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## THE HUMAN SIDE OF WAR

### Machine and Man A Military Circus Parade

At last we are reminded that war is not merely a murder-machine run by touching a button. For some time after the German war machine began its march upon Paris, the world was dazed by the sudden hydra-headed grip which the mechanical monster got upon Belgium and France. After the fall of Liege came the carnival parade of at least one army of western invasion through the Capital of Belgium, lasting exactly half a week. It was not necessary to march this stupendous four-days' circus through Brussels; it was done to give Belgium a thrill—which it did. Richard Harding Davis, in Brussels at the time, cabled a description of this super-Napoleonic parade, but his story was dubbed "romantic." He had actually underestimated the numbers and extent of the mechanical army which from 1.30 p.m. on Thursday, August 20th, until Sunday morning, rolled its river of hundreds of thousands of spiked helmets, knapsacks and jackboots through the streets of the amazed Capital.

A vivid description of this triumphant mechanism which in one month has been given such a frightful mauling by the Allies in four areas of battle, is given by Gerald Morgan in the London Daily Telegraph. He says:

"I have seen many military parades in times of peace, but never before one on such a vast scale which went without a hitch. It was impossible to imagine that these men had been fighting continuously for ten days, or that they were even on active service. First of all came six cyclists, then a detachment of cavalry, and then a great mass of infantry. Then guns, field guns, then more infantry, then huge howitzers, then a pontoon train, then more infantry, and so on, from half-past one on Thursday until Sunday morning without a break. The pontoon trains especially impressed me. They were carried upside down on trollies drawn by six horses.

"All the horses of the cavalry, guns, and trains were in wonderful condition. Each company was accompanied by its travelling stove, the fire of which is never allowed to go out. The inhabitants of Brussels turned out in thousands to watch the endless procession. The German companies marched by singing all sorts of songs and national airs. They are divided into singing parts, some bass, some tenor, and most perfect time is kept, one company taking up the refrain as soon as another has stopped.

Like everything else, their singing is perfectly organized. One soldier sang out of tune. He was hooted by a Belgian onlooker. The rest of the crowd made signs for him to keep silent.

"This immense horde of armed men, after passing through Brussels, continued their march south, splitting into three columns. One marched via Waterloo to Nivelles, and there split into two portions, the one marching on Mons and the other on Binche and Charleroi, but the flower of the German army, commanded by General Von Kluk, and accompanied by the Duke of Holstein and many notabilities, turned off at Hal, and by forced marches of thirty miles a

advance of the main centre German army upon Paris; that Gen. Joffre was not caught napping, but sent an army into Lorraine to reconnoitre, and later discovered that the centre German army was in the vicinity of Metz waiting its chance to cross direct from Germany into France and on to Paris. And so the world wondered why the French and the British were not moving north into Belgium.

Whether the theory is correct or not, the main army of invasion afterwards came through Belgium. Nearly a million spiked helmets and heavy knapsacks operated by the card index and the clockwork of destruction rolled in the harvest moonlight and the

summer sun down upon the roads leading to Namur, Mons and Charleroi, to Maubeuge and Landrecie, to Cambrai and Le Cateau, to La Fere and Laon. This machine of massacre had on its million belts the German motto, "Gott Mit Uns."

When the last jackboot clicked out of Paris the world knew that war by machinery had begun. In front of the great Mechanical Mass, with scarcely a single tradition alive in the experience of its soldiery, what could a hundred thousand or so picked Britishers, most of whom had seen service of all kinds in many lands, and in accordance with the recognized traditions of fighting, hope to achieve?

The answer is in the battle stories that have come from Mons and Charleroi from Landrecie and Maubeuge, from La Fere and Laon, later in the valley of the Marne and now in the cycle of battles on the Aisne—with that same war machine which banged by bullets and mown by artillery and trampled by cavalry the Allies are now trying to drive out of France.

By the latest reports the Germans are expecting a retreat from the Aisne which they are covering by a huge system of entrenchments and earthworks, at the same time preparing to make the long-deferred bombardment of Antwerp.



AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

This remarkable photograph was secured under great difficulty and danger just after the battle of the Marne, the greatest battle in history. It shows the Turcos, French troops from Africa, highly interested in examining German accoutrements gathered on the field of battle.

Topical War Service.

day gained Tournai by Enghien and Ath. Then I realized for the first time how the Allied left was being threatened by this overwhelming mass of men."

Mr. Morgan calculated that about 250,000 men marched through Brussels; that many thousands more went direct south from Louvain. If his calculation is as close as his observation of detail—where were the other ten or a dozen army corps, outside of the three corps commanded by the German Crown Prince in Lorraine? The answer of some expert theorists is that this main centre army was nowhere near Brussels; that it never intended to go through Belgium; that the four-days' parade through Brussels was a huge spectacular feint to draw the French army to Belgium and leave the way clear for the

### Another Picture

#### The Machine of Dead Men on the Marne

HOW this machine has behaved itself in war is revealed by the graphic description of the London Daily Telegraph correspondent, who says:

"Each German corpse has a knapsack on his back. Nothing was disarranged. Cartridge belts, scab-