THE TOMMY ATKINS OF PRESENT DAY

Well informed, Intelligent, Well Trained and Courteous, he is a Credit to the Empire — The Landing of the Expeditionary Force in France.

The war is driving it home to Englishmen that in the British soldier of today, they have a man of whom, they can be proud in every sense. The old stigma of rought and dissolute behavious, for many years most unjust, is likely to receive its quietus from this war. A vivid description in the London Morning Post of the landing of the Expeditionary Rorce in France throws a strong light upon the knightly bearing of Thomas Atkins of today. The British regular soldier is a well-informed man, intelligent, well-trained, self-controlled, and courteous. The battles which followed the landing showed how well he can fight; the article which follows, by an eye witness, shows how he bears himself among a civilian population.

The roll of the drum beating, "La Generale" has died out, and Dumanet, the French Tommy Atkins, has gone to do his duty manfully, even rejoicing over the fact that the prolonged nightmare that has been disturbing him is about to vanish. "War is imminent," says a newspaper. "It has been imminent for forty-four years," says a French newspaper. "It is better to have done with it once for all." The woman folk face the ordeal as bravely as he does; there are no "sciences," although tears well up into the eyes of all them, eyes through which shones the lovelight of motherly and sisterly dvotion. The men are off as quickly as they responded to the call to arms, and then eyes are strained towards Albion's white cliffs. "Les Anglais Viendront pour sur," (the English are sure to come), springs from many lips.

A few days pass by, days spent in patient and confident expectation. On a certain night the cliffs and the strand of the many villages about Boulogne-sur Mer are lined with fishermen and others, all intent on watching signals made by "sea-wolves," (destroyers), of which one occasionally sees five, then three. "Ils viennaut," (they come) is the exultant and joyous cry one early morning. Yes, indeed, they are coming—they being our troops. Thereupon, all those who can tramp towards the town on a hard, dusty road, under a broiling sun, to welcome "Les Anglais," as they speak the word in those parts.

A French Welcome.

In a very few days the town itself and its surrounding hill sides are covered with our tents. Steamer after steamer deposits its load of fine stalwart men and youths, who are welcomed with delight and heartfelt gratitude. "Vivent les Anglais! vave lientente cordiale, vive la reine Marie Vive le rol George and vive Lord Kitchener." An animated scene is to be witnessed daily—nay, almost hourly—alongside the basin. The decks are crowded with men, horses, guns, A.S.C. wagons, etc. It is Aldershot transported. The transport is hardly moored alongside when our gallant men clatter down the gangways, the horses are slung over the side; military automobiles, repairing wagons, and all the adjuncts of warfare, follow in rapid succession. Cheers, waving of French, Belgian and British flags. The cavalrymen unsaddle their horses, and proceed to massage their saddlebacks. The clap, clap, of the masseus makes cheerful music, and a lady remarks to her little son: "Jean, I have always told you that the English were kind to their horses. I saw that years ago, when I was at school in their country." The ground is strewn with accountrements, and our men, after having been kind to their beasts, stretch out on the bare soil in quest of a short rest, for some of them, if not many, are to be entrained very shortly.

A little French girl boldly steps up to a British soldier and asks him for a souvenir "Jaime bienles Anglais, ils ont de si belles totes." If the old fashioned mite's speech. He does not undrstand her words, so they are translated for his benefit. With knightly courtesy does this private in the "Darlings" remove the numeral from his left shoulder-strap (the nearest the heart, I presume) and presents it to the happy and dainty petite demoiselle. She puts up her lips. He understands this time and he reverently kisses the little creature. "How amiable, how gallant those English soldiers are!" exclaims Georgette's overjoyed mother, gracefull bowing to the gallant knight, who salutes her in military fashion and presents her with his regimental badge. The crowd cheers vociferously, and a rush is made for the temporary "camp;" in a few minutes, hardly a badge or numeral is left. Mothers and fathers lift their children shoulder-high, and the little ones tug at the numerals and badges, not in vain, for Tommy helps them to detach the coveted souvenirs. Having thoroughly "looted he camp" the fortunate ones depart with cries of "Look at what the English soldiers have given us!" Ah, but we must give them something in our turn; they are too polite, too amiable; one can see they are "des gentlemen Anglais." And English gentlemen from beginning to end, and a British subject feels proud of them. None of us had, so far, heard of Lord Kitchener's recommendations to the King's soldiers, but they have faithfully hearkened to his advice. For ten days did I go into the town, watching them land, march through Boulogne to their respective quarters, in and about it, wandering about the streets and in the adjacent communes, and English gentlemen they were on every occasion. A French lady kisses her hand to them, and many another does so. Off come caps doffed with a courtly dignity. An Englishman commits the blunder of offering money to one of them for a badge, remarking that he wants it for a French lady. The soldier "looks" at him, hands the badge to him, remarking the while: "I am an Englishman, sir, and I don't sell presents to ladies."

Mastering the Language.

