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rheumatism, etc. here and there,
from a close and most unexpected
neighborhood may be slightly over-
rated. After a little while, too, the

ENGLAND COULD HAVE DONE IT

visit to war zone gives
an idea of what Great
Britain can and has ac-
complished.

By Philip Gibbs.
General Headquarters, Nov. 1915.—
We motored out to the first line
about five miles beyond Neuve Chapelle,
rough many French villages behind
the lines where British troops were bil-
lied, and along country roads crowd-
ed with the traffic of a great army in
the field, the gentleman by my side
(an Oriental visitor) was very vigilant
all that passed, and was visibly im-
pressed by the scenery around—the
stretch of flat country so desolate
black in the rain, so sinister as
usual when we came to the district
shell-shattered trees and ruins—as
well as by the character of our soldiers
marching through the mud or going up
with the supply columns.
About our men three things seemed
to be the summing-up of this observa-
tion from the East—their health, their calm-
ness, their cheerfulness, and their dis-
cipline. He commented upon their red
necks and sturdy physique—"so dif-
ferent to the men in London"—upon
the matter-of-fact way in which they
did their work in the most perilous
places, and upon the strict, alert fash-
ion in which they sprang to attention
and saluted whenever an officer passed.
It seemed to him that he had come
upon a different race of men than
those he had seen in the cities and
suburbs of England.

He expressed his astonished admi-
ration at the rapid way in which England
had organized this vast army—one can only
realize the vast business of it here
at the front—the besting of
war. "No other country could have
done it," he said.

The fantastic things of the war-zone,
the incongruous juxtaposition of
things, the sharp contrasts of its life,
did not escape the notice of my com-
panion, so that sometimes he laughed
at the oddities of the unexpected, as
when he saw the familiar legend of
"English beer sold here" in the win-
dow of a French restaurant through
which a shell had ploughed its way;
and the "crocédille line" of a little
girl's school wending its way in charge
of a white-winged nun to an "École
pour jeunes filles" in a village so close
to the firing lines that some of our
batteries were only a few fields away,
and the enemy's shells had made a
mass of ruin in the neighboring ham-
let; and a throng of soldiers and dis-
abled soldiers and staff officers' cars,
ambulances and wagons, mixed up with
market day in a French square, where
old ladies were selling ribbons and
buttons and pigs and chickens, and ar-
ticles of domestic use.

"What a picture!" said my friend.
"It is peace and war together."
But he was most impressed, as all
newcomers are, by the presence of
our Indian soldiers in these French
fields and villages.

Companies of these Indian troops
were drawn up along the roadsides,
and the friend with whom I walked
went gravely down their lines, salu-
ting these sons of the East—Dowras
and Afridis, Sikhs and Pathans—of
whose magnificent fighting qualities
he knew all there is to tell. He was
imensely impressed, too, by a body of
Chooras drawn up for inspection in
a hamlet—or what is left of it—on
the way to Neuve Chapelle. He hand-
led one of their famous "kukris," the
broad-bladed knife which is their fa-
vorite weapon for close fighting, and
said, "It is good for killing."

To this visitor from the East the
presence of these native troops spoke,
I think, of the greatness of our Em-
pire and loyalty to the King-Emperor.
He expressed this thought when he
said, "They have come a long way to
fight for you."

The work in the trenches, the meth-
ods of trench warfare, the strange
weapons which have been adapted to
it, all the technical details of trench
life seemed of absorbing interest to
these foreigners. The snipers were
busy in the German lines opposite
Neuve Chapelle—or the place where
Neuve Chapelle used to be, for only
the ruins of a few houses, piles of
broken bricks, a broken cart, and an
isolated chimney-stack mark the place
whose name should be written in red
in the history of the war—but while
the bullets came with a sharp snap
against the parapets or spent over
our heads, the attacks gazed at the
enemy's position through periscopes
and watched our trench-mortars and
peered into dug-outs, and examined
sand-bag emplacements with unfa-
iling interest.

"All this is new to us," said my
Oriental friend. "No one guessed be-
fore the war that aerial observation
would lead to this."

Afterwards I went with him to some
of our heavy batteries, and as an ar-
tillery officer he was in his element
and astounded by the skill of certain
devices which I may not describe for
the benefit of English—or German—
readers. The sound of the guns was
good in this man's ears. I think he
enjoyed it vastly, though the pleasure
of being surrounded by large numbers
of concealed batteries firing at unex-
pected moments and, here and there,
from a close and most unexpected
neighborhood may be slightly over-
rated. After a little while, too, the

THE GREAT KING OF A LITTLE KINGDOM

Nicholas of Montenegro the Most Striking Figure
Today Among the Balkan Rulers.

