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Flyer Cheerful With 8 Wounds and Feet Frozen

He Sleeps Two Nights in the Snow on the Enemy's Territory

AEROPLANE IS LOST IN A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Captain Gurich, of the German Aviation Staff, Tells of His Remarkable Experience

In his new book, "Nach Osten" (Eastward), Sven Hedin tells of an interesting episode in which two German aviators narrowly escaped being captured by the Russians and they got back to the Austrian lines.

In Iza, just north of Husst, says Sven Hedin, there was the headquarters of a German aviation station, and I received a polite telephone message to make a call there. I was courteously received by several officers, who led me to a little villa called "Aviators' Home," on a veranda of which sat Captain Gurich. He was reclining in an easy chair, and his feet, swathed in bandages, rested on a footstool. He offered me his left hand in greeting, as his right arm was lame, due to the fact that it was hit by five bullets while he was flying over Rheims. Three lodged in his leg.

"Five days before my call he had returned from an observation tour with both feet frozen. He had received orders from the Commander in Chief to make observations of certain positions of the Russians in the Carpathians.

"From Iza he ascended to a height of 2,500 metres, and then flew north over the snow-capped mountains to the Russian lines. Some distance behind the Russian front his motor suddenly stopped working, and he was obliged to descend at once. Below him was a wild country—forests, mountains and precipices—and just where he could make a safe landing was a difficult problem. It was a question of life or death, and Captain Gurich had to do some quick thinking.

Loses His Aeroplane
"In an opening in the mountains he espied a stream, and he at once steered his double-decked machine so that it glided gracefully to that spot. The aeroplane alighted on the surface and sank, but Gurich and his colleague swam to the shore in safety.

"Of course the Russians had observed his movements. No sooner had the aviators reached the shore than bullets began to whistle over their heads. Like panthers, they ran to the protection afforded by a forest nearby, followed by Russian patrols. They constantly moved about in a circle in the snow, so as to throw their pursuers off the track. This continued all day, and when darkness came they were so exhausted that they lay down on the frozen ground and went to sleep.

"The next morning, though stiff from the cold, they proceeded on their journey to reach the Austrian lines. They had eaten their last piece of bread, and starvation started them in the face. Cossacks were again seen on the outskirts of the forest, and they had to proceed with caution.

"Night came and the bare ground was again their couch. When they awoke Captain Gurich noticed that he had lost all feeling in his feet, but despite the fact that they were frozen he managed to drag himself on. He knew that part of the country well and led the way to the Austrian lines. Progress was slow, but as the Russians were no longer in pursuit the aviators felt reasonably safe.

New Dangers Encountered
"After tramping many miles through a thick forest they reached the zone of fire between the Russian and Austrian lines. Another danger now presented itself. If the troops at this point should happen to be Hungarians, Czechs or Bosnians, who could neither speak nor understand German, the aviators would very likely be shot as spies. Luckily, however, the first sentry who challenged them could speak German. He took Gurich and his companion to the Austrian officer in command, who, after careful and severe questioning, was convinced that they were what they had represented themselves to be. The officer directed that they be shown every courtesy, and after receiving medical treatment and proper nourishment the aviators returned to their station. Thus it was that I found Captain Gurich cheerful and convalescent.

Fortunately even the real happiness of even a new bride does not depend on having the sun to shine upon her—a smile from the new hubby will answer just as well.

A. GREAT BIG HOLIDAY PROGRAMME AT THE NICKEL TO-DAY.

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"The Triumph of Elaine."

The thirty-sixth and concluding episode of that wonderful serial.

"ELAINE."

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FRIDAY—"A HERITAGE OF HATE," in three parts, the first episode of that great serial, "THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKYL," the \$800,000 photo-play, with an all-star cast, including Lottie Pickford, Irving Cummings, Charlotte Burton and William Russell.

A PICTURIZED ROMANTIC NOVEL by Roy L. McCardell, directed by W. D. TAYLOR.

GENERAL JOFFRE; THE JOB AND THE MAN

When the war began Joffre was not even a legend. He was a "mystery." The name would have been strange to our ears at any time; it was stranger still because, for us, it bodied forth no personality. It was like a frame without a picture. We were not particularly disturbed, because in those early days of Armageddon, when the suddenness of war brought along with it so many suppressions, one more or less mattered little. But times have changed, and what seemed to be a frame without a picture was merely a picture with a veil before it. The veil has now been raised, revealing the features and personality of one of the most remarkable men that even France, that land of remarkable men, has ever produced.

The Job and the Man

In appearance General Joffre might be anything that is kindly, honest and thorough, if easy-going. All of these qualities but one, the last, are characteristic of the man. Those who know him can speak for his great heartedness; no one, not even his enemies, have doubted or had cause to doubt his honesty; and his thoroughness has been revealed to the world in his masterly administration of vast armies in France and Flanders. But he is, nevertheless, essentially easy-going. He is not out for ambition, he is out to save his country and Europe, and while engaged in that task nothing can move him from his thorough-going pursuit of a great purpose. But you are certain also, and the facts of his life support you, that patient though he be, and determined though he is that the job imposed upon him by his nation shall be brought to a victorious conclusion, his ultimate object is to get home and interest himself in a leisurely way with peaceful and unambitious pastimes.

