

# The War Illustrated

2<sup>D</sup> Weekly







# THE OBSERVATION POST

## The Stupidity of Crime & the Crime of Stupidity

WE have been so appalled by the horror of the many crimes against humanity, committed deliberately by the Germans as part of their policy, that we have been apt to overlook their essential stupidity, and thereby have missed something which might have been a source of comfort in our anxiety. The basic stupidity of the criminal is greater, though less glaring, than the superficial, perverted cleverness which enables him to plan and to execute his various coups, for he begins by making what may almost be described as a mathematical blunder, and it is mathematically certain that he will find himself wrong at the end.

THE blunder is his assumption that the part can be greater than the whole. It isn't, and can't be. Yet that assumption is the real foundation for the criminal operations of the individual who pits his cunning and daring against the organised opinion of a civilised community as represented in its law, and it certainly is the foundation for the military operations of a people who believe in the theory that might is right. The whole history of civilisation goes to prove that law and order are too strong for the criminal to prevail over. Militarist Prussia began this war because it believed that in organised might it was greater than the rest of Europe, and it will emerge from the war crushed and defeated because that belief was erroneous. And, meantime, every atrocity it perpetuates makes its final doom more certain.

MISS CAVELL knew that. To the mind of a man like Von Bissing, whose judgment, quite likely, was blinded by the glare of the immediate success of German arms, of which he was the temporary representative in Belgium, it may well have seemed that the "execution" of that one poor woman would be proof to all the world of the futility of resistance to the right of might. His argument almost certainly was that Germany had conquered Belgium, and that therefore Germany had the right to govern Belgium; that Miss Cavell had disobeyed German orders, and that therefore Germany had the right to punish Miss Cavell, and that with the end of Miss Cavell was the end of the whole matter.

WITH the clear vision vouchsafed to the dying, Miss Cavell saw the truth. It was in no theatrical spirit that, on her last night, she said she was very glad to die for her country. To Von Bissing the words probably sounded like empty bombast. Ridley's words must have sounded like that to the sardonic priests who watched him burning; but that man knew he had lighted an inextinguishable candle, and Miss Cavell knew that the bullets in the yard would make an end neither of her nor of the matter. Her "execution" was a crime against humanity that made the world shudder; but it was a piece of stupidity far more astonishing that will shake the German Empire to its fall.

AND so with the other outrages—the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* and the *Ancona*, the rape of women, and the crucifixion of little children. The individual criminals may perhaps go unpunished here, being undiscoverable in the general confusion, but the policy, of the fruits of which they are only single specimens, frightfulness, is condemned already and marked for early destruction. It cannot escape. And the stupidity of the criminal intelligence responsible for it is proved by its failure to perceive that part of the world cannot impose upon the whole of the world what the whole of the world will not tolerate. To make the attempt is to arouse opposition which is mightier than the attempting force. That is what Germany has done.

THE German Empire was a Great Power, but it never was so great as all the other first-class Powers combined. No one Power ever was. Even the British Empire to-day, cemented together as it is by blood and tears, is not so great as that. And it is difficult for one who is not a German to understand the mentality of statesmen who omitted to consider the possibility of provoking the opposition of a combination stronger than any they could hope to engage successfully. Yet the German statesmen were guilty either of that omission or else of unforgivable miscalculation of the man power, gun power, and money power that might be brought against them. When they deliberately let loose the horrors of this war they were guilty of a crime greater than any the world had known before, but in all sober truth their guilt is almost exceeded by their folly.

CONSIDERATION of the stupidity of crime may be carried profitably a little further to consideration of the crime of stupidity, for that is one which the British people, and perhaps English people especially, are by no means incapable of committing. There are indications that people in high place in Germany are beginning to calculate upon it as a probability, and the earliest and every opportunity must be grasped to insist upon the criminal stupidity of listening to talk about peace until the war has been won so decisively that there can be peace.

THE main facts are very simple. Germany began the war with certain specified objects in view. Of these she has not achieved one; but she has achieved certain other things—to wit, the occupation of large territories belonging to our Allies. It would be surprising if the untrained mass of German people did not believe honestly that the conquest of so much territory meant that Germany was winning the war. But their military authorities know that this is not the case. It was an axiom of Clausewitz, the high priest of their strategy, that campaigns are won only by the destruction of the enemy's field armies, and not only have the Germans failed to destroy one of the field armies arrayed against them, but these are actually getting numerically larger and better equipped with munitions with every day that passes.

WHEN the commanders-in-chief of the allied armies are satisfied that their forces are irresistible, the end will begin. As the American Press reminds us, Germany cannot hope to hold what she has won, and that is the reason why the German Chancellor is projecting into the air suggestions about entertaining negotiations for peace based upon the restoration to their respective owners of the occupied territories. No notice must be taken of those suggestions. Peace will only be possible when the German field armies have been destroyed, and there are indications that they will take place at no very distant date.

IT is the so-called "pacifists" who make one uneasy. The allied Governments will all adhere to their mutual pledge not to conclude any separate peace, but it is not so absolutely certain that pacifist agitation might not induce them to enter into negotiations before the time came when they could secure their ultimate objects fully and finally. Even the most bellicose of us are bowing beneath the burden of war. But to entertain this present suggestion of the German Chancellor would be a crime against the men who have laid down their lives for the ethical principles for which we are contending. If Germany cannot hope to hold what she has won, to allow her to give it back upon terms when she will so soon have to surrender it unconditionally, would be an act of criminal stupidity as well as an unspeakable betrayal.

C. M.





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



**NEW ALLIED LEADERS ON THE WESTERN FRONT**

General Sir Douglas Haig (left), on whose shoulders now rests the responsibility for victory to British arms. Appointed on the outbreak of war to the command of the First Army Corps, General Haig has distinguished himself for initiative and leadership. He is fifty-four years of age, and saw service in the Sudan, South Africa, and India. General de Castelnau (right), the newly-appointed French Chief of Staff, by his brilliant strategy, helped to frustrate the enemy plans regarding Paris, Calais, the Aisne, and Champagne.





# PRUSSIAN MAPS AND IMPERIAL PLANS

By Sir WILLIAM M. RAMSAY

*If there is any doubt in neutral countries as to who are the enemies of man, and the transgressors of all laws, human and divine, the childish maps of the world under German domination, prepared in all seriousness and circulated throughout the Fatherland for years before the crash of Armageddon, are damning and final evidence. The Prussian, to make up for a lack of psychology and imagination, is gifted with an alarming egotism, and that he would one day control the destiny of the world was no less the dream of the underpaid clerk and servile waiter than of the arrogant Junker. In the following absorbing article Sir William Ramsay compares the ready-made ideals of Kaiserism, in relation to the map of the world, with what has really happened since the Teuton "kicked over the traces" of a civilisation incompatible with his natural savagery and conceit.*

**A** FAVOURITE ornament in Berlin restaurants about five or six years ago was a map showing the world of the future, as it was to be when it had been reorganised by the Prussian victory. I am not sure that this map was displayed so often in the fashionable restaurants which tourists and foreigners would frequent, but it was to be seen in those which were thronged by the resident population of Berlin.

It is worth while to compare the ideas expressed six years ago in the Prussian map after the war with the present situation, and to examine how far they have been realised. The comparison will also give some solid ground for estimating the German plans for the immediate future. The ideas of the map were those on which every child throughout Germany was trained; these were the natural and lawful claims on which children, as they grew up, were to insist.

## The Fantastic Dream of Pan-Germanism

On this map Germany, united in one country with Austria, extended from the English Channel to the Black Sea, the Ægean Sea, and the Adriatic. Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, all the Balkan countries except a small Greece, and the whole of Turkey in Europe with Constantinople were included in Austro-Germany. Most of France and a large part of Western Russia were also incorporated in the great Central Empire. Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais, on the north, with the whole of the Seine valley and most of the Rhone valley, had been taken in. Switzerland and Italy remained independent; but the Central Empire encircled Switzerland on all sides except the Italian frontier. The whole of "German Russia," the parts of Western Russia where Germans are more or less numerous, had been added to the German dominions.

The map gave some clue to the way in which this growth

was to be accomplished. Obviously, it was understood that France had been conquered, and reduced to a tiny State along the Atlantic Ocean. No one, not even the most confident of Prussians, could have supposed that France would have consented to this dismemberment except as the result of a successful German invasion. The most powerful influence in bringing about the present war was the absolute certainty felt by every German and Austrian that a war against France would be a promenade to the Atlantic coast, in which the German legions would march *doing* the parade-step, practically without opposition, across Paris to the mouths of the Loire and Garonne. It will be found on examination of history that almost every war has begun through the proud confidence felt by one side that it was able at any moment to beat the other.

