

TURNING BACK THE HUNS

ance. Here should be Feuillers, there Flaucourt, further on Assewilliers, but one can distinguish nothing save heaps of blackened stones that appear through the glasses. Even the roads have been swept away by the bombardment. Nothing but ditchlike trench lines mark the presence of humans

BRAVERY OF THE ALLIES

"Suddenly voices cried: 'Look over there, you can see soldiers.' About half a mile before us one sees groups of men like ants working busily on the hillside. Through the glasses one sees that they are sheltering themselves with extraordinary care. Some have strange oblong shields like the ancient Roman legionaries. Others are grouped under a kind of casemate on wheels whose roof touches the ground in front rising in a curve behind to give room for the workers. Still others hide behind a ripple of ground or hillocks.

"All are working furiously with picks and shovels. I have been told that the British losses have been heightened by an utter disregard of danger. Even when not engaged in attacks our allies seem still not to realize the necessity of unremitting caution. But the French have learned the lesson that Verdun hammered home—that the best soldier is he who regards his life as belonging to France, something precious, never to be risked save when sheer necessity demands it. That, combined with the magnificent artillery service, is the reason why the French losses in this battle have been less than half—I speak from intimate knowledge—those in any previous French offensive in proportion to the number of troops engaged."