

mer on foot who tries to look like a mounted Life-guard, and by force and quickness with his fists and sticks really carries it off. Scottish troops march past with a great swing and, though tired, a grin on most faces. Arms swing in the march, and the hand of the two outward ranks catch Marseilles girls' hands on the edge of the crowd at rhythmical intervals as the men go by. They landed by transport from somewhere at the front this morning, they entrain for somewhere else on the Allies' one front to-night. They are Scots—from South Africa. Some speak still broad Glasgow, others speak Cape Town, others only South African Dutch—khaki-kilted Highlanders who are Boers and speak only Boer, and on whose shoulders South Africa in brass letters is spelt "Zuid Afrika." And they also are entraining at the St. Charles Railway Station for the front to fight in France for England and for France. Marseilles so far has seen more of the British Empire than England has. And I remember being in Marseilles when Marseilles welcomed President Kruger with "Mort aux Anglais." Walk along the jetty: Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish steamers (their national flags painted enormously on their hulls in the fond hope of immunity) load and unload. French mineral waters for Rio de Janeiro, British biscuits for Buenos Ayres, Swiss machine parts for Spain, French pianos for the United States, British steel for China: one reads the black letterings on the thousands of packing-cases strewn about the docks, and has an instant image of what our command of the sea means. Further along the docks heavy men in grey-green shabby suits lumber about slowly, but willingly, with great wine casks, and some have the round flat caps with red bands still: Boche prisoners loading casks of Southern wine on to railway trucks. Dark, beady-eyed Southerner soldiers dance round them, explaining. The wine is poured into the cask by a Marseillais, the Boche only handles the filled and corked cask, slowly and heavily. Good old ancient Territorials, with fixed bayonets, mount guard over the prisoners, but some of the sentries, in the heat of the day, have laid by their rifles and rest, and the Boches would have but to put a hand out to seize their warders' weapons if they had a mind to, which is the very last thing they would have. Besides, here and there, slightly cleaner feldgrau and red band cap show a feldwebel, full of authority and glad to marshal his men about in the wine cask loading operations, under the happy-go-lucky instructions from the Marseillais Territorials. The same Boche prisoners "happened" to be at work on Wharf D at the moment the first Russian troops arrived, and were by a favour put in a good place to see the landing of the Russians, welcomed by French generals and authorities, and by English, Scottish, New Zealand, South African Tommies, whose one idea was, which of the generals is



Where Victory Left the Germans.

—Carter, of the New York Evening Sun, recalls the beginning of the Teutonic end.

General "Jofer," for of course he must be there. The dramatic effect, for that matter, was entirely lost upon the Boche prisoners, who had obviously no imagination beyond their noses, and just looked on, pleased sightseers. I am not sure they did not even cheer, and feel certain the letters they were expected to write home merely spoke of the nice half-holiday they had had.

The 5 franc Marseilles lunch of old now costs 10. A bouillabaisse runs to I don't know how much.

Beautiful British officers (large Highlanders are especially liked) and spacious Russians rule the restaurants. Russian officers sit down, make the sign of the cross, and instantly begin on champagne.

There is nothing in belligerent Europe like Marseilles. Military police? Civilian police? Spies? Prostitutes? Te, we let live, says Marseilles. There is no hampering, indeed, of any kind. I could, but cannot, give statistics the chief of the Police of Morals gave me. The military and political police seemed to me to be easy-going. A French officer, a friend of mine, went to an hotel near the station, and then had to leave, finding the hotel was forbidden to French officers and men, because "the personnel was suspect." I went to the hotel to see a Parisian journalist staying there, and found it was the headquarters of the R. N. staff at Marseilles. If there are not ten thousand German spies in Marseilles, it is their own fault. There is no machinery that I could find for stopping, or tracking, or even detecting them. Every landing of troops in Marseilles is undoubtedly known to the enemy long before the censor has passed the news for the London or Paris press. Happy-go-lucky Marseilles. Happy Allies. We had much rather be like that and as we are, than German-organized.

### HOW PETAIN DANCED Saviour of Verdun Fagged Out the Orchestra —Loves Babies

A REALLY "close-up" view of General Petain, the hero of Verdun, is given in almost thrilling vividness in the Fortnightly Review. The author, in this case, is Charles Dawbarn.