Many French ladies speak English fairly well, and on one of them inquiring of a cavalryman to which regiment he belongs, he replies that it has the honor of belonging to Queen Mary, and he adds, "Her Majesty was very kind to us when we left. She gave us each a pipe and plenty of tobacco." "Vous avez une bien bonne reine," says the lady forgetting to speak English in her admiration of her Majesty's kindly thought. On another occasion a Madam," as Tommy soons gets to call her, asks a tall "Blackshireman" what he thinks of his French fellow in arms, and she gets her reply in French, English French, and not French French; but she understands him and is much gratified. "Petit soldier, but bonne," is how he gives his opinion. English residents and visitors are very proud of the demeanour of the soldiers of their country. To them the clanking of the spurs of our smart cavalrymen sound like music as these well-set, well-groomed young fellows walk along with a swing that delights an English girl to such an extent, that I hear one exclaiming: "What lovely swanks," to which "soldiers three' reply a "Thank you, Miss." Tommy is generous. He brings with him huge pots of jam and marmalade, rips off the cover of one, spreads some on a slice of bread, and then hands over the whole pot to a crowd of ragged urchins, male and female. "That's jam," he informs them. They understand that. The French people supply the bread and the urchins are as happy as a mastmaker's dog curled up in shavings. A neighboring shop is quickly bought out, and fancybread, (the baking of it has not yet been prohibited), bonbons, and chocolates are handed over to the Tommies. One lady presents them with a bottle of champagne. It is dexterously uncorked, and all are pleased except a braw laddie who prefers a "wee drapple" to "sweet wine." He is spoiling, so are his comrades for a "fecht," and they would like to "chure a sicht o' Germans." "There'll be no work for us to do if we let the Belgians do it all." That is the spirit that animates all our men who have been temporarily "left behind."

Scots in France.

A kilted regiment from the North is literally cooped up in an old barracks, and the people are hanging to the rails as Londoners hang to those of the barrack-yard in Bird-cage-walk. One of the Sootsmen comments on this curiosity in the following fashion: "They are taking us for the monkeys at Corstorphine" (the site of Edinburgh's magnificent "Zoo"). They have marcher in with a piper. The fishermen know them, and explain that they have seen them at "Abberdeen" and at "Lest" (Leith), but that in those places they wear "debelles jupes." "Why don't they show them?" inquire the fishwives, insist on seeing the "vraie jupe," and Jock obliges them by removing the khaki-covering. Then, womanlike, they speculate as to the price of such "magnificent cloth." Ere long every Tommy is sporting the French, the Belgian, and the Russian colors, and picking up French. A body of the A.S.C., and of the Ambulance Corps march down the Grand Rue, headed by an unmistakable Cockney, playing "the Cock of the North," on a mouth organ. This extraordinary regimental band provokes the following comment, "All the same, they have a funny musique, those English." "You understand mon chou, that it is only in wartime that they play like that. Oh they have fine bands, as good as ours, I have heard them in Heed Pars." One more humorous incident. A number of Victoria nurses arrive "one fine day." Ah! here are the wives of the soldats econsais." An explosion of laughter follows this assertion. I explain to my neighbors that they are nurses and thanked by a lady who adds: "Mais, monsieur, avec de si belles tollettes elles ne soignent que les officiers sans doute." Again I explain that there is no doute about the matter; hey nurse officers and men. "C'est admirable."

That the King's soldiers will fight as they always have when their turn comes there can be no doubt. But they will always be remembered as "English gentlemen." I was a good deal among them at all hours of the day, but never did I see one intoxicated, and they were ever generous, kind-hearted, and polite. "Ils n'ont insult perscene." "Ce sent de braves gens. Nous les aimerons toujours," are the words I hear coming unmistakably from the heart as well as from the lips of a Frenchwoman, as a trainload of British soldiers is conveyed towards the path of glory. May many of them come back is the prayer of those who witness them as they leave Boulogne-sur-Mer. The "gentlemen Anglais" will never be forgotten. They have done much to cement the Entente Cordiale.

2—TOMMY

TEACHING THE CHILD A TRADE IN MUNICH

The Munich schools have worked out the system of industrial training which undoubtedly leads the world, because it is based on demonstration teaching in workshops, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. Dr. George Kerschensteiner, a member of the Reichstag, has fought a long fight to bring the Munich schools to their present splendid condition. Today Munich has fifty-two trades for which teaching is given, and is enlarging her present plans and facilities. Seven fine buildings about the town give space for classes and for well equipped shops, where some ten thousand boys and about the same number of girls receive instruction.

Practically men direct almost all the sub-divisions of the commercial, painting and decorating, building, printing, mechanical shoemaking, wigmaking and confectionery manufacturing. These teachers are often taken from there trade and taught to teach. Dr. Kierschensteiner would rather make a teacher out of a plumber than convert a teacher into a man of tools, although when occasion arises, suitable teachers in the trade itself not being available, academically informed men are given furloughs in order to enter into actual practice for a sufficiently long time to master it. Some of the best teachers art part time men who are eminent in their various lines, as, for instance, commercial photography and sculpture. The boy who works at a craft like stuccomaking may get part of his instruction under an artist instead of an artisan.