If nations and governments realised the facts of the case, there would be no wars. The few cases in which a nation has gained immediate and complete success, have been misfortunes to the world, because they have fostered the hopes of the side which goes into war for the purpose of gaining land and spoils. Unluckily, the Prussian mentality has been determined entirely by success, sudden and complete, in three wars. Now, with an Army much larger, stronger, better equipped, and better prepared, Prussia and all Germany expected with undoubting confidence to eat up France at any time that it pleased, leaving only a tiny and helpless scrap of France in the west—not much, if at all, larger than Portugal.

## The Bribes to Slavdom and Japan

As to Russia, the calculations of the map-makers were very different. They did not delude themselves with the idea that Russia was weak, and that it could be trampled in the dust. But a peaceful arrangement was possible; "German Russia" would be surrendered for an equivalent; and naturally the equivalent was to be given at other people's expense. The map showed Norway, Sweden, and Persia with the whole of Central Asia, coloured Russia, and forming one vast mass far surpassing in size European Austro-Germany.

The world that counted was to consist mainly of the two vast Empires, Germany and Russia. Peaceful penetration was the method that the map-makers relied on in dealing with Russia, which could always be Germanised at leisure; Russia was barbarian, and should be trained to German civilisation by German culture.

Japan was reckoned with also. It was greatly enlarged. Its "legitimate desire for expansion" was satisfied with possession of Australia, New Zealand, and all the great islands of Eastern Asia in that part of the Pacific. At the same time the existence of Japan was a menace to Russia, which would be helpless between Japan and Germany if the two latter Empires were in accord.

Most of Africa, including all French and Belgian territory, was taken over



The idea of the Prussian. How the map of Europe would appear if "Kultur" triumphed—a fantastic forecast of German ambitions as impressed upon the Teuton peoples by their military and professorial tyrants.

[Continued on page 460.]



# Light Hearts and Loyal Service of London Scots



Letters from home. The brightest moment in the day of a soldier on active service. On the right: London Scottish, just arrived from England, entraining for the firing-line.



A motor-transport having got into difficulties, the London Scottish lend a helping hand and start it on its way again. On the left: Bedraggled by a week in the trenches, but still smiling.



"In diggings." After the misery of the trenches a disused factory, thickly carpeted with straw, makes a luxurious billet.



**PRUSSIAN MAPS & IMPERIAL PLANS** (Continued from page 458.)

by Germany. South Africa remained free and allied. The fate of India I do not remember. The United States was left out of the account. The German opinion, very emphatically expressed in private by many Germans, has always been that the United States, being devoted to peace, do not count in the world, and would submit quietly to being ignored and disregarded. There was a large Germany in South America; but I do not remember its bounds.

The British Empire had shrunk to the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Obviously its sea-power had been transferred to Germany; for the harbours all over the world, on which sea-power rests, had been taken from it. A German Africa and South America implied command of the ocean.

Such were the ideals to which young Germany had been trained up from childhood long before the war. Now, look how Prussian war-plans in 1915 have aimed at realising the ideals, and what success they have had.

Prussia has seized a part of France, far less than it hoped, and it has formed a line of frontier defence which France and Britain have been unable to break, for even the brilliant French victory in Champagne last September failed to break the line definitely, and Prussia still holds the summit of the Hill of Tahure. The attempt to realise the ideal on the west has been made, and has not been successful except in a modest degree; but the idea is clearly seen in the fate of Belgium and French Lorraine.

**The Junker Ideal and the Eastern Front**

So also on the East the attempt has been made to seize all "German Russia." As Russia has refused to listen to the peace proposals that were made to it time and again, the seizure had to be forcible, and the plan has been more successful on this side than on the west. Prussia has gained—for the time—practically all that her map-makers intended; only Riga has not been gained; and the line of frontier defence is not nearly so strong on this side as on the west.

Still, the plan of campaign is clearly seen. The German Army has been trying to adjust the map to suit the old ideas. It has not been quite successful; but men are imperfect, and it is human to fall short of perfection. Next in the plan comes the south-eastern region. Those who call the Serbian enterprise a gambler's desperate last

throw may find they are wrong. It is the orderly execution of a plan formed many years ago. We trust it will be even less successful than the throw on the west; but it is no mere venture, and it has had some success, for it has gained part of Serbia and all Bulgaria.

As to the other elements of the plan, the sop to Japan, the giving of Norway and Sweden to Russia, a German Africa and South America, the allied South African State, etc., their execution has been postponed to a distant future; and it is evident in each case that the consent of those various countries has not been gained. While Sweden is, on the whole, pro-German in feeling, it is so because it has been deluded into believing that Germany was its protector against Russia, and it would not favour the completion of the Prussian plan.

**The Huns' Asiatic Ambitions**

It has never been the intention of Prussian map-makers to alienate Turkey, which was to be compensated in Asia and Egypt for the loss of Constantinople. This part of the plan is now in the mind of General von Mackensen. There is vast wealth in Asia Minor, which was for six or eight centuries after Christ the richest region of the world—richer even than Egypt, for the wealth of Egypt was carried away every year to Rome, leaving the enslaved Egyptians poor as before, while the wealth of Asia Minor remained in the country, except for Imperial taxes, because the population was largely free. The great Imperial estates, however, which were peopled by slaves of the Emperor, were ever growing larger in Asia Minor, just as all Egypt except Alexandria was one vast Imperial domain.

The wealth of Asia Minor is now potential, not actual. The country produces little more than enough to feed the population; but the amount can be immensely increased, and there is much unworked mineral wealth over and above the moderate amount that is exported. Within a year after reaching Constantinople, the Germans, if permitted to remain there as masters, would stimulate largely the produce of Turkey. Schemes for this purpose have been in process of execution for the last six or seven years; grandiose schemes of irrigation, and new roads and railways; and it is now time for them to bear fruit. The small ruling class in Turkey will bear nominal sway over the whole of Turkey, but the masters will be German, and the profits will be mainly German. This is the plan. Has it any chance of success? I doubt it.



"Deutschland uber Alles," on paper. Map of the world, similar to those appearing in German restaurants and text-books before the war. The complete disappearance of small independent kingdoms is the dominating note of this startling hallucination.



# Five Minutes' Cold-Steel Duel on a Staircase



Having gained the village of Hulluch a party of British soldiers were awaiting the arrival of supports when they were treacherously fired upon by Germans left behind as prisoners. In the absence of an officer, Private Thomas asked for volunteers to accompany him to the place whence the shots were fired. Climbing through a window in the house, he was met on the staircase

by an officer of the machine-gun party, and engaged him in a duel lasting five minutes. Private Thomas eventually succeeded in breaking his adversary's bayonet, and tried to disarm him. The officer fired, wounding the private in the hand, but immediately fell dead himself with a bullet in the head. In the meantime British soldiers entered the house through another window.



# Britain's Spartan Sons in the Land of Apollo



British advanced trench in the Balkans. "Tommyes" on outpost duty waiting for some Bulgarian snipers to show themselves.



Scottish soldiers resting in the streets of Salonika while awaiting the order to take their departure for the front. Greece could hardly see finer specimens of the British Army than these half-dozen splendid men, stamped with health and resolution. Inset: British soldier and sailor with a happy group of peasants at a picturesque well in a Greek village.



# Marching to Battle Through the Grecian Gateway



Though the country through which this khaki line is passing seems peaceful enough, already the men can hear the roar of the guns, and the smoke from bursting shells, seen amid the hills in the distance, marks the Allies' front.



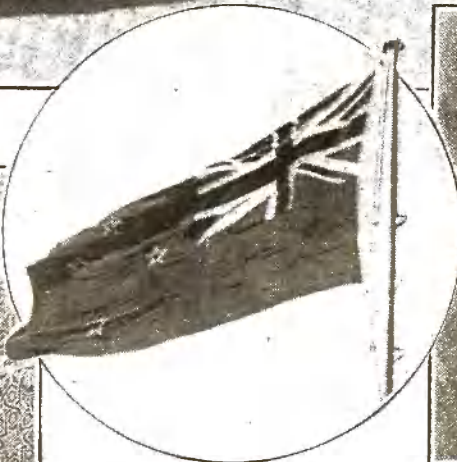
Part of the huge store of forage stacked at Salonika for the use of the French troops operating against the Bulgarians. Britain and France have had to make vast preparations for supplying their soldiers and animals during the campaign in the Balkans, and Salonika is now the base for enormous quantities of the Allies' stores.