Before the great attack by the Germans on the fortress, he (Petain) was unknown except to those in close touch with the Army, writes Mr. Dawbarn. In a few weeks he has become world-famous. His rapid promotion was due to the perspicacity of de Castelnau, who had the general direction of the line from Soissons to Verdun. This position is now assumed by Petain in virtue of his splendid performance in the gigantic battle—a promotion deserved in every way. The Second-in-Command observed the vast German preparations, the accumulation of guns and massing of infantry, and, with the assent of the General-in-Chief, set Petain to work to build a dyke against the onrush of devastating waters. With characteristic energy, the General, who had sprung so suddenly into view, threw himself into the stupendous task. Urgency was necessary, for it was a question almost of days. Divisions were hurried up to reinforce the thin line of 12,000 men that garrisoned the twenty miles specially aimed at by the Germans; heavy artillery was got together, sometimes improvised from forts and ships of the Navy, and an immense accumulation of machine and field guns. Fortunately, bad weather delayed the German advance, and, profiting by the momentary respite, Petain increased the fortifications so that when the battle opened a week later the French were able to resist the first awful thrust of the German battalions. None the less, the German big guns showed superiority of range, and were less heavy for their size and more easily moved than the French. This defect in the defence was partially compensated by moving back the French line and also by the extreme mobility of the 75's, which were used as if they were machine guns and, at other times, hidden with a baffling ingenuity.

The new commander of armies has the supreme gift of inspiring the enthusiasm of his men. They are ready to die for him, to go anywhere at his bidding. His magnetism was as strongly exercised upon the students of the Ecole de Guerre, where, in a memorable series, he lectured on infantry action. He was still Colonel, mature and a little disappointed, and even contemplating retirement, when the War broke out. But contact with realities revealed his worth, and his ascension from the Great Retreat to the prodigious battle of Verdun was a record in rapidity. Placed in temporary charge of the 4th Brigade of Infantry, he received, three days subsequently, the command of the 5th Division, and his temporary rank of General of Division was confirmed a fortnight later. On October 25th, 1914, he was given the 33rd Army Corps, which covered itself with glory at Carenay, Notre Dame de Lorette, and Ablain. Officially a divisionnaire on April 30th, 1915, Petain became Chief of the Second Army, with which he led in the great offensive in Champagne. He pierced the German lines with such speed and fierceness that the plan of attack was rather compromised; his success was embarrassing to the General Staff, which had counted on a slower movement; in any case, the action, notwithstanding its

success, did not come to a full development.

Though courteous to a fault, he has a soldier's dislike of subtle, tortuous phrases, and his whole tendency is to speak his mind. The result, however justly phrased, was not always palatable to authority, and indeed an unflinching regard for truth is rarely a recommendation for advancement. His energy is legendary, and the effect of it is heightened by the appearance of youth conveyed by the pink and white



Locked Up Again: Louis Raemaeker's view of the British sailor guarding the world against the escape of the Vulture from his cage.

—London Daily Mail.

complexion and slim figure. As a young man, he is reported to have danced all night, without stopping, at a ball at Marseilles. In the morning, tired stewards begged him to desist out of pity for the musicians! Again at Arras, where he commanded a regiment, he is said to have been requested by his landlord to depart because his skipping in the morning annoyed the occupants of the flat below. Thereupon, says the chronicler, he removed to a house set in a garden where he could skip to his heart's content. The story, however apocryphal, expresses none the less the man. He has kept himself fit by physical exercise. This is part of his system. He considers that physical qualities should go hand-in-hand with the mental equipment of a General. Since the food of his charger is measured, why should not the rider submit to a similar regime? He himself takes only a strictly regulated quantity of solid and liquid at his meals. There is no leader in the French Army who has so persistently imposed a rigid system upon himself, and none who shows greater activity at his age. In the Champagne offensive he ran three miles at the head of his troops over heavy ground.

He leaves nothing to chance, organizing and controlling everything. At the height of the bombardment round Verdun he surprised his officers by paying them personal visits in the most exposed positions. During part of the battle he passed along the lines in an armoured car, which served temporarily as his office and sleeping quarters. At another stage in the gigantic conflict he spent five days and nights continuously at his desk wrestling with details. He drives like the wind over any road, and even racing motorists hold him in respect. He is reputed to have used up a dozen chauffeurs in as many weeks. One said pathetically that he did not mind taking his chance of being killed in the trenches, but to drive the General was positively to ask for death. Petain believes in being where danger is, that he may encourage his troops. As Colonel, he shared in all the discomforts of the march, and, when it rained, he stood out on the parade ground without an overcoat that he might give an example of endurance. If he has a deep and clear sense of his responsibilities, he is no taciturn figure in private life, but enjoys social pleasures to the full. Though unmarried, he adores children, and a friend tells me that he saw him, when commanding the 33rd Regiment of Infantry, romping delightfully with children on his back.