

THE REAL FRONT

into the *Victory's* betweendecks, during battle with its foul and loathsome quarters and with its awful filth and stench, the brightness of that distant glory might not have shone so fair for him. We are all dazzled by alluring glory far away while most of us are blind to splendors near at hand.

In the Pantheon in Paris is a picture that once set my soul aflame. It is entitled "*Vers la Gloire*." The artist in blazing colors has sent forth troopers of various cavalry regiments leading a headlong charge; Uhlands, Hungarian Hussars, Cossacks, Dragoons, Cuirassiers, and Lancers dashing upward and onward, through cloud and smoke of battle, to where high and over all stands the figure of *La Gloire*.

The soul of the artist shines in that immortal canvas, with crimson and gold, with pomp and circumstance, with fire and tempest, with flashing swords and prancing hoofs. The picture is a perfect cloudburst of splendor, at once dazzling and overwhelming to the senses.

Just back from the Balkan War, with all its youth's exuberance and dreams of martial glory, I stood before that picture enraptured, and have since seen it as the greatest painting that I had seen in Europe.

Since then I have seen that picture, "*Vers la*"