infantry, and harrying the enemy troops with bombs and machine-gun fire from low altitudes. Their observation for the guns and their photographic work was also carried out with the utmost daring and address, and the Tanks again proved a great support to our infantry in action. Their co-ordination is now said to be remarkable, and resembles the movements of a battle fleet.

Simultaneously with the great struggle before Cambrai, there was local fighting north of Passchendaele and south-east of Polygon Wood, with some advantage to our forces and slight improvements of position. In that region considerable activity of hostile artillry was also reported, but nowhere was there an event of special interest. Good work was done by our airmen on an aerodrome north of Douai, and railways and factories at Zweibrucken and Saarbruck were successfully bombed.

The news of the period from the French front was merely of artillery activity, local attacks, and minor raids. On the 3rd the guns were busy north of the Chemin des Dames and on the right bank of the Meuse. In the Woevre an enemy

IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: HIGHLANDERS MAKING A HASTY TOILET WHILE OUR LIMBERS ARE PASSING WITH AMMUNITION.—[*Official Photograph.*]

attack was driven back by our Allies' fire; in the Vosges a hostile raid came to nothing. On the 4th, at Tahure and Maisons de Champagne there was a fierce artillery duel, and two attacks on small posts were beaten down. At Avocourt and

Forges, west of Verdun, attacks fell away before French gun-fire. The guns were active also in the Beaumont sector, north-east of Verdun, and near Bonhomme in the Vosges.

A lull of almost a week on the Italian front was broken at length by continuous artillery fire rising hourly in intensity, and manifestly the preparation for a new assault. On Dec. 4 the enemy were drum-firing, and then the first assault was launched from the north-west towards Monte Sisenol and the slopes of Maletta. The other expected attack north-east had been predicted with less accuracy. It came at a point some six miles further west than Monte Pertica, in the region of Tondarecar and Badenecche. Italian barrage for a time held up the advance and dispersed attacking masses, but the enemy flung into the fight tremendous bodies of troops, and carried from the rear the heights of Castelgombarto and Maletta di Gallio. The Italians contested the ground foot by foot, but superior numbers forced them to a gradual and orderly withdrawal. Some gallant Alpini, cut off on Monte Fior and Monte Castelgombarto, would not retreat, and made a heroic last stand. East of Castelgombarto a powerful enemy attempt to carry the line of the Upper Brenta, was repulsed with heavy losses. The enemy claimed 11,000 prisoners and 60 guns. On Dec. 3 British airmen struck the Expeditionary Force's first blow for Italy above Italian soil.

On the morning of the 6th, under a late-rising and waning moon, twenty-five raiding Gothas crossed the south-east coast. Entering by way of Kent, the first group dropped a few bombs, and shortly afterwards a second group came up the Thames and penetrated some distance into Kent. Between 4 and 4.30 a.m. two groups flying over Essex, and three flying over Kent, headed for London, evidently intending to attack from the north-east, east, and south-west. They were met by effective gun-fire, and not more than five or six machines got well over London. One or two explosive and a large number of incendiary bombs were dropped on various Metropolitan areas. Fires broke out, but were quickly extinguished. The total casualties reported were seven killed and twenty-two injured. There was little material damage.

The most notable political incident of the week was President Wilson's speech to Congress on Dec. 4. The President once more asserted the war-aims of America. She will pay ungrudgingly a full price for peace, but she means to win. There will be no dealings with the Germany of dishonour. When her present conscienceless leaders are crushed and the country has spokesmen who can be believed, it will be time to negotiate. The President outlined a full programme of deliverance, restoration, and reparation. His last word was most significant.—London: Dec. 8, 1917.

"REMEMBER EDITH CAVELL": A NEW MEMORIAL HOME OF REST FOR NURSES.

The beautiful old country residence, Raven House, Adderley, near Market Drayton, has just been opened as one of the Edith Cavell Memorial Homes of Rest. The house had been used by the War Office as an auxiliary hospital, but proved too small, and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Corbet offered it to the Cavell Committee, and has undertaken to raise a considerable sum towards the cost of maintenance. Mrs. Corbet is the wife of Mr. Reginald Corbet, of Adderley, and a daughter of the twenty-third Baron de Clifford.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Scientific Eaves-Dropping by Microphone.

A FRENCH LISTENING-POST: OFFICERS OVERHEARING BY MICROPHONE TALK IN GERMAN TRENCHES.

It has been said that all is fair in love and war, and, however that may be, the practice of eaves-dropping has been reduced to a science for military purposes. The apparatus known as the microphone is a mechanical device for the detection of faint sounds at a distance, and for making them audible to the person using it. The head-piece is somewhat similar to that of a telephone-receiver, as the above photograph shows. Two French officers are seen ensconced in a rocky dug-out listening at leisure to the remarks of unsuspecting Germans in the enemy trenches, with a view to obtaining useful information. Kindred instruments are likewise used for detecting the approach of hostile aircraft, and in mining operations, for locating the enemy's counter-mines.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

On Ground Won and Held during Cambrai Battle.

SMART WORK: A WATER-SUPPLY STATION READY; CLEARING THE CANAL DU NORD FOR TRANSPORT.

The despatch with which special duty troops in the immediate rear of the battle-line are set to work all over captured ground, even while battle is proceeding a short distance in advance, and carry out work allotted to them, is shown in these two Cambrai battlefield illustrations. In the upper, a drinking-water pumping-station for men and horses is seen already erected and in service on ground held not many hours before by the enemy. In the lower illustration a detachment is seen clearing a section of the bed of the Canal du Nord, which we crossed and secured in our advance, in order to enable water to be let in and barge traffic bringing up army stores to be carried on. In the background water may be seen, indicating a filled canal section adjoining, dammed back while the clearing is in progress.—[*Official Photographs.*]

In a Captured German Position on a Cambrai Battlefield.

TROPHIES: A GERMAN 5·9-INCH NAVAL GUN; AN EX-GERMAN DONKEY AND CART.

A captured German naval 5·9-inch gun, which the mud of the battlefield and the swiftness of our surprise attack at the opening of Cambrai battle did not give the enemy time to withdraw, as the Germans usually try to do when anticipating a British advance, is shown in the upper illustration. The clogging encrustation of mud on the wheels suggests the difficulty the Germans have, in common with ourselves, of course, in moving heavy pieces after the autumn rains. "Whistling Percy," from the sound of its shell in flight, is stated to be the gun's name; its station was apparently known to our men before the battle. A companion "trophy" to the gun, in the shape of a donkey with a light cart, is seen in the lower illustration on the right, with a number of soldiers clustered all about the place.—[*Official Photographs.*]

"The Italian Army has Emerged from the Tria

MEN WHO HAVE SHOWN "HEROISM" IN SAVING THE SITUATION, AND RESISTING FOR OVER TH

The Italian retreat in face of the Austro-German offensive was followed by a long struggle, in which the Italians fought gallantly against great odds. Comparing the situation a few days ago, when the enemy's guns became increasingly active and fresh attacks were expected, with that on the Isonzo during the period here illustrated, a Reuter message from Italy

A Road in the Lower Isonzo during the Retreat.

EEKS AGAINST OVERWHELMING FORCES": THE RETREAT OF THE ITALIAN THIRD ARMY.

says: "Now conditions are quite different. The Italian Army has emerged from the trial, and both the French and British give them full credit for the heroism shown in saving the situation and resisting alone . . . overwhelming forces. They now have at their side the troops of the Allies." British and French troops in Italy appear on other pages.—[*Italian Official Photograph.*]

British Gunners now fighting Germans in Italy.

BRITISH TROOPS POURING IN ITALY: AN ARTILLERY COLUMN ON THE MARCH.

"The first shots exchanged between the British Expeditionary Force and the Germans on the Italian front," writes Mr. G. Ward Price from the British Headquarters in Italy, "have brought success to our arms." It was a fight in the air, where four British aeroplanes encountered twelve German machines, of which they destroyed one and seriously damaged two others. On their arrival in Italy a few weeks earlier, our men and the French were greeted by the people with the utmost enthusiasm. Describing scenes of that time, such as those shown above in our illustrations, a Reuter correspondent said: "Some places on the Italian front seem to be entirely occupied by British troops, so large is the number of British officers and men who are pouring in by motor-car, motor-cycle, and lorry, on horse-back, on mules, or on

[Continued opposite.

Italy's Welcome to the "Belli Inglesi."

"THE BRITISH TROOPS ARE THE OBJECTS OF ALL SORTS OF KINDNESSES": A ROADSIDE MEAL.

(Continued.)

foot, or, indeed, by any means of transportation available. . . . The British troops, comprising cavalry, artillery, and infantry, present a magnificent appearance as they extend along the road for miles. . . . The troops are cheerful and in splendid condition. The artillery is equipped with guns in great number, with fine horses: and besides all these are endless lines of mules, lorries, carts pontoons, and the endless other items of *matériel* necessary for an army. . . . Everywhere the British troops are the objects of all sorts of kindnesses on the part of the population. The women gather in great crowds to watch the 'Belli Inglesi' (the handsome English)." On our right-hand page an Italian lady is seen handing refreshments to British soldiers during a halt.

French Troops in Italy: The First Death.

THE FIRST FRENCH SOLDIER TO DIE IN ITALY BURIED AT MILAN: THE FUNERAL; THE GRAVE.

The French troops so promptly despatched to Italy after the Italian reverse made a remarkably rapid march towards the front, and, like our own men, received the heartiest welcome from the Italian people, to whom their arrival was a source of great encouragement. "Yesterday as I drove along," writes a "Times" correspondent on December 2, from the French Headquarters in Italy, "I found myself almost wondering whether I was back in Champagne. It was good to see the long columns of men in blue marching steadily along, always in the same direction, towards the front . . . and to feel what their presence means to Italy and the common cause. . . . Two specially distinguished battalions were presented yesterday by General Fayolle to General Diaz. With him was General Duchesne, commanding a

[Continued opposite

French Troops on the Italian Front.

THE FRENCH IN ITALY: A REGIMENT REVIEWED IN A VILLAGE; SUPPLY LORRIES AT DESENZANO.

Continued.]—

French army. . . . As the review took place in a tiny village near the front, there was only a handful of spectators of this first official inspection of French troops by the Italian commander. But in spirit the whole of Italy was there, and in the hearts of every one of the brave Italian soldiers who have fought so finely to repel the invader since the black days of the retreat, there will be a universal response to the words which General Diaz addressed to the French troops to the sound of guns, after the playing of the 'Marseillaise,' and the Royal Hymn of Italy. 'Je connais depuis longtemps,' he said speaking in excellent French, 'votre valeur, et je suis convaincu que vous allez en donner de nouvelles preuves.'" The French and Italian soldiers are firm friends.—[*French and Italian Official Photographs.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXIX.—THE 28TH NORTH GLOUCESTERSHIRES.

TOM PATTEN'S DRINK.

SHORTLY before the battle of the Nivelle, the 28th North Gloucestershire Regiment, nicknamed the "Slashers" (from the good use they had made of their swords during the early part of the American War), went into cantonments. Their position was at the village of La Rosoir, on a narrow curve of the River Nive. French and British were not separated by any great distance, and their sentries on the opposite banks of the stream were within half musket-shot of each other. One French sentry, in fact, could actually look in at the windows of a house where some British officers were quartered. Both sides were tired for the time of fighting, and let each other alone. As the winter went on, they even went further and became friendly. Very soon the peasantry learned to trust the British soldiers, and finding them ready to pay their way, opened a market for country produce.

A SEAPLANE, ON SERVICE OFF THE PIAVE TO DETECT U-BOATS, WHICH CAME TO GRIEF: THE REMAINS ON BEING BROUGHT BACK TO THE AERODROME.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The French and British officers used to meet at a narrow part of the river to discuss the campaign. The Frenchmen either did not believe that Napoleon had been defeated in Germany, or they pretended not to believe it, according to Colonel Cadell, who tells the story. An Englishman rolled up a stone in a copy of the *Star* and pitched it across the river. But the stone fell through the paper, which dropped into the water. "Your good news," said a witty French officer, "is very soon damped."

A month or two later the hostile outposts were again in close touch at the barrier half-way between St. Pierre and Bayonne. Again they were divided by a stream, this time a mere rivulet, along which the British sentries were posted. Once more the officers of the opposing forces fraternised even to intimacy, as there was no fighting on hand. The rank and file had also got on excellent terms with the enemy, and had gone so far as to enter into commercial relations with them. The French, being well supplied with tobacco and brandy, were not averse to trade in these comforts.

The market was conducted thus. On the right of the line of sentries was a low, thick wood, forming a good screen to what might be going on down by the brook. It masked one of the French sentry-posts most conveniently. Opposite this

[*Continued overleaf.*

ONE OF THE VESSELS TOLD OFF TO DO DUTY IN SAFEGUARDING OUR MONITORS OFF THE PIAVE DELTA AGAINST U-BOATS: AN ITALIAN DESTROYER.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Another Allies' War Honour for Verdun.

JAPAN'S TRIBUTE: PRESENTING A SWORD OF HONOUR IN PARIS TO THE MAYOR; THE SWORD.

In official acknowledgement of the supreme value to the Allied cause of the ultra-heroic defence of Verdun, practically all the Allied Governments have bestowed exceptional decorations and badges of distinction on the city. France, naturally, led the way with the Legion of Honour and other emblems of the highest distinction. King George conferred a similar high British decoration, sending a high Court dignitary as his representative at the ceremony. The ex-Emperor of Russia did the same last year. Now Japan has sent Verdun a Sword of Honour by a special delegation, who presented the Sword to the Mayor at the Grand Palais, Paris. In the lower illustration the Mayor is holding the sword. Next him is an official bearing the Allies' decorations displayed on a cushion.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

post, then, the British used to put down a large stone in the rivulet, and on the stone was set a canteen containing a quarter-dollar. It was not long before the quarter-dollar was gone and the canteen full of brandy.

This practice led to a curious adventure. One afternoon, about dusk, Private Tom Patten, an Irishman and a daring fellow, went down to the river to get a drink—not of water. He went through the usual forms and retired. When he returned, after the usual interval, his canteen and quarter-dollar were duly gone. He retired once more, to give the enemy time, and returned to find no sign of the lawful equivalent. Tom was a patient fellow. He thought no ill of the enemy at first, and hung about all night. The moon rose, but showed no can of comfortable liquor. Still Tom lingered on in hope. At last his temper gave out. No wonder—he was cold, weary, and at length convinced that he had been cheated. Just about day-break—the victim had waited the whole of a January night—Tom saw what he took to be the same sentry who had been on guard when the canteen was put down. He sprang across the brook, and, before the Frenchman knew what was happening, Tom seized the sentry's musket and wrenched it away from the supposed culprit. Not content with that for a pledge, he seized the poor man and shook him out of his accoutrements. These he also annexed, and sprang back across the stream with his spoil, shouting that he would keep musket, bayonet, belts, and pouches until he got his canteen of brandy. He directed the Frenchman to deliver these at the picquet-house.

Thereupon Patten returned, as morning parade was imminent. An hour or two later, when the men were falling in, a sergeant announced that a flag of truce was at the barrier. Captain Cadell went down at once to the place, and found the officer of the French picquet much disturbed in mind. He told what had happened to his man, and said that if the arms and accoutrements were not given back at once he would lose his commission and the sentry would be shot. Captain Cadell at once sent a sergeant to see whether the missing property was in the picquet-house. The N.C.O. returned with Patten, who came up scratching his head and saying that he had the things in pawn for a canteen of brandy and a quarter-dollar.

He then gave up the arms and equipment, and the French Captain, stepping behind, slipped two five-franc pieces into Tom's hand. But these the incorruptible Patten refused.

That was not, however, the end of the affair. Patten had been guilty of a grave breach of discipline. He was sent to the guard-room, and a few days later found himself before a courtmartial. He was found guilty, and sentenced to receive three hundred lashes before the whole Division. All the regiments were assembled at the alarm post to witness punishment. Poor Tom was brought out, and all present had a lecture from Sir Rowland Hill on the unprecedented crime, which might have cost thousands of lives. This was all very grim; but at the last moment the General added that, for his many acts of gallantry since the Douro, Tom was pardoned. The cat was put up, and Patten returned to his quarters, where his comrades welcomed him with a rousing three cheers.

POSED WITH HIS CAPTORS BEFORE THE CAMERA: AN UNDERSIZED TURKISH PRISONER TAKEN NEAR GAZA.

IN AN AUSTRALIAN CAMP COOKHOUSE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: PREPARING BULLY-BEEF RISSOLES FOR THE EVENING MEAL.
Australian Official Photograph.

A Canal Captured in the Cambrai Battle.

ENGINEERS CLEARING THE CANAL DU NORD: A GENERAL VIEW; A WRECKED BRIDGE.

The Canal du Nord figured prominently in the great British victory near Cambrai. The official despatch said: "Ulster battalions . . . moved northwards up the west bank of the Canal du Nord. . . . English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh battalions secured the crossings of the Canal at Masnières, and captured Marcoing and Neuf Wood. The West Riding troops . . . made remarkable progress east of the Canal du Nord, storming the villages of Graincourt and Anneux, and, with the Ulster troops operating west of the Canal, carried the whole of the German line northwards to the Bapaume-Cambrai Road." Our photographs were taken later, when the Engineers were preparing to blow up the wreckage of a bridge destroyed by the enemy. The explosion is shown on the succeeding double-page.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Clearing away a Bridge Blown Up by the

WHERE ULSTER TROOPS ESPECIALLY DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES: A WRECKED BRIDGE ON THE C

This photograph shows the sequel to the operations illustrated on the page preceding, Engineers clearing away a wrecke bridge on the Canal du Nord which the Germans had blown up in their retreat before our victorious troops near Cambrai Describing his view of the opening battle, Mr. Perry Robinson says: "Immediately before us the deep cutting of the Cana

Germans near Cambrai: Operations by the R.E.

DU NORD DESTROYED—THE EXPLOSION, FOLLOWING PREPARATIONS SHOWN ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE.

du Nord, where it turns and runs almost due north, was plainly visible as the day grew." Later he writes: "The Ulstermen . . . continued to work their way north . . . along the west side of the Canal, while, with the help of the Engineers, who did some extraordinary work in building a bridge over the Canal, they got across."—[*Official Photograph.*]

German Prisoners in the Hands of th

AT THE DINNER-TIME PARADE, WHEN THE PRISONERS ARE

German prisoners at a detention camp in France are seen here at dinner-time, filing to fill their pannikins from the cans of h soup set down ready for them. The prisoners fall in by companies, the flank of each company being opposite a line of sou cans. The roll of those who should be there is called, thus turning the dinner parade to account in checking attempts at esca

lies: At a Detention Camp in France.

BY ROLL: FILING BY COMPANIES TO FILL THEIR SOUP-CANS.

After roll-call, the prisoners file off to the soup-cans. It is not stated how many German prisoners the French hold; we, according to official figures, took 180,951 up to the end of November, exclusive of those taken in S.W. Africa, West Africa, in the Pacific Islands, and naval prisoners. From the Western Front alone the total is 124,243.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

During Cambrai Battle: During the Advance

THE WAY OF A TANK WHERE ROADS, OR WIDE TRENCH

The view in the foreground of the illustration of a Tank in the act of climbing a steep roadside bank as it stolidly forges its way forward, gives one an excellently realistic idea of the resistless way our "Land Dreadnoughts" hold their course in action over ground inequalities. Other Tanks are seen beyond, in advance of the captured German gun, seen on the bank

of the Tank Squadrons to Clear the Way.

HAVE TO BE CROSSED: DOWN ONE SIDE, UP THE OTHER.

across the road, moving forward in file, in regular naval "line-ahead" formation. Smoke is drifting off, apparently from their guns. Just as the Tank in the foreground is seen clambering up and over in beetle fashion, all Tanks "take" the German trenches, down one side, up the other.—[*Official Photograph.*]

At Verdun: Turning Vauban's Ditch to Account.

IN THE FOSSE OF VERDUN CITADEL: FRENCH ARMY COOKS' QUARTERS WELL UNDER COVER.

Verdun Citadel, in the fosse, or ditch, of which French cooks are seen established, like other citadels of former-day fortresses, is built within the old ramparts, but cut off by a narrow deep ditch, separating the citadel, from the main belt of fortifications round the city. Originally a Roman fortified camp of the Caesars, then a mediaeval fortress, Louis the Fourteenth's famous engineer, Vauban, fortified the city, and built the citadel as at present in external form. When, after the Franco-German War of 1870, the French modernised the defences of Verdun, they did so by building the ring of outlying forts which figured in the defence during the present war, but leaving practically intact the inner Vauban fortifications, including the citadel with its eighteenth-century ditch.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

A Wire-Netting Barricade in a French Trench.

ON THE FRENCH FRONT IN CHAMPAGNE: A TRENCH-BARRICADE OF WIRE TRELLIS-WORK.

It is sometimes necessary in trench-warfare for troops to construct barricades in their own trenches, at certain points where an incursion of the enemy might be expected. Trench-raids are, of course, frequently carried out by both sides all along the front, so often, in fact, that they have become a commonplace in the daily communiqués from the various headquarters. It may well be imagined that a trench-barricade can be very useful on such occasions, either for forming a point of defence, or as a means for impeding a hostile raiding party and, perhaps, cutting off their escape. Barricades take different forms, according to the materials at hand for their construction. In the present case, on the Champagne front, the French have made effective use of timber and wire netting.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: XI.—THE SOLDIER OF SONG AND DANCE.

PETER is a New Warrior; his scientific rôle is in song and dance. Peter is a junior officer with a full command of under a dozen, some of them Light Duty men; but in his General's opinion Peter's work is having a most damaging effect on Hindenburg's reserves. I don't mean Peter's work is as bad as all that, because Peter is O.C. Follies; I mean that the effect of Peter's magic on our men gives them any amount of extra punch.

When this war interfered with his work Peter was an actor, also he could piano. While he was training he pianoed quite a lot, and when he went out to war he soothed the ears of Company Officers by making homely and familiar noises on all those bad pianos that are left derelict behind the line. For quite other gifts, Peter went to Brigade H.Q.; while using his other gifts in deadly directions, he seduced the Brigadier with rag-time and imitations of officers and Generals *other* than Brigadiers. Just about this time somebody with a brain started official Follies. A Divisional Train erupted talent and put it on a concert platform. The result was good; the effect was excellent. Generals, who happen to be as sharp as they are made, in spite of all the jokes that are penned about them, put down "Follies" in their little gold-lined note-books as useful weapons of war. Peter's Brigadier had a very good brain. He told Peter that he found his noises on the piano attractive, and he had better made himself more public and beneficial. Peter was from that moment O.C. Follies, with plenary powers, and a lien on Canteen Funds.

BRAZIL JOINS UP: THE BRAZILIAN PRESIDENT, SENHOR VENCESLAO BRAZ, SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF WAR WITH GERMANY.

On left is Senhor Nilo Peçanha, the Brazilian Foreign Minister; next, the President affixing his signature; seated on the right, Senhor Urbano dos Santos, Vice-President of the Republic.

Plenary powers meant that Peter could snatch, kidnap, press-gang, and otherwise obtain his talent. Peter was Brigade Follies. All other Follies (regimental and the like) hid their W. H. Berrys in shell-dumps, and disguised their tenors as Tanks, in order to evade the insatiable net of Peter; but Peter had been a regimental officer, and he knew by the cock of a Mess President's ears that a Harry Lauder was hidden somewhere.

Peter, with circumspection, collected his troupe and trained them with vigour, and they were good.

O.C. Follying isn't merely bringing your troupe on to a stage, and, at the command "Company—

[Continued overleaf.

A RATION CONVOY CAUGHT IN THE OPEN AND OVERWHELMED BY SHELL-FIRE: THE WRECKED WAGONS HAULED ASIDE OFF THE TRACK AND LYING DERELICT.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

A Gotha that Rammed a Precipice: The Result.

AFTER FAILING TO BOMB CALAIS: THE WRECKED GOTHA AT LOW TIDE OFF CAPE BLANC NEZ.

The only Germans who see Calais nowadays, or are likely to do so, except as prisoners, are German airmen. They have made many attempts at raiding Calais with bomb-dropping Gothas, occasionally with some success, but more often they are beaten off. One of their attempts recently, which took place on the night of November 6, resulted in leaving in the hands of the French, as a trophy, the Gotha seen in the above illustrations. It broke down, or got damaged, during the attack, and then lost itself in a sea-fog off the coast, finally blundering up against the face of the chalk precipice of Cape Blanc Nez, between Calais and Boulogne, and falling into the sea on the sand-flats in front. It was high tide when the Gotha fell, with the result that the three Germans on board were drowned.—[*Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

Let Rip," producing full effect. There are lots of other little things to do—for instance, before getting on to one's stage one has to get it. Stages are difficult. Peter got the Sappers to build one for him, and that, for a time, was the sum-total of his theatre—just a covered-in stage with his audience in the open. He also got the A.S.C. to

THE AUTHOR OF THE "SINK WITHOUT TRACE" PLAN FOR U-BOATS: COUNT LUXBURG, THE REJECTED GERMAN MINISTER TO THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The photograph was taken since the publication of the Argentine Government's decree declaring the Count a "persona non grata."

provide a lorry when his company had to tour. It had to do this frequently—not only when Brigade "changed direction," but also when he had to visit outlying points of his "command" to give concerts to men who couldn't get into the original theatre.

On occasion Peter is lucky. He finds a Y.M.C.A. hut or a barn or—luckiest of all—a war-theatre left behind, as is sometimes the case, by the French. When this latter happens he has a real stage, and wings and footlights, and battens which are worked for him by obliging Sappers. Whatever the conditions, however, Peter gives one, and more often than not two, shows a day—weather and shelling permitting.

His répertoire is thoroughly up-to-date. If you are going to write out to people in Peter's Brigade to tell them about a song you have just heard in the second edition of "Zig-Zag," don't do it. They have already heard it from Peter's Follies. Peter's troupe has the latest songs almost as soon as they have them in Town—certainly before they have dawned upon the suburbs. And they have their own gorgeous songs too—really brilliant parodies of the songs of the Empires. Peter, last time he was home, sang me a clinking version of "The 5.15" which he called "The 5.9." These parodies are red-hot and up-to-date; I shouldn't be at all surprised if Peter wasn't singing a ribald song to a well-known tune all about Hindenburg and his Line that is no more, not twenty-four hours after the British Tanks had written "R.I.P." over the banked wire before Cambrai.

Peter gets the latest thing in songs fr m officers back from leave; also music-publishers are extremely generous—and, indeed, so is everybody connected with the acting profession. I know, for instance, that the whole, or nearly the whole, of Peter's "wardrobe" was sent to him by men and women friends on the stage.

Well, it 's worth it. Peter gives his concerts to an audience never less than 500, and frequently more than 2000. It is a first-class concert, equal to most that can be heard in London, and better than many, for Peter knows his work and isn't content with the second-best. The men to whom he gives his concert are sometimes only just out of the trenches; at all times they are never more than a day or two coming from or going to the trenches. He gives his concerts at times under depressing conditions, and to men too limp to laugh. "They are as cold as carven images when we begin," he has told me. "It almost breaks your heart." And he added, "But we get 'em—get 'em every time." W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

AN AUSTRIAN LONDONER TAKEN ON THE EASTERN FRONT: AN ALIEN WOOD GREEN FRUIT-SELLER MADE PRISONER BY OUR RECENTLY RETURNED ARMOURED-CAR SQUADRON IN GALICIA.

The man said that, before the war, he lived in London, and had a fruit-stall outside Wood Green Station. He said that he hoped to return there after the war.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

The New Sultan of Egypt's State Entry into Cairo.

NOTES *EN ROUTE*: EGYPTIAN LANCERS HEADING THE PROCESSION; ANZACS ON PARADE.

The new Sultan of Egypt made his official State entry into the Abdin Palace, Cairo, on October 11, driving through the streets of the city from his villa in a State carriage with four horses, and escorted by Lancers of the Egyptian Army. "Running footmen," after the ancient Oriental style, were at each side of the carriage. The route was lined throughout by troops of the British Army in Egypt. Among them were Anzacs, whose presence gave a unique touch to the historic ceremony. At the Abdin Palace itself, where the Princes and the Moslem religious dignitaries and State officials awaited the Sultan, British and Egyptian troops formed the guard of honour, and as the Sultan arrived, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The presence of the varied nationalities lent a picturesqueness of its own to the ceremony.

The Enemy's Last Attempt to Stand in East Africa.

WHERE THE ENEMY FINALLY MUSTERED: ON THE RUFIGI RIVER; A PALM-FRINGED COAST ROAD.

The River Rufigi, in German East Africa, has a place of its own henceforward in British military and naval annals. It was near there that the enemy, driven in from all over the colony, hoped—in vain—to hold out. It was also on one of the lower reaches, where the forest comes down to the river brink, that the German cruiser "Königsberg" was trapped and destroyed by two monitors. In spite of her *camouflage* of palm-tree-top branches and festoons of greenery, she was marked down and shelled to destruction, the monitors firing over the forest tree-tops at long range, while their shots were directed by aeroplanes. Cruisers first discovered the "Königsberg's" hiding-place and blocked her in by sinking vessels across the river. Some of her 4·1 guns were salved by the enemy—to be taken by our troops.

The Final Rout of the Germans in East Africa.

DURING THE RETREAT: A RAILWAY BRIDGE AND TRAIN DESTROYED; AN ABANDONED 4·1-INCH GUN.

The last few weeks' operations in the rounding up, breaking up, and finally driving in rout across the Portuguese border of the last resisting German forces in East Africa, provided constant scenes of bridge-destruction and the abandonment of war *matériel* by the enemy for the eyes of their pursuers. The German General von Lettow-Vorbeck, on being forced to abandon the interior, kept as long as possible along the railways while he retired towards the coast, and every bridge he left in rear was destroyed. In the upper illustration, one bridge is seen as blown up with a train on it. In the lower illustration, one of the last of the German heaviest guns, a 4·1-inch naval gun salved from the "Königsberg" is seen as found. Other guns from the ship destroyed in the Rufigi were taken in earlier stages of the campaign.

On the Palestine Front during General Allenby's Advance.

IN OPEN COUNTRY: A BRIEF REST WHILE PURSUING THE TURKS; RESERVES IN "BARKING CREEK."

Men of one of the battalions of a certain famous old British regiment, referred to by implication in Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft," now with General Allenby in Palestine, are seen in these two illustrations. In the upper illustration, a number of them are seen, within two hours of driving the Turks before them across the ground where the men are, while having a brief interval of rest before orders come to resume the pursuit. Some are passing the time by cleaning their rifles from the particles of the sand and grit which pervade everything. Others are using the respite for a well-earned nap in the sun, having a brief siesta. The wadi, or dried-up river-bed, in which reserve men of the same corps are seen, was dubbed by them in the free-and-easy camp fashion, "Barking Creek."

On the Palestine Front during General Allenby's Advance.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE BEERSHEBA BATTLE: BROAD-WHEELED AMBULANCES; TURKISH SPOILS.

Ambulances with wheel tyres broadened and shod, or boxed in, to enable deep sand to be crossed without entailing more fatigue than is unavoidable on the horses, are seen following the advancing troops of General Allenby's army in Palestine. The casing round the tyres of several kinds of vehicles in this manner was adopted originally for crossing the Sinai Desert. We published photographs in a previous issue of vehicles with their wheels so fitted, seen quite close. For wounded in the ambulances, the smoothness of motion over the sand surface, with such wheels, means a great difference in comfort. The lower illustration shows Turkish spoils taken in the battle at Beersheba, stacked in the town: Krupp guns and artillery wagons, and a Krupp field-kitchen.

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

TO Dr. Elsie Inglis, M.B.C.M., for whom every member of the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Foreign Service, and our Allies in France, Roumania, Russia, and more especially Serbia mourn, belongs the credit of having initiated the hospital units that have done such wonderful service during the war and created a new and splendid record of women's achievements in the battle zone.

. . .

The war was still in its infancy when Dr. Inglis, then holding the post of surgeon at the Edinburgh Hospital and Dispensary for Women and Children, decided that the medical services of women should be organised for the benefit of the country. The result of the decision was the initiation and organisation of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, medical units staffed entirely by women, and equipped and started through the efforts of the Scottish Federation of Women Suffrage Societies, and extended and maintained at a later date by funds collected by the members of the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies in Great Britain.

LADY GARDENERS AT WINDSOR: TENDING BEGONIAS.

Among the favourite flowers for the adornment of the royal rooms at Windsor are begonias. To-day the careful tending of the plants is entrusted to lady gardeners, some of whom are seen at work in our picture.—[*Photograph by Alfieri.*]

. . . . . .

Dr. Inglis's idea was to place the units at the disposal of the British medical authorities. But officialdom in general, and the War Office in particular, not yet awake to the value of women's help, refused the offer. Nothing daunted, the Scottish women proffered their services to the French, who accepted them with alacrity; and Dr. Inglis proceeded to France, where matters of preliminary organisation occupied her attention for a while.

. . . . . .

Her greatest work, and possibly also that which lay nearest to her heart, was, however, that carried on by the units in Serbia, whither she first went in April 1915 as Commissioner to the hospital units there established, called out by the awful epidemic of typhus that added to the sufferings of the unfortunate Serbs. At the time of the Serbian retreat Dr. Inglis, with a second unit, remained to look after her patients at Krushevatz, where she stayed during the enemy occupation, and was taken a prisoner by the Austrians, and later by the Germans.

. . .

The next year (1916) saw her at home, and though the privations which, in common with her staff, she had suffered were sufficient to daunt the bravest woman, Dr. Inglis, with characteristic initiative and energy, set to work at the organisation of fresh units for service far afield. It was during this period that the Scottish women once again offered their help to the British authorities, volunteering to go to Mesopotamia, where, as the world now knows and most people then suspected, medical arrangements had hopelessly broken down. Once again the offer was turned down, and on the last day of August last year Dr. Inglis, with a unit consisting of some eighty women, including a transport column under the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield, set out to join the Serbian Division

[*Continued overleaf.*

Forerunners of the Grand Fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XVI.

THE FIRST OF OUR ARMOURED CRUISERS: THE PARTIALLY ARMOURED "NELSON" OF 1876.

The "Nelson," built in 1876, with a sister ship, the "Northampton," represented a new departure at the time of their construction. The pair were partially armoured cruisers, built experimentally for special service. They were equipped with masts and sails for cruising work in distant seas. The type did not prove an unqualified success, according to the intentions of the designers, although the two vessels proved otherwise very useful ships and comfortable sea-boats during the years they were in commission. The "Nelson" for some time served as flag-ship on the Australian station, and flew the flag of Admiral Sir George Tryon (who went down later in the "Victoria" catastrophe), while that Admiral was in command of the Australian station. Some Anzacs at the front may well remember seeing her as boys.

of the Russian Army operating in the Dobrudja. Throughout the retreat in the face of the advancing Bulgarians the units worked with heroic courage and supreme unselfishness, and until a few short weeks ago Dr. Inglis remained in Southern Russia, and Great Britain could have wished no better or nobler representative.

. . . .

Four weeks ago, in command of her unit, she embarked for home. Though she had been far from well for some time, her marvellous pluck and indomitable spirit helped her to "carry on" to the last. Not till those under her charge had been safely landed did she show any sign of yielding to a strain under which most women would have broken down months before. Dr. Inglis landed on Sunday, but it is no exaggeration to say she died on active service, for she had already sketched out plans for further usefulness to be put into immediate execution. Fate ruled otherwise. Within a few hours of her arrival she was seized with the illness that terminated fatally on Monday night, Nov. 26. It is not only men of whom war demands the sacrifice of everything—even life itself.

. . . .

Some idea of the estimation in which the Serbians held Dr. Inglis is shown by the bestowal upon her of the Order of the White Eagle—a decoration she was the first and only woman to receive. The success of her work was due not only to her own unfailing energy and enthusiasm, but to a certain magnetic quality which had the effect of stimulating all with whom she came in contact to a like high level of devotion and selflessness. Wherever our Allies were in a "tight corner" there one was almost certain to find a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, pulling their weight, and a little more into the bargain, for sheer love of their job—inspired thereto in not a few instances by the example of Dr. Inglis herself, whose own personal sacrifice for her country included the giving up of a lucrative practice in Edinburgh.

LADY GARDENERS AT WINDSOR: CULTIVATING CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

A number of young ladies are now working as gardeners and assistants in the royal gardens at Windsor. They are seen here tending chrysanthemums for the royal rooms and tables.—[*Photograph by Alfieri.*]

LADY GARDENERS AT WINDSOR: TYING UP CARNATIONS.