# Empire Fighters in the Land of the Pharaohs



Maimed Australian heroes at Cairo Station. Too badly wounded to fight again, they were returning home.



The new flag, the gift of the women of Auckland, floating over the New Zealand Hospital, Cairo. Right: Canadian nurses at the Canadian Military Hospital, for Dardanelles wounded, Cairo.



Lady Maxwell, the wife of Gen. Sir John Maxwell, commanding in Egypt, unfurling the new flag at the New Zealand Hospital, Cairo. Right: Officers of the Instructional Staff with the Australian Forces. From left to right: Major R. B. Clifton, Duke of Wellington's Regt.; Lieut.-Col. E. M. Colston, Grenadier Guards; Capt. H. J. Watkins, Coldstreamers; Capt. I. A. S. Cooke, Connaught Rangers.



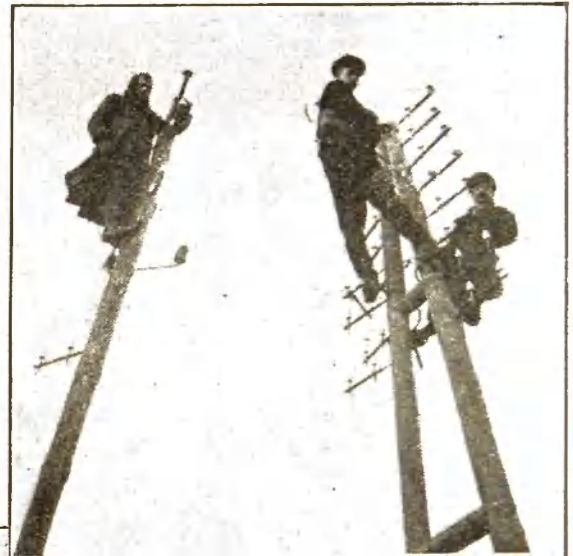
# In the Firing-line with Belgium's Dauntless Army



Belgian soldier's chilly but welcome toilet in a strongly-built first-line trench in Flanders. The solid brick dug-out has a perfectly made wooden door. Right: The day's news in the firing-line. A Belgian soldier newspaper vendor going his rounds.



Belgian artillerymen hauling a 4.8 in. gun into position. Aided by the Allies, the Belgian Army now possesses many new guns and plenty of munitions.



A redoubt in the Belgian lines which the soldiers have christened "Elisabeth Redoubt," in honour of their heroic Queen, who has many times visited the first-line trenches, even while the Germans have been firing. Inset: Belgian engineers repairing telegraph wires immediately after they had been damaged by a German shell.



# Camera Records from our Russian Correspondent:



Left: Wounded Russians at a rest camp behind the lines near Riga. Above: Russian officers lunching near the Dvina trenches.

THESE exclusive photographs from our camera-correspondent with the Russian forces near Riga come at an appropriate time, and show some of the men who defeated the terrific German attacks made on the Russian line, from Dvina to the sea, at the beginning of November, of which the first detailed account has only recently been published.

At first the Russians were compelled to retire somewhat, before the fierce offensive, but soon they delivered a counter-stroke which defeated all the German attempts to cross the Dvina, and cost the enemy no fewer than 12,000 lives, according to his own estimate.

Retiring in perfect order, the Russians crossed the Dvina and destroyed their bridges. Then, in their hidden trenches on the bank, they exercised wonderful self-restraint, actually allowing the unsuspecting enemy practically to complete a pontoon bridge without firing a shot to betray their presence.

Just as the German battalions were ready to rush across the river, a Russian gun "spoke," and a shell tore the pontoon from its moorings. The Russian guns continued to hurl shell after shell among the confused masses of Germans on the opposite bank, driving the enemy into precipitate retreat.



Captured Austrians being interrogated by Russian officers. Inset above: German deserter who entered the Russian lines on the Dvina front about to be cross-examined by Russian officers at the Staff Headquarters. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")



# A Lair of the 'Bear' in a Dvina Forest



Russian machine-gun section entrenched on the Dvina front - a difficult country of forests, marshes, and rivers. Hidden in a well-screened trench dug deeply in the hard-frozen ground, the Russians, at the time this striking photograph was taken, were on the alert for an expected attack by German infantry.



Russian infantry manning a trench on the edge of a forest on the Dvina front. It was in this district, on the banks of the Dvina River, that the Russians, at the beginning of November, beat back a terrific German onslaught which cost the enemy, according to their own computation, no less than 12,000 men. (Photographs exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")



# Great Men & Great Guns on the Champagne Front



M. Poincare, in company with General Dubail, General Humbert, and Staff officers, closely following the effects of a bombardment of the German position with heavy guns. Since the beginning of the war the French President has played a part in the affairs of France fully in keeping with the great period of his regime. President Poincare ever applies his splendid intellect to bring about the Great Revenge.



Impressive photograph from the Champagne district, showing a huge 155 mm. cannon in action. The gunners are masked in readiness for a possible gas attack, and are wearing special goggles to mitigate the effect of what are known as "weeping shells," German projectiles whose gas makes the eyes water.



# Scenes at Suvla Bay before Evacuation



Taking a Turkish officer who has been made prisoner down to the base at Gallipoli. He was blindfolded before being taken along our lines of communication, and is assisted civily down the stony way by one of his escort.



An Australian field-gun ready for action in the Suvla Bay region. The men are all intent upon the round that is just to be fired from the brushwood-screened nook overlooking the sea that would form an ideal spot for a picnic.





**VICTORIA FOR THE VICTORIOUS.**—The great metropolitan rendezvous for the Sunny South Coast, or for a romantic Continental jaunt, is now the junction for French Town. To those who stay behind with aching heart and anxious vigil, victory has a great significance; for this day the absent father, son, or sweetheart may be back for a time, or have from the stern business of war. Every night at this popular terminus the war brought close to our irregular hearts, and on this stage a scene is enacted which inspires that joy so close akin to tears. Still

caked with the mud of the battlefield, laden with an assortment of weapons, men from the front of Mars flock out of the "special" to be greeted by their dear ones. Here the sweetheart, overcome with joy, embraces her brave Scot, whose proud parents wait to give him the parental kiss. There a handsome officer, having rejoined his young wife, is off to find a charming group. The father greeting his youngest child makes a charming group. Let the pacifist look on this and ask himself whether he would not, for one brief moment, like to be a man of arms.



# A New Year Look at the Fields of War

By Our War Correspondent, F. A. MCKENZIE

**H**OW do we stand at the opening of the New Year? What has been the real outcome of the twelve months of fighting? Are we stronger or weaker than we were on January 1st, 1915?

There are many facts which could be used for an argument to prove either that our success is now certain or that we have lost heavily. To come to a real verdict it is necessary to weigh and balance the losses and gains one against the other.

We have succeeded in foiling the German plans in the west. At the close of 1914 the invasion of this country by Germany was an arguable possibility; to-day, it is in the highest degree unlikely. The Germans had two major plans in reserve against us. They were preparing their fleet of submarines to destroy our warships and our commerce, and they were completing their Zeppelins to attempt the aerial bombardment and destruction of our cities. Had either of these succeeded as the Germans anticipated, the war must have ended in their favour. The destruction of our sea strength by submarines would have starved Britain out in a very short time. Happily our Navy was equal to the emergency and the submarine menace has been overcome. Had it been possible to destroy London and other cities wholesale by Zeppelins, it is hard to see that we could have continued fighting much longer. It has not been possible.

## What Was Hoped and What Is

The line of the west remains substantially what it was a year ago. The armies face each other in most sections over the very same line that they faced one another on January 1st, 1915. In places like Dixmude the rival forces hold the same streets as they did, and watch one another over the same twenty yards or more that divide them. This is a complete disappointment to the Germans, but it is equally a complete disappointment to us. A year ago we were all confident about what was going to happen. The big push was to start in the spring. We were to force our way up through Lille in the direction of Ghent, compelling the Germans, under the threat of being outflanked, to evacuate their existing front. Our spring campaign was to fling them back on the Antwerp-Brussels-Namur line. Northern France was to be cleared and the summer of fighting in Belgium was to be the preliminary to the invasion of the Rhine country in 1916.

How mad it sounds to-day!

Germany on her side was confident of her ability to capture Calais and the whole line of country down to Havre. From that coast she intended to prepare for the invasion of England.