The foundation of trade education is held in the day school. At about ten years of age, boys intending to enter the professions customarylly separate from the others, to go then or later into higher schools. It must be noted that this is in reality a separation of social classes, and there is little further contact between the groups Those not seeking "higher" education, those numerous needy "others" who constitute the real human school problem, are then grounded in the use of tools, in carpentry, metal work, the rudiments of mechanism and of gardening; or, in the case of girls, commercial study, needlework, housekeeping.

In the beautiful, new Siegoldstrasse common school there are excellent workrooms for all these subjects and, in addition, fine baxeries with practical modern ovens and atractive garden plots where even horticulture is begun. The boy who in his last elementary year really knows what he wants to do frequently obtains his apprenticeship by himself, or in answer to a request from the employer who applies to the head teacher for a certain kind of helper. Description of jobs, with or without pay, or perhaps even requiring a premium, are posted as bulletins in this school. The parents, possibly the teacher, and well classified information about occupations, based on the excellent census of trades and employment, are depended on to help the boy decide.

London, Sept. 18, 1055 p. m.—Parliament will probably be prorogued on Friday. The new session, it is understood, will begin the first week in November, unless some national emergency should demand the earlier attendance of the members.

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UNEMPLOYMENT A PROBLEM IN BERLIN

Despite immense numbers at War thousands are idle in capital—Scant information for anxious readers of German War bulletins.

Berlin, Sept. 18—Nearly four weeks of the European war have passed as this is written. A series of gigantic battles along the western front from Brussels to the Swiss frontier have been fought. On the east the Russians, despite repeated reverses, have poured into East Prussia and occupied in force the eastern end of this long, exposed tongue of German soil, thrust out between Russian Poland and the Baltic Sea, and as yet the only regular detailed features of war news for the German public are the daily casualty lists.

War bulletins furnish scant reading for anxious German eyes. The army leaders can announce the occupation of Brussels or Liege in seven words and the rout of eight French army corps in niety—barely one word for each mile of front covered by this great battle in Lorraine—but day after day the Official Gazette rolls out its long lists of killed, wounded and missing at the rate of nearly a thousand a day. These cover only the preliminary fighting before the great struggles on the French frontier; the reports from the great battles near Metz, Longwy and Neufchateau, with their thousands of casualties, are yet to come.

The names march by in long columns of the Official Gzette, arrayed with military precision by regiments and companies, batteries or squadrons—first the infantry and then cavalry, artillery and train.

The company lists are headed usually by the names of the officers, killed or wounded, then come the casualties from the enlisted strength, first the dead, then the wounded and missing. A feature of these early lists is the large proportion of this last class, reports from some units running monotonously name after name "missing" or "wounded and missing," in mute testimony of scouting patrols which did not return or of regiments compelled to leave behind them dead, wounded and prisoners, or sometimes of men wandering so far from their comrades in the confusion of battle that they could not find and rejoin their companies for days.

Wounded by Schrapnel and Rifle Fire

An attempt is made with the wounded to give the nature and location of the wound. These as yet are principally from rifle or shrapnel fire. A scant few in the cavalry are labelled "lance thrust," indicating that as yet the favorite weapon of the European cavalry has not done the damage expected of it, although the latest reports of the war correspondents in the East indicate that the lance is now coming more into play in the engagements between the Russians and German cavalry divisions.

Only one death from illness has been reported.

The waste of war has opened room for the volunteers. Of the 1,200,000 men unaffected by the regular call to the colors who volunteered for service in the early days of the war a large proportion had to be turned away because there was no room for them in the existing organizations. There were several hundred thousand disappointed men, anxious but unable to serve their country in the field. Now the depot organizations of the various regiments are calling for these men, drilling them under the supervision of superanuated officers and non-commissioned officers and preparing them to fill up with the men of the "Ersatz" or supplementary reserve, the gaps in the ranks of the field organizations left by the casualties of war.

The bodies of the dead in this war are not, with occasional exceptions, returned to their relatives, but are buried on the field and where numbers require it, in common graves. Valuables, papers and mementos are taken from the bodies and made up in little packets to be sent to the relatives and the dead soldiers, each wrapped in his canvas shelter tent as shroud, are laid, friend and foe, side by side, in long trenches in the ground for which they have contested.

The great number of prisoners of war taken by the Germans in the early battles of the war already constitutes a problem for the home authorities. They are being quartered in concentration camps, usually located upon the manoeuvre grounds of the various army corps; are being put to work on the roads, and, of high importance in many cases, are subjected to compulsory vaccination to prevent the outbreak of smallpox epidemics. Physicians inspe[illegible] oners at regular intervals [illegible] all exhibiting suspicious [illegible] and a supply of anti-typh[illegible] zation lymph is held in [illegible] use in case of the outbrea[illegible] ease.

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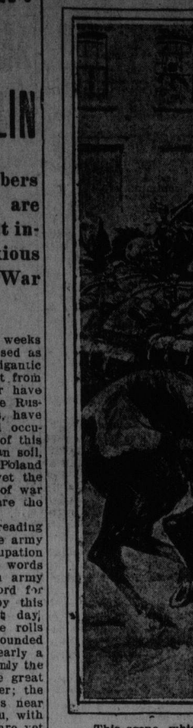

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