The war-time arrangements at Windsor involve the employment of a number of lady gardeners, some of whom are here seen training carnations.—[*Photograph by Alfieri.*]

. . . .

A good speaker with a keen sense of humour, she had the rare gift of infecting her audience with her own enthusiasm, and remained utterly unspoiled by the success of her great work and the praise lavished upon her by those in authority in countries that owe most to her efforts on behalf of their sick and wounded.

. . . .

The fierce limelight of war has revealed the existence of not a few heroines who have proved themselves capable of shouldering burdens and enduring privations under which the strongest man might well have failed, and of doing it with a courage and spirit for which few would have given them credit before August 1914. No name on the nation's Roll of Honour shines with a brighter lustre than that of Dr. Elsie Inglis, whose life was given for the nation's cause in the service of Britain's Allies.—CLAUDINE CLEVE.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE RUSSIAN ARMISTICE—GERMANY EVASIVE OF LENIN'S PEACE PROPOSALS—SUBMARINE FIGURES—EAST AFRICA WON—A MESOPOTAMIAN SUCCESS—MARKING TIME IN PALESTINE.

IT cannot be said that Lenin's "peace negotiations" have offered much encouragement to their projector. His obscure "plenipotentiaries" duly met the German representatives on the appointed day at Brest Litovsk, and, with what seems amazing simplicity, offered terms—or rather, dictated terms—at which the Hun must certainly laugh in his sleeve. "No annexations or indemnities" was the main plank in Trotsky's platform. The Leninites also asked for no transfer of troops from the Russian to the Western front, and the retirement of the Germans from the islands in the Moon Sound. On these points the German replies showed the reserve that was to be expected, and the enemy was not slow to point out that the terms proposed were more fitted to the mouth of a victorious Power than one which is virtually suing for peace to a foe who, in view of the cessation of active hostility by Russia, may be said to hold the whip-hand. A nominal "armistice" of ten days, from Dec. 7, subject to prolongation, was, however, conditionally favoured by the enemy; and the matter was thereby practically held up with no definite progress made. The armistice was to apply to all Russian fronts, European and Asiatic. Lenin and his gang declared that their idea is not a separate peace, but peace all round—a sufficiently impudent assumption that the Allies would be found ready to agree at present to any such unthinkable measure. A sinister incident of the Revolution was the murder of General Dukhonin, who was flung from a railway train and killed by Revolutionary troops. The precious Krylenko deplored this outrage in a proclamation not remarkable for the sincerity of its tone. Hitherto the murder of leaders has been singularly absent from the Revolution, but the usual order of affairs in such moments of national upheaval has here reasserted itself with ominous force. Kerensky has again been heard of in a bitterly worded letter to the dupes of Lenin, asking them whether they do not see that they are being fooled. The foregoing particulars are all that clearly emerge from the dismal confusion.

ON THE FRENCH MEUSE FRONT: A NAVAL GUN *CAMOUFLAGED.*

Once again the statistics of submarine warfare report an increase in the number of large vessels sunk. The curve of sinkings from Oct. 21 is noteworthy from its almost complete uniformity of decline and rise. The weekly totals from that date to Dec. 1 are 17, 14, 8, 1, 10, 14, 16. So many important factors are unknown to the

[Continued on page 40

The Early Morning Gotha Raid on London on Dec. 6.

FATE OF THE SECOND THAT FELL: A BURNED-OUT SKELETON; AN AIRMAN AT THE SURRENDER.

Lord French's official account states this of the course of the attack within the London area: "The whole of one group was turned back by gun-fire, and of the others not more than five or six machines penetrated into London. One or two explosive and a large number of incendiary bombs were dropped in various districts at about 5 a.m. Two of the raiders fell victims to our defences, in each case the entire crew of three men being captured alive." The crew of one raider surrendered, it is reported, to a clergyman who is also a special constable. The machine took fire immediately afterwards. The second raider, on surrendering, had bombs still on board. Her commander, a youthful giant over six feet, wore the Iron Cross. One German airman, it is stated, was wounded.—[*Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

The Early Morning Gotha Raid on London on Dec. 6.

WHERE ONE FELL: WRECKAGE OF ONE GOTHA'S TAIL; WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE ENGINES.

"About twenty-five enemy aeroplanes," is the number officially given in the comprehensive and detailed report that the War Office issued. "The first group came in over Kent at 1.15 a.m., and dropped bombs on and near the coast. A second group made the land shortly after 3 a.m., proceeding up the Thames and into Kent. Both groups appeared to have carried out preliminary attacks with the object of drawing gunfire and exhausting the defences, for it was an hour later that the most serious attack developed. Between 4 and 4.30 a.m. two groups crossed the Essex coast and three groups the Kent coast, proceeding towards London on converging courses. Their tactical plan seems to have been to deliver five simultaneous attacks on the capital, from north-east, east, and south-west."—[*Photo. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

public that no useful inference can be drawn by the outside observer. The only thing is to note the facts, and hope that the law of averages will again send the curve down to a more encouraging point, with a dip deep enough to make the trend on a longer period that of steady descent towards zero.

Amid much uncertainty, a cheering incident was the final clearance of German East Africa. That pleasant news was telegraphed on Dec. 1 by General Van Deventer. The enemy is now definitely expelled from his last colony, and the small remnant of his fighting force has taken refuge in Portuguese territory, where it will not be allowed to rest undisturbed. Our oldest Ally will see to that. Germany has now lost all her overseas possessions, for which local successes in Europe will not wholly console her. The War Cabinet has congratulated our East African Expeditionary Force on its admirable work. During the last four months 6000 prisoners and 50,000 square miles of territory have been captured.

THE PALESTINE FIGHTING: TURKISH PRISONERS BURYING ONE OF THEIR COMRADES, WHO DIED OF WOUNDS.

Note the sentries behind the group.

Further news of the fighting on the Diala in Mesopotamia came from General Marshall on Dec. 4. By a successful operation, in which Russian troops assisted, the Turks were driven out of the Sakaltuten Pass on the road to Deli Abbas and the north. This was a direct consequence of our action of Oct. 20, which won the Jebel Hamrin range on the right bank of the Diala.

In Palestine, on Dec. 1, a Turkish attack at Beit-ur-et-Tahta and Bir el Buri, twelve miles north-west of Jerusalem, gained a temporary advantage, but was finally repulsed with the loss of 200 prisoners. This makes 10,600 prisoners since the capture of Gaza. Australian and Scottish troops have again distinguished themselves between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and London Territorials did fine work on the Nebi Samwil Ridge. Apart from local fighting and good air-work, there was little change in the general situation.

THE PALESTINE FIGHTING: IN THE GHUZZE WADI—CAVALRY WATERING HORSES.

News came on Dec. 7 of a critical situation having arisen for Roumania, owing to Russian defections. The official Roumanian statement ran thus: "The Russian Command having proposed an armistice to the enemy, and Roumanian troops forming part of this front, it was decided that the Roumanian troops should associate themselves with this proposition. As a consequence, hostilities were suspended on the whole front."—LONDON: DEC. 8, 1917.

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The Illustrated War News

ON THE FRENCH FRONT: A BIG GUN READY FOR FIRING.

French Official.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE BRITISH GRIP ON THE WEST—HINDENBURG'S PROBLEM—FRENCH PERSEVERANCE—ITALY HOLDS ON—BRITISH AND FRENCH ON THE PIAVE—THE HALIFAX DISASTER—CENTRAL POWERS' LATEST FOES.

LOCAL operations were the order of the day after the withdrawal from Bourlon Wood. As soon as the line had been straightened to obviate the danger of the sharp salient, held so gallantly against massed attacks and a hurricane of poison-gas shells, the British were able to turn their attention to their heavily threatened right; and Ulster troops, by a smart movement, assailed and captured enemy trenches at La Vacquerie, thus effecting a considerable improvement in that part of our line. Patrol encounters followed, and some prisoners were taken. At the same time, German working parties were broken up south-east of Ypres, and to the north-east of that town a hostile raid was successfully repulsed. Affairs of outposts and raids occurred a little later west of Graincourt and south of Lens, and during the same period there was a marked increase of enemy artillery fire on the right bank of the Scarpe and at Passchendaele. On the 10th a German post east of Boursies, on the Cambrai front, was attacked by Scottish troops, and the defenders driven out with loss. A raid at La Bassée, and another east of Klein Zillebeke, were checked. The artillery fire around Ypres and near Polygon Wood and Passchendaele again rose in intensity. On the 11th the cannonade became still more severe, particularly south of the Scarpe and north of the Lys. East of Epehy the enemy attempted a raid under cover of the bombardment, but the effort came to nothing. Again our patrols dispersed enemy working parties. In the afternoon the Sherwood Foresters distinguished themselves once more in a successful raid east of Hulluch. The repulse of enemy raids south of Armentières and at Pontruet, north of St. Quentin, made up the sum of the noteworthy events of a day that produced nothing of special interest.

Relatively, it was a case of "little doing"—which is very far from "nothing doing." The wisdom of the withdrawal from the Bourlon area had declared itself at once. The enemy, although active, had exhausted the initial momentum of his great thrust, and had once more to think of the defensive. He had his hands full to provide for his own security, and had to make new trenches for himself on open ground; while the British sat tight in the shelters of the Hindenburg line, the work of Fritz's own hands. While he dug, our guns gave him no rest. At the same time, there and elsewhere, our airmen lost no opportunity of doing damage behind the German lines. Once more the British line was stable. The great problem of the hour was, and continues to be, the

THE KING AT MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOWS' EQUIPMENT FACTORIES IN THE LONDON AREA: MR. S. J. WARING PRESENTING MASTER IVAN BEUTTLER, SON OF COMMANDER BEUTTLER, R.N.

probable weight of the ultimate enemy effort in the West. Reports told of a constant stream of troops from the Russian front, and Hindenburg and Ludendorff were understood to be in favour of an immediate colossal offensive in the West. Councils of war sat in Berlin, and it was reported that the German High Command was not finding everything plain sailing. The frightful losses which the enemy has suffered have begun to tell on well-drilled German public opinion, and a further ruthless sacrifice of men seems not quite so light a matter to the people as it is to their leaders. Even War-Lords must consider public opinion a little in a fourth year of slaughter. That is one retarding factor. Another is the uncertainty as to how far the Russian front may be denuded with safety. That is a question not to be settled in a day. And every day is vital to the issue.

IN HILLY COUNTRY IN CONQUERED GERMAN EAST AFRICA: AN INDIAN REGIMENT IN BIVOUAC.

On both sides, during this critical period, there has been great activity in the air. West of Cambrai the enemy's aeroplanes were diligent in their attentions to our artillery observers, and raiders bombed the areas behind our lines, but did little harm. On the 11th a squadron of our bombing machines started in fine weather to attack enemy factories across the frontier. Clouds came up and hindered their work considerably, but our airmen seized the opportunity of a rift to bomb the important railway junction north-west of Pirmaens, seventy-five miles beyond the French border. This is the second attack on that point within a short time. All our pilots returned safely from the expedition. On the morning of the 12th the gun-fire opened with tremendous vigour, and it was believed that the great enemy effort had probably begun. His concentrations during the preceding days were known to be immense. The German operation declared itself as a strong local attack a mile east of Bulleco urt, which was repulsed, except at one small point, with heavy loss to the enemy. We took a number of prisoners.

Nothing, it has often been said, constitutes an event in the present war except an affair of the first magnitude. Consequently, the recent record of the grim and determined struggle on the French front must be considered uneventful. For some time—in fact, ever since the great forward thrust on the Aisne—one week's story of fighting there, in Champagne, and on the Meuse has been very like another. Raids, affairs of patrols, the frustration of an enemy *coup de main* on a limited sector, the blazing up and dying down of gun-fire on both sides, make up the stereotyped details of the combat. But every incident, however small relatively, is another rivet driven in the unyielding armour of France. Her sons know no failure of heart or of arm, and, be the day's work mere routine, it is carried through with as great heroism as any operation on the largest scale. The period opened with patrol encounters at Chavignon, an enemy attack on Bezonvaux repulsed, a raid beaten down at Anizy-le-Chateau, and artillery activity, varying from moderate to lively, around Verdun and in Champagne. On Dec. 10 the gun-fire became intense between the Aisne and the Oise, in Champagne, on the right bank of the Meuse, and in Upper Alsace. Attacks developed

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A PARTY OF SCOTTISH TROOPS RETURNING FROM THE FIRING-LINE.—[*Official Photograph.*]

in the Bois de Chaume and towards the Calonne trench, but our Allies' fire robbed the attempts of success. During the day the artillery duel was at times very fierce. Tahure, the old bone of contention in Champagne, and Bezonvaux, on the Verdun front, were again the scene of patrol encounters on the 11th. Moderate artillery activity ruled along nearly the whole front, but no infantry action followed on either side. On the 12th, affairs of small posts were reported from north-west of Rheims, and a fairly lively artillery combat on both banks of the Meuse. The enemy made a fruitless raid north of Hill 344. With these exceptions, the front was calm. On the 12th a surprise attack by the enemy towards Courcy had no result.

In Italy, meanwhile, the game of holding on was played manfully by our Allies, while the French and British came finally into line. The position of the Allied reinforcements is at Montello, on the Lower Piave, to the right of the great bastion formed by the three peaks of Grappa, Tomba, and Pertica, just where the hills fall away into the plain. At the time of their arrival in the firing line, the chief enemy pressure was still exerted on the Asiago Plateau, where his batteries were very busy. A day or two later, a sudden attack east of Capo Sile, near the mouth of the Piave, drove the Italians from some advanced Agenzia Zuliani trenches. The same night the lost ground was won back. Useful help was given by naval guns, which scored a direct hit on a bridge 6¼ miles up from the mouth of the Piave. On the afternoon of the 11th the enemy made a strong effort to retake the positions, which are only fifteen miles from Venice, but the attempt was repulsed with the loss of many dead and several score prisoners. The same day both artilleries were hotly engaged along the whole front, particularly between the Brenta and the Piave. East of Monte Spinoncia the Italians withstood in magnificent style attacks by large German units, which gained no advantage. The arrival of the French and British troops was hailed by the Italians as the happiest omen of brightening fortune. The British have made their position "quite a fortress." It occupies a group of hills dotted with Venetian villas now converted into strongholds.

An explosion, caused by a collision between a munition-steamer carrying 4000 tons of "t.n.t." and a Belgian relief vessel, laid one-third of the town of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in ruins. More than 2000 people were killed, 5000 injured, and 20,000 left homeless. The damage was estimated at £6,000,000. At another time this calamity would have struck the world dumb, but it seems now only an incident in the daily tale of tragedy. A tidal wave and a blizzard added to the horror. That it falls upon blunted senses does not mean that the catastrophe has failed to awaken universal sympathy with the Dominion of Canada in the appalling loss that has befallen her chief naval station. Great Britain contributed £1,000,000 to the relief fund.

The closing year sees the number of the Central Powers' enemies increase. America is now at war with Austria; and Panama, already at war with Germany, has broken with the other partner. From Dec. 9 Ecuador ceased to hold diplomatic relations with Germany.—LONDON: DEC. 15, 1917.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BATTERY OF HOWITZERS SUPPORTING THE AUSTRALIANS.

Australian Official Photograph.

Majestic in Ruin: The Road to the Trenches.

A STERN LANDSCAPE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE GATEWAY TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

Stark, but stately still, with the grim dignity of that which has suffered, this painful but picturesque record of trees that have been mutilated on the Western Front suggests, in a degree, an aisle of broken columns in some ruined temple. The tragic element is very present, and the desolated spot tells in its own wey the story of one phase of the hardships which our heroic troops and their brave and staunch Allies are enduring on the battlefields of the Western Front. Sad and anxious as are the days of wetching and waiting for news for those who heve those dear to them on active service, such scenes as those shown here serve as visible proofs of the wastage of war, but also as incentives to follow the path of patriotic duty to the end—incentives which will not be disregarded, we may be assured.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

The Sweep Up to Bourlon: A Panoram

SIR JULIAN BYNG'S ATTACK AS IT DEVELOPED: TANKS, INFANTRY, AND U

Bourlon Ridge extends along the background. At one end, on the left, stands Bourlon village, with, to the right, Bourl Wood. At its highest part the ridge rises to fifty feet above the surrounding country. The illustration shows the batt on the first day, when we captured Bourlon Village and part of the wood, during our advance beyond the Canal du Nor

7iew of the Battlefield on the first Day.

NCING ACROSS THE OPEN AGAINST BOURLON RIDGE AND THE VILLAGE.

ning across the centre to the right. Tanks are seen heading over the plain towards the Bourlon village end of the ridge; h infantry near them, and field and horse artillery batteries. In the foreground is a captured trench, with a German, just ne up from a dug-out, in the act of surrendering.—[*Drawn by A. Forestier, from Material supplied by an Eye-Witness.*]

"The Path of Duty": A Duck-Board Track

A TYPICAL BATTLEFIELD SCENE ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: AUSTRA

The ground at the Front is so bad in wet weather that even the duck-boards—tracks formed of transverse planks laid dov in sections end to end—are sometimes merely floating on the surface of pools of liquid mud. The tracks are narrow, a troops moving along them have to march in single file. Those seen in the above photograph are Australians, who are

the Front-Line Trenches—Australians Moving Up.

ING UP TO THE FRONT TO RELIEVE TROOPS IN THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES.

heir way up to the front to relieve men in the first-line trenches. The surrounding scene of desolation suggests little of the glory of war, which is, however, more often of a moral nature than a thing visible to the eye. As Tennyson says: "Not once nor twice in our rough island story The path of duty was the way to glory."—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

The Fierce Struggle at Close Quar

IN ONE OF THE HOTTEST OF HOT CORNERS: BRITISH INFANTRY, WITH DISMO

One of the most fiercely fought encounters, probably, that have taken place during the war was the man-to-man fight f Bourlon Wood during the opening phase of Sir Julian Byng's battle near Cambrai. Practically the entire stretch of woo was taken, although some days later our occupation of it was relinquished in order to strengthen the line, which in th

for the Possession of Bourlon Wood.

RAGOONS AND HUSSARS, FIGHTING GERMANS IN STEEL BREAST-PLATES.

quarter formed a dangerous salient. The illustration shows one desperate conflict in the part of the wood adjoining Bourlon Village, the houses of which are seen to the left in the background. Infantry, with dismounted Dragoons and Hussars, fought on our side against Germans in armour, with steel breast-plates on.—[*Drawn by Frédéric de Haenen, from Material supplied by an Eye-Witness.*]

Man-Hauling Guns on the Western Front.

MAN-POWER v. MUD: A HAUL; PULLING A LIGHT GUN UNDER FAIRLY EASY CONDITIONS.

Mud at the Front brings discomfort and difficulty to all branches of the Army, but it probably causes most trouble to the artillery and transport services. Guns are heavy things, and often sink deep into the slough, from which they have to be dragged by any available means On such occasions, man-hauling is frequently resorted to, and parties of men are seen pulling at a rope like a tug-of-war team, while others lever up the wheels with iron bars or baulks of timber. The upper photogreph illustrates a heavy haul in the open, while in the lower one a light gun presents a somewhat easier task, the men supplementing the efforts of the horses. The gun, it will be noted, is painted in motley hues of *camouflage*, an artifice which is now widely and successfully employed.—[*Australian Official Photographs.*]

Improvised "Positions" on the British Front.

ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO CIRCUMSTANCES: AN IMPROMPTU ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY; A SHELTER.

The British soldier—and especially the man from overseas who has had experience of fending for himself in the wild—is a person of resource and ingenuity. If orthodox appliances are not available, he improvises something from materials at hand; in his leisure moments, if he cannot take it easy, he takes it (as the saying goes) as easy as he can. This quality of resourcefulness is well illustrated in the above photographs. The upper one shows two Australian Lewis machine-gunners who have turned themselves for the time into an anti-aircraft battery, and are busy "potting" at an enemy 'plane. In the lower one, two men, quite indifferent to possible risk from German shells, are enjoying a quiet cigarette in a shelter of very doubtful-looking security.—[*Australian Official Photographs.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXX.—THE 88TH.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIGS.

POSSIBLY the strangest engagement in the history of the British Army was that fought by the old 88th, the gallant and witty Connaught Rangers. For an Irish corps it was almost like an act of civil war, for the adversary was of a race usually very friendly to Paddy. But the circumstances condoned the outrage, if outrage it was. The 88th could, at any rate, plead justification.

The incident provided much-needed comic relief during the terrible retreat from Burgos and Madrid to Ciudad Rodrigo. The month was November, the year 1812. Hard pressed by Soult, and constantly under the necessity of fighting rear-guard actions, the British, famished, ragged, and shoeless, were making not more than six miles a day, in the worst possible weather. Ague and dysentery thinned their ranks even more than the shot of the enemy, who knew he could do more damage by keeping them on the move than by bringing them to action. Wellington would have risked a battle willingly, for his men, for all their misery, would have done wonders in the struggle; but the wily Soult declined every offer. On the night of the 16th-17th the rations at length arrived—on four legs. The beasts were slaughtered, the meat served out, and put into the kettles; but before fires could be lighted the order to march on again was given, and the wet beef was crammed into the haversacks, where it very quickly spoiled the bread already there. Yet the Rangers, keeping up their spirits with their usual pluck, and doing their best to be gay, plodded on, hoping for a good time coming.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN PALESTINE: NATIVES RETURNING TO THE TOWN OF BEERSHEBA AFTER THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.
Official Photograph.

About noon on the 17th they were traversing a vast forest of oak. Just then the rear was hotly engaged with the enemy; but the 88th were not for the moment in action. In the wood they discovered a herd of several hundred swine feeding on last autumn's acorns, which lay thick on the ground. The men at once opened a murderous fire on the pigs, and the casualties were heavy. Thereupon the survivors, with the usual perversity of their kind, charged—but not in the expected direction. They ran in the direction of the retreat. Had they gone

[Continued overleaf.

AN ENEMY TRAP THAT FAILED—THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN PALESTINE: MINED TRUCKS LEFT STANDING IN THE STATION AT BEERSHEBA BY THE ENEMY.

It was found that the trucks had been so mined that the opening of any one of their doors would blow up the whole train and the station.
Official Photograph.

At the Palestine Army's Base of Operations in Egypt.

THE QUARTERING OF THE TROOPS SERVING IN EGYPT: A "LIVING HUT" WITH PALM-BRANCH BEDS.

The great camps of canvas tents which, at the beginning of the war, were set up at several places in Egypt—among others in the neighbourhood of Cairo, and, as shown in illustrations in our earlier issues, in the immediate vicinity of the Pyramids, and also near the Suez Canal—have largely, and wherever possible, been replaced by commodious semi-permanent hut-structures of timber. They form immense barracks, and are made as roomy and airy as can be managed in a country where building timber is not readily procurable. The interior of one of the "living huts" is seen in the illustration, with, at one side, a range of the berths in cubicles provided for the occupants, which hold beds made of palm branches stretched crosswise and fastened on a wood frame.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

towards the French pursuers, their losses would have been lighter, for their pursuers would have come quickly face to face with their enemies' enemy and would have continued their own withdrawal. As it was, the British fire was now directed away from the French. Curiously enough, the body of enemy cavalry furthest in advance was commanded by an Irishman, or a Frenchman of Irish extraction, Colonel O'Shea. The curious occurrence entirely threw him out. The French skirmishers whom he was detailed to support had ceased firing. The British were firing to the rear. He concluded that some corps must have got in rear of the British advance, and galloped up to his own sharpshooters to find out what had happened. When he saw what game was afoot, he justified his Irish blood by yielding to the joke, and rode off laughing heartily.

The pigs continued their flight, but evidently they were badly led. They got clear of the British advanced guard, but immediately they made another blunder. They turned off along a path to the right. Had they gone to the left, all would have been well; but they headed straight into another force, a brigade which had received no rations at all during the last twenty-four hours. The porkers had already had a heavy punishment from men whose haversacks were stuffed with meat, albeit it was for the time being of little use to them. At the hands of a body of starving fellows they could expect even less mercy. They got none. A second fusillade, more deadly than the last, broke out, and of the grunting host not one in a hundred escaped. Neither age nor sex was spared. The woods were made hideous with the squeals of the wounded and the dying, while the victors made merry, and, hastily lighting fires, toasted the victims on the points of their bayonets.

Meanwhile, Pakenham ordered a general halt, and dispositions for the night were taken up by the 88th. Suddenly a hot fire of musketry arose on the left. Were they outflanked? Pakenham and his Staff rode off to inquire. The Rangers stood to arms, and remained in suspense for an hour. Then their Divisional General returned with the news that the firing was merely that of the second attack upon the pigs. The British at last lay down to rest, ready to spring up at a moment's notice. Pakenham himself lay down in his wet clothes, but he had hardly closed an eye when the camp was again rushed by the sorry remnant of the pig brigade, which upset several piles of arms. Every man seized his musket, and a Portuguese corps, believing the enemy at hand, began to blaze away at random. For a time there was considerable confusion, owing to our Allies' mistake; but the British never lost their presence of mind. Several men were wounded; but order was at length restored, and in a surprisingly short time the whole Third Division was formed for battle. The French, however, gave no immediate trouble, and the steadiness of the division prevented serious consequences. In this third encounter the pigs were luckier. They got clear away without a single casualty, but whether they returned to their owners or not the 88th could never discover.

AMONG THE RUINS OF BAPAUME: A CHINESE MILITARY MISSION VISITING THE WESTERN FRONT.

The group includes Major-General Kouan Hang Chang, K.C.B.; Major Tsing Whang, D.S.O.; Major H. O. Sue, D.S.O.; Captain Ting Chia Cher, M.C.; Captain Wei Tsang Ki, M.C.; and Captain Tegurkia Gen, M.C.—[*Official Photograph.*]

In Memory of Guynemer—a French Army Tribute.

WHERE HE LAST WENT UP: THE SALUTE; OFFICERS DECORATED "IN GUYNEMER'S NAME."

The impressive tribute to the heroic airman Captain Guynemer, rendered by the French army to which he was attached at the time of his death, was one of the most striking military spectacles the war has witnessed. A parade was held of the troops at the camp near which Captain Guynemer made his ascent on the day he lost his life, the assembly taking place by the spot where his aeroplane rose off the ground. In front of the infantry line, colour-bearers with the aviation squadron's standards took posts, with, in front of them, two specially distinguished airmen-officers, Captain Heurtaux, recently wounded and temporarily crippled, and Captain Foneh, whom General Anthoine, in command at the ceremony, specially decorated "in the name of Guynemer."—[*French Official Photographs.*]

"The Artillery Themselves Estimate that they Kil

"OUR GUNS WERE WATCHING, AND WHEN SUFFICIENT NUMBERS OF THE ENEMY HAD ASSEMI

Our artillery proved invaluable in stemming the tide of German counter-attacks after the Cambrai battle. Mr. Perry Robinso has described the scene of the enemy's attacks, the great empty plain sloping down to Anneux, Fontaine, and Cantaing "If you have that picture at all in mind," he writes, "you can understand what happened when the enemy tried to mass in force ou

2000 Germans": British Guns on the Western Front.

EY OPENED ON THEM": ARTILLERY ON THE BRITISH FRONT, AT NEUVILLE VITASSE.

ere on the open prairie, uncertain as to the position of either our infantry or our guns ahead. Our guns were watching, and when fficient numbers of the enemy had assembled, they opened on them. The artillery themselves estimate that they killed 2000 ermans." Whether the particular guns shown above took part in these actions, is not stated.—[*Official Photograph.*]

A Tank's Triumphant Return wit

BRINGING IN SPOIL WON IN FIGHT: A TANK TOWING A CAP

The Tanks in the victorious advance on the opening day of the Cambrai battle performed many almost incredible achievemen as correspondents have told. They flattened out the German wire entanglements wholesale, so that the infantry following the had only to walk over the crushed-down wire; they charged and crashed-in the concrete walls of German pill-box "forts." Th

Trophy from the Cambrai Battle.

:MAN 5·9-INCH GUN TO THE BRITISH LINES AFTER ACTION.

: down Germans right and left as they crossed the enemy's trenches, and they frightened numerous Germans into surrendering. man artillerymen bolted from their guns at places where some Tanks broke through. The illustration shows one of the Tanks ing to the British lines a captured German 5.9-inch gun.—[*Official Photograph.*]

War Mechanism, Offensive and Defensive.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT: TWO BIG GUNS; A GERMAN STRONG-POINT AT FLESQUIÈRES.

In the upper photograph are seen two big British long-range guns in a town behind the lines, waiting to be moved. The lower one, showing a partially completed strong-point captured at Flesquières, illustrates the elaborate character of German defence works. The metal framework is of the kind used for reinforced concrete. "The village of Flesquières," wrote Mr. Perry Robinson in his account of the British victory near Cambrai, "was the most stubbornly defended of all the points on the first day. There were a number of field-guns here at the cross roads to the west of the village, and also in positions on the north side, which gave the Tanks some trouble, and when the village was finally taken four field-guns and two 5·9's (naval pieces adapted for army service) fell into our hands."—[*Official Photographs.*]

British Signallers in Action—Two Methods.

"THE MAINTENANCE OF COMMUNICATION": SIGNALLING TO SUPPORT-LINES; ANOTHER METHOD.

Two different methods of signalling between the front and support lines are here illustrated. The signallers played their part well in the operations near Cambrai, and were mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's Special Order of the Day, in which he said: "The Royal Engineers, Signal Services, Transportation Services, and the Army Service Corps and various administrative services concerned, have each in their several spheres performed most valuable work, both in the rapid preparation for the attack and the concentration of troops and material, and also in the maintenance of communication, the development, extension, and repair of roads and railways, and the regular supply of food, ammunition, and stores of all kinds throughout our subsequent advance."—[*Official Photographs.*]

The Surrender of Jerusalem

VIEWS ROUND THE CITY: AS SEEN FROM DIFFE

"The capture of Jerusalem has been in some degree delayed," said Mr. Bonar Law, when announcing the surrender, "in consequence of the great care which has been taken to avoid damage to sacred places in and round the city." As Mr. Law related, the surrender was enforced by a series of masterly enveloping moves, which left the Turkish "mayor" no option

the Forces under General Allenby.

S; WITH A GENERAL PANORAMIC VIEW

t to surrender. Illustration No. 1 shows the south wall, with, on the right, the Mosque of Omar grounds. No. 2 shows part the north wall, with, near the centre, on the right, the dark dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. No. 3 shows the uth-east wall, with Absalom's Pillar to the left of the centre. No. 4 is a general panoramic view.—[*Photo. No. 4, by Photochrom Co.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: XII.—THE BOSS OF BILLETS.

IT was a nice town, quiet, attractive, reasonably removed from the firing-line, and its *estaminet* had the one chair, one table, and one school-form outside to give it that Continental air so superior to English towns. But, comely as was the town, it was entirely dominated by a ruthless force—a rather plump, thick, ruthless force in khaki who wandered about in a sort of furious preoccupation, garnished, generally, with a trail of ever-so-much thicker and plumper Frenchmen dragging in his orbit (if an orbit is what one drags in).

I asked the Gunner what this singular phenomenon might be, and he answered without hesitation—

"Town Major."

"No," I said; "I mean our man. The khaki lad with the backache look."

"Town Major," insisted the Gunner.

"Town, perhaps; Major, not at all—he has two pips only."

"All Town Majors are Lieutenants," said the Gunner, "except when they are subalterns. Some are Captains, though. I once knew a subaltern Town Major who spent a worried life wondering whether, as a subaltern, he should salute the Field rank of himself every time he faced a looking-glass."

I don't always believe the Gunner's helpful anecdotes. I asked more about Town Majors. I asked about their habits, what they did, why they were there.

"Nobody knows," said the Gunner. "Nobody knows the reason of them, but they are said to lead frightful and grey-hairing lives. Also, they are known to inhabit the finest billets in the land. If you ever, in your wanderings, stumble into a palace, a glowing and luxurious place, that causes one to exclaim, 'Oh, Colonel, is this heaven?' go and look for sleeping room elsewhere. What you have found is the billet of the Town Major."

Probably the Gunner was bitter. He battery-commands, and unit commanders and Town Majors are not compatible. A Town Major, so a Town Major will tell you, exists to be cursed by all his superior officers. Others will tell you that he exists to curse all his inferior officers. Others will explain and prove that his real function in life is to extract, for the benefit of the oldest female inhabitant of his town, exorbitant sums from British regiments in repayment for chickens (alleged to be) stolen.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A RAILWAY LINE IN NO MAN'S LAND.—[*Official Photograph.*]

In plain and practical language, it may be said that this New Warrior, the Town Major, is the Boss of Billetting. He sees to all the billets. He books in advance, apportions, and appropriates billets for incoming regiments—officers, men, animals, and transport. He sees that men are reasonably comfortable, not over-crowded, roofs are reputably water-tight, and neither the men nor the inhabitants are imposed upon. He is the man who sees to it that the Colonel has a grand piano in his suite, and brings the junior officers into the *ménage* of the local sweep.

He is the man on the spot who knows to an inch how many men he can squeeze into houses, barns, stables, outhouses, and dove-cots; and who

[*Continued overleaf.*

The Surrender of Jerusalem to General Allenby.

HISTORIC MEMENTOS: OMAR'S MOSQUE, WHERE THE TEMPLE STOOD; HEROD'S "GOLDEN GATE."

The first illustration shows the Turkish Mosque of Omar, the principal Mohammedan place of worship in Jerusalem. There the Moslem crowds gather every year at the period of our Easter for their pilgrimage to Neby Mousa. The Mosque of Omar is also known as the "Dome of the Rock," and is said to stand on the site of the Temple of Solomon, and the Temple of Herod, destroyed in A.D. 70, at the time of the Roman destruction of Jerusalem. Illustration No. 2 shows part of the summit of Mount Moriah, on which the Mosque of Omar stands, with the mosque entrance-gateway. No. 3 is a view along the north wall of Jerusalem. No. 4 shows the exterior of the walled-up "Golden Gate" of Herod's reign, as since rebuilt.—[*Photos. Nos. 1 and 2 by Shepstone; No. 4 by Topical.*]

invariably squeezes several score more into his accommodation. He is capable of dealing with rush orders; a thousand men may go out at 2.30—by 2.39 he will be ready to house a thousand and fifty. His lodgers are constantly on the come and go, but he must always be ready to give them a bed of sorts. He is a hotel-keeper on the largest scale, with none of the amenities or dividends of his avocation.

IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: CAVALRY WAITING BY THE ROADSIDE WHILE THE GUNS GO FORWARD.—[*Official Photograph.*]

A harried life, you will say; but it is more than that: the Town Major is an explainer of impossibilities, and an extractor of necessities from the Mayor. Town Majors can face the exorbitant demands of Colonels; he can make the Colonel-demanded bricks without straw, because he has been trained to the understanding of Colonels. But it is difficult to know what enormous amount of training will enable a Town Major to meet and satisfy all the demands, bye-laws, substantive amendments, agendas, codicils, and resolutions-in-council of Mayors.

The Town Major is the channel between Regimental Commanders and the Town Mayor—that is, he is the poor wretch who stands between the irresistible force and the immovable body. The position is not lacking in interest, but it is bruising. A Colonel always wants something a Mayor won't give, and Mayors always demand from Colonels sums they will not pay. Also, Mayors have an etiquette. Approach a Mayor with the wrong step, and the incorrect smile and bow, and he tells you that every one of the numberless billetable houses in his borough is infected with mumps, and he cannot, as an honourable man and a magistrate, allow a single one of the brave British Thomas Atkinses to sleep in them. As the Explosive Colonel of the Kurries is bringing his little lot along in half-an-hour's time, and expects everything to be Category A, and the quilts turned down on the beds by the time he arrives, the delight of the Town Major at the news can be readily appreciated.

It is here that the tact of the Town Major must score. And invariably it scores, and scores heavily. It is not unlikely that the Major has not only won his point before the Colonel marches in with the Kurries, but he has had hot-water bottles for the Field Officers thrown in.

On the other hand, the Adjutant of the Glasgows may query the odd sou per man per straw-bale per night that the Mayor has seen fit to charge. As a good Adjutant, who also belongs to the Glasgows, he considers such a charge not merely outside the King's Regulations, but positive robbery. He refuses to pay, and the Town Major has to convey the kindly little thought to the Mayor. The Mayor is outraged; the Town Major has to smooth him down.