To-day the situation on the western front is a stalemate. It is yet to be seen if this can be changed. We have enormous and magnificent armies behind the lines—armies such as Britain has never seen before. Our arms, our equipment, our monster guns, our splendid aircraft, and our perfection in detail would have seemed miraculous two years ago. How can we bring the great forces which we possess there to bear on the enemy? This is a question which the year 1916 will probably answer before it is many weeks old.

## The Phoenix of Austria

A year ago Austria seemed at the point of collapse. Russia, having overrun Galicia, was pouring her armies through the Carpathians, preparatory to a spring advance on Budapest. To-day, Austria seems imbued with new life. Despite the severe sufferings of her people, her armies have fought, in combination with the Germans during the year, with wholly unexpected success. The whole group of Russian fortresses around the apparently impregnable triangle of Warsaw, Ivangorod, and Brest Litovsk has been captured. The whole of Poland is in German hands, and the German armies for a time seemed to threaten Petrograd itself.

Great and unexpected weaknesses revealed themselves

in the Russian military organisation. Treason and corruption in high places did much to render the courage of the Russian soldier of no account. There was an amazing failure of ammunition—a failure even greater than that which did our own armies so much harm in the spring and early summer. It seemed for a short time that Russia must be overwhelmed. But here we have far more reason for encouragement and hope than might appear at first sight. The Russian people, in their hour of greatest danger, rallied splendidly. Munitions were poured in from many quarters. Japan helped, America helped, and Britain did her share. The Germans and Austrians found themselves faced, before their plans were completed, by the most terrible enemy of all—the Russian winter—the same enemy which destroyed Napoleon's armies. The Russian fighting machine is essentially better to-day than it was a year ago, and the Russian armies will make an overwhelming effort when spring comes to sweep the weakened invaders back.

## The Near Eastern Problem

The blackest chapter in our own military history of the war during the past year has been in the Dardanelles. The Dardanelles campaign has been one long blunder. The only redeeming feature of it has been the unexampled courage of our men.

The Balkans afford a striking example of the danger of allowing diplomatic considerations to have a predominant weight during war. For months we hesitated, shilly-shallyed, and delayed there. We did nothing, when we should have done everything; sat still, when we should have struck hard. The result is evident for all to see. A year ago it seemed as though the whole of the Balkan States would come on our side. To-day, Bulgaria is fighting against us; Serbia, our ally, is largely destroyed; the statesmen and military commanders of Greece can scarcely make a decent show of concealing their anger at us. Only the threat of our Fleet against their great cities has saved us from the enmity of Greece. As against the failure of diplomacy in the Balkans, however, we must weigh in our favour the fact that Italy came on our side. Up to now the full strength of Italy has not been felt, owing to the difficulties of her Alpine war. She should, during the year that is ahead, count for more and more.

## One Great Cause for Optimism

For us the most serious and menacing quarter of war during the months that are ahead may well be the Near East. There is now regular communication between Berlin and Constantinople, and the railways run freely all the way. The Central Powers are directly linked up with their Allies—Bulgaria and Turkey. Germany and Austria can pour great supplies of guns and munitions into Turkey. German agents are opening fresh campaigns to stir up the fanatical hatred of the Mohammedan tribes of Northern Africa and Arabia against us. A year ago the threatened Turkish campaign against the Suez Canal was a subject for laughter. To-day our great armies along the canal banks shows how seriously we take the threat.

There is one great factor in our favour. Germany and Austria are straining their resources in men and in munitions to the very utmost. Their losses have been staggering. They have reached and passed their maximum strength in troops, save in so far as they can draw upon Asia. We have not yet touched our reserves of manhood. By the early summer of 1916 Britain will have 4,000,000 men under arms and well armed. Both the Germans and ourselves suffer from a lack of experienced officers, and more especially experienced non-commissioned officers.

Germany, with weakening forces, is extending her line, and rapidly extending it. The Balkans may well prove to her the ulcer eating out her internal strength as the ulcer of the Spanish Peninsula ate into the strength of Napoleon.



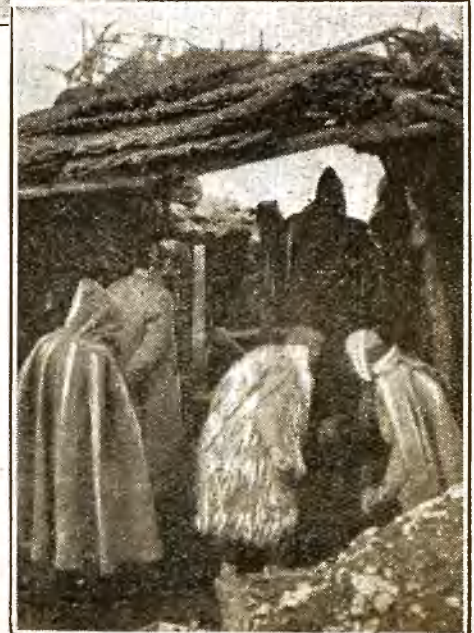
# Where the Flame of Freedom Burns Brightest



Marching out from Cettinge, their capital, on which bombs have already been dropped. The Montenegrins are consumed with passionate love of freedom. On the left: A typical Montenegrin mountain fighter on his hardy pony.



The invasion of Montenegro has begun at two points. This photograph shows some of Austria's Bosnian troops in a Montenegrin village on the frontier.



Mallesori tribesmen amid the crags of Mount Klementi, on the Montenegrin frontier. On the right: Montenegrin gunners at a casemate. Superhuman efforts of the enemy will be required to quench the flame of freedom in this courageous little country.



# With the Tricolour in the Fateful Peninsula



A mountain cannon in the trenches at Gallipoli. French 65 mm. gun and crew, snapped behind a stone barricade. The circle photograph shows two birds of ill-omen, captured by French marines and appropriately christened Wilhelm and Franz Joseph.



The open-air surgery on Gallipoli. Wounded French soldiers arriving in novel ambulances for temporary treatment.



Disposing of the carcase of a dead horse. It is being drawn down to the water by a mule. In the background the s.s. River Clyde whose remarkable arrival at Gallipoli made one of the most thrilling chapters in British history. (Exclusive photographs.)



# Our Diplomacy and the War on Sea

By Commander Caryon Bellairs, R.N., M.P.

**P**ROPINQUITY is a great fact in the psychology of war, and throws everything out of perspective. It leads to an altogether disproportionate effort to prepare on a large scale for the defensive rather than the offensive. One of the best of our military critics, for instance, lent the whole weight of his influence to keeping large bodies of troops in preparing defensive works in this country against invasion; and now, hypnotised by our great trade route through the Suez Canal, he has tacked on to this demand one for a great defensive army in Egypt.

## False Strategy

He gives us two months for preparation, but "we must have in Egypt a force answerable to the largest army which can, in the opinion of qualified experts, be brought against us." Let us suppose the Germans reach Constantinople, is it not obvious that they will then have before them four objectives to choose from—the Dardanelles, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, and Egypt?

The defensive policy would require preparation to meet them at all four points, so that whatever force they were able to set in motion at Constantinople would tend to multiply its effect in four directions. We should be transferring to a land Power the very attribute which should belong to a sea Power—viz., the power of multiplying its striking force with an army through its ability to strike secretly and swiftly anywhere along the coasts from the sea.

We give up the initiative, we give up

the offensive—which is the only policy that impresses neutrals—and all for a policy which can never win a war. We never dream of adopting such methods when we fight a battle, and we should not do so in a world-wide war.

In fact, if a certain course of conduct is one of the greatest follies for our opponents to adopt, we should do anything to tempt them to adopt it. Now both the invasion of England and of Egypt brings Germany within the grasp of our naval power. We should do nothing to deter the German General Staff from such plans; but we may be quite sure that, as with Napoleon at Boulogne, the persistence of their talk about these projects has for its chief object that we should play their game by diverting our forces from the offensive to the defensive.

## German Credulity

The German estimate of our psychology is the same as that of Frederick the Great, that "the English will stampede like wild horses before their own imaginations." This temperament certainly is not characteristic of the seafaring classes, who have always ridiculed the invasion scares throughout our history, and it was because of their hard-headedness that Von Tirpitz utterly failed to make any impression on them by his threats of the submarine blockade.

If only the arm-chair diplomatists at the Foreign Office had the same hard-headedness, they would never have allowed the Germans to drive their supplies through our naval blockade by a corrupt campaign in America to impress

us with the bogey of antagonising the United States. It is the very essence of war that action should be drastic.