King Nicholas of Montenegro is the
most characteristic figure today among
the Balkan rulers, while the king's
influence over the Slavs has long been
recognized as an important factor in
Balkan affairs. It was in 1910 that I
saw Nicholas I; in Cetinje about the
time that he was proclaimed king of
the Powers, just fifty years after his
accession to the throne as prince of
Montenegro. He is a strikingly hand-
some man, tall and well built, with a
kindly expression. He was taking his
usual morning walk in his little cap-
ital, making himself of easy access to
the numerous supplicants who were
presenting petitions to their sovereign.
Among them were peasants from re-

motivated smile, granted his request.
What impressed me most on this oc-
casion was the fatherly interest which
the king evidently takes in his people.
After an hour or more the king re-
turned to the royal palace.

In the evening I witnessed another
very typical scene in the palace of
Cetinje, more like an old-fashioned
Italian farmhouse, by the way, than a
royal residence. After dinner the king
leaves the women of the family in the
drawing room and proceeds to the au-
dience chamber, where he is soon join-
ed by the leading citizens of Cetinje
and foreign visitors, if any, to the
capital. The pleasantest time of the
day then begins for the king. Seated
at a corner of the huge fireplace
(large enough to roast an ox) and mak-
ing himself the central figure of a
semi-circle formed by his chiefs, who
respectfully waited for the king to
question them, he asked information
and sought advice, discussed the
events of the day in Cetinje and lis-
tened to the news from other districts
of the kingdom. In this manner he
learns more in an hour's conversation
than from pages of written reports,
and remains ever au courant of pre-
vailing conditions in the Black Moun-
tain kingdom.

"King Nicholas," said one of the
chiefs with whom I chatted that even-
ing, "has the blood of his forefathers
in his veins and is a brave man. He
has written several books and has
done much for the welfare of the Slavs.
His aim is to unite Montenegro, Ser-
bia, Bosnia and Herzegovina into one
dominion. This movement is a very
strong one, but it is not yet fully de-
veloped. We believe that we can in-
duce King Peter to abdicate by peace-
ful means. Our dream of establish-
ing the old Serbian empire is supported
by the Russian government, since
all the races of the countries I have
just mentioned are Slavs belonging to
the Russian Orthodox Church, and
King Nicholas is related to the House
of Romanoff."

Later in the evening King Nicholas
gave a talk to his guests, not his
happenings in Europe, and the soiree
ended with singing, in which the king
joined.

King Nicholas is certainly the most
versatile of royal authors, not his
novels and essays. His attainments
as a scientist were recognized some
years ago when he was elected an hon-
orary member of the Imperial Society
of Naturalists of Moscow. He is a
member of the learned scientific soci-
eties of Europe and a D.C.L. of Oxford.
In his "Story of the Montenegri-
ans" King Nicholas throws interesting light
on the history of the Black Mountain



more villages who, not daring to appeal
directly to the supreme court from a
decision of their local chief, put their
case directly before the king, either
begging him to intervene in their be-
half or to make use of his power of
pardon.

In reaching the principal public
square of Cetinje the king and his at-
tendants stopped
around the old well in the square; the
petitions, sturdy looking mountaine-
ers for the most part, attired in the
Montenegrin national costume, then
gathered about the king, who, renew-
ing the scene of Louis XV., and the
Vincennes oak, lent an attentive ear
to their pleadings. On this morning
Nicholas I. was particularly taken up
with a gray-bearded old man who had
a long tale to relate. The king ques-
tioned and cross-questioned him for
some fifteen minutes, and then, to
judge from the veteran mountaineer's

excitement of dodging below a mud-
bank while a party of bombers flung
different types of hand-grenades into
a trench opposite—"Now don't be
silly and blow yourselves up!" said
an artillery general, who was much
interested in the work—began to lose
his patience, especially when a high ex-
plosive fell short and burst with a ter-
rific explosion a few yards away, and
when bits of bombs were scattered
overhead and snapped the twigs of
the trees near by. As we drove back
through the night, the headlights of
our car flashing white upon the long
avenues of poplar trees and revealing
in a sudden rush of light the rain-wet
faces of British soldiers marching
through these tunnels of darkness,
through the man from the East was
very silent. (Very cold, also, I think, be-
cause we were wet to the knees in
the mud of the trenches.)

Then presently he said:
"I am glad to have seen what I
have seen."

It is good for all our friends to see
the British armies in the field, and
to know their quality.

and cure constipation, and thereby avoid a multitude of ills.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

**Dr. A. W. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills**

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free, if you mention this paper.

country. When the Turks conquered
the Balkan peninsula in the sixteenth
century a band of resolute Serbians
sought refuge from Ottoman tyranny
in the Black Mountains. Thus Mon-
tenegro was founded, and Cetinje
was the only point of the Balkans
which the Turks were never able to
take possession of even at the price of
the greatest sacrifices. King Nicholas
emphasizes the fact that the Monten-
egrins retained their independence
even when the Turks besieged Vienna
in 1683.

—Bradford Colt de Wolf.

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