Poet and Mathematician

The story of his life has been told many times, but that story helps us very little because there is nothing much to tell. We marvel for a while that this son of a cooper of the Pyrenees-Orientales should have risen to the most responsible position in the civilization of our day; that Joseph Joffre, who played as a small boy among the barrels in his father's workshop in sleepy little Rivesaltes, should now be the responsible guardian of everything that we who are not Germans hold precious and beloved. This is a miracle that has happened in our time.

It is in keeping with the miracle and with the personality which has brought it about that we learn of his pertinacity as a youth. He was addicted to study rather than games, and in early manhood even committed poetry! We cannot, however, harbor any illusions about that act. It would be wrong to call him a warrior-poet, for I am afraid his poetry would not have received the approval of the Editor of this paper! However, there are passages in that poetry which indicate the dream and tendency of his life—that dream which is being consummated to-day. "The dreams of my hope and the visions of my love lie in seeing our rifles resume the march on Strasbourg." So, says Joffre as a young man. So indeed in the most practical of all poems he sings to-day. Joffre's main interest was mathematics. And here also the early tendencies of his life are bearing fruit. It is because Joffre is able to work out Armageddon as a mathematical problem, and to abide by his mathematical decisions, that the result of this colossal problem will show a balance in the favour of the Allied forces.

A Symbol of Victory

Like our own Lord Kitchener, Joffre has the power of inspiring unquestioning faith among great masses of people. Mr. A. G. Gardiner has called him "a symbol of Victory," and he has indicated very finely how the power of Joffre has risen supreme over all the political and clerical factions of France.

General Joffre has come slowly to the front—a silent, determined man, given wholly to his profession, famous as an engineer and a scientist,

having seen service in the East and in command of the expedition to Timbuctoo. Though not a politician he was known as a Republican and a Freemason, and it was not until the regime of General Andre at the War Office had destroyed the Clericalists' patronage in the Army that he obtained the epaulettes of a Brigadier-General. When the Council of War was reorganized in 1911, he was made Chief of the General Staff; General Pau, who is a well-known Clerical, having refused the post, whether on grounds of age only, or because he would not accept the conditions which accompanied the office, is not quite clear. But whatever the cause, the result was that when the Crisis came a Republican was in command of a Republican Army. It is a good omen for France—all the better because General Joffre is too good a Republican to allow political motives to interfere with his duty to the State. But I think Mr. Gardiner is a little unjust to General Pau. The words uttered by that idolized French soldier, when Joffre was appointed Chief to the General Staff, are on record "Joffre," said General Pau, "is the only possible man." Time has proved that the General was right.

The Silent Man

Unlike Lord Kitchener, Joffre has not become the centre of a legend. There are few anecdotes about him. He does not lend himself to anecdote. There are few records of terse or breezy sayings. Joffre does not talk. He is entirely lacking in the gift of epigram. But those of his remarks that are known and quoted are as much to the point as the click of a rifle. Of this order was that masterpiece of brevity, his speech to the Army after the great retreat, and just before the Battle of the Marne. It will become as famous as Nelson's signal at Trafalgar: "You must be prepared to die rather than yield ground. Weakness will not be tolerated." It was blunt almost to brutality, but the Army heard and understood, and by hearing and understanding, and acting in the spirit of that speech, the Germans, if not actually defeated, were definitely prevented from winning.

Another of his remarks has already become historical: "Laissez-moi faire Je les grignette." (Leave me alone I am nibbling at them.) Thus he announced, briefly and effectually that policy of attrition which he has carried on for nearly two years. The policy has been triumphing all along, even when to the uninitiated the war looked like a hopeless stalemate. But the best informed minds in enemy countries have never been deceived. As one of them remarked of the French Army, "At their head stands an army commander who though he has won no decisive victory, has won a name for himself among the most famous Generals." And I doubt very much if Joffre has been otherwise, whether Rudyard Kipling would ever have been to let of his famous paradox, "The German will have all the victories—but the Allies will win the War."

What He Looks Like—and Is.

Joffre has been variously described as looking like a successful farmer or a comfortable business man. And was told the other day by a friend who had recently enjoyed the honour of meeting the great General, that this illusion of appearance is maintained until he begins to speak. "You realize that you are as it were up against a new game. He does not say much, but what he does say, in spite of the modesty of his conversational method, bites into the intelligence as the acid on the other's plate bites quietly and unostentatiously into the metal. It is said that no one forgets an order given by Joffre, and that even if the object of his orders is not always clear to the ordered, their ultimate purport and rightness are never doubted. At the same time Joffre is no authoritarian; he is provided by his frequent excursions among his soldiers in the trenches and the camps. He is ever

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