Smoothing is his essential lead. When there is difficulty between billet-owners and the men, he smoothes; when there has been damage, horse-play, ruffled feelings, too heavy charges for food, meagreness in supplies, friction, and misunderstanding of any sort, the Town Major is up and smoothing. He never falters with his work. Regiments come in at a moment's notice, and go with less warning; townspeople and Mayors take obstinate as well as generous fits, and he goes on through it all. There is nothing much to show; all this labour is hum-drum, and of the day's rut rutty. Also it is what the Town Major is there to do.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BRINGING A SIXTY-POUNDER INTO POSITION IN FLANDERS.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The Captor of Jerusalem: General Sir Edmund Allenby.

THE SOLDIER WHO CAPTURED THE MOST HISTORIC CITY IN THE WORLD: SIR E. H. H. ALLENBY, K.C.B.

Sir Edmund Allenby, to whom has fallen the honour of achieving one of the most historically notable successes of the war, the capture of Jerusalem, is a fine soldier and a dashing cavalry leader. It was on June 30 that the official announcement was made that General Allenby, who had, until then, been in command of the Third Army in France, had arrived in Egypt and taken over the command of the Expeditionary Force in succession to Sir Archibald Murray. Sir Edmund is reputed to be a man of iron nerve, which was testified to by his action at Arras. At Arras, the Third Army breached the northern end of the Hindenburg Line. He is fifty-six, and has a distinguished record. During the present war he has been created a K.C.B., and promoted.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Some of India's Fighters with General Allenby.

AT ONE OF OUR FORTIFIED POSITIONS ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM: TYPES OF FAMOUS CORPS.

A Ghurka sentry-post in a sandbag-crested line of trench is seen in the first illustration, at a place where the Turks had snipers out in front, as is indicated by the way the man is keeping under cover and using a periscope. The second illustration shows a man of a Punjab rifle regiment ("Vaughan's Rifles)" on duty by an observation-post. A sentry of one of the battalions of "Outram's Rifles," on duty in the open, is seen in the third illustration, on guard while some of his comrades are below among the cavities and hollows visible all over the ground. One of the men below may be seen. Another Ghurka, firing a Lewis gun through the parapet embrasure, is seen in the fourth illustration. The slouch hat that the Ghurkas wear is peculiar to them among our Indian troops in the War.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Some of India's Fighters with General Allenby.

ENTRENCHED ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM: "OUTRAM'S RIFLES"; GHURKA OFFICERS AND MEN.

Men of a battalion of "Outram's Rifles" are shown in dug-out quarters within the lines of an entrenched position in Palestine. The sand-ridge in front, along the main crest of which runs the parapet with its trench and breastwork of sand-bags, has been converted on the inner side, as seen, into a warren of dug-outs ranged in a double tier in parts. "Outram's Rifles" are named as a tribute of honour to the famous "Bayard of India," a *preux chevalier* of the days before the Mutiny, and ever-famous for his self-denial at the Siege of Lucknow, in standing aside and leaving the glory of the conquest to Sir Colin Campbell. Ghurka British officers with their men, between whom the excellent personal relations at all times and *camaraderie* are proverbial, are shown in the second illustration.—[*Official Photographs.*]

During the Bolshevist Régime in Russia.

IN PETROGRAD AND AT THE FRONT: A GUARDS DEMONSTRATION; A *PARLIAMENTAIRE.*

A recent message from Petrograd brought the news that a mob of soldiers attacked the Winter Palace, and sacked the former Imperial wine cellars, with a resulting orgy and riot afterwards. There have been several attacks on the Winter Palace, both while M. Kerensky's Government was installed there, and since then during the Bolshevist anarchy. Soldiers of the revolted Guards' reserve regiments which have garrisoned Petrograd throughout the Revolution, and, after siding with M. Kerensky, went over to the Bolshevists, are seen, in the upper illustration, taking part in a procession passing before the Winter Palace. The lower illustration shows one of the Russian armistice *parliamentaires*, blindfolded according to the custom of war, being taken to the German lines.—[*Photos. by Donald Thompson.*]

The Men Responsible for the Russian Débâcle.

BOLSHEVIST LEADERS ADDRESSING A PETROGRAD CROWD: LENIN (LEFT); TROTZKY (RIGHT).

The leaders of the Bolshevists in Russia, Nikolai Lenin (on the left), and Leon Trotsky (on the right)—according to the names under which they pass—are seen here haranguing a Petrograd crowd in the streets. Both have been stated to be Germans and emissaries of the enemy. Lenin came into notoriety after the Revolution in March last, making his appearance at Petrograd from Switzerland, where he had been living as a proscribed exile, sentenced during the Imperial régime. On M. Kerensky's Government temporarily restoring order, Lenin fled in disguise, to present himself and be acclaimed "Premier" by the Bolshevists on the rising against M. Kerensky proving successful. Trotzky, on the Bolshevists seizing power, became Lenin's "Minister of Foreign Affairs."—[*Photo. by Donald Thompson.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

No two women have done more to advance the cause of medical women since the war than Dr. Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray, upon both of whom the C.B.E. was conferred recently for valuable services rendered to the State.

. . . . .

Now that both women are responsible for the conduct of a large military hospital set in the heart of London—Dr. Murray is the officer in charge—it is curious to reflect that rather more than three short years ago the woman doctor was regarded, if not with distrust, at least without enthusiasm not only by a large portion of the public, but by the male members of the medical profession, and that in England, at any rate, every possible difficulty was placed in the way of her professional progress. Obstacles notwithstanding, Dr. Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray had climbed high, the one as a surgeon, the other as a physician, in their profession when the war, that has helped to upset so many of the old bad theories about woman's place and sphere, broke on the world. Dr. Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray were Suffragists—a fact which may or may not account for the expedition with which they organised a voluntary medical unit. It certainly accounted for their not falling into the error of offering their services to a Government whose refusal was not at all impossible; they slipped across to France, where the French Red Cross were only too glad of their help. By September 1914 a hospital of a hundred beds was established at Claridge's Hotel, in the Champs Elysées, and the work of caring for the wounded was immediately taken in hand.

A DOCILE SUBJECT: A PLEASANT PICTURE AT AN AGRICULTURAL TRAINING CENTRE IN THE NORTH.

Plumtree is one of the largest agricultural training centres in the North of England. It is under the auspices of the Women's War Agricultural Committee. The owner and foundress is Mrs. Peake, and the various branches of a "Land Army Girl's" work are carefully taught, under the instructions of the Principal, Mrs. Leo A. Runciman.

Photograph by Albert Saynor.

. . .

There followed strenuous days and nights of labour when the devotion of the staff as well as their physical strength was tested to the utmost. But the women never failed, and it was not long before our own War Office approached the two heads with a request that they should organise a hospital at Wimereux, near Boulogne. This was done with equal success, but more was to follow.

. . .

Early in 1915 Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Garrett Anderson were asked to take charge of a large military hospital for British soldiers in Endell Street, in the old Holborn Workhouse building, where almost six hundred patients could be accommodated.

[Continued overleaf.

LINED UP FOR THE CAMERA: A CHEERY PARTY OF "LAND GIRLS" AT AN AGRICULTURAL CENTRE IN THE NORTH.—[*Photograph by Albert Saynor.*]

A Circulating Library Indeed! Literature for our Defenders.

SOME BOOKS! SCENES AT THE CAMPS LIBRARY, AT WESTMINSTER.

Sixty thousand books, including magazines, are sent to our fighting men every week from the Camps Library at Westminster, and they are not one volume or number too many, so eagerly are they welcomed and so keenly enjoyed by our men in their not too-frequent intervals of rest. Sir Edward Ward has a large staff to deal with the mounds of books and magazines delivered at the Camps Library in bags from post offices, as all such offices will take books and periodicals across the counter, and will deliver them in bags at the Camps Library. Our first photograph shows one of these deliveries being dealt with. Photograph No. 2 shows the staff packing the books ready for subsequent despatch to their final destinations, where they are sure to have a warm welcome.—[*Photos. by L.N.A.*]

Could anything show more clearly the distance we have travelled since 1914, when the mere suggestion of any such idea would certainly have laid anyone bold enough to advance it open to the charge of lunacy, if nothing more serious? But London has now a military hospital of some 570 beds managed, staffed, and run entirely by women, and no one is a penny the worse, whilst several hundreds of British soldiers are infinitely the better. They at least will never raise any objection to the advancement of the woman doctor, either now or at any future date.

A GROUP OF MILKMAIDS: READY FOR WORK; SOME PUPILS AT PLUMTREE.
Photograph by Albert Saynor.

. . . . .

No more convincing proof of women's organising ability can be found than the Endell Street institution, where every detail of the work, from complicated pathological experiments to cleaning and scrubbing, is done entirely by women, not excepting stretcher-bearing, which in the early days was placed amongst the things "no woman could do."

. . .

The hospital is a military institution, differing not at all from similar institutions of the kind, except for the fact that it is conducted by women, and is, in consequence, if the opinion of the patients counts for anything, an infinitely more desirable place in which to recover from hurts received in war than the ordinary variety. Strict discipline is maintained. At the same time, one can't help feeling a subtle difference of atmosphere, which is probably accounted for by the excellent and friendly relations that exist between the staff and their patients, who regard—we need not add without any real or palpable cause—the threat of just removal to an ordinary military hospital as the direst punishment that can be inflicted. Though the staff is composed entirely of women, there is no discrimination shown as to the seriousness or the reverse of the cases to be admitted. The splendidly equipped operating theatre has seen the performance of major operations of which any surgeon of note might well be proud; and a perfectly fitted X-ray theatre is another possession of which the place is justly proud; whilst the dental, dispensing, pathological, and other departments are all on the same level of excellence.

. . .

Housekeeping, with the food problem becoming more acute every day, is no easy matter, even in an ordinary household. Though the supplies for Endell Street are, of course, in charge of the Army authorities, one can't help thinking that the task of the steward — a woman, like the rest of the staff— who is responsible for the issue of supplies, correct in weight to the last fraction of an ounce, is hardly an easy one.

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Lately the sphere of work has been enlarged. Members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps invalided home from France have now been admitted as patients at Endell Street.

. . . . .

One other interesting fact about the hospital is that the officer in charge recruits her own staff, and there is keen competition amongst those anxious to nurse to qualify for wearing the neat fawn covert-coating uniform, with its brown-veiled toque and blue shoulder-straps bearing the initials "W.H.C." in white, that proclaims their connection with one of the most notable examples of women's war work.

FIVE MINUTES FOR A CHAT: PUPILS AT AN AGRICULTURAL CENTRE IN YORKSHIRE.—[*Photograph by Albert Saynor.*]

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

THE GREAT WAR.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG—A STIRRING EVENT—ALLENBY'S SEVEN-WEEKS' CAMPAIGN—RUSSIA FURTHER ENTANGLED—THE ARMISTICE AND "PEACE" TERMS—RUMANIA'S ATTITUDE—THE COST OF THE WAR.

NO piece of news, since the war began, has thrilled the world in quite the same way as the news of the capture of Jerusalem. There is in it something of the bizarre and a great deal of the romantic. Chiefly does it arouse historical associations upon which it is inexpedient to touch, because the fancied parallel has not its roots in fact. These things apart, truly it is the strangest, the least expected consequence of the murder at Serajevo that the Holy City should fall to the British arms. The event will rank in history with the fall of Constantinople and the Sack of Rome, although it will certainly not be reckoned, like these, a date of sinister omen. On Dec. 9, General Allenby, after a brilliant campaign lasting seven weeks, completed his encircling movement and forced the Turks to surrender. On the 11th, accompanied by French and Italian officers and Indian Mohammedan guards, General Allenby made his State entry into Jerusalem with picturesque ceremony. The chief stages of his victorious advance were these—Beersheba, Oct. 31; Gaza, Nov. 7; the seizure of the Jerusalem-Damascus railway and capture of Joppa, Nov. 17; occupation of the Nebi-Samwill Ridge, Nov. 21; capture of Hebron, Dec. 7. Thence he passed through Bethlehem and got astride the Jericho road, while the Nebi Samwill force took the Shechem road on the north. The isolation of Jerusalem was now complete, and the fall followed at once. The end might have come even quicker, but the General purposely held his hand, in order to avoid damage to the holy places. The reduction of the city was a triumph of strategy. By his chain of victories at a distance from the walls, General

IN PALESTINE: A TANK COMING OUT OF ACTION AFTER THE SECOND BATTLE OF GAZA.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

THE FIGHTING IN PALESTINE: A BRITISH HEAVY BATTERY POSITION IN FRONT OF GAZA.

Photograph by C.N.

[*Continued on page 40*]

The Final Conquering of German East Africa.

DURING THE FINAL CAMPAIGN: ONE OF OUR INFANTRY COLUMNS ON THE MARCH.

The rounding up and breaking up of the last German armed force in East Africa is an accomplished fact. The disorganised remnant of the enemy's columns has been driven out of the colony over the Portuguese border. German colonial army regulars and Askaris, with the German Commander-in-Chief in East Africa, General von Lettow, comprised the forces so disposed of, which totalled about two thousand officers and men. A second German column of similar strength, under Von Lettow's second-in-command, was on the way to join him during November, but it was cut off by General Van de Venter's strategy, and driven into a place where it had to surrender. That sealed Von Lettow's fate. The attack on him that ensued routed his command, and they fled across the border.

The Final Conquering of German East Africa.

DURING THE FINAL CAMPAIGN: AFRICAN TROOPS IN AN ENTRENCHED CAMP AT RIFLE PRACTICE

The Germans in East Africa were forced by General Smuts into a practically hopeless position, when, earlier in the present year, they were driven into the coast district lying between the Rufigi River and the Portuguese border. Their prospects of making a prolonged stand in the colony were not promising, and General Van de Venter, who succeeded General Smuts, made it impossible for them to try and break back into the interior. Besides the British mobile columns operating across country in the final campaign, our fortified posts and camps barred the enemy in. In the illustration, rifle practice from the trenches at one camp is seen going on, to occupy the men profitably and improve their shooting. Musketry, or rather marksmanship, has always been a weak point with African soldiers, from all accounts.

Allenby made the position untenable, and the Ottoman Turk was fain to relax the grip he has held since 1517. The troops specially named in the final operations are Welsh and Home Counties, London infantry, and dismounted Yeomanry; Italian and French contingents assisted by historical right. It is an old battlefield for France; and Italy is linked imperishably with the event, in a sense both retrospective and anticipatory, through the "Gerusalemme Liberata" of Tasso. For the present, Jerusalem is merely to be held in occupation. No settlement will be attempted until the peace. The sacred places of all faiths will be impartially safeguarded under the British flag. The flags of Italy and France will fly from their own schools and missions. Indian Moslem guards will protect the Mosque of Omar. The Patriarch of Jerusalem telegraphed to the Pope that not a single shot had been fired against the city

Russia gets no nearer an end of her troubles, but the Leninite star is on the wane. Kaledin has roused the Don Cossacks against the pseudo-Government, and Korniloff is with him. Dutoff, at the head of the Ural Cossacks, is also in revolt; and in the Caucasus Karanloff has attacked Petrograd's usurpers. Trotsky gave orders to crush the Cossacks and make an end of Kaledin's anarchy. The armistice with Germany has become ridiculous, if it was ever otherwise. The Smolny Institute, the Bolshevik headquarters, has been discreetly silent over the German terms advanced in reply to the Lenin-Trotsky demands.

IN CONQUERED GERMAN EAST AFRICA: A CAMP-SCENE.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

A rumoured outline of these indicated the evacuation of Petrograd, the disarming of the Baltic Fleet, and the cession to Austria of the Ukraine, before peace negotiations should begin—the last truly a valuable counter in the game of beggar-my-neighbour. Is the Hun, after all, a grim humourist, if these terms be true? Meanwhile, the Russian Army remains impotent, although there is news enough of civil conflict. At Bielgorod there was

IN CONQUERED GERMAN EAST AFRICA: A COMPANY OF KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES ON THE MARCH.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

furious fighting. The second sitting of the Constituent Assembly opened on Dec. 11. Nothing like the full number of members had arrived in Petrograd on that day. Rumania was said to have been bribed by Germany to make peace with the promise of Bessarabia; Bulgaria, by the same arrangement, was to have the Dobrudja. Rumanian troops, while continuing inactive, firmly refused to fraternise with the enemy, who roared to them, across the wire entanglements, as gently as a sucking-dove. The Rumanian armistice was reported on the 12th as formally signed. It dated from the 9th, and was to last "until further notice."

In the House of Commons, on Dec. 12, Mr. Bonar Law moved the new Vote of Credit, which would carry the war expenditure up to the end of March. The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the daily average expenditure for the previous sixty-three days was £6,794,000, and, for the period since the end of the last financial year, £6,686,000. The Chancellor said that the Prime Minister would make a statement on the war before the Christmas adjournment. Mr. Bonar Law spoke hopefully of the recovery of moneys advanced to Russia. We have another warning for food economy in Sir Eric Geddes' speech in Parliament on December 13 on the submarine menace and shipbuilding prospects.

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The Illustrated War News

AT THEIR CAMP GATEWAY IN FRANCE: ANNAMITE WORKERS.

French Official.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: "THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS."

Beginning with the issue dated January 2, the price of "The Illustrated War News" will be raised to Ninepence. This has been made necessary by the further increase in the cost of paper, due to the restrictions on imports, and by the cost of other materials, of labour, and of transport. We feel sure that our readers will prefer the slight increase in the price rather than any diminution in the size of the Paper, which will be maintained at its present high standard of illustrations and letterpress. Our readers will note, also, that none of the editorial space is occupied by advertisements. The normal price of sixpence will be resumed as soon as possible.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW—RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT—FLANDERS AND FRANCE—ENEMY REINFORCEMENTS—ROUTINE FIGHTING—AIR-RAID ON LONDON—BRITISH IN ITALY.

THE year closes upon a conflict still doubtful. It has seen great successes and great setbacks. On the West, the Allies, after a brilliant series of thrusts which won them more appreciable progress than any previous twelvemonth of war, are faced with the threat of a German massed attack more formidable than anyone believed would be in the enemy's power to deliver again. But the valour that went forward, bit by bit, doggedly, from the Vimy Ridge to Bourlon Wood, stands ready to contest the worst that Hindenburg can contrive. The British and the French are not at bay. The withdrawal from Bourlon has to be viewed in its true perspective. The magnitude of Sir Julian Byng's achievement on Nov. 20 misled those too hopeful people who read into the victory an assurance of no partial setback to follow. They looked upon the piercing of the Hindenburg Line as a great "break-through." The military commanders have never regarded it as such. By the good fortune of the day, prescribed objectives were overreached. Hence natural disappointment when the new front had to be modified. It is necessary to consider the modification in the light of all the continuous gains since the battle of Arras. Such a view leaves us

WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TROOPS ENTRAINED.
New Zealand Official Photograph.

WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: PRACTISING BAYONET-FIGHTING.—[*New Zealand Official Photo.*]

with substantial encouragement for the New Year. On the Aisne and at Verdun the French hold the initiative. Meanwhile, Italy, to which 1917 brought a fair earnest of success and saw her forward line actually within striking distance of Trieste, has seen that hope postponed. But even a retreat of sixty miles did not daunt her courage. The Piave line stands, and gives increasing promise of proving a stone wall to the invaders. British and French together strengthen Italy's hands, and sustain the rally she made alone. The winter cannot bring any great forward movement in the Alps. It will be a period of grim holding on, with constant preparation for complete recovery. The earlier part of the year was full of great hope for Russia, but Brusiloff's swingeing blow in the Carpathians was deprived of its proper sequel by the political upheaval. The dismal result requires no comment. The Allies await the New Year with anxiety, but with reassurance. The enemy now stakes everything on his chance of a decision before American reinforcements arrive. His frenzied effort is an admission that if his time-table again goes wrong, as at Liége, his game is lost. Time is of the essence of the contract. But the prophets, wise in their generation, no longer attempt to foretell the dawn of peace. The closing months of 1917, if they have done nothing else, have deepened the conviction that a heavy struggle still lies ahead. While the issue still sways in Europe, in outlying battlefields the Old Year has set much to the profit side of the Allies' account. With the conquest of German East Africa, Germany lost her last colonial possession; the initial mistakes of others in Mesopotamia were turned to victory by the lamented Maude; while Allenby, in Palestine, completed, by the capture of Jerusalem, one of the most masterly campaigns of the whole war. His further movements there are a powerful auxiliary to ultimate decision in Mesopotamia.

WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MAKING HOT MEAT-PIES FOR THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES.
New Zealand Official Photograph.

WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BUYING VEGETABLES FROM A PEASANT ON A MARKET-DAY. [*New Zealand Official.*]

Continuing, then, the narrative of the fighting on the various fronts, we have to note a series of attacks in the neighbourhood of Bullecourt. The opening of these was registered in our last week's issue. Two attacks made by the enemy at dawn on the 13th were repulsed with heavy loss. Almost immediately the first of these failed; on the wider front from the east and north-east, against the angle formed by our trench-lines south of Riencourt-lez-Cagnicourt, the enemy again attacked and effected a penetration, but only a few of his troops reached our positions, and these were either killed or taken prisoner. During the same day local fighting went on, and lasted until late in the evening around a small piece of trench which the enemy still held. Other events of the same twenty-four hours were the repulse of a raid at La Bassée, a successful attack on a hostile post south of Villers-Guislain, and bomb-fighting east of Bullecourt. The enemy's artillery was lively throughout the day, south of the Scarpe and north-east of Ypres. As a result of this fighting our position was slightly improved east of Bullecourt. On the 15th the fighting was again local, the chief point being about Polygon Wood, near Polderhoek Château. The enemy obtained no advantage except at one point, where

he entered a trench. Again guns on both sides were busy on the Scarpe, and the German artillery was particularly brisk north of Langemarck.

The snow has brought home to our men the advantages of the higher ground they now occupy, as the result of the long series of operations between Lens and Staden. It is now the enemy's turn to crouch among the snowdrifts, overlooked by our men. Last year the reverse was the case. Our troops do not believe that the enemy will make a colossal attack on the Cambrai front. Granted the presence of huge forces released from the Russian front, the quality of the enemy's reinforcements is understood to be not first-class.

THE PALESTINE FIGHTING: FILLING A TROUGH BY MEANS OF A PUMPING-ENGINE.—[*Official Photograph.*]

On the 18th, at 6.15 p.m., German aeroplanes crossed the Essex and Kent coast. Five machines reached the London area and dropped bombs. One was brought down; another was reported as probably down.

On the French front there was little of importance between Dec. 14 and 16. Late on the 17th the guns were very active in the Vosges, also south of St. Quentin and east of the Meuse. The enemy tried a surprise attack in Upper Alsace, but gained nothing thereby.

On the Italian front the infantry actions continued incessant, to the sustained ground-bass of heavy guns. Between the Brenta and the Piave a heroic struggle won back to Italy a considerable stretch of captured trenches. On a renewal of the hostile attack in the Col della Berretta region, a fierce struggle was maintained until night, and heavy losses forced the enemy to desist. His gains were insignificant. On Monte Tomba and along the Piave, artillery actions rose and fell, and some small affairs of patrols took place, with advantage to the Italians. Enemy infantry from Monte Spinoncia (Brenta front) recoiled under French gun-fire. A division of Jaeger, attacking Monte Solarolo, met with so determined a resistance and were so badly cut up that they they gave up and returned to their positions. The seventh day of the Brenta Piave Battle closed, therefore, in victory for our Allies.

For the first time the enemy has mentioned a brush with the British in Italy. His report of Dec. 17 spoke of British attacks south of Fontana Secca, between the Brenta and the Piave. According to Ludendorff, our attacks broke down. The chief significance of his report is the indication that British troops are posted on the higher fighting line, above the Montello foot-hills, where they were first announced to have taken over positions.

LONDON: DEC. 20, 1917.

THE PALESTINE FIGHTING: LANDING STORES ON THE COAST.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Passing Battlefield Messages from Front to Rear.

KEEPING TOUCH IN ACTION: A NEW ZEALAND SIGNALLER ON A JUST-CAPTURED GERMAN DUG-OUT.

As fast as ground is gained to the front while an attack is in progress, signallers follow close behind and establish themselves, singly or in parties, as near the fighting as may be. They are sent on in order to keep the advancing front-line troops in as close touch as possible with the commanders of local reserve units and the staff and higher officers immediately responsible for the general direction of the operations. In that way, the officers in charge are kept informed of the fortunes of the fight at places out of sight from in rear. Thus the sending-up of reinforcements can be regulated, or new or auxiliary movements of the reserve troops, still in hand at local headquarters in rear, initiated with the least possible loss of time. Note the thick concrete slabs of the German dug-out.—[*New Zealand Official Photos.*]

The Men who Charged the Guns at Masnieres

WITH THE LIEUTENANT WHO TOOK COMMAND TWO MILES WITHIN THE ENEMY LI

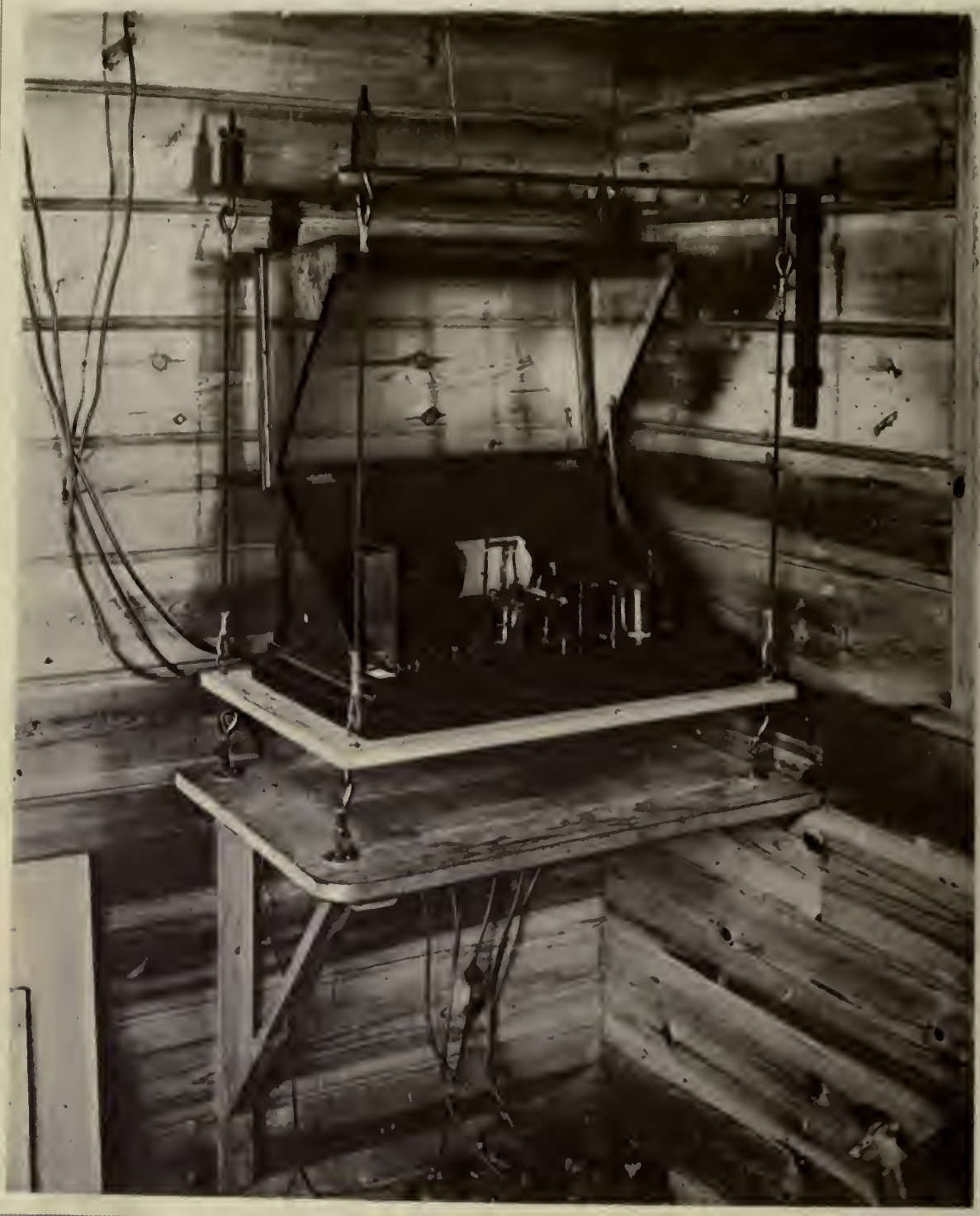
The exploits of the Canadian Cavalry in the battle of Cambrai rival the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. "A single squadron of the Fort Garry Horse," writes Mr. W. A. Willison, the Canadian correspondent, "found themselves facing a hostile battery of four 3-in. light German field-guns. Charging straight for the battery, sabring everything as they went,

Heroes of a Canadian "Balaclava" Exploit.

D LED A FIGHTING RETIREMENT: A FAMOUS SQUADRON OF THE FORT GARRY HORSE.

officers and men raced to the guns. . . . With the sword the cavalry wiped out that battery. . . . Unchecked, our horses went on until dusk, and found themselves two miles inside enemy territory, commanded by a lieutenant. . . . They fought their way back on foot. The retirement . . . was a succession of hand-to-hand struggles."—[*Canadian War Records.*]

One of the Duties of the R.N.A.S.



METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATION: A LIGHTNING RECORDER, ABLE TO REPORT STORMS 200 MILES OFF.

The Meteorological stations established under the control of the Royal Naval Air Service are completely equipped with every kind of recording and warning instrument, found suitable for war purposes. As an instance of the completeness of the equipment supplied, the instrument shown here will serve. Its functions are to detect electrical disturbances in the upper air, and at extreme distances, so that our aeroplane camps and stations within the affected area or a radius of a certain number of miles may be warned in time in view of contemplated operations. The enemy have similar stations in the occupied districts of France and Belgium, equipped with similar instruments to those we use, as a German account which was quoted in one of our newspapers related in some detail.—[*Official Naval Photograph.*]

One of the Duties of the R.N.A.S.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATION AT 30,000 FEET UP: PILOT BALLOONING AT AN R.N.A.S. STATION.

Weather prognostication during the next few hours or days is one of the most important matters in war, and more particularly in a war such as the present, in which air-fighting takes so great a part. It involves the constant making of scientific meteorological tests, and the taking of special measures with the view of obtaining reliable information of air-current directions, strengths, and variations, and prevalent weather conditions generally in regions of the upper air. Pilot-ballooning is one method employed. By sending up balloons fitted with recording instruments, or connected with instruments under observation on the ground, wind velocities, for example, at as high up as 30,000 feet, can be noted. The Royal Naval Air Service carry out the duties.—[*Official Naval Photograph.*]

The Italian Army's Stand at Bay

RIVERSIDE DEFENCES ON THE PIAVE: WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS ALONG

The Piave for the last fifty miles of its course across the flat, low-lying expanse of the plain of Venetia, offers few naturally defensive positions along its banks. The river takes its way in a series of wide reaches studded with islets, which, as the stream approaches the coast, show above the surface as patches of sandy gravel and mud. The photograph brings out the

o Keep the Enemy from Venice.

AR BANK IN FRONT OF TRENCHES, AND ON THE RIVER ISLETS.

characteristics of the district. As the best method of hindering a passage over, the Italians constructed lines of barbed wire on both the river bank and the low foreshore on their side, and also on the nearest islets, with batteries and infantry trenches close to the river bank along their side of the Piave. They proved effective in stopping the Austrians.

On the Italian Northern Defence Line.

THE ASIAGO FRONT: ITALIAN TRENCHES BY MONTE FIOR; ROAD-BLOCKING IN VAL SUGANA.

Monte Fior, where the upper illustration shows part of an Italian trench-line across one of the lower slopes of the mountain, is on the north of the Asiago plateau, which forms the main central stronghold of the Italian northern defence-system. The trench-line runs, as seen, across a boulder-strewn slope, and faces across a shallow valley, where among the scrub pines are Austrian advanced posts. The Val Sugana lies on the eastern side of Asiago, and near the town of Rivalta, and the Brenta takes its course from north to south through the valley. A mountain side road is shown in the second illustration being barricaded. With the roadway barricaded across, there is no passing on either side between the rocky steep above and the precipice to the river below.—[*Italian Official Photographs.*]

On the Italian Northern Defence Line.

BY MONTE GRAPPA: A ROAD USED BY TRENTINO REFUGEES; A MACHINE-GUN POST.

Monte Grappa is on the ridge, or series of heights, which extend across the Brenta-Piava front, stretching between the two rivers from east to west, for about fifteen miles, as the crow flies. The Asiago plateau is the corresponding high ground to the west across the Brenta, the intervening valley of which river forms the main gateway, as it were, from the Trentino to the Venetian Plain. One of the mountain roads by Monte Grappa, along which the Italian Trentino refugees passed, is seen in the upper illustration. The lower illustration shows an Italian machine-gun post on a rocky spur overlooking the Val Sugana, through which the Brenta flows, not far from the Trentino border, with some of its garrison. The post can only be entered by the tunnel in the hill side, the entrance to which is shown.—[*Italian Official Photographs.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXXI.—THE BUFFS.

A YOUNGSTER'S FIRST BAGGAGE-GUARD.

ROUND about the year 1807 there joined the 3rd Foot (the Buffs), the East Kent Regiment, a broth of a boy, barely turned sixteen. Before he joined, he had had a brush with his future Colonel, who was dining with the father of the Ensign-elect. The boy, full of assurance, got a well-deserved snub from the Colonel, whereupon Young Hopeful flung a glass of wine in the guest's face. The Colonel took it most magnanimously, and said he saw his work cut out for him. He added that his young friend would find plenty of fellows in the regiment who would put him to rights, if he behaved as he had just been doing. Ever after the Chief was his friend.

CAMP-FIRE YARNS ON THE BRITISH FRONT: AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER "TELLING THE TALE" OF AN EXPLOIT, AMID HUMOROUS COMMENTS.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

The boy made a good start. He was, it is true, constantly up to pranks, but not of a criminal kind. What is now called "ragging" was known then as "putting to rights," and was practised almost without variation from the modern observance in method and detail. Studious officers caught it hot, and our young friend was frequently detailed by persons who should have known better to put a board across a Staff College man's chimney and sit upon it until the student's room became untenable. He was also a great hand at smearing other men's jack-boots with pomatum and hair-powder, and at mixing hair-powder with boot-blacking—a very choice lark, which fashion alone has rendered obsolete.

FRENCH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS ON AN INLAND WATERWAY: A GUN-BOAT ON THE AISNE CANAL.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

There was, however, plenty of good stuff in the boy, as he proved by nearly half-a-century of distinguished service. His first important duty came when the Buffs were ordered to Portugal. Master Ensign was detailed to the baggage-guard to escort the baggage into Plymouth. Conveyance was very difficult to procure, and, when found, was entirely inadequate. Consequently, the train was divided into two parts, each with half the guard commanded by a subaltern. Our young man, in charge of the first detachment, had not gone far before he saw that he was up against a serious proposition. The drivers, having been pressed to serve, were very refractory. The Ensign had only a sergeant and seven men to help him to keep order. The carter who drove the best horse was particularly insolent, and the carts would not keep together as the officer desired. But the boy would stand no nonsense. He had the refractory driver tied to his wagon and took his whip away from him until he promised to behave. At this, the man was set free and had his whip returned; whereupon he took the lead of the string and brought the carts along very well

[*Continued overleaf.*

A Mine-Sweeper Returning with its Spoil.

A WAR-SERVICE TRAWLER BRINGING ITS "CATCH" SLUNG OUTBOARD AT THE BOOM-END.