## Blockade the Mediterranean

I referred the other day to the Mediterranean, and the submarine menace to our transports. The course indicated was that we should pool all the available small craft under one command for a ruthless hunt of submarines and their bases. The matter, however, of the new phase of Mediterranean war does not end there. We have the oil supplies of these submarines to account for, and the new door for Germanic trade through Greece.

Surely the time has come to remind ourselves that we have in Gibraltar and Suez the opportunity of policing every ounce of cargo that goes into the Mediterranean. At both places vessels, after search, should be given prescribed courses and speeds in accordance with their papers, and any breach should lead to arrest on the voyage.

We know that, for the sake of the high inducements offered, Greek ships have helped the Germanic submarines. We have to impress on neutrals that the game is not worth the candle. All through this war we have been hopelessly handicapped by the fact that, while land power has been directed by generals, sea power has been directed by diplomatists. We have no bribes to offer the Greeks in this matter of submarines, except for information; but we can inflict pretty substantial fines now that ships are so valuable by reason of the high freights they can earn.

# Aircraft and the Power of Pegasus

By C. G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane"

**V**ARIOUS papers have, during the past week or two, illustrated the twin-engined Caudron biplane, which made an eminently satisfactory first appearance at the London Aerodrome at Hendon recently. Although the Germans and French have been using aeroplanes with two engines for the past couple of months on active service, this was the first British-built aeroplane to be turned out during the war, and its makers deserve congratulation on its success as a flying machine. One hopes it may be equally successful as a "Hun-strafer."

## An Entente Aeroplane

It is true that it was built to French designs, but it has certain alterations which must not, of course, be mentioned, and it is built wholly of British material and by British labour. As Mr. Tennant stated in the House of Commons not long ago, we have had certain multiple-engined "battle-planes" in course of construction for some time, and it is hoped that we may have quite a number of them in the air before long, so it is a happy augury that the first of them should be so satisfactory.

It is typical of our British way of doing things that this country, which was the first to use aeroplanes with more than one engine, should be the last of the Great Powers to produce them on active service. As a matter of fact, the Short Brothers, of the Isle of Sheppey, produced several biplanes of various types

with two engines apiece so long ago as 1911-1912, and one of them was flown by naval officers attached to one of the Armies during the military manoeuvres of 1912. In those days we had no really big aero-engines, so these machines had nominally only 100 horse-power between the two engines. To tell the truth, each engine really only gave about 40 horse-power, so these huge things had a mere 80 horse-power, which in these days is considered too little for even the tiny single-seated scouting biplanes known as "tabloids."

Naturally, therefore, the multiple-engines of Shorts were very slow, but they showed what might be done if experiments were carried on. Unfortunately, money for the Flying Services was not generously bestowed by the Treasury in those days, therefore what little money could be got was spent on smaller and cheaper types of aeroplanes, so that we could have more of them, and better opportunities for training our flying men.

## Where Horse-Power Wins

To-day, anything less than 100 horse-power on any aeroplane is regarded as insufficient, and the Germans are using single engines of 150 or 160 horse-power in their big biplanes. The famous "two-tails," the first of the twin-engined German machines, is estimated to have two engines of 150 horse-power each; and the French, who believe in efficiency rather than brute force, get even better performances in the way of speed and

climbing rate with two engines of about 100 horse-power each.

The German papers talk of colossal triplanes—machines with three sets of wings, and horse-power up to 1,000 or more. These huge things are likely to be a trifle clumsy to handle, and some "experts" regard them as being about the limit in size for aeroplanes, if they are to be "flyable" by any ordinary man. That remains to be seen, and doubtless, in the still more enormous aeroplanes of the future, controls will be worked by auxiliary power, as is the rudder of a big ship.

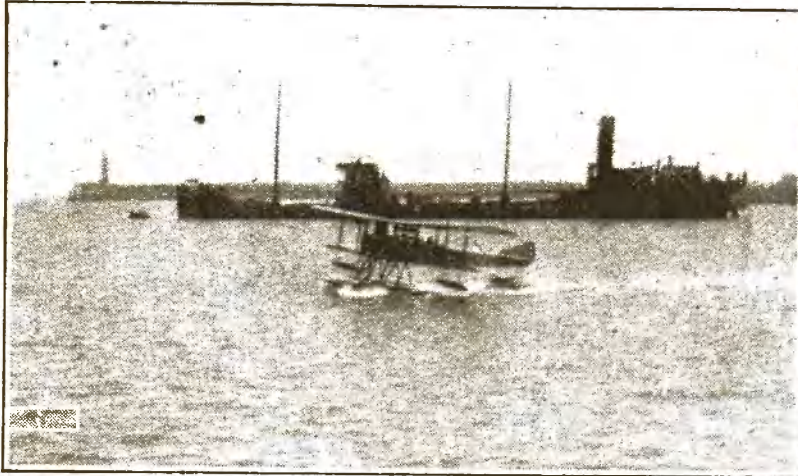
## Control and Mobility

It has been shown that one man can control a machine with something between 200 and 300 horse-power, either with one or two engines, quite comfortably for several hours at a time. Some of the French pilots have even looped the loop with the twin-engined biplanes, which proves that they are very obedient to their controls.

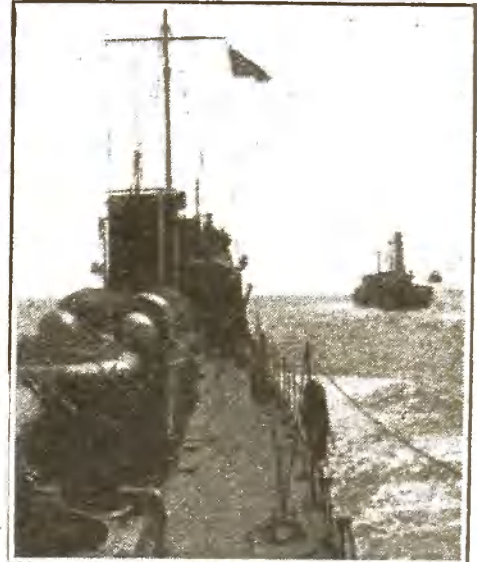
Some six or eight weeks ago one of these twin-engined Caudrons was flying over the German lines when a shell burst close to it, smashed one of the engines to smithereens, and set fire to the petrol tank of that engine. In spite of this the pilot brought the machine back safely with only one engine running, which demonstrated conclusively the high value of having two independent engines, for if both had stopped he would have been compelled to descend.



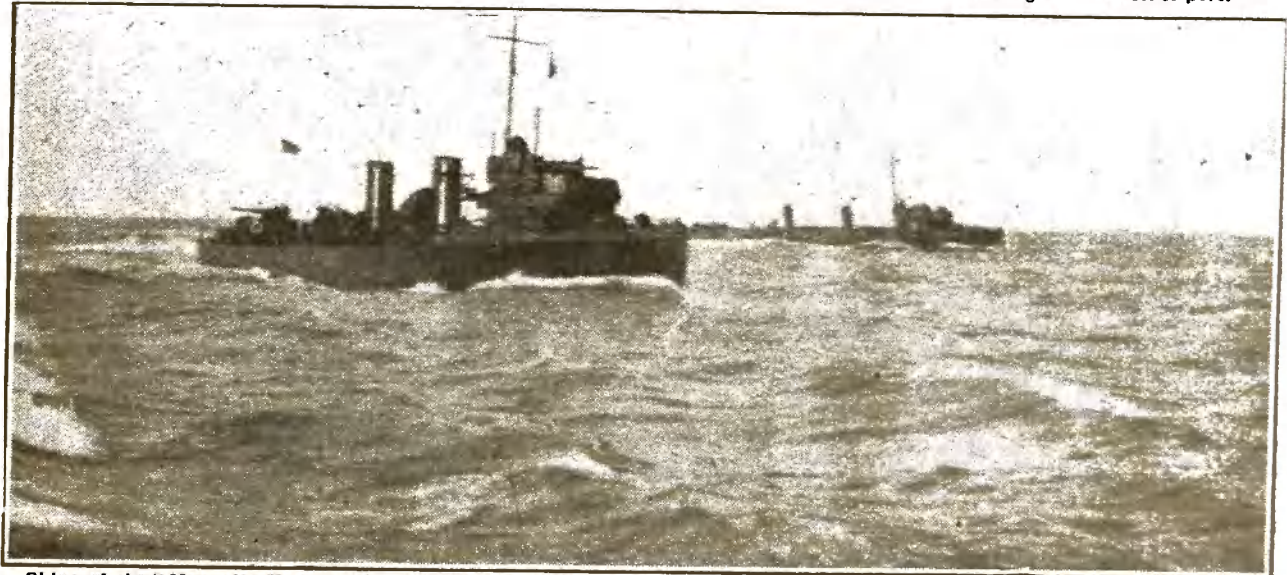
# With the Destroyers in Search of the Pirates



A naval waterplane starting out to sea on patrol duty. The Navy's aircraft wing is a strong link in the steel network protecting our shores.



