

THE REAL FRONT

abysmal wretchedness where he left most of his comrades forever.

I had always thrilled to Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." But the background which Trooper McCormick gave to the poet's flashing picture turned all its gay and glittering hue into a somber gray.

Recently I heard a friend comparing the British entry into Jerusalem with the glory of that other triumphal entry in the time of the Crusades. "Those were the days for fighting!" he exclaimed.

Our British troops in khaki filing through the gate at the Tower of David seem a poor spectacle indeed compared with the plumed knights of Godfrey de Bouillon, with tossing spears and coats of shining mail. But I doubt if those brave knights, encumbered by their hundred pounds of iron, felt much more glorious than a promising junk-shop by the time they reached the Heights of Zion.

When I crossed the Atlantic in 1914 with a convoy of thirty transports, a deckmate was forever bemoaning the departure of glory from the sea. By day the mile-long columns marched across the ocean's gray. By night the blinking war-ships folded us upon the vast and heaving waste. But my mate was repining for the "good