One of the innumerable inhuman practices of the enemy at sea, contrary to the Law of Nations and the Hague Convention, is exemplified here. The enemy's invariable practice is to set their mines to keep afloat should they become unmoored and drift, and to set their torpedoes to float after completing their run, instead of, as laid down, arranging the mechanism so that, in each case, the loose mine or spent torpedo should sink and not endanger neutral and ordinary traffic. One of the perils our heroic mine-sweepers are exposed to hourly is that of suddenly bumping into such death-traps. If sighted on the surface in time, mines can be destroyed, either by rifle or light gun fire on the spot, or on occasion picked up by boat and brought into port, slung as seen.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

until Plymouth was reached. There the little officer met fresh troubles. He received orders to go on to Plymouth Dock, as Devonport was called a hundred years ago. His carters were already out of all patience, as they had reached the end of their specified service and wished to be dismissed. The Ensign saw that he must, if possible, conceal the new destination from his teamsters. That, however, was incompatible with getting a further move on. The carters were obstinate, and soon gathered a crowd of sailors who took their part. The trouble now rose to a regular disturbance, and matters looked very ugly. The Man in Authority accordingly collected his guard and formed them crescent-wise in front of the leading cart. He next ordered his men to bring their muskets to the charge and pass through the crowd, which seemed ready to offer obstruction. The sergeant, a steady, elderly man, asked leave to caution the men against hurting any of the people, which would have serious consequences. This he did; but at that moment the mob grew violent, and, charging, knocked down the whole guard, officer, non-commissioned officer, and all. The boy jumped up, and, bidding his sergeant take care of guard and baggage, beckoned to a grenadier to follow him. Together, they singled out the ring-leader, a wagon-owner and prize-fighter, and dodged him out of the throng to a quiet corner, where the Ensign told the man that if he did not take him at once to a magistrate he would order the grenadier to bayonet him.

SHARERS IN THE GLORY OF VERDUN: FRENCH INFANTRY ON THAT FRONT MOVING UP TO THE FIRST LINE.

French Official Photograph.

"Young gentleman," said the carter, coolly looking down at his small adversary, "you need not be so warlike. I 'll take you to the Mayor's with pleasure, and probably get you fined. Your acts have been perfectly illegal; you can't force us further than your route specifies."

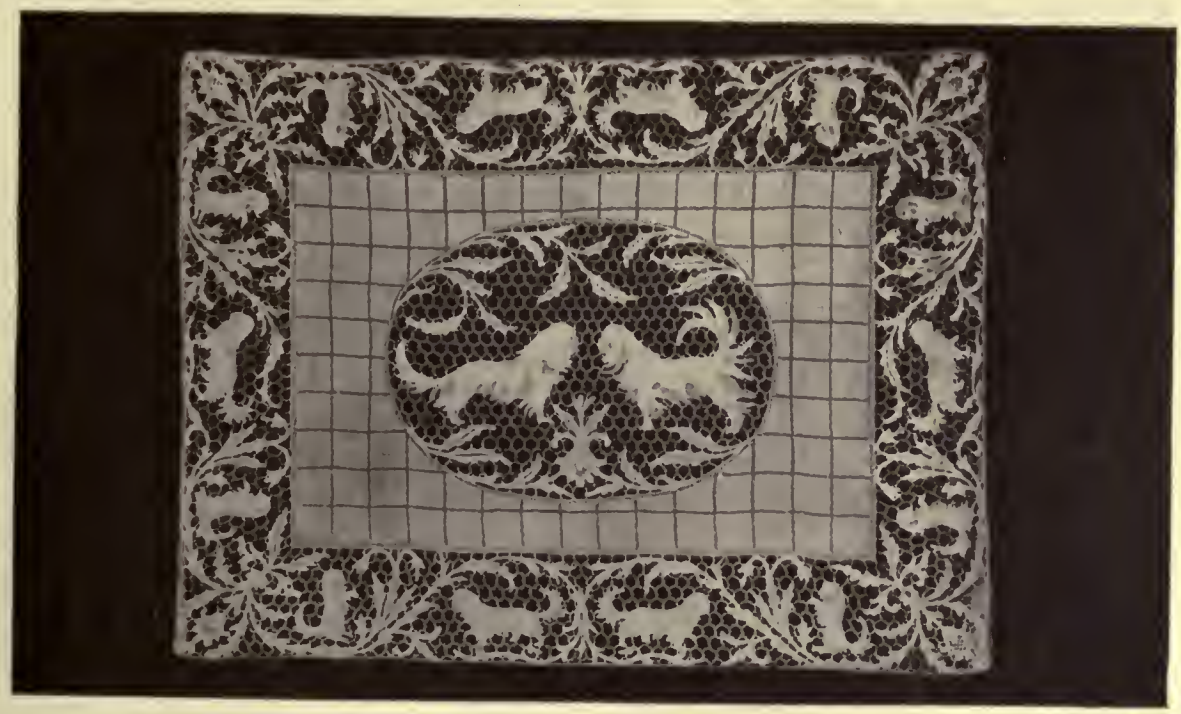
Forthwith the carter took the Ensign to the Mayor, who was kindness itself, and held a private conference with the martial infant. The Mayor doubted whether he had any power in the matter, but the carter he knew as a thoroughly bad character who had been before him often. The carter was now called in, and the Mayor, referring to the man's record, advised him to put his horse to again and go on with the journey. The carter replied that he had the law on his side, and no horse of his should be put to unless for double pay on to Devonport. The Mayor advised the Ensign to pay now, and call on him next day. The carter then prepared to proceed, but all the rest of the drivers demanded the same terms. There was no help but to grant them.

So off they set. The rascals took a short cut to Devonport, which necessitated the crossing of a private bridge, where the officer had to pay a considerable toll per vehicle. It was after midnight when he arrived at last, out of pocket to the tune of £5. Out of pocket indeed. That night he was too dog-tired to go with his account to the Quartermaster. Not so the carters. When the Ensign interviewed the Q.M. in the morning, he found that the villains had been there before him and had been paid all over again!

GIVING THE ACCOLADE TO AN AFRICAN WARRIOR: GENERAL LYAUTEY BESTOWING FRENCH MILITARY DECORATIONS.

French Official Photograph.

A Beautiful Belgian Industry: Some Exquisite Lace.



AT THE EXHIBITION OF BELGIAN LACE AT THE BELGIAN EMBASSY: ADMIRED BY THE QUEEN.

Some twenty thousand women and girls in Belgium are dependent upon the beautiful industry of lace-making for their daily bread, and this lace is sold in England. The continuance of this industry throughout not only the present, but earlier, wars is remarkable. Even to-day, great artists are giving new designs which make this century famous in the records of lace-making. Our first illustration is of a cushion cover, showing the Arms of Ypres, in Venice, with *motifs* of Flanders; and our second a cushion-cover, "Les Chiens," dainty little Pekinese, designed by M. Allard, in a Venice medallion, surrounded by Venice drawn-thread-worked lawn. The lace is not only beautiful in itself, but in pathetic contrast to the conditions of war-time, during which it has been produced.

On the Coast on the Western Front.

KEEPING THE HORSES FIT: A MORNING WADE; PASSING A CAMP WIRE ENTANGLEMENT.

The mounted services, in which are included various departments of transport, besides the cavalry and artillery, whenever any of their units are stationed in camps or cantonments within sufficiently short distances of the sea coast, both in North-Western France and by the Flanders border, make regular use of their proximity to the sands for bathing the horses as temperature permits. The beach sands and the sand-dunes, as well as the downland plateaus fringing the coast, also afford the cavalry good exercising ground for the horses, and for drills and evolutions. It was while out for a ride by the coast that, as we illustrated at the time, some cavalry, while out on the Downs north of Calais, captured the crew of a stranded German submarine as they came on shore at low water.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

On the British Western Front in France.

AT TWO PLACES: AEROPLANES LINED UP BEFORE A START; AN 8-INCH CAMBRAI CAPTURE.

In the upper illustration a flight, or section, of British aeroplanes is seen ranged in line at a camp preliminary to starting off on the duty allotted to it. Some little time ago, it may be remembered, one of our Western Front air squadrons caught a squadron of German Gothas similarly lined-up on the ground near their hangars, and severely damaged them before they could rise off the ground, or be got under cover. It was generally believed at the time that the Gothas were about to start for a bomb-dropping raid on England, as the moon and weather conditions were favourable for the enemy. The lower illustration shows one of the larger German guns usually found in the enemy's front lines—an 8-inch gun—a Cambrai-offensive prize.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Troops who have Shown "Glorious Heroism": New Z

THE RETURN FROM BATTLE IN MODERN CONDITIONS OF SCIENTIFIC WARFARE:

In old days battles were usually decisive, and men returned, if victorious, with blare of trumpets and banners flying. To-da even a great battle is but an incident in a vast and endless campaign, and the return from the fight is accomplished witho pomp and circumstance. Generally it means a long trudge on muddy roads or, as on the occasion here illustrated, a journ

lers Detraining after an Attack on the Western Front.

N-LOAD OF NEW ZEALAND TROOPS BROUGHT BACK BY RAIL FROM THE FRONT.

y train. New Zealand has troops both on the Western Front and in Palestine, and in each case they have fought with splendid ourage. Describing their part in a battle, Mr. Malcolm Ross, the New Zealand war correspondent, writes: "For some hours on he slopes below the Bellevue Ridge deeds of the most glorious heroism were being enacted."—[*New Zealand Official Photograph.*]

Compatriots of the American Engineers who fougl

SOME OF THE U.S. ARMY OF 2,000,000: MEN OF A CRACK AMERICAN REGIME

A great host is training in the United States for the war in Europe. "The latest estimates of the War Department," said the Washington correspondent of the "Times" on December 7, "provide for the maintenance of a fighting force of two million men on the Western Front." Meanwhile the advance-guard of the coming legions has done splendid service in France.

t Gouzeaucourt: Men of the United States Army.

WAVING FAREWELL TO FRIENDS ON SHORE AS THEY SAIL FOR A TRAINING CAMP.

During the German counter-attacks near Cambrai, some companies of American engineers, engaged on railway work, were cut off by the enemy's barrage. They took part in the fighting and showed great heroism, a number being killed or wounded. Sir Douglas Haig wrote to General Pershing expressing the British Army's thanks for their gallant conduct.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

With New Zealanders at a Western Front Cantonment.

EVERYDAY INCIDENTS: A COMMANDANT GOING ROUND BILLETS; A SHOEING SMITHY.

In the upper illustration, the commanding officer of a detachment of New Zealand troops is seen making a round of inspection of the billets of one of the units under his command, some of the men of which were, at the time, quartered in farm buildings. The officer is the near figure of the leading pair of officers crossing the farm-yard, as the buildings round show the place to be. He is wearing the cloth field-service cap, while the regimental officer at his side wears the familiar felt slouch hat adopted by the Anzacs, Australians, and New Zealanders alike. In rear of the inspecting officer follow two other N.Z. regimental officers. In the lower illustration is another New Zealand cantonment scene: the regimental shoeing smith's forge of one of the Canterbury regiments.—[*New Zealand Official Photographs.*]

On a Battlefield on the Western Front.

DURING ACTION : USING SHELL-HOLES AS GUN-PITS ; A WOUNDED PRISONER AWAITING A STRETCHER-BEARER.

For batteries of field artillery in particular, when under fire during action, or within range of the enemy, cover—it goes without saying—of almost any kind, whether from the direct view of the enemy, or as affording protection from projectiles, is a prime essential. Every dip or fold in the ground surface is taken advantage of—and, on occasion, even shell-holes, as is seen in the upper illustration. That shows one of the New Zealander field-artillery batteries making use of the shell-craters on an extensively holed piece of ground, as gun-pits. As ground for getting over, the shell-craters, where a bombardment has been severe, on the other hand, make the ground all but impassable for horses as well as guns, even with the most skilful steering by the drivers.—[*New Zealand Official Photographs.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: XIII.—HERMES WITH A TAB.

BERNARD speaks about twenty languages with extreme virulence; and when he joined the Army he considered, seeing that the enemy was strangely unaccustomed to English, that he would be useful: he knew German and Berlin and Hamburg. The War Office thought so too. At least, the first gentleman he saw thought so. The Eleventh said, tersely, "Can you speak Jugo-Belge?"—and, upon Bernard saying he could not, not even a little bit, the gentleman said "Huh!" and sent him to Irak, which he spoke even less.

But in time things changed. Having been wounded and returned Blighty, Bernard on one occasion helped a Colonel buy *Le Journal* from a little boy, and after that (*L*) was put after his name in a book, and in due course he took his place in the ranks of the New Warriors, as *liaison*. It looks a nice job; Bernard has tabs attached, and can get really good wine at messes where ordinary people can scarcely ask for water without a dictionary. But, although it seems attractive, it has snags.

SHIPPING A "GREEN ONE": A BIG WAVE BREAKING ABOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP, DRENCHING A BLUEJACKET.

The bluejacket's cap is faintly seen through the spray just to left of the opening of the cowl.

Photograph by C.N.

Bernard insists that it has terrible snags. He asks you if you have ever seen those dummies that hang on strings, and of which the Drill Sergeant says "Look FierCE at 'em! FIerCE, I ses! With the point—Crr!!" Bernard says he is quite like that, with the bayonet coming at him from both sides.

Bernard says that when he started his job he was told that he was a "link"; that is a lie (his expression)—he is an adjectival buffer state of the most harassed description.

Bernard is a language *liaison*, and in the field. His duty is to make intelligible and plain the ideas of the Higher and even Lower Command of one group of languages to the Lower and Higher Command of another. When his own English G.O.C. is about to give Jerry-Over-the-Way a shrewd knock, Bernard has to get all the details and instructions off pat, carry them along to the French G.O.C., who may be feeling willing to join in the caprice, and put before him all the facts precisely and without error. That is his language, and his mind must be fool-proof. Any slip-up on intransitive verbs and suchlike might be ugly.

Bernard said it would seem that on the face of it the thing is simple; but it isn't. The efforts of one leader can be conspicuously mistranslated by the other. Points have to be settled, and the amount of complication that can arise out of trivialities can be furious. Bernard gets all the fury. If one Highbrow doesn't quite see eye to eye with the other, then he takes it out of *liaison*, and the other is never very backward. Indeed, Bernard thinks that the *liaison* was invented to preserve the Entente. It is the only means by which two men can quarrel like cats and yet remain perfectly friendly. It is a great thought, thinks Bernard, but painful in application.

Of course, it is not only the different languages of the Entente that quarrel; quarrelling of an amiable and vigorous sort is universal. Everybody who has an unfortunate *liaison* about makes use of him as a safety-valve, whether he is acting between two English or two any other language

[Continued overleaf.

With the Canadians: On the Western Front and in Paris.

VISITORS AND WAR-WORKERS: AT LENS; ALLIED OFFICER-SPECTATORS; Y.M.C.A. GIRL-*CHEFS.*

The Canadian grip on Lens began with the victorious attacks which gave the Canadians their foothold within the enemy's barrier and placed Lens under fire of the Canadian batteries. Thenceforward a persistent bombardment of the German positions was maintained to break down the solidity of the German defence-system, and open it for further attack. In the upper illustration are seen, with Canadian officers: Major Prince Amoradhat of Siam (in a light coat), French, American, Portuguese, and Roumanian officers, the two latter recipients of the C.M.G. The lower illustration shows the Canadian Commander and Canadian girls who went over to Paris to run the Canadian Y.M.C.A. On the Commander's right is Mr. Roye, the Canadian Commissioner in Paris.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

departments. German *liaisons*, for example, must have a perfectly unseemly time.

When the line goes into action the *liaison* has all the thrills, and a lot of running-about thrown in. As the lines go forward, it is his business to see that French and English connect up sweetly, that the join is always strong, and that France isn't left in the air by England, or England isn't caught accidentally under the barrage of France.

He is the go-between, and at furious pace. He keeps the French Commander informed of every move and motive and moment of the British action, and returns with the same amount of information about the French.

Even in billets he is still the voice that smooths over international barriers of tongues. He conveys from France the polite intimation that a certain generous British freedom with Plum and Apple jam is undermining the discipline of Poilu; though the amiability of Albion is appreciated, Poilu is beginning to stray. He also conveys the respects of Britain, and intimates that the ration wine of France is an excellent institution, and it is charming of our Allies to be so sharing with it; but Tommy has not got over the idea that it should be drunk like beer, and the effect is a little too hilarious for good *moral*. These and other little intricacies *liaison* has to smooth out.

AN OPEN-AIR "VICTORIA" ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BRITISH TROOPS ENTRAINING.—[*Australian Official Photograph.*]

ALL HANDS AND THE COOK TO THE ROPES! BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN HAULING AN 18-POUNDER OVER FLANDERS MUD.

Australian Official Photograph.

The calling is a very good school for diplomacy.

Of course, there are other *liaisons*. There are purely British *liaisons* between department and department, corps and corps, both "Over There" and at home. All are difficult and go-betweeny, and each *liaison* officer has to stand the winds and buffets of sometimes kind and sometimes unkind fate.

Liaison is the man who finds out for G.O.C. Ops. what the pundits of Military Intelligence think about any particular matter. He is also the man that connects up Flying with Batteries, and sees to it that they co-ordinate and work together hand in hand for the kejereeing of Fritz. He is the man who finds out, under peril of Wrath to Come, why the A.S.C. has taken a new line of route to Dump PXCD; and he tones down the language of A.S.C. in order to make the perfectly justifiable explanation fit for the ears of the D.A.A.G.

He is a shuttle-cock, a pollen-carrying bee, a sort of Tabby Hermes who carries ideas round, who oils up the wheels of progress, who is intimately connected and not at all unresponsible for the perfect working and efficiency of the great war machine.

"It's a strange experience," Bernard tells me. "I feel a cross between a Cook's Courier, an Ambassador to the Bolsheviks, and a good stout doormat. There are moments when the gain and loss of several hundreds of yards of Fritz trenches and I don't know how many British and French lives hang upon a word from me. There are also times when the whole Heaven-like serenity of H.Q. and the temper of a robust British General also depends upon a word from me—just the way I will say words expressed to me beautifully but tersely in the Gallic tongue. I am becoming an artist in these things. I generally manage it. I guarantee that after this war I shall be able to tell my worst enemy exactly what I think of him—which is terrible—and be asked out to dinner by him in consequence."

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"The First Seven Divisions'" Day in London.

WELCOME AND TRIBUTES: WOUNDED SOLDIERS CHEERING VETERANS; BANNERS IN THE ALBERT HALL.

Nothing could exceed in warmth London's welcome on December 15, to the "Heroes of Mons." So everybody called the seven hundred representatives of the First Seven Divisions, who fought in France and Flanders in 1914 from Mons to the first battle of Ypres, on their way to the Albert Hall commemoration. An incident during the drive of the veterans in motor vehicles from the City luncheon given by the Lord Mayor is shown in the upper illustration—wounded of the New Army, out for a drive, cheering their predecessors of the Old Army. The lower illustration shows the interior of the Albert Hall with the banners bearing regimental badges, worked mostly by the widows, wives, and mothers of officers and men, ranged in front of the tiers of boxes occupied by the "Men of Mons."—[*Photos. by L.N.A.*]

With the Palestine Army during General Allenby's Advance.

IN THE LINES: AN OFFICER'S IMPROVISED "DOG" AND WARNING-OFF NOTICE; KIT-WEIGHING.

A sporting detail "in lighter vein" at one of our camps during the Palestine advance, is shown in the upper illustration. An officer (on the left) is seen seated outside his tent with a "dog," made out of scraps of canvas and sacking, and also a board on which is the warning notice—"Beware of the Dog." In the lower illustration, an officer is seen weighing his kit, all rolled up and ready for lading on a pack-animal or a transport cart. A fixed scale of baggage-weights is rigidly adhered to. There are special scales for the personal belongings of everybody, from generals downwards. These have, of necessity, to be fixed on service and all fronts, as has been the rule with the Army in all campaigns since the Crimean War. In the present war the rule is particularly necessary.—[*Official Photographs.*]

"A Seaplane as Torpedo-boat of the Air."

BEFORE AND IN ACTION: CARRYING A TORPEDO; A "FIRED" TORPEDO STRIKING THE SEA.

One use of the seaplanes of the Royal Naval Air Service is sentry work combined with sniping. They carry torpedoes against German destroyers they may sight, or commerce-raiders, also bombs for U-boats. As to U-boats: at an ordinary height over a fairly smooth sea and sandy bottom, a submarine moving below the surface can be "spotted" and swooped down on sufficiently low to enable a bomb to be successfully dropped. Against German vessels, seaplanes use a torpedo. The upper illustration shows a seaplane carrying a torpedo between its floats, for dropping, like a torpedo "fired" above water. In the water the gyroscope in the torpedo acts.—[*From The Work and Training of the Royal Naval Air Service," published by authority of the Admiralty, at the Offices of the "Illustrated London News."*]

Our Far-East Ally's Storm Disaster.

THE OCTOBER TYPHOON IN JAPAN: STORM HAVOC AT TOKIO; A STREET AT TSUKISHIMA.

A typhoon, reported to be the worst for half a century, and which lasted for over four hours, broke over Southern Japan on October 1. The photographs of some of the devastation at various places shown on this page, and on the page adjoining, have just reached England. Tokyo came in for the full violence of the typhoon, and thousands of people had their dwellings destroyed, blown down flat like houses of cards, as shown in the first illustration of a scene at Tokyo. Japanese houses, as most people know, are very lightly constructed, and largely of wood, so as to be less affected by the not-infrequent earthquakes than more solidly built structures would be. A huge tidal wave caused additional damage among houses of waterside districts, and added to the heavy loss of life.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

The Typhoon Disaster in Japan.

AT A WRECKED BRIDGE: ESUCHUJIMA PEOPLE GETTING WATER FROM A BROKEN MAIN.

The typhoon wrought, as it is reported, even more destructive havoc outside Tokyo, and over the country districts. In the Osaka district, for one, rain fell incessantly for two days and nights, flooding the country and inundating many villages, while the rivers, swollen into torrents, swept away, or wrecked, bridges, and added to the widespread ravages caused by the typhoon, and its hurricane-like wind. An island off Uruyasu completely disappeared in the sea, after the tidal wave had swept over, its three hundred inhabitants perishing. Upwards of 3000 houses were blown down by the furious gale, and, as it is stated, 150,000 submerged. There were over five hundred deaths in Tokyo Prefecture alone, and the general damage over the country was estimated to amount to over £10,000,000 sterling.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

IF hard work in a good cause brings self-satisfaction, Miss Kathleen Burke, organising secretary of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, must be one of the happiest persons. To have travelled all over Canada and America; to have been the first (and, I believe, only) woman to enter Verdun; to be the owner of the French decoration of the Golden Palm; to have "served" in France, Serbia, and Belgium; to have been the first woman to address the members of the New York Stock Exchange; and, last but by no means least, to have collected £52,000 in the space of a year for the charity you represent, to say nothing of previous financial successes—is a record of which any woman might well be proud, even in an age when women are making and breaking records every day.

PICTURESQUE TRIBUTE TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN FRANCE: AN ARCHWAY OF SWORDS.

After the General in command of a Flanders division conferred upon Miss Georgie Fyffe the Croix de Guerre, awarded to her by the French Government, in recognition of her devotion to duty in Flanders, the gallant French officers formed an archway with their swords, through which the brave lady passed.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

Miss Burke, who has only recently returned from America, is full of enthusiasm for the business-like way in which the American nation—the women no less than the men—are throwing themselves into every form of war activity. There are already 160 charitable organisations carrying on relief work in America, yet the official "beggar" of the Scottish Women's Hospitals was able to return with the £52,000 already mentioned as a result of her efforts on behalf of her especial charity. In addition, a speech at the New York Stock Exchange, when the members had the unique experience of hearing a clever speaker give a charitable twist to familiar things like bonds and options, margins and dividends, resulted in over 800,000 dollars being added to the funds of the American Red Cross.

. . .

The visit of Canada's woman M.P., Miss MacAdam, to the French front, to see her constituents who are fighting out there, has a rather especial significance just now when Canada is agitated on the subject of Conscription. It was only in October that the wives, sisters, and mothers of members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force were enfranchised by the Dominion Government. The privilege, however, only applies so long as the voters are in Canada. In consequence, Canadian women now in England, who would be eligible as voters if at home, are unable to have a say in what, after all, is a matter of Imperial importance. Strong protests have been made;

[*Continued overleaf.*

A FRENCH TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE ENGLISHWOMAN: THE CROIX DE GUERRE FOR MISS GEORGIE FYFFE.

The General in command of a Flanders division is here seen decorating Miss Georgie Fyffe with the Croix de Guerre, awarded to her by the French Government for her devotion to duty in Flanders.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

The Charges of Treason against M. Caillaux.

THE DEFENDANT: M. JOSEPH CAILLAUX, A LEADING FRENCH FINANCIER AND A FORMER PREMIER.

M. Joseph Caillaux, against whom grave charges, in part connected with the Bolo Case, are brought by General Dubail, Military Governor of Paris, has long been known as in the foremost rank of French financiers, and before the outbreak of the war, was Premier. His name became known in England in the spring of 1914, owing to the trial of his wife for shooting Gaston Calmette in Paris. General Dubail's charges, made on behalf of M. Clemenceau's Government, which were read before the Chamber of Deputies, of which M. Caillaux is a member, accused M. Caillaux of "endangering the safety of the State" by intrigues and demanded his trial by courtmartial. The question as to the tribunal to deal with the charges is for the Chamber.—[*Photo. by Manuel.*]

but, as the Federal House is not in session, it is impossible to get matters altered. Meantime, thousands of women who have had opportunities of studying war conditions at first hand, and who in consequence probably vote imperially, have been obliged to content themselves with working to influence men to follow that course.

. . . .

The home has always been supposed to be the sphere, above all others, which women were best fitted to adorn. But, though the rôle of home-maker was assigned to woman by custom and tradition, she was entirely left out when it came to a question of bricks and mortar. For some mysterious reason, house-planning seems to have been regarded as beyond the scope of feminine intelligence. The result has been a type of house which, though it may have come up to the house-agent's idea of "comfortable," has been the source of woe and tribulation to countless generations of mistresses and servants. But the war is going to change all that. The dearth of servants has served to emphasise the necessity for houses built with a view to the convenience of the owner, rather than according to the individual ideas of the architect, and the labour-saving house is likely to be one of the minor and unexpected results of the war.

. . . . .

However, it is not absolutely necessary to wait for comfort—or at any rate comparative comfort—until that happy time arrives. Mrs. C. S. Peel, in "The Labour-Saving House," recently published by John Lane, gives some valuable hints for lightening the lot of the war-time housekeeper, in whose home, it seems, "at least a third of each day is wasted in doing work which in no way adds to the comfort of its inmates."

. . . . .

New forms of war work are always interesting, and there is, I am told, at the moment a very real need for the services of women competent to act as junior draughtsmen and tracers in the munitions drawing-offices. Besides being of a useful nature, the work is far from dull, and, as accuracy and great care are essential, the work is well suited to educated women. Those who have not a great knowledge of art need not be diffident about offering their services. After all, landscape or portrait-painting is hardly of much help when it comes to making technical drawings to scale, though a knowledge of black-and-white work, on the other hand, would probably be an immense advantage. Junior draughtsmen are wanted, badly wanted; but it is just as well to take a preliminary training before engaging in the work. When this is done, the beginner can start as a draughtsman, not a tracer, and is thus able to command a better salary, besides doing more valuable work. Such a training lasts—it is, of course, an "emergency" course—four weeks, and costs four guineas. It is just as well, though, for women obliged to earn their own living to bear in mind the fact that the demand for so many workers is essentially due to "war" conditions, and that prospects of employment after peace comes are, at the best, uncertain. Novel forms of war work are constantly cropping up. Not so long ago a woman was appointed lady butler at a large boys' school.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

PUTTING POTTERY INTO THE FURNACE: A LADY-WORKER AT CHISWICK.

The potter's art is being taught, and practised, at Ravenscourt Park, Chiswick Road, by Miss Lunn, daughter of the late Professor Lunn, thus giving an impetus to a branch of work in which the introduction of women-workers will set free men for the service of their country.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

CHINA FROM CHISWICK: THROWING CLAY ON THE WHEEL.

One more field of industry is being developed on a larger scale owing to the labour conditions of war-time, and our photograph shows a lady-worker throwing clay on the wheel at some works at Ravenscourt Park, Chiswick Road, where instruction is given in the potter's art by Miss Lunn, daughter of the late Professor Lunn.

Photograph by Sport and General.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE LOST CONVOY—ITALIAN NAVAL EXPLOIT—THE RUSSIAN ARMISTICE; TRADE REOPENED—THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

NAVAL news, important, but none of the best, gave the sea affair a prominence it has not enjoyed for some time. It was not only a week belated, but painfully similar to the last serious announcement from the high seas—the loss of a convoy on Oct. 17. Once more the story was of the loss of a convoy. On Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 4.30 a.m., the enemy attacked our shipping off the Tyne, and at 11.45 off the Norwegian coast, as far as place can be indicated. Fourteen vessels were lost—on destroyer, seven neutral merchant ships, one British merchant ship, one steam-trawler, and four armed trawlers. The more serious attack was the second of the two. It sank one British merchant ship, two Swedish, one Danish, and two Norwegian—8000 tons in all. In the earlier affair two neutral merchant ships and one trawler were sunk by enemy destroyers. Eight of the trawlers' crews were killed by gunfire. Ninety-eight survivors were picked up by our cruisers, and others reached Norway in their own boats. A naval force which had put to sea to guard surface vessels from surprise attacks did not arrive in time. When the story was told in Parliament it was announced that an immediate inquiry had been ordered. The escorting destroyers, *Pellew* and *Partridge*, made a gallant fight; but the *Partridge* was sunk. The *Pellew* was brought into port badly damaged. The *Partridge's* officers and men fought their ship to the last. Several, including a relative of Viscount Grey, were taken prisoner. The Navy always justifies itself, and no on doubts its capacity; but the public took free leave to express doubts of capacity in other quarters. Twice is once too often in war. "Non bis in bello peccare licet."

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.
Photograph by C.N.

A fine old-fashioned tale of the sea comes from Italy of how Lieutenant Rizzo, with two small craft, cut his way through the steel boom defences of Trieste Harbour and sank the Austrian battle-ship *Wien*. At the same time, he and his companions crippled the *Monarch*. The Italian sailor-men all returned safely from their exploit. [Continued on page 40

WITH THE BRITISH ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: A BIVOUAC NEAR MONTELLO.—[*Italian Official.*]

With the British Army in Italy.

IN A PIAVE SECTOR: IN ONE OF THE RIVERSIDE TRENCHES; A DESPATCH-RIDER'S LOAD.

The corps of the British Army in Italy, appointed to take over part of the defence line on the Piave—other British forces at the same time took post elsewhere—on arriving in their sector, occupied trenches beside the river, aligned on the bank to bar any crossing. Some of our men are seen in the upper illustration, pointing out to one another certain details in front of a trench they have just taken over. In front, near by, is part of a barbed-wire barrier constructed along the bank on the shelving foreshore. Further off shows through the mist one of the islets of the Piave with barbed wire on it to hold up the enemy if trying to use the islet as, so to speak, a stepping-stone across the water. As to the lower illustration, it would be interesting to know the weight the machine carries.—[*No. 1, Italian Official Photograph.*]

With the British Army in Italy.

ON THE WAY ACROSS VENETIA: INFANTRY ON THE MARCH; AN R.F.C. MOTOR CYCLISTS' HALT.

In the upper illustration one of the infantry columns of General Plumer's army is seen on the march through Venetia in the neighbourhood of the line of the Piave, to take up duty in their set of trenches near the river. The road our men are marching along, as all who have ever visited Northern Italy will recall, is one of the long, straight, wide, and level tree-fringed highways which are characteristic of the country all over the plain of Lombardy, as well as in Venetia. As is customary on war roads, the column is keeping well to one side of the roadway, so as to leave the centre and other side clear for the passage in either direction of mounted troops and artillery, vehicular transport traffic, and also, of course, other infantry. The *locale* of the second illustration is east of Milan.—[*No. 1, Italian Official Photograph.*]

The Japanese were reported, by agreement with the United States, to have occupied Vladivostok, and taken possession of all stocks of merchandise and the terminus of the trans-Manchurian railway. The move would have several uses. It would prevent the escape and return to the enemy's ranks of the large numbers of German and Austro-Hungarian prisoners working in the neighbourhood of the port. The story has been denied by the Japanese Ambassador in London.

The most definite news from Russia was the signing of the Armistice. It took effect from noon on the 17th, and was to last, in the first instance, until Jan. 14, renewable under certain conditions. Peace negotiations were to open at once at Stockholm. Ukraine rebelled against the Bolshevists, and arrests of leaders were announced. Reports of the arrest of Kaledin did not find confirmation. Among a cloud of rumours was one that the ex-Tsar had escaped. The civil war in the Don region was said to be going unfavourably for the Cossacks; but amid the contradictions, confusions, and general lack of authority the news remained sensational rather than authentic. Another report indicated that the Constituent Assembly might meet at Kieff. That unhappy body can find no rest for the sole of its foot, but there its parallel with the Dove of the Ark ceases. It bears no olive-branch.

AT THREE THOUSAND METRES ABOVE THE SEA: AN ITALIAN PATROL.
Italian Official Photograph.

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: AN ITALIAN OFFICER, WHO HAD LOST A HAND IN ACTION, ADDRESSING TROOPS ON THE PIAVE.
Italian Official Photograph.

The waters do not abate. The enemy, however, offers the olive twig, encourages trade in food-stuffs between the armies, and, with Teuton method, regulates fraternisation by groups of twenty-five.

Following up his success, General Allenby advanced his left centre one-and-a-half miles on a five-mile front and occupied various points north-east of Ludd, together with the ridge overlooking El Tireh. On the 18th, the British took the heights east of Abu-Dir, two miles south-east of Jerusalem; 117 prisoners were taken. British aeroplanes, flying 400 feet below sea-level, bombed motor-boat sheds and troops at the mouth of the Jordan; twenty-four hits were counted. The King has conferred on Sir Edmund Allenby the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George for his services in the field. His Majesty also, it was announced on Dec. 20, appointed the captor of the Holy City, appropriately, "a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England."

Salonika, seldom in the public eye in these days, reported the usual artillery action, and a big bombing raid carried out by thirty Allied aeroplanes on the depots and stations at Castovo. At Monastir the gun-fire was more intense than usual.

Panama is now at war with Austria, and Cuba with Germany.

The Canadian elections, so far as declared, have ended in a victory for Sir Robert Borden and Conscription. The soldiers' and nurses' votes, cast by those on active service on this side of the Atlantic had still to be counted. They are expected, however, to confirm the popular decision in the Dominion.—London: Dec. 20, 1917

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The Illustrated War News

Belgian Official Photograph.

SERVING AS COVER AND AS AN OBSERVATION-POST: A BELGIAN LOOK-OUT ON WATCH OVER THE UPPER EDGE OF A LIGHT-RAILWAY *CAMOUFLAGE* SCREEN.

THE GREAT WAR.

THE SNOW-BOUND FRONT—GREAT AERIAL ACTIVITY—REPORTED NARROW ESCAPE OF THE KAISER—TRENCH INCIDENTS—THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF ITALY.

On a snow-bound Western Front, the war conditions of the last days of 1917 made for no very remarkable activity. The threatened great onset still delayed, and although it was well known that billets in Belgium had never been so full of German soldiers, both the British and the French took the situation coolly. For several days, beyond patrol encounters and the usual note upon the frost and snow, Sir Douglas Haig's messages were brief, and of the "nothing of special interest to report" order. Raids continued up and down the line, with a capture of a few prisoners and machine-guns; but otherwise the infantry actions were on no great scale. During the whole period, however, the enemy's artillery was never idle. The point of heaviest gun-fire was, first, east of Ypres, particularly at Passchendaele. On the 22nd the activity had become "great" near Gheluvelt and Poelcapelle. The same afternoon, under cover of a heavy barrage, a local attack developed in some strength against our positions near the Ypres-Staden railway, and the Germans succeeded in driving in our advanced posts for a short distance on a front of about 700 yards. On the morning of the 23rd, a raid on one of our posts east of Epehy cost us a few men missing. Another party, attempting to raid our lines near the Messines road, was caught by our fire and driven off before reaching its objective. North of Poelcapelle, the guns on both sides were engaged in a lively duel. The report over Christmas was merely of enemy gun-fire near Vimy, Havrincourt, and east of Ypres. Another snowfall gave the troops an old-fashioned white Yuletide.

THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: MISTLETOE.
British Official Photograph.