The officer of the watch in a British destroyer, doing patrol duty in the North Sea, warning a merchantman through a megaphone of the presence of a hostile submarine. Inset: Photograph taken from a destroyer while she was escorting an oil vessel to port.



Ships of the "Mosquito Fleet" setting out to look for "fun," otherwise U boats, in the North Sea. The British Navy refers to its destroyers and other small craft as "mosquitoes." (These photographs are exclusive to "The War Illustrated.")



# The Enemy in Russia—at Large and in Leash!



German Red Cross contingent following in the wake of their army in Russia. The Russians leave no bridge standing once they have finished with it, and the movements of the enemy forces are hindered and delayed on all sides by the thorough means taken by the Russians to hamper hostile transport operations.



A silk-hatted Hun and another wearing a "bowler" among a crowd of German prisoners recently captured by the Russians. Most of the Germans appear happy to have been captured. The two in the foreground are exchanging pleasantries with the guards.



# RECORDS OF THE REGIMENTS IN THE WAR

## IX.—The Royal Scots Greys



"WE went through them like brown paper," said Sir Philip Chetwode of our cavalry against German cavalry in the early days of the Great War, and one of the

regiments which did this was the famous Royal Scots Greys, or 2nd Dragoons, the heroes of Waterloo. The Greys had another distinction in those days, one which, now that we are all unhappily so familiar with long and terrible casualty lists, may easily be forgotten. The very first casualty reported in the war was an officer of this regiment, as on August 22nd, the day before Mons, a young Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Leven and Melville, was dangerously wounded in its ranks.

With two other fine regiments, the 17th Lancers and the 20th Hussars, the Scots Greys formed the 5th Cavalry Brigade, the one led by that gallant

"These Scottish men are right hardy and sore travelling in harness and in wars."

—FROISSART.

officer, Sir Philip Chetwode, a baronet of old and honoured family whose name was the very first mentioned in Sir John French's first despatch.

### First Shots of the War

On Friday, August 21st, 1914, Sir John, who had just arrived at Mons from Paris, was busy with his Staff arranging his army for the coming battle. He had no troops to spare for a reserve, for his four divisions of infantry were all required in front, and as the men marched up they were set to work at throwing up trenches. Under these circumstances Sir John decided to use his cavalry, as far as possible, as a reserve, and after an anxious consultation with their leader, General Allenby, the necessary orders were given to them.

This was all very well, but it was absolutely imperative to send out some

horsemen to scout round for news of the Germans, so it was decided to mark off the 5th Brigade for this purpose. "The forward reconnaissance," said Sir John, "was entrusted to Brigadier-General Sir Philip Chetwode, with the 5th Cavalry Brigade."

Early on Saturday morning the Greys were in their saddles, and their colonel, C. B. Bulkeley-Johnson, was giving the necessary orders to his officers. In squadrons or troops they rode out for several miles, beyond a belt of forest in front of Mons, and now and again they saw Germans similarly occupied. It was real war this time, not manœuvring on



Trooper of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) in review order.

Salisbury Plain, so bullets shot out, and once or twice our men rode at the enemy, although their real object was not fighting; but learning. They did enough of the former, however, to show that they were in no way inferior to the Germans—rather the reverse—and that given a fair field and no favour they had nothing whatever to fear. It was in one of these little encounters that Lord Leven was dangerously wounded.

### Greys in a Cavalry Battle

The Greys were out all day, the most exciting day the younger men among them had ever spent, and with their information they returned at nightfall. During the next day, when the battle was fought, they were near Binche, on the extreme right of the British line, ready to go wherever they might be required. Then the retreat began, and the cavalry were ordered to cover it. Our men were harassed by the Uhlans, who rode at Smith-Dorrien's tired infantry at Le Cateau and elsewhere, but our horsemen managed to drive them off, Chetwode's brigade being prominent in this work.

Two days later, on the Friday of the



How history repeated itself at St. Quentin. The daring stirrup-charge by the Royal Scots Greys and Highlanders, which revived the most dramatic incident of the Battle of Waterloo, the subject of Lady Butler's picture, "Scotland for Ever!"



same week, there occurred a regular cavalry battle, in which the Germans were really routed. Smith-Dorrien's corps was being followed from St. Quentin by two large bodies of German cavalry, and to relieve the weary men on foot General Allenby ordered two of his brigades, the 3rd and the 5th, to turn round and tackle them. The Greys and the rest of Chetwode's men were sent against one of these columns, which was at Cerizy, and at the word of command they rode forward, squadron by squadron and troop by troop. When the rival horsemen clashed, the leading German regiment was broken up, the others were thrown into disorder, and the whole lot fled, followed by the Greys, who drove their swords into them as they caught them up.

### "A Sight for the Gods!"

After this and a few more lessons of the same kind, the German pursuit, it is not surprising to learn, became less vigorous. In one of these charges the Greys lost one of their senior officers, Major F. Swettenham, who was killed, and a little later it lost a junior, Sir Gawaine G. S. Baillie, Bart.

A curious incident, which there is no reason to disbelieve, is reported as having happened about this time. It seems that the Greys after a charge, in which some of them had been wounded, were ordered to retreat. As they turned they saw Prussian officers cutting the wounded with their swords, and at this they went mad. Instead of obeying the order to retire, a non-commissioned officer led them towards the foe, and, with their officers following, they hacked their way through the Germans. "Having got through," the story continues, "the officers took command again, formed them up, wheeled, and came back the way they went. It was a sight for the gods!"

Such was the gallantry of the regiment as a whole. Two individual acts of heroism performed about the same time are also worth recording.

It seems that a party was ordered to go out with a stretcher and bring in a wounded man. One of the men ordered did not look very fit, so J. Mutter, a private of the Greys, said he was stronger than this man and would go in his place. He went, but on the journey he was mortally wounded, and another name was written high on Britain's roll of heroes. Private H. Macredy, of the same regiment, remained for two hours attending to the last needs of a dying comrade, all the time under a heavy fire. Both, one dead and one alive, were awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

### Some Heroes of the Greys

While speaking of honours, others fell to this regiment during the early days of the war. Two officers, Captain H. Denison-Pender and Lieut. G. F. A. Pigot-Moodie, were among those who received the new distinction of the Military Cross, and later the Tsar of Russia, the Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, added a few more. To Col. Bulkeley-Johnson, by then a general, he gave the Russian Order of St. George, to Majors Walter Long, D.S.O., and W. F. Collins he gave the Order of St. Stanislas, and to seven other officers honours of one kind or another. The rank and file were not forgotten. Eight of them received the Cross of the Order of St. George, and then the medal of St. George. One of those honoured at this time by the Tsar was Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is an officer of the Greys, although he was not serving with it at this time.

Before following the Scots Greys into their trenches in Flanders, it may be well to glance at the history of the regiment.

### The Dragoons' Battle-Honours

In 1678 three troops of dragoons were raised in Scotland, and three years later these and some other troops were united to form the Royal Regiment of Dragoons of Scotland, for that country had its own little army until 1707. They fought under William of Orange in Flanders, but it was under Marlborough that they won their great name, and since then they have been known to all the world, on account of the grey horses which they rode, as the Scots Greys. The original dragoons, we may say, were mounted infantry, not cavalry in the strict sense, and they were called dragoons because the carbine which they carried was popularly named the dragon.

At Schillenberg the Greys pursued the routed Bavarians, and they were at the great battle of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. In all these



Drummer of the Royal Scots Greys in review order.

fights, save the last two, a woman, Christian Davies or Christian Ross, rode in their ranks as a man, and her sex was not discovered until she was wounded at Ramillies. The Greys captured a French standard at Dettingen and lost heavily at Fontenoy. At Langfeld they rode heroically forward to protect the retreat of the infantry, and at Warburg they proved themselves superior to the French cavalry.

### An Immortal Charge

Willems and Waterloo were great days in the history of the Greys. At Willems they charged down upon the French infantry, but, finding the squares firm, one of their officers rushed his horse on to the bayonets and so made a gap through which the Greys rode. In a few minutes the French squares were broken, and the British had won the battle. Their charge at Waterloo is immortal: The grey horses dashing down the slope, with the Gordons clinging to the stirrups of the riders, the fleeing French infantry and the initial shouts of "Scotland for ever!"