A remarkable feature of the period here summarised was the work of the airmen. The Australian squadron especially distinguished itself, bringing down an enemy machine and dispersing others. On one of the early days, seven German aeroplanes were brought down by ours, one was shot down by anti-aircraft guns, and another by infantry fire. Extensive bombing-raids were carried out on consecutive days on the enemy bases and railway stations. On Christmas Eve, Mannheim, the great centre of chemical works, was heavily and most effectively bombed by a British air squadron. One ton of explosives was dropped, and many hits were recorded. The Kaiser was said to have passed through the railway station an hour before it was wrecked. Mists occasionally

THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: A CHRISTMAS PUDDING IN THE TRENCHES.
British Official Photograph.

interfered with these operations, but that did not stop the aerial bombing and fighting, although it impeded for the time photography and observation. Even at night, our fliers, undeterred by the ground mists, ascended and paid their respects to enemy aerodromes. Our airmen grow increasingly troublesome to the enemy, and it is no doubt due to their persistence and success, on a rising scale of operations, that the December moon so far saw little in aeroplane-attacks upon our coasts. After the affair of the 18th, there was no attempt until the evening of the 22nd. The raiders approached the Kentish coast just after 6 p.m. One aeroplane was forced to descend in flames close to the seashore, and the crew of three men was captured alive. Some three hours later a second attack was made, and the raiders dropped some bombs on Thanet, without causing the least damage to life or property. They got no further inland. The barrage was apparently too much for them.

The British official night report for the 27th contained nothing specially noteworthy. There had been some artillery activity north of St. Quentin, near Arras and Messines, and east of Ypres. Between snowstorms, aviation work had been continued, to harry the enemy's lines with machine-gun fire and bomb his billets.

As with the British, so with our Allies on the Western Front, the record of the day's work has been that of routine. It is an unceasing tale of raids and bombardments on local sectors or outlying posts. To specify the localities of these minor affairs would seem now the vainest repetition. They mean much to those engaged, and are essential to the general scheme; but a condensed history, tracing the course of this war from week to week in the briefest form, cannot, with due regard to proportion, take special note of every little fight; although, in truth, some of them are far from little, and produce deeds of epic valour, which may never meet with the recognition they deserve. The famous old height of Hartmannsweilerkopf has come into view again as the scene of renewed bombardments by the artilleries of both sides. A strong attack in Lorraine cost the enemy many dead. Gun-fire became livelier than usual near Caurières Wood, in the Verdun area. Following the artillery preparation of the previous two days, the Germans tried a very big raid, and got into some French advanced elements. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, and in the end the enemy was completely ejected. His losses were not small. Towards Christmas, patrols became lively between the Oise and the Aisne, and at the eastern end of that front a raid on Juvincourt was neatly repulsed. Again the enemy suffered severely. Elsewhere, in Champagne, at Verdun, and in Lorraine, similar tactics were similarly foiled. Before Verdun, in particular, the enemy seemed to be testing the front at various points as though he were contemplating some larger movement; but such attacks as he launched under heavy fire, and after preparation, were entirely without advantage to him. Twice he attempted the Caurières Wood—that scene of many combats—only to melt away, under the French fire, before

THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: MARCHING THROUGH A WOOD AFTER A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

British Official Photograph.

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THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: MARCHING THROUGH A WOOD AFTER A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW.

British Official Photograph.

close quarters were reached. At Bezonvaux the German guns opened with excessive vigour, but were borne down and silenced by the batteries of our Allies. Little or no ground is gained or lost in these days. It does not matter. The French wall stands firm; the French guns take

THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: A MOTOR-CYCLIST IN DIFFICULTIES.
British Official Photograph.

deadly toll of every effort which the enemy makes to purchase dearly a yard or two of trench. The drama of the new Thermopylæ takes longer to play than the old; but it is the same glorious barring of the pass against the barbarian. Months ago, almost years ago, the Poilu, far harder pressed than he is now, cried, "*On ne passera pas!*" Nor have they, nor will they. France has resolved, and she will see to it.

Despite diligent enemy claims to big hauls of prisoners on the Italian front, the line stands little altered from the Trentino to the mouth of the Piave. Another attack on the Col dell' Orso was driven back, and a renewed attempt to carry Monte Solarolo met with no better success than that recorded last week. On the Old Piave, the enemy kept up his attempts to cross, but these were all frustrated. About this time, the enemy reports became noteworthy on account of their particular mention of Monte Asolone, east of the Brenta, where "repeated Italian attacks" were said to have failed. The failure seems to have been very advantageous to the Italians. It was true that some days before, Asolone, a height of 5000 feet, eight miles distant from Bassano, had been lost to the Austro-Germans, but on the 20th the Italians, coming on with fine energy, wrested from the enemy a great portion of his gains. Fire of the fiercest intensity was concentrated on the Allies, without being able to shake their hold. This was encouraging for the Italians' prospects in the Monte Grappa region. On the western sector of the Asiago plateau, however, things had not gone quite so well. On the west of the Brenta, the Monte di Val Bella and Col del Rosso had been lost, and the enemy claimed 9000 prisoners. Courad gave due credit to the Italians' "most stubborn resistance." The Austrians, weary of hardship and bloodshed, are being encouraged by their officers with hopes of the good things in store when they reach the plains. The enemy leaders were anxious to make a supreme effort before the snow should fall with its full winter heaviness. Hence these fierce onslaughts. On Christmas Day the struggle was renewed at dawn with all its former intensity. Our Allies did not retake the lost positions, but they prevented any further hostile advance. And with Christmas came the long-delayed snow in full measure, blocking the passes. The afternoon of the 25th saw the fighting dying away. Reports on the 27th spoke of the enemy's increasing difficulties of transport, owing to the weather. British and Italian air units and anti-aircraft corps carried out an important operation

THE WINTRY WESTERN FRONT: THE CHRISTMAS POST IS WELCOMED.
British Official Photograph.

at Treviso. Heavy fire and the enemy held, was the report from the Asiago Plateau. Signor Orlando, the Italian Premier, has added to the memorable utterances of the war. "Rather than yield an inch of our territory, we shall retreat to Sicily." There speaks the old spirit of the Roman Senate after Cannæ.

LONDON: DEC. 29. 1917.

Winter on the Western Front: from "Blighty."

A SEASONABLE PRESENT: A BRITISH "YOUNG BILL" WITH A CHRISTMAS PUDDING FROM HOME.

The "compliments" of the season have given place again this year to something very much less conventional and very much more real, and, in the case of our men at the Front, very much more significant. A plum-pudding, in ordinary times, is a prosaic enough thing, but in the conditions of war-time it is rich in significance and sure of a welcome for the sake of its kindly sender. What a web of fantasy and friendship Charles Dickens would have spun around such an offering in such conditions! To the most prosaic it cannot fail to suggest the thoughts of home which it must have conjured up in the minds of those who received, in time of war, such tokens of remembrance from their friends across the sea. It illustrates, too, the cheery contentment of our soldiers in the discharge of their duty.—[*Official Photograph.*]

With the British Army on the Western Fr

WHILE FIGHTING IS GOING ON AHEAD: A CAVALRY FORCE RESTIN

Only comparatively small bodies of our cavalry in France have had opportunities of mounted work on the battlefield. Squadrons and troops, as detachments, have had chances of getting at some of the enemy, and have done brilliantly; but, ever since the cavalry actions of the autumn of 1914, the majority of horse regiments have had to wait their hour. Meanwhile,

in France: Near a Battlefield during Action.

EAR DURING ACTION; AT AN ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION DURING ACTION.

in camps a short way behind the infantry trench-lines, they are kept in a state of the highest efficiency, due to continuous training and the practice of battle evolutions. A massed force is seen in the upper illustration, during a temporary rest, in readiness, if called on. Note in the lower illustration German prisoners carrying stretchers with wounded.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Across a Snow-Covered Battlefiel

ON A WINTER DAY'S JOB TO ROPE IN GROUND GAINED WITH

If we do not always hear of it in communiqués, Sir Douglas Haig and the correspondents have mentioned, on occasion, that everywhere on the Western Front a certain amount of "nibbling" into the enemy's lines, to recall Marshal Joffre's historic phrase, is ever proceeding. It may be only a few yards of gain in places, yet, wherever it is, the ground has to be promptly

near Arras: Off to Secure a "Nibble."

NTANGLEMENT: A "WIRING" SQUAD PASSING A WESTERN FRONT NAVAL GUN.

"wired"—roped in, so to speak, with barbed-wire entanglements. A "wiring" squad, with picks and shovels, and corkscrew-ended steel uprights to support the network of wire, as well as rifles and kit, is seen filing across a snow-covered battlefield and passing one of the big Western Front naval guns, such as those that fought the Dogger Bank battle.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Ruin Greater than Centuries have Wrought on Ancient

"STILL THE CAPITAL OF THE BATTLEFIELDS, HOLDING IN ITS POOR STRICKEN BONES

German guns have reduced the glorious architecture of Ypres to mere stumps of crumbling masonry rising here and there amid heaps of rubbish. To-day it is the mere corpse of a murdered city. In a few months the modern Vandals have caused there greater ruin than nearly twenty centuries, with their vicissitudes of war and change, have wrought upon the

Rome or Athens: The Murdered City of Ypres.

UL OF ALL THIS TRAGEDY": YPRES, ONCE THE PRIDE OF FLANDERS, AS IT IS TO-DAY.

ancient monuments of Athens or of Rome. In a despatch of November 7, from Mr. Philip Gibbs, we read: "In all this country round Ypres, still the capital of the battlefields, holding in its poor stricken bones the soul of all this tragedy, and still shelled by an enemy who even now will not let its dust alone, there is nothing but destruction and the engines of destruction."—[*Official Photos.*]

A Wintry Morning with the Grand Fleet.

SNOW ON DECK, ICY WIND, AND A MISTY HORIZON: NORTH SEA DREADNOUGHTS IN LINE AHEAD.

Christmas and the New Year make no difference in war time at sea with the Grand Fleet. Some ships, perhaps, of the battle-ship squadrons here and there, on what may for convenience be termed "inner guard" duty at certain base-ports, manage to observe festivities of the season, according to naval tradition; and others, temporarily on relief, were able to give their crews Christmas and New Year's leave to their homes by watches; but the battle fleet in general kept watch and ward as usual—part at sea, part within instant call by wireless. A squadron on patrol in line-ahead battle-formation is shown above; snow on decks, an icy wind blowing, and the grey mists of Northern waters in winter along the horizon. Come sun, come storm, the motto of the Navy is "Ready!"—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

The New first Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

SUCCESSOR TO SIR JOHN JELLICOE, AS FIRST SEA LORD: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS.

The Admiralty announced, on December 27, that Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Erskine Wemyss had been appointed First Sea Lord, in succession to Sir John Jellicoe, who had been raised to the Peerage. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has greatly distinguished himself during the war, especially at the Dardanelles, where he commanded a squadron at the landing in Gallipoli, and also took part in the evacuation. Of his work there, and that of the other naval officers concerned, General Sir Charles Monro said in his despatch that it "remained throughout this anxious period at that standard of accuracy and professional ability which is beyond the power of criticism and cavil." Vice-Admiral Wemyss commanded the "Ophir" in 1901, when that ship carried the King and Queen on their Colonial tour.—[*Photo. by Ernest Brooks.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXXII.—THE 10TH LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT.

THEIR LUCK AT LUCKNOW.

THE 10th (later the North Lincolnshire, now the Lincolnshire) Regiment, which formed a unit of the column which approached Lucknow from the east, played a very notable part in the taking of that city. After performing various duties in the preliminary operations, the 10th found its real opportunity when it was ordered to relieve the 93rd at the Begum Serai, which the Highlanders had captured the day before. The scene which presented itself to the troops on entering the palace remained ineffaceably fixed in their memory. The troops moved out from camp on the afternoon of March 12, 1858, in very oppressive weather, rendered doubly uncomfortable by an impalpable dust, which hung in a haze over the landscape. As they drew near, the air was continuously shaken by the sound of the heavy guns of Peel's naval brigade, which were continually being advanced as they reduced obstacle after obstacle. Everywhere were signs of destruction and carnage, shot-riddled houses, dead Sepoys, smouldering ruins, and all the indescribable débris and litter of war.

IN MESOPOTAMIA: INDIANS BUILDING A RAILWAY LINE.
The speed with which such lines are made is really remarkable.

On their arrival in the Begum Serai itself, the 10th were shown over the place by the 93rd, and they fully realised what the capture of the position had meant to the Highlanders. The building had been fortified by a deep ditch, and with loopholed breastworks of mud which filled up the verandahs of the palace. Only one entrance had been left open, and that was so narrow that no more than one man at a time could squeeze his way along it. This passage was continued for fifteen feet within the chief gateway, and the walls were loopholed on each side. It had been a veritable death-trap, spouting musketry from every angle, and further commanded by Sepoy sharpshooters on the neighbouring roofs. How the Highlanders had won it at all was a marvel. They confessed to their friends of the 10th that they scarcely knew how they had succeeded. The ditch was piled with rebel dead, naked and mutilated, which the Sappers were busy covering over; and, as Private Mulvaney says, "it was not the eye alone" that bore witness to the horrid aftermath of battle.

The courtyard, once a well-kept garden, was filled with soldiers, cannon, transport vehicles, bullocks, native camp-followers, and the usual accessories of an army. Flower-beds were trampled out of recognition, ornamental vases lay smashed and overturned, and all the time, further beyond,

[Continued overleaf.

IN MESOPOTAMIA: A FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN SOMERSETS AND WIRELESS-SIGNALLERS.

On the Western Front in December 1917.

DRAWING WATER IN THE BRITISH LINES: AT A WELL; AT AN ICE-BOUND STREAM.

Bitterly cold as have been the winter weeks that saw the Old Year merging into the New in the British Isles, the cold at this season is always many times more intense where our soldiers on the Western Front are fighting. There, deep, widespread snow and hard frost have prevailed, mantling the whole country in white and freezing every running stream and pond. To get at water at all, the thick ice has to be broken through. The two photographs on this page, taken on the outskirts of a camp or cantonment close behind the battle-front, and within a walk of some of the trenches, typify what are the universal conditions under which campaigning has to be carried on for the necessities of daily life. As at other seasons of the year, the sources of the winter water-supply are under medical supervision, to ensure safety for drinking.—[*Official Photo.*]

rose curling smoke from burning houses and the never-ceasing rattle of musketry. The 10th now entered the palace itself, and found it wrecked beyond any wreckage they had hitherto seen. Of the once beautiful and elaborate furniture, nothing remained recognisable except a broken couch and table. The floors were strewn with fragments of costly mirrors, candelabras, and other ornaments; pictures had been torn to shreds, and the spoils of wardrobes mingled with the general confusion. What could not be carried off had been destroyed. The 10th saw enough abomination and desolation to last them a lifetime.

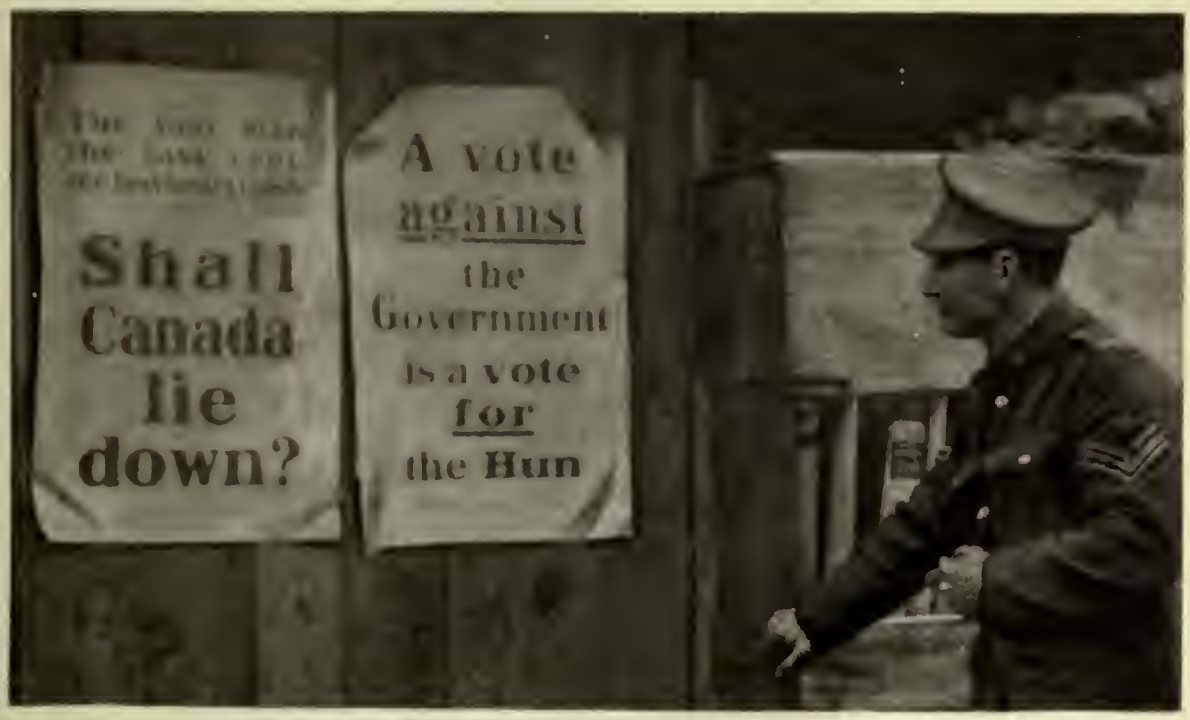
Thereupon they entered upon a new phase of the advance, with the Begum Serai as base. Outram's next objective was the Kaisar Bagh, which the Sepoys — knowing well that the British would follow up their advantage hot-foot—had defended with formidable batteries, while every house on the line of approach was loopholed. To attempt to carry streets thus prepared would have meant disaster. It was therefore decided to proceed by means of saps, made through the walls from house to house. The line of these was marked out by a member of the force who knew Lucknow well. Under his direction, the troops worked their way towards the main obstacle which divided them from the Kaisar Bagh. This was a mosque known as the Imaum Bara, to be carefully distinguished from the Great Imaum Bara, much nearer the centre of the city. While the British, in the cover of the houses, fought their way through the walls, the mosque was heavily shelled to keep down the defenders' fire and shake their nerve. Gradually, securing every new point as it was won, the attacking force crept onward. At last, when only one courtyard separated them from the mosque, one of Peel's 68-pounders was brought up. An opening was made in the wall with picks and crowbars, and when the hole was just big enough the muzzle of the piece was put in, and heaped round with sandbags, to afford cover against the storm of rebel musketry directed at the aperture. Then the great gun spoke, and in a shower of dust and fragments a sufficient breach crumbled away. The passage to the Imaum Bara lay open. With a cheer and a rush, the 10th poured through and entered the courtyard. The Sepoys did not wait to receive them. Thereupon the 10th, masters of the courtyard, swarmed through the front gate and tried to take the rebel guns from the rear. They were now harassed by snipers, but the best shots kept down the enemy fire.

The mosque was taken, more quickly than the most sanguine leader could have hoped for. Only two days had been required for the job. Then the 10th found themselves in luck's way again. Sir Henry Havelock discovered, by a fortunate accident, that the Kaisar Bagh could be entered from the Imaum Bara group of buildings. Havelock led the way in person. Captain Amnesty, of the 10th, with a few men of his own company, and Major Brasyer, with some of his Sikhs, rushed far ahead of the main body, and, entering the Kaisar Bagh through a small opening, engaged and held the whole rebel force for a good twenty minutes before reinforcements came up.

BAGHDAD UNDER BRITISH OCCUPATION: THE BERLIN-BAGHDAD RAILWAY STATION, SHOWING THE DOORS OF THE BOOKING OFFICE AND WAITING-ROOMS

BAGHDAD UNDER BRITISH OCCUPATION: KHALIL PASHA STREET, WHICH IS NOW CALLED NEW STREET.

The Canadian General Election.



VOTING AT THE FRONT: LUMBERMEN AT A POLLING-STATION; CAMP ELECTION LITERATURE.

All Canadian soldiers on this side of the Atlantic, both those on the West Front, in camps, or in the trenches before the enemy, and those in England on duty or on leave, had opportunities provided for them by the authorities for recording their votes by ballot in the orthodox way in the recent Canadian General Election. Every unit was included in the unique election, but, owing to circumstances, the counting of the soldiers' votes could not take place at the same time as the voting in the electoral divisions at home. That, of course, gave a majority for the Government in power, Sir R. Borden's Ministry. In the upper illustrations, Canadian lumbermen at the Front are seen at a polling booth; in the lower, typical election posters at the front. The patriotic loyalty of the men at the Front is obviously unshakable.

With the British Army on the Italian front.

NEAR THE ENEMY: BARRICADING A ROAD BY WHICH ATTACK WAS POSSIBLE; SCOTS AND ITALIANS.

To hold up the enemy on the two Italian fronts—the attack from the eastward across the Piave, and the attack from the Trentino, on the Piave-Brenta-Asiago northern front—the whole chain of sectors facing the enemy has been fortified in detail by every means that the local situations offered. Villages and farms and isolated buildings were entrenched and turned into "forts" and blockhouses, while all roads leading from the direction of the enemy were blocked with barricades across. The barricading of one such road in Venetia, in a sector defended by part of the British forces in Italy, is shown in progress in the upper illustration. The lower shows a fraternisation incident, happily to be witnessed everywhere on the Italian front. [*British Official Photos.*]

With the British Army on the Italian front.

EN ROUTE: AN R.E. UNIT OUT LAYING A TELEPHONE LINE; SCOTS, ITALIANS, AND A HEAVY GUN.

In the upper illustration one of our Royal Engineer Telegraph Battalion wagons, laden with its "plant" and service gear, is seen by the roadside on one of the tree-lined highways of Venetia while at work laying a telephone line. They are using the poplar trees which form avenues along the roads for running their wire along in place of telegraph-posts. In the foreground are seen, with the group of military, some of the cocked-hatted Italian field-service gendarmerie, or carabineers, who police the lines of communication and the Italian camps and cantonments, as a regular branch of the army service, organised in battalions like line regiments. The lower illustration shows Italian soldiers and men of a Scots corps with a heavy gun on its travelling campaign gun-carriage.—[*British Official Photographs.*]

With the British Army, under Genera

PROOF OF THE WELL-EQUIPPED CONDITION IN WHICH THE BRITISH CO

An informative example is shown in this illustration of the completeness of the equipment in every department of the army wh has been sent, under General Plumer, to co-operate with the Italians in the defence of their country against the Austro-Ger irruption. Some of our airmen, as official despatches from the Italian front have recorded, were the first of the British contin

umer, Co-operating with the Italians.

T HAS BEEN SENT TO ITALY: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MOTOR-LORRY UNIT.

to be in action with the enemy, and proved their mettle by bringing down enemy planes in the first encounter, with no loss on our side. The *terrain* of the Venetian plain, level and flat, and with good roads all over the districts near the Piave, is very favourable for anti-aircraft gun motor-lorries to utilise their mobility with advantage.—[*Italian Official Photograph.*]

"Snow has fallen along the Whole Front."

THE FOURTH WAR WINTER ON THE BRITISH FRONT: A SNOWED-UP CAR; A DESPATCH-RIDER.

"Snow has fallen along the whole front"—such was the laconic intimation, in a recent communiqué from the British Headquarters in France, that wintry conditions once more prevail in the trenches and over all the country that forms the zone of war on the Western Front. Now, for the fourth year in succession, winter is adding its hardships to the perils of campaigning, and the sympathy of those at home goes out more than ever to the men who endure everything so bravely. Snow may be for the moment picturesque, and temporarily cover with its white mantle ugly sights of the battlefield, but the worst of it is that when a thaw comes, the result is again a sea of mud and trenches filled with icy slush, the worst enemy of the soldier. "Deadly" cold takes on a new significance in such conditions.—[*Official Photographs.*]

A Diversion by General Snow.

WINTRY WEATHER ON THE BRITISH FRONT: SNOWY ROADS; A FAITHFUL FOUR-FOOTED "SENTRY."

The elements play their part in strategy, and human leaders have to reckon with the generalship of Wind and Rain, Frost and Snow, Thaw and Mud—the last-named most of all, for he is a persistent sticker, and, as it were, Nature's generalissimo, to whom the others are subordinate. Thus the white cohorts of General Snow are but the advance-guard to his overwhelming brown battalions. On the British front in the West snow recently fell thick, and the photographs on this and other pages illustrate the resulting conditions. The progress of the transport up to the trenches was not made easier. The lower illustration shows an incident suggestive of Alpine warfare, and proving once more the fidelity of "the friend of man." "Generals January and February" were old-time nicknames for the worst war months.—[*Official Photos.*]

The Italian Line of Defences fo

AT VIDAR, ON THE PIAVE, WITH THE GERMANS OCCUPYING THE TOWN: V

Vidar is a small town on the middle Piave, on the eastern, or enemy, side of the river, and situated about ten miles from Asolo. One of the main roads from the Isonzo crosses the Piave at Vidar, where the river is bordered on the east by the range of hills of moderate elevation seen across the river in the illustration. The Germans, states a note on the back of the

e Holding of the Piave Riverside.

OM THE ALLIED TRENCHES ON THE NEAR BANK AND THE BLOWN-UP BRIDGE.

photograph, were in position at Vidar, houses of which are seen on the hill-slopes, when the photograph was taken. The view is from the front-line trenches on the Allies' bank. The two spans of the bridge nearest the Italian side of the river, which have disappeared, were blown up after the Italian rear-guard crossed in the retreat.—[*British Official Photograph.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: XIV.—THE MANAGER.

I REALLY must bring an Adjutant in here. He is not strictly New, but he is determined; and it appears upon examination that he is one of the world's great workers, who in real, sturdy brain-application ranks in Category A of this scheme of articles.

I have often asked myself—What is an Adjutant? His position is curious, but apparently proud. He can be bad-tempered on even terms with Colonels, yet he is sometimes something less than a Lieutenant, and at most is never more than a Captain. He appears to dwell exclusively at H.Q.—but why? As a decoration he seems, at times, ill chosen; and his particular function does not, at first, meet the naked eye.

I asked Johnny exactly what an Adjutant was. He said, at once, that Adjutants were mainly carnivorous, and, on the whole, they existed for nothing save to lacerate subalterns. The Adjutant was the man who always thought of foot-and-kit inspections at the moment one was thinking of leave. Have a grand-aunt dying conveniently in the Revue area, and the Adjutant at once says, "Ah, yes; I 'm putting your platoon for night operations to-morrow." Decide that you are going to spend the four days of leave (which are, you consider, obviously due to you because of the way you have conducted your bit of war) in a most idyllic manner, and the Adjutant marks you down for a Sanitary Course. Adjutants, says Johnny, are permanently soured; he had met a decent, kindly Adjutant only once, and then it was found the fellow had only six months to live, and was anxious to set by riches in another world, to which, as an Adjutant, he could otherwise scarcely hope to go.

I thought Johnny's opinion might be a little biassed. Johnny is junior: I know only lately he had to wire to a mutual friend saying that the dinner and "Cheep" were off, as he had grave things to do. I thought I had better ask Hartley all about this Adjutanting. Hartley was very boot-face-gloomy about it. He said—

"If you see a young man prematurely broken by care, bent double under the burden of labours beyond the scope of three strong men; if you see a pale, earnest youth trying to bear up bravely in spite of an overwhelming sea of anxiety in triplicate—that is an Adjutant."

It seemed to me all very terrible and alarming, and I said so.

"I assure you it is all perfectly true," said Hartley. "I know—I am an Adjutant."

As far as one can see, the duties of an Adjutant have something of the flavour of an office boy, with the touches of (1) an impresario, (2) the manager of Selfridge's, and (3) a spice of a Justice of the Peace thrown in. It is perfectly true, as Johnny said, that he is there to curb and otherwise reduce to seemliness the regimental subalterns. He sees to these subalterns most thoroughly. He is their high priest of routine and discipline; through him are "passes" and the like granted, and by him are juniors sent off to the myriad and bewildering "courses" that are making this war complicated but deadly. It is through him that the all-highest of the regiment is approached, for he is the man who acts as communication between the humble and the Colonel, and to him all applications for anything should be addressed. He is all this, and several things else.

He also attends to the discipline of the regiment. He stage-manages and trains the battalion in all the arts of war, seeing that they learn it all in workmanlike fashion from "about turn—by numbers" to the latest bombing or sniping or gassing dodge. He is the Prefect of Studies of the battalion—under the Colonel. He draws up the

[Continued overleaf.

WITH THE ITALIAN NAVY: NAVAL GUNS ON A PONTOON.—[*Italian Naval Official.*]

Easterners and Westerners in the Snow.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT: ORIENTALS OF THE LABOUR CORPS; BRITISH OFFICERS SNOWBALLING.

We use the expression "Easterners and Westerners" above, not as applied to theories of high strategy, but merely in the geographical sense. The men seen in the upper photograph are clearing snow from the roads behind the British front in France. The information supplied with the photograph describes them as "native workers in a strange climate," but what their native climate may be is not stated. It may be mentioned, however, that the Labour Corps employed in the British war-zone in the West includes representatives of many different races. Among them—to quote a recent article in the "Times"—are "British labourers, Chinese, Kaffirs, Indians, Egyptians, Fijians, German prisoners, and conscientious objectors, in the mixed multitude which digs, hauls, pushes, loads, and carries."—[*Official Photos.*]

schedule of training—under the Colonel. He works out the list of parades and courses—under the Colonel. He is the voice of the Colonel speaking to the groaning multitude that are being made vigorous and lethal for war. Orders for the Day, which the Colonel so attractively sets out to guide the young recruity and the Old Contemptible on their hourly courses, have been drawn up by and signed by the Adjutant. And, not content with giving his orders for parades, he attends parades and makes them brisk and horrid with his eagle-like and penetrating eye.

KEEPING GUARD OVER THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE ALLIES OPERATING ON THE SALONIKA FRONT: OVERLOOKING THE ROADS AT SALONIKA PORT, FROM A FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

When he has done all these little things, he has gently warmed to his real day's work. Keyed up by this little burst of semi-athletics, he tackles documents.

A regiment has twice as many documents as humanly possible, and one or two extra per man. It is part of the Adjutant's little avocation to handle and be cognisant of the lot. All regimental papers flutter naturally to him; the acute problem of Mrs. (Private) Blank's separation allowance, and Acting-Corporal Tung's railway-pass and warrant for the purpose of collecting a deserter, and several hundred others, are all scanned, noted, entered, and signed by him. He also writes minutes furiously about the supply of buff slips, machine-guns, bombs, and tent-pegs, while generally seeing that the regiment is kept up to a lively level of efficiency. He also considers and judges any "applications"—whether for special transfer to other branches of the Service, or courses, or work, or anything. And all the time he is doing this not for himself, but for the Colonel.

He lords it over the Orderly Room by prescribed but second-hand right. The Colonel is quite frequently in the Orderly Room at critical moments, but it is a very strong-willed Colonel who can say more than "Ah—um—yes; do I sign here?" to his Adjutant. He sits by the Colonel, pretending to be of lesser clay, and he reads out the charges and makes his entries. Colonels sometimes make notes of cases, so as to show they are independent; but nobody is impressed. The Colonel says "This is a most grave case. I take a strong view of this. You will be summarily dealt with this time, my man, and let this be a lesson to you. The British Army without discipline——: I am going to give you twenty-eight days cells . . ." All "crimes" and infringements are dealt with by the Adjutant; and he, too, is responsible for the courts-martial and all their stern but undeviatingly fair justice; he is the authority on them; his amazing but inexplicable knowledge of Army law enables him to decide what point demands a court and what does not—his word is final.

The Adjutant, then, is the manager and general utility man of the regiment. He is a furious worker, with no very great rewards for his labour—save in the effects. For, in many senses, the Adjutant is the Regiment; as good as he is, so good is the battalion.

W. Douglas Newton.

ON A FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP WATCHING THE ROADS AT THE PORT OF SALONIKA: IN THE WIRELESS OPERATOR'S ROOM.—[*French Official.*]

The Campaign in Palestine.

IN GAZA AS THE TURKS LEFT IT: HOUSES STRIPPED OF TIMBER FOR TRENCH-BUILDING.

Timber is scarce in most parts of Palestine, and perhaps more so than anywhere else in the southern regions of the country, in the districts that border on the Mediterranean coast-line. Our men felt the lack of wood for trench and dug-out props when making the lines to hold in the Turks at Gaza until the opportune moment arrived for dealing them the blow that General Allenby aimed so effectively. The same lack of timber locally hampered the Turks in building their defences, but they made it good by treating the houses of Gaza as shown in the illustration, and as we found them. Everywhere the Turks stripped off the rafters and roof-beams and removed window-frames, floors, and doors for trench-supports. Only dome-roofed buildings, in which no wood was used, escaped.—[*Official Photographs.*]

With One of the French Western Front Armies.

MAKING AN AISNE CROSSING: FRENCH MILITARY ENGINEERS BUILDING A HEAVY-TRAFFIC PILE-BRIDGE.

Almost every river requires in war-time its own type of bridge, according to the width of the stream, the nature of the bottom, the strength of the current and its liability to spates or freshets. Shallow and hard-gravel-bottomed rivers require trestle-bridges. Wide rivers, flowing at not too great velocity, are crossed by pontoon-bridges or platforms laid on casks in emergencies. Deep rivers, mud bottomed, are crossed by pile-driven bridges, such as that shown in the making across the Aisne by French military engineers. The piers are formed with piles, or baulks of timber, forced in deep and strutted together, and the roadway formed by longitudinal beams with transverse upper planking, which provide the level surface or flooring over which the traffic of all arms takes its way.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

With the Belgian Army on the Flanders Front.

GOING TO THE TRENCHES: TAKING A LOAD OF "AERIAL TORPEDOES" BEHIND *CAMOUFLAGE*.

Sir Douglas Haig has sent this special telegram to the Belgian Commander-in-Chief, congratulating the Belgian Army on its part in recent fighting. "I wish to thank you most warmly, and also all ranks of the Belgian Army, for the valuable help given so loyally and so graciously and which I know will continue to be offered throughout our combined operations." Concurrently the French General commanding the group of armies on the western wing of the French front, sent the Belgian Commander-in-Chief the following message: "I should be much obliged if you would convey to the troops under your command my hearty thanks, as well as my sincerest congratulations. They have again given proof of the comradeship in arms which unites the Belgian and French Armies."—[*Belgian Official Photograph.*]

Ready for "Artillery Activity": Some of the

A SIGHT TO INSPIRIT THE INFANTRY: SOLDIERS INTERESTED IN A FOREST

"Artillery activity" continues to be mentioned frequently in reports from the British front, even when there are no movements of infantry on a large scale. Unlike the state of things in the early days of the war, our guns are now very numerous, and furnished with an ample supply of ammunition, enabling them to repay with interest any "artillery activity" on the

ritish Army's Huge Supply of Gun Ammunition.

IG SHELLS FOR THE BRITISH ARTILLERY ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE.

part of the enemy. Nothing is more encouraging to infantry than to feel that they have strong and efficient artillery support behind them, and it is not surprising that the troops should be pleased at such an imposing array of big shells as that seen in the above photograph. They know the guns cannot fail them, however prolonged the fighting.—[*Official Photograph.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

AWAY on the wind-swept Surrey hills a woman is carrying on work as important as any of her sex have undertaken during the war. The war, with its consequent appalling wastage of human life, has brought home to us the necessity of preserving life for the future benefit of the State; and at Duxhurst, near Reigate, the babies colony started and maintained by Lady Henry Somerset is an object-lesson in child welfare that the State would do well to copy.

. . . . .

For years the wastage of child life in this country has gone on unchecked. It was sad that some ten babies died every hour; but it was nobody's business in particular. The advocate of child welfare was regarded as an amiable crank. If anyone thought about it at all, it was to point out that school authorities provided doctors to examine children, and that the mother was the person best fitted to look after her infant child. After that the subject was dismissed.

. . . . .

But wastage of life in the war has helped to bring realisation of the value of life. The future of the country depends on its citizens. It is essential that they should be healthy and strong. It is equally essential that their youth should be passed in decent conditions and surroundings if the country is to have the kind of population that is useful and not a drain on the national resources.

Down at Duxhurst, Lady Henry Somerset is showing how even those children who have had a bad start in life can be won back to health and strength. Years ago she founded her village colony for the benefit of women victims of the drink habit. Years ago, too, she brought thither poor little morsels of humanity, the children of parents who had succumbed to the same vice.

. . . . .

Year after year the work went on until the war came, and with it further complications of existing difficulties, amongst them those surrounding the problem of the unmarried mother and her child. It is not so much a question of an increase in the number of illegitimate children, but rather of what to do with the infant itself. The war that has brought work for so many women has made it also more difficult for the young unmarried mother to find a guardian for her child whilst she works for its support. It is just here that Lady Henry Somerset has stepped in with her beneficent scheme.