The Greys rode with the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava, and went right through the South African War, but there was not

much use for cavalry in the little campaigns of the late nineteenth century.

The connection of the regiment with Scotland has been steadily kept up since 1707, when it became part of the British Army, as the Second Regiment of Dragoons. Its headquarters are at Dunbar, the thistle appears on its colours, and its ranks, both commissioned and non-commissioned, are always full of Scots as "right hardy and sore travelling in harness and in wars" as they were in the days when Froissart lived and wrote.

### A Hero of Messines

Early in October, to return to the Great War, the Greys were moved from the Aisne to Flanders, and under General Hubert Gough they helped to clear the Germans from the neighbourhood of Cassel and to find out something about the strength of the enemy's positions on the Lys. About this time, owing to the numerical weakness of the British, the cavalry were dismounted and sent into the trenches, the Greys being near Klein Zillebeke, where they remained during the earlier part of the first Battle of Ypres. On October 30th they were moved forward to support some more cavalry under the Hon. Julian Byng, and they held on until nightfall, when they were relieved.

On the next day or two the Greys, and the rest of the Brigade now in trenches near Messines, were savagely and repeatedly attacked, and during the night of October 31st one of their officers, Second-Lieut. Osmond Williams, led the 12th Lancers to a position for a counter-attack; in this he took part, and with his own hand he disposed of no less than eleven Germans. Previously he had shown great gallantry in venturing out at night and discovering what the enemy were doing. Later he became a captain in the new Welsh Guards, and was killed during the fighting at Loos in September, 1915.

On All Saints' Day the Greys and their comrades of the 5th Brigade were driven from their trenches, which, in their weakened condition, they were unable to retake. They were then given a rest until February, when muddy trenches again became their residence, this time somewhere between Bixschoote and Gheluvelt.

### At Neuve Chapelle and Ypres

During the Battle of Neuve Chapelle Chetwode's Brigade was out, ready to follow up any success gained by the infantry, and the men were keenly disappointed when Sir Henry Rawlinson sent word that no further action by the cavalry was advisable. They were treated, during the second Battle of Ypres, to a little of "Kultur's" latest weapon, poison gas. On May 13th the 5th Brigade had taken the place of another which had lost very heavily, and eleven days later came the gas, driven in clouds by a north-eastern wind. However, the men had learned to use their respirators by this time, and it did not do the harm which the Germans hoped and expected.

There for the present the story of the Scots Greys ends. Like the Coldstream Guards they bear the proud motto "Second to None," and although they have not had the chances which have fallen to that celebrated regiment of Foot Guards, they have proved their worth in those which have come their way. Maybe, in the happier days for which we all hope, they will ride again against the enemy, this time in his own land.



# Military Mascots and Merriment in Field & Ward



A soldier who, before he enlisted, was a professional ventriloquist, amuses his comrades behind the firing-line. Right: Private J. Gallaher, Coldstream Guards, painting on plates in a hospital ward.



The youngest French soldier, Jacques Viriot, who, though only thirteen, serves in the trenches.



Little Egyptian boy who has been adopted by the Australians at Cairo as their mascot.



Another Australian mascot. A boy, eight years old, who accompanied a battalion from Australia.



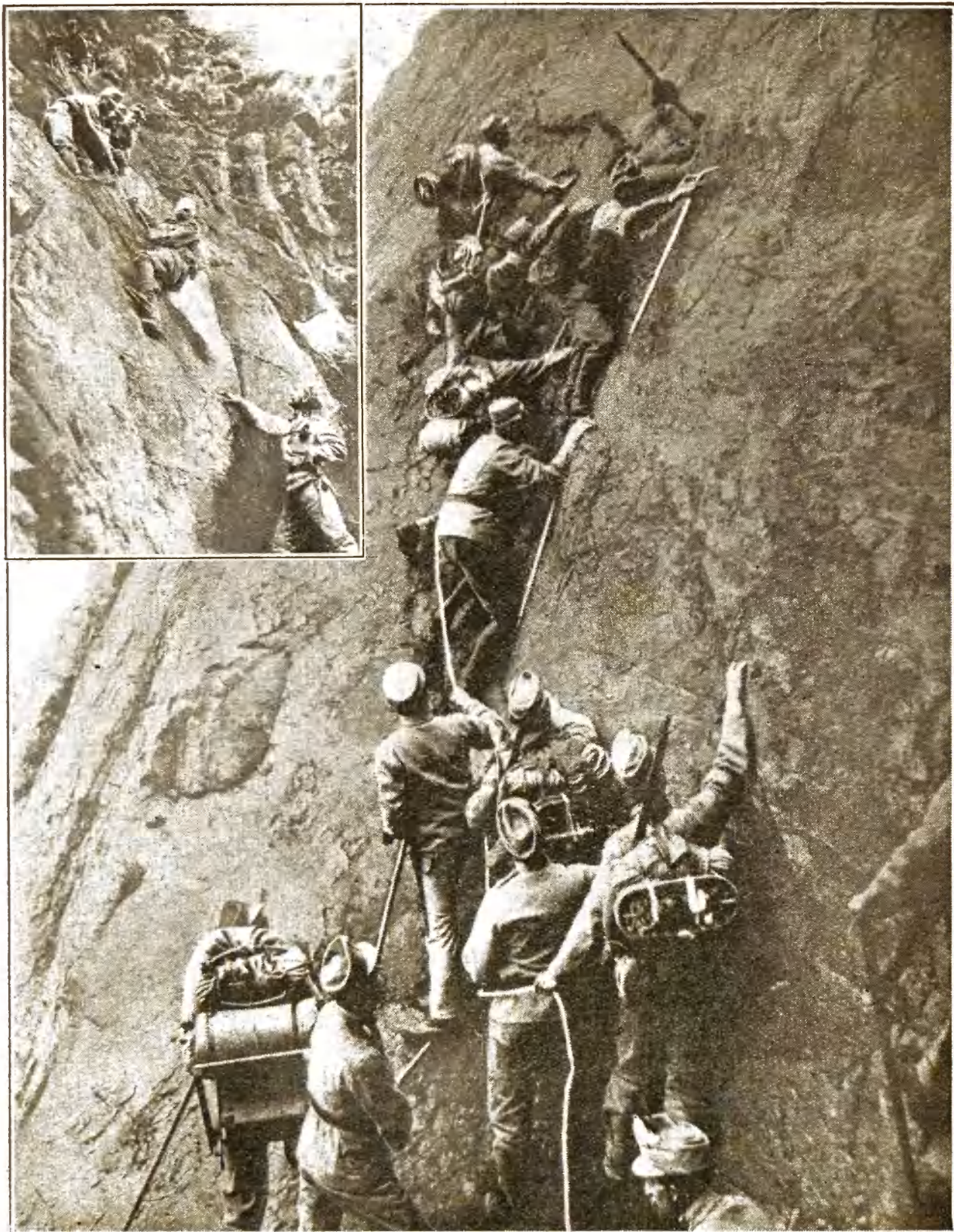
A small instance of the conscription of labour enforced by the invaders on the eastern front. Wandering knife-grinder sharpening a German's knife under Teutonic supervision.



The arrival of Christmas parcels in an enemy trench. Germans in France contemplating a bottle of wine sent from the Fatherland.



# Scaling the Iron Walls of 'Italia Irredenta'




Even the most intrepid Alpinist might hesitate before the task of climbing precipitous mountains while encumbered with a rifle and the heavy fighting kit of a soldier on active service. Yet this is the task of the men fighting on the Italian front. This photograph

shows the advance of an Austrian mountain corps scaling the walls of that part of Italy which the Italians are fighting to recover from Austrian domination. Inset: Wounded Austrian being lowered down the slope by his comrades.



# Badges of British Yeomanry & Territorial Regiments

				
<b>Yorkshire Hussars</b> Prince of Wales' plume above Union rose. This is the third Yeomanry Regiment in order of precedence.	<b>Nottinghamshire Yeo.</b> Sherwood Rangers. Bugle and strings. This is one of the regiments which served in South Africa.	<b>Yorkshire Dragoons</b> Queen's Own. Rose and crown. Prior to 1897 was known as the West Riding Yeomanry.	<b>Leicestershire Yeo.</b> Prince Albert's Own. Prince Albert's crest. This Regiment fought at Ypres & was highly commended by General Byng.	<b>S. Nottinghamshire Hussars</b> Acorn and oak leaves. The second Yeomanry Regiment raised by Nottinghamshire. Served in South Africa.
				