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The baby colony at Duxhurst is peopled mainly by the babies of unmarried mothers, or of those who have learnt, too late, the true character of their supposed husband. It is not, however, merely a dumping-ground for unwanted infants. Entirely to relieve a mother of her responsibility towards her child is no part of

[Continued overleaf.

HOW THEY PREPARED FOR CHRISTMAS: WOUNDED FROM CAMBRAI MAKING DECORATIONS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]

Mascots on the British Front.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG": MEN IN THE WEST PLAYING WITH THEIR PETS FROM HOME.

The unfailing friendship between our soldiers at the Front and the pet-animal mascot is very pleasantly illustrated in our photographs on this page. The first picture gives us a glimpse of the human side of war, and we see Jack, the mascot of a column in the West, who has stopped playing with one of our soldiers to watch the departure of a lorry, as it is his custom every night to take a trip to the Front through the snow, to keep in touch with his friends. His fidelity and pluck are, in their own way, symbolic of his brave and loyal owners. The second shows one of our brave fellows playing with a kitten in the snow, as placidly as though wars and rumours of war were things very far away, and not to be allowed to interfere with the friendly colloquies between the mascot and her master.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Lady Henry's scheme. She is expected to pay five shillings a week towards the cost of maintenance; and there is a fine humanity about the decision that allows such mothers who wish to be near their children to take work in the home where they are cared for. Of course, the scheme costs money, but it only needs ten pounds a year to secure health and happiness for a baby at Duxhurst, and no one can deny that it 's cheap at the price.

. . . . .

Not a few people regarded the advent of the woman officially in khaki with dread. Those who had always held the "mannish" woman in abhorrence regarded the formation of the W.A.A.C. as a sign that their worst fears were to be realised. For some inexplicable reason, it was taken for granted that the khaki woman would be aggressively masculine—everything, in short, that no "nice" girl or woman would want to be.

. . . . .

Experience has shown that Eve in khaki differs very little from Eve in mufti, unless it be that the consciousness of wearing uniform has helped to develop a sense of responsibility in the mind of its wearer. There are still some women who object to the idea of their daughters joining up, on the ground that it "would be awful to see Mary in khaki," but their numbers are decreasing. Perhaps the best testimony to the valuable work being done by the "Wacks" is the constant demand for more that arises from various departments that have already availed themselves of their services.

. . . . .

Not a little of the success that has attended the formation of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps is due to the officers—or, to be more accurate, Administrators in charge of each unit, and the Deputy and Assistant Administrators, who between them are responsible for the general welfare of the "men" they command. For it is upon the Administrator that, in the main, the comfort and well-being, and consequently the general efficiency, of her unit depends. It is she who "sorts out" the members of her company, suiting class to class without making any apparent distinction between individuals, and must at all times be ready to hear and adjust grievances, real or fancied. On her shoulders, too, falls the maintenance of that discipline essential in a large body of workers organised along military lines; and the success with which her efforts have been attended so far is the best possible proof of women's ability and willingness to work under members of their own sex.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

WORKING FOR HOSPITALS AT HOME AND ABROAD: IN LADY SCLATER'S WORK-ROOMS.

The first parcel packed and sent to the British Expeditionary Force by Lady Sclater went on August 18, 1914. Working parties have continued ever since, and are now in being at 18, Pont Street. To show the extent of the work done, it may be noted that the attendances for the first six months of 1917 numbered 19,813, and over 174,000 articles were made and despatched in that time. In the group (from left to right) are: standing—Colonel the Hon. W. Curzon, Mrs. Erskine Loch, Mrs. Lewis Munro, and Mr. Belcher: sitting—the Hon. F. Heneage, Mrs. Sandham, Lady Sclater, Sir A. Fanshawe, K.C.I.E., and Mrs. Bassett. All these are members of the Committee.

Photograph by Langfier.

On the French Western Front.

AEROPLANE-CAMERAS AND RAILWAY LAYING: AT A FRENCH CAMP; PNEUMATIC "DRILLING."

Some of the various types and up-to-date patterns of photographic cameras employed by observers in reconnoitring aeroplanes of the French air service are seen in the upper photograph, which was taken at one of the French aviation centres on the Aisne front. The cameras, as has been described in newspapers, are fixed in various ways; some, as in many German planes, in the floor of the *nacelle*; others at the sides or elsewhere on board. The mechanisms with certain of the cameras enable continuous photographs to be taken, so that connected pictures of German trench-sections over wide spaces of ground and along lengths of road on which columns of troops are moving can be photographed for the use of the Headquarters intelligence department, and pieced together.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

THE GREAT WAR.

THE NEW FIRST SEA LORD—A DECREASE IN VESSELS SUNK—RUSSIAN CANARDS—VON KUHLMANN'S GAME OF "SPOOF"—FURTHER PROGRESS IN PALESTINE.

WHATEVER it may have meant to the initiated, the sudden change at the Admiralty came with a considerable shock to the general public. In the twinkling of an eye, Sir John Jellicoe ceased to be First Sea Lord, and in his place was set up Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn E. Wemyss, whose name, although distinguished, is not so much of a household word as to require no biographical note. In recognition of the retiring First Sea Lord's notable services and ability, his Majesty raised Sir John Jellicoe to the Peerage. For two years and four months Sir John commanded the Grand Fleet. It is thirteen months since he left the sea for the Admiralty. His successor's appointment has been hailed by one party with head-shakings, and by the other with acclamation as a chance at last for the younger men. That is as may be. Admiral Wemyss is at least of years of discretion: he is fifty-three, just over the age at which the Hebrews say, "a man may give counsel." With his appointment, Fifeshire has fairly "the guidin' o't," for the new Sea Chief, like the Land Chief, Haig, comes from the ancient shire that is not a county, but a kingdom. Sir Rosslyn is the son of Mr. G. H. Wemyss, of Castle Wemyss. He was Commodore in 1898, and Captain in 1901. He commanded the *Ophir*, which took the King and Queen on their Colonial tour. His services during the landing in Gallipoli won warm recognition from his superiors. Last August he was appointed Second Sea Lord. All is in his favour, and the public look with confidence to see the new régime deal with the submarine menace.

[*Continued on page 40.*

IN ITALY: GENERAL GARIBALDI CHATTING WITH SOME TOMMIES.
British Official Photograph.

IN ITALY: ROYAL ENGINEERS LAYING TELEPHONE WIRES.—[*British Official Photograph.*]

War Work in England: Two Sorts.

CONTRASTS: WOMEN-MADE SHELLS—WAR MUSEUM EXHIBITS; FOR CHINESE WAR-WORKERS.

It was a happy thought to assemble the exhibits seen in the upper illustration. They are the "first fruits" of women munition-workers after the demand for high-explosive big shells came early in 1915. Eight- and six-inch shells are shown. It was a yet happier idea to arrange that these "testamurs" to woman's war work should be placed in the Imperial War Museum now being formed under official auspices. In the lower illustration are seen Chinese gentlemen in London at the Chinese Legation packing cases of special New Year's gifts to be sent to the host of Chinese labourers on war work on various fronts, the gifts having been purchased by means of the generous, large money contributions which have been made by Chinese in England.—[*Photos. by Harris's Picture Agency and L.N.A.*]

Coincident with the change came the weekly tale of ships lost. The large vessels showed a decrease of two under the fourteen of both the previous weeks. Vessels under 1600 tons sunk showed also a decrease of two on the previous week, and six on the period before that, the figures being 7, 3, and 1. Again the curve is descending. We have learned to draw no rash conclusions from returns over a short period; but the decline is always gratifying, and a few zeros, or even a succession of small digits, would tell wonderfully upon a diagram calculated over months. The returns will be watched with renewed interest in the light of the official changes. Fishing vessels lost were given at one; and the number of craft of all tonnage unsuccessfully attacked stood at twelve; the former steady from the previous term, and an increase of one from that immediately antecedent.

It would be unprofitable to give in detail the daily canards from Russia. All the stories of Bolshevist and anti-Bolshevist fighting, marching and counter-marching, and the discovery of mare's nest plots may be taken with many grains of salt. What is vital and tolerably trustworthy is the news of the peace negotiations. The attitude of the enemy, as was to be expected, resembles more or less the famous "spoof" tactics of Abdul Hamid in the middle 'nineties of last century. Not without reason did the Kaiser send the jester, von Kuhlmann, to conduct his side of the precious negotiations. After a reported hitch, it was announced that the Central Powers saw a way to immediate peace on the basis laid down by Lenin, Trotsky, and Company. But the conditions must concern all the belligerents, who must agree to "no annexations and no indemnities." As to the Russian demand that the people of the Central Powers shall vote on the question, this must be settled, say the Austro-Germans, constitutionally, by every State and its people independently. The difficulties in the way of such a vote are obvious, and the enemy's fair professions do not seem possible of speedy realisation. The Leninites, therefore, find themselves out of the frying-pan into the fire. The delegates, who have noted the peculiar reserve of the German offer, were to resume their deliberations at Warsaw.

From Palestine notable progress was reported, to El Jelil, eight miles north of Jaffa. A further push eastwards gave General Allenby Fejja, Mulebbis, and Rantieh, on the Turkish railway to the north. Successful fighting continued north of Jerusalem. Khel Bireh, four miles south-east of Rantieh, was also taken. Retreating Turkish troops were bombed, railways and rolling stock suffered great damage, and large quantities of booty fell into British hands.

A French success in Albania, and some desultory fighting north of Lake Doiran, is all the news from these outlying fronts, where the activity was in no way remarkable. As on other lines, the operations were hindered by a heavy snowfall. It was reported that delegates from Enver Pasha had brought definite Turkish peace proposals to Berne, where the question of prisoners of war is being deliberated. Turkey, however, is scarcely so independent of her master as to take so decided a step.

LONDON: DEC. 29, 1917.

IN PALESTINE: ANZAC ENGINEERS LOWERING MEN INTO AN 80-FT. WELL THAT THEY MIGHT CLEAN IT AND SO FACILITATE THE WATERING OF TROOPS.

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The Illustrated War News

AT ROYE: LOOKING THROUGH A DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Canadian War Records.

THE GREAT WAR.

A WEEK OF GOOD OMENS—THE "PINCERS" ON THE WELSH RIDGE; ENEMY FOILED—FRENCH AND ITALIAN SUCCESSES IN ITALY—TOMBA THRUST—ZENSON LOOP REGAINED.

THE story of the war for the period under review presents several remarkable features, which emerge with peculiar significance from the daily reports of routine fighting. At four points, far distant from each other, the Allies have strengthened their cause, and this in the face of the most formidable enemy threats. At Cambrai the Germans again applied the "pincers," without advantage; in Italy we scored substantially on two vital sectors; in Palestine the British made a further splendid advance. The enemy, therefore, gave no proof that his boasted relief on the Eastern front had enabled him to make profitable dispositions of reinforcements. This is the more striking, in view of the fact that for months past he has not been seriously engaged in Russia. At the same time, these recent events indicate a freedom of action on the part of the Allies which amounts to command of the initiative. It is a good omen for the opening year. In addition to successes in the field, the development of the Bolshevik attitude towards Germany's peace proposals, a development which seems to alter the entire outlook, rounds off the record of a fateful week. The news from Russia and Palestine falls to be detailed elsewhere. Leaving that for the moment out of consideration, we examine, in their usual place, the reports from Flanders, France, and Italy.

Our airmen, continuing their activity at every favourable opportunity in the intervals of snow-storms, succeeded in bombing aerodromes round Roulers and hostile billets south of Lille. In the course of these operations they scored a direct hit on a train. They drove down seven German machines. These were the chief noteworthy events of the period immediately following the point at which our last summary broke off. During the same days hostile artillery had been busy at several points south of the Arras-Cambrai road and near Lens, and on the penultimate day of the Old Year the enemy attempted a serious operation, to which his gun-fire was the prelude. At dawn he launched powerful local attacks against the British positions on the spur known as Welsh Ridge, and pursued his familiar tactics of bringing pressure to bear on the extremities of the front assailed. For a time the enemy gained a slight advantage on the right and left, north of La Vacquerie and south of Marcoing, and found a footing in two small salients. From these, however, he was almost completely ejected by our counter-attacks. In the centre his onset was easily repulsed. The previous day, near the

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: CANADIAN HEAVY-ARTILLERY MEN GETTING A HOWITZER INTO POSITION.
The cogs were frozen, and petrol-soaked rags had to be fired underneath before they would work.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Ypres-Staden railway, a local attack was completely repulsed by British fire. The fighting on the Welsh Ridge continued, and on the 31st, after a short but severe bombardment, the enemy renewed his attack. The front concerned was about 1200 yards south of Marcoing. Southward, the enemy, using liquid fire, forced his way into one of our trenches, quickly regained by counter-attacks. All along the rest of the line engaged, the attack withered under British fire and was completely frustrated. South of the Scarpe and at Ypres enemy gun-fire also showed some liveliness. Our airmen bombed dumps near Courtrai and Ingelmunde. Thus passed New Year's Eve, and at midnight our gunners "rang in" 1918 with salvoes of twelve shells at a time. The only noteworthy happening of New Year's Day was the repulse of an enemy raid at Loos. On the 2nd, attempted raids at Mericourt, south-east of Lens, were disorganised by gun-fire. Our patrols then attacked the enemy's broken formations in No Man's Land, and made a few captures. A raid at Oppy was similarly dealt with.

ON THEIR WAY TO SPEND CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES: CANADIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Early on Jan. 3, a surprise raid was driven off by gun-fire. At various points the enemy guns were actively feeling the British line from Lens to Armentières, and near Zonnebeke. It was evidently the Germans' intention to attempt something formidable, without delay, should they find a favourable opening.

No operation-in-chief fell to be recorded on the French front. The usual incidents occurred at Caurières Wood, at Veho in Lorraine, and north of St. Quentin, and the following days were filled with minor attack-and-defence work, nowise different in character, on the same sectors, and also beyond the Chemin des Dames and at Verdun. On Jan. 1, the familiar name of the Butte du Mesnil, in Champagne, was heard of once more in connection with a fairly lively artillery action and the repulse of an enemy raid. All along the rest of the front both sides kept up an intermittent cannonade. On the 2nd, the Aisne front was busy with patrol encounters. French airmen brought down four German machines and damaged others. On the 3rd, artillery fire was intermittent at Fosses Wood, Thiaumont, and Louvemont. A French surprise attack north-east of La Pompelle Fort succeeded.

While the French front was thus engaged, events of importance in which France bore a noble part were taking place in Italy. On the 30th the troops of France made their first great effort on our Allies' behalf, and brought it to success. Already their guns had been making good preparation in the Mount Tomba sector, and on the Sunday they brought their fire to a pitch of great intensity. Thereupon the French, "with magnificent *élan*," swept forward to storm the enemy positions between Osteria di Monfenera and Naranzine. The enemy met them with a heavy barrage curtain, which they penetrated, and within a very few minutes occupied two lines of trenches, at Osteria and along the crest of Mt. Tomba. Thus they carried the left of their main objective. The right proved a longer task,

INTERESTED IN ENEMY GAS-CYLINDERS WHILE WAITING FOR MEN TO VOTE IN THE LINE: A CANADIAN POLLING OFFICER ON THE WESTERN FRONT.
Canadian War Records.

and at Casa Naranzine, on the crest of Monfenerà, the enemy's resistance proved very stubborn. But the French were not to be denied, and never lost the momentum of their initial rush. The Austro-Germans gave way before them, and our Allies gained, and even passed, all their objectives. The Commander-in-Chief gave special praise to the British and Italian batteries and airmen for their valuable co-operation.

On the same day the enemy attacked Padua from the air. Bombs were dropped on the Cathedral, tearing away thirty feet of the façade. The Church of St. Anthony and the Church of the Hermits was also bombed. In the latter are frescoes by Mantegna. The Archbishop's palace was slightly damaged by splinters. Fortunately, many of the precious art-treasures of Northern Italy have been removed to a place of safety; but in some instances local prejudice has not permitted the work of rescue to be carried out with all the thoroughness which was intended by interested persons. In some of the towns lost during the retreat, treasures fell into the hands of the enemy. Some he removed, but others have been wantonly destroyed. Italy would receive no quarter if the enemy should make his way into the plains. But the events of recent days have strengthened the hope of the civilised world that she is to escape the worst.

The French exploit was immediately followed by a sound and encouraging success on the part of the Italians. For weeks past, ever since the Piave Line was established, the Zenson Loop has been a point of interest. There, seventeen miles north of Venice, the Austro-German forces had a slight footing on the western bank of the river, and held a bridge-head. It was not a happy advanced post. It lay amid comfortless marshes; the enemy was hard pressed, almost isolated, by the Allied forces. This pressure was steadily and systematically increased from Dec. 27 onwards, and on New Year's Day the Austro-Germans found it no longer possible to hold the position. They retreated, therefore, to the east bank of the river. Their losses were heavy. One other point on the west of the Piave remained in enemy hands. The place is commanded by both land and naval guns, and the lot of those who hold it is even more wretched than that of the enemy garrison in Zenson. On Jan. 2, British patrols attacked enemy advanced posts, inflicted losses, and took prisoners. During this period the Italian and British airmen were extremely active in bombarding enemy aviation camps, in return for damage done to Italian aerodromes and open cities. Among the latter were the aerodrome at Istrana, and the towns of Vicenza, Bassano, Castelfranco, Mestre, and Treviso, where the casualties were rather heavy. In reprisal, the Italians did considerable damage to the aerodromes at La Comina and Aviano, where many fires were observed. The first fighting of 1918 raised the spirits of all the Allied troops. The Italian report for Jan. 3 spoke of the excellent work done by the British artillery and aircraft. A British battalion had carried out a successful raid across the Piave, capturing prisoners and inflicting considerable casualties.

LONDON: JAN. 5, 1918.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: CANADIANS LEAVING A BUILDING USED AS A CHURCH.
Canadian War Records.

An Arch of Tragic Experience at Ypres.

SYMBOLIC: A CANADIAN REGARDS YPRES CATHEDRAL THROUGH A SHELL-HOLE IN THE CLOTH HALL.

There is something symbolic as well as tragic in this photograph. "All experience," as Tennyson makes Ulysses say, "is an arch wher thro' Gleams that untravell'd world." The significant scene here recorded by the camera suggests many reflections. Here is a man from the New World—the world of the future—standing amid the ruins of the Old, pondering, it may be, on the catastrophe of European civilisation, and wondering what new order of things time may evolve out of the wreckage of the present. In the building of that new order Canada is destined to play her part. Has she not just decided not to "lie down" but to go on fighting the forces of Prussian destructiveness? This helmeted soldier typifies her purpose.—[*Photograph—Canadian War Records.*]

On the Outskirts of the Battle Area on

HOW THE INLAND NAVIGATION WATERWAYS OF NORTHERN FRANCE ASSIST THE LA

The invaluable services the inland navigation waterways of Northern France are rendering as extra routes of communication for the transport of troops, munitions, and stores in the war-area is a notable feature on the Western Front. An appreciable degree of relief is thus given to the roads and railways. In previous issues we have illustrated incidents of the canal service

The Western Front: The Canal Service.

LINES OF COMMUNICATION: BARGE-TRANSPORTS WITH BRITISH TROOPS ON A CANAL.

in these regards, and here we see canal barges being employed as troop-transports during recent operations before the frost set in over Northern France. On the larger canals, as was the case last winter, the ice is broken up as it forms, either by dynamiting and shoving ashore the broken-up floes, so as to leave a clear central passage-way, or with ice-breakers.—[*Official Photos.*]

Lord Rhondda and the Food Question.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE QUEUES: THE FOOD CONTROLLER OPENS A COMMUNAL KITCHEN.

Now that the difficulties in shopping for everyday necessaries are becoming more palpable and more pressing, it is good to know that we have a Food Controller who intends to control. As an aid to this, Lord Rhondda believes in the efficacy of Communal Kitchens, and last week he opened one personally at Silvertown, a crowded district in which the value and efficiency of the system will be clearly tested. He said that compulsory rationing had got to come, and that he was on the side of the consumer and the poor, that "there is nothing alarming in the situation, that we have only to tighten our belts, and that the people of this country are undergoing nothing like the privations in Germany." Photograph No. 1 shows a bill of fare; and No. 2, Lord Rhondda in the kitchen.—[*Photos. by L.N.A.*]

Western Front: Unique Mid-Air Aeroplane Photographs.

AN ALLIED AEROPLANE OF A RECONNOITRING SQUADRON SNAPSHOTTED FROM A CONSORT.

In speaking of the altitudes at which anti-aircraft gun-fire has to be taken into account during day-time flying, on reconnaissance work, as well as on other occasions, owing to the greatly increased range of anti-aircraft artillery, a writer in one of the papers gives these interesting details: "The latest types of anti-aircraft guns can burst shells as high up as 23,000 feet in the air. Below a height of about 5000 feet anti-aircraft guns seldom open fire, or cannot be used. Below that height the Huns turn their machine-guns, and even rifles, against Allied fliers. And a machine-gun, playing a stream of 500 bullets a minute, is not a pleasant thing to face. Nor is rifle-fire a thing to be laughed at.". The courage of airmen is, however, absolutely fear-proof.—[*Photos. C.N.*]

The Gift of the Dutch: for Convalescent British Officers.

AT "WESTGATE HOUSE," BECKENHAM: THE WINTER GARDEN AND BILLIARD-ROOM.

That the sympathies of the Dutch are largely with this country in its fight against Prussianism and all that the term suggests, has never been wholly in doubt, despite their official neutrality. An agreeable proof of this may be found in the fact that Dutch residents in this country have recently given a convalescent home for British officers. It is known as "Westgate" Beckenham.

Our first illustration shows the winter garden, which will be a veritable haven of rest to officers in the convalescent stage. The second shows the well-appointed billiard-room, in which inmates of the home will find an opportunity of diverting their thoughts from graver matters, and so hastening their return to health.—[*Photos. by Sport and General.*]

The Gift of the Dutch: for Convalescent British Officers.

A HAVEN OF REST AT BECKENHAM: "WESTGATE HOUSE"—EXTERIOR, AND ENTRANCE HALL.

Wounded British officers will find much cause for gratitude in the generous gift just made to them by Dutch residents in this country, as a mark of their sympathy and goodwill. The home will be under the superintendence of the Red Cross, which is a practical guarantee of the efficiency and thoughtfulness which will characterise all the details; and the fact that the British Medical Service will send all the patients will ensure that the generosity of the donors will not be misapplied. Our first photograph shows the attractive exterior of "Westgate," and the second is of the roomy and well-appointed Entrance Hall. That convalescent British officers will keenly appreciate this mark of friendly feeling goes without saying.—[*Photos. by Sport and General.*]

Hardier than Winter Bathers in the Serpentine: A

CAMOUFLAGED OVERHEAD AND LIT AFTER DARK WITH ELECTRIC LAMPS HUNG FR

Whether this open-air swimming-bath is an adjunct to the Canadian University of Vimy Ridge (mentioned on another page), we do not know, but, at any rate, it seems in keeping with the principle of "mens sana in corpore sano." The fact that the bath is situated, as the official photograph mentions, in "a badly shelled area," is evidenced by the condition of the

Swimming-Bath at the Front within Shell Range.

THE ROOF: AN OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-BATH AT THE FRONT—CANADIANS ENJOYING A DIP.

buildings seen in the left background and by the *camouflage* roof over the water. From this roof are suspended two electric lamps. One may be seen in front of the second figure (standing) from the left, and the other just to the right of the fourth figure. The lighting installation suggests that the bath is sometimes used after dark.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXXIII.—THE GORDONS.

FASSIEFERN AND HIS FOSTER-BROTHER.

THE tie between a Highland Chief and his foster-brother, often a subject of romance, was a sentiment firmly rooted in fact. It survived down even into the prosaic days of the nineteenth century, and the last example of this wonderful kinship is afforded by the story of Colonel John Cameron (Fassiefern), of the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders, who was followed from boyhood by his foster-brother, Ewen M'Millan, until the Chief met a glorious death at Quatre Bras. Scott has celebrated Fassiefern in the lines—

> At bloody Quatre Bras,
> Brave Cameron heard the wild hurrah
> Of conquest, as he fell.

Sir Walter also wrote the more elaborate epitaph which appears on Colonel Cameron's tomb in the churchyard of Kilmallie.

John Cameron was the eldest son of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassiefern, and grand-nephew of that "gentle Lochiel" whose decision raised the Highland Chiefs for Prince Charlie. In infancy he was nursed by Mrs. M'Millan, the wife of one of his father's tenants, whose son, Ewen M'Millan, the Colonel's foster-brother, obeyed, in fullest measure, the old Gaelic injunction that "fosterage is binding to a hundred degrees, kindred but to twenty." M'Millan shared the active pursuits of his young master. But, although young Cameron led an outdoor life, his father destined him for the law. He studied at King's College, Aberdeen, and was for a time in the office of a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but his whole bent was towards soldiering. When he was twenty-two he entered the profession which his biographer says "was intended for him by nature." For a short time he was with a Company afterwards incorporated with the 93rd Regiment; but when, in 1794, the Marquess of Huntly raised the Gordon Highlanders, the famous 92nd, John Cameron was offered a Company. On this, Fassiefern applied to his Chief, Lochiel, with such effect that Captain John Cameron soon raised and led a hundred good men and true to the muster-place at Aberdeen. In that Company, needless to say, went Ewen M'Millan. Five years later the regiment took part in the Duke of York's disastrous expedition to Holland, and Cameron was severely wounded. During the same expedition Ewen M'Millan was also wounded. Being on outpost duty, he noticed a Frenchman, whom he tried to stalk; but, just when he was taking aim, the Frenchman fired first and shot off Ewen's ear. M'Millan, unconcerned, fired, brought his man down, and then bayoneted him. Thereupon Ewen sought his master and complained in Gaelic, "The devil's son—did you see what he did to me?" "You well deserved it, Ewen, for going beyond your post." "He 'll not do it again, faith," said Ewen.

The Peninsular War saw Cameron full Colonel, ever attended by the faithful M'Millan, who at St. Pierre saved his master's life. The story is told by the Rev. A. Clerk, Minister of Kilmallie,

[Continued overleaf.

ONE WAY IN WHICH CHINA HELPS TO FIGHT GERMANY: THE EMBARKATION OF A CHINESE LABOUR BATTALION FOR ONE OF THE ALLIED FRONTS.

A Campaign of Which Little is Heard.

WITH THE ADEN FIELD FORCE: A CAMEL GUN-TEAM; SHELLING A TURKISH POST.

The state of aggressive hostilities against the Turkish local garrisons of Southern Arabia, which throughout the war has proceeded at intervals in the Aden interior and frontier districts of South-Western Arabia along the borders of Turkish Arabia, resulted towards the end of 1917 in the capture of one of the chief Turkish posts in that quarter of the war area, the fort of Jabir. The sphere of operations throughout has been mostly confined to local attacks across a tract of country at about eleven miles from Aden. Patrol skirmishes and outpost actions, and the bombardment of Turkish positions and camps, have comprised the main features of a campaign, of which little has been heard by the public, owing to the epoch-making events of the world war elsewhere.

who wrote the rare, privately printed biography of Colonel Cameron. The work, the basis of these notes, is not in the British Museum, but a copy was presented by Sir Duncan Cameron, the Colonel's brother, to Aberdeen University Library, and the present writer has been enabled, by the librarian's kindness, to examine the book. "Colonel Cameron, during the first advance, had his horse killed under him, and the sudden fall entangled him so as completely to disable him for a moment. A Frenchman rushed at him, and was on the very point of transfixing him with his bayonet when the ever-present M'Millan transfixed the Frenchman. He instantly liberated his master, led him forward until he reached his own men, then, suddenly turning round, he made his way back to the dead horse, cut the girths, and, raising the saddle on his shoulders, rejoined the 92nd, displaying his trophy and exclaiming, "We must leave them the carcase, but they shan't get the saddle where Fassiefern sat."

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA: HELP FROM NEW YORK—BLANKETS BEING LOADED ON A RELIEF-TRAIN.

Photograph by Topical.

When at the close of Colonel Cameron's twenty years of magnificent service to his country he came to lay down his life at Quatre Bras, the faithful Ewen M'Millan was not found wanting. The regiment lined a ditch in front of the Namur Road. Close to them stood the Duke of Wellington. Cameron, seeing the advancing French, twice asked permission to charge them. "Have patience," said the Duke, "and you will have plenty of work by-and-bye." At length he said, "Now, Cameron, is your time. Take charge of that road" (the Charleroi Road). Cameron, at the head of his men, sprang forward and drove back the French, but fell mortally wounded. M'Millan, with another private, carried his Chieftain out of range, procured a cart, and laid him in it, seating himself behind the wounded man, and "tenderly propping his head on a breast than which none was more faithful." On reaching Waterloo, M'Millan carried Fassiefern into a ruined house by the roadside. The dying man asked how the day had gone, and, hearing that victory was with the 92nd, exclaimed, "I die happy, and I trust my dear country will believe that I have served her faithfully." His last prayers were uttered in the Celtic tongue. They buried him temporarily on the Ghent Road; but in April 1816 his youngest brother, accompanied by M'Millan, returned to Belgium, exhumed the remains, and brought them to Leith. A war-ship conveyed them to Lochaber, where Cameron was honoured with the last great Highland funeral; 3000 Highlanders followed him to the grave, and he was buried to the sound of the pipes. After his Colonel's death, Ewen lost taste for the Army, obtained his discharge, and was given a farm on Sir Ewen Cameron's property. There he became somewhat too convivial, too fond of fighting his battles over again, and made only an indifferent farmer; but the family of his leader never saw him at a loss, and looked after him carefully until he died in 1840. Ewen too rests in Kilmallie, beside his hero. Sir Duncan Cameron, who had become Chief, headed the funeral procession of his brother's foster-brother.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA: "EMERGENCY RUSH" CLOTHING BEING SENT FROM NEW YORK.

Relief supplies for the sufferers by the explosion were sent from New York by special train, and were of the greatest value. Boston and Portland also sent relief-trains as quickly as possible.

Photograph by Topical.

A Memorial to the Heroes of Vimy.

A BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT: THE MEMORIAL CROSS TO CANADIANS WHO FELL AT VIMY RIDGE.

The inscription on the cross reads: "To the Memory of the Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Men of the 2nd Canadian Division, and of the 13th Infantry Brigade, who fell in the capture of Vimy Ridge on April 9th, 1917." Very appropriately, the simple monument on its mound of tragic earth stands on the battlefield where the heroes whom it commemorates fought and died. Vimy Ridge is now the scene of more peaceful pursuits, for there the Canadians have recently established a university behind the lines, an offshoot of their Khaki College at Witley Camp. There, in class and lecture, the living learn to put to good account the victories which the honoured dead helped them to win.—[*Photograph—Canadian War Records.*]

On the British Front in Italy.

BRITISH TROOPS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: WATCHING THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS; IN THE TRENCHES.

The first official report from General Plumer, commanding our troops in Italy, issued by the War Office on Christmas Eve, said: "The General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the British Forces in Italy reports that since a portion of the Italian front was taken over by the troops under his command there has been no change in the situation on the British front. Active patrol and counter-battery work has been carried out, and our airmen have given a good account of themselves, but have been hampered by unfavourable weather during the last few days. Some snow has fallen, and the cold is severe, especially in the mountains. The health and spirits of the troops are excellent, and they are greatly pleased with the recent success of their Allies on Mount Asolone." In a

[*Continued opposite.*

British Artillery on the Italian Front.

OUR GUNNERS IN ITALY: A BATTERY IN ACTION; AN ARTILLERY OFFICER DIRECTING FIRE.

Continued.]

later communiqué, published on January 2, General Plumer said: "The success of our French allies yesterday in the Mount Tomba region has given much satisfaction to all ranks. Some small raids have been successfully carried out across the River Piave by our own troops. The crossing of this river is a difficult operation at this season of the year. British artillery and aircraft continue their efforts daily to destroy the enemy's batteries. In retaliation for the loss they suffered on December 20, when they lost eleven machines, enemy aircraft have been very active lately in bombing raids. The damage inflicted by their bombing-raids has been slight. All the Allied troops, confident of the future success of their united efforts, look forward to the New Year."—[*Official Photographs.*]

America and Great Britain's Close Co-opera

ON THE QUARTERDECK OF THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE GRAND FLEET: THE VISIT (

Admiral Benson, of the United States Navy, crossed the Atlantic during the late autumn of 1917 with the American War Mission to the Western Allies. He has been throughout, since his arrival, in the closest touch with the British and other Admiralties. An official announcement of his work in England says this: "Admiral Benson and his Staff have been in frequent conference

n the Carrying Out of the War at Sea.

AL BENSON, U.S.N.—BEING GREETED BY ADMIRAL BEATTY ON HIS ARRIVAL.

h the First Lord and with the chief members of the Naval Staff. He has also visited the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand et on board his flag-ship, and our principal naval bases. Very great benefit has been derived from these meetings, and from interchange of ideas and views the co-operation of the American and British Navies is made more complete."—[*Official Photograph.*]

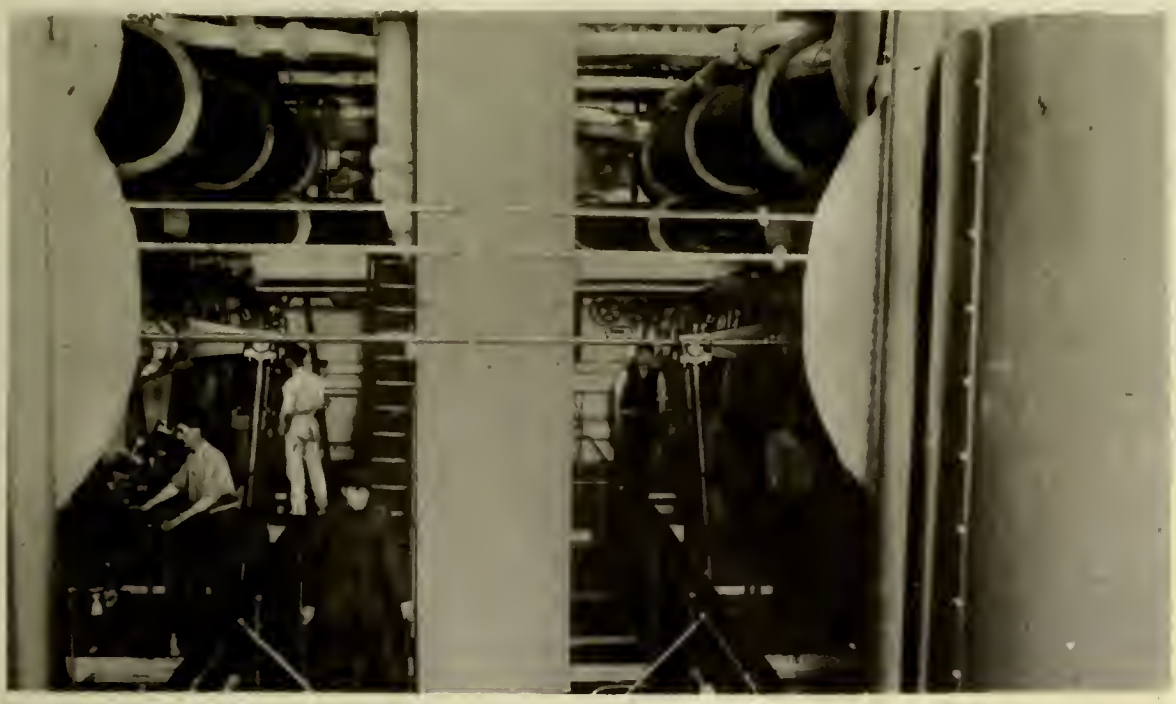
The Navy which Ensures Our Food.

UNDER THE ÆGIS OF THE NAVY: GRAIN ARRIVED AT THE DOCKS; A WAR-SHIP'S SWITCHBOARD.

The Navy is so indispensable and so trusted that it is sometimes taken for granted, like the sun. We forget how much we owe to it, and to the Merchant Service which plies under its aegis. We may have our little difficulties over tea and margarine, but what would our troubles be if it were not for the sailors? Grain continues to arrive at our ports in large quantities in spite of U-boats, as one of the above photographs indicates. Two others illustrate the work of the brave men who toil deep down in the heart of a ship, in the engine-room and the stoke-hold, men who show the highest heroism, since for them there is often no escape if the ship should meet with disaster. The nation's debt to the Navy and the Mercantile Marine in this war is, indeed, incalculable.