<b>West. and Cumb. Yeo.</b> Three sprigs of heather on shield, wreath, and crown. In 1817 called Yeo. Cavalry, then as an Imperial Yeo. unit.	<b>Gloucestershire Hussars</b> Portentils and chain. Tudor crown. The Regiment is partly recruited from Monmouthshire.	<b>Sussex Yeomanry</b> Six lions resting in centre on the shield. The late Marquis of Abergavenny was hon. colonel for many years.	<b>Berkshire Yeomanry</b> The White Horse of Uxington. The Regiment is recruited from the whole of Berkshire.	<b>Worcestershire Yeomanry</b> O. O. Worcester-shire Hussars. The rose in a laurel wreath and crown, with inscribed scroll.
				
<b>Lincolnshire Yeomanry</b> A shield bearing a red cross on a white field with a fleur-de-lis crest. The crown above.	<b>North Somerset Yeo.</b> Royal cypher on star surmounted by crown. Lord Roberts was at one time hon. colonel of this Regiment.	<b>Loval's Scouts</b> Stag's head in circle. Regiment was raised during the Boer War, when they saw much service.	<b>E. Riding of Yorks Yeo.</b> A running fox. Formerly the E. Riding of Yorks Imperial Yeomanry. One of three Yeomanry Regts. raised in Yorks.	<b>City of London Yeomanry</b> Roughriders. Arms of London in silver; laurel, crown, etc. in gilding metal. A famous London Yeomanry Regiment.
				
<b>Hon. Artillery Company</b> Grenade. H.A.C. on the ball. The Regiment is directly descended from the old London Trained Bands.	<b>Royal Artillery</b> Gnn. laurel & crown. Motto: "Where duty and glory lead." Reorganised in 1907 from the old Volunteer Artillery.	<b>4th Border Regiment</b> Cumberland & Westmorland. Maltese Cross on star, surmounted by crown. Once the 1st V.B., R. Lanc. Regiment.	<b>Robin Hood Battalion</b> Notts and Derby Regiment. Maltese Cross surmounted by Imperial crown, surrounded by laurel wreath; centre, bugle.	<b>Gloucester Regiment</b> The Sphinx and laurel. The name "Egypt," usual on the Regular badge, is omitted.
				
<b>Royal Sussex Regiment</b> Maltese Cross on white (Roussillon) plume. The 6th Royal Sussex is a cyclist battalion.	<b>Somerset Light Infantry</b> Bugle and strings with cypher of H.R.H. Prince Consort. "South Africa" on scroll above.	<b>Brecknockshire Battalion</b> The Red Dragon passant on a mount. One of the battalions of the South Wales Borderers.	<b>Monmouthshire Regt.</b> The Red Dragon. Two men of the 2nd Batt. were among the first Territorials to be decorated during the war.	<b>Argyll &amp; Sutherland Highlrs.</b> A cat within the garter. Motto: "Sans peur." One of the seventeen killed Highland Territorial battalions.

This is the second series of distinguishing badges of Yeomanry and Territorial Regiments of the British Army.





# In the Day of Battle

## Notes on War News

### A White Paper on Black Lies

THE Foreign Office has issued a fresh White Paper containing further correspondence with the American Ambassador relating to the treatment of prisoners of war, military and civil, in German hands, and melancholy reading it is. But it ought to be very widely circulated in this country, because it nails more German lies to the counter. Really, if a counter could be set up somewhere into which a nail could be driven, on payment of a mark, for every lie the Germans publish officially, the whole of their financial difficulties would be obviated. The newspaper in the White Book which is chiefly interesting is the official German reply to Major C. B. Vandeleur's report of the infamous treatment to which he was subjected after his capture in October, 1914. He escaped from Crefeld, it will be remembered, and his report was published in April, 1915.

The gist of the German reply is this: "Major Vandeleur says he was spat on, robbed of his coat, and put in a cattle-truck which was three inches deep in fresh dung, with a group of private soldiers. Major Vandeleur is a liar. What happened was that a British officer was guilty of ill-bred behaviour which was rightly requited by the offender being compelled to travel in a cattle-truck. There is much to be said for the belief that the officer in question was Major Vandeleur."

Apparently, therefore, Major Vandeleur is not a liar.

### The Unspeakable Hun

BUT before God and man the German now stands a convicted liar. And what an utterly amazing fool the liar always is! He does discredit to his own intelligence in even supposing that his false statements, contradictions, and quibbles could pass undetected anywhere. Yet the German method is invariably the same. Charge him with some crime and he replies, first, that he did not commit it; then that, if he had committed it, he would have been justified; and, lastly, that when committing it he was actuated only by desire to do his duty as a Christian and a man to his God and to his kind. Which is confession that he did commit it: Which is proof that he is the liar he was called: Which ought to be the end of the matter with all decent-minded people. But oh, what an unspeakable lot they are!

### German and British Prisoners of War

IT is impossible not to feel indignation at the difference between the treatment meted out to prisoners of war in England and in Germany. Even while we are being harrowed by the accounts of the hardships and insults endured by our poor fellows in German prison camps, we are actually learning, on evidence that cannot be upset, of German officers being accorded such privileges as shooting game at Libury Hall, and of preferential treatment of other German officers by tradesmen in respect of luxuries which these latter have for sale. Our lenient treatment of the captives in our hands is not merely a gross injustice to our men in German hands, it is a gross political blunder, for it is only misinterpreted by these arrogant people as a timorous desire to conciliate them, and they regard it as only what is due to the race of "supermen" of which they are the temporarily unfortunate representatives. There is no need to talk about "reprisals"; let the treatment of prisoners of war be identical in both countries. At present Libury Hall might be regarded as a misprint for Liberty Hall, and Donington

Hall is even worse. These things are an affront to our national dignity, and treason to our brothers who are fast bound in misery and iron in Germany.

### A New Use for Old Papers—

PROFESSOR MEHNER—ingenious soul that he is—has discovered that old newspapers can be made to yield excellent milk and beefsteak. The fact is another illustration of the working of the "web of creation" with which Darwin familiarised us. It is like this: A seed is dropped, and, germinating, grows into, say, esparto grass, or perhaps a tree. Man comes along and converts the fibre into paper, on which Professor Mehner has his most illuminating lucubrations printed and distributed to an interested world. Then Professor Mehner himself comes along, and by chemical processes—which with commercial prudence he does not make equally public—converts the paper into first-rate fodder, which is furnished to an astonished cow. The cow, with more gratitude than the occasion seems to warrant, returns the newspapers to the complacent professor in the form of milk, or meat of which Germans apparently make beefsteak. And there you are! It is quite simple, though the process takes time. Meanwhile, if there is any shortage of straw you can, if you like, give the straw to the cow to eat and bed her down with the newspaper instead. The cow will prefer this. Loosely crumpled, Professor Mehner assures us, newspapers are very absorbing. So is his suggestion.

### —And the Paper-box

MISS FLORENCE PETTY, the well-known authority on economical cookery, also has a suggestion for a novel use of old newspapers. The "hay-box," that first-rate device for keeping articles on the boil, costs a shilling to fill, and, as Miss Petty might point out, you can't read hay. She proposes, therefore, that you shall first read your "Times," and then keep it, or rather them, until you have fourteen or sixteen; then you can pack them, instead of hay, tightly around the saucepan in the box, and place a pillow-case also stuffed with paper above it, shutting in the whole by a closely fitting lid. And there you are again! Proprietors of other newspapers will be glad to hear that other newspapers will "do," provided they are of similar size, but "The Times" would seem to be especially suitable for this purpose—perhaps because its news is always "hot"!

### "The Queen of Battles"

IN view of the persistent and continuous call for more and more men for the infantry, it is interesting to observe that this branch of an army has not always been the dominant arm. It was so, certainly, in Roman times, when there were only two or three hundred horsemen to every legion of six thousand infantry, but in mediæval times the position was reversed, and a man on horse was considered immeasurably superior as a fighting unit to a man on foot. This notion continued until it was seriously shaken by the success of the English bowmen at Crecy, while in later ages the development of firearms finally restored the infantry to its former supremacy. The experience of the present war might lead one to think that artillery had come to dispute the predominance; but, powerful arm as it is, the function of artillery can never go beyond preparing the way for infantry, and the latter seems likely to remain "the Queen of Battles."