[Continued opposite.

Heroes of the Engine-Room.



MEN WHO WORK—AND DIE—BELOW: AN ENGINE-ROOM; THE "BLACK SQUAD" OF A MERCHANTMAN.

Continued.]

As Mr. Archibald Hurd well says. "How many of the millions of persons in this country, completely surrounded by water, realise the price at which the food they eat is purchased—and not only the food, but the clothes they wear and the articles in everyday use? . . . Almost everything needed by us from hour to hour is brought to us by merchant seamen, and those merchant seamen, as they make their furrows through the submarine-infested waters, are guarded by those other seamen of the Royal Navy. . . . During these winter months, when the seas run high and the cold pierces the marrow, our seamen are fighting two enemies—the elements and the Germans." When a U-boat torpedo or mine strikes, the engine-room hands suffer first usually.—[*Official Photos.*]

A Naval Picture by Sir John Lavery, A.R.A., K

ONE OF SIR JOHN LAVERY'S PICTURES AS A BRITISH OFFICIAL ART

Sir John Lavery, A.R.A., on whom the King bestowed the honour of Knighthood in the New Year's Honours List for 1918, is not only celebrated for the artistic beauty and attractive colour-quality of his portraits, but has also during the war rendered special services in his capacity of one of the British Official Artists. The highly interesting war picture of his here

ne of the Recipients of the New Year's Honours.

HICH WILL BE A HISTORIC RECORD OF THE GREAT WAR: "PATROL SHIPS."

reproduced will in days to come have a place of its own as a pictorial record of one of the naval "arms of the service," doing work of primary national importance in the Great War. "Patrol ships" keep watch and ward in all seas, not only as scouts and the "eyes and ears of the fleet," but also as U-boat hunters, on which work they have done some marvellous feats.

In the Track of the War in Flanders.

TWO SCENES: PIONEERS' WORK IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE; IN THE YARD OF YPRES WATER-WORKS.

An ordinary, but instructive, sample of the clearing work done by the pioneers and working parties after the taking of a village, or shelled township, in the Flanders battle-area is shown by the state of the roadway in the upper illustration. When the place was taken the entire main street, right across between the shattered houses, was blocked with heaps of broken masonry, splintered beams and planks, and smashed window-glass. Clearing it was like cutting a jungle road. As seen, the débris has been shovelled and scraped aside and a clear passage made along the centre of the street for men and horses and vehicles, with or without rubber tyres, to pass without risk of injury to the horses' feet or to the tyres from jagged splinters.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

The German Use of Body Armour.

A MODERN MAN-AT-ARMS: A GERMAN IN ARMOUR TAKEN PRISONER BY THE CANADIANS.

History repeats itself, even in the technique of war, which is, on the whole, a progressive science, discarding old weapons and apparatus for new. In the present war several ancient military devices have been revived in a modernised form, such as catapults for bomb-throwing, metal helmets, and, to some extent, even body-armour. The German Army, in particular, has adopted armour for the use of snipers, sentries, and men employed on observation work, all cases where the wearer of the armour is more or less stationary, and rapid movement is not required. Our photograph shows one of the latest types of this modern German suit of mail, as worn by a prisoner recently taken by the Canadians. In some cases it also includes a visor.—[*Photograph by Canadian War Records.*]

On a Sector of the British Western Front.

AMONG THE CANADIANS: VIMY RIDGE GUN-TROPHIES IN CAMP; A BOMBARDING PIECE IN ACTION.

A considerable number of captured German guns taken during Western Front battles are used, as official communiqués and war-correspondents' narratives record, against their former owners, with their own ammunition, of which we have from time to time taken quantities. Other German guns, too badly damaged in one way or another to be worth repairing, are kept as trophies. A number are on view at base and other camps in rear of the battle-line, as with those seen in the upper Illustration—German field-pieces taken by the Canadians in Folie Wood at the time of Vimy Ridge battle. The lower illustration shows Canadian gunners with a medium-calibre gun in action in a bomb-proof-roofed casemate, during a lull in the firing.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

A Great Disaster: The Halifax (Nova Scotia) Explosion.

JUST AFTER THE EXPLOSION: THE COLLIDING SHIP "IMO" ASHORE; ENTRAINING INJURED.

The terrible disaster in Halifax Harbour, Nova Scotia, in the first week of December, was caused by a collision between a Norwegian steamer, the "Imo," chartered as a Belgian-Relief ship, and a heavily laden munitions transport carrying high explosives. In addition to the total destruction of the latter ship, the terrific concussion of the explosion destroyed a great part of Halifax, involving, it is officially stated, the deaths of 1279 people, and injuries to yet more, the added horror of fire devastating the wrecked city. The harbour where the explosion took place is half a mile wide. According to a Reuter telegram of December 14, the "Imo's" helmsman was arrested as an alleged German agent, together with a German passenger.—[*Photos. by S. and G.*]

The Halifax Disaster: The Ramming and Explosic

LOOKING ACROSS THE HARBOUR: THE "IMO" ASHORE ON THE OP

"The munitions-ship, bound in from New York," describes a correspondent of the New York "Times" "had almost pass through the narrows leading from the outer harbour into the Bedford Basin to the north-west when a collision occurre The 'Imo,' westward bound, was just putting to sea. The weather was clear and the two ships had room to pass. Throu

a Munitions-Transport in the Harbour.

; THE HEAPED-UP WRECKAGE OF THE MUNITIONS-SHIP ON THIS SIDE.

misunderstanding of signals (as first reported) they headed for each other." The "Imo" cut right into the munitions-ship, board which flames broke out instantly. Every effort was made to check the fire, but in vain, and the crew of the nitions-ship had to take to their boats, to save their lives, at the last minute."—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

In Devastated Halifax after the Explosion.

RESCUE NOTES: TENTS FOR SOLDIERS WHOSE BARRACKS HOUSED REFUGEES; SEARCHING RUINS.

Within half an hour of the explosion, upwards of five thousand of the inhabitants of Halifax, who had got away from wrecked houses, and people escaping from the quarters of the city where the fire that followed was raging, had collected on the common outside the city. Others flocked out to seek refuge in the snow-covered fields on the outskirts of Halifax. The work of rescue and relief and searching among the ruins for dead or injured, was at the same time being promptly carried on by the authorities. "The Academy of Music and other public buildings," were thrown open to the homeless. Five hundred tents were erected on the common for troops who had surrendered their barracks to the women and children."—[*Photos. by Topical.*]

The Halifax (Nova Scotia) Munitions-Ship Explosion.

WRECKAGE: ALL LEFT OF GROVE ST. CHURCH; A SCHOOL, WHERE 40 CHILDREN PERISHED.

The terrific explosion of the munitions-ship took place between the Richmond quarter of Halifax on the south shore of the harbour and the town of Dartmouth on the north side. "On each side," we are told, "the land slopes rather sharply upward from the water front, so as to form a trough. This confined the explosion in some degree, but increased its destructiveness. Women at home, children at school, men at work, were crushed in an instant, when the buildings they were in collapsed over them." The shock elsewhere "rocked" the larger buildings, unroofed many, and shattered windows everywhere. Of the church in Grove Street, as the upper illustration shows, only the tower remained, leaning over to one side with the steeple intact.—[*Photos. by Topical.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

IT was to women, as being those who could best help in the Food Economy, that last week's "S.O.S."—in other words, "Save or Starve"—appeals were addressed. Ordinary people who are not in food secrets have long wondered why women's services haven't been utilised much more freely in a department set up to deal with what they always used to be told was their especial and particular province. It is true that Mrs. C. S. Peel and Mrs. Pember Reeves hold important posts at the Ministry, but there is plenty of room yet for the employment of women in larger numbers on Local Food Committees and other bodies empowered to deal with the food queue and other problems. After all, there is very little use in urging economy and suggesting all sorts of menus for the household in war-time unless the foods themselves are procurable. Not a few harassed housewives find that it takes them all their time to get anything at all on which to feed their families; and, with the best will in the world, it is impossible at times to avoid going beyond the limit, or indulging in apparent luxury, simply because it is sometimes a case of take what there is or go without anything. There seems no reason why a whole army of women should not be enlisted to assist in food distribution, which, according to some experts, is the cause of so much trouble.

AT THE Y.M.C.A. INFORMATION HUT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: AT WORK.

Mrs. Mallaby is at the telephone; Miss Holland is standing behind her.

Photograph by S. and G.

. . . . .

The establishment of central kitchens in better-class districts might, in the opinion of many women, help to lighten the load of the perplexed housewife. It is not only the working woman who suffers as a result of inequitable distribution of supplies. Plenty of middle-class housekeepers would welcome an expedient which would relieve them of the greater part of the household shopping that daily becomes more difficult. More than that, meals would, since the food would be bought in bulk, work out at a cheaper rate than is the case where only small quantities are bought—a fact which in itself would serve to popularise a kitchen that set out to cater for those whose meals are usually cooked by a servant at home. Women have responded so well to each and every call made upon them during the last three years and more that the food-people can rely on their doing their best to save in order that they may not starve; but there seems very little doubt

IN CANADA: WOMEN AS LOCOMOTIVE-CLEANERS.—[*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*]

[*Continued overleaf.*

The Halifax (Nova Scotia) Munitions-Ship Explosion.

AMONG REFUGEES: FOOD-DISTRIBUTION TIME AT THE ARSENAL; FIRE-FUGITIVES AND SALVAGE.

The fire on shore broke out over a widespread area immediately after the blowing up of the munition-ship in the harbour. The flames burst forth simultaneously at several places, the result of the fiery wave which spread from the explosion of the vessel on every side, and quickly seizing on the splintered wreckage of shattered and overthrown houses spread over a great part of the city. The terrific heat of the blast from the consuming gases of exploded munitions swept an area strewn with thousands of tons of kindling wood. When those who had escaped being crushed in the falling wreckage were able to recover themselves, they found fire raging through the splintered woodwork. Dragging out what household goods they could, all fled.—[*Photos. by Topical.*]

that the thing would be easier if officialdom could free itself sufficiently from red tape to allow Eve a free hand instead of clinging to the old-fashioned idea that real efficiency can only be found in the ranks of those who wear trousers.

. . . . . .

Until the war came to prove things otherwise, enterprise and efficiency were held to be peculiarly masculine virtues. A woman who persisted in showing signs of one or the other, or both, was regarded as a unique specimen, the exception that proved the accuracy of the theory that men were born to work, and women to be ornamental rather than useful in the larger sense of the term. Women, however, have shown that feminine charm can exist side by side with intelligence and ability to do practical work. It has been proved to the hilt that you can help your country and still remain a thoroughly "nice" woman.

. . . . . .

New forms of war work are always interesting, and Miss Judith Wogan has just added another to the long list of activities in which women are engaging "owing to the war." She has formed a company known as the "Wandering Players," at her own expense, with the object of giving entertainments to wounded men. Miss Wogan is herself an actress, and a clever one at that, as London and provincial audiences already know, and her "shows" smack less of the amateur than of the "real thing," chiefly because the founder of the company has devised special collapsible scenery which travels with the players and can be used anywhere, stage or no stage.

. . . . . .

It is hardly necessary to add that the services of the "Wandering Players" are greatly in demand, and a busy winter season is already assured. Miss Wogan, however, desires, as far as possible, to help out-of-the-way hospitals near London which do not in the ordinary way come in for many entertainments. Any Commandant, therefore, who would like to have the benefit of the company's services has only to write to her at 4, York Street, Baker Street, W., when, if it is possible, the "Wandering Players" will arrive in response. Not the least delightful thing about Miss Wogan's organisation is that the show, complete in every detail, is given absolutely "free, gratis, and for nothing."

. . . . . .

London has just been made the richer by a new club for women. It is accommodated not in any ordinary building, but in stately Norfolk House, the London residence of the Duke of Norfolk, in St. James's Square. Instead of the usual stereotyped reception-room, the one at the new club is the lovely white-and-gold apartment once a Duchess's boudoir; and, when the new members want to indulge in such frivolities as concerts and entertainments, the ducal drawing and ball rooms will be at their disposal for the purpose. Even the most uninformed could tell that by a glance at the family treasures in the form of priceless pictures that adorn its walls. The change from a ducal mansion to a woman's club is merely temporary, and has, like so many other things, been called into being by the war. Briefly, it was felt that some common meeting-place should be provided for the ladies from overseas whom the war has brought to the Mother Country, and the Duchess of Norfolk lent her house for the purpose. Nurses as well as civilians are eligible for membership, and just how much the new departure is appreciated is shown by the fact that, though the club is still in its early infancy—it was only opened some weeks ago—there are already over fourteen hundred members.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

WORKING IN THE HEREFORDSHIRE DISTRICT: A GROUP OF FARM-GIRLS.—[*Photograph by Wilson.*]

THE GREAT WAR.

"THE MASK TORN OFF" IN RUSSIA—TROTSKY DEFIES GERMAN GUILE—INDIFFERENT NAVAL NEWS—FURTHER PALESTINE SUCCESSES—HOME QUESTIONS.

THE Russian peace negotiations, which for a moment seemed to promise a settlement of some sort, suddenly showed the Bolshevist leaders in an unfamiliar light. Hitherto they had considered the enemy, in spite of all appearances, a person with whom it might be advantageous to deal. The world looked on and wondered, saying "How long?" as it saw the Central Powers offering with one hand what they took away with another. It seemed, however, that the Bolshevists would have to take what they could get; and the belief, right or wrong, that Lenin and Trotsky were the tools of Germany, did not lead to the supposition that Germany would be met with flat and firm criticism. But the unexpected happened, and many began to ask whether, after all, the Leninites might not be acting in good faith. If they were, then disillusion was inevitable. Accordingly, disillusion came. Trotsky and a Bolshevist newspaper came out with a trenchant exposure of the enemy's hollow proposals. In language uncompromising enough to satisfy the fiercest enemy of the Central Powers, the German "basis of peace" was denounced as a fraud. The so-called "popular" voice of independent States was shown in its proper light, as an unrepresentative pronouncement. Further, the impossibility of obtaining a fair opinion in territory dragooned by Junkers and their troops, was sufficiently demonstrated. The War Lords had their lie flung back in their teeth. The soldiers of Germany were called on by the Bolshevists to rise and save the Revolution. An article in the *Isvestya* was reprinted in pamphlet form, entitled "The Mask Torn Off," for distribution among the German troops. This development caused the War Lords uneasiness. The Kaiser held a Crown Council, which Marshal von Hindenburg was summoned in haste to attend. Thereafter von Kuhlmann, who had also been in

[Continued on page 40.

IN ITALY: BRITISH AND ITALIANS WITH A MOTOR-BORNE GUN.

IN PALESTINE: A GERMAN AEROPLANE SHOT DOWN BY OUR AIRMEN.

On the Western Front near the Somme: Looking

AT HAM, WHERE THE GERMANS DESTROYED THE HISTORIC CASTLE, THE STATE PRISON OF NAPOLEON III.

The wide, gaping chasm in the middle of the township of Ham on the Somme, where, before the war, stood the celebrated historic castle and former-day State prison of Ham, is shown as it appears now. The blowing up of the great mine at Ham was one of the big explosions of the war on the Western Front. The main street of the place, with the houses on one side

Down on the Scene of a Tremendous Explosion.

HE REMAINING HOUSES OF THE MAIN STREET ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT MINE-CRATER.

of it which remain standing, is seen in the illustration. The roadway skirting the edge of the mine-crater has been made again available for traffic. As they did at Coucy, the Germans, on being finally driven back, with vindictive vandalism destroyed the Castle of Ham, the place of imprisonment for six years of Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III.—[*Canadian War Records.*]

Berlin, returned to Brest-Litovsk, to try his hand once more. An impression was abroad that at the reassembling of the Conference negotiations might be broken off. There was word also of a strengthening of the Russian front. There, at the time of writing, the matter must be left—a situation pregnant with strange consequences.

IN THE JUDÆAN FOOT-HILLS: DISMOUNTED YEOMANRY ON THE MARCH.
Official Photograph.

The naval news remained indifferent. Belated information announced that three British destroyers were torpedoed or mined in foggy weather off the Dutch coast on the night of Dec. 22-23. In all, 13 officers and 180 men were lost. There is no word of what duty these destroyers were doing—whether they were on convoy or merely on patrol. Bodies of British seamen washed up on the Dutch coast were buried with military honours. After this disappointing story came the week's record of vessels sunk by enemy submarines. The figures are: large ships, 18 (an increase of 7); under 1600 tons, 3; fishing-vessels, nil. Unsuccessfully attacked, 8.

The Turks, as might have been expected, did not intend to yield up Jerusalem without a struggle to regain it. That attempt was made in force, but was met by General Allenby with his usual masterly strategy. On Dec. 29 his force made a further advance of three miles and more over the Nablus road, and occupied Bireh (the ancient Beeroth), eleven miles north of Jerusalem. East of the road, the British also took Hizmah, Geba, and Burkah, and to the west the ridge of Ram Allah and Khet Tireh. In the centre, mounted troops advanced as far as Kurbetha, Ibn Harith, and Deir el Kuddis. Enemy troops and transport were bombed at Bethel and El Balua by the Royal Flying Corps. Our captures were 750 prisoners, with 39 officers, and the enemy dead numbered over 1000. Great credit was won by the London Territorials, Home Counties Yeomen, the Irish, and the Welsh. This operation finally made Jerusalem secure. The last shots of the combat were inaudible in the Holy City, and the clearance of Palestine is now only a matter of the victor's choice of time and opportunity. The operation was carried out in bad weather, and over ground which made transport work extremely arduous.

In Home politics there was much talk of the food and man-power questions. In addition to other shortages, a deficiency in meat showed itself, and the expectant line was composed not of the general public, but of butchers waiting for supplies. The Controller decreed that retailers' supplies should be cut down by one-half. Meatless days are now instituted. These will be Tuesdays in London, and Wednesdays in the country. On the man-power question, there was vigorous scrutiny, and the removal of young munition-workers from factories to active military service was again canvassed.

Stirring messages were sent to Great Britain by M. Clemenceau and President Wilson. The French Prime Minister once more renewed the assurance that France could know no turning back until she had crushed the arbitrary spirit and the oppression against which she is struggling. Mr. Wilson, in a similar strain, emphasised America's determination to see this thing through to a secure peace. LONDON: JAN. 5, 1918.

WITH WELLINGTON MOUNTED RIFLES IN THE FOREGROUND: JAFFA'S MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.—[*Official Photograph.*]

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The Illustrated War News

Official Photograph.

ON FOOT, ACCOMPANIED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ALLIES, WITH THE LEAST POSSIBLE MILITARY PARADE: GENERAL ALLENBY ENTERING JERUSALEM.

THE GREAT WAR.

WAR-AIMS DEFINED—POLITICIANS ACTIVE—LOCAL FIGHTING IN BLIZZARDS—AIR ATTACKS ON ENEMY CENTRES—HAIG'S 1917 REVIEW—ITALY'S RISING HOPES.

A PERIOD of comparative quiet in the field, where the weather reduced fighting to the smallest dimensions, was marked by important political movements. Mr. Lloyd George's address to the trade unions assembled to discuss the Man-Power problem cleared the air more hopefully than any former speech. At last the country and the Allies heard something like a definite pronouncement upon our war aims. Lapse of time and the conflict of circumstances had veiled these in many obscurities, and all parties were increasingly desirous of a detailed statement. Ever since the war began too little stress has been laid upon the main point of importance for the people of these islands. From the outset, while many fine words were spoken about national honour and the defence of smaller nations, the fact that Germany threatens our national existence, and means to end it if possible, never received sufficient prominence. It is the argument which above all others is calculated to nerve the masses to a unanimous resolve. There are still, it is to be feared, thousands of citizens who believe that we are fighting other people's battles rather than our own. The result is lukewarmness, and a ready opening for pacifist doctrine. Most rightly and wisely, the Prime Minister put "self-defence" first among the reasons for our entry into the struggle. He did not enlarge upon the point as he might have done, and he passed quickly to the general aspect of the question for Europe; but the whole tone of his speech was calculated to remove many misunderstandings. He disposed categorically of the German lie that this is, on our part, a war of aggression. It is to re-establish the sanctity of treaties, to break military tyranny, to ensure reparation, to secure a territorial settlement with the consent of the governed, to limit the burden of armaments, and to diminish the probability of future war. The Prime Minister's statement was received with enthusiastic approval by all the Allies. In his Message to Congress, President Wilson endorsed and enlarged Mr. Lloyd George's words. The President's Fourteen Articles are the irreducible minimum of a stable peace, the only basis of a world "made safe for democracy." British Labour leaders have welcomed the President's views, and on all sides these pronouncements of the New Year seem to promise a fruitful unanimity.

KEEPING UP COMMUNICATION IN FRANCE: REPLACING A TELEGRAPH LINE BROUGHT DOWN BY HEAVY SNOWFALL.—[*Official Photograph.*]

THANKS TO THE GERMANS: THE HOTEL OF ST. ALTENBERG IN ALSACE, RUINED.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

On the Western front the snowstorm, increasing to blizzard violence, made all but local fighting impossible. East of Bullecourt a small party of the enemy captured a sap

in the Hindenburg Line and occupied it for a few hours. Next day, however, the position was retaken. A few sporadic raids and occasional artillery fire were the only incidents of trench warfare on the 7th. On the 8th, a flame attack gave the Germans a temporary success east of Bullecourt. A gas-barrage was used in preparation, and the Germans, vigorously bombing their way in, seized a portion of a trench. An immediate counter-attack partially restored the situation, and then came a lull. A few hours later, in the midst of a blizzard, the British tried again, and drove the enemy clean out of the position. Similar fighting took place on the 9th north of the Ypres-Staden railway. Again a portion of a trench was entered, only to be lost again by the enemy. South of Lens the Canadians captured two machine-guns during a local raid. Except for some gun-fire north-east of Ypres and at several points south of the Scarpe, the rest of the day was uneventful. On the 10th there was slight hostile gun-fire near Gonnehem, and heavier activity later south of Bullecourt, west of Lens, and east of Ypres. London and Rifle regiments raided enemy trenches at three separate points south-east of Ypres, capturing a few prisoners and two machine-guns. Aeroplanes attacked enemy billets and trenches, and brought down four hostile machines.

The appointment of a new German Generalissimo, Marshal von Woyrsch, is spoken of for the grand onset.

All through the period in question, as often as the weather permitted, our airmen were constantly at work. They were, in fact, less inconvenienced by the storms than any other arm of the service. Aerodromes and railway stations were again vigorously bombed, hutments attacked, and factories damaged. The chief objectives were Ledeghem, Gontrode, Maizières-les-Metz, Woippy, St. Privat, Ramegnies, Conflans, and Courcelles. The aniline works at Ludwigshafen, the station at Freiburg-Breisgau, the aerodrome of Neu-Breisach, south-east of Colmar, and the factories of Rombach and Hagendingem, near Metz, were also bombarded by the French airmen with many tons of explosives. Aerial combats were frequent, and six hostile machines were driven down. Enemy troops were subjected to aerial machine-gun fire on several occasions.

Sir Douglas Haig, in his review of the campaign on the Western Front during 1917, brought his record up to, but not including, the battle of Cambrai. It is a document to which there has been no exact parallel since the war began, for it is not a despatch giving minute details of fighting, but an explanation of plans. The public is, to a certain extent, taken into the Field-Marshal's confidence. He reveals a few secrets of the prison-house. In substance, the review is an exposition of the way in which the Allied Commanders work together. It also gives the reason why the expectations of last year were not realised. Sir Douglas Haig's original intention was to nullify the German salient between Bapaume and Arras, to capture Vimy Ridge, and then turn his attention to Flanders, where he proposed to push east and north-east of Ypres. This scheme was, however, set aside in favour of another put forward by General Nivelle, who

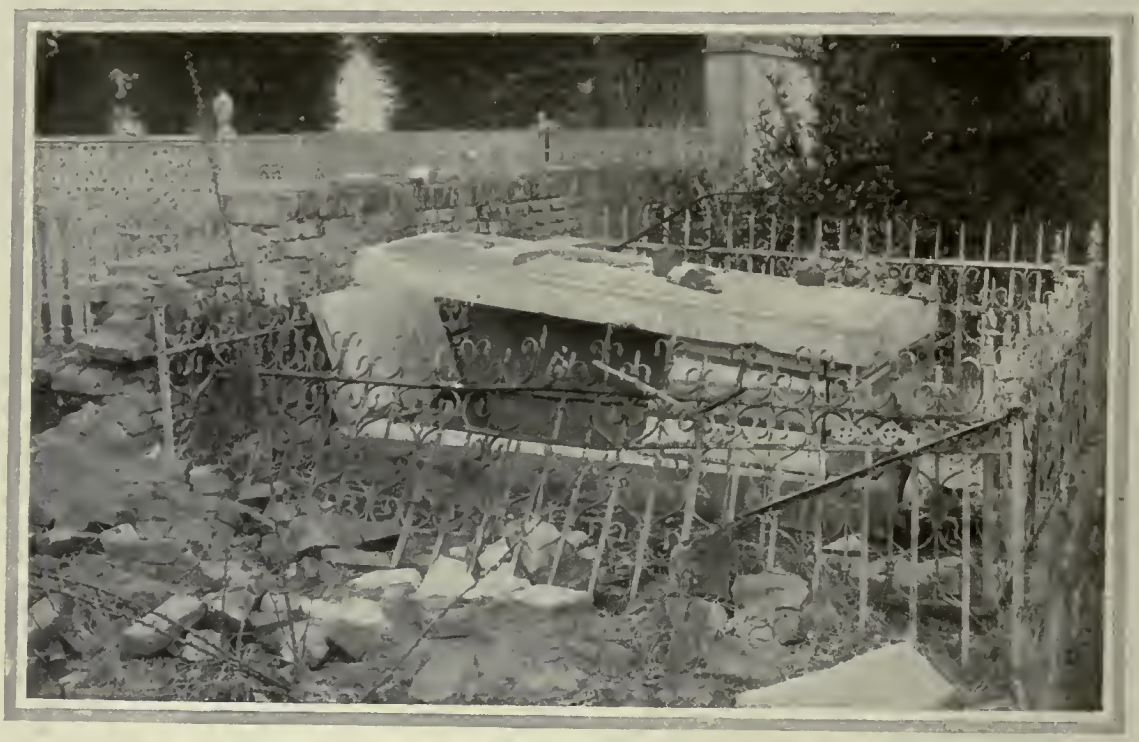
IN THE ADVANCED LINES ON THE WESTERN FRONT: GAS-MASK PARADE, TO MAKE SURE THAT ALL THE MASKS ARE WORKING WELL.—[*Official Photograph.*]

desired to make a vigorous offensive on the Aisne and in Champagne. Hence the British took over a further portion of the French line, in order to free more of our Allies' troops for the offensive. The French attack was to be supported by the British attack at Arras. The Arras and Vimy operations succeeded at once; the French proved more tedious. Fearful weather hindered all the movements, and the Flanders project was tackled a month too late. The weather conditions did not improve, and although wonders were done, even in that terrible August, the campaign had to be left indecisive. The Italian and the Russian misfortunes prevented the delivery of simultaneous blows which were an essential part of the plan. The Commander-in-Chief neither offers nor implies criticism. He merely states facts. The change of scheme was approved by an Allied Conference. Collective bodies, like individual Generals, must abide by the results of their own decisions.

France was much moved by Mr. Lloyd George's declaration that we stand by her "to the death" for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. The Prime Minister's words, addressed in public directly to M. Albert Thomas, made a deep impression, and drew a cordial response from the pen of M. Clemenceau. In these days the French Press, like our own, has had little to report from the field. Gun-duels in Champagne and around Verdun, north of St. Quentin and in Upper Alsace, began the week, and minor raids occupied the infantry. One of the latter, however, on a considerable scale, was carried out in the Woevre on Jan. 8. The locality was Seicheprez, east of St. Mihiel. The French pierced a front of nearly a mile, wrecking defences and shelters, and capturing 178 prisoners in the trenches. During the period the French aviators, as already noted, were active, and accomplished a great deal of useful work. On the 10th the French repulsed an enemy raid on small posts in the forest of Coucy. There was artillery fire near Vauxaillon, but elsewhere along the whole front all was quiet.

"Harassing fire along the whole front" was reported from Italy on both sides. Italian and enemy airmen were intensely active in reconnaissance; and Austro-German patrols made various attempts without success between the Brenta and the Piave. On the Lower Piave, near the sea, light artillery and machine-gun fire was frequent. General Diaz speaks of a great improvement in the whole situation, and mentions with admiration the quality and work of the British troops in Italy. They hold, he says, "a post of honour"—that angle of the Italian front where the river meets the mountains. A British battalion has added to its laurels by wading waist-deep across the icy Piave, with full equipment and all accessories, including hospital appliances. The river was in flood, and the men had only the support of a rope to save them from being swept away. On Jan. 10, gun-fire became violent east of the Brenta; reconnaissance parties took prisoners west of Canove del Sotto, where enemy fire continued vigorous in reprisal. Hostile working parties were dispersed, and trench-mortars silenced. Padua, despite the Pope's protests, was again bombed.

LONDON: JAN 12, 1918.



THE ROBBERY OF FRENCH DEAD: ONE OF THE GRAVES AT ROYE OPENED AND DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS.

Canadian War Records.

On the British Western front.

MANCHESTERS COMING FROM THE BATTLE-LINE; HIGHLANDERS LOADING UP FOR THE TRENCHES.

The clean-swept, level, well-made road with its sides edged like a gangway, and with longitudinal planking, along which men of one of the battalions of the Manchester Regiment are seen moving, exemplifies the neatness and thoroughness with which the various construction corps and pioneers of the Army do their work. It is, as the surroundings show at a glance, one of our battlefield roads—now under snow. In the second illustration, men of a Highland battalion, carrying their full packs, are seen going back to the trenches from rest-billets. As illustrations in otber issues have shown, there is a regular service of large motor-vehicles of various kinds constantly in employment, for the purpose of carrying troops on relief and returning to duty between the trencbes and rest-camps and billets.—[*Official Photographs.*]

With the British on the Western Front.

BY THE WAY: DRINKING HEALTHS TO FOLKS AT HOME; TRAPPED IN A DITCH DURING THE SNOW.

In the upper illustration a scene is witnessed which, it may be taken for certain, had counterparts all over the Western Front wherever British soldiers met off duty, whether at Christmastime or at the New Year. And there was probably not a home in England—certainly none whence any of its sons had gone forth and were at the front—in which the toast of the absent ones was not duly honoured at the same time. The second illustration shows an incident of another kind, also by the wayside: a temporary mishap to a big transport-lorry which had run off the road into the ditch concealed under a thick layer of snow at the time. It was at work again, however, before long, and none the worse, it is stated, for its mishap, a tribute to the strong build of the vehicles our factories send out.—[*Official Photographs.*]

One of Our Western Front Dogs of War.

LOCUM TENENS FOR THE GOAT: A PUPPY MASCOT IN A ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS' BATTALION.

A goat is the traditional regimental pet of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, as is well known, and the same is the case with other Welsh regiments. The puppy seen here is a mascot in one of the battalions of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Regimental goats of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers have been with battalions of the regiment in the war. One, at least, was recorded in a correspondent's letter to have died on service. The Sovereign usually presents the first and second "regular" battalions of the regiment with its goats. During the war people in Wales have also presented goats to some battalions. A goat has been the official regimental "mascot" of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers ever since the time of George the Second, but how the first came to be adopted is unknown.—[*Official Photograph.*]

With the British Cavalry on the Western Front.

WITHIN THE BATTLE-AREA: A STABLE IN A SHELL-SHATTERED SHANTY; CUTTING UP FODDER.

During the long-drawn-out trench-warfare of the first two years of the war, the greater number of the horses of our cavalry on the Western Front were, during the winters, stabled in camps and cantonments well in rear of the fighting-line. Many of their riders, meanwhile, were serving in the fire-trenches. Our shortage of men to withstand the incessant heavy mass-attacks of the Germans compelled the putting of every available soldier into the firing-line. Nowadays, with the New Army in the field, the cavalry have been moved up and have, as we know, begun to take their part. The horses find quarters in ruined villages within the present battle-area. Weathertight accommodation is not to be had. Walls and roofs that let in a certain quantity of snow and the wind are better than the open air just now.—[*Official Photos.*]

With the British Cavalry on the Western Front.

IN THE BATTLE-AREA: A CAVALRY CHARGER SINCE MONS; SHOEING HORSES UNDER FIRE.

Recently a story was told that there was, at a certain place on the Western Front, an artillery team, the horses of which had come unscathed all through the war, to the present time. Here we see a cavalry horse with a record to match. "Billy," as the charger shown in the upper illustration is named, has been all through the three years and a-half of the war to the present month of January, as it is stated, without a scratch. The lower illustration shows a cavalry shoeing-smith working in the open amidst the snow at a place, as a note on the photograph states, "where shells fall." It suggests how our cavalry are close up to the battle-line, ready for a break-through. Some, as we know, Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers, in squadrons or troops, were in the field at Cambrai.—[*Official Photos.*]

Incidents on the Western Front.

CAMERA NOTES BY THE WAY: PASSING THE TIME ON THE ICE; DUG-OUT MAKING.

Describing the state of things along the British Western Front during the first week of January, Mr. Philip Gibbs, in a letter from the War-Correspondents' Headquarters, says this of the general weather and climatic condition of standstill *pro tem.*: "On the ground, war has called a truce because of the snow, except for bursts of artillery fire on both sides, as a demonstration of the mighty power of destruction which is waiting there on our side and theirs for the call to battle when the spring comes. But this fall of snow means a longer respite. Nature has arranged an armistice in her white palace of peace, and the fighting men are standing to and waiting with their rifles ready, but inactive." Meanwhile, men on duty are occupied as in the upper illustration, some off duty as before.—[*Official Photographs.*]

Incidents on the Western Front.

CAMERA NOTES BY THE WAY: THE "BELLE OF ARQUES" ON DUTY; RATIONS IN THE TRENCHES.

As in England, so in France, a large number of young Frenchwomen are doing Army work of what may be termed an active field-service type, in order to set free for duty in the battle-line the men who would otherwise be employed on the various duties. A case of the kind is shown in the upper illustration. "The Belle of Arques" is the young Frenchwoman's sobriquet, and her duty is to control the barge traffic on the canal at Arques, and the road traffic over the canal bridge. She is seen with raised hand, in policeman's style, stopping a motor-lorry on the approach to the canal bridge before the bridge is closed in order to be raised and allow barges on the canal to pass through. Arques, it may be mentioned, is a small town in the department of the Pas de Calais not far from St. Omer.

"In This Hallowed Spot . . . there was No Gre

"AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER OF DAVID, WHICH WAS STANDING WHEN CHRIST

Describing the British entry into Jerusalem, Mr. W. T. Massey, who was present, writes: "In this hallowed spot, whence the Saviour's teaching of peace on earth and goodwill towards men was spread through the world, there was no great pageantry of arms. . . . General Allenby entered the city on foot. . . . On the steps at the base of the Tower of David, which was

ageantry": General Allenby's Entry into Jerusalem.

RUSALEM, THE PROCLAMATION OF MILITARY LAW WAS READ": THE CEREMONY.

ding when Christ was in Jerusalem, the Proclamation of Military Law was read. . . . The terms of the Proclamation, h promise that every person shall be able to pursue his lawful business without interruption, and that every sacred building, r customary place of prayer, whether Christian, Hebrew, or Moslem, will be protected, made a deep impression."—[*Official Photo.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: LXXXIV.—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN.

"A FINE SET OF BOYS."

THE old 14th (the Prince of Wales's Own), West Yorkshire Regiment, remembers with especial affection Lieutenant-Colonel Tidy, who was not only popular as a man, but did his corps yeoman service on a notable occasion. But for his readiness, pertinacity, and address, the 14th would have been deprived of its share in Waterloo. It had already a fine history behind it, and had won fame in the Peninsular War, as well as in the campaigns of the eighteenth century and the latter part of the seventeenth; but an accident of recruiting made the 3rd Battalion, which arrived in Brussels in 1815, a somewhat dubious quantity in the eyes of the authorities. The Battalion had only recently been raised from among the Buckinghamshire farm-lads, and the greater portion of the unit was under twenty years of age. Very few of their officers were over twenty. Most of the rank and file were not long from the plough, and were called "the Peasants," also "the Bucks," from their native county. In spite of their youth, however, they were not wholly untrained, and what they may have lacked in polish they made up in spirit. When they reached Belgium for the Waterloo campaign every lad of them was eager to be at the enemy, and the battalion paraded full of hope for its final inspection on the square of Brussels.

THE BRITISH MILITARY PIGEON-SERVICE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: "WIRELESS"—A VERY CLEVER BIRD.
British Official Photograph.

But a damper was in store for the 14th. The inspecting officer was an old General Mackenzie, who no sooner set eyes on the parade than he called out "Well, I never saw such a set of boys, both officers and men." This did not please Colonel Tidy at all, and he asked General Mackenzie to modify the expression. The General ingeniously altered his phrase to "Well, I have called you boys, and boys you are; but let me say I never saw so fine a set of boys, both officers and men."

This was so far a compliment, and was accepted as such. It was an acknowledgement that the 14th, for all its youth, had points. Its youth, to be sure, was only relative and accidental, for the regiment was first formed in 1685. Its record was long and honourable. That might be, but the fact remained it was at the moment a body of unseasoned youngsters. Mackenzie shook his head. He did not consider himself justified in passing the unit for active service. Accordingly, he announced that it would march off the ground forthwith and join a brigade then in course of formation to garrison Antwerp. This was very flat news indeed. Colonel Tidy liked it less and less. He had his orders to march, but he was not

THE BRITISH MILITARY PIGEON-SERVICE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: "SWIFT"—AN EVER-RELIABLE BIRD.—[*British Official Photograph.*]

Continued overleaf

Winter Campaign Bridging on the French Front.

ON AN UPPER REACH OF THE AISNE: BRIDGE-BUILDING AT NIGHT WITH SEARCHLIGHTS AND FLARES.

The building of extra military bridges across the rivers in Northern France is of prime importance for a winter campaign. In most winters the rivers become ice-bound. New bridges at new points of crossing are also always being required for linking the new roads continually being made, where previously no roads existed. The general east-to-west direction in which the Aisne runs for great part of its course within the war-area, makes the bridging of it at new places a necessity of the war. As seen, bridge-building by the French military engineers goes on by night as well as by day, in spite of bomb-dropping raids by enemy airmen attracted to the localities by the glare of the searchlight and working-party flares.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

taking any. He was determined to save his corps if possible, and he stood reflecting, at the peril of insubordination.

Luck was in his favour. Just at that moment who should happen to pass by but Lord Hill, who knew the 14th—if not in their present personnel at least in their corporate reputation. The Colonel called out to him, "My Lord, were you satisfied with the behaviour of the 14th at Corunna?" There they had been attached to Hill's Brigade, which was left to cover the embarkation of Sir John Moore's gallant but hard-pressed force, and held on, keeping watch-fires burning to deceive the enemy until all had got safely on board the transports. Hill remembered them well. In reply to Tidy's question "Were you satisfied?" he at once said "Of course I was; but why do you ask?" "Because," returned Colonel Tidy, "I am sure your Lordship will save this fine regiment from the disgrace of garrison duty."

Lord Hill was not slow to take in the situation. Again luck was with the 14th, for the Duke of Wellington's quarters overlooked the square where the Battalion was paraded. The Commander-in-Chief had only that day arrived in Brussels. Hill lost no time in going up to the Duke's room. He explained the case, and brought Wellington to the window to have a look at the regiment. The Duke inspected them, and was more favourably impressed than General Mackenzie had been—so favourably, in fact, that he overruled that officer's decision and ordered the 14th to attach itself permanently to Lord Hill's Brigade. Tidy was proud and pleased. He closed the incident with a dramatic touch, never forgotten by those who witnessed it, and recorded vividly by Lord Albemarle in his memoirs.

All the circumstances of the affair had made for the dramatic. Hill's opportune appearance and the Duke's arrival gave the "long arm of coincidence" a chance in reality which fiction would fear to employ. Then a fussy Staff officer inadvertently gave the cue for the last touch of the movingly picturesque. This officer had not heard that Wellington had countermanded Mackenzie's order, and he did not approve of Colonel Tidy's lingering on the parade-ground. He went up to him accordingly, and said sententiously, "Sir, your brigade is waiting for you. Be pleased to march off your men." Tidy's temper flared up. Lord Albemarle thus describes what followed—

"'Ay, ay, Sir,' was the rough reply; and with a look of defiance my Colonel gave the significant word of command: 'Fourteenth, TO THE FRONT—quick march!'"

To the front, therefore, the 14th went in due time, and on June 18, 1815, they underwent a fearful ordeal of artillery fire all day, but their square stood unbroken. The peasant lads had nobly vindicated their Colonel's confidence.

NEAR RHEIMS: A PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE FRENCH ARMY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION WITH HIS CINEMATOGRAPH FIXED TO A FLYING MACHINE.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

WITH GAS-MASK AND STEEL HELMET: A KNIFE-GRINDER IN RHEIMS.

French Official Photograph.

Heroines of Home Service: Plucky Telephonists.

AWARDED MEDALS: GIRLS WHO CONTINUED AT THEIR POSTS DURING TIMES OF DANGER.

The Medal of the new Order of the British Empire has been awarded to a number of girl telephone-operators who stuck to their work with a courage and coolness entirely admirable, during the progress of air-raids. The post of duty is the post of honour, and never more so than when it involves no little personal risk. Our photographs are of: (1) Miss Mabel Eleanor Clarke, who displayed great courage and devotion to duty during air-raids; (2) Miss Bertha Florence Easter, to whom the Medal has been awarded for a similar reason; (3) Miss Florence Mary Cass, who displayed great courage and devotion to duty while in charge of a telephone exchange during a serious explosion at a neighbouring munition works; (4) Miss Lilian Ada Bostock, who displayed great courage during air-raids.—[*Photos by Illus. Bureau.*]

Amidst the Snows on the French Vosges Front.

WINTER CAMPAIGNING: GOING TO OUTPOSTS ALONG A MOUNTAIN ROAD; SLEIGH TRANSPORT.

The Vosges uplands form one of the coldest districts of France every winter. In the present very severe winter, the weather there has been more intensely cold than usual, and also set in earlier — in November. Snow has covered the ground on the wooded ridges and in the valleys of the Vosges for the past eight weeks, but, with the experience of the two previous winter campaigns of the war to guide them, the French mountain outpost and transport arrangements have worked with clockwork precision and smoothness. An intricate system of light railways enables stores to be taken as high up the mountain slopes as the gradients allow, and beyond that trains of horse, mule, pony, and dog sleighs carry on to posts higher up.—[*Photos. by Illustrations Bureau.*]

On the British Western Front.

BY A BATTLEFIELD: NEW ZEALANDER R.E. IN A MINE-CRATER; A SHELL-HOLE GUN-PIT.

Two gaping mine-craters, close together, are seen in the upper illustration. A side view into the depths of one is seen to the right. On the left, a party of New Zealander R.E. are seen sitting about on the slope leading down into the chasm of the other, half-filled with water, during a tour of work near by. In the lower illustration, a field-gun is seen in a shell-hole on the edge of a battlefield, which the gunners have had the luck to find available for use as a gun-pit. The cavity, after being hastily flattened sufficiently at the bottom for the wheels to stand steady and level, affords shelter for the gunners up to their waists, while the gun can fire at surface level. To the left, another gun of the battery, not so lucky, is in action in the open.—[*New Zealand Official Photographs.*]

New Days in the City of the "Arabian Nights"

WHERE A NEW TURKISH ROAD MADE TO COMMEMORATE THE FALL OF KUT A

The buildings seen in the background were thus partly demolished by the Turks, before quitting Baghdad, for the construction o the new road. In this connection it is interesting to recall a passage in Mr. Edmund Candler's account of the British entry int Baghdad on its capture, although we cannot vouch that the road here shown is the same one to which he refers. "Khal

tish-Indian Troops Marching through Baghdad.

PASSAGE FOR THE BRITISH ENTRY: AN ANGLO-INDIAN COLUMN IN BAGHDAD.

a Street," he writes (quoting the words of a British officer), "through which we rode, the only broad thoroughfare in the received the name of the local Hindenburg, in commemoration of the fall of Kut. By a stroke of irony, the road that was to memorise our reverse at Kut was completed just in time to afford us a passage through Baghdad."—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

A "Little War" within the Great War: A Successf

THE LAST MAHSUD CAMPAIGN ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF IND

Since the Turks joined the Central Powers there has been some "unrest" on the Indian frontier, which might have spread all along the border but for the loyalty of the Amir of Afghanistan. German agents stirred up the lesser tribes, and our troops were kept busy for two years repelling raids. They did many heroic deeds, which, owing to the greater conflict in

ontier Campaign among the Mountains of India.

ET-SUPPORTS OF A BRITISH FORCE RESTING IN THE SHAHUR TANGI.

urope, have been too little noticed by the public at home. The photographs on this and the succeeding pages show the difficult haracter of the country in which the campaign took place. The *tangis*, or dry river-beds, form the only roads; and, being liable floods, they are dangerous, and necessitate the utmost care on the lines of communications.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

The First Aeroplane Seen in Waziristan.

THE MAHSUD CAMPAIGN: BACK TO THE BASE ON ITS CONCLUSION; A BRITISH AEROPLANE.

The use of aircraft in the last Mahsud campaign (also illustrated on the pages preceding and following) was a novelty in Indian frontier fighting. The machine shown in the lower photograph was the first aeroplane to land in Waziristan within the knowledge of man. Here, as elsewhere, air-scouting proved of immense value. Mr. Frederic Villiers, the well-known war-artist, writing before the campaign's successful conclusion, says: "What with our excellent service of aeroplanes, live wire, and Jangis (a native name for armoured cars), the tribesmen are a bit rattled, but they are a brave, dauntless lot of savages. Sometimes they put up a good fight with the aeroplanes, for a few have come home with their wings peppered; but they are getting afraid of the Jangi."—[*Photos. by Sport and General.*]

Fighting the Mahsuds on the Indian Frontier.

THROUGH A ROCKY GORGE OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER: A MULE-CONVOY GOING TO NAIDERI KACH.

In a recently published despatch, General Sir Charles Monro, Commander-in-Chief in India, described the hill-fighting against the Mahsuds and the Mohmands on the North-West Frontier. "On March 2, 1917," he writes, "a Mahsud gathering of some 2000 men advanced on the post of Sarwekai, in South Waziristan A part of the garrison . . . moved out and engaged the enemy. . . A skirmish ensued. . . . Major Hughes was killed while gallantly leading his men, and the Militia withdrew to the post, which the enemy surrounded. The Derajat Movable Column, under Brigadier-General G. M. Baldwin, . . . relieved Sarwekai on March 9, the enemy withdrawing to the vicinity of Barwand. The enemy encampments at Barwand were burnt, and the tribesmen dispersed."—[*Photos. by Sport and General.*]

THE NEW WARRIORS: XV.—A KNIGHT OF CHLORIDE OF LIME.

THE M.O. had talked of and even shown quite a number of the miracles performed offhand in his hospital. It was a giant hospital, the largest of its kind, and practically every case that passed through its immense wards came under the surgeon's knife. Quite a number of these cases should have been hopeless—not long ago they would undoubtedly have been hopeless. Now they were not — emphatically they were not; the only hopeless thing in that hospital was the word "hopeless."

The M.O. showed details and radiographs (I think he called them raddigraphs) of many marvellous and delicate operations—bones riveted together, sundered nerves joined . . . a hundred things, some intensely technical, all amazing. He was rather proud of it all, and we thought he had just reason. We bolstered his legitimate pride with praise.

WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY: CYCLIST-ORDERLIES ON THE WAY TO A CAMP AFTER DETRAINING AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Official Photograph.

"Oh, no; it isn't we surgeons you should praise," he declared. "We're not the miracle-workers. We couldn't do otherwise with the men who come under our hands. It is those fellows who have made the men what they are who should get the decorations: I don't think they get many—still, they deserve them."

"Who are these miracle-workers?" we asked. "What form of higher science do they follow?"

The M.O. said something rather unexpected.

"The miracle-workers — oh, the miracle-workers are the Sanitary Men."

I suppose we *did* look slightly anti-climaxed, because he laughed, and poured light into our blankness.

"Well, it's a fact," he insisted. "It's the Sanitary Men who have made all that we do easy, child's-play—automatic even. We can operate, any good surgeon can operate; but it is the Sanitary Man who has made our operations successful. He has given us men so sound that our work is bound to be successful. He has given us cases that are bound to respond."

"You mean the men are fit?"

"I mean they are more than fit, they are more than supremely healthy and virile—they're absolutely germ-proof. They can't get ill; there is no chance of any disease arising from the work of our hands and undoing the good we have done. The Sanitary Man, looking at this thing in a callous, professional way, has put before us the most perfect and responsive specimens that a surgeon could desire. That's good for the men, and good for us. We can operate without

[Continued overleaf.

WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY: CAVALRY, DESPATCH-RIDERS, AND TRANSPORT ON SNOW-COVERED GROUND OUTSIDE A RAILWAY STATION.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Dogs of War and friends of Man.

FRENCH WAR-DOGS ON THE MARNE FRONT: *CHIENS SANITAIRES* AND THEIR MASTERS AT WORK.

The dog remains "the friend of man" in war as in peace. His fidelity and intelligence are put to various uses by most modern armies, sometimes for scouting and patrol work, but more often in connection with the humaner aide of warfare, the medical services, and especially in searching for the wounded after action. As this duty must often be performed in the dark, when lights are tsboo, the dog's sense of smell proves invaluable. The French *chiens sanitaires*, or ambulance dogs, are noted for their highly trained sagacity, which recalls that of the famous St. Bernard breed and their beneficent work in the Alpine snows. The upper photograph shows a dog that has scented a casualty. In the lower one, others are seen in their trenches.—[*French Official Photographs.*]

uneasiness; we can take risks in the sure knowledge that we have a ninety-nine chance of being successful. The Sanitary Man is the fellow who has made all this possible."

We said we could understand that the training of the soldier, and the hard, temperate life he led, must make him extraordinarily healthy; but even the wisest of us failed to see where the Sanitary Man came in.

"The training does much for men," said the M.O.; "but it is the Sanitary Man, through those two supremely important things, water and cleanliness, who keeps the men thoroughly healthy and—well, aseptic.

"The water system at the front is perfect—quite perfect. The water the soldier drinks is absolutely free from impurities—freer from germs, perhaps, than the water we drink ourselves. And, what is more, the soldier can't drink anything but pure water—he hasn't the slightest chance of doing so. The water he gets from a stand-pipe, the water he gets from a pipe-line or a water-cart, or is carried up to the trenches, every drop of it, has been treated—that is, filtered or chlorinated—before he can put his lips to it. Even the water in his bottle has been purified. And running water too—the Sanitary Man can tackle that and make it safe to drink.

"Wells that might have been *made* unsafe to drink are tackled and tested too. There are laboratories—some of them auto-laboratories—that follow the men in such campaigns as East Africa, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, attached to the armies, and in these specimens from every source of supply are analysed before they are tapped; and then treated and purified.

"In the matter of cleanliness, the Sanitary Man acts on the principle that the best way to prevent germs attacking the men is to prevent any germs living or collecting at all. Germs find their most attractive homes in dirt. The Sanitary Man eliminates all dirt—*all* of it.

"How he can cope with the dirt and rubbish and litter of concentrated millions of men is rather a marvel, but he does the trick. There is no rubbish in France; the whole army area is swept clean of litter. You won't even see stray tins now. Even the tins, when they can be got at, are swept up and destroyed.

"They are burnt. Every scrap of refuse is burnt; every bit, from stray scraps of paper to animal matter, from condemned food to camp rubbish—the whole of the stuff is collected and dumped straight into the incinerators. The germ doesn't even get time to be born. And then the Sanitary Man is a priceless disinfector. He is always spilling noisome but most useful stinks about on likely, germ-cultural places; he is a knight of chloride of lime. Some people seem to think he carries the habit to vicious ends, but he doesn't. He is one of the great workers and wonder-makers of this war. He has reduced disease to an absolute—to an incredible minimum. And not only has he made this war, above all wars, a diseaseless war, but he has made the warriors diseaseless men. That gives a man every chance if he is wounded. He is germ-proof—but I said that before. However, one can't say it too often, or praise the Sanitary Man too much. He is one of the most potent of our New Warriors."

W. Douglas Newton.

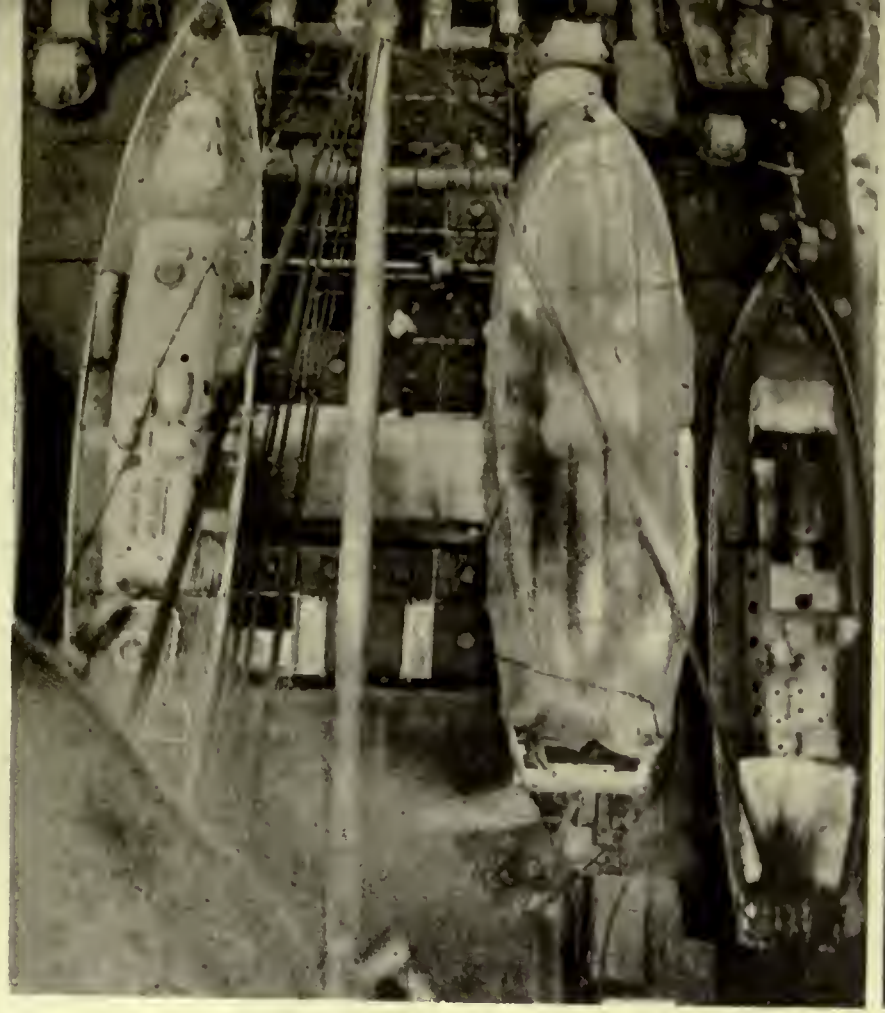
WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY: ONE OF OUR PIAVE FRONT POSITIONS LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER TO THE ENEMY'S LINES ON A HILL-SLOPE.—[*Official Photograph.*]

Forerunners of the Grand Fleet: War-Ships of All Ages.—XVII.

TWO EPOCH-MARKING VESSELS: OUR FIRST FAST "LIGHT CRUISER," AND OUR FIRST TORPEDO-BOAT.

Two war-vessels, the coming of each of which marked an epoch in modern naval construction, are shown in this illustration. Both made their appearance in 1877. The larger vessel is the swift, unarmoured corvette "Iris," which, with a sister ship, the "Mercury," was for a time a marvel for her then record speed of 17 knots. The pair were each of 3730 tons displacement, and 6000 horse-power, built of steel, with "protected" decks. The smaller vessel is the "Lightning," our first seagoing torpedo-boat of 27 tons, built in 1877. She was 85 feet long, of 11 feet beam, and 5 feet draught, and had a speed of 19 knots. The "Lightning" carried 7 tons of coal, was manned by 15 men, and had one torpedo-tube and no guns of any kind. She is the prototype of all modern torpedo-boats and destroyers to date.

On Service with the Grand Fleet.



TWO MAST-HEAD VIEWS OVER A BIG CRUISER'S UPPER DECK: LOOKING FORWARD; LOOKING AFT.

Two views, looking down from the mast-head, over the upper deck of a large four-funnelled armoured cruiser of the pre-Dreadnought type, such as the "Good Hope," Admiral Cradock's ill-fated Coronel flag-ship, or the "Drake," since then a U-boat victim, are shown in these illustrations. Sister ships of the class are doing good service at the present moment. The first view shows the ship looking forward, towards the bows, from near the after-mast. The boats are seen ranged along the upper deck amidships with two "sea-boats," or emergency boats, swung out at either side, ready for launching should a man fall overboard, and anything happen requiring instant haste. The second view shows the ship looking aft. The long hull with comparatively narrow beam of a fast cruiser is well suggested.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

The Sinking of the Hospital-Ship "Rewa."

SUNK AT MIDNIGHT IN HARD FROST: LASCARS AT A SAILORS' HOME; RESCUED IN THEIR SHIRTS.

The Admiralty announced the outrage as follows: "His Majesty's hospital-ship 'Rewa' was torpedoed and sunk in the Bristol Channel about midnight on January 4 on her way home from Gibraltar. All the wounded were safely transferred to patrol vessels, and there were only three casualties among her crew, three Lascars being missing. She was displaying all the lights and markings required by the Hague Convention, and she was not—and had not been—within the so-called barred zone as delimited in the statement issued by the German Government on January 29, 1917." Says a newspaper account: "Immediately on the explosion the first care was given to the cot cases. The nurses, taking off their heavier clothing, wrapped it round the wounded men."—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

At Baghdad during the British Occupation.

AMONG NATIVES: KUFA PASSENGERS EMBARK TO CROSS THE TIGRIS; ARAB FRUIT-SELLERS.

In the upper illustration is shown a riverside scene on the Tigris: natives embarking in the quaint wicker-and-pitch-coated craft peculiar to Baghdad, called Kufas. "They are perfectly round," says a traveller, "and look like huge black bowls floating. It is only with much exertion that the two men usually in charge, and standing side by side and paddling, keep them from turning round and round. When stemming upstream against the current, their progress is, of course, dead slow. They can, however, stow quite an omnibus-load of people, or a large heap of merchandise, and the deeper they are in the water, the easier they are to manage." In the lower illustration, women of the "Marsh" Arabs, who dwell in villages of reed huts along the Tigris by Baghdad, are seen selling fruit at a camp.—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

PEOPLE who talk glibly about war work not seldom fail to realise that it is one thing to decide to help your country—or somebody else's—but quite another to do it, at any rate until the authorities concerned have satisfied themselves that the room of the enthusiast is not preferable to her company. There is, for instance, the question of nursing with a unit belonging to another country than England. War-nursing, in such circumstances, is by no means an altogether simple matter. It is not the work itself that is the difficulty, but the getting to the required spot in order to undertake it.

WITH THE FRENCH RED CROSS: GETTING READY FOR AN OPERATION IN A TRAVELLING "THEATRE."
French Official Photograph.

In the early days, to get accepted for service with the French or Belgian armies was a comparatively easy matter. We can all remember the glowing accounts given in the newspapers of the exploits and services rendered by individual women and private units that were "over there" almost before most people had realised that there was a war on. But it was soon found that this kind of charity could be made to cover a multitude of sins—chiefly in the espionage line. Not a few of the international adventuresses in the pay of Germany found themselves impelled to the profession of Florence Nightingale, and Lord Kitchener quickly discovered the necessity of an organisation to act as a sieve to separate the undesirables from honest helpers. For this purpose the Anglo-French Hospitals Committee (under the auspices of the British Red Cross and the St. John Ambulance) was formed to deal with those wishing to serve in any capacity with units working for French or Belgian wounded. It began life as a small affair. It has gradually grown with the war until it is almost as complete and far-reaching as can well be imagined. It is satisfactory to know that much, if not all, of its success is due to the efforts of a woman, Mrs. Kiero Watson, who was, until recently, chief matron of the organisation to the service of which she has devoted an endless amount of time and trouble. It would be a nimble spy or undesirable who could slip through the fingers of the Anglo-French Hospitals Committee now that every part of the complicated machine is in full working order. Critics who are opposed to regulations of any sort might pick holes in a system under which eighteen separate formalities have to be gone through before the candidate for service abroad with a foreign unit is allowed to proceed to her destination, and seventeen when that same candidate desires to return on leave. But practice has demonstrated the wisdom of the inclusion of each separate item to be complied with, and the restrictions and formalities have been dictated by necessity and not an undue fondness for red tape.

. . . . .

It is not enough that the would-be worker can produce two guarantees for her loyalty. There

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A Valuable War-Time Worker: The Army Automobiliste.

DOING LOYAL SERVICE IN FRANCE: A WOMAN-DRIVER OF AN AUTOMOBILE, IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

In France, as in England, the war has called into active work a vast variety of women-helpers who have proved invaluable. Moreover, the war has, as it were, demolished, at one sweep, the exaggerated ideas which were once orthodox as to feminine disabilities for exacting effort. The countless ways in which the necessities of war-time have multiplied the number of callings "suitable for women" include many which, before the war, were regarded as masculine monopolies. Now everything is changed, and, to take only one field of usefulness, the woman-driver of automobiles is a valuable asset in the French Army. Equipped with a suitable uniform, the Army *automobiliste* in France, as seen in our photograph, is a valuable aid and a loyal comrade to the men of the gallant French Army.—[*French Official Photograph.*]

must be an official application from the hospital or unit to which she desires to be attached. She goes with the sanction of the War Office, or else she goes not at all; and, besides being obliged to show references from any matrons under whom she may have worked, she must also, if a member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment, obtain the sanction of her commandant to undertake the new work. An Ordre de Mission must be obtained from the French Ministry of War; and, of course, the usual passport formalities have to be complied with; while no candidate is accepted whose age is under twenty-three years.

THE FUNERAL OF A MEMBER OF THE W.A.A.C., THE BODYGUARD AS ESCORT.

One of the members of that valuable contingent, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, Miss Dorothy Reed, was recently accidentally killed while going on duty. The funeral took place at Manor Park, and the coffin was covered by a Union Jack.

Photograph by Sport and General.

. . . .

But what enthusiast was ever deterred by difficulties, whether officially manufactured or otherwise? The fact that, since the beginning of the war, Mrs. Kiero Watson has interviewed some 30,000 women desirous of working in France or Belgium shows that Eve is nothing if not persevering. Of the 30,000 applicants, nearly 5000 have succeeded in obtaining the Anglo-French Certificate that admits of their serving abroad, and have been detailed to work for the 500 odd units in France and Belgium to which British women have been attached.

. . . .

It would be a mistake to suppose that the work in connection with the Committee is a mere matter of dull routine. Women spies, to whom reference has already been made, have attempted on not a few occasions to obtain the coveted Anglo-French Certificate. But, though the records of the Committee would in many cases make interesting reading, the woman who chooses to embrace espionage as her profession has been forced to try her hand in some other direction.

. . . .

The authorities devote the same care to securing the comfort of the selected candidate on her outward journey as they do to ascertaining her fitness for the work she wishes to undertake. Both at the docks in Southampton and the landing place in France officials make the comfort of the travellers their especial care, so that they have to endure none of the "lost" feeling that comes to those arriving alone in a foreign country.

. . . .

The Government is said by some to be a "bad employer." Have we not all read about alleged inadequate rates of pay doled out to women who work in Government offices, and the slowness that attaches to a "rise"? It is, therefore, all the more interesting to hear that the Ministry of Food is embarking on an interesting experiment designed to benefit the girl sorters and clerks who work in the Sugar Card Registration Clearing-House. The scheme does not entail an increase in wages, but it does provide the girls with an equipment for finding work when the department has no longer any need of their services. Briefly, the idea is that some hours of the working week shall be given over to the study of educational subjects, including arithmetic and accounts, business training and book-keeping, Civil Service subjects, domestic subjects (cooking, nursing, dressmaking, and millinery), and other studies, in order that (*a*) her general education may be improved, and (*b*) that she may start qualifying herself for any trade or profession for which she has a special fancy.

THE FUNERAL OF A MEMBER OF THE W.A.A.C.: MEMBERS FORMING UP AT THE GRAVESIDE OF MISS DOROTHY REED.

The funeral of Miss Reed, an incident of which we illustrate, took place at Manor Park.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]

CLAUDINE CLEVE.

At, and in Rear of the Western Front.

NORTH AND SOUTH: HORSE DIFFICULTIES ON A BATTLEFIELD; AN INDIAN LABOUR CORPS.

The upper illustration shows a horse in difficulties, suddenly trapped by the slippery hummocks of half-thawed ground at the edge of a shell-hole giving way under its feet. The "utterly inpossible" nature of the going on the partially frozen, broken-up ground across recent battlefields when off the cleared track of the battlefield roads, is thus shown. Everywhere the surface is lumpy and ridged and tumbled over, with sometimes also, completely hidden shell-holes underneath. In the lower illustration, men of one of our Indian labour corps engaged on war-work are seen halting on the march through a town in Southern France. They are employed in all manner of tasks, as are other natives from British Oversea possessions and representatives of all the French Colonies.—[*Photo. No. 1—New Zealand Official; No. 2—French Official.*]

THE GREAT WAR.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE ON THE HIGH SEAS—ADMIRALTY CHANGES—RUSSIA—THE HEDJAZ AND ADEN—ENEMY TRADE SECRETS CAPTURED—THE FOOD QUESTION.

ONCE more the enemy has shown his indifference to pledges by the sinking of a hospital-ship outside prohibited waters. The *Rewa*, from Gibraltar with wounded, was torpedoed, state the Admiralty, on Jan. 4 in the Bristol Channel. By the fine seamanship of the captain and the courage of all concerned, only three lives were lost out of the ship's company of 550. The crime is the more abominable that all the enemy's stipulations had been punctiliously observed: a Spanish officer had examined and vouched for the vessel, she showed all marks and lights, and she was far west of the barred zone within which the gentle Hun claims the right to sink everything at sight. The outrage is a salutary reminder, at a moment when peace conditions are much discussed, of what devilry has to be fought down before agreements can be profitably mentioned. In the Mediterranean a British destroyer was sunk, with the loss of ten men. All the officers were saved. The week showed no improvement in the returns of vessels sunk by submarines. Again the totals of larger and smaller craft stood at eighteen and three respectively; while fishing-boats lost numbered four, against nil the previous week. Further changes were notified on Jan. 11 at the Admiralty, and a Naval General Staff was announced as having been practically formed. It was to include departments for operations in Home Waters, Operations Overseas, and Operations for Trade Protection. Mr. A. F. Pease was appointed Second Civil Lord. The Air Board has spared the British Museum.

AT JUNCTION STATION: A BATCH OF TURKISH PRISONERS BEING DESPATCHED IN CAPTURED ROLLING STOCK.

The scene is Junction Station, where the Turkish railways to Beersheba and Gaza branch off from the Damascus-Jerusalem main line.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The Russian and German peace delegates, after much coming and going, with the attendant crop of idle rumours, again met at Brest-Litovsk. A plenary sitting took place, disclosing antagonistic views. Trotsky adjourned the meeting. Little that can be credited

[*Continued on page 40.*

THE PALESTINE FIGHTING: MORE TURKISH PRISONERS STARTING IN CAPTURED ROLLING-STOCK.—[*Official Photograph.*]

U.S. Shipbuilding for Allied Services.

THE 5000-TON STEEL FREIGHTERS: KEEL-LAYING OF THE FIRST; DRIVING THE FIRST RIVET.

According to statements made by authority before the American Senate Committee on Shipping, on the part of the U.S. Shipping Board, the building of a total of 5,517,100 tons of mercantile ships has been contracted for by the Washington Government, and has been in progress since last July, when the first contract was let. Vessels of various patterns and tonnage are arranged for, and the output will comprise composite ships, wooden ships, and steel ships, numbering, in regard to those arranged for to the end of 1917, upwards of a thousand craft. The first ship built was finished in two months and three days from the signing of the contract. The American Shipping Board controls 132 ship-yards and employs some two hundred thousand hands; men on accessories, as well as ship-builders.—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations*]

emerges from the general confusion, but there seemed to be a growing opposition to the Bolshevist policy. The Socialist groups and the Soviet, while favouring peace as the only means of saving Russia from ruin, condemned the Maximalist Government for beginning negotiations for a separate peace without waiting for the Constituent Assembly. As regards the efficacy of that body, should it even actually begin serious deliberations, the feeling was pessimistic. Once again rumour put Korniloff in the field; and the Russian evacuation of Persia was said to be under consideration, to take effect when Turkey recognised the armistice.

"TORPEDOED AND SUNK" IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL OUTSIDE THE GERMAN "BARRED ZONE": THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "REWA."

The "Rewa," in the words of the Admiralty announcement, was "torpedoed and sunk" in the Bristol Channel without warning, at midnight on January 4. All on board, except three Lascars, were saved in the ship's boats. At the time, the "Rewa" was showing the full hospital-ship lights and her Red Cross badges were brightly illuminated.—[*Photo. by S. and G.*]

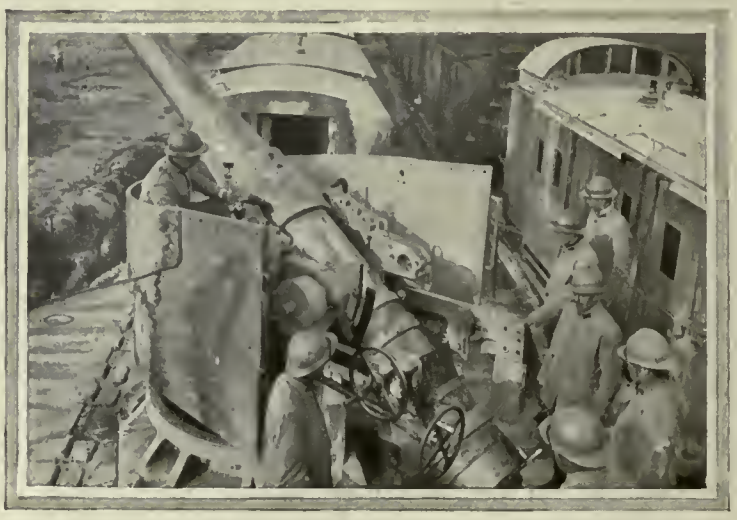
Heavy artillery fire was the only news from the Bulgarian front, where the enemy's "great attack" might not inconceivably develop.

Once more the Hedjaz has been the scene of fighting. The King, the Grand Sherif of Mecca, led his emancipated Arab forces against the Turks and raided the railway at Maan, a point about 110 miles south of Jerusalem. Still further south, the Arabs captured an entire Turkish garrison. A few days later, the Arabs followed up these operations with successful attacks on railway bridges. These movements have an important bearing on the campaign in Palestine, where General Allenby has again made progress. The weather in the Holy Land is wintry, and snow has fallen at Bethlehem.

The war in the East has shown developments also at Aden, where a reconnaissance in force was undertaken by British troops towards Hatum and Jabir. The defences of Hatum were destroyed. Much valuable work was done by our airmen, who did great execution with machine-gun fire on the enemy's infantry, and also helped our artillery. The fact that Aden has been besieged by the Turks for two-and-a-half years has almost fallen out of the public view, amid the innumerable interests of the world-war. The threat to our possession in the Red Sea is not serious, and will in due time be removed. The enemy is entirely isolated from all bases of supply, and his complete reduction at the smallest cost is only a matter of time. Meanwhile, our watch-dogs in that region never close an eye.

A curious and interesting sidelight on the war was afforded by the disclosures regarding the capture of a jealously guarded trade secret—that of the Badische dyes. A syndicate was formed to obtain the recipes, and, after two years' work, is said to have succeeded. This success is largely due to the skill and daring of a secret agent, whose alleged adventures make an entertaining story.

The question of food supplies has run the war a good second in public interest during recent days. Some improvement was noted in the meat supply, and further improvement shortly is expected. There was crowding at retail shops in Smithfield, and the unusual appearance of the butchers' windows both in London and in country towns brought the realities of the temporary situation home with unusual force.



ON THE FRENCH FRONT: A BIG GUN ON AN ARMOURED TRAIN.
French